

EXEMPLARS

FROM THE

SECONDARY V UNIFORM EXAM
JUNE 2007

630-516 ELA

*Éducation,
Loisir et Sport*

Québec 

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Dear Colleagues:

The exemplars of students' writing in this booklet are samples of students' work from the June 2007 High School leaving Examination in English Language Arts. The production committee assessment included samples of students' writing and reflections, along with exemplars from the reading task as required in Part II and Part III of the examination.

Every exemplar is accompanied by a commentary produced by a practising Secondary V teacher, based on the evaluation rubrics developed for the June 2007 examination.

The material herein may be used in the classroom and duplicates may be made as teachers desire.

It is hoped that this material will be of interest to both teachers and students. It may, perhaps, form a basis for classroom discussion and exploration. Students' written work appears as it did on the original June exam.

Yours truly,

Anne Doucet
Coordinator for Evaluation

PART II:

TASK: Using the *Resource Booklet* as an inspiration for your writing, select **ONE** of the following contexts.

1. Prepare a **speech** in response to an issue from the *Resource Booklet* to influence, motivate and/or inspire your chosen audience.
2. Write an **editorial** for your local or school newspaper in which you take a strong position in reaction to an issue in the *Resource Booklet*.
3. Entertain the reader by writing a **short story** based on an issue from the *Resource Booklet*.
4. Write an **argumentative essay** using sound, logical reasoning based on a social or political issue in the *Resource Booklet*. Convince an audience of your choice that the position you advocate is right.

EXEMPLAR No. 1
ARGUMENTATIVE ESSAY
PERFORMANCE LEVEL: 4

STUDENT WORK

No Blueprints, No Success

It is deep within the heart of humankind to demonstrate kindness to one another and to support those in dire circumstances. This loving concern is the foundation of human society. Nevertheless, despite fine intentions, many aid groups fail to carry out their mission. These defeats can be the result of various influences. However, there is a means to ensure that such organizations meet with success; an effective strategy. No organization can be fruitful unless its course is mapped by a clear procedure. A studious plan ensures maximum efficiency, motivates bystanders and allows room for beneficial progress.

Firstly, a reliable strategy ensures that every goal is fulfilled as planned. When one is dealing with a large organization, a vast number of employees, and countries that are separated by hundreds of miles, it is not difficult to lose control of affairs. It has been proven in years passed that many social groups have lost money and supplies due to “administrative costs”. There also exists much corruption in governmental affairs. Some associations have donated quantities of dollars but, due to corruption, the money never reached the citizens who needed it most. Therefore, it is evident that an organized plan is essential to providing the most aid possible. One must closely follow the supplies and ensure that it arrives where it is required. Bill Gates, the founder of the Gates Foundation, a relief group, fully agrees with this. Gate’s business partner, Bono, said of him, “He wants to know where every penny goes... because he’s demanding efficiency.” A reliable strategy includes knowing what needs to be accomplished, how to acquire the needed ressources and how to get them where they are needed. Any financial mismanagement can demolish an entire organization. This can be seen in the defeats of

entrepreneurial ventures. A close-eye can guarantee that business runs smoothly and, therefore, is closely linked to the success of an organization.

Secondly, in order for an institution to flourish, it requires the support of others. A carefully-laid strategy is an aid to motivating others to join a worthy cause. Many groups face challenges when trying to recruit help, people are simply not motivated. As one author put it, we occasionally see entreaties on television, full of young, lovable children. Out of pity, one may send a donation and hope that he has done his 'fair share'. This is not how things should be. People should be aroused and impassioned about the issue. When one sees the success of a group and what it is accomplishing, then no doubt they will have greater confidence in such an organization. They recognize where the funds are going and desire to help. It can be compared to travelling to a distant land. One would most likely travel with a man who has successfully voyaged to faraway islands, than with a man who has never traveled farther than to his local grocery store. Therefore, it is clear that an organization has a greater chance of success if they prove to others that they fully understand the mission before them. A secondary and crucial way of stimulating others is with passion. Unlike pity and guilt, passion burns like a fire within a person, one that is not easily extinguished. Passion fills one with energy and moves him to action. "Pity tries to ease the pain but passion sees injustice and wants to settle the score." If very fierce, passion allows anyone to help regardless of age, race or gender. An example of this is Craig Kielburger, the founder of "Free the Children". He induced many to take his side by relating powerful stories that first impassioned him about the cause. Although young, his method proved very successful and thousands have since then assisted him in his ambitions. Yes, Craig was able to impassionate others at such a young age. Was this the result of mere chance? No. Kielburgur, and many others, were able to motivate others by using an effective strategy.

Finally, an effective plan allows for the organization to expand and progress. When an entrepreneur maintains a clear-cut business plan, he has firm control over his affairs. He is familiar with his financial status, employment situation and the local demand. Therefore, it will be simple to expand his business if he so desires. A minor strategic adjustment may be all that is needed. Similarly, an effective strategy in a social organization can create more control and, in turn, the possibility for expansion. If bystanders are impassioned about a cause, they will encourage the fact that more good can be done. In the case of Ryan Hreljac, many citizens were prompt at assisting him when he wished to fund money for a well. As that sum increased, more participation came, until the point that he built thirty wells and construction equipment, more than his initial wish of one well. Therefore, it is clear that careful planning can result in an abundance of ways to provide further aid to those that need it.

In conclusion, it is evident that success is not possible unless an effective strategy is in place. Without a plan, it would be impossible to ensure efficiency, motivate others about a certain cause and to eventually expand to help thousands of people around the globe. In this way, we can eventually expand good deeds to all of earth's citizens and practice the famous saying "Do unto others as you want them to do unto you."

Reflection

As I was reading the various texts, I realized that the pages were filled with facts and statistics. Since these are usually helpful in a structured piece, I was leaning towards an editorial or an argumentative essay. Looking at my previous assignments, I concluded that my strengths were writing an argumentative essay and that is why I chose it. It was a piece in which I was most familiar with the structure and style.

I endeavoured to find a common ground throughout all the texts so that I would have more flexibility in my choice of arguments. Of the texts I read, I concluded that every successful program was a result of careful planning and an effective strategy. Bill and Melinda Gates and Bono organized themselves to recruit aid and to manage it successfully. Craig Kielburgur and Ryan established their own methods in order to accomplish what they wanted. Therefore, I concluded that it was an essential asset of an organization in order to be successful. That is how I got my thesis and I used the above-mentioned stories to support my arguments.

Although this is a formal essay, I managed to personalize it with a few personal techniques. For example, I used contrast in order to allow the reader to draw his own logical conclusions. Most often, I compared unsuccessful organization methods with those of successful ones. In paragraph three, I explained how some organizations recruit help, often on “entreaties on television, full of young, lovable children” and how “one may send a donation and hope that he has done his ‘fair share’.” Then, I contrasted that with how things should be, how “people should be aroused and impassioned about the issue.” By showing the black and the white of the matter, a person can place himself and see how he is doing and what more should be done. This gets the reader thinking, allows him to draw his own conclusion and take action.

I also used an analogy, or a comparison, comparing social organizations to travelling. This is also to help the reader reason on the matter. “One would most likely travel with a man who has successfully voyaged to faraway islands, than with a man who has never traveled farther than to this local grocery store.” Although somewhat of a hyperbole, this helps the reader put himself in those shoes. It is also a good way to hold the reader’s attention, which is often difficult to do in a formal essay.

I arranged my arguments to the middle, the weakest and strongest. This way, I capture the readers attention with a solid argument, one that makes good sense and will encourage him to keep reading. I put the paragraph about motivation second because I was doubting if it was on the borderline of persuasive. As my weakest paragraph, I placed it in the middle since it is the least remembered. I placed my strongest argument last, not only to end off on a good note, but because it was a motivation paragraph, one that stirs the reader to action. I paid attention the order of each paragraph. I first stated my argument, then supported it and concluded with a mini-conclusion that draws attention back to the main idea, my thesis.

This assignment was quite simple since I had much information to work with. The troublesome situations is when I wavered between persuasive and argumentative. To avoid the problem, I wrote in a matter-of-fact tone and kept it as structured as I could. For example, I did not know if I was allowed figurative language. Therefore, I made sure there was a clear reason for using it and kept the language structured, like in my traveller analogy.

All in all, I enjoyed penning this piece and I hope you had as much fun reading it as I did writing it.

P.S. I chose my title because I wanted to make my reader think. I didn’t want an obvious title.

The argumentative essay *No Blueprints, No Success* focuses on an issue of strong universal concern in today's society, that *despite fine intentions many aid groups fail to carry out their mission*. The writer argues with authority and validity to convince the readers that *there is a means to ensure that such organizations meet with success: an effective strategy*. The writer appeals to society to take action in order to continue the *loving concern* which is the *foundation of human society*. Her strong understanding of genre requirements places her essay in a level four.

Impact

The strength of this essay lies in the writer's insightful understanding of the process of argumentation. Through the use of logic and reason the writer develops arguments, anticipates rebuttals, and defends conclusions to convince the audience that a strategy is needed in order for aid organizations to be successful. The writer's viewpoint never wavers as she argues that *no organization can be fruitful unless its course is mapped by a clear procedure*. Each key argument presented is carefully analyzed and illustrated. *In order for an institution to flourish, it requires the support of others. A carefully laid strategy is an aid to motivating others to join a worthy cause...they will have greater confidence in such an organization. It can be compared to traveling to a distant land. One would most likely travel with a man who has successfully voyaged to faraway islands than with a man who has never traveled farther than to his local grocery store.* Rebuttals are acknowledged...*one may send a donation and hope that he has done his "fair share."* Yet the writer's commitment is clear as she defends her position. *This is not how things should be. People should be aroused and impassioned about the issue.* An objective, serious tone is evident in the use of contrast, analogy and examples to develop relevant arguments.

The writer's conclusion is a call to action to the audience. She confidently reiterates her position *that success is not possible unless an effective strategy is in place* and restates her key arguments. In her final statement she appeals to the *kindness of humankind* as she envisions the benefit of an effective strategy...*we can eventually expand good deeds to all earth's citizens*. Overall, the impact of this essay is quietly compelling and insightful.

Craftsmanship

This essay is structured in the traditional essay **form** of introduction, development, conclusion, which allows the writer to focus on her purpose, to convince the audience through logic and reason that a strategy is necessary if aid organizations are to be successful. Her position does not waver as her arguments are made with quiet authority and conviction. Following the introduction which presents her thesis and key arguments, each individual argument is clearly introduced, carefully analyzed and supported with evidence, and solidly concluded. An overall conclusion restates the position and key arguments and then draws the attention of the audience to the benefit of accepting her position. The writer uses the form in a sophisticated and skillful manner to convince her audience that accepting her arguments would benefit society as a whole and is worthy of support.

The **organization**, in general, is crafted and controlled. The author moves purposefully from argument to argument proving the validity of her position. Ideas flow smoothly from introduction to conclusion as the writer provides the audience with a convincing series of arguments based on logic and reason. Overall, the writer exhibits strong control of her organization. However, additional paragraphing would strengthen the essay (paragraphs two and three).

The **language** is well crafted and is in harmony with the writer's purpose. The objective, determined voice of reason is maintained as the writer argues using mature, informed, convincing language (*...passion burns like a fire within a person, one that is not easily extinguished*). Vocabulary is well chosen although there are some awkward selections (*passionate*). Some technical errors exist, but they do not detract from the strength of the arguments presented: pronoun-antecedent agreement (*When one sees the success...they will have greater confidence*); spelling (*further, occasionally, smoothy*); usage (*in years passed*); punctuation (*Many groups face challenges when trying to recruit help, people are simply not motivated*). However, the addition of more forceful vocabulary would enhance the impact of the piece.

Reflection

The writer's reflection offers an insightful analysis of her writing decisions. She explains that she chose an argumentative essay because of her familiarity with the *structure and style*. After reading about Bill and Melinda Gates and Bono (*Persons of the Year: Bill and Melinda Gates and Bono*), Craig Kielburger (*Excerpt from Free the Children*), and Ryan Hreljac (*Ryan's Well*), she concluded that *every successful program was a result of careful planning and an effective strategy*. To *personalize* her essay and to get *the reader thinking and hold the reader's attention*, she uses the techniques of contrast (*unsuccessful organization methods with those of successful ones*), and analogy (*comparing social organizations to traveling*). The writer's discussion of her paragraph arrangement illustrates the careful planning that went into the organization and her solid understanding of the argumentative form. Finally, she states that she *wrote in a matter-of-fact tone and kept it as structured as I could* to avoid wavering *between persuasive and argumentative*. Although she does not acknowledge who her chosen audience is, it is clearly suggested throughout her essay that she is writing to all people who, in some way, are involved in aid organizations.

The Greatest Mistake

“We must remember that one determined person can make a difference, and that a group of determined people can change the course of history.” Sonia Johnson. One person can make a difference, and his efforts can inspire and motivate others into taking action to help improve the world. Anyone from Bill Gates to six-year-old Ryan Hreljac can make a difference in the community or across the globe. No individual can do everything and solve all the problems in the world, but every attempt to make a difference paves the way for others to follow.

In the article “Person of the Year”, Bill Gates and his wife teamed up with the famous musician Bono to fight poverty. These three poverty warriors used their vast sum of capital, their political and social connections, and their love for facts and data to combat poverty and encourage the rest of the world to follow. Bono persuaded the leaders of the world’s richest countries into forgiving forty billion dollars in debt owed by the poorest ones. The Gateses built the world’s largest charity. In the following years, this generosity spread to include whole nations. Americans donated more than 1.6 billion to tsunami relief, which is more money given to any overseas mission than ever before. “He invites everyone into the game,” Every person can contribute to the goal of eliminating poverty and giving poor countries the chance to build a better and brighter future of themselves.

When six-year-old Ryan Hreljac was told by his teacher the atrocious living conditions of many children in Africa he was determined to raise seventy dollars to build a well. He did extra chores to earn money, and eventually he amassed seventy-five dollars. When WaterCan informed him that he would have to raise seven-hundred dollars to drill a well Ryan was not deterred in the least unlike his parents. “Ryan, you tried, but you can’t really make a difference.” His father’s words were proved false when after the summer WaterCan phoned to announce that Ryan’s donation had surpassed the required amount. Again, Ryan reached what seemed like an insurmountable goal for a boy his age. It didn’t stop there, though. Ryan’s next ambition was to raise twenty-five thousand dollars for drilling equipment. Ryan’s story was soon printed in newspapers and even appeared on television. Letters containing donations arrived to help him raise the money. Every person’s contribution no matter how small is significant. Within two months, Ryan had inspired seven thousand dollars in donations. Ryan’s fundraising continued and at last count it was over sixty thousand and the funds had helped build more than thirty wells. Ryan overcame the odds and made a difference in the world. He could not give clean water to everyone but that did not stop him from trying and bringing potable water to those he could. “I am only one but I am one. I cannot do everything, but I can do something. I will not let what I cannot do interfere with what I can do.” Hale.

ForestEthics, an environmental-advocacy group, wants companies to stop buying paper derived from endangered forests. They work with companies to preserve the gradually decreasing number of forests in Canada. From 1999 to 2002, they managed to convince Staples and Office Depot to stop buying paper from endangered forests and to sell paper with at least thirty percent recycled content. ForestEthics turned its attention towards Victoria’s Secret, which prints three hundred and ninety five million catalogs a year. This is a crucial and imperative goal since twenty-five percent of the company’s paper comes from Canada’s Boreal Forest, one of the world’s largest endangered woodlands. ForestEthics’ determination and hard work made a difference. Victoria’s Secret now prints its clearance catalogs on paper that contains more than eighty percent recycled content. This change is minor, but every step paves the way towards a better future.

Every individual can make a difference, and his actions will pave the way for others to follow. Even the smallest of contributions can have an impact on the world. It is impossible to change the world in a short amount of time, and there will always be another problem to solve. That should not stop anyone from trying to help, from trying to make a difference. “The greatest mistake is to do nothing because you can only do a little.” Smith.

Reflection

In Part A, I decided to write an argumentative essay with the goal of convincing my audience that anyone, even one person or a small group of people, can make a difference. Some people consider me a pessimist and even a bit cynical. My faith in humans could probably fill a cup, but whenever I read pieces of writing such as the ones in the Resource Booklet another drop of hope is added to that cup. Bono and the Gateses could have given a pretty sum of money to charity like most other rich people and left it at that. Instead, they put time and energy into eradicating poverty and trying to make a difference in this world. It shows that people actually care about those in poor countries. Six-year-old Ryan Hreljac’s story made my heart swell with pride. He proved that one person can make a difference if they are determined enough. The texts I read all dealt with one person or a group of people trying to make a difference in the world. Their successes may seem minor, but the impact their stories have on people is not.

The purpose of my writing was to show people that it is possible to make a difference in this world and that even the smallest of efforts can have an effect. My audience consists of anyone since everyone can make a difference. In my writing I tried to state the facts using logical reasoning to prove my point, and I let the truth of each text convince the readers emotionally. I used quotes from the texts of the Resource Booklet and others to make the essay more effective and impactful. The three wise quotes I used really affected me.

I took the expression ‘poverty warrior’ from the text and used it in my essay because I thought it created a clear picture in the reader’s mind of how these three people were fighting to make a difference in the world. In a great battle one warrior cannot see the effect his contribution has, but every enemy he kills is another step to winning. It is the same in life. We are all warriors trying to fight against the evils in the world and we make a difference without even realizing the magnitude of what we have accomplished.

I chose my title to reflect the quote at the end of my essay. I wanted to emphasize the point that people can make a difference, but often don’t think they can since it is only in a small way. That is their mistake. One small attempt to make a difference can inspire another. It is like throwing stones into the water and they make ripples. A thousand tiny stones dropped into the water over time can have more of an impact than one large rock. Each individual can make a difference if they only try, and slowly they can all change the world.

“The Greatest Mistake” takes its inspiration from the idea in the *Resource Booklet* that social activism is an individual choice. The essay argues that everyone can and should make a difference in any small way he can. The student’s conclusion is that it is a mistake not to. She chose to defend her stance by referring to the readings in Part I. The use of quotes enhances the essay, although better referencing of quotes is needed.

Impact

The power of the essay is its simplicity in logic and appeal. The arguments are convincing in the communication of a message that has universal relevance. The student explains in her reflection that *she took the expression ‘poverty warrior’ from the text ...because I thought it created a clear picture in the reader’s mind* of what characterizes people who make a difference in the world. A compelling case is made for these warriors that inspire others to follow in their footsteps. The incorporation of quotes, some from the *Resource Booklet*, adds impact to the example of these warriors’ unselfish acts.

Craftsmanship

The **form** of the argumentative essay has to do with tone, style, and purpose. The purpose of the essay, to convince the readers that they can make a difference, was achieved by stating *the facts using logical reasoning to prove my point*. The tone is objective, but the student *let the truth of each text convince the reader emotionally*. The references to the *Resource Booklet* that supported the case for activism were the examples of Bill and Melinda Gates, Bono, Ryan Hreljac, and the environmental group ForestEthics. The support for the thesis was presented skillfully and effectively using inductive reasoning. The writing style is formal with a forceful delivery, and the evidence is effectively convincing.

The **organization** of the essay is very clear. The introduction is a strong statement of opinion following a powerful quote by Sonia Johnson. The thesis that *No individual can do everything and solve all the problems in the world, but every attempt to make a difference paves the way for others to follow* is defended throughout the rest of the essay with examples of people who did pave the way for change. Each paragraph provides supporting details for the main argument and concludes by reinforcing the thesis. The concluding paragraph ends appropriately with a quote that gives the title of the essay its derivation.

The use of **language** is polished and almost error-free. The student synthesizes information efficiently, and discourse flows smoothly. Vocabulary is sophisticated and accurate, reflecting a mature understanding of the social and political issues in the *Resource Booklet*.

Reflection

The student discusses her growth as a reader when she reflects on the impact of what she reads on her own perspective: *Some people consider me a pessimist and even a bit cynical. My faith in humans could probably fill a cup, but whenever I read pieces of writing such as the ones in the Resource Booklet another drop of hope is added to that cup.* The inspiration of the “poverty warriors” in the *Resource Booklet* became the basis of her writing: *Their successes may seem minor, but the impact their stories have on people is not.* Her comments reveal the personal investment she felt in the topic she chose. She explains how she identified with the warrior metaphor, including herself as part of the universal *we*. She writes: *We are all warriors trying to fight against the evils in the world and we make a difference without even realizing the magnitude of what we have accomplished.* She describes some of her writing decisions by explaining her purpose, audience and choice of title. The reflection shows insight into the writing process and an analytical understanding of writing conventions.

The Dangerous New Focus of Foreign Aid

Helping the developing world seems to have become the trend of the day. Everyone from celebrities like Bono (Gibbs 2) to young children like Ryan (Cook 10) seems to getting involved. These people are giving their time, their effort, and their money to help populations living in the Third World countries. It is so easy to see this movement as a flawless initiative but this new wave of social awareness has a major fault. The flaw of Western aid given to developing countries is that the focus of these endeavors is often placed upon the 'almighty' white benefactors.

The Western patriarchal lens is not the ideal lens through which to interpret the world. Unfortunately, most westerners are forced to view world issues through Bono's or Ryan's interpretation. These men become channels through which the issues of impoverished countries become accessible. As a result, the general population becomes a mere spectator of this global problem. By identifying these white patriarchs as figureheads, society is not giving itself enough credit. Individuals should be allowed to interpret global issues in their own way instead of merely attaching themselves to these men who 'instruct' on how to help and on how give back. The problem lies in the fact that many people follow these male leaders blindly. Many people do not stop to consider the repercussions of attaching themselves to a movement such as Bono's Make Poverty History (Gibbs 4). This campaign is supposed to appeal to all people and it does an excellent job of whipping masses of people into a frenzy of 'selfless giving'. The question becomes if society can afford to allow itself to listen to everything that Bono says. Should individuals be content to settle into the complacency of knowing that they have given some of their money or of their own time? Individuals should be analytical and critical; they should interpret and question what they are told. The only way to end poverty is for each individual to delve deep inside of the issue and discover what they feel strongly about. The West cannot allow itself to settle for a prepackaged vision of global issues.

The other problem with the new white focus of foreign aid is that it creates a cult of celebrity around the leaders of the movement. The leaders acquire a god-like status with populations looking up to them in admiration. Bono was even applauded as Time Magazine's Person of the Year (2). It may sound idealistic, but helping others should not be about celebrity or about fame. Most importantly, it should not be about one person. Today, it is fairly obvious that the movement has become centered on a small group of affluent individuals who see themselves as the saviours of the developing world. This focus also takes away from the actual issue: the people who are in need. With so much media coverage of the leaders of the movement and the events they organize, people tend to get caught up in the glamour of an event like Live 8. While doing this, they lose sight of why they are there and of who they are meant to be helping. In the midst of all this, there is actually very little coverage of the regions in need. As the cult of celebrity intensifies, it becomes hip to give money to support the cause. Unfortunately, trends come and go very rapidly. This would suggest that the majority of people who give money will stop doing so when the events and the campaigning come to an end. The cult of celebrity which surrounds figures such as Bono creates a superficial movement which distracts people from the real issues and creates individuals who give their time and money in concurrence with the trend.

The only way to escape what is perceived to be a risky new trend in aid giving is to reform the way our society thinks about it's relationship with the developing world. An attempt must be made to move away from these white figureheads championing the cause of Third World countries and to move towards a more global movement involving the cooperation of people from both sides of the

poverty barrier. Most importantly, the focus must be placed where it is due: on the populations in need. After all, it's not Bono who will be going hungry tonight.

Reflection

I chose to discuss the issue of Western aid given to the developing world and the issue of the white figureheads who lead these movements. I focused specifically on how I feel that foreign aid now focuses on the western benefactors. With the recent emergence of events such as Live 8 and the Make Poverty History campaign, I felt that this issue was particularly relevant. It was significant to me because I have always had a problem with the way in which Bono campaigns and I have always felt slightly offended by the way that some celebrities approach and discuss Third World issues. Nancy Gibbs' text Persons of the Year: Bill and Melinda Gates and Bono was the article which sparked my interest, but mostly my irritation. The article discussed the 'wonderful' ways in which Bono was helping to end poverty but the article felt very one-sided. It completely glamourized Bono's work with very little mention of the state of the countries he was meant to be helping. I couldn't help but notice that Bono seemed to have become a saint-like celebrity for his actions. The same was true for Kathy Cook's Ryan's Well. Once again, the focus was on this little Western boy transforming into a sort of benefactor. After reading these two texts, I felt compelled to write an editorial criticizing the attention which surrounds these two individuals and the lack of media focus on the developing countries.

I chose to use the form of an editorial because it allowed me to be both critical and to express my strong opinion on a very personal level. I used heavy sarcasm in my text with the hopes of opening people's eyes to the fact that Western foreign aid is not without fault. I also used a rhetorical question in order to force the reader to reflect on my chosen issue. My text is intended for anyone to read although I am certain that many people may be offended by my harsh, critical tone. Although I do not wish to offend anyone, the use of this tone was the only in which I could sincerely communicate my opinion.

The editorial *The Dangerous New Focus of Foreign Aid* is a scathing indictment of the Western World's approach to solving Third World problems. The writer looks critically at those who are at the forefront of this movement, noting that *the general population becomes a mere spectator of this global problem... forced to view world issues through Bono's or Ryan's interpretation while a cult of celebrity [is created] around the leaders of the movement.*

She admonishes that while *the movement has become centered on a small group of affluent individuals who see themselves as the saviours of the developing world*, there has been far too little coverage of the regions needing assistance. The writer warns that those caught up in the glamour of the hottest new trend will move on when *the events and the campaigning come to an end.*

Impact

The powerful impact of this editorial derives from the writer's clear-headed yet passionate conviction that the West's *focus of ... endeavours* to aid Third World countries is both misplaced and self-serving. She creates a compelling editorial using a voice that combines moral outrage with clearheaded logic. *These men become channels through which the issues of impoverished countries become accessible.... Individuals should be allowed to interpret global issues in their own way instead of merely attaching themselves to these men who 'instruct' on how to help and on how to give back.* While allowing that celebrity campaigns such as Bono's can do *an excellent job of whipping masses of people into a frenzy of 'selfless giving'*, the writer insists that those who follow movement leaders such as Bono *should be analytical and critical... should interpret and question what they are told.* This editorial derives its strength from a voice that is mature and insightful. The writer establishes the problems implicit in the West's current approach to Third World problems and ends this editorial with a wake-up call to her readers. *After all, it's not Bono who will be going hungry tonight.*

Craftsmanship

The writer's use and control of the editorial **form** is sophisticated and skillful. She communicates her personal convictions while maintaining the third person point of view. The writer explains in her Reflection that *I have always had a problem with the way in which Bono campaigns and I have always felt slightly offended by the way that some celebrities approach and discuss Third World issues.* She confesses to irritation with the media's one-sided handling of celebrities engaged in charitable projects and then goes on to state her reason for writing: *with the hopes of opening people's eyes to the fact that Western foreign aid is not without fault.* The writer questions the selflessness of the White famous few, *the 'almighty' White benefactors*, the fine lens through which world issues are filtered down to the masses, society's deification of *White patriarchs*, and the masses' contentment in believing a little time or money thrown at a fashionable cause will cure all ills. The effect of this editorial is to compel readers to do exactly what the writer exhorts them to do: to think clearly, make personal decisions, get informed before becoming engaged. *The only way to escape what is perceived to be a risky new trend in aid giving is to reform the way our society thinks... to move away from these white figureheads championing the cause of Third World countries and to move towards a more global movement involving the cooperation of people from both sides of the poverty barrier.*

The **organization** of this editorial is well-crafted and distinctive. While the voice is clearly passionate, the writer develops her editorial in a thoroughly focused fashion, with logic at the forefront. The writer begins by acknowledging the immense appeal of celebrity causes. *It is so easy to see this movement as a flawless initiative.* She then goes on to develop her thesis that all this apparent goodwill is neither edifying nor benign. The writer draws her readers in with both logical and emotional appeals, using a tone that is at once intimate and reasoned. *It may sound idealistic, but helping others should not be about celebrity or about fame. Most importantly, it should not be about one person.* Readers are drawn through a beautifully nuanced editorial piece and led to side with the writer and to question the viability of Third World aid as they know it.

