

CRESTWOOD



OLYMPICS BRING A STRONG FINISH

BY: SYDNEY SWARTZ, '16
On Friday May 23rd, students filed into the gym, not knowing what to expect. Would it be the same type of carnival as last year? Would the gym be filled with people aimlessly walking around? However, all of these speculations proved to be wrong.

In a twist from previous year-end events, this day was organized to be an inter-grade competition.

The teams were organized by Grade: 7/8s, 9/10s, 11/12s, and finally, the teachers. The games featured a variety of events, ranging from physical such as the obstacle course, to artistic, with the drawing competition.

The first event to be run was the drawing competition. Crestwood students chose their favourite teacher to model for them, while Teachers got to choose students. The contestants were given 20 minutes to draw. In between this time, the highly competitive clothing event was held.

Contestants and their two helpers were tasked to put on as many articles of clothing as possible within the time allowed. Various strategies included: tying the clothing on, ignoring the sleeves entirely, and putting on large jerseys. After a hectic few minutes, the teachers, led by Mr. David, were crowned victorious.

Next came the imaginative and highly anticipated air bands. The

grade 7/8s started it off with a masterfully choreographed rendition of One Direction's, What Makes You Beautiful. Their energy had the entire school clapping. For the grade 9/10s, a duet by Christina and Vincent sparked a variety of emotions throughout the gym. Their passionate singing was not easily forgotten. The last group to represent the students was the grade 11/12s.

Their use of air instruments wowed the judges along with their choice of costumes. Last but not least was the teacher group made up of entirely science teachers. The cleverly named "Triple Beam Balances" brought colour to the gym with their pigmented hats in stark contrast with their white lab coats. Various students around the gym recorded the spectacle of seeing their teachers dancing.

After roughly 20 minutes of other events, the results were in for the drawing competition.

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THE 2014 PROVINCIAL ELECTION

BY: NICHOLAS MENNELL, '14 AND
MATTHEW COHEN, '14

On June 12th, 2014, Ontario will have an election to decide the next premier of Ontario. Our current premier is Kathleen Wynne, who represents the Liberal Party of Ontario. The Conservative Party is led by Tim Hudak. Andrea Horwath is leading the charge for the NDP.

This will be your guide to these parties without all the political dogma of modern news organizations.

Liberals tend to believe in equality and liberty. This can be expressed through free, fair elections, increased civil rights, freedom of press and religion, free trade and private property. The only negative to all of these things is that they could bring about higher taxes. The provincial Liberal Party has many of these same beliefs. Three ideas that Ms. Wynne would like to put into place include encouraging companies to create more jobs, initiating improvements to Ontario's health and education sectors, and helping Ontarians pay their electric bills.

The ideology of the Conservatives is all about tradition. Some Conservatives want society to stay the way it is; others want it changed back to the way it used to be. The Progressive Conservative Party, led by Tim Hudak, wants to follow a similar platform to the Liberals, but with more focus on job creation, balancing the budget



and making Ontario a more prosperous business environment.

The next party is the NDP, led by Andrea Horwath. This is the famed party of Tommy Douglas, which gave the people of Canada a public healthcare system that has protected us since 1946. This party runs a socialist platform dedicated to increasing public funding. They plan to spend this money issuing tax breaks to small businesses and start-ups. They aim to pay for this by raising taxes on bigger industries. The NDP party also plans to lower the costs of universities, eliminating the interest on student loans. Andrea Horwath also plans to eliminate \$20,000 of debt if a doctor, fresh out of school, goes to work in an under-served area of the

province. This is in an attempt to provide better healthcare. She also plans to reduce the taxes on hydro bills in order to lessen the average cost of bills in households across the province. The NDP is looking to raise taxes on the wealthy to help out the poorer people in Ontario.

All of these parties make a good argument, but who is the best? Does having a free economy, with no taxes, beat out a socialist government that makes sure every person has a full stomach? Only you can decide who is going to lead Ontario for years to come... if you are over 18 that is.

OLYMPICS BRING A STRONG FINISH, CONTINUED

Each artist brought his or her own style to the event. Some opted for natural colours and poses, while others brought out bright hues and favourite quotations. All models seemed pleased with the end result. However, the grade 11/12 portrait of Mr. Cardinale took the cake.

The final, and arguably most exciting event, was the obstacle course. The gym featured a treacherous relay of running, jumping, cup stacking, crab walking, and more. The course featured some thrills and some spills. The scooters proved to be a task that was quite difficult to achieve. Unfortunately, the crab-walk to the cafeteria was unable to be viewed by the spectators, however, the photo finish lead to great excitement.