The writer demonstrates artistry and polish in her use of **language**. While the voice is warm and individualistic, it never wavers from the proper editorial voice. The writer notes her use of *heavy sarcasm*, but the reader is more aware of a forthright, reasoned quality which appeals to one's best instincts. A few errors in phrasing do nothing to weaken the powerful message of this piece. *Most importantly, the focus must be placed where it is due: on the populations in need. After all, it's not Bono who will be going hungry tonight.* Left with such a simple, heartfelt plea, the reader feels bound to act.

Reflection

The writer's reflections offer a thorough and insightful analysis of her writing decisions. She first explains what drew her to the topic. *I focused specifically on how I feel that foreign aid now focuses on the Western benefactors ... I have always had a problem with the way in which Bono campaigns...* She adds that *Nancy Gibbs' text (Persons of the Year: Bill and Melinda Gates and Bono) was the article which sparked my interest, but mostly my irritation ... It completely glamourized Bono's work with very little mention of the state of the countries he was meant to be helping. The same was true for Kathy Cook's Ryan's Well. Once again, the focus was on this little Western boy transforming into a sort of benefactor. After reading these two texts, I felt compelled to write an editorial criticizing the attention which surrounds these two individuals and the lack of media focus on the developing countries.* She explains her choice of the editorial as being the perfect medium for the development of her position *because it allowed me to be both critical and to express my strong opinion on a very personal level.* There is a clear understanding of the people she wishes to reach and the message she wishes to present. She acknowledges that *many people may be offended by my harsh, critical tone*, noting, however, that *the use of this tone was the only in which I could sincerely communicate my opinion.* The writer has strong convictions regarding the wrongs visited upon the Third World by those in the Western World and chooses the ideal vehicle for showcasing her criticisms.

Obligations

The First World, the West, whatever you wish to call it, often likes to think of the Third World as a sore on the face of the Earth. Something ugly and painful yet still something which can be avoided and ignored. Citizens of the West have learned to cope with this sore. They generalize and categorize so that it may fit into this world view. It's not billions of people living in poverty and suffering, it's "the Third World" and just like that the people living there are classed as a lesser form of humanity whose pain we can ignore as easily as that of the animals whose meat we consume, that is, with a vague and insincere sense of pity. The truth is kept conveniently out of site and out of mind. Such a world view, no matter how ubiquitous it may be, is proof of enormous, collective self-delusion.

The truth of the matter is, The West holds an enormous moral obligation towards the Third World, and it has largely chosen to ignore this. From a historical standpoint, much of the horror afflicting undeveloped areas throughout Africa and Asia stems from the shortsighted, ignorant and destructive behaviour of early colonial powers. The effects of the depletion of resources, arbitrary divisions of power among native peoples and greedy, harmful mercantile policies of the colonial era still have enormous repercussions today. One has only to look at the root causes of the Vietnam War and Rwandan Genocide to understand the enormous truth of that statement. Moral obligations are even greater. Citizens of the West have come to view their lives as being governed by an ever growing number of supposedly inalienable rights (freedom of speech, the right to a minimum standard of living etc.) and hundreds of organizations (notably the UN) whose goal it is to spread these rights around the globe now exist. Yet through an appalling mix of hypocrisy and apathy little has truly been accomplished in improving conditions in the Third World in any meaningful way. The West has quite simply decided to let the Third World go its own way. For example: look at the lack of action in Sudan's Darfur region!

Never the less, it is in the West's best interest to try and save the Third World. For example, according to the International Labour Organization, school registration and the eradication of child labor (only) would create, in the long term, a profit seven times greater than the amount invested in eradicating poverty. An economically vibrant Third World would open new markets for Western corporations and have an enormous and beneficial effect on the global economy. All that is needed is one, strong, efficient and coordinated push to transform the lives of millions and millions of people.

With this in mind, it can be seen that the beginnings of such efforts exist. On an international level, through UNESCO, UNICEF and others as well as on a private level, through the efforts of Bono and the Gates family, who may well be the first to recognize the level of efficiency and organization necessary to transform funds from useless gestures of virtue into results.

The possibility, the opportunity, exists to transform the Third World and to save the untold millions living through disease, poverty, malnutrition and violence. The West must act, must help them. It must stare the problem in its face and get something done. Not only for the good of those living in poverty but for the good of the world. The Third World is much larger than the first and everyone living there is as much a human being as anyone else.

Reflection

The theme I chose for this piece was the obligation the First World has towards the Third World. I chose this issue because it is something I strongly believe in. There is no reason why so many should be allowed to suffer so much when the resources exist to help them. Indeed, I would like to one day volunteer for an organization such as UNICEF or Doctors Without Borders and do my part in helping to alleviate the problem.

There were a number of texts in the reading booklet which brought my topic to mind. The article about Bono and Bill Gates was fascinating and inspirational in the way it exposed the true determination and goodness of heart of those two men. The facts and figures in the article Children Who Work to Death were also quite striking. So while these two texts were not the most interesting in the whole package, they dealt with an issue I felt strongly about and gave me a lot of information to work with thus deciding my choice of topic.

I had to make a number of difficult writing choices when planning out my text. Purpose (to motivate people to action) and style (aggressive, confrontational and decisive) were easy to decide, but I had trouble choosing the right type of text as I felt my points could be well presented as either an editorial, argumentative essay or speech. I chose to do an editorial but I now feel this was a mistake. The inability to use the first person proved to be quite constraining and a speech would have made for a more passionate and engaging text. On top of that, the editorial is supposed to be for a local or school newspaper while the audience I had in mind is socially conscious adults. But, what's done is done.

The West holds an enormous moral obligation towards the Third World, and it has largely chosen to ignore this. The editorial *Obligations* is an insightful and compelling piece of writing that addresses this contemporary issue. It forces an audience of *socially conscious adults* to take notice and to rectify a situation that has existed for far too long. In terms of performance level, the editorial is a level 4.

Impact

The overall tone of this editorial is professional, and the voice is that of a writer who clearly understands the issue at hand. *The First World, the West, whatever you wish to call it, often likes to think of the Third World as a sore on the face of the Earth.* Throughout his piece he appeals to both the intelligence and the sympathy of the audience in order to change their view. *Citizens of the West have learned to cope with this sore.* This attitude must change *not only for the good of those living in poverty but for the good of the world.* With forceful and convincing arguments, the writer expands on his opening. He develops each argument with solid explanation and current examples, always keeping in mind the impact that he wishes to have on his audience. He states that *From a historical standpoint, much of the horror...stems from the shortsighted, ignorant and destructive behaviour of early colonial powers ...(which) still have enormous repercussions today.* To support his argument, he provides as examples the *Vietnam War and Rwandan Genocide*, examples familiar to a *socially conscious audience*. His tone is provocative as he develops in the readers an awareness of the seriousness of the issue...*it is in the West's best interest to try and save the Third World. An economically vibrant Third World would open new markets for Western corporations and have an enormous and beneficial effect on the global economy.*

In fairness to society, the writer acknowledges that *the beginnings of such efforts exist* and provides examples to support his statement. However, this is not enough. Society cannot escape its obligations. The writer concludes his editorial with a strong call to action. *The possibility, the opportunity, exists to transform the Third World and to save the untold millions living through disease, poverty, malnutrition and violence. The West must act, must help them.*

Craftsmanship

The editorial **form** is well suited to the issue and purpose chosen by the writer. He feels strongly that the West has an obligation to help the Third World and wants *to motivate people to action*. Following a longer than necessary introduction, the writer concentrates on the development of the issue. He uses persuasive arguments and convincing and current examples that are carefully selected and arranged to provoke an audience of socially conscious adults to action. He is constructive and fair in his development as he appeals to their intelligence. He concludes on a positive note acknowledging that *the beginnings of such efforts exist*. However, the audience is obligated to act and in his final sentence he states why: *The Third World is much larger than the first and everyone living there is as much a human being as an one else.*

The **organization** of the editorial is well-crafted and distinctive. Overall, the arguments are coherently and logically presented, compelling the audience to pay attention. The use of such transition words and phrases as *The truth of the matter is*, *Never the less*, *With this in mind*, provide a flow between arguments and contribute to the strong organization of the editorial. The editorial concludes with the definite statement that *It must stare the problem in its face and get something done*. The writer leaves the audience with no choice but to act.

The **language** of the editorial is artistic and polished. The use of the objective voice strengthens the credibility of the writer's arguments. His voice is determined. His style (*aggressive, confrontational and decisive*) holds the attention of the audience and develops arguments that are clear and convincing. Language choices such as *shortsighted, ignorant and destructive; appalling mix of hypocrisy and apathy; useless gestures of virtue* emphasize the writer's points and force the audience to listen. There are some errors in sentence structure and spelling. However, they do not disrupt the flow of ideas.

Reflection

The writer offers a perceptive explanation of his writing decisions. He chose to write about *the obligation the First World has towards the Third World...because it is something I strongly believe in*. He was inspired by the texts *Persons of the Year: Bill and Melinda Gates and Bono* and *Children Who Work to Death*. He acknowledges that *purpose (to motivate people to action)* and *style (aggressive, confrontational and decisive)* were easy decisions, but the choice of form was more difficult. In admitting that his selection of editorial was a mistake, he exhibits some lack of understanding of the characteristics of the editorial. He states that the *inability to use the first person proved to be quite constraining*; in fact, the use of third person enhanced the development of his editorial. He continues by saying that he felt that he had chosen the wrong audience for an editorial that was written for a local or school newspaper. However, an audience of *socially conscious adults* can be found in the readership of these papers.

Damsel in Distress

None of the other tenants knew for certain how long the Last Princess had waited at her tower window in 27B – not that it ever occurred to them to wonder about it. Rather, over the years, they had come to see her, not as an oddity, but as another of the building’s idiosyncrasies to be accomodate, along with faulty plumbing and creaking stairs.

She was, like any self-respecting princess, held prisoner by a loathesome dragon and so, needless to say, didn’t get out of the tower much. Instead, she lived a solitary life of fear and crusty TV dinners, her only companion being Susan, from 27A, who popped by every few weeks bearing baked goods for a lonely old woman. But Susan never lasted long and often found herself bound and gagged by the frigid stone walls, by the Last Princess’s skin, stretched to pale translucency, bunching and sagging like a worn nylon stocking against her faded blue silk gown. Must clung to the air, the scent of squandered, festering youth and beauty, and made Susan want to retch, or at least grab the Last Princess by her golden braid and yell into her delicate ear to live a little before it was too late. And yet she never did, mesmerized perhaps by that hair, untarnished by the passing years, by the fragile fingers that would braid and unbraid it absently until it coiled twice about the periphery of the tower room – a towline, an anchor to her life of waiting.

And if, over tea in chipped cup and saucer sets, Susan ever got around to asking her why she waited, the Last Princess would probably look at her with little-girl eyes and say in her tiny, helpless echo of a voice that someday it would all be hers. For they told her, long ago, she stood to inherit the kingdom, and though she may have forgotten just how to be set free, just why no knight in shining armour had brought her salvation, she knew she must be patient. So she waited, cultivating golden hair, scratching bingo cards and watching General Hospital reruns in her twenty-four-inch magic mirror, because waiting was all she knew.

She hadn’t even seen the dragon in decades, maybe centuries, but rather than feeling more secure, she caught whispers of his frightening countenance in everything. She saw his smoking breath rising from below the fire escape, where ragged shadows gathered on rainy nights to stare up at warm lights in square windows. She recognized him in her magic mirror too, gleaming white fangs in the newscaster’s mouth, as he spoke dulcetly, absently, about little children with distended bellies and big eyes and taunted her with the help that wasn’t coming, not to her or anyone. She could feel his eye upon her, his breath coursing across the back of her neck like the never-ending current of passing seconds that pulled her further away from ever being powerful, beautiful, free, like princesses should be. She remained, day after day, haunted by the fear, so like her own that she saw in those children’s eyes.

And in the meantime, in the apartment building, broken air conditioning replaced flooded storage areas as the favoured topic to gripe about while waiting for the elevator. Days passed and garbage bins piled themselves high with crumpled bits of yesterday’s news. Days passed and the super nodded along to red-eyed telephone complaints that Crawford in 12F was keeping everyone awake, cursing and rearranging furniture late into the night. Days passed and all the while, Mrs. Crawford walked into doors with disturbing regularity, bruises purple like dragon scales: a second skin to hide inside. Days passed and Susan visited the Last Princess with her casseroles and convictions

that damsels in distress had gone out of fashion. And the Last Princess? She listened politely in a way that let Susan know she disagreed entirely, eyes wandering out over the back alleys, pretending, every now and then, to glimpse, on the horizon, the faded victory banner of her knight in rusted armour.

Reflection

My short story, *Damsel in Distress*, tells of a stereotypical, if aging, fairytale princess waiting for rescue in a contemporary apartment building. It explores the idea of inaction, of the way humans have of living innocuously in our flawed world so long as the consequences of its flaws are not directly felt. This issue was brought up in Michael Moore's documentary, where cigarette companies ignored the harm they caused their clients and tried to silence the voicebox choir, content to live in ease with their profits and turn an obstinently blind eye towards the suffering to avoid action. Likewise, in this story, the "Last Princess" waits for rescue, never thinking to seize the day and free herself from her imaginary dragon. At the same time, her neighbour Susan chides her inwardly for not daring to change things, while Susan herself is (as all the other tenants are) victim to the same problem: never acting to help either the princess, the woman being abused in her building, the homeless in the street outside or the suffering children on her television. The reason for their actions in this case, I believe can be explained by Craig Kielburger in *Free the Children* when he said we have a "misconception that we [are] not smart enough, old enough, or capable enough to contribute to social issues." Just as the Last Princess assumes that it takes a valiant prince to slay the dragon, ordinary people tend to become ensnared by the belief that politicians and celebrities are the only ones capable of inciting change. In reality, all it would have taken to settle, if nothing else, the abused woman's plight would have been some basic human kindness and a few phonecalls. The purpose of my story is to show that by becoming a bystander to any such suffering, we too, the "liberated" members of a free society, can be reduced to being damsels in distress.

I chose to write a short story as I saw very strong parallels between the traditional fairytale princess, so mocked by feminists for her weakness, and our own behavior when confronted with global and social issues today: waiting for someone else to act and save us. This form allowed me to draw on the extended metaphor of a fairytale and to juxtapose it with our modern time to show how ridiculous the action of waiting is. In this manner Susan and the other tenants are compared to the princess, a television becomes a magic mirror, an apartment, a tower dungeon, an absent knight, the long-awaited magical cure to all our problems. The dragon comes to symbolize the problems we often times overlook in our daily lives, the Last Princess seeing his fiery breath in the garbage fires of the homeless, his purple skin in Mrs. Crawford's bruises, inflicted by her husband.

I chose to make the Last Princess elderly to better show the consequences of inaction. She is seen languishing in her apartment, lonely and occupying her time by watching soap operas and playing bingo as her life passes her by. In the same way, she realizes at the end that she is awaiting a knight in rusted armour – just as old and imperfect as she – and probably unlikely to save her, but her devotion to him is both touching and naïve – much like ours to our broad quests to save the world in one fell swoop.

A final technique I used was that of repetition near the end, starting all my sentences with "Days passed and..." to show the inevitability of waiting and the way, like the newspapers accumulating in garbage bins, problems will only continue to pile up.

I used a third person narrator to maintain the general feel of a fairytale. Since my premise was the ridiculous idea of a medieval princess in a modern setting, the third person narration was made to

sound a little blasé, to make it seem like an every day occurrence and to show the indifference of the tenants' towards their neighbour's bizarre life, the latter often being the case in our society. There was also an ironic tone was used as the others find fault with the princess for her eternal waiting while, in effect, doing the same thing.

My piece is mainly aimed at adolescents who are, like the Last Princess, waiting to assume control of the world around them and often use the fact that they are young and powerless to avoid action. They would also be familiar with traditional fairytales and, hopefully, see the absurdity of placing their characters in modern times turned into something not quite so strange over the course of the story. As teenagers, we are set to inherit the world's problems, as we mature and I think it is very important to recognize that, while sitting still and complaining does often make us feel better, any hope of changes for the better rests with our willingness to complete small actions that will, bit by bit, accomplish larger goals.

The short story *Damsel in Distress* is constructed as a post-modern fairy tale, replete with a castle in the form of a crumbling apartment block, a languishing but aging princess, forgotten TV dinners, Bingo games, a battered woman, and an elusive yet ever-present dragon. An air of denial and helplessness pervade the story, illustrating the need for action in the presence of tragedy.

Impact

The impact of this story derives from the writer's clever blending of the modern and the traditional in the telling of her cautionary tale. The spell is cast in her opening lines: *None of the other tenants knew for certain how long the Last Princess had waited at her tower window in 27B – not that it ever occurred to them to wonder about it.*

The story is both compelling and insightful, drawing the reader into a world of lonely, inept, forgotten people waiting for deliverance rather than taking up the challenges the writer has placed before them. *Must clung to the air, in the scent of squandered, festering youth and beauty, and made Susan want to retch, or at least grab the Last Princess by her golden braid and yell into her delicate ear to live a little before it was too late. And yet she never did....* An atmosphere of pathetic ineptitude brought about by a refusal to face reality permeates this story.

Craftsmanship

The **form** of the short story is well served due to the writer's sophisticated and inspired use of an old form (the fairy tale) to explore the contemporary reality of battered women, homeless people and other contemporary ills. Characterization is powerful in the story which depicts a princess with delicate ears (incapable of hearing dire warnings), golden hair that, unbraided, *coiled twice about the periphery of the tower room*, and an inability to comprehend *just why no knight in shining armour had brought her to her salvation*. The setting acts as an antagonist. The world outside her decrepit apartment walls, just beneath her window and flickering on her television screen, a world of the cold and homeless and of starving children, is one that frightens her and causes her further withdrawal into a place of fanciful longing and inaction. In the end nothing is resolved as the Last Princess chooses to keep her eyes on the far horizon rather than the immediate alley. The reader is left with a clear message. He cannot live in the past, cannot close his eyes to the troubles around him. One dies a little each day through inaction.

The **organization** of this short story is well-crafted and distinctive. The story opens with life in a run-down apartment building and moves no further from the claustrophobic confines of it than the small reaches of the alley outside and the images flickering on a television screen. Little happens, for the characters in this story seem to live their lives in suspended animation. They long, they hope, they wait, but they don't act. The story contains the tenants of apartments 27A and B as well as 12F. However, little is known of them apart from the Princess's desire to be rescued, Susan's wish to wake up the Princess, and the very pressing need for someone to come to the aid of Mrs. Crawford, who lives with a real dragon in the form of her husband. Appropriately, the few changes that occur within the

story are purely physical and all negative. *The Last Princess's skin, stretched to pale translucency, bunching and sagging* reflects the ravages of time. Even the china is old with *tea in chipped cup and saucer sets*. *Broken air conditioning replaced flooded storage areas... and garbage bins piled themselves high with crumpled bits of yesterday's news* indicative of the literal and metaphorical waste. The power of this story derives from an unrelenting catalogue of slow decay and impotent wishing.

The writer of this short story uses **language** both artistic and polished. She is able to summon up the effects of ineffectual waiting through the use of evocative images such as those describing the Princess's skin *bunching and sagging like a worn nylon stocking against her faded blue silk gown* and *her tiny, helpless echo of a voice*. The princess's hair, *untarnished by the passing years*, nevertheless *becomes an anchor to her life of waiting*. There is a simple eloquence in the writer's depiction of this life of endless inactivity. *So she waited, cultivating golden hair, scratching bingo cards and watching General Hospital reruns in her twenty-four-inch magic mirror* because waiting was all she knew. The concluding image of *the knight in rusted armour* is an appropriate ending to a story that portrays fairy tale dreams as *both touching and naive*. The few spelling errors (apartment, accomodated, conditionning) do not detract from the effectiveness of the short story.

Reflection

The writer's reflection is insightful and offers a thorough analysis of decisions made for *Damsel in Distress*. In her reflection, the writer explains that she has reworked the conventional fairytale, presenting the reader with her own anti-romantic vision of the *stereotypical, if aging, fairytale princess waiting for rescue in a contemporary apartment building*. She draws scathing parallels between *the traditional fairytale princess, so mocked by feminists for her weakness, and our own behavior when confronted with global and social issues today: waiting for someone else to act and save us*.

She explains that her inspiration is derived from Michael Moore's documentary and *Free the Children* and remarks: *Just as the Last Princess assumes that it takes a valiant prince to slay the dragon, ordinary people tend to become ensnared by the belief that politicians and celebrities are the only ones capable of inciting change*.

The writer cleverly adapts elements of the fairytale, manipulating these so that *a television becomes a magic mirror, an apartment, a tower dungeon, an absent knight, the long-awaited magical cure to all our problems*. She comments on her use of the third person *to maintain the general feel of a fairytale* and on the ironic tone she adopts *as the others find fault with the princess for her eternal waiting while, in effect, doing the same thing*. She points to her use of repetition *near the end, starting all my sentences with "Days passed and ..." to show the inevitability of waiting and the way, like the newspapers accumulating in garbage bins, problems will only continue to pile up*.

Finally, the writer further ties her story to the texts in the *Resource Booklet* in her insightful analysis of her chosen audience. *My piece is mainly aimed at adolescents who are, like the Last Princess, waiting to assume control of the world around them and often use the fact that they are young and powerless to avoid action. ... As teenagers, we are set to inherit the world's problems, as we mature and I think it is very important to recognize that, while sitting still and complaining does often make us feel better, any hope of changes for the better rests with our willingness to complete small actions that will, bit by bit, accomplish larger goals*.

Behind The Door: A Picture by Arthur Lowly

I am the artist who seeks inspiration. The canvas, white as snow, begs me to cover it with a fresh coat of life. My thoughts, in chaotic disorder, start to collect with every wave of my brush. The swooshes sings me a song, and with every pass, a new idea is born. My painting starts to take form. Little by little, it becomes everything I had expected it to; a utopia of unmatched proportions.

First, a layer of blue; after all, He built his world from Heaven. Second, a coat of green; a foundation to build my perfect world on. Next, a winding road, to connect my world the real one. A house takes form in the foreground, giving my picture life. A white house, complete with yellow window shutters, a purple roof, a magnificent arrangement of flowers, and a brick road leading to a seemingly giant red door. "It fits," I said to myself, "though it seems unproportioned. It somehow fits." The picture had taken a new form after the house was painted. It had taken a form so real, I couldn't help but feel...

I am the artist who lives his work. In the blink of an eye, I feel as though I am what I have made. I look around me, wincing in the light of the sun, and see what I have created. Across the road, I see children playing, carefree, jubilant, jovial. Their mother, who had just finished weeding the garden, smiles and waves her hand. Her skin was so fair she looked as though she was made of porcelain, with whoever created her paying attention to every little detail, leaving no flaw. I smiled, wave back, and continued my self-guided tour of the neighbourhood. Everything seemed perfect; the birds chirped as though they were a choir of angels, the smell in the air was that of a freshly cut lawn, not a cloud in sight. It was a day where absolutely nothing could go wrong. I looked for anything, anything that could possibly make it seem less perfect. Not a crack in the road, not a tree without leaves, not a car with a dent, it just seemed flawless.

I take a breath, and, as my lip curls into a smile, I turn and make my way back home. Suddenly, my head starts pounding, as though Hephaestus were at work behind my eyes. I begin to feel dizzy, and run for the door. The door grows to monstrous proportions, and, looking for the handle, I fall to the ground. Picking myself back up, I finally manage to find the damned handle and open the door. A loud creaking fills my ears, as though I were entering Frankenstein's lab. A blinding light takes over...

I am the man who fell from heaven. I look around, trying to figure out what had just become of my utopia. I run to the window. Instead of seeing flowers, children, and life, I see the antithesis. The sky is gray with smog. Everything in view is colourless, lifeless, hopeless. The air smells of society's decay; a vile, poignant smell that cannot be compared to anything I have smelt before. The cracks in the road remind me of the lines on the faces of those who live on it, the old, frail men and women who have spent their lives begging for not money, but acceptance, or, at the very least, pity. These people begin to reflect their surroundings; they, too, are broken, colourless, lifeless, and hopeless. Their dreams of one day living in a utopia have been shattered by the realities of this dog-eat-dog world. My dreams have been shattered as well, for I too live this sad reality. How foolish was I to start my painting from the Heavens when I myself live in Hell. I look at my picture, and pick up my brush. "I see a red door," I say to myself as I dab my brush into the paint.

I am the man who paints it black.

Reflection

I chose to write a short story after reading the article 'Capital Realism' by Ann Pancake. My main idea for this story came from the second paragraph in the article, which speaks of the painted billboards showing what the future could be like in Thailand. After reading that, the idea of an artist who, after painting a picture, lives his art, came to mind. 'Capital Realism' really got my mind going on how people will stop at nothing to seem successful, yet in the strive, fail.

I chose this issue because I myself have seen many such failures. Not only have I assured myself success and failed, but I have seen it happen many times before. Knowlton is a graveyard of fallen dreams, as seen by the often vacant buildings which were once hosts to 'budding businesses.' They have an idea, one which seems flawless, but often times they crumble within a year.

I had a pretty good idea on how I was going to write the story even before I had finished reading the articles. I wanted to use the first person point of view, to get across some of my own ideas through the character, along with giving his emotions and perceptions. The narrator, Arthur Lowly, was named such for a reason. A nickname for Arthur is "art," his means of expression, and his last name means "low in importance." His last name is meaningful since he himself, though not apparent until the end, is a drifter. I used a few allusions to give a grander meaning to whatever it was being used for. For example, the allusions to God in the beginning and the end seem fitting, since he created this alternate world. I also tried, though I don't know how successfully, to use colours to my advantage. The gray of the reality representing the melancholy, the red of the door symbolizing loss and debt, and the white house representing joy and innocence.

One part of my writing that I wish to mention are the influences and references that I used. One of the biggest ones was from the novel "Fight Club." I chose to write my story's narration like that of the protagonist in Fight Club, specifically the "I am..." openings. One of my main references made is that to the song "Paint It Black" by the Rolling Stones. It somehow seemed fitting, when I thought about it, to use the opening line of the song, "I see a red door and I want it painted black." Since my main character is an artist, I thought it would be appropriate not only since it involves painting, but also involves blacking out something he believes is too good.

“Behind the Door: A Picture by Arthur Lowley” is a compelling journey through a person’s realization of the fine line between an idyllic existence and a dystopia which closely mirrors the malaise of living in today’s world. Cleverly weaving allusions from both pop culture and classic mythology, yet animated by a compelling personal voice, the author poignantly addresses the human condition. Particularly interesting is the writer’s unstated suggestion that mankind is responsible, in some way, for its own fall from grace.

Impact

The impact of the story derives from the writer’s first candid confession: *I am the artist who seeks inspiration*. The extended metaphor comparing existence to a white canvas is not original, perhaps; yet the fact that the character will *cover it with a fresh coat of life* is a skillful way of applying the metaphor. The ensuing imagery and the tentative tone of the writer’s adopted persona draw the reader into his world, especially as with every pass of his metaphorical brush *a new idea is born* and the *painting starts to take form into a utopia of unmatched proportions*. As the plot unfolds, the artist, read author, only takes credit for the creation of his own world, one that is in perfect accord with the one that was built *from Heaven*.

The power of this piece comes from the way its author continues to invite the reader to share in his fictionalized realizations. The artist is no longer just inspired; he *lives his work* and sees it as having a perfection of its own until his utopia is shattered. This moment heralds the insight of the writer in suggesting that perfection is both ephemeral and fleeting. His character has become *the man who fell from heaven*, and his narrative is now filled with the imagery of despair and human frailty. His admission *how foolish was I to start my painting from the Heavens when I myself live in Hell* must resonate with his audience. The writer’s mastery lies in his mature understanding of how humanity often shapes its own bleak reality, how faced with a *red door*, it also *paints it black*.

Craftsmanship

The **form** is sophisticated and skillful. The writer incorporates elements of the short story to express his view of the dichotomous nature of existence. His character, the artist, meanders at first through a beatific setting filled with *carefree, jubilant, jovial* children, on a day *where absolutely nothing could go wrong*.

The writer’s superior understanding of **form** is evident in his suggestion that because his character then *looked for anything, anything that could possibly make it less perfect*, humanity is compelled by some perverse streak to seek out imperfection. It is because of this insight and the way it is rendered that this story is no longer commonplace but seductively captivating. Even the title *Behind the Door* demonstrates the writer’s ability to create a unified whole with a recognizable climax as his character runs *for the door* and gazes at the metaphorical wasteland behind it. The setting is now demonic in its hopelessness, peopled by three-dimensional characters who testify to the writer’s understanding of characterization because they *have spent their lives begging for not money but acceptance or at the very least, pity*.

This shift into dystopia is subtly ushered in when the artist remarks *I take a breath*. The revelation the writer wishes his reader to apprehend begins here with the altering of the mood brought about by his allusions to Hephaestus, the Olympian metal-smith, who like the fallen angel was said to have been flung from heaven by Zeus, and to Frankenstein's lab filled with the creaking of monstrous doings.

The writer's use of symbolism corroborates his understanding of the short story form since it is evident that the colours he chose for his world are representative of mood and circumstance. His reference to the red door being painted black reiterates mankind's inclination to upset the balance.

The **organization** is crafted and distinctive because, again, the writer demonstrates a clear understanding of contrast (the perfect versus the imperfect world) and pacing (from the artist seeking inspiration, to living his work and being tainted through his very human inability to sustain the beautiful without imperfection). The way the story unfolds is like a musical counterpoint. Each section of the narrative begins with *I am...* in an attempt to create a bond between the writer and the reader. Counterpoint is also evident in the writer's concern with *antithesis*. The reversal that occurs half way through the story is purposefully placed with a view to emphasizing everyone's propensity to take a *red door* and be *the man who paints it black*.

The **language** is artistic and polished with vocabulary deliberately chosen to evoke the strongest images and feelings. In the first act of self-awareness, the artist realizes *my thoughts, in chaotic disorder, start to collect with every wave of my brush. The swooshes sings me a song*. The onomatopoeic movement of the brush lulls the reader right into the story. The way each image is placed after the other like stepping stones (*the coat of green, a winding road, the sky gray with smog*) shows deliberation. The artist's philosophical observations (*a foundation to build my perfect world on; a winding road, to connect my world the real one; how foolish was I to start my painting from the Heavens when I myself live in Hell*) evidence the writer's skillful shaping of the story through language. The first person point of view with its conversational tone gives the reader a glimpse into far more than the character's mind. It allows for an incursion into his dreams, aspirations and intentions, which are not enough to prevent him from being human.

There are minor errors in sentence structure and tense, but they do not distract from the story. What remains is the immediacy of the writer's language and the disarming honesty with which he wrote "Behind the Door: A Picture by Arthur Lowley."

Reflection

In his reflection, the writer explains how the article "Capital Realism" inspired him to write about *an artist who, after painting a picture, lives his art* and about how *people will stop at nothing to seem successful, yet ... fail*. The issue is close to his heart since he admits *I myself have seen many failures* due to an idea which did not bear fruition. He insists that his choice of the first person point of view would allow him to articulate his own ideas through his characters. His reflection is perceptive and his intentions aptly explained. His connection to the article he chose as inspiration is convincing. He admits to making many allusions and to being influenced by icons of pop culture, the weaving of which is a key strength in the crafting of his short story.

A Fruit Less Perishable

The first train of the day rumbles and sputters in at a quarter to six, saturated with a cumbersome cargo of weary commuters. Bodies waft past Ramir on their quotidian urban pilgrimage. The sun has barely risen, and the jostling bodies cast ghost-like shadows onto the platform with grotesque, elongated limbs. They walk through the children without thought, consumed with the gravity of their common tasks.

That morning, Ramir had tucked the blanket around his sleeping grandmother and kissed her tight, pale forehead. His affection towards his grandmother verges on the fervent. Ramir is not an orphan in a practiced sense – not when he has somebody waiting when the day is over and he returns from the station. But his days are numbered as the malady consumes, little by little, all the family that Ramir has.

The policeman comes into the station at about this time every day, flashing his incisors and tapping his baton ruthlessly onto an open palm. His appearance of vigilance is an empty threat; perhaps he realizes the futility of the fight against primitive poverty from which stems all petty criminality. Nonetheless, with the wave of his blunt weapon, children scatter and evaporate like flies in the sultry breeze. It is all too common for such a threat to leave a child close to death.

The businessmen who frequent the station are detached from their surroundings like displaced sultans. Coins clink in their pockets and children, like errant dogs, follow.

The scent of exotic fruit, meat on the skillet and a subtle but pungent undertone of rot waft into the station from the surrounding market, compounding into a rhapsody of aroma. Although the children would have been lucky to sink their teeth into flesh and feel juices run down their chin, they gather discarded peels to sell to the vendors.

Something at the far end of the station draws the attention of the street children. Ramir detects, at the center of the oscillating circle, pale skin – a foreigner. He seems almost flattered by the supplications of the children, who become a mass of pleading hands. After a moment, he presses two hundred rupees – two days' work – into the hand of the youngest child. Impervious to the protestations of the others, the child clutches the treasure tightly. But when the gang dissipates into the far corners of the station, the child remains on the platform, twisted like a broken bird.

Some children sell water to the passerby, but they earn a pittance. Ramir prefers a more practical manner of earning his livelihood. He has not been caught – although new to city life, he is nimble and can disappear quickly into the urban ebb and flow.

Life outside of the city confines seems idyllic in Ramir's mind. But where he once knew a richness of the earth and a perpetual flow of water, the soil now yields no harvest and dead fish wash up onto the riverbanks. When he began his life in the city, he had hoped that it would yield a fruit less perishable. Only now he knows that no such a potion exists, only the glazed eyes of the lost children.

The day pounds on. The sun, at its zenith, seems to amplify all sound, stench and colour. Ramir does not find it odd that his life seems to have taken a trajectory surpassing childhood and

thrusting him into the cacophonous and solitary life of the streets. It seems as if he has been doing this since birth: a swiftness of hand, agile feet and a sharp eye makes him a thousand rupees (or more?) richer.

The next train is announced and Ramir remembers that he has relatives in Mumbai, though all he knows of them are sepia faded faces. But if they could feed and clothe him and give him a warm place to sleep, Ramir could go to the school. The prospects are seductive, yet Ramir knows he cannot board the train and leave his grandmother to die alone.

But that evening, when Ramir returns to where his grandmother curls up like a fetus on the rat-tan mat, he can smell death.

Rhavi folds himself into the night, finding a cold reception from the platform floor. He waits for the first train of the morning, as phantom passerby spread their shadows on his sleep.

Reflection

An issue that permeated the Resource Booklet was the notion that modern civilization progresses at the sake of weaker nation states and exploitable individuals. My short story pulled ideas from articles such as “Children who work to Death”, which states that a large portion of a developing country’s GDP is produced by children. Stephen Dunn in “Scruples” explores the human impulses that compel citizens of the First World to disregard the lives of others in order to sustain their lifestyles.

Rhavi is one who is caught in such a net of industrial progress. Though he does not realize that the pollution that destroyed his home in the country was a result of industrial activity, he lives the consequences of the global development phenomenon from day to day. My short story adds to the discussion in the Resource Booklet by creating a fictional case study.

Rhavi wins the audience’s sympathy when the narrator provides insight into his thoughts and desire for freedom, which is a universal human trait. Yet Rhavi’s circumstances, that one can argue was inevitable since his birth into a poverty-stricken country, prevent him from progressing. Rhavi is the personified consequence of Ann Pancake’s so-called “capital realism”.

The characters in the story are all attempts to reveal the attitudes of groups caught in the chain of capital development. The policeman is indicative of a state’s contempt for poverty and its attempt to ineffectively remedy such problems through force. The businessmen, in their state of aloofness, are those who profit from the exploitative economic system and yet, are indifferent from the consequences of their self-interest. The foreign traveler, despite his philanthropic intentions, does more harm than good. The children are portrayed as scavengers who live off of the discards of society’s higher echelons.

The use of imagery in the story appeals to the four senses, drawing the reader into Rhavi’s life.

The issue was of personal significance to me because my parents emigrated from a region of the world where many children fend for themselves without a sufficient welfare system to provide aid. China is, as well, a country that is modernizing at a rapid pace yet the gap between the rich and the poor remains wider than ever. My fortuitous birth into a privileged, western country has prevented my exposure to the poverty my parents saw in their lifetimes.

“A Fruit Less Perishable” is a compelling account of a young boy who, with a dying grandmother to care for, is duty-bound to earn his livelihood stealing from *weary commuters* at a train station in India. The poverty he witnesses and experiences every day is palpable. His reflection on the indifference of *the businessmen who frequent the station ... detached from their surroundings like displaced sultans* and the children who *like errant dogs, follow* is heartbreakingly poignant. Ramir is torn between his obligation and his desire to go to school, which he might only be able to do if he leaves his grandmother. He is, just as the children he watches, *twisted like a broken bird* and trapped in the consequences of an illusion that never materialized, the illusion that *life in the city ... would yield a fruit less perishable* than the life he left behind *outside of the city confines ... where the soil now yields no harvest*. It is only when he goes back *to where his grandmother curls up like a fetus on the rattan mat...and he can smell death* that he returns to *wait for the first train of the morning*, which the writer suggests might deliver him from the bleakness of his life, although that, too, is probably just another illusion. Ramir, through the author’s pen, speaks for all who are forgotten in their poverty and delivers an indictment against those who are in a position of privilege.

Impact

The impact of the piece derives from the pathos with which the writer imbues her telling of Ramir’s story. It wraps itself around the reader’s mind and tugs gently at the heart strings. No less engaging is the vividly contrasting imagery which is employed so masterfully. The author describes *the scent of exotic fruit, meat on the skillet and a subtle but pungent undertone of rot* in the same breath. Always, she mentions the children and how they *would have been lucky to sink their teeth into flesh and feel juices run down their chin* but are forced, instead, to *gather discarded peels to sell to the vendors*. In the midst of this bustling world, Ramir is a silent, overlooked yet dignified witness to the indifference that surrounds him and the callousness of *a foreigner ...who seems almost flattered by the supplications of the children, who become a mass of pleading hands*.

The power of this piece comes from the way its author refuses to portray Ramir as a victim for all that *his life seems to have taken a trajectory surpassing childhood and thrusting him into the cacophonous and solitary life of the streets*. The power comes also from the writer’s eloquence and sensitivity in describing an urchin who *folds himself into the night* while having a more ruthless character, a policeman whose *vigilance is an empty threat*, realize the futility of attempting to stem the tide of abject poverty.

Craftsmanship

The **form** is sophisticated and skillful. The writer incorporates elements of the short story to express her views about the human cost of poverty. Ramir is a study in good characterization, insofar as he is an honorable thief and steals to survive. The plot unfolds slowly in an ingeniously crafted collage of sensory images as *the first train of the day rumbles and sputters in ...* and *the jostling bodies* of the commuters *cast ghost-like shadows onto the platform with grotesque elongated limbs*. As *the day pounds on*, it is clear that the setting (the station) symbolically represents another huge and indiffer-

ent metropolis, like so many in the world, where small tragedies unfold every day. The *first train of the morning*, at the end of her story, is an obvious symbol for both an aspiration that seems impossible and a dream that might not be. The objective point of view is interesting because the reader is invited to observe, with detachment, the unfolding of a story to which it is impossible to remain impassive.

The **organization** is well-crafted and distinctive because the writer demonstrates a clear understanding of pacing and structure. She begins her narrative at dawn with *the first train of the day* and ends it at night when Ramir awaits the *first train of the morning* which might, or might not, lead him to a brighter future. There are no loose ends in this story. The grandmother who was dying finally frees her grandson in the only possible way. What remains is the grinding poverty of children that the writer suggests will play itself out again and again, in a never-ending cycle, in places similar to the one she uses for her setting. The story progresses like a stately procession assailing the reader's senses with the realization that the poorest members of our global community are the children because they are so vulnerable.

The **language** is artistic and polished with vocabulary deliberately chosen to evoke the strongest images and feelings. The writer tells of children who *scatter and evaporate like flies in the sultry breeze*, emphasizing through this comparison their fragility. Yet this frailty is also that of the grandmother, who *curls up like a fetus*. The author poetically describes the various odours of her setting as *a rhapsody of aroma* so easily imagined. One of her fictional children who has been given *two hundred rupees – two days' work ... clutches the treasure tightly* like in a photograph. When the *sun, at its zenith, seems to amplify all sound, stench and colour*, the heat is palpable even if it is only rendered with words. There is obvious and skillful deliberation in the author's choice of words since she was able to deliver the most touching moments of her narrative through her vivid descriptions of Ramir with his *swiftness of hand, agile feet and a sharp eye* and the children *who would have been lucky to sink their teeth into the flesh* of fruit they could not afford to buy.

There are one or two minor grammatical errors and some spelling mistakes, but they do not distract from the story. What remain are the evocative quality of the writer's language and her depth of feeling about the plight of impoverished children.

Reflection

In her eloquent reflection, the writer explains how the essay "Scruples" and its exploration of the *impulses that compel citizens of the First World to disregard the lives of others in order to sustain their lifestyles* inspired her to write about Ramir and how *he lives the consequences of the global development phenomenon*. "Capital Realism" also contributed to the student's understanding and articulation of how the perpetuation of poverty prevents people from improving their circumstances. The issue is of *personal significance* to her because her *parents emigrated from a region of the world ... that is modernizing at a rapid pace*, yet where *the gap between the rich and the poor remains wider than ever*. She explains that, in her story, *the characters ... are all attempts to reveal the attitudes of groups caught in the chain of capital development*, from the policeman's half-hearted attempt to remedy the situation through force to *the foreign traveler who despite his philanthropic intentions does more harm than good*. The writer is correct in maintaining that her imagery appeals to *the four senses*. It is a key strength in the crafting of her short story and definitely invites the reader into Ramir's life in the most touching of ways.

Democracy? What Democracy?

Democracy, that sounds good, doesn't it? Let's say it again, "Democracy." It's funny, isn't it, how a simple word can mean so much and accomplish so much when applied properly? Our politicians use it all the time to motivate us, to inspire us, and to convince us that every one of their actions is done to protect and uphold our democracy. And yet, despite the fact that we have very little faith in our President, as indicated by the polls, why is it that we have so much faith in the word democracy simply because it comes out of his mouth? Somehow the majority of the American people believe that we live in a truly democratic country. For a lot of you, this is probably the first time you have heard otherwise. On the surface, the United States does appear to be a democratic country. After all, George Bush was elected democratically, that is if you believe that Al Gore was not rightfully victorious in the 2000 election. However, if you take a closer look at our political system, you will come to realize that votes and electoral points are not the only factors that determine the occupancy of the White House, contrary to what the word democracy may indicate. In fact, our votes and our public opinion play a secondary, if not tertiary, role in determining the actions of our politicians. Ladies and Gentlemen, fellow Americans, if it is not us, if it is not the people who decide, then who does? My friends, the answer is corporations.

Corporation, that's another nice word. It sounds very glorious, grandiose, and prestigious. But what role do these corporations play in our political system? Large corporations are responsible for funding Presidential campaigns and donating large sums of money to the federal government. However, these donations are not made on the basis of good faith. Whoever is receiving this "donation" is essentially being paid to represent and look after the interests of that corporation. Considering that it costs hundreds of millions of dollars to win a Presidency, that seat in the Oval Office does not come cheap and it cannot be obtained without these massive donations. As such, politicians have no choice but to look after these corporations if they wish to have any chance having a successful political career.

Ladies and Gentlemen, our President is supposed to represent the interests of the people who elected him. That is the basis of our democracy. Instead, our politicians are being paid off by large companies in order to reflect a different set of interests entirely. Does this sound like a real democracy? In my opinion, this sounds more like corruption. Ah, corruption, now that word does not sound nearly as nice as the other two.

This brings me to my main point; why is it that the world is being faced with such problems as child labour, exploitation, deprivation, and global warming? For the most part, it is because these gigantic corporations have had a hand in creating and perpetuating these problems. Children who make shoes for pennies work for American companies, families are displaced in order to build these factories, and these huge corporations who are sucking the earth dry of natural resources are extremely wasteful and are responsible for the catastrophe that is global warming. Now with all this in mind, it becomes a little easier to understand why there are so many problems in our world. The people in power, the ones capable of addressing these problems, are being supported by the people who have created these same problems. This is why it is not hard to understand why corporations do not care about the 22 000 children who die each year because of child labour (Children Who Work to Death, p.5).

Now I've stood here before you and told you that you are not capable of influencing the politicians that you elect. I've told you that politicians only care about big, corporations and not about the middle and working class Americans. Having heard my speech so far, you have probably lost all faith in our political system and you feel as though there is no way that you can inflict change. But now comes the part of my speech where I lift you up off your feet and tell you that you can make a difference. So here it goes. Our economy, the same economy in which these corporations operate, is based on supply and demand. My friends, we are the demand part of that system. Without the consumers, the big corporations will have no one to buy their products. It is our job, nay, it is our responsibility to demand better labour and environmental standards in the products that we consume. If we refuse to purchase products that are manufactured using child labour or that are harmful to the environment, then the large corporations who are guilty of such crimes will have no choice but to comply. That is exactly how our economy works and it is also how our political system is supposed to work.

As you have seen in the article "Paper Cutters" by Jeremy Caplan, a small number of people are capable of influencing small change. Just imagine what we could achieve if we make the collective decision to demand better. It is too late to leave this job to the environmentalists and social justice people of the world. If we want to see large scale, long term results that will benefit not only us Americans but the entire world, we must act as one and we must all make the decision to demand better.

My fellow Americans, my friends, though our votes may not be as valuable to our corrupt government as the bribes paid by large corporations, we the people still have the power to inflict change. But just as a few votes aren't enough to win a Presidency, a few people aren't enough to influence major changes. This is why I am standing here today. I am here to call out to the American people to tell them that if we want to see solutions to the world's problems, we can no longer rely on our government to find them. Instead, we all must collectively demand changes from the corporations responsible for creating these problems and for controlling our politicians. If we all refuse to buy products that are made with child labour and that are harmful to the environment, then we will see major changes. In order to accomplish this goal we must all act together, we must act as one, and we must show the politicians and big corporations that the true power of our democracy lies with the people and not with dollar bills. We must stand together and change together in order to make a difference and in order to make the world a better place for all of us. Thank you, and may God Bless America!

Reflection

For my speech, I decided to write about an that I have learned a lot about over the course of the year in many different classes. The issue I am referring to is that of politics, the world's problems, and how large corporations are influencing each one. "Children Who Work to Death" as well as excerpt from "Free the Children" both talk about child labour and the problems that children are facing because of it. These children work in factories manufacturing products for American corporations who also have an immensurable influence in American politics. This is exactly why problems such as child labour continue to go unaddressed. This is also why we hear so much about celebrities doing what our governments fail to do. In "Persons of the Year: Bill and Melinda Gates and Bono" we learn about how these public figures are using their celebrity status and public image in order to help out with these problems. The problem with American politics, but less so in ours, is that large corporations have so much damn money to contribute to governments. As such, George W. does his best to make sure that the oil business is thriving because the oil corporations are paying him to do so. This is despite the fact that the American people, the same people who elected him, see global warming as a serious problem and the oil industry as one of the perpetrator.

In "Paper Cutters" and "Victoria's Secret Going Green" we learn how one company has altered

their brochure production because of pressure from a conservation group. However, a small conservation group can only have a limited impact. This is the other issue I wanted to cover. It is not enough to donate money to environmentalist groups while still purchasing the products that are perpetuating the problem. The only way this cycle will ever change is either a) there will be no more oil, no more forests, and we will be forced to use a horse and buggy again. Or b) we as consumers collectively decide not to purchase products that are harmful to the environment or made with child labour. In a supply and demand economy, the consumers can choose what they want to buy and companies must supply products that consumers want. But if we continue to complain while still supporting the “criminals” then nothing will be accomplished.

I decided to write a speech because it allows me to speak freely and passionately about the issue at hand. The voice of the speech is my own, I am speaking as myself because I care about the issue being addressed. In the speech, I am an American and I am talking to a very large gathering of other Americans in the downtown area of a large American city. The speech is not specific to one single city because it is to be given all around the country in order to affect as many people as possible.

In the speech I focus on three specific words at one point or another. Democracy, Corporation, and Corruption. I sort of urge the audience to say these words in unison in order to add impact. I focus on these words because of how each of them affect the political system in ways opposite to what we are told to believe. I reflect on what the word may make you think of, how a politician may use it, and then I spin in all the negatives about the political system and the role that those words play. I found that this technique was very affective.

As well, I ask rhetorical questions. I do not do this for suspense, but rather to say out loud what the audience may be thinking at a given point based on what I have said. I then go on to eliminate their confusion by answering the question. This technique was used in order to show the audience that I understand that what I am saying they have never heard before, that I know they are questioning what I am saying, and that I am going to answer those questions in order to persuade as many people as possible.

In many cases throughout the speech, I refer to the audience as “my friends”. This is done with the intent to make everyone feel close with each other, to reinforce that we are all striving for the same common goal. This is important to accomplish because of what the objective of my speech is, which is to make everyone act together and make the same decisions collectively. In other parts of the speech, I simply use “Ladies and Gentlemen.” In these parts of the speech I am trying to be more forceful to really grab the attention of the audience. In such a scenario, using “My friends” would not have carried the same aggression and tone and thus would not have grabbed the audience.

In the speech, I repeatedly told the audience that we must act together in order to create change. This was repeated time and again because I cannot stress enough the importance of unison and collectiveness in achieving the objective. A small number of people acting up accomplishes almost nothing. In order to really get my point across I repeated that it takes everyone acting together to make a difference.

I also used a technique of comparison that I thought would be affective because it compared the two issues that I had discussed. I said that just as a few votes do not win a presidency, a few people are not enough to make a large difference. I used this specific comparison because earlier in the speech I had discussed elections and politics and what I was discussing at that time was still very much related. As such, I was assured that the audience would understand both sides of the comparison because I had specifically spoken about them.

In this speech, the speaker challenges the concept of democracy in the United States, attacking the American political system à la Michael Moore. The speaker postulates that corporations truly run the system by controlling political candidates through donations. The speaker uses examples from the *Resource Booklet* to illustrate that the lack of real social change is due to these same corporations exercising their will upon politicians who owe them for their positions of office.

The speaker constructs a sound argument and then proposes that the audience can indeed retain some power by exercising their choice of products to resist the corporations' dominance of the democratic system. The speaker suggests the reader choose objects that are not environmentally harmful or exploitative in order to exercise democracy in a corrupt system.

Impact

The student demonstrates a strong sense of purpose by immediately challenging the notions that Americans live in a democratic system. The quality of the speaker's ideas are deep and demonstrate a clear understanding of the issues brought up in the *Resource Booklet*. The language is formal although at times the speaker does appeal to the audience personally; and there is a direct interplay between speaker and listener, an impact involving the audience mentally and at times emotionally.

The overall impact of this speech is compelling and insightful. The speaker is obviously well versed in persuasion and motivates the audience in a formal yet effective manner.

Craftsmanship

The **form** of the speech attempts to influence, motivate, and/or inspire an audience with an oral presentation (formal or informal) prepared for a specific occasion. This writer's oration is sophisticated and skillful, and the reflection demonstrates a clear understanding of the codes and conventions of speech. Speech allows for a direct interplay with the audience; and although the speaker consistently addresses the audience and gives a clear conclusion, there is no salutation. This minor oversight does not take away from the general impact of the work.

The form of speech also includes an appeal, a call to action; and the speaker makes an impassioned and emotional appeal: *In order to accomplish this goal we must all act together, we must act as one, and we must show the politicians that the true power of our democracy lies with the people and not with dollar bills.* This appeal evokes a sense of "we-ness" and instills a desire to take action on the part of the reader.

The writer's **organization** is well crafted and distinctive. Thoughts and arguments are well structured, and a clear sequence of events takes place in order to convince the listeners to take action. The speech begins by questioning whether democracy truly does exist and even whether the present American administration is legitimate. The introductory paragraph is a bit circuitous and could establish the direction of the speech more quickly, but the purpose of the speech does become clear. After explaining how corporations develop and then exercise their power over elected officials, the speech discusses the injustices that are perpetuated by corporations, leaving the listener with a sense of despair. This despair is then converted to hope by the introduction of the notion of exercising an alternative form of democracy, choosing to purchase products that do not exploit or support the injustices mentioned earlier.

The accuracy and effectiveness of the **language** is manifest, and the writer demonstrates an above average vocabulary and grasp of the impact the English language provides: *If we refuse to purchase*

products that are manufactured using child labour or that are harmful to the environment, then the large corporations who are guilty of such crimes will have no choice but to comply. That is exactly how our economy works and it is also how our political system is supposed to work. Twice the student talks about inflicting change rather than effecting change; but in general, the language is polished and scores at a level 4.

Reflection

This student's reflection about his work gives a thorough explanation of the development and decisions involved in the writing produced. The student points out which readings inspired his writing and gives clear examples of how each text did so. These choices unfold in a clear chronology of the writer's decisions as he explains how different readings from the *Resource Booklet* inspired different aspects of the speech and forged the basis of his call for action.

The writer then describes the reasons for choosing speech over the other forms: *I decided to write a speech because it allows me to speak freely and passionately about the issue at hand*, and elaborates to demonstrate a clear understanding of the form and structures of a speech. *I ask rhetorical questions, and in many cases throughout the speech, I refer to the audience as "my friends."* The reflection is insightful in spite of an unclear audience detail. In the speech, the student assumes the audience has read "Paper Cutters" (making the audience other students taking the exam?); but in the reflection, the author claims *this speech is not specific to one single city*. A reference to the article being published in a national newspaper could explain a broader audience.

“Out of the R.U.T. and Into Africa”

Fellow members of Rich, Underworked Twenty-somethings (more commonly known as R.U.T.) I do hope you’ve enjoyed the typically, predictably, rich and refined meal. The fois gras was melt-in-your-mouth divine, the caviar top-notch and the gold-flecked sorbet was certainly a treat. Before you file home in your BMWs and Mercedes to your family estates and leave the gates of this exclusive club, I have a story I’d like to share with you. No, no. I have not come before you to wax poetic on the benefits of Ibiza’s latest spa or to sing the virtues of my favourite new whisky. Gentlemen, I have a lucrative investment I’d like to talk to you about. And no, not the usual mutual fund or the latest nuclear bomb-proof watch, but rather, an investment into the good of mankind. “Well what’s the net profit of that?”, you may be asking yourselves. Well, my friends, the beauty of it is that there is none. No tax reports to file, deals to secure or sums to calculate. Just the rare, coveted and priceless feeling of knowing you have done some good in this world and changed someone’s life that could not change it for themselves.

Allow me to further elaborate: last month, I had a life-changing vacation. No, I did not find myself a trophy wife in St-Tropez. No, I did not buy a vineyard in France. And no, I most certainly did not win the jackpot in Vegas. I was invited to spend a couple of weeks training with an old family friend, Dr. Henrik Von Ulssen, at his clinic in Kenya. I’ll be honest with you fellows, initially, I would have much rather spent those weeks on a yacht. But by the time I left that impoverished African nation, I was a changed man. While helping the very busy doctor at the clinic one day, a young man who had broken his thumb came in. Like us, Tim was young, twenty-something, and driven. I came to learn of the latter quality as I was dressing his wound. Tim was in a large amount of distress over his comparatively tiny injury. I had spent my weeks with malnourished infants, AIDS-stricken single mothers and dying families, poisoned by the very water they drank to keep themselves alive. I told Tim that he was one of the lucky ones that his thumb would heal within a few weeks and that all would be fine. He looked at me sadly, despair evident in his eyes. He explained to me that the next day he was supposed to be writing his University exams. He then started to cry and explained that he could not write without the use of his thumb, and that the exams could only be taken once a semester. Tim had come from a small village, he was the only person for miles around who could write, let alone be accepted to University. He explained to me that he could not go back to University, as he could not afford it... all of his hard work and sacrifice would have been in vain without this exam. Tim’s story so touched me that I immediately offered to pay his tuition so he could finally obtain his so sought-after degree. I have recently received a letter from my African friend, informing me that he has obtained his degree, and has been offered a scholarship by a State University to continue his studies in order to reach his lifelong goal of becoming a doctor.

In essence, that trip changed me. To witness such deserving, intelligent young people such as Tim not have access to such a basic and taken-for-granted right as education was the biggest eye-opener of my life. Not to mention the cruel lack of basic medical supplies, with millions of people not being able to save their own lives with a \$2 pill because they live on a \$1 a day budget. We are a group of young, creative and wealthy men who are the voice of the new generation. We have the power and the means to do a world of good for the people who need it most. There is a great amount of need and want for the basic human rights, and we have the ability to alleviate this want.