The Crestwood Olympics ended off with a school barbeque for all grades. The integration of junior and senior students only added to the unity of the Crestwood community. No longer in their respective teams, Crestwood students enjoyed their lunch before the confusion of figuring out their next classes.

The Crestwood Olympics can be deemed a success. Although untraditional, the events proved to be great fun. Next year's student government will have a tough act to follow.



COUP D'ÉTAT?

BY: MEGHAN KATES, '16

The country of Thailand is a mid-sized nation located in Southeast Asia with a total land area of 513,120 square kilometers and a population of 66.79 million people. Its capital city is Bangkok, a bustling hive of cultural, political and economic influence that can trace its roots back to a 15th century trading post. The Thai people place great emphasis on courtesy, and family is valued as the cornerstone of society. Thailand is a beautiful tourist destination with numerous scenic viewpoints and a warm, tropical climate.

Despite the beauty and charm present within Thailand, this façade is hiding a rich history of political unrest. Since eliminating the monarchy's complete control in 1932, the military had instituted eleven coups, also known as a coup d'état. This means that since 1932, only 82 years ago, the military has taken over the country eleven times. Furthering this tragic history is the fact that this unrest is still continuing.

Thursday, May 22, 2014 marked the declaration of martial law by the army in Thailand. This came after six months of political unrest. This surprising move was declared by the Thai army as a way to ensure "law and order". The army and others within the country have denied that this seizure of power is a coup d'état. Others in Thailand, as well as around the world, are skeptical of the army's motives in this crisis.



Preceding the institution of martial law, there had been political upheaval and protests for half of a year. These anti-government protests have resulted in the deaths of 80 and the injury of up to 800 people. This protesting comes after eight years of political tension and a precarious power struggle between several different factions of Thai government. The democracy in Thailand is under threat and many are concerned that it will not last through all of this turmoil and usurpation of power.



Countries from all over the world have given their two cents in this conflict. Most Canadian officials are vehemently against the declaration of martial law. John Baird, the Canadian Foreign Affairs Minister commented, "This decision violates Thailand's democratic principles and stands in stark contrast to the Army's earlier assurances that its role would be limited to securing public order." Many countries abroad are considering, or have already implemented, sanctions against Thailand in an effort to pressure the military into relinquishing control of the country. There has been a travel advisory issued for those planning on going to Thailand. All those traveling to the country should exercise caution and follow the implemented curfew.



Whether the army's martial law is the twelfth in a long line of coups is yet to be fully determined. However, it further demonstrates the unrest that is still continuing in this beautiful nation.

SPEAKING FOR THE BEANS

BY: SHUOHENG MA, '14

Every coffee bean has its own story and I believe that every coffee lover should know that story. Unfortunately, beans cannot talk, so I will be their voice. There are 2.25 billion cups of coffee consumed in the world every day. Coffee is a widely traded commodity, second only to dollar and oil trade.

The story begins over three thousand feet above sea level, under a canopy of trees. This is where the coffee bean rises and ripens, inside the fruit. It is their first home: the coffee cherry. The bean is picked, washed and sent off to dry under the sun, before the quality selection. How does a bean get from the farm to you? Coffee traders in the commodities market set coffee prices for maximum profit, regardless of what price is right for the farmer. Your bean is sold and shipped to a giant warehouse, where it becomes just one of many beans. Have you ever thought about what the living conditions of coffee farmers is like?

Ethiopia is one of the poorest countries in Africa. Most of what the country sells, is coffee. Right now, the price of coffee is at an all-time low. It is selling for far less than one dollar per kilogram. Most coffee farmers work on a small farm and sell their coffee to a middleman, who pays them even less. However, in stores and coffee shops, coffee sells for up to fifteen dollars per kilogram. Corporations who sell the coffee still want to make a good profit. So, they do that by paying coffee farmers less and less. This has led to starvation, poverty, long working hours and child labor in the coffee growing industry. Right now, a coffee farmer makes two to three dollars per day, if he can pick up fifty kilograms of coffee beans. However, usually one person cannot pick that much in a day. So, the worker's whole family has to help, including their young children. Forty percent of kids under the age of six-years-old are working in Ethiopia. Most coffee farmers make under nine hundred dollars per year. As well, in order to ensure that the maximum amount of coffee is exported, the government controls the movement and sale of coffee within the country. This means that the very people who grow the coffee, have to pay two to three times the price that people in other countries pay to drink their own coffee.

The good news is that their living conditions are changing because of an American company called Starbucks.