To conclude, my fellow members of R.U.T., the time to act is NOW. Right this very minute, innocent people are dying from such preventable and or treatable conditions like hunger, AIDS and malaria. The latter disease kills two African children every minute. We have the power to help stop this needless suffering. In the words of a man of great honour that we all look up to, that being Bill Gates, “you can’t say to yourself ok when I’m 60, I’ll get around to that”. It is time, gentlemen. Time for us to get out of this rut and start making a difference in this world.

Reflection

In my piece entitled “Out of the R.U.T. and Into Africa”, I chose to explore the topic of young adults making a difference, particularly recognizing the importance of education and health. I think these two issues are exceptionally important because they are what break the cycle of poverty. They are two aspects of life that are often taken for granted and are so much a part of my daily existence that it’s hard to imagine that people don’t have basic health care or don’t know how to read and write. However, my awareness of this difficult fact of life has been attuned as I have gotten older. I think that it is my generation who are going to have to tackle the issues of poverty and all the ensuing consequences, especially in Africa, in the years to come. I am lucky enough to have obtained a crème de la crème high school education and will continue to strive for higher education. Education provides us with opportunities, I firmly believe that these possibilities should be available to all.

While reading many of the texts in the Resource Booklet, I found a common idea of wanting to make a difference, a universal theme. I was particularly struck by the piece profiling Bill and Melinda Gates and Bono, written by Nancy Gibbs. I saw the tremendous deeds that could be accomplished with a good heart and a large wallet and was inspired by their passion and dedication to those less fortunate than they. This is what gave me the idea to write in the voice of a wealthy, somewhat bored with his superficial existence, young man. By talking to a group which obviously had large sums of money, I could not only make it apparent that they could make a difference with their hearts, but with their wallets too. And, the reality is that one needs financial backing in the fight against disease and lack of education. I suppose the reason I chose a male voice speaking to a male audience was because I had been influenced by the large predominance of men in the stories in our booklet vis a vis poverty in Africa. Bono, Mr. Gates, Ryan and Craig, there were next to no stories documenting the humanitarian efforts of women. It is important to note that women would have fit just as well into my speech, and that women are just as capable of making a significant difference.

My choice of language in this piece reflected my audience of well-educated, sophisticated, country-club-frequenting young men. Such terms as “fellows” and “my friends” indicate the speaker’s proximity and belonging to the club. Another reason I chose to address such a privileged group of men was because of the stark contrast their world of yachts and caviar provided to the world of suffering in Africa. I also milked this socioeconomic group’s stereotypes for a comedic touch and sense of irony relating back to the contrast. Trophy wives and vineyards are a long way from the day to day struggles of those living in crippling poverty.

I thought it of the greatest importance to include an anecdote in my speech, to attach a human face, a name, to the plight of those in need. His name was Tim and by making him relateable by age and ambition, he would speak to the crowd.

I chose to acronym R.U.T. for my audience because I think it well suited the position the audience was in: growing bored of the meaningless material wealth and superficiality of their lives stuck in a rut devoid of moral significance. My title nods at this notion by suggesting that involvement with the plight of Africans will take them out of their existential rut.

Finally, I tried to make this speech relevant to it's audience by referencing Mr. Gates, someone they would look up to and try to emulate his wealth and power. I also tried to incorporate a light use of statistics found in "Persons of the Year: Bill and Melinda Gates and Bono" because men are generally more in tune with their logical sides, which numbers cater to. I tried to incorporate a number of writing styles and devices into my piece to create depth. The subject matter was ideal because it let me play around with emotion and audience. I think it is a well thought out speech and could certainly hold it's own at the next R.U.T. meeting and inspire the gentlemen into opening their hearts and wallets.

In *Out of the R.U.T. and Into Africa*, the student has written a compelling and insightful speech on the topic of young wealthy adults making a difference, especially with the issues of education and health in Africa. The members of the audience are Rich, Underworked Twenty-somethings (more commonly known as R.U.T.). The speaker appeals to this wealthy group of young men who may be somewhat bored with their existence. Through a direct interplay with the audience, it is the speaker's goal to influence and motivate these young men to open their hearts and their wallets to an important cause. By adding a personal anecdote, the speaker puts a face on poverty and education in Africa and highlights the urgency of the situation. The speaker shows the members of the audience that they will get out of their rut and make a difference in the world by making a contribution.

Impact

This compelling and insightful speech achieves a performance level of 4. After identifying a specific audience with an ironic acronym (*Rich, Underworked Twenty-somethings, more commonly known as R.U.T.*), the speaker captivates the audience by first identifying with them and stating his purpose. The sentence *I have not come before you to wax poetic on the benefits of Ibiza's latest spa or to sing the virtues of my favorite new whiskey* serves to add a touch of humour and hyperbole and to identify the audience and the speaker as men of financial means. As well, the speaker intimates his purpose (*I have a lucrative investment I'd like to talk to you about*) that draws the audience in, as investment talk would be very appealing to a group of young wealthy men. Eventually the speaker's true purpose is made clear: *Just the rare, coveted and priceless feeling of knowing you have done some good in this world and changed someone's life that could not change it for themselves*. This sentence is a very moving appeal to the audience and acknowledges the important role they have to play.

In the middle of the speech, the speaker introduces the anecdote about Tim. Tim is a forlorn African student who will not be able to write his final exams due to an injury. The student's compelling account serves to put a name and face on the issue, and it paints a picture of the great need of the people of Africa. Very persuasive statements follow: *We are a group of young, creative and wealthy men who are the voice of the new generation. We have the power and the means to do a world of good for the people who need it most*. By this point in the speech, one can imagine that the audience is clinging to the speaker's words. The speech achieves its greatest impact towards the end of the speech in the speaker's compelling appeal: *Right this very minute, innocent people are dying from such preventable and or treatable conditions like hunger, AIDS and malaria. The latter disease kills two African children every minute. We have the power to help stop this needless suffering*. One is left with the impression that the speaker has truly motivated and inspired the audience to make a difference in the world by making a donation. The speech sustains its momentum and appeal throughout the piece.

Craftsmanship

The **form** of the speech is sophisticated and skillful. It follows the structural elements of good speech writing. It includes a salutation, references to the audience, and an appeal. For example, direct interplay between the speaker and audience is achieved through the use of terms such as *fellows*, *my friends* and *my fellow members of R.U.T.* The interplay is also embedded in sentences like *I'll be honest with you fellows, initially I would have much rather spent those weeks on a yacht.* The connection between the speaker and audience is also achieved in the final paragraph: *It is time, gentlemen. Time for us to get out of this rut and start making a difference in the world.* The appeal occurs several times in the speech (*The time to act is NOW*). Other good speech writing techniques are also used. The student uses a rhetorical question (*Well what's the net profit of that?*). The student also quotes an authority on the subject when she uses the quote by Bill Gates: *You can't say to yourself ok when I'm 60, I'll get around to that.*

The **organization** of the speech is well-crafted and distinctive, unfolding from the speaker's salutation to the audience to his final appeal to them. The ideas in the speech are masterful. However, the time sequence of described events needs revision, in order to achieve greater plausibility. In the sentence *Allow me to further elaborate: last month, I had a life-changing vacation*, the use of the word *vacation* limits the time frame. The simple replacement of the word *vacation* by the word *experience* would have made the writer's example more plausible. The speaker's purpose unfolds cleverly and each paragraph adds to the previous one, creating an interesting layered effect.

The **language** is artistic and polished. The vocabulary is in harmony with the speaker's purpose. For example, hyperbole is conveyed through sentence sequence in several instances (*Allow me to further elaborate: last month I had a life-changing vacation. No, I did not find myself a trophy wife in St-Tropez. No, I did not buy a vineyard in France. And no, I most certainly did not win the jackpot in Vegas*). These sentences convey humour and also serve to move the speaker's purpose along. The choice of language also reflects the socio-economic status of the speaker and audience (*Before you file home in your BMWs and Mercedes to your family estates and leave the gates of this exclusive club, I have a story I'd like to share with you*). All of these techniques contribute to the reader's sense of the speaker's voice and compassionate viewpoint.

Reflection

The writer's reflection offers an analyzed and insightful elaboration of her writing choices and connections to the *Resource Booklet*. The writer explains that the speech was an exploration of the topic of young adults making a difference. She further explains that the current generation will have to deal with important world issues, like the crisis in Africa. She reflects on the importance of education and her own luck in being able to pursue a good education. Her speech explores the possibility of a good education being available to all. The writer points to the article by Nancy Gibbs in the *Resource Booklet* wherein Bill and Melinda Gates and Bono are examples of what can be accomplished with good hearts and wealth. This notion inspired the student's topic in the speech. The student provides insightful explanations of her choices of voice, anecdote and language. She explains that the selected acronym for the audience was used to achieve a certain impact. The writer also reflects on her conviction that the speech is well suited for the intended audience.

PART III:

TASK: Read and analyze in writing the short story "The Image Maker" and the poem "Those Destroyed by Success." Clearly communicate the depth of your understanding of the ideas in **both** texts.

Your work will be evaluated on how well you do the following:

- Identify and explain significant ideas you find in the texts. While you may choose to focus on one of the two texts you must clearly communicate the depth of your understanding of the ideas in **both** texts
- Make connections between the ideas in Part III and the issues in the *Resource Booklet*. Refer to **two or more** selections from the *Resource Booklet*
- Reflect on **one or more** personal/global/literary/media associations that come to mind when considering these texts. Use references not included in the *Resource Booklet*
- Identify, illustrate and explain the effectiveness of **at least two** techniques used by one of the authors in Part III

The above four elements will be worth 10 marks each.

EXEMPLAR No. 10
PERFORMANCE LEVEL: 4

STUDENT WORK

A World of Illusion

The two pieces presented in part III, "The Image Maker" by Tony Bell and "Those Destroyed by Success" by William Dikey, each dealt with the pitfalls brought on by the achievement of success. They touched upon ways used to attain wealth and power and all that is perceived as being a modern day achievement worth mentioning (particularly political success). The piece told of the hollowness, of the fleeting moment of glory and of the veil of disillusionment that are all components of having reached the top of the political ladder. It is almost as if the authors would have us believe that as soon as success is met, an amnesiac haze sets over the brain of the one who has reached his pinnacle, making them forget that they are still human. The poem echoes this sentiment with the line "neither of us can speak fluent Greek", Greek being the ancient language of the likes of Zeus and Athena and of all of the Gods sitting atop Mt. Olympus. This same hazy fog that settles in a winner's mind seems to make him forget all those that have helped him on his way up to the top. In Tony Bell's short story, we observe how the Prime Minister cuts off contact with his image consultant the man to whom he owes much of his success. The thought of "it was me all along" is a much prettier path to success, to think it was one's individual charisma, hard work and determination that led to good future. By forgetting and disregarding all those that lend us a hand on the road to Mt. Olympus, our heads would surely explode from so many selfish and pompous thoughts. Both texts reiterate that success, especially in the political arena, can be both selfish and diluted.

There are over all common ties between some of the pieces in the Resource Booklet and in Part III. Though the subject matter of the two packages is hardly related, the first pertaining to good deeds and the aid of others and the second discussed the veil that is success, there are parallels to be found. Firstly, one of the main themes in the article “Ryan’s Well” is a young boy’s sense of ambition. Granted, it is not a self-serving kind of ambition, but it is still a driving force to accomplish great things. This small child had a goal, to build a well for the residents of an impoverished African village. It was certainly a lofty goal: for a six year old boy, who did not come from the wealthiest family himself, to raise \$25,000 for the construction of this life-supporting well is one hard task to accomplish. But, little by little with incredible dedication, passion and self-sacrifice, Ryan accomplished his selfless goal. Another man with great ambition is Jeffrey, the political aide in Mr. Bell’s piece. He is willing to spy, extol and push his way to the position of Prime Minister. Though Jeffrey is not nearly as likeable a character as Ryan, we recognize his great sense of ambition and willingness to go to great lengths to achieve his goal.

A fact that became apparent while reading “Persons of the Year: Bill and Melinda Gates and Bono” was that these individuals did not shy away from the truth. No matter how large the obstacles they had to face and however daunting their colossal task, they ploughed through with remarkable vigour. They looked the harsh reality of AIDS, lack of education and poverty in Africa right in the eye and are taking steps to turning this reality into a distant nightmare. O’Brien, the image consultant from “The Image Maker” was also forced to look the truth in the eye, after the harsh lights and wide open spaces of the West oblige him to take a look at this life and his career. However, instead of tackling these issues head on, as are doing the Gates and Bono, he scuttled back into the shadowy darkness of his home. Though “Obie” decides to quit his career, we still get the sense that he continues to hide from something, as his disdain for the illuminating light of the stars demonstrate.

While reading the short story based fictitiously on the political scene in Canada, I was struck by how closely the author’s portrayal of politics mirrored my own views on the matter. Now of course my knowledge of the political world is only based on what the media tells me, not first hand experience. But, I have read countless articles, heard numerous reports and seen multitudes of interviews teaching me that politicians are weak, lying, puppets. Now of course there are some exceptions to this rule, my limited and media-saturated views tell me that Mr. Obama seems to be a decent fellow, but in general politicians are viewed to be the “everyman’s enemy”. Empty promises about tax cuts, phony smiles and the constant power struggle don’t leave much to love about our countries’ leaders. This text just reaffirms that politicians are selfish, fake and cannot act for themselves. The presence of such a large entourage and employees such as image consultants, such as Obie, echo this fad.

In “The Image Maker”, the author employs several methods to give her story depth and to entertain the reader. His use of dry comedy is a welcome salve to this none too upbeat story. However, the touch of humour also serves a purpose, in this case to illuminate Jeffrey’s blind belief in numbers: “If the polls were to tell him he was Jesus, Christ, he would start speaking in parables.” The author uses a number of metaphors in his work to add layers of meaning to his sentences. We know that O’Brien is an image maker, a “magician”. He creates illusion, concocts the image of certainty and confidence where there is none. He describes the Northern Lights as seeming sinister: “massive shrouds skulking about for victims”. In this case, he is the victim. The harsh lights force him to examine the more difficult aspects of his life and force him to make some life-changing decisions.

These pieces examined the disillusionment that is present in success and provided a thoughtful context for the price of reaching one’s goals.

Ideas

In the analysis of the selections “The Image Maker” by Tony Bell and “Those Destroyed by Success” by William Dickey, the student demonstrates an intuitive and incisive grasp of the main ideas in the story. The student opens her analysis with the understanding that both pieces deal with the pitfalls of the attainment of success.

In her analysis, the student points out that the pieces both address *the veil of disillusionment that are all components of having reached the top of the political ladder*. In the short story, the student gives the example of the Prime Minister who develops an *amnesiac haze* that sets in after an election has taken place. The Prime Minister cuts off contact with O’Brien, the image consultant. In the poem, the student cites a line (*neither of us can speak fluent Greek*) to provide an additional example of the type of hazy fog that settles in a winner’s mind, in order to forget those who have helped him or her to achieve success. The student is able to intuit from the text that forgetting or disregarding those who have helped one get to the top is a danger. Had the student explained this example further, she would have demonstrated a profound level of comprehension. In addition, the student recognizes the notion that it is selfish and pompous to think that success is attained on one’s own. Over all, the student provides an important insight: *These pieces examined the disillusionment that is present in success and provided a thoughtful context for the price of reaching one’s goals*.

Connections to the Resource Booklet (Part I)

The student continues to explore the notions of ambition and good deeds by making connections between “Ryan’s Well” and “The Image Maker,” and the connections are meaningful. In “Ryan’s Well,” it is recognized that the boy’s sense of ambition is not a self-serving one; however, ambition is perceived as *a driving force to accomplish great things*. Ryan accomplishes good deeds for the residents of an impoverished African village. His goals are lofty. With passion and sacrifice, he is able to realize his goal. Ambition is seen as a very powerful force. The ambition of Jeffrey in “The Image Maker” is also recognized as he exhibits a great sense of ambition and *a willingness to go to great lengths to achieve his goal*.

For the second connection, the student compares and contrasts “The Image Maker” and “Persons of the Year: Bill and Melinda Gates and Bono”, and how the key players in these pieces handle challenges. The student writes about the ability of Bill and Melinda Gates and Bono to face harsh realities and problems. O’Brien, the image consultant in “The Image Maker,” *is also found to look truth in the eye, after the harsh lights and wide open spaces of the West oblige him to take a look at his life and his career*. So the key players all experience moments when harsh realities are faced. It is recognized, however, that O’Brien, in contrast, escapes to his home in Toronto to hide from *his disdain for the illuminating light the stars demonstrate*.

Global/Literary/Media Associations

One of the most interesting sections of the student's analysis can be found in her associations related to the text. The student provides an enlightening media example that achieves a universal level.

The student's experience enables her to recognize that knowledge of the political world emerges from what the media tells her and not from first-hand experience. However, her personal readings have taught her that politicians are *weak, lying, puppets*; and she states that *in general politicians are viewed to be the "everyman's" enemy*. In "The Image Maker" *the text reaffirms that politicians are selfish, fake and cannot act for themselves*. The student appears to have insight into the world of political façade and intent.

Writer's Techniques

The examination of the author's techniques in "The Image Maker" is both insightful and sophisticated. The student alludes to and explains the writer's use of *dry comedy*. She identifies the author's clever use of humour in describing Jeffrey's character (*If the polls were to tell him he was Jesus Christ, he would start speaking in parables*). The student refers to the author's use of metaphors. The image maker is described as a *magician*. The northern lights are *massive shrouds skulking about for victims*. Sophisticated insights are provided about the impact of these techniques on the story as a whole.

Images of Our True Being

The short story *The Image Maker* shows us that in order to succeed we must create images of our true being to please those who disapprove of it. O'Brien is the image maker, a magician in the sense that he induces metamorphosis on the caterpillars that come crawling to his feet for guidance. They come out of their cocoons looking like beautiful butterflies. The Prime Minister is one of the many who O'Brien has helped change. Instead of allowing the Prime Minister to be upfront about his amount of power, O'Brien has created the illusion that he possesses little power and is completely innocent. This illusion is "infinitely more powerful than the real thing".

A colleague named Jeffrey has witnessed first hand and in the polls O'Brien's ability to gain support for his clients. When he asks, though, if O'Brien could get him elected, O'Brien believes that Jeffrey needed no help. This is because Jeffrey already dresses extremely well, understands the importance of his image in the polls and has the desire to spend a number of years at the bottom until he collects the I.O.U's required to get to the top. Jeffrey already has the image of a true politician.

O'Brien has even made an image for himself. While the Prime Minister believes that he is working hard and dedicated to the success of the Party, it is actually an illusion of O'Brien's real thoughts. O'Brien merely sits in his hotel room sipping Dewar's, occasionally looking at the Prime Minister's tapes when insisted upon it. He is tired of being blocked from recognition by his clients after they succeed. They become 'unwary souls' or 'devil's teeth,' trapped between heaven and Earth, blocking the way for those below. O'Brien is tired of spending his time in 'the maw of those stars'. He would much rather return home to Toronto, a busy city which is constantly dreary and unchanging. The fog and haze, along with seeing his family, obstruct O'Brien's view of the 'stars'. In Toronto, his life is inexpensively comfortable, he doesn't have to feel guilty because of his actions. In O'Brien dreams "he never leaves his bed." This shows just how much he prefers to be at home and the shame he feels for making so many images.

The idea of creating and using an image for gain connects very well with the essay *Persons of the Year: Bill and Melinda Gates and Bono* and the article *Capital Realism*. Bill and Melinda Gates, as well as Bono, built up their images over the years, becoming extremely recognizable people in the media. Now, they are using their positive images to influence the world in a helpful manner. O'Brien is very successful with what he does; consequentially, all types of businessmen and politicians seek his aid. He then uses his own image to sell his beliefs in order for his clients to sell their own beliefs with their new images. Although O'Brien's influence does not lead to good this goes to show how easily the world can be influenced by those who we see in a positive light.

In *Capital Realism*, the country of Thailand is trying to change their image in order to be better seen by the rest of the World. If they were to be seen as more developed and modern, then more countries would respect their culture. The irony of the issue is that they tried to change their image so quickly that it only destroyed any image that they already had. All the hastily constructed multistory buildings, including the Royal Hotel, collapsed. This symbolically was followed by the collapse of the Thai economy. It is believed that changing your image is easy, but this goes to show the ease in which the change of image can destroy you. O'Brien is destroyed internally because of his own change of image. This is why he decides to leave Edmonton, collapse his own economy, and live a normal life. Thailand was much better off the way they were before.

Changes in image occur every day in the music industry. To remain 'cool' bands play Russian Roulette with their styles each year. Land on a style that doesn't succeed in wooing their fans, they plummet down the charts. Land on a style that's on the rise, they make millions of dollars. These singing chameleons understand that image is everything and we have all those sexy artists to thank. The artists like Brittany Spears and Justin Timberlake. Like O'Brien, they have won over supporters by selling an image, an illusion of their true selves. Thanks to computers and lip syncs they appear to be talented, just like the Prime Minister. He was merely the poster boy for the real show who managed to garner all the credit.

Some bands like Green Day, though, have done exactly like O'Brien. Green Day left their acoustic, melodic roots for a more heavy, emocore approach. This new image allowed them to sell many records and their album American Idiot stood at the top of the charts for the longest time. The band's original supporters, the ones who bought all their earlier albums, hated the change and cursed the band for following the new wave of pop superstars. This is just like how O'Brien lost faith and support in himself after realizing that his change was not worth the profit. A change in image can bring you to the top or leave you at rock bottom, seen in both Part III and the music industry.

One technique, used especially at the beginning of The Image Maker by Tony Bell, was imagery. The author was able to give such sharp descriptions of objects or feelings that we were able to see, in our minds, in depth pictures of what he wanted to illustrate. "Precise, fiery layers of red, orange and amber play out endlessly on the horizon," is an example of imagery. These words conjured the image of the perfect sunset, filled with colour and symmetry, in my mind's eye. This was effective because the author was demonstrating the true beauty of such a happening. Another example of imagery was when the author wrote, "Shoulders hunch under the weight of ice crystals; faces contract into masks of pain." This description led to my picturing a weak man fighting against the elements. He was crouched over and his face wincing against the strain of the bitter cold. This was effective because the author wished to show O'Brien's displeasure for the cold Edmonton nights.

The author wrote the entirety of The Image Maker in the third person point-of-view. That is to say that the narrator of the story was not a character, but the author himself. You can imagine the author sitting beside you, reading aloud his own words. The third person was very effective for this story, though, because there was more than one character that the author wished to describe in-depth. This technique allowed the author to write the thoughts of these characters without a character in the story having to guess what these people were thinking.

Ideas

The student shows an intuitive understanding of the nature of politics and the illusions that are created about politicians through their image makers as revealed in the story “The Image Maker.” He draws on his own metaphor of caterpillars that become butterflies and the *metamorphosis* induced by a *magician* like O’Brien. The power of illusion created by image makers like O’Brien is recognized as being “*more powerful than the real thing*.” The student also discusses the illusion that O’Brien creates for himself *that he is working hard and dedicated to the success of the Party* when really he is just pretending to care.

O’Brien is actually disillusioned by what he does, *tired of being blocked from recognition by his clients and tired of spending his time in the ‘maw of those stars.’* O’Brien is no more comfortable looking at those stars than the Old Believers, who saw the stars as the temptations of the devil. O’Brien prefers the fog and haze of Toronto where he *doesn’t have to feel guilty because (of) his actions and the shame he feels for making so many images*. He knows he has sacrificed his integrity selling deception and at home *dreams he never leaves his bed*.

The student explains that O’Brien won’t help Jeffrey because *Jeffrey already has the image of a true politician. Jeffrey already dresses extremely well, understands the importance of the polls and has the desire to spend a number of years at the bottom until he collects the I.O.U.’s required to get to the top*. The student later states that O’Brien *is destroyed internally because of his own change of image*. The political advisor didn’t like what he had become. It might have been mentioned that he refused to sacrifice his integrity to help Jeffrey because even O’Brien had his limits to selling his soul. In comparing O’Brien’s clients to *‘unwary souls’ or ‘devil’s teeth,’* more clarification is needed. These clients are indeed the unwary souls; and they are tempted by the devil’s teeth or stars that represent the ambitious dreams, those vanities shunned by the Old Believers who advocated the simple life.

Connections to the Resource Booklet (Part I)

The idea of creating and using an image for gain is the connection the student explores to connect the story “The Image Maker” to readings from Part I. The fame and recognition of people like Bill and Melinda Gates, as well as Bono, allow these people to use *their positive images to influence the world in a positive way*. O’Brien is compared to high profile celebrities in the media who *show how easily the world can be influenced by those we see in a positive light*. This is one consequence of creating an image.

In discussing “Capital Realism,” the student shows how a country’s attempt to change its image actually led to the downfall of its economy. The destructive potential of changing one’s image, in this case the image of Thailand, is compared to O’Brien, whose soul was destroyed by making himself seem indispensable, honorable, and loyal when he really felt guilty about all of his pretenses. The student has taken the plight of a whole country and established a meaningful connection between the economic and political downfall of Thailand on the one hand and the profitable (O’Brien) and political (the Prime Minister) stakes that are the basis of the short story “The Image Maker” on the other.

Media/Global/Literary Associations

The student chose to connect the music industry to the idea of deception in “The Image Maker.” He gives examples of *artists selling an image, an illusion of their true selves*. Popular musicians like Spears and Timberlake are compared to the Prime Minister in the story as all three are enhanced by technology to appear more talented than they really are. The Prime Minister *was merely the poster boy for the real show who managed to garner all the credit* for the Prime Minister. O’Brien and promoters for the artists are the real magicians.

The band Green Day is compared to O’Brien to show the negative side of changing one’s image for profit. Both Green Day and O’Brien compromised themselves in order to be more successful; as a result the band lost fans, and O’Brien lost faith in himself, realizing *his change was not worth the profit*. The band and O’Brien learned that *playing Russian Roulette with their styles can bring you to the top or leave you at rock bottom*. By relating the short story to the music world, the student insightfully shows the universal reality of selling images and selling out.

Writer’s Techniques

The student identifies and illustrates the use of imagery in the short story and discusses the sensory effect of the descriptive detail. He falls short in extending the explanation of imagery appropriateness in relation to the ideas in the story. The recurrent imagery of the bright lights on the horizon reflects O’Brien’s discomfort with the illuminated skies of the West that made him feel so exposed. Similarly, the weight of the ice crystals and the mask of pain that the student chose to illustrate paralleled O’Brien’s struggle within as he confronts his self-hatred as a politician’s image maker. The student understood that the imagery was *picturing a weak man fighting against the elements* showing *O’Brien’s displeasure for the cold Edmonton nights* but didn’t connect the imagery to the conflict in the story.

In discussing the third person point of view, the student explained the different viewpoints that it allowed. The author could *write the thoughts of different characters* without a narrator having to guess what the others were thinking. To develop this more, the student might have explored the many layers of deception and illusion that the third person point of view provided as each character tried to out-smart the other.

Man Who Has the Power

1) The short story The Image Maker by Tony Bell deals with a man who has power to make people look good. The character O'Brien's career consists of giving people a certain image that will result in success. In the short story, O'Brien has been hired by the Prime Minister to help his campaign and to help him win the voters approval. O'Brien is able to do this without much difficulty. Throughout the story, O'Brien confesses to his loss of faith in his job. O'Brien sees that the people he is helping are all the same, and that in the end, he is really just concealing a lie. In this story, O'Brien feels guilty and this would lead one to believe that this guilt is what has led him to drink. O'Brien knows that his profession revolves around deceiving people. In the case of his clients, he leads them to believe that he is more important to their careers than he truly is. O'Brien realizes for the first time in his life that he is not necessary towards the success of his clients, and how pointless his profession actually is. He has made a career of taking advantage of people's obsession with the way they look, always trying to improve their image, and he uses this against them. In the story, the Prime Minister is one of many people that fall victim to O'Brien's deception. This story shows that in our society, a man's image is everything and that people will use whatever means necessary to get to the top. Many people's lives revolve around how they look in the eyes of those around them. People become obsessed with this fixation and occasionally will go to extremes to achieve the approval of their peers or whoever they come in contact with. Our society has become increasingly influenced by the media than ever before. We are a society that revolves around television, the internet, and newspapers. As a result, those who take pride in their image and what people think of them are increasingly pressured to be better than everyone else. In The Image Maker, the Prime Minister is one of these people. As with many of O'Brien's clients, the Prime Minister feels the need to hire a man who is thought to have the ability to make anyone successful. He is led to trust O'Brien, along with many others, yet O'Brien is doing very little to help the Prime Minister's career.

Another theme in this story is that people need to have faith in something in order to feel safe and to live a comfortable life. People need to believe in something, often something other than themselves if they wish to truly be happy. In The Image Maker, O'Brien sees how his clients react to him. He helps them get to the top, but once they are successful, they begin to see the truth, and realize that they no longer need O'Brien to help them. They begin to see that he was not the key factor in their success. They see that it was not O'Brien that got them to the top, but themselves. Yet however successful they become, O'Brien knows that they will never truly be comfortable or feel as safe as they did when they had him to turn to; to trust. People will always feel more protected when someone else can make their decisions for them. As human nature will have it, man will always be restrained by self-doubt, doubt in their own decisions and doubt in the way they live their lives. In the case of O'Brien, he has no faith in anything. He knows that this career is based on false presumptions and misleading people, and for this he feels guilty. He has no one to turn to and no one to trust. He feels that he has an unworthy career and dislikes what he does for a living. He has no one to make decisions for him and he has lost all faith in those around him through experience and through understanding. He believes he is alone and because of this he is unhappy. People need something to turn to when they are in need.

The title of this story, The Image Maker, deals with people's greed and obsession with their image. O'Brien realizes this fact of how selfish people are and chooses to take advantage of them in order to gain profit for himself. The last line of the story, "In his dreams he never leaves his bed," dignifies that his dreams, his hope, and his faith all come from within himself. He never strays to depend on someone else. "He never leaves his bed." Everything he believes in comes from within himself,

and even if he is no longer happy with himself, O'Brien will never turn to others for hope or for something to believe in.

2) In the Resource Booklet, article Victoria's Secret Going Green relates to The Image Maker. They both deal with a form of sacrifice. In The Image Maker, O'Brien sacrifices his happiness for his job. He knows what he is doing is wrong, yet he continues to do so in order to continue his career. In another aspect, Victoria's Secret was doing something wrong as well. They were the cause of many forests being destroyed in order to fabricate the millions of catalogs sent out each year. They were not helping protect our environment and this angered people. As a result, Victoria's Secret has increased its use of recycled paper by a large margin and is making an effort to halt the destruction of forests. These two pieces of writing deal with sacrifice. Victoria's Secret had to sacrifice time and effort and possibly money to meet the demands of those who criticized them. O'Brien, as mentioned before, had to sacrifice his pride and faith in his profession in order to keep his image and continue his career. Sacrifice plays a large part in both of these stories. Another example would be Saints, in the Resource Booklet. This poem explains the choices every person must make, whether they be saints or murderers. Everyone must make sacrifices throughout their lives, just as O'Brien in The Image Maker has made.

3) The Image Maker can be related to the issue of our current politicians. For example, our governmental system in Canada is based in the principal of popularity. Those with the most popularity come into power in our government. Stephen Harper, for example, is the person who was the most popular in the polls in Canada. We elect this man to represent us, but we have no idea about the kind of person this man actually is. As seen with Stephen Harper's reluctance to enforce the Kyoto Protocol which Canada has signed, one would be led to believe that he does not care about the rest of Canada or the world, but only himself. His image is what he is the most concerned with. He is unwilling to make a substantial effort to save our environment, yet he signs the protocol regardless, all in an attempt to attract publicity. People will always deceive others with the goal of making themselves look better, and there is no exception for our politicians. In The Image Maker, the Prime Minister has a hired man that helps him act properly, helps him fool his supporters into thinking he is a nice, honest man, yet O'Brien knows he is lying to everyone. I would not doubt that our present day politicians have people directing how they act and how they should behave in order to fool as many people possible. Our democratic system is based on false presumptions that are only affecting the voters. Those who can lie the most effectively, to gain the most amount of supporters, will become powerful. I have yet to see a politician truly more concerned with the well-being of our country and its people than with the image they obtain in the process.

4) Tony Bell used a form of repetition throughout The Image Maker. The author constantly referred to light in the story. For example, the Edmonton sunset he spoke of, or "pins of light appear against the darkening background." There were many uses of light that were repeated throughout the story and these repetitions referred to hope and faith. "The people want sunsets and clear light." All of these references refer back to the importance of hope and of faith in a person's everyday life. In using this repetition, the author emphasized how important his theme of faith and hope is. This caused the reader to further understand significance of faith in all aspects of life. This repetition causes the reader to search for a last speck of hope when everything seems lost. When darkness comes, there will always be a sunrise the next morning and this was an important technique used by the author. Another technique was using the comparison and conflict between the cold, desolate Edmonton to the warmer, crowded Toronto. The author compared these two cities repeatedly throughout the story in order to accentuate the emotion of O'Brien. In Toronto, O'Brien felt safe, comfortable, and happy when he was with his family. Yet in Edmonton he feels exposed for who he really is, and he feels unprotected. The cold, barren landscape of Edmonton signifies the contrast of who he really

is compared to his false composure, back in Toronto. The comparison helped the reader further understand who O'Brien really is and how he feels about himself. The author also used a third person narrative style of writing to make the reader feel as if they were reading a non-biased account of the situations throughout the story. In doing this, the author was truly able to convince the reader of O'Brien's emotions, yet also the emotions of all the other characters throughout the story. This resulted in a better comprehending of the story.

Ideas

The student's penetrating analysis of "The Image Maker" by Tony Bell opens with a brief description of the main character's success in creating a marketable, winning image for his client, the Prime Minister, all the while struggling with his guilt at providing only an illusion. The student explains how O'Brien can perform his job *without much difficulty*, yet he surmises that the main character's knowledge that his *profession revolves around deceiving people* probably leads him to drink.

The student acknowledges that our society is *increasingly influenced by the media* and that many are pressured *to use whatever means necessary to get to the top*. Even the Prime Minister feels the need to hire O'Brien to help him win voter approval. Here the student might have referred to the symbol of the devil's teeth. The Old Believers feared the stars that tempted men to dream of corrupt ambitions.

Another theme the student explores perceptively is the notion *that people need to have faith in something*, and that is how O'Brien attracts his clients. Once his clients have achieved success however, the student states that they *realize they no longer need O'Brien to help them*. There is a slight misinterpretation about the clients realizing that they no longer need O'Brien. In fact, the opposite is true. After their successes, the clients want to distance themselves from the person they wish they didn't need so much. O'Brien does know that his clients *however successful they become... will never truly be comfortable or feel safe as they did when they had him to turn to; to trust*. His clients needed an image maker, and that is what O'Brien provided. Overall, the student's analysis and explanations of ideas are intuitive and demonstrate a profound understanding of the story.

Connections to the *Resource Booklet* (Part I)

The student makes a significant connection between "The Image Maker" and two articles in the *Resource Booklet* related to the idea of sacrifice. He notes that in "The Image Maker," O'Brien *sacrifices his happiness* to further his career while in the article "Victoria's Secret" the company is ready to sacrifice time, effort and money *to meet the demands of those who criticized them* for not using paper that's either recycled paper or from sustainably managed forests.

The second connection to "The Image Maker" explores the same theme of sacrifice in the essay "Saints" although the student missed opportunities to discuss the link in detail and resorted to a truism – *Everyone must make sacrifices throughout their lives*. He calls the essay a poem; however, the student gets the idea of individual choice when it comes to sacrifice and ethics.

Global/Literary/Media Associations

The student relates “The Image Maker” to the universal concern of politicians who are in a popularity race to gain power in government. He refers to Stephen Harper’s *reluctance to enforce the Kyoto Protocol which Canada has signed* and doubts his willingness to act to save our environment, opting instead to protect his own popularity with voters. In the short story, the Prime Minister hires O’Brien *to help him act properly, help him fool his supporters into thinking he is nice*; and the student has no doubt our current politicians engage in this same practice *to fool as many people as possible*. The student’s analysis of this carefully crafted method of getting politicians elected into office through image-making leads him to conclude that *those who can lie the most effectively, to gain the most amount of supporters, will become powerful*.

Writer’s Techniques

The analysis of the author’s techniques in “The Image Maker” is truly insightful and sophisticated, although clarification of *repetition* and *comparison and conflict* as techniques is necessary.

The student states that the author *used a form of repetition* in frequently referring to light in the story. He then explains the symbolism of light referring *to hope and faith*. To illustrate this technique the student quotes *the people want sunsets and clear light*, and the repetition of the light *causes the reader to search for a last speck of hope when everything seems lost*. The student might also have explored the symbol of light as truth, the glaring truth that haunted O’Brien.

The second technique examined by the student is the author’s use of comparing and contrasting the two cities in the story and the resulting conflict *between the cold, desolate Edmonton to the warmer, crowded Toronto*. This technique helped the student better understand O’Brien’s character: *In Toronto, O’Brien felt safe, comfortable, and happy when he was with his family. Yet in Edmonton he feels exposed for who he really is, and he feels unprotected*. In Edmonton he feels exposed because he has to confront his own profitable deceptions. *O’Brien had to sacrifice his pride and faith in his profession in order to keep his image and continue his career*.

The third technique the student discusses as helpful to the reader is the use of third person narrator *to make the reader feel as if they were reading a non-biased account of the situations in the story*. Overall, the student provides a keen analysis supported with appropriate quotations to support his point of view.

If I Only Knew

It was the summer of 1958. I was eleven years old at the time. It was a beautiful June day with endless sunshine like as if it was the last day the sun would ever shine again. I remember very clearly of that day. I spent the whole day by the river side catching frogs and the water so fresh and sweet flowed like the wine my parents drank. The evening of that day I was relaxing on the couch watching television when a commercial came on and a kid around my age took the stage with a forced smile and in his hand a pack of Camals cigarettes, the kind my dad smoked. I listen to what the kid had to say, he was saying "Smoking brings people together and even doctors smoke Camals, so what are you waiting for, pay a pack of Camals now." Being a kid that is easily corrupted I looked over to my father and asked, "Hey dad, do you think I could try a cigarette?," and with his unawareness of what they can do to you he says "Sure." I remember feeling so excited and grown up, until, I couldn't light the lighter so my father took it from me and lighted up my first cigarette I ever had. The feeling I had when the tasteful gary smoke entered my lungs and filled my body with a relaxing and smooth feeling, it was the beginning of my harsh death that awaits for me when I hit 60.

I remember my days at my elementary school while some kids chased after a soccer ball I stund by the gates at the entrence of the school and had a Camel. My friends were all amazed and thought "Wow, that looks so cool they they'd asked if they could have a puff. By the end of my elementary school career their were more that twenty kids my age smoking by the gates at recess. After a few years of smoking I remember waking up with an endless cough that stained my bed sheets red because of the blood I coughed up. However after all that I'd get up have a nice cooked breakfast then light up my first cigarette to start the day off right, so I thought.

Now 60 years old staring up at the stains on the ceiling from my death bed I realized how stupid of me to believe that smoking wouldn't do any damage to my health after those warnings of coughing out blood and not being able to play on the local soccer team because my breathing had reduced so much. It's sapose time for me to finally be free like the child I once was through my retirement but instead I'm laying here thinking about my grand children and how I will never see them grow up to be teenagers and have a real conversation with them. They proble won't ever remember me. By this time I can hardly move and when I speak it's more of a whisper, breathing isn't a chore for me anymore because I have machines to do that for me and with the last tear I cry I hope no one will ever waste their life on a product that ensures you of a life cut short.

Reflection

I wrote this fictional short story "If I only knew," Because I feel that tabacco companies look at us people and only see money signs. They don't care who smokes thir cigarette as long as someone does. Today their is even a liquid that you can put on your cigarettes to make them change flaver for example a watermelon flavered cigarette, this is directed to children how don't really like the taste but want to look cool. I make this story show how tabacco companies use children to advertise to make children also interested in the product they are trying to sell. The setting was in 1958 for most of the story because back then the public didn't have any idea what the effects of smoking were unlike today. Back then smoking was exposed everywhere you went thir was no escaping it. My character was ill in his 60's because that is a time you want to be alive because all your hard work you did gets paid off by retiring and then you get to spend time doing what you really want, However, my character wouldn't experience that because of his habbit. I tryed not to make it seen like my character was a woman or a man because tabacco companies can corrupt anyone.

This story is an attempt to create a realistic and vivid illustration of the dangers of cigarette smoking and, more importantly, the beguiling ease of becoming dependent on nicotine. In spite of efforts to combine this powerful message with the strong voice of the narrator and with enough details of his life, the story scores a level 2: the writing is credible and ordinary.

Impact

Since smoking is a much discussed topic, it is difficult to uncover and present new perspectives and information; and a literary treatment of the issue must engage and sustain its audience through effective story telling. Predictability is the main problem with this work. A sixty year old man, who is dying from smoking, looks back over the events of his life to account for their untimely and impending death. He recalls his first cigarette given by his father, television commercials of his youth portraying smoking as safe and socially beneficial, the growing number of smokers among his elementary school peers, and the gradual signs of his deteriorating health. The writer brings some of these events to life with effective descriptions and short flashes of dramatic action. For example, he creates a memorable scene in which the father of the dying person gives him his first cigarette and had to light it for him as he was too young to do it himself. *The feeling I had when the tasteful gary smoke entered my lungs and filled my body with a relaxing and smooth feeling, it was the beginning of my harsh death.* The writer has the narrator recall the words of the smoking advertisements verbatim: *“Smoking brings people together and even doctors smoke Camals. So what are you waiting for, pay a pack of Camals now.”* All of the man’s memories, however, are seen through the lens of the present; and the consequences of his decision to smoke are constantly reinforced: *with his unawareness of what they can do to you; it was the beginning of my harsh death that awaits me when I hit 60; I’d get up have a nice cooked breakfast then light up my first cigarette to start the day off right, so I thought.* There are no surprises for the reader who knows the narrator’s inescapable fate from the beginning.

Craftsmanship

The writer’s incorporation of short story elements is uneven, and the quality of his narrative suffers as a result. The **form** of this narrative resembles a journal entry more than a story. The structure of the narrative is discernible but basic due to the linear way that events unfold, giving the work an implicit “and then” quality. It is related in the first person, and the main character tells rather than shows the reader about his descent from socially cool to terminally ill. This decision by the writer to relate his story in this way limits the potential for creating dramatic moments and enriching his account with more developed minor characters and with more interactions among them. This single perspective, however, does give the main character a strong voice with which to warn others of the dangers of smoking: *...with the last tear I cry I hope no one will ever waste their life on a product that ensures you a life cut short.*

The **organization** of the story is clear and coherent; its structure is fundamental and obvious. There are no twists and turns along the main character’s journey to self-destruction, making it more of an outline than a fully developed narrative. The plot line remains simple as the dying man blames his

fate on ignorance of the dangers of smoking cleverly concealed by tobacco companies. By setting the story in the past, 1958, he partially compensates for the lack of complexity in the story by implicitly suggesting that those were simpler times when people were more trusting, even of advertisers, and when little was known about the dangers of tobacco. After all, the man's own father hooked him on tobacco, something he would not have knowingly done. These ideas of manipulation and ignorance are reinforced in the title of the story, *If I Only Knew*.

The writer uses **language** competently to enrich the story and makes several attempts to craft his work. He begins the story with a detailed description of the day of his first cigarette. He contrasts the darkness of his initiation as a smoker with the fine weather and his wholesome activities on that fateful day. *It was a beautiful June day with endless sunshine like as if it was the last day the sun would ever shine again.* The double entendre of this statement adds interest to the narrative. He continues this nostalgic description of the turning point in his life by saying that the main character *spent the whole day by the riverside catching frogs and the water so fresh and sweet.* He builds some tension by showing, rather than simply telling, how totally hooked on tobacco the main character had become: *I remember waking up with an endless cough that stained my bed sheets red because of the blood I coughed up. However after all that I'd get up have a nice cooked breakfast and then light up my first cigarette to start the day off right.* These attempts, however, were not sustained throughout the story. There are spelling and punctuation errors throughout the writing, but they do not obstruct meaning.

Reflection

The writer states clearly that his purpose for writing this story is to warn his audience, *children*, about the dangers of smoking. He deliberately chose to set it in the past when people did not have all the information that they needed to make the decision about whether or not to smoke due to the policies of tobacco companies to withhold information from the public. Interestingly, he explains that he did not give the main character a name or identify gender *because tobacco companies can corrupt anyone.* The student did not make any specific references to the *Resource Booklet* to identify the articles and ideas that inspired his writing.

Lack of Faith in Greater Things

1) The short story "The Image Maker" by Tony Bell shows that helping powerful people leads to a lack of faith in the greater things in life. While O'Brien was on his first trip west, he volunteered to spend the night in a quiet little town. This is where he met farmers who had a different faith. They believed "Live simply, keep your head down, and at night bolt the door to keep out the devil and his teeth." This brings him a sense of security while he is away from his home. O'Brien tells Jeffrey to "make time" and to enjoy the simple things in life because he himself has lost his drive for the fame that his job brought him.

2) There have also been certain articles that have expressed the same notion, such as the one entitled "Persons of the Year : Bill and Melinda Gates and Bono". In this article, it is written that "Bono charmed and bullied and morally blackmailed the leaders of the world's richest countries into forgiving \$40 billion in debt owed by the poorest". He is fighting for the little people and still is. He hasn't lost his passion and is now affiliated with Bill and Melinda Gates. Another example would be from "Ryan's Well". Ryan was only six when he heard about the water crisis in less fortunate countries. This is when he started doing chores to gain money for a well. He eventually succeeded, and to this day, the organization is still collecting money for the well. People got interested in Ryan's project because he started at such a young age and it was for a good cause. When people have to pay taxes, there is a very little chance that these people will jump for joy. This is why they would rather help Ryan, the less fortunate people are grateful while the government screws people over.

3) An example of the people losing their interest in the bigger things in life would be an executive CEO whose company has recently failed. He or she will lose their spark for the big things and possibly all aspects of life. This person no longer sees the small joys in life and may kill themselves due to the lack of faith. There have been cases like this one on the news.

4) Imagery was used in this short story. It allows the reader to better view what the author is trying to illustrate. One example would be, "...the view is striking: precise, fiery layers of red, orange and amber play out endlessly on the horizon". This is how O'Brien views the sunset from his room on the twenty-fourth floor. It is appropriate because the main character hasn't thought about the sunset for some time, so it is assumed that it would be remarkably beautiful. Another quote would be, "The expression reinforces the rhetoric: lips pushing forward in the forceful oh sound; brows rising with authority; hands reaching out to reinforce the words". This is appropriate because this is what O'Brien's work consists of. He is to analyze the speaker and to tell them what they should do to get better. This is an example of his analysis. Another device used would be symbolism. "There aren't any highrises to block his view, to provide a comforting perspective". The highrises that he speaks of is a comfort, but he is away from his home denouncing homesickness. This is appropriate because he doesn't like anything from his new environment and keeps referring to his family or the Believers. Another would be the devil's teeth symbolizing the unknown.

The lack of enthusiasm expressed by those who help individuals in power eventually lose their faith in the bigger things in life.

Ideas

Some elements of this interpretation of the text are at Level 1, but it is the student's global understanding of the story that gives her a passing grade. The student consciously sums up the theme of the story "The Image Maker" as *helping powerful people leads to a lack of faith in the greater things in life*. She recognizes that O'Brien, the main character, is disillusioned with his career and supports her idea with well-chosen evidence from the text. Citing O'Brien's experience earlier in his career when he was working in Alberta, she finds significance in his memories of a *quiet little town...where he met farmers...(who) believed "Live simply, keep your head down, and at night bolt the door to keep out the devil and his teeth."* However, the student feels that O'Brien finds comfort in these memories while he is far from home, rather than a deeper sense of alienation from his youthful ideals and sense of self-worth. When she points out that *O'Brien tells Jeffrey to make time and to enjoy the simple things in life*, her conclusion that O'Brien *himself has lost his drive for the fame that his job brought him* is more discernible and plausible. She realizes that the farmers and Jeffrey play an important role in the development of the theme of the story, but their significance remains undeveloped. Overall, her ideas remain at the literal level and suggest that a more nuanced reading of the text is required to develop her interpretation further.

Connections to the *Resource Booklet* (Part I)

The student selected Bono and Ryan to compare to O'Brien, but her reasons for doing so are unclear. Instead of explaining why these people's lives seemed to relate to O'Brien's, presumably as strong contrasts, she simply provides a summary of Bono and Ryan's successes. She cites Bono's international fundraising on behalf of *the little people* of the world and Ryan's successful activities to alleviate water-shortages in the Third World; and *to this day, the organization is still collecting money for the well*. The connections among the real life and fictional characters are superficial as they are presented as self-explanatory. The only link that this student offers is her statement that Bono *hasn't lost his passion*. This makes him a sort of foil for O'Brien, a thought that is worthy of further exploration but one that remains undeveloped.

Media/Global/Literary Associations

The student follows the task instructions not to refer to the resources provided in the examination booklet and selects a real world situation for *an example of people losing their interest in the bigger things in life*. She chooses *an executive CEO whose company has recently failed* and who *will lose their spark for the big things and possibly all aspects of life*. *This person no longer sees the small joys in life and may kill themselves due to the lack of faith*. Her choice of parallel situation is problematic and suggests that she has missed some important aspects of O'Brien's disillusionment with his career as an image consultant to the Prime Minister. Although O'Brien no longer finds inner satisfaction in his work, he remains outwardly successful, unlike the CEO in the student's example. This disconnect to the story makes her associations shallow and sketchy and hints at a misunderstanding of the text.

Writer's Techniques

The student chose to discuss imagery and symbolism, both key techniques used by the author in the short story. The examples she has chosen are basic and inadequately explained. The following is one such illustration of her literary analysis: *“the view is striking; precise, fiery layers of red, orange and amber play out endlessly on the horizon.” This is how O’Brien views the sunset from his room on the twenty-fourth floor. It is appropriate because the main character hasn’t thought about the sunset for some time, so it is assumed that it would be remarkably beautiful.* The descriptive passage itself is well chosen but is incorrectly interpreted; it is clear that O’Brien finds the sunset disturbing, as well as the clarity of the western landscape which provides him with no metaphorical place to hide, unlike the mists, fogs, and clouds of Toronto.

Later, the student appears to recognize O’Brien’s alienation from his physical environment when she notes that the *high rises that he speaks of is a comfort, but he is away from his home denouncing homesickness. This is appropriate because he doesn’t like anything from his present environment and keeps referring to either his family or the Believers.* The student needs to probe the reasons for O’Brien’s disaffection in order to make deeper sense of the literary techniques in the text which enhance his perspective on his life. The student correctly identifies the devil’s teeth as a symbol but doesn’t understand the significance of it.

Donate

Ryan was a rich, fourteen years old kid who was spoiled. He did not care about anyone except himself. His father was a lawyer but also a big helper, for children in need in poor countries. He tried so hard to make Ryan see what was going on in other countries, but Ryan did not care about the other children. Ryan wanted money and money only. One day Richard who was Ryan's dad sent Ryan to Africa with no money and no help from no one. Richard wanted to make Ryan live the life of the children who live in these conditions, by living there for a week. When Ryan arrived in Africa, he thought it was just a trip, a vacation from him, but later on in the day he found out, by his pilot that it was all set up by his dad. Ryan tried to leave but did not have any chance in a million years. So he decided to take the challenge and stay for a week. Ryan tried to talk to the kids there but they could not understand what he was saying or his gestures. Ryan tried so hard but gave up easily. The hours passed and Ryan gets tired and hungry. He starts to beg, but no adult gives him food or water. They all know what kind of kid he is "the rich and spoiled one that does not share". Ryan goes crazy by crying and all, but calms down when everyone starts to look at him. Ryan looks at everyone back and goes under a tree and sleeps. An hour later when Ryan wakes up, he sees the kids from the village surrounding him with food and water. They hand it to him, without even saying thank you, he swallows everything. After he finished everything, he falls on the ground and thanks every kid one by one. Three days pass and Ryan got more close and close with the kids at the village. He's starting to understand them, how they live, eat and all. Two more days passed, and he understood how they are and even became like them, nice, honest and understands how money is important to these people, like a dollar can buy them a full meal. The last day comes and his dad comes to take him back. Ryan was mad, but understood why his dad did this to him. All the way home Ryan was talking about his new friends, and how they survive, when Ryan gets home he tells everyone he knows. The next day, Ryan runs to his dad, and asks if he could start his own fund raising company. His dad said that he was waiting for this moment for a long time. In three days, Ryan collects two thousand dollars, and sent it to Africa. The years pass, Ryan gets older, but still collects money for the kids in Africa. Two more years pass and his dad passes away. Before his dad passed away, he had one wish, that Ryan goes back to the village that changed him and his dad gets buried there. Ryan does as his father's wish. Ryan goes back there, but no one recognizes him, except his old friends, who also grew and have children of their own. After seeing all this, and how the village changed, Ryan feels like staying here. The day ends and Ryan decides to stay, he donates all his money to the people of the village, but still he gets treated the same even without money in hand.

Reflection

After reading the article "Ryan's Well" by reporter Kathy Cook, I was inspired to write the short story, I related the text Ryan's well because it really touched me. The theme I used was "giving to others is important and not keeping for yourself. From reading this report I understood how life is precise. The purpose, I wrote this short story is to show, how some people never think about the others. But kids like Ryan from Ryan's well even at this age do not think just for themselves. "Mom, Dad, I need \$70..., you can do extra chores..., "Okay", he said. "10", I wish for everyone in Africa to have clean water."14".

“Donate” is a poorly constructed narrative revolving around Ryan, *a rich fourteen years old kid who was spoiled. His father was a lawyer but also a big helper, for children who sends Ryan to Africa with no money and no help from no one.* The story has many technical errors, errors in logic, and a weak story line. The writing does not meet basic expectations of a high school leaving exam.

Impact

The writing is inadequate and underdeveloped; **ideas** are not developed, the **voice** is non-existent and the **style** is akin to a developing writer, not at the level of a student leaving secondary school. The **audience** is unclear. The **language** is basic, dependent on clichés and colloquialisms: *Ryan tried to leave but did not have any chance in a million years.* There is no discernible **tone**, and it is difficult for the reader to appreciate the piece or find any insight into the life experience. There is an attempt to show that selflessness is more rewarding than material acquisition, but the plot is simplistic. The reader doesn’t become engaged since there is very little depth to the story.

Craftsmanship

There is little skill shown in structuring the story. The **form** is discernible and basic, revolving around an unrealistic depiction of redemption; and although elements of conventions of the chosen form are evident (plot, setting), there is little development of any of these elements. There is only the most fundamental **organization**; the plot is sketchy, paragraphing is absent, and ideas are not expanded beyond the most basic level. The character is one-dimensional with a lack of authentic interaction with any of the other characters alluded to in the story. There is no development of setting or mood found in the story.

The effectiveness and choice of the **language** is poor, and technical errors continually impede communication: *When Ryan arrived in Africa, he thought it was just a trip, a vacation for him, but later on in the day he find’s out, by his pilot that it was all set up by he’s dad.*

Reflection

The explanation of the **writing choices** was limited and superficial: *The theme I uzed was giving to others is important and not keeping for yourself.* The writer does not discuss writing choices and does not include examples of how the theme was used in the writing. Connections to the *Resource Booklet* were limited: *I related the text Ryan’s well because it realy touched me . . . from reading this reporte I understood how life is precisse.*

An Agent Named O'Brien

The short story "The Image Maker" by Tony Bell is about an agent named O'Brien who is in Edmontgon serving as the prime-ministers aid. O'Brien hates the west, he hates the weather and feels that the people are going to vote against his client anyway. O'Brien finds that his aid Jeffrey tires to hard, but has the potential to be a politician. O'brien also feels that the services that he provides are regarded as "magic" and that he is good at what he does. But as soon as a client is voted in they ostracize him after. The only people that he really ends up respecting are the old believers. He respects them for their non-conformist ways.

I can compare this story to the poem "Two" By Stephen Dunn. And to the article "Capital Realism" by Ann Pancake. In the Scruples section of "Two" the author describes that "old age imperative", "To discover what's right and do it." That reminds me of the "old believers" in The image maker and how they themselves kept their old age imperative and discovered whats right and did it. The second story that I could connect to was an article called Capital Realism by anne Pankake. I connected with the title. Capital meaning the city that is the seat of government of a country. And realism which everybody knows the meening of. In the image maker he is in the capital city of Alberta doing politics and then realizes that it is just a big illusion and goes home. Like in the article when the Thai government attempts to modernize and fails miserably.

The story The Image Maker reminds me of the Québec general election that I voted in. I remember watching each of the candidates make their Speeches. If I were to describe one of them while they were making their speech I would be an O'Brien wouldn't I? They do all look the same the hair, suit, tie. And they always describe the same policey, better healthcare, better education. I realized at that point that politics and politicians are all one big sham and voted for the green party instead.

The author uses many techniques to help get this point across in the story. He uses imagery. Imagery is when the author gives you enough information so that you can picture something easier. He uses it right in the begining of The Image Maker when OBrien talks about the view. Fiery layers of red, orange and amber play out endlessly on the horizon. He also uses hyperbole which is exaggeration for effect. The author uses it when Jeffrey and O'brien are talking about ties. O'Brien says "His wife keeps buying him paisley, but it bleeds on T.V." Obviously a tie can't bleed so he was exaggerating instead of saying that the tie looked stupid or something.

Ideas

The student discusses how the main character feels throughout the story but fails to identify a significant idea. One explanation the student does provide is that the image-maker, O'Brien, feels his clients regard his services as *magic and that he is good at what he does*. He concludes his assessment of O'Brien by stating that *the only people he really ends up respecting are the old believers. He respects them for their non-conformist ways*. There is very little textual reference and no elaboration of a key idea.

Connections to the *Resource Booklet* (Part I)

The student's connections to the *Resource Booklet* are superficial and undeveloped. He refers to *"that old age imperative"*, *"to discover what's right and to do it"* from "Scruples" in the essay "Two" and states how this quotation reminded him of the *old believers* in "The Image Maker." The comparison is unsustainable and remains at the surface level only.

The second connection to the article "Capital Realism" is more tenuous. The discussion of the definitions of the words *capital* and *realism* and the vague link to *the capital city of Alberta* and the *Thai government's attempts to modernize* is not developed.

Global/Literary/Media Associations

The media association to the *Quebec general election* that the student voted in is a valid and credible connection to "The Image Maker." The student relates how he watched the candidates' speeches and noted how they all *looked the same the hair, suit, tie. And they always describe the same policey, better health care, better education*. The student *realized at that point that politics and politicians are all one big sham and voted for the green party instead*. The notion that politicians use image makers and therefore appear very similar is not pursued or elaborated upon.

Writer's Techniques

The student identifies the use of imagery in the quotation *"fiery layers of red, orange and amber play out endlessly on the horizon"* but fails to illustrate or explain the effectiveness of this technique. The second technique, the use of hyperbole, is erroneous. The student obviously misunderstood the expression *paisley... bleeds on T.V.* and therefore his analysis is flawed and inadequate.

WRITING EVALUATION, PART II

CRITERIA		PERFORMANCE LEVELS				
		(1)		(2)	(3)	(4)
		0 - 40% (0 - 12)	41 - 59% (12.5 - 17.5)	60 - 72% (18 - 21.5)	73 - 87% (22 - 26)	88 - 100% (26.5 - 30)
Writing Task - Part A	IMPACT: the power of the writing as a result of the integration of elements within the chosen context Contextual elements: chosen issue, audience, purpose, voice, form, style and language	• Writing is inadequate and underdeveloped.	• Writing is tenuous and limited.	• Writing is credible and ordinary.	• Writing is convincing and well conceived.	• Writing is compelling and insightful.
	CRAFTSMANSHIP FORM: use and control of chosen form in light of purpose	(0 - 8) • Form is uncontrolled, non-existent, or other than that required in the chosen context.	(8.5 - 11.5) • Form is uncertain, not identified or incorrectly identified.	(12 - 14.5) • Form is discernible and basic.	(15 - 17) • Form is solid and focused.	(17.5 - 20) • Form is sophisticated and skillful.
	ORGANIZATION: sequencing, paragraphing, transitions, development, coherence, cohesion	• Organization is disjointed and/or indiscernible. Contains errors that interfere with communication.	• Organization is sketchy and/or awkward.	• Organization is fundamental and evident.	• Organization is purposeful and controlled.	• Organization is crafted and distinctive.
	USE OF LANGUAGE: effectiveness and accuracy in harmony with purpose	• Technical and usage errors impede communication.	• Language is simplistic, of limited choice and/or inaccurate.	• Language is prosaic and competent.	• Language is well-crafted and proficient.	• Language is artistic and polished.
	REFLECTION: explanation of writing choices and connection to <i>Resource Booklet</i>	(0 - 4) • Explanations are unclear and/or absent.	(4.5 - 5.5) • Explanations are limited and/or superficial.	(6 - 7) • Explanations are basic and clear.	(7.5 - 8.5) • Explanations are detailed and perceptive.	(9 - 10) • Explanations are analyzed and insightful.
						/30
						/20
						/10

READING EVALUATION, PART III

CRITERIA	PERFORMANCE LEVELS					
	(1)		(2)	(3)	(4)	
	0 - 40% (0 - 4)	41 - 59% (4.5 - 5.5)	60 - 72% (6 - 7)	73 - 87% (7.5 - 8.5)	88 - 100% (9 - 10)	
Identifies and explains significant idea(s) found in one or both text(s).	Idea(s) and explanation(s) are unsustainable, irrelevant, muddy and/or absent.	Idea(s) and explanation(s) are unsustainable and/or trite.	Idea(s) and explanation(s) are discernible, evident, plausible and remain at the literal level.	Idea(s) and explanation(s) are clear, succinct, convincing, substantiated.	Idea(s) and explanation(s) are incisive, intuitive, profound.	/10
Makes connections to issues in two or more selections from the <i>Resource Booklet</i> (Part I)	Connections to issues are non-existent or unsupportable.	Connections to issues are superficial and/or forced.	Connections to issues are obvious, relevant and explained.	Connections to issues are effective and well developed.	Connections to issues are meaningful and unique.	/10
Reflects on one or more global/ literary/ or media associations related to one or both text(s). Do not refer to <i>Resource Booklet</i> .	Association(s) are off-track and/or nonexistent.	Association(s) are shallow, sketchy and/or one-track.	Association(s) are pertinent and credible.	Association(s) are thoughtful and probing.	Association(s) are enlightening and universal.	/10
Examines at least two techniques used by one of the authors (identifies, illustrates, explains effectiveness).	Analysis is inaccurate or nonexistent.	Analysis is inadequate and/or simplistic.	Analysis is adequate but basic.	Analysis is thoughtful and perceptive.	Analysis is insightful and sophisticated.	/10
READING						/40
PART II						/60

Tuned to Poverty

Chris Daniels

The first time Tom Cochrane saw someone die was on a trip in 1990 to Africa. He witnessed a young mother in war-torn Mozambique succumb to starvation. Cochrane remembers the mother's little girl looking up at him, as if to ask, "Why didn't you stop this?"

He saw his own young daughters, Cody and Evanne, ages 7 and 4 at the time, reflected in this devastated girl's eyes. For the Manitoba-born rocker, now living in Oakville, Ont., the trip with World Vision, a Christian-based humanitarian relief organization devoted to children, proved a turning point. "Before, I was like a lot of Westerners. I said, 'Look, I don't want to be a shill for this organization,'" says Cochrane. "But that experience left scars on my psyche. It galvanized my resolve to help."

When he returned to Canada, Cochrane took a song he had already penned, *Love Is a Highway*, and rejiggered it. *Life Is a Highway* was the result, and it became an international smash hit. "It was essentially a pep talk to myself that I can't change the world in one swoop, but I can keep my eyes on the road," he says. Cochrane, 52, has lived that personal anthem ever since, becoming Canada's answer to U2 frontman and fellow antipoverty crusader Bono, according to Dave Toyce, president of World Vision Canada. Cochrane is now one of the organization's main spokesmen. "He really walks the talk," says Toyce.

Following the devastation of last year's tsunami, organizers say it was Cochrane who first picked up the telephone, spearheading the Canada for Asia benefit. He helped recruit such entertainers as Don Cherry and Celine Dion and in the end helped raise \$4.5 million. Cochrane was also a participant in Live 8, publicly urging Prime Minister Paul Martin to increase aid to Africa. And earlier this year, Cochrane hit Parliament Hill with United Nations special envoy Stephen Lewis, urging the government to commit resources to eradicating poverty.

Cochrane volunteers his time to World Vision. Yet he admits he is remunerated—spiritually and artistically. "You have more to offer as an artist," he says. Following a visit to Kenya in 2002, for example, he penned *A Prayer for Hope*, the story of a mother with AIDS, the lyrics of which World Vision uses in its marketing. Cochrane hopes to include the song on his next album, expected out this spring. Activism, he allows, has even extended his 30-year career, "if only because your music stands for something. You have to feel as a person you represent something; otherwise, what more do you have left to give?"

Persons of the Year: Bill and Melinda Gates and Bono

Nancy Gibbs

These are not the people you expect to come to the rescue. Rock stars are designed to be shiny, shallow creatures, furloughed from reality for all time. Billionaires are even more removed, nestled atop fantastic wealth where they never again have to place their own calls or defrost dinner or fly commercial. So Bono spends several thousand dollars at a restaurant for a nice Pinot Noir, and Bill Gates, the great predator of the Internet age, has a trampoline room in his \$100 million house. It makes you think that if these guys can decide to make it their mission to save the world, partner with people they would never otherwise meet, care about causes that are not sexy or dignified in the ways that celebrities normally require, then no one really has a good excuse anymore for just staying on the sidelines and watching.

Such is the nature of Bono's fame that just about everyone in the world wants to meet him—except for the richest man in the world, who thought it would be a waste of time. “World health is immensely complicated,” says Gates, recalling that first encounter in 2002. “It doesn't really boil down to a ‘Let's be nice’ analysis. So I thought a meeting wouldn't be all that valuable.”

It took about three minutes with Bono for Gates to change his mind. Bill and his wife Melinda, another computer nerd turned poverty warrior, love facts and data with a tenderness most people reserve for their children, and Bono was hurling metrics across the table as fast as they could keep up. “He was every bit the geek that we are,” says Gates Foundation chief Patty Stonesifer, who helped broker that first summit. “He just happens to be a geek who is a fantastic musician.”

And so another alliance was born: unlikely, unsentimental, hard nosed, clear eyed and dead set on driving poverty into history. The rocker's job is to be raucous, grab our attention. The engineers' job is to make things work. 2005 is the year they turned the corner, when Bono charmed and bullied and morally blackmailed the leaders of the world's richest countries into

forgiving \$40 billion in debt owed by the poorest; now those countries can spend the money on health and schools rather than interest payments—and have no more excuses for not doing so. The Gateses, having built the world's biggest charity, with a \$29 billion endowment, spent the year giving more money away faster than anyone ever has, including nearly half a billion dollars for the Grand Challenges, in which they asked the very best brains in the world how they would solve a huge problem, like inventing a vaccine that needs no needles and no refrigeration, if they had the money to do it.

It would be easy to watch the alliance in action and imagine the division of labor: head and heart, business and culture; one side brings the money, the other side the buzz. But like many great teams, this one is more than the sum of its symbols. Apart from his music stardom, Bono is a busy capitalist (he's a named partner in a \$2 billion private equity firm), moves in political circles like a very charming shark, aptly named his organization DATA (debt, AIDS, trade, Africa) to capture both the breadth of his ambitions and the depth of his research. Meanwhile, you could watch Bill and Melinda coolly calculate how many lives will be saved by each billion they spend and miss how impassioned they are about the suffering they have seen. “He's changing the world twice,” says Bono of Bill. “And the second act for Bill Gates may be the one that history regards more.”

For being shrewd about doing good, for rewiring politics and re-engineering justice, for making mercy smarter and hope strategic and then daring the rest of us to follow, Bill and Melinda Gates and Bono are TIME's Persons of the Year.

As it happens, they have arrived at the right time, as the world stirs itself awake from the dreamy indifference with which the poor among us have forever been treated. In ordinary times, we give when it's easy: a gesture, a reflex, a salve to conscience. The entreaties come on late-night TV from well-meaning but long-discarded celebrities who cuddle with big-eyed children

Persons of the Year: Bill and Melinda Gates and Bono

cont'd
Nancy Gibbs

and appeal to pity and guilt. Maybe we send off a check, hope it will help someone somewhere stay alive for another day. That is not the model for the current crusaders of the message for these extraordinary times.

This was already a year that redefined generosity. In the States, Americans gave more money to tsunami relief—more than \$1.6 billion—than to any overseas mission ever before. The Hurricane Season from Hell brought another outpouring of money and time and water bottles and socks and coats and offers of refuge, some \$2.7 billion so far. The public failure of governments to manage disaster became the political story of the year. But the private response of individuals, from every last lemonade stand to every mitten drive, is the human story of 2005.

“Katrina created one tragedy and revealed another,” Melinda Gates said in a speech after the hurricane. “We have to address the inequities that were not created by the hurricanes but exposed by them. We have to ensure that people have the opportunity to make the most of their lives.” That just about captures the largest mission she and her husband have embraced. In the poorest countries, every day is as deadly as a hurricane. Malaria kills two African children a minute, round the clock. In that minute a woman dies from complications during pregnancy, nine people get infected with HIV, three people die of TB [tuberculosis]. A vast host of aid workers and agencies and national governments and international organizations have struggled for years to get ahead of the problem but often fell behind. The task was too big, too complicated. There was no one in charge, no consensus about what to do first and never enough money to do it. In Muslim parts of Ethiopia, aid workers can’t talk to teenage girls about condoms to prevent AIDS; but in Tanzania they’re encouraged to. How you cut an umbilical cord can determine whether a baby risks a fatal infection, but every culture has its own traditions. They cut with a coin for luck in Nepal and a stone in Bolivia, where they think if you use a razor blade the child will grow up to be a thief. There is no one solution to fit all countries, and so the model the

Gates Foundation and Bono have embraced pulls in everyone, at every level. Think globally. Act carefully. Prove what works. Then use whatever levers you have to get it done.

The challenge of “stupid poverty”—the people who die for want of a \$2 pill because they live on \$1 a day—was enough to draw Gates away from Microsoft years before he intended to shift his focus from making money to giving it away. He and Melinda looked around and recognized a systems failure. “Those lives were being treated as if they weren’t valuable,” Gates told *FORTUNE* in 2002. “Well, when you have the resources that could make a very big impact, you can’t just say to yourself, ‘O.K., when I’m 60, I’ll get around to that. Stand by.’”

There have always been rich and famous people who feel the call to “give back,” which is where big marble buildings and opera houses come from. But Bill and Melinda didn’t set out to win any prizes—or friends. “They’ve gone into international health,” says Paul Farmer, a public-health pioneer, “and said, ‘What, are you guys kidding? Is this the best you can do?’” Gates’ standards are shaping the charitable marketplace as he has the software universe. “He wants to know where every penny goes,” says Bono, whose *DATA* got off the ground with a Gates Foundation grant. “Not because those pennies mean so much to him, but because he’s demanding efficiency.” His rigor has been a blessing to everyone—not least of all Bono, who was at particular risk of not being taken seriously, just another guilty white guy pestering people for more money without focusing on where it goes. “When an Irish rock star starts talking about it, people go, yeah, you’re paid to be indulged and have these ideas,” Bono says. “But when Bill Gates says you can fix malaria in 10 years, they know he’s done a few spreadsheets.”

The Gates commitment acts as a catalyst. They needed the drug companies to come on board, and the major health agencies, the churches, the universities and a whole generation of politicians who were raised

Persons of the Year: Bill and Melinda Gates and Bono

cont'd
Nancy Gibbs

to believe that foreign aid was about as politically sexy as postal reform. And that is where Bono's campaign comes in. He goes to churches and talks of Christ and the lepers, citing exactly how many passages of Scriptures ("2,103") deal with taking care of the poor; he sits in a corporate boardroom and talks about the role of aid in reviving the U.S. brand. He gets conservative evangelist preacher Pat Robertson and liberal actress Susan Sarandon to do a commercial together for his ONE campaign to "Make Poverty History." Then he heads to Washington, where he stops by a meeting of House Democrats to nuzzle them about debt relief before a private lunch with President George W. Bush, whom he praises for tripling aid to Africa over the past four years. Everyone from Republican Senator Rick Santorum to Democratic Senator Hillary Clinton used Bono's October concert as a fund raiser. "He knows how to get people to follow him," Stonesifer says. "We are probably a good complement. We're more likely to give you four facts about the disease than four ways that you can go do something about it."

Bono grasps that politicians don't much like being yelled at by activists who tell them no matter what they do, it's not enough. Bono knows it's never enough, but he also knows how to say so in a way that doesn't leave his audience feeling helpless. He invites everyone into the game, in a way that makes them think they are missing something if they hold back. "After so many years in Washington," says retired Senator Jesse Helms of North Carolina, whom Bono recruited to his cause, "I had met enough well-known people to quickly figure out who was genuine and who was there for show. I knew as soon as I met Bono that he was genuine. He has absolutely nothing to gain personally as a result of his work. In fact, he has opened himself to criticism because he has been willing to work with anyone to find help for these children who have taken his heart."

This is not about pity. It's more about passion. Pity sees suffering and wants to ease the pain; passion sees injustice and wants to settle the score. Pity im-

plores the powerful to pay attention; passion warns them about what will happen if they don't. The risk of pity is that it kills with kindness; the promise of passion is that it builds on the hope that the poor are fully capable of helping themselves if given the chance. In 2005 the world's poor needed no more condolences; they needed people to get interested, get mad and then get to work.

Gibbs, Nancy. "Persons of the Year." *Time Magazine* (December 26, 2005—January 2, 2006), pp.30-31.

Children Who Work to Death

Every year, child labor takes 22,000 lives. Millions of children – one third of them under ten – are part of the global labor force, many working to pay their family's debts.

The International Labour Organization (ILO) reported in February 2004 that approximately 22,000 girls and boys die each year as a result of child labor. More than 211 million children work, of whom 186 million do so in unhealthy conditions and 73 million are under ten. Minors are employed in mines, brickworks, farms, domestic services and factories; some are sold and others are sexually exploited.

There is a very close relationship between child labor and poverty. Children that work are almost exclusively poor. Countries with compulsory and accessible education have lower rates of child labor than those without.

According to the ILO, school registration and the eradication of child labor would create, in the long term, a profit seven times greater than the amount invested in eradicating poverty. Initially this would have an adverse effect on poor families who depend on their children's wages. But in the long run most of them would benefit, since a person with a sound education has more chance of earning a living than someone who is illiterate.

Latin America: semi-slavery

In 1990 there were 7,300,000 children between 10 and 14 years old working in Latin America. UNICEF reported in 2004 that in Haiti there are between 250,000 and 300,000 minors (more than 75 per cent of them girls) working as domestic employees in conditions amounting to semi-slavery. Three-quarters are illiterate, many of them orphans. They work all day, feed on waste, sleep on the floor and, in the case of the girls, are often subjected to sexual abuse.

Rural families send their children to acquaintances in the city, who promise to grant them education, shelter and food in exchange for their domestic labor.

India: first place in child labor stakes

India has the highest number of workers between 4 and 14 years old, despite a 1986 law that bans child labor. The Government puts the figure at 17 million child workers, but the ILO estimates it at 45 million. Swami Agnivesh, from the Forced Labour Liberation Front, claims that in 1994 there were more than 60 million.

The *Asia Labour Monitor* (ALM) estimates that the children of rural landless families produce about 20 per cent of Gross Domestic Product (GDP), in sectors such as agriculture, mining, furnaces, factories (textiles, matches, fireworks, silk manufacturers) and in the giant urban sector (transporting loads, working in small shops, etc.).

India's Supreme Court considers all child labor to be slavery, not only because child laborers have no option, but because they do not receive the minimum legal wage. Corporations and countries from the industrialized North accuse India and other countries from the South of unfair competition and say that their exports are based on child labor and exploitation.



Photo courtesy of "Free The Children",
www.freethechildren.com

At least five million Indian children are slaves who receive no wages at all. They are forced to work to pay off family debts or because their parents have obtained an advance payment on their work. Under these conditions, the minors are doubly enslaved: by the employers who use their work and by the parents who use their money.

"Children who Work to Death." *The World Guide*. (2005/ 2006), p.51.

Excerpted from Craig Kielburger, *Free the Children*, copyright © 1998 by Craig Kielburger, by permission of McClelland & Stewart Ltd, The Canadian Publishers.

[...]BATTLED CHILD LABOR, BOY, 12 MURDERED
ISLAMABAD, Pakistan (AP) - When Iqbal Masih was 4 years old, his parents sold him into slavery for less than \$16. For the next six years, he remained shackled to a carpet-weaving loom most of the time, tying tiny knots hour after hour. By the age of 12, he was free and traveling the world in his crusade against the horrors of child labour.



Photo courtesy of "Free The Children",
www.freethechildren.com

On Sunday, Iqbal was shot dead while he and two friends were riding their bikes in their village of Muridke, 35 kilometres outside the eastern city of Lahore. Some believe his murder was carried out by angry members of the carpet industry who had made repeated threats to silence the young activist. [...]

Toronto Star, April 19, 1995

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

would say.

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

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

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

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

And through that simple action, it began.

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

"Do you think we could put together a display?" I asked. "We haven't got much time." "Sure. Let's do it." "We can all meet at my house," I said.

That night, twelve of us got together. It was a very tight deadline, with just two days to prepare. We found an old science-fair board, and we covered it with coloured paper, pasting on all the information I had found on child labour in the library, then drawing pictures to illustrate it. We had determined that our first objective should be to inform people of the plight of child labourers. Armed with such knowledge, they might be willing to help. We decided to draw up a petition to present to the government, and called on the expertise of a couple of human-rights groups to refine the wording for us.

Excerpt from *Free the Children*

cont'd
Craig Kielburger

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

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

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

Children speaking for themselves about human rights? We were an oddity. [...]

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

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

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

[...]

When Free the Children traveled to downtown Toronto for the youth fair that Saturday morning in April 1995, we hardly knew what to expect.

We proudly set up our makeshift information board on a table, and sat on the floor in a circle, where we stapled our information sheet together. As we did so, we couldn't help noticing the other organizations' impressive displays, their large, glossy panels, their professional

brochures, their neat arrangements of videos and books. But the one thing the other groups didn't have was elementary-school children. A few high-school students took part, but mostly there were adults who spoke at the fair about what their organizations were doing "for" children. We were the only children speaking for themselves.

People flocked around our table to hear what we had to say. Twelve-year-old children working for other children? Children speaking for themselves about human rights? We were an oddity. That day the second goal of our group began to emerge—putting more power in the hands of young people. Children needed to have a voice and had to be able to participate in issues that affect them. Who best to understand children than other children? We realized that not only did children like Iqbal need to be freed from physical enslavement, but children like us needed to be freed from the misconception that we were not smart enough, old enough, or capable enough to contribute to social issues.

Over the next two months, we came to feel that our group had built a solid foundation. We had a name, we had definite goals, and soon we were to have an office.

My house seemed to be the ideal location. It had always been open to kids. Marc's friends and my friends had always used our house as a place to get together for fun, school projects, or parties. There were young people constantly coming and going.

Even better, there weren't a lot of doors separating one room from the next. One member of Free the Children (or FTC for short) could be working in the living room, stapling together information sheets, others could be in the dining room, discussing strategy, and another could be at the kitchen table, writing letters. As wonderful as this idea sounded, and as much as we all felt it would work, my parents weren't so thrilled.

"How about the den," my mother suggested. "I think that's a more reasonable possibility."

Excerpt from *Free the Children*

cont'd
Craig Kielburger

The den had once been a garage and, as my mother pointed out, had the great advantage of being close to the front door, so that people could come and go without much disturbance. We checked it out and, much to my parents' delight, decided it would be perfect. We retrieved an old filing cabinet from the basement, added a table and a bookcase, and we were in business.

Soon the filing cabinet started to be filled with print material from the numerous organizations to whom we had sent letters requesting information. We cut out articles and compiled press clippings on the issue of child labour, and filled our shelves with books and videotapes and any other information we could find. We covered the walls with posters and moved in the family computer, which was soon in constant use. Before long we were putting together basic kits for distribution to schools and anyone else who might contact us for information about our organization and the issue of child labour.

One night my dad brought me into the room to remind me that I had left the lights on (something I did all the time). I remember standing there, with my hand on the light switch, looking around and thinking: It's amazing that with such a small group we can do all this. We had grown an incredible amount in the space of a few months - and in the months to come we could only grow bigger.

"According to the International Labour Organization, there are more than 250 million working children," I told the students. "That's equal to the entire population of the United States!"

We were ready to take our campaign on the road. I drew up a letter in which I spoke about Free the Children and how we wanted to reach out and talk about the issue of child labour with young people. I gave it to my principal, and he arranged for it to be distributed to all the schools within our school district. The response was slow. It made us think that not many adults believed a group of twelve-year-olds could hold a class's attention for more than ten minutes.



Photo courtesy of "Free The Children",
www.free-the-children.com

Our first request came from a neighbouring school. With a date in place, we set to work preparing for our visit. We decided the best approach would be to tell stories of the children, the same stories that had affected us so deeply when we first heard of them.

When the day came, we crowded aboard my family's minivan. At the school we piled out, clutching our posters and information sheets. We walked nervously, and almost in single file, towards the first classroom. Each of us was going over in our minds what we would say. The teacher was very friendly. She explained to the students who we were and why we had come. We stood there—Ashley Stetts, Vance Ciaramella, and I—lined across the room in front of the blackboard, almost as if we were facing a firing squad. We all took a deep breath.

Vance spoke about Iqbal. Ashley told the story of a young girl named Easwaris who worked in a fireworks factory. Her job was loading the sulphur and charcoal into the fireworks tubes. There had been an explosion in which Easwaris's eight-year-old sister had been killed, and she herself now had scars lining her back and arms.

By the end of the presentation, the students were just as shocked as we had been when we first heard about

Excerpt from *Free the Children*

cont'd
Craig Kielburger

child labour. We left them with a challenge to take their first action and write a letter. It could be to a company, asking them to ensure that their products were child-labour free, or to a world leader, challenging them to put more money into education and the protection of children, or to the Pakistani government, demanding that Iqbal's killers be brought to justice.

We went from class to class, giving the same speech. And each time we had the same response. The students were eager to get involved. They wanted to help. In fact, by the time we finished the fourth class, the teacher brought us back to the first, and the students presented us with a pile of letters. These were the first of thousands of such letters we would receive from children in the years that followed.

Slowly but surely our campaign began to grow. Speaking at one school led to an invitation to speak at another, and then at another. We began to receive invitations from parent-teacher associations, local churches, and service groups. More and more letters filled our office files, and more and more information covered our walls. [...]

We had learned that knowledge was our key, that the only way adults and students would take us seriously was if we knew what we were talking about and had a good response for every question. We had to be able to defend our views.

Of course there was still an attitude from some adults we met that we were just a "cute bunch of kids" who had started a club. They wouldn't take us seriously, just flash that all-knowing smile of approval that usually come before a pat on the head. That didn't deter us. We just pressed ahead.

Kielburger, Craig. *Free the Children*. McClelland & Stewart, 1998, pp.7, 10-12, 19-22, 24.

On learning that African children were dying for lack of clean water, the young Canadian decided to act.

From *Canadian Reader's Digest* January 2001

Ryan's Well Foundation.
Used by permission.



SIX-YEAR-OLD Ryan Hreljac sat in shock as he listened to his Grade 1 teacher, Nancy Prest, at Holy Cross Catholic School in Kemptville, Ont. Launching a school-wide campaign, she spoke that day of the sad plight of children living in

impoverished, disease-stricken Africa, where there was little access to medicine, food or clean water. Ryan, a sensitive child with blond hair and blue eyes, winced when he heard that hundreds of thousands of African children die each year just from drinking contaminated water.

IT WAS January 1998, and Holy Cross was raising money for African relief. "Every penny helps," Prest told her class. She explained that a single penny would buy a pencil; 25 cents, 175 vitamins; 60 cents, a two-month supply of medicine for one child; "and \$70 pays for a well."

WHEN RYAN'S mother, Susan, 40, a consultant at the Ontario Ministry of Citizenship, Culture and Recreation, and Mark, his police-officer father, got home later that day, Ryan rushed past his baby-sitter to greet them. "Mom, Dad, I need \$70 for a well in Africa!" he said excitedly.

"That's nice, Ryan," his mother replied distractedly as his younger brother, Keegan, three, clung to her.

Over dinner, Ryan tried again.

"Ryan, \$70 is a lot of money," his mother said. "We can't afford that."

The next evening Ryan brought the subject up again. "You don't understand," he said, tears filling his eyes. "Children are dying because they don't have clean water!"

Susan exchanged a glance with Mark and sat Ryan down. "If you're really serious about raising \$70, you can do extra chores around the house," she said, assuming he would quickly forget his project.

Ryan's face lit up. To encourage him, Susan drew a red thermometer on a piece of paper with 35 lines across it, each line representing \$2. For every \$2, Ryan could fill in a line and put his earnings into an old cookie tin. "But Ryan," Susan said, "you'll have to do extra chores, not just the ones you already do."

"Okay," he said.

His first job was to vacuum the house. While Keegan and Ryan's older brother, Jordan, played outside, Ryan cleaned for two hours. He got \$2. A few days later, instead of watching a movie with the family, he washed windows. Another \$2.

Hearing about his goal, Ryan's grandfather hired the three brothers to pick up pinecones for craft projects, earning \$10 for each garbage bag they filled. When Ryan brought his spring report card home, his parents gave him a \$5 reward for good grades. That, too, went into the tin.

By Easter, when the school's fund-raising campaign ended, Ryan's class had raised nearly \$30 in pennies.

"I'm still collecting for the well," Ryan told his teacher. Chore by chore, loonie by loonie, he had by now amassed \$35.

AS SUSAN left for work one morning, she glanced at the thermometer on the fridge. It was two thirds full. *Who do you give \$70 to to build a well in Africa?* she wondered. She called the school, but they didn't know.

Then Brenda Cameron Couch, a friend who worked at an international development organization, told her of WaterCan, a small nonprofit agency in Ottawa that funds and monitors well building in developing countries.

Couch called WaterCan and told them about Ryan. "Seventy dollars might not be a lot, but this kid has worked hard for it," she said. "I'd like him to give you his money in person."

On the day of the meeting in late April, Ryan, wearing a tie and dress pants, nervously handed his cookie tin to Nicole Bosley, WaterCan's then-executive director. "There's an extra \$5 here," he said, lowering his voice. "You might want to buy some hot lunches for the people making the well."

"Thank you, Ryan," Bosley said, smiling. She began telling him about WaterCan's clean-water projects, explaining that while \$70 would buy a hand pump, it actually cost closer to \$2,000 to drill a well. Too young to appreciate such a large sum, Ryan replied, "I'll just do more chores, then."

The Canadian International Development Agency (CIDA) matches WaterCan's funds two for one, so Ryan would have to find almost \$700 to build his well. That night Susan and Mark sat in bed discussing what to do. "He's come so far," Mark said. "We can't just tell him, 'Ryan, you tried, but you can't really make a difference.'" Yet how could a six-year-old raise \$700 just by doing chores?

The following week Couch sent out an e-mail to family and friends telling them about Ryan's project. The next day her accountant cousin, Blaine Cameron, e-mailed back. Touched by Ryan's actions, he wanted to send in a donation matching Ryan's. Others told Couch the story was so moving that she should try to publish it. A few months later, the *Kemptville Advance* - circulation 5,500 -- ran the story, calling it "Making a

Difference: Ryan's Well."

Summer came and Ryan, now seven, turned his attention from school to fun. Yet throughout the holidays he kept doing extra chores. Periodically, Susan forwarded his donations to WaterCan.

In early August Susan bumped into Derek Puddicombe, an old acquaintance and freelance journalist. When Susan told him about Ryan's efforts, Puddicombe's interest was tweaked. "What a fantastic story! I bet the *Citizen* would buy it."

Puddicombe interviewed Ryan and *The Ottawa Citizen* sent a photographer to take pictures. Every morning Ryan expectantly looked through the newspaper, but weeks passed and the story didn't show up. "Maybe they lost it," he said, disappointment on his face.

MEANWHILE, WaterCan called to say that donations for Ryan's Well had passed \$700. He and Susan were invited to a September board meeting to hear Gizaw Shibus, director for Uganda at Canadian Physicians for Aid and Relief (CPAR). WaterCan funded well construction by giving money to CPAR-Uganda, which then partnered with local villagers and actually dug and maintained the wells.

When Shibus arrived, he gave Ryan a warm hug. "I understand you got us a well," he said. "Thank you."

Shibus had a list of locations in need of a well. With only 46 percent of Ugandans having access to safe water, the list was long. Ryan asked Shibus if his well could be near a school. Shibus scanned his notes and told Ryan that it could be built next to Angolo Primary School in Otwa subcounty of Northern Uganda.

Angolo Primary was in an area suffering from 13 years of rebel activity, several years of drought and the scourge of AIDS. The closest water source was a swamp five kilometres away. Many of the children had

large, extended bellies from infestations of intestinal worms. At any given time, nearly a quarter of the students had diarrhea. Typhoid and other deadly water-borne diseases were also common. With no doctors in the area of 31,850 people, one in five children died before age five.

Ryan listened intently as Shibru explained the slow process of building a well with a hand auger -- a task requiring 20 people working for ten days or more. "Drilling equipment would allow us to make many more wells," he said. He already knew the type he wanted—a small drill that could be transported in the back of a truck. It would cost \$25,000.

"I'll raise the money for that drill," Ryan said quietly. "I want everyone in Africa to have clean water."

Back home, Susan told Mark, "We're raising money for a \$25,000 well drill now." Mark's face dropped. He believed they were setting Ryan up for failure.

SUSAN wrote to one of the *Citizen's* editors, telling him about Ryan's meeting with WaterCan and asking when Puddicombe's article would be published. The editor called her back. "It'll be in tomorrow's paper."

When it appeared next day, an Ottawa TV station called, wanting to interview Ryan. Newspapers across Canada reprinted the story.

A week later a letter arrived in the Hreljacs' mailbox, addressed "Ryan's Well, Kemptville, Ontario." Inside was a cheque for \$25 and a note saying, "I wish I could do more."

Shortly after, another cheque came in, this time addressed to Ryan's Well, Holy Cross School. It was for \$20. After seeing Ryan's story on television, a group of eastern Ontario well drillers gave Ryan \$2,700 for his cause.

Within two months, the little boy had inspired \$7,000 in donations.

By now Ryan's Grade 2 friends were clamouring to help. Their teacher, Lynn Dillabaugh, had never seen a child inspire others so much. *I've got to foster this*, she thought.

Dillabaugh informed parents that the class wished to raise money for another well and placed a watering can in the classroom for her students to drop coins in. She also asked WaterCan to help her start a pen-pal relationship with Angolo Primary. CPAR-Uganda offered to deliver the letters and pick up the Ugandan children's replies.

The first batch of letters went off in January 1999. Two months later a package from Angolo arrived with letters addressed to each student. Ryan was handed his, the large print filling the page:

Dear Ryan, my name is Akana Jimmy. I am 8 years old. I like soccer. Our house is made of grass. How is America? Your friend, Akana Jimmy.

With the letter was a photograph of Jimmy taken by CPAR. For weeks Ryan raved about his new pen pal. Could he meet him? he asked. Susan and Mark thought they might be able to afford a trip one day. Perhaps when Ryan was 12.

Ryan wrote back:

Dear Jimmy, It must be cool to have a house made out of grass. I am 8 now. Do you drink from my well every day? What is your favourite subject in school? I am going to Uganda when I am 12. My house is made out of bricks. Write back soon. Your friend, Ryan.

Backed now by the entire school, Ryan continued fund-raising. He spent hours hand-printing letters, asking organizations for money for his drill. When dona-

Ryan's Well

cont'd
Kathy Cook

tions came in, he wrote thank-you notes. By November he had garnered enough for CPAR-Uganda to buy the new machinery.

SHORTLY before Christmas Bruce Paynter, the Hreljacs' neighbour, asked his wife what she wanted as a present. "I don't really need anything," Bev Paynter replied. "But I'd love for Ryan to be able to go see his well."

Soon after, Bruce, a frequent air traveller, presented Ryan and his parents with air miles to help get them to Uganda, and when *The Ottawa Citizen* published a request for more air-mile donations, the community quickly responded. WaterCan also donated to the family's airfare and other travel expenses.

ON THE HOT morning of July 27, 2000, a truck bearing Shibu, Ryan and his parents bumped its way down a Ugandan dirt road. As it neared Angolo, four tiny children spotted them and began jumping up and down excitedly. "Ryan! Ryan! Ryan!" they called.

"They know my name!" Ryan cried in surprise.

"Everybody for a hundred kilometres knows your name, Ryan," Shibu said.

Around a bend, a line of some 5,000 children from nearby schools stood waiting along the roadside. As the truck approached, they began clapping in a rhythmic beat.

"Let's get out," Shibu said. His head down, Ryan walked by the clapping children, waving bashfully. A band formed before them and, to music, led the procession to Angolo Primary School.

There, village elders greeted Ryan solemnly and took him to his well beside the school's vegetable garden. Adorned with flowers, the well had a message etched in the concrete base:

Ryan's Well:

*Formed by Ryan Hreljac
For Community of Angolo
Primary School*

Akana Jimmy, a tall, thin boy, much like Ryan, stood waiting by the well for his pen pal.

"Hello," Jimmy said shyly.

"Hi, Jimmy," Ryan replied. They stood together awkwardly, uncomfortable with the attention on them, then Jimmy grabbed Ryan's hand and led him to the well so that he could cut the ribbon. Later, with Ryan's parents, they walked to some chairs set up in a field.

An elder stood up. "Look around at our children," he said. "You can see they're healthy. This is because of Ryan and our friends in Canada. For us, water is life."

A high-pitched wail came from the crowd. The headmaster, holding a small goat, stepped out and placed the squealing animal next to Ryan. "A gift of appreciation from Angolo," he said, bowing. Ryan cupped his hands over his mouth in delight, while Susan and Mark were presented with gifts of wood carvings and pottery.

Two dozen boys erupted from the crowd and, in a circle, began performing a traditional hunting dance to the sound of drums. Ryan laughed excitedly as Jimmy took his hand and led him outside the circle. Then Jimmy jumped in, and as Ryan followed, everyone cheered.

After four hours of dancing and celebration, Susan got up to speak. "I just want to say," she said, tears in her eyes, "that this has been the happiest day of my life. It will live in my heart forever."

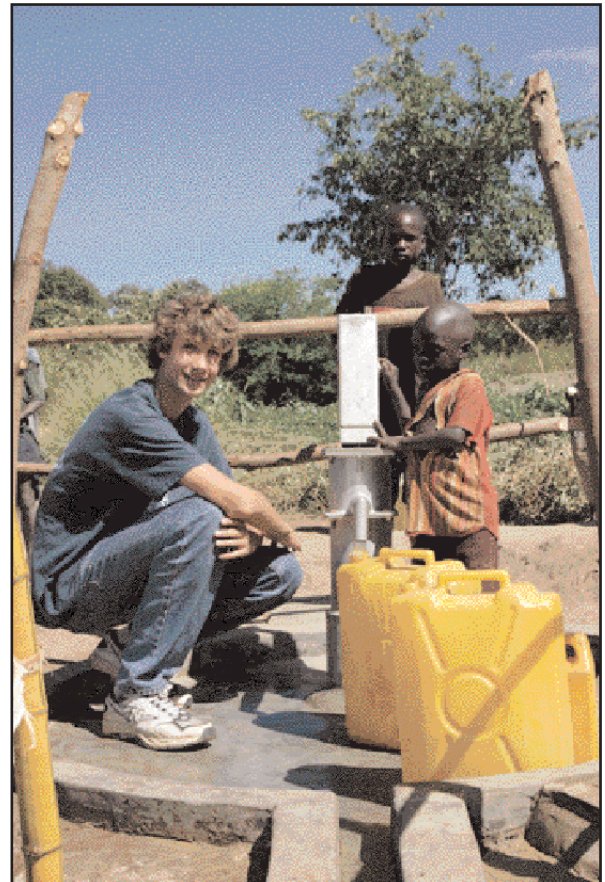
That night, noticing Ryan was very quiet, Susan asked how he was feeling. "I feel wonderful, Mom," he said. Susan gave her son a hug, and together they

Ryan's Well

cont'd
Kathy Cook

began to recite their bedtime ritual: "Star light, star bright, the first star I see tonight...." And then Ryan rounded off that unforgettable day with his nightly prayer: "I wish for everyone in Africa to have clean water."

Since Angolo Primary School and the community began using Ryan's well for their cooking and drinking water, the rates of diarrheal infections and water-borne disease have dropped. Ryan's fund-raising continues. At last count he had helped raise over \$60,000 for new drilling and well-construction equipment in Uganda. With CIDA's contributions, the funds have built more than 30 wells.



Ryan's Well Foundation. Used by permission.

Cook, Kathy. "Ryan's Well." *Canadian Reader's Digest* (January 2001), p.50.

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There's nothing sexy about bad publicity. Victoria's Secret has had its fair share over the years, usually fuelled by critics of the retail company's suggestive lingerie ads or seminude fashion show, which returned this month after a two-year hiatus. But now the attacks are coming from a bunch of tree huggers in suits. ForestEthics, an environmental-advocacy group founded in 1994 to protect British Columbia's Clayoquot Sound, has launched a campaign of protests, including some 150 last month in Toronto and at Victoria's Secret stores around the U.S.

The reason the environmentalists are so mad: Victoria's Secret prints and mails 395 million catalogs a year, averaging more than 1 million a day. The activists argue that Victoria's Secret contributes to the stripping of endangered forests. ForestEthics, based in San Francisco, is trying to pressure the company into changing the paper it uses, 25% of which comes from Canada's Great Boreal Forest, one of the world's largest endangered woodlands. Unlike more radical environmental groups, which refuse to negotiate with companies they view as evil, ForestEthics has met with Victoria's Secret and recommended green-friendly suppliers. "It used to be that you either worked with companies or against them," says Forest Ethics executive director Todd Paglia. "But that's foolish and a false choice. We help companies change, but we don't take no for an answer."

ForestEthics' carrot-and-stick approach has proved effective. From 1999 to 2002, the organization pushed Staples and Office Depot to stop buying paper derived from endangered forests and to ensure that 30% of the paper they sell has recycled content. Thanks to pressure from ForestEthics, Victoria's Secret prints its clearance catalogs on paper that has more than 80% recycled content. To Paglia, however, that is only a starting point. "Moving 6% or 7% of their catalogs to recycled paper is to be applauded, but the remaining 350 million need to change," he says.

panies that print millions of catalogs on nonrecycled paper. Over the past decade, U.S. catalog production has grown 40%, and in 2004 over 18 billion catalogs were mailed, more than 64 for each person. In addition to Victoria's Secret, ForestEthics has singled out Sears and J. Crew for having poor paper practices and sourcing from the Boreal. "It's scandalous that Canada's heritage is being literally thrown away by Americans," says Tzeporah Berman, British Columbia program director for ForestEthics. "Some of the most important forests that we have left, like the Boreal, are being clear-cut and shipped to the United States at incredible rates to make catalogs that most people just drop in the trash."

Companies generally argue that recycled paper costs more or looks worse than nonrecycled paper. But Dell and Williams-Sonoma have started switching to recycled paper with little, if any, noticeable change in expense or quality. And for a catalog industry that manages a feeble 2.5% average response rate, adding recycled content to bulk mailings is unlikely to do much harm, Paglia argues. It may help boost a company's image at a time when more consumers are shopping for green-friendly products.

For now, talks between Victoria's Secret and ForestEthics continue. "We have been good environmental stewards, and we recognize there is more to be done," says Anthony Hebron, spokesman for Limited Brands, which owns the company. ForestEthics, meanwhile, is on a roll. It is developing a Do Not Mail campaign in the U.S., modeled on the American Do Not Call registry, to let consumers decide whether they want to be barraged with junk mail. "In the Internet age, printing catalogs at this volume is like running cars on a steam engine," Paglia says. "It would be quaint if it weren't so destructive."

Victoria's Secret is one of dozens of major compa-

Caplan, Jeremy. "Paper Cutters." *Time Magazine* (December 19, 2005), p.87.

Victoria's Secret Going Green

Peter Gorrie

After two years of sparring with a major conservation group, the company that publishes the Victoria's Secret catalogue vowed yesterday to use more paper that's either recycled or from sustainably managed forests.

The decision could boost Ontario's troubled pulp and paper industry as well as the campaign to protect endangered woodland caribou in the province's northern boreal forest.

Ohio-based Limited Brands, which owns Victoria's Secret and several other store brands, said that by the end of 2007, the more than 350 million catalogues the lingerie retailer sends out each year will contain at least 10 per cent recycled paper, or paper from forest operations certified by the Forest Stewardship Council, or FSC.

The council is an international non-profit organization that supports environmentally appropriate, socially beneficial and economically viable management of the world's forests.

Limited Brands promises to increase the percentage, although without any specific targets.

It also said it would no longer buy paper from West Fraser Timber Co. Ltd., which has logging operations in the Rocky Mountain foothills near Hinton, Alta., that are considered environmentally unfriendly and which refused to change. A recently expired contract was worth about \$100 million a year.

And Limited Brands won't take paper from forests in areas designated as critical caribou habitat under Canada's endangered species law.

The moves open the door to purchases from Ontario, where two companies — Tembec Inc. and Domtar Inc. — are expanding the amount of forest operated under stewardship council rules, which limit the size of clear cuts, and set standards for reforestation, habitat protection and other environmental concerns.

"Under our new guidelines, we'd be interested in hearing from any folks in Ontario that meet the new criteria," Tom Katzenmeyer, a senior vice-president with the company, said in a conference call.

Supplies of recycled and FSC paper are limited, he said. "I'm optimistic the industry will rise to the occasion and want to compete for our business."

"We'll meet with the Ontario government and suppliers," said Tzeporah Berman of ForestEthics, which operates in Canada and the U.S. and for more than two years ran a publicity campaign that attacked what it called "Victoria's dirty secret."

Limited Brands' move appears to be part of a growing trend aimed at preserving the vast boreal forest that stretches across central Canada.

Williams-Sonoma Inc., which publishes catalogues under its name and under variants of the Pottery Barn brand, said last week that it would immediately begin to use more than 95 per cent FSC certified paper.



ForestEthics. "Victoria's Secret Going Green." *Time*, Canadian Edition (December 2005), pp.87

Earlier last month, computer giant Dell said it has already hit a 2009 target of 50 per cent recycled content in its marketing publications.

"We believe that working together we can set a new standard for the catalogue industry," Katzenmeyer said.

Victoria's Secret Going Green

cont'd
Peter Gorrie

"I think this is the tip of the iceberg and other companies will follow," Berman said.

As it campaigned against Victoria's Secret, ForestEthics also negotiated with the company. "The discussions ... helped us understand how we can better work with suppliers," Katzenmeyer said.

"We need to look at conservation as part of economic prosperity," Berman said. "The long-term economic health of Ontario is tied to its ecological health."

"Canada has a tremendous opportunity in becoming the solution for companies that want to seek paper that's environmentally friendly," said Todd Paglia, the group's San Francisco-based executive director.

The stewardship council's is one of three international certification systems. Ontario recognizes them all, but environmentalists say only FSC is effective.

Canada, Russia and Brazil have the only large tracts of undisturbed forest left on Earth. Apart from being crucial habitat for caribou and other animals, the forests help to combat climate change by storing massive amounts of carbon.

Canada's boreal forest is being cut at two hectares per minute, Berman said. About 90 per cent of the cutting is in virgin, old growth forest: 88 per cent of the output goes to U.S. buyers.

Gorrie, Peter. "Victoria's Secret Going Green." *Toronto Star* (December 7, 2006).

Scruples

Since the early eighties more students in my Literature & Ethics class, a freshman seminar, say they would press a button that would kill a nondescript peasant in another land, for which they would receive one million dollars and the guarantee of never being caught. They respond anonymously and must give a reason. Four out of twenty-five would in 1982. Eleven out of twenty-five in 1995. Reasons: Because it would set me up for life. Or, It's just a one-time thing. And once, because it's a doggie-dog world. Afterward, I point out that the question is designed only to see if they are murderers. By semester's end, I'm pretty sure I know who they are, these murderers, and it all switches to me—that age-old imperative, to discover what's right and to do it. I've given a murderer an A because of incontrovertible intelligence. Yet I've graded down at least a few because their logic, however sound, was without heart and I didn't like their faces. And I can't say how many times I've given up on some of the decent ones—their correct, inherited, annoying positions unchanged by drama or dialectic. In the early seventies, no one I knew would press the button. I love that it wasn't high-mindedness back then, merely the obvious, and that so many wished to do good. Experience took years to show us what we could not sustain.



Saints

Those who earn their names know what suffering is . . . and elect it anyway. They love without ambivalence one shining thing, yet some—the even more saintly—are tortured by the manifold richness of the discernible world. I've known one secular saint. I watched him fast so an idea would swell. I didn't want to be him, though once or twice, by design, I've felt that strange sumptuousness born from doing without. For him it must have been an imagined feast, like a wafer on the tongue. For me: just another something for the body to have known before it dies and becomes dust. Saints, like revolutionaries, walk headlong into the cool, dry wind, are always serving a hidden flame, are terrifying because of what they do not need. The saint asks, What will you die for? The revolutionary adds, For what would you kill? Either way, sacrifice is an ugly business, as ugly as history itself. Choose between these terrible things, history often says. We are only commentators until, for us, it comes to that choice.

Every home in my neighborhood in northeast Thailand had a television or at least a stereo, but not one had drinking water, sewer system, garbage collection, mail delivery, or telephone. My neighbors watched sitcoms while they boiled rice over charcoal braziers. They lived in cinderblock boxes jammed with extended families, traditional wooden homes swaying on stilts, and corrugated metal shanties, and a triangular loft over a cement truck garage sheltered a slew of young women, a bigger slew of little kids and puppies, and a quadriplegic beggar with the best sound system in the vicinity. I had the nicest place on our road, but even it was built of boards that didn't meet. Trashfire smoke and dust storms gusted through my floor-to-ceiling cracks. Yet in the field behind our mud road jutted several acres of new bungalows, bright blue with red tile roofs. Not a soul lived there, and they were protected from the people already in the neighborhood by walls speared with shards of glass. Weeds mounted those walls. Vines lipped around the shattered bottles. The bungalows waited for the rising middle class to do their rising.

I'd noticed all over the country billboards promising buildings like this. Handpainted skyscrapers and condo developments, always white, to contrast the contemporary reality of Asian Third World gray. One such billboard stood at the end of our road, over a swamp dump where little boys paddled around on discarded chunks of Styrofoam. Under the skyscraper pictured on the billboard, black stick people scurried about toting tiny black briefcases. I called this genre "capital realism."

I came to Thailand in 1992, in the heat of the country's rush to First World status, a breakneck hurtle towards what optimists would call industrialization or modernization, but what I came to view as a kamikaze plummet into the kind of hypercapitalism that one only sees in more muted and benign forms in the West. Thailand was global capitalism under an X-ray and construction the national pastime, careening along non-stop everywhere, with few environmental restrictions and no apparent safety regulations. The college where I taught, for example, had no building, no place. It was a ghost operation superimposed on a vocational high school. But behold, my supervisor reassured me the

day I arrived: the college was under construction across the highway. It would be seven stories high, he gloated, the tallest building in the province. It would be even higher than the Royal Hotel downtown. I gazed across the highway at the partially completed "skyscraper" I would later find on the billboard at the end of my road. It rose from the swamp like a giant refrigerator. The family name of the real estate magnate who owned the college was emblazoned in four-foot-tall letters across one end. An enormous red bow adorned the other. I noticed immediately in the New Seven-Story Building a disconcerting bulge.

I had never seen before and would never see again more workers labor any harder in worse conditions for as many hours as I saw in Thailand in 1992. In my neighborhood, village loudspeakers roused everyone at first light, frantic rapid-fire rat-a-tat Thai. I would hear three different broadcasts simultaneously, each in the hysterical pitch of a two-hour-long used car commercial or coverage of the Kentucky Derby. All the neighbors, even the children, walked outside, leaned away from their houses with their hands on their hips, hacked, and spat the night's accumulation of pollution out of their throats. The loudspeakers pattered and wailed until the national anthem at eight—that's the only thing I recognized—but for the two and a half hours before eight, I imagined them exhorting, "Develop! Modernize!" And by eight o'clock, if not earlier, everyone seemed to be doing precisely that.

Even though I couldn't peer into the factories, the plants, I still saw everywhere the ground-level grunt makers of rapid industrialization, the people who bore it on their backs. They squatted in truck beds on sacks of sand and lime, their heads protected against the sun and dirt and exhaust by rags, towels, plaid sarongs. They came in both genders, their skin darker than the skins at the college, faces knobbier, their arms and legs ropy with fatless muscle. They came in all ages, the elderly, their bare feet splayed like dinner plates, broken toenails and teeth, and the children, collecting bus fares, pumping gas at Shell stations, and, of course, working construction, their faces hardened years before their bodies would catch up, so that they looked

like midgets or dwarves. As I walked to and from my office in the vo-tech school, I watched the construction of the New Seven-Story Building, wondering if it would ever measure up to its capital realist ideal on the billboards along my mud road. Most of the work was done by boys monkeying through a vast bamboo scaffolding and by women who carried shallow baskets of rock and cement on their heads. All lived in temporary aluminum shacks thrown up near the construction site, and they never had a day off. I studied the bulge in the New Seven-Story Building from a distance.

Capital realism flourished. Huge signs featuring tiers of spec [pre-designed] homes, inevitably white with the inevitable red tile roof, two stories, landscaping, a garage. Gazing upon the housing development would be a modern Thai nuclear family, stick-figure father, mother, ten-year-old son, eight-year-old daughter, all clad in Western clothes. My neighborhood, too, was under perpetual construction, and because it was not only unzoned but also not segregated by class, as it would have been in the States, I could observe the whole gamut of house-building. In addition to the brand-new bungalows, new upper-class homes began to jostle against old wooden ones. At the other end of the social scale, shack dwellers shifted to rows of what looked like self-storage lockers. And one night, just after dark, I walked home and passed a partially completed block home, superior to the cells and shacks, but far short of the capital realist models. A whole family pitched in to build it. Father, mother and two sons, only six or eight years old, mixing concrete under a glaring portable fluorescent lamp.

The view on my routine bus rides to Bangkok for visa “problems” was a sort of four-hour-long construction movie: project after project after project, state-of-the-art heavy equipment, manual laborers in a state of collapse. Much of the ground along the road had been beaten into a blizzard, no place to settle, the earth in air and air in earth, confused. And on the long approach to the Bangkok city limits, dust so choked the air that the people squatting along the road waiting for their own buses looked like apparitions—materializing out of

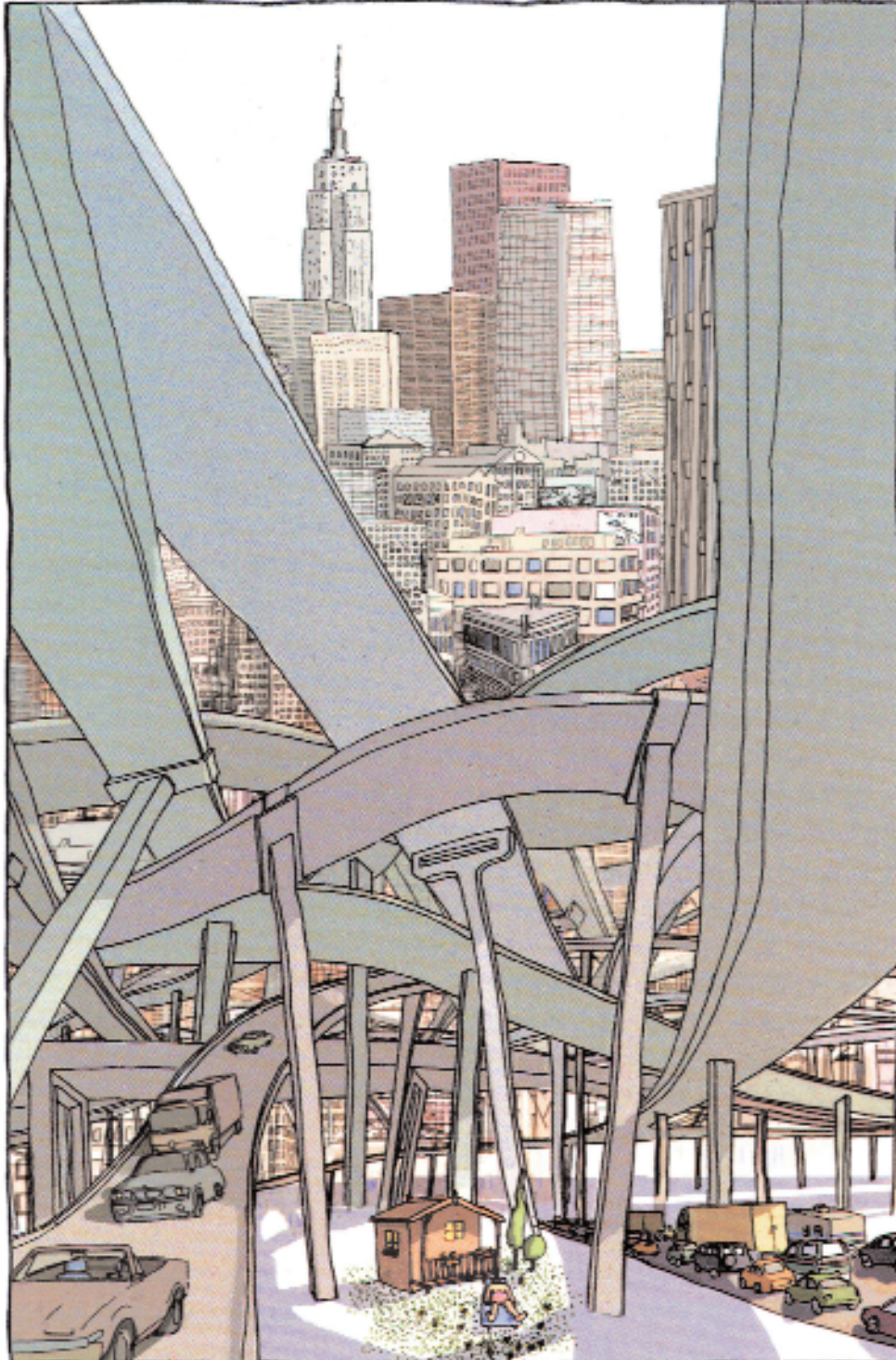
the haze for seconds, their eyes screwed against the dirt, the backwash of traffic wafting the plastic bags they clutched in their hands, before they vanished again behind the displaced soil. The constant tearing up of the ground and pouring of concrete. The paving of a nation.

In the *Bangkok Post*, I read stories of collapsed multistory buildings, of hastily clapped-together shopping centers and office complexes and hotels. I followed the erection of the New Seven-Story Building with increasing paranoia. Other articles cited percentages of building in Bangkok not up to regs, inspectors paid off, eyes averted, in the frenzy to make that Third to First World vault. I regarded the bulge in the New Seven-Story Building where I’d soon be spending eight hours a day. I began photographing capital realism when I saw it, dazzling five-star hotels in Bangkok slums, shopping malls tottering over rice fields, and once, up near Chiang Mai, a painting of a golf course and an obese Caucasian businessman with a blond Dutch-boy haircut, wielding a scroll of blueprints in his hand. Under this billboard, back in real life, huddled a long stretch of desolate hovels.

Late one afternoon, the pickup truck bus dropped me at the end of my road, where a newly middle-class family had completed its capital realist dream home just a few days before. It stood directly across from the cement truck garage with the loft and the quadriplegic beggar. Since the morning, the family had elevated a patch of ground beside their new house, about the size of two double beds. They had rolled sod onto it to make a “yard.” As far as I knew, the next nearest “grass,” in the suburban U.S. meaning of that word, grew on the army base golf course across the city. No one was home in the new house, but six neighborhood residents were admiring the capital realist microlawn. Two stray dogs slept on it, a third sniffed it, a fourth pissed, and a pair of chickens scratched up the turf.

A year or so after I left Thailand, the Royal Hotel collapsed. In the U.S. media, Thai news rarely warrants notice, but the Royal Hotel generated enough horror

PARALLEL UNIVERSE *by* Leif Parsons
A world without Jane Jacobs (1916 - 2006)



and blood to earn a few lines. I squinted at the photos in an absurd effort to identify people I might know. The Royal Hotel. The second highest building in Nakhom Ratchasima province after the New Seven-Story Building. I thought about twelve-year-old masons and that faint, but unmistakable, bulge.

Five years after I left, the Thai economy collapsed too, along with Japan and Korea, and Malaysia, and Indonesia . . . Capitalist domino effect. As usual, after the initial catastrophe, I found news of the fallout scarce, but a few weeks later I had lunch with friends who had just traveled in Thailand. In a tea shop, they said, they had met a Thai man who told them the country had sold every last natural resource: every tree, every mineral, every gem. Empty. And for that reason, he said, Thailand would never recover. I knew this didn't literally happen, but I also knew the spirit of it was close enough.

I think of them, back in 1992, hurtling along towards some capitalist glory, the promise of wealth and comfort and even democracy that countries like the United States assured them would accompany "modernization." A nation trying to make in fifteen years an economic leap the United States made in one hundred and fifty. Dragons and Tigers. Keeping up with the Kims. I think of the sacrifices so many were making, not just the laborers but the beggars, and the farmers, and the democracy protesters, and the culture, and the land itself. And I was never convinced the sacrifice would be worth it, even if Thailand did "catch up" to the West. But they didn't. They sacrificed and then went downhill. And who benefited? Thai elites? I don't know. But certainly global corporations, heavily invested in by Americans, and American consumers like myself.

Capital realism. I became a connoisseur of such billboards. I went out of my way to visit them, catalogued them in my journals, mounted my photos in albums. Offices, banks, hotels, apartment high-rises, shopping malls, and always, on the bottom border of the paintings, humanesque figures scuttled about. Often, on closer inspection, I would see that the artist

not only didn't include eyes, noses, mouths; he didn't even bother with an oval for a face. For heads, he daubed a few black smears.

Pancake, Ann. "Capital Realism." *Short Takes* (2005), pp.219-226.

The Image Maker

Tony Bell

“Obie, the P.M. was just asking about you.”

O’Brien stands at the window, in a dressing gown and slippers, pretending not to hear. He takes a sip from his glass of Dewar’s and stares at the Edmonton sunset. From the twenty-fourth floor, the view is striking: precise, fiery layers of red, orange and amber play out endlessly on the horizon. He had forgotten about the sunsets, the sharp light that defines the West, that makes each shape stand out from its surroundings. In Toronto, the winters are sunless, each day a separate journey from partly cloudy to overcast to widely scattered drizzle. Haze melts into fog; shapes dissolve into shifting blurs. O’Brien loves Toronto, revels in its diffuse, murky light. He dislikes coming West, dreads the vast, oppressive prairie sky, the cold gray, direct landscape. No nuances, no evasions; he feels exposed.

Young Jeffrey, one of the tour organizers, stands impatiently in the doorway, waiting to organize him. “The P.M. wants to know if you’ve watched his speech yet.”

“No, I haven’t,” yawns O’Brien. He holds up the bottle of Dewar’s. “I was just girding myself.”

“Well, hurry up, eh, he has to give it again after dinner.”

O’Brien nods amiably. “Dinner. Good idea, Jeffrey. Call Room Service.”

“Come on, Obie, there isn’t time.”

O’Brien scoffs at his concern. “Of course there’s time. The election isn’t till next year. And after that, who knows, you may have all the time in the world.”

Jeffrey shifts his feet uncomfortably. “What’re you talking about? The last polls were very encouraging. Even you can’t deny that.”

O’Brien smiles, says nothing. He knows better than to argue with Jeffrey about polls. Jeffrey believes utterly in polls; he believes in nothing but polls. If the polls were to tell him he was Jesus Christ, he would start speaking in parables.

O’Brien finishes his drink and pours another. It has been six days since he joined the Prime Minister’s tour – six days going on sixty. O’Brien always drinks more when he’s out West. Because of the climate, he tells anyone unwise enough to ask. This time it is the truth. He has the beginnings of a cold and tonight the temperature will plummet to minus thirty. At minus thirty, it is a poor joke to ask, “Celsius or Fahrenheit?” The

blood congeals in such weather; shoulders hunch under the weight of ice crystals; faces contract into masks of pain. Only the light remains unaffected, bouncing sharply off the crystals, forming jagged, blinding rainbows in front of O’Brien’s eyes. In Toronto, the weather tomorrow will be overcast and thirty-five degrees. O’Brien knows this without asking: in Toronto, December is always overcast and thirty-five degrees, with small craft warnings and a chance of drizzle-turning-to-sleet. After six days in Edmonton, O’Brien longs to hear about the small craft warnings.

Jeffrey still waits with fidgety impatience for him to view the tape. “Why don’t we watch it while we eat?” O’Brien suggests.

“There isn’t time, Obie, it’s urgent. I said I’d get back to him in half-an-hour.” O’Brien sighs. Everything is urgent with Jeffrey; he is doomed to spend his life trying to catch up to where he thinks the present should be. For he has plans, Jeffrey does, he is a man to be watched. He dresses impeccably in suits he can’t afford; he neither drinks nor smokes. One day he will run for a seat in the Commons and win, Jeffrey has no doubt of it, but first he must spend the requisite number of years grovelling at the feet of the Party, collecting I.O.U.’s.

Unable to procrastinate any longer, O’Brien inserts the tape of the Prime Minister’s speech into the V.C.R. Jeffrey picks up the phone to call Room Service. “What shall I ask for?”

O’Brien shrugs. “I’m not fussy. Anything you like – just no salt. I’m tired of being treated like an icy road.”

Jeffrey murmurs something that sounds like “Why me?” and dials. O’Brien turns on the T.V. and slumps into one of the hotel’s expensively uncomfortable chairs to watch the Prime Minister’s address to the Chamber of Commerce.

“Shall I turn up the volume?” Jeffrey asks. “It’s not very loud.”

“It’s all right. I’ve heard it before.” Actually, he hasn’t heard this particular speech before, but it doesn’t matter. O’Brien seldom listens to the actual words when his clients are speaking. There’s no point. He knows the average listener remembers only a small percentage of what he hears, and even then he gets it back-to-front. No, O’Brien would rather focus on the

timbre of the voice, the rise and fall of inflection, the use of emphasis, the timing and appropriateness of a gesture. Perceptions are everything, and O'Brien scrawls his perceptions on a memo pad as he watches: *Don't wear gray – it makes you look drab. And get a new razor – remember Nixon? Keep cameras on the right if you can – your right profile's much more sincere. Voice is too low, tires your audience. Get it up more – you sound like an undertaker. Ventriloquist mouth – move the upper lip, drop the jaw. Don't point – you look threatening. Gesture with open hand, reach out, draw them in. Don't smile so much – they know you don't mean it.*

"How about salad?" Jeffrey asks.

"Fine – but no dressing. And another bottle of Dewar's."

"Doesn't Scotch have salt?"

O'Brien ignores him and continues writing: *Don't talk about the deficit. It's gloomy and it bores the hell out of people. Après-nous le deluge. Stick to tax reform. Keep telling them how much you'll save them. And stop rubbing your hands – it makes you look guilty....*

O'Brien puts the Prime Minister on pause so he can reread his comments. Over the last six days, he has noted a certain petulance, hostility even, creeping into his assessments of the Prime Minister. Because of the weather, he tells himself.

Jeffrey's shadow looms over his notes and he quickly covers them. Jeffrey feigns offence: "What's the big secret? We're all in this together."

"Some of us are in deeper than others, Jeffrey."

"What, you think I'd run around telling people what I know?"

"Of course not. I just don't want *anyone* to know." What isn't known can't be used, is O'Brien's maxim. He ignores Jeffrey's look of scorn and returns to his notes. He knows that Jeffrey dislikes him and says so emphatically to the other organizers. But he also knows that Jeffrey *asked* to work as his aide during the tour, believing that he could pick up some of O'Brien's secrets for his own use – his own future campaigns. However, three days of spying has yielded him nothing. O'Brien has no intention of sharing his secrets, mainly because he has no secrets to share, only the illusion of a secret, which is infinitely more powerful than the real thing.

O'Brien stares at the frozen image of the Prime Minister's face on the T.V. screen – caught in the middle of the word "hope." "The hope of something-or-other" – O'Brien can't remember the context. The expression reinforces the rhetoric: lips pushing forward in the forceful *oh* sound; brows rising with authority; hands reaching out to reinforce the words. In motion, the persona of assured confidence. Only the still image catches the grimace behind the eyes – the politic worm caught on his own hook.

He notices that Jeffrey, too, is studying the Prime Minister's face, perhaps wondering what O'Brien finds in it. O'Brien can guess what Jeffrey will say later to the other aides: *"You should see that crazy bastard. Every day, same thing. He doesn't even listen to the speeches. He just hits the pause button and stares at the screen."*

"Jeffrey, is that a silk tie you're wearing?"

"What, this? Yeah. Armani. You want one?"

"No, I want yours. I want to give it to the Prime Minister before his speech tonight. His wife keeps buying him paisley, but it bleeds on T.V."

"And what am I supposed to wear?"

O'Brien unfreezes the Prime Minister and resumes scribbling. "If anybody decides to film you, Jeffrey, I'll give you mine."

"Sure, the way *you* dress? I'll bet you don't even own a tie."

"That's because I'm not running for anything, am I? Now stop interrupting."

Jeffrey looks accusingly at the face on the screen for a moment, then gives in and slowly removes his tie. "I hate this tour," he fumes. "We've got so many aides along there aren't enough people to give orders to. And what's the point of it? I mean, it's not as if we've got anything to announce. We're just here because we're here, y'know, because it looks good. You'd think he's in the middle of a campaign or something."

That's because he *is* in the middle of a campaign, thinks O'Brien. Ever since the last election. Campaigning is what the elected do best, enjoy most. Looking to the future. The visionary rhetoric. The smiles and the laying on of hands. Seeking affirmation – getting it, too, some of them. Only to spend the next four years trying, with increasing desperation, to find the moment again – the brief euphoria of acceptance and possibility.

The comments come faster as the camera closes in on the Prime Minister's face, causing the pen to skip erratically across the page: *Don't look down, keep the gaze level. You're getting flashback – more pancake on the forehead. And you're pausing too much – don't pause – don't let them think you can't find the words. Just keep going, even if have nothing to say, keep the gaze level, don't let them see the doubt. Use the eyes, smile, even if you don't mean it, don't let the face go blank, don't let the voice fade – they'll think the well is dry, they'll think you used it up getting to where you are. Don't look down, they'll see the dizziness –*

O'Brien stops. Even he can't read the scrawl anymore; he closes and uncloses his hand several times, but a slight jangling feeling remains. He stands, tears off the sheet of paper, crumples it, and puts it in his pocket, out of Jeffrey's view. Then he picks up his drink and returns to his station at the window. It's barely five o'clock and already the sun is gone; only a thin bloody vein is left to hold off the night. He watches as a plane glides in for a landing at the Municipal Airport, and again he counts the minutes until his flight leaves.... He hasn't been sleeping, that's his problem; he never sleeps well when he's away from home. He feels his precious equilibrium slipping away.

He picks up the earlier page of comments, adds *Don't look down, keep the gaze level* at the bottom, and concludes with *Break a leg*. He puts the sheet in an envelope, looks at Jeffrey and decides to seal it. Jeffrey shakes his head and attempts to appear world-weary: "If you trust me that much, why don't you just hand it to the Prime Minister yourself?"

"There isn't time, Jeffrey. I have to start packing."

"Packing? Where're you going?"

"Back to Toronto."

"Tonight?"

"I'm taking the Red-Eye." In his mind he's already there, the next morning, easing his car through the morning rush on the 401, looking for the Don Valley turnoff, thinking of the breakfast Peggy will have waiting for him when he arrives; the children just out of bed, wandering sleepily into the kitchen, and their excitement at seeing him back....

Jeffrey's expression is a mix of outrage and envy.

"How come you get to go home early?"

"I'm a free agent, Jeffrey. The Party doesn't own me. I still have other clients."

"Lucky you," Jeffrey pouts. "You'll be asleep in Toronto while the rest of us are stuck out in the boonies. Have you seen the new itinerary for tomorrow?"

"Yes," says O'Brien and inwardly counts his blessings. Tomorrow, when O'Brien is catching up on his sleep in Don Mills, the Prime Minister will be travelling. The Alberta Outback within ten steps of the Yellowhead Highway. Breakfast in Vegreville. Lunch in Vermilion. Dinner at Lloyd. It is good to be seen travelling. Travelling implies movement, gives the illusion of action. It looks good on the six-o'clock news. The objective is clear: "To find out what the people are thinking." But the people aren't thinking anything. The people are waiting for the polls to tell them what to think, or failing that, the Prime Minister. But the Prime Minister is waiting for the polls to tell him what people are waiting to hear. But the polls don't collect thoughts; they take pulses, weigh feelings, discern moods. Ask not what the people are thinking tonight. They think nothing: they feel endlessly; they yearn hopelessly. They love, they hate, with precious little in-between. What does the West want? The Party has come west to ask. *They want to kill us, Prime Minister, they want blood. They say we've let them down. Our mistake was in ever letting them up. They want justice, Prime Minister, they want revenge...with sunsets and clear light and endless horizons...with Room Service, beer and pizza, burgers and soggy french fries...a revenge of hypertension. We've lost the West, Prime Minister; it was never ours to begin with.*

"You really think so?"

Jeffrey's voice startles O'Brien; he must have been thinking aloud. He attempts to brush aside the comment: "I dunno. Maybe we have. But then so have all the other parties. The fact is, Jeffrey, I don't think the West wants to be found."

"How can you say that?" says Jeffrey. "Last week's poll was much better. Much more encouraging. We're holding our own."

"Against what?"

"What do you mean?"

O'Brien shrugs, retreats to his drink.

"Holding our own," insists Jeffrey. "More than holding our own. Until tomorrow, that is..." He laughs bitterly, remembering the new itinerary. "We're going to spend twelve hours on a bus so we can listen to a bunch of farmers tell us we're not giving 'em enough

handouts.”

O’Brien tries to sound sympathetic: “But Jeffrey, think of all the photo-ops for the P. M. in those great outdoors. Framed against the prairie sky. The strong man making his lonely, difficult decisions.” Already Jeffrey appears to be brightening at the prospect. “Just see to it they don’t make him wear a baseball cap.”

Room Service arrives. Bits of lettuce doused in oil, with black olives, feta cheese, anchovies, and a side order of garlic bread. O’Brien feels his blood pressure rising at the sight.

“You have it, Jeffrey. I’m going to pack.” But he is already packed. There is nothing left to do but stare at the night and wait for his plane. The blackness stretches endlessly, seeps inward as well. There aren’t even any highrises to block his view, to provide a comforting perspective. He pours himself another drink and watches as pins of light appear against the darkening background, only a few at first, then seemingly all at once, filling the sky with a thousand knife-points. Not at all like Toronto. In Toronto, in winter, a star is an event, a soft smudge filtered through gauze. He calls his children to the window to wish on them. But here...it must be the weather or his cold that twists his thoughts so. Even the Northern Lights seem sinister: massive shrouds skulking about for victims. He mustn’t think this way – it’s counter-productive. In Toronto, he wouldn’t think this way. In Toronto, he doesn’t even have windows in his office.

He turns to find Jeffrey watching him. Jeffrey is always watching him, probing for weaknesses that can be used against him one day. O’Brien points to the envelope. “You’d better deliver that,” he says.

“Yes, I’d better.” But Jeffrey makes no effort to leave. Instead, he holds the envelope up to the light in an attempt to see the contents.

“So much for urgency,” says O’Brien.

Jeffrey shrugs and puts the envelope in his pocket. “You know, the Prime Minister must think a lot of you, bringing you along just so you can tell him what kind of tie to wear.”

“Yes, I suppose he does,” allows O’Brien.

“And not just the P.M. I hear you have lots of clients.”

O’Brien can guess where the inquiry is leading, but he has no intention of making it easier for Jeffrey.

“Some clients, yes.”

“Are they all politicians?”

“Some are. Most are business.”

This is more than O’Brien has ever confided to Jeffrey; Jeffrey quickly sits down, eager to pursue the opening.

“What exactly do you sell them, anyway?”

O’Brien holds out his palms as if the answer is obvious. “I don’t sell them anything. You could say I teach them how to buy.”

“Buy? What do you mean? Buy what?”

“You’ll have to pay me to find out.”

But Jeffrey will not be dismissed so lightly. “I might take you up on that one day,” he says earnestly.

O’Brien shrugs, drinks, says nothing.

“How about it, Obie? You think you could get me elected?”

“To what?”

“C’mon, be honest, do you think I’ve got the makings of a politician?”

O’Brien looks askance at Jeffrey, then gravely offers him the bottle of Dewar’s. Jeffrey shakes his head and waits for a better answer. O’Brien sighs and wishes he could wake up and find himself on the plane.

“How old are you Jeffrey?”

“Twenty-six.”

“Do you have a girlfriend?”

“Are you kidding? With this job? There isn’t time.”

“You should make time, Jeffrey. Find a girlfriend. A wife, preferably. A couple of kids, a house in the suburbs, a nice long commute. I can recommend it.”

Jeffrey takes a deep breath to keep his anger from flaring; he makes a final attempt to get through to O’Brien. “Okay, I admit, maybe I am being premature. But don’t underestimate me, Obie. A few years from now, I’ll be ready to make my move, and that’s when I’m gonna call you. I’ve seen what it takes to get elected. That’s why I respect your ability. Obie. You’re the best. Just don’t underestimate me, that’s all.”

“Don’t worry, Jeffrey. I don’t underestimate you.” O’Brien underestimates many things, many people – it is the nature and the despair of his business – but he has never underestimated Jeffrey. He has no doubt that Jeffrey will end up exactly where Jeffrey wants to be. But not with *his* help – O’Brien draws the line at Jeffrey. When he looks at Jeffrey, O’Brien knows it is time for him to quit his business, before he sacrifices even more of himself than he has already.

Jeffrey is smiling now: he feels a breakthrough of sorts has been made. O'Brien has recognized his potential. With O'Brien in his corner, anything is possible.

He remembers the envelope in his pocket, but it is no longer a chore to him. "I guess I'd better get this downstairs." He starts to leave, but half way out the door he suddenly remembers something, something he'd been holding all week in reserve. He had intended to use it as a kind of flattery if the need arose; but now that O'Brien understands him, Jeffrey can display his sincerity instead. "You know, a number of the fellas were sitting around at lunch yesterday discussing the last campaign. We were trying to pick out the main thing you did to put us over the top."

"The *main* thing? Maybe you should start with the Prime Minister," suggests O'Brien.

But Jeffrey knows better. He smiles and ignores the comment. "One theory was that you got him to slow down and lower his voice – you know, so he sounded more statesmanlike. But then somebody else said it was the fact you fixed up his French accent so he was more marketable in Quebec –"

"What about you, Jeffrey? What did you say?"

"Me?" shrugs Jeffrey modestly. "I said it was a combination of things. The contact lenses. The new hair-style. The suits. You were finally able to get the female voters to sit up and take notice."

O'Brien manages an approving nod. "Yes, you're right, Jeffrey. All of you are right. It was the contact lenses. And the accent. And the speech training. It was all of those things." O'Brien holds up his glass in salute, as Jeffrey, content now, his week with O'Brien no longer a waste, leaves with the envelope.

And, of course, it was none of those things, muses O'Brien. They were all just part of the ritual, the elaborate placebo designed to make the candidate believe. *Believe in O'Brien, never doubt, O'Brien is the expert, O'Brien knows all, trust O'Brien's judgment and victory is assured. O'Brien is the magician, don't ask what he has up his sleeve, just appreciate that you are part of the magic.* It is only after victory that the doubting begins. *It was me all along,* concludes the candidate. *O'Brien was just the spur, the rabbit's foot, part of the ride.* Once elected, he avoids O'Brien, prefers reports in sealed envelopes to face-to-face meetings. O'Brien becomes dispensable; the elected can act alone. But his faith in himself never matches the faith he once had

in O'Brien.

O'Brien knows all this before it happens; he keeps his counsel and waits for a new slate to seek him out. And they will, he has no doubt of it. Tonight he'll go home, tomorrow he'll sleep, and the next day he'll be asked to spend his magic on someone else. It is only here, confronted by the view from the twenty-fourth floor, that he realizes how small and self-deluding his magic really is....

Once, during O'Brien's first trip west, when the idea of travel still excited him, the Prime Minister's campaign bus broke down just outside of Plamondon, a small town north of Edmonton. O'Brien spent the night there – volunteered, in fact, as it gave him the chance to meet with some of the local people. They were farmers, most of them, ethnic Russians who referred to themselves as Old Believers because they did not accept the reforms of the Orthodox Church. In the course of an evening, O'Brien learned a great deal about their world, which was flat and motionless and much nearer to heaven than his own. But not quite near enough, for between heaven and earth there were still the stars to contend with. The Old Believers called them "devil's teeth," and said they preyed upon unwary souls, living or dead. It was more than a quaint story told to visitors, it was a part of their faith: Live simply, keep your head down, and at night bolt the door to keep out the devil and his teeth. O'Brien admired the Old Believers for their conviction; they could pray in front of strangers as if it were a natural human function. In winter, they prayed mostly for the return of the sun each morning.

Now, whenever he is forced to come out West, O'Brien feels himself being wrenched back into the Old Believers' world. He pours another drink and stares at the darkness, and understands why it is they pray so fervently. To have to spend each night in the maw of those stars...? Eighteen hours of night in winter, to have to look up at one's face in the window, the grimace in the window, and dream of those teeth, poised behind the eyes?

Tomorrow, the Prime Minister will travel. It is good to be seen travelling, everyone agrees. He will set out under stars and return under stars; but in between – if the Old Believers' prayers are answered – he will pose in the sunshine and make speeches and put his faith in the polls. And if the polls are encouraging, he may even start speaking in parables again.

The Image Maker

cont'd
Tony Bell

O'Brien finishes his drink and slowly draws the curtains. He sits in the uncomfortable chair, puts his feet on the coffee table, and starts whistling an old tune from the sixties as he waits for the hours to pass. It doesn't matter that he no longer has faith in the polls or in anything else: tomorrow he will be home again; tomorrow he won't need it. In Toronto, there are no stars in winter; the fog and the haze and the drizzle provide a civilizing veil. Instead of the devil, there is only airport parking and the 401 and the Don Valley to endure before reaching the turnoff, bolting the front door, pulling down the blinds and...sleep.

In his dreams he never leaves his bed.

The very large pasteboard replica of the general,
his medals pasted from his chest
down over his washboard belly,
is propped up at the podium and squeaks.
Skillful technicians amplify and dilute
what he appears to be saying, until the audience,
which is comatose anyway from the brandy
and the smuggled cigars, grunts
approvingly into its paunches.
It will be all right.

Even the general, even the president,
who is weeping in the Oval Office
at the thought of having to give up
the least hangnail of power, even
the great poet whose voice has become
so identifiable that we genuflect
hearing it, shutting off our minds
to the recognition that it is only a voice now,
even these, before their success, were men.
Inside them, as they are towed, great
helium balloons in the Macy's Christmas parade,
there may still be men rattling,
but how are we to know?

I watch you ricochet
from banquet to banquet, from
radio to talk show, and I think
"That is my friend. She is in
real danger." And you watch me
in a suit with a vest, and wearing a
Countess Mara tie, accepting
with judicious well-phrased thanks.

Both of us need to remember that
we are no good, no good, really.
Neither of us can speak fluent Greek.
Both of us can cook, but last night
I ruined a perfectly possible chicken soup,
and I still remember when your stove caught fire
and you had to redecorate the kitchen.

Those Destroyed by Success

cont'd
William Dickey

To be destroyed by success, I think
you do need to begin to believe
you can do anything and everything
and as the belief grows
little bits of the brain fall off
and turn into recalcitrant diamonds.
And eventually you are only a scatter of diamond
and a hollow where the ability to fail once was.

Keep reminding me, and I will keep
reminding you. Remember that
you cannot tell east from west, remember
that in separate cars, you leading
and then I leading, it once
took us two hours to find the freeway.
Remember the Christmas Day in Bucks County
when I was trying to call Seattle, and
the long-distance operator began to try
to put long-distance calls through me
in the upstairs bedroom,
and when I explained I was only trying
to call Seattle, said: "You poor thing."

Even if the money comes, let us be poor
and spend it rapidly on British Leyland
motor cars that collapse when scolded
and on fish poachers for which we have
no fish. And after the banquet
at which multiples of ourselves have toasted
multiples of ourselves many times over
and turned red in the face, let us go back
to a shabby hotel room and talk
about what went wrong, and remember
how dangerous it is to be right, and how
dangerous to be powerful, even in small things.

**Dockey, William. "Those Destroyed by Success."
Poems to Live By. (2006).**