At Starbucks, coffee is the heart and soul of the company. They have always worked to buy their coffee in a way that respects the people and the place that produces it. It is simply what they believe to be right. Over the last decade, Conservation International has helped the world develop buying guidelines to address principles for ethical sourcing. Called Coffee and Farmer Equity (C.A.F.E.) Practices, these guidelines help our farmers grow coffee in a way that's better for both people and the planet. C.A.F.E. Practices is a comprehensive set of measurable standards, focused on the following four areas:

- 1. Product Quality:** All coffee must meet our standards for high quality.
- 2. Economic Accountability:** Economic transparency is required. Suppliers must submit evidence of payments made throughout the coffee supply chain. This demonstrates how much of the money that we pay for green coffee goes towards the coffee farmers.
- 3. Social Responsibility:** Measures evaluated by third-party verifiers help protect the rights of workers and ensure safe, fair and humane working and living conditions. Compliance with minimum-wage requirements and prohibition of child and forced labor is mandatory.
- 4. Environmental Leadership:** Measures evaluated by third-party verifiers help manage waste, protect water quality, conserve water and energy, preserve biodiversity and reduce agrochemical use.

Starbucks has established farmer support centers to provide local farmers with resources to help lower the cost of production, improve coffee quality, and increase the production of coffee. Responsibly grown, treated coffee means working with farmers to produce coffee in ways that help provide benefit to their business, their communities, and their environment. Starbucks knows their long-term success is linked to the prosperity of the thousands of farmers who grow their coffee. That is why they work on-the-ground with farmers to help improve coffee quality. They also invest in loan programs for coffee-growing communities. It's not just the right thing to do morally, it's the right thing to do for their business. By helping to sustain coffee farmers and strengthen their communities, Starbucks ensures a healthy supply of high-quality coffee for the future.

Thank you, Starbucks!

THE END...OR JUST THE BEGINNING?

BY: DUNCAN GILFILLAN, '14

This final year has been one for the record books, and might I say, it has been a year well spent.

For the past six years of my life, Crestwood has been like a second home to me. I arrive five days a week feeling inspired, welcomed, and energized. The Crestwood Spirit has always reflected the saying, "You will get out of it as much as you put in."

Being involved in the Crestwood community, specifically as the school's president this year, has allowed me to gain just that. Throughout the last six years, I have seen huge changes in who I am and what I stand for. Crestwood has been a large reason behind this change. It is sad to think that this journey, being in high school, is coming to an end. However, I now understand that high school is just the start of the rest of my life as a true and mature member of society.

This year, in of itself, has been one to remember, especially due to my involvement with the Student Govern-

ment. The government ran two large events during this year: the semi-formal, and the Crestwood Olympics. As well, the Student Government facilitated town halls and other smaller projects and initiatives within the school.



The Semi-Formal was a huge success with two rockin' DJs, and more than 100 people in attendance. The Olympic Day, on the other hand, was an event filled with laughter and energy. At this recent event, 7/8, 9/10, 11/12, and a team composed of teachers competed against one another in a friendly competition in front of the school. Both events were an absolute blast to put on for Crestwood students and teachers. This was mainly because we got to see people have a good time while supporting Crestwood Spirit.

As mentioned earlier, the idea of leaving is a very sad; however, reality is unavoidable and the torch must be passed on. Life is about to open up for me, and I am excited to embrace it with the confidence the Crestwood has instilled within me.

A HIGH SCHOOL SWAN SONG

BY: JAKE PASCOE, '14

Somebody was Shakespeare's English teacher. I pity them. Can you imagine trying to teach Shakespeare? An individual whose skull is the gate to a vocabulary universes more vast than anyone else who ever lived? A writer who can craft stories as winding and as sprawling and as magnificent as a labyrinth? A creative mind more imposing and more powerful than anyone who's ever put a pen to a paper or a finger to a keyboard? It probably wasn't fun:



"William, we have to talk about your essay," he'd probably say.

"Of course sir, what happened? Was something wrong with it?"

"Yes, William, there was plenty wrong with it! For starters I could barely understand it! You keep making up words! Like 'gloomy!' What the heck is that supposed to mean?"

"It's like, sad! Like, if you're all sad and mopey then you're gloomy!"

"I don't understand. Why not just say sad?"

"Well, gloomy just sounds better. It feels like sad more than sad does."

"See me after school."

What made Shakespeare so incredible is that his creative mind was more advanced than arguably anyone in human history.

Religious philosopher Deepak Chopra once spoke about the creative mind and the creative impulse. He said, "As long as you can have a little pain that fuels the creative impulse, you can be happy. And that's really what divinity is about, it's about creativity, creating, creation. In the bible, God is the creator, the universe is a creation. When you create, when you write a book or act or sing, you are releasing the little bit of God that is in you. The creative impulse is God in you." Chopra has it right when referencing divinity and creativity. The most influential story in the history of humankind begins with the most famous act of creativity of all. If, like Chopra says, we channel that divinity, that more-than-human grace, every time we create, than fostering the creativity of students is the most important thing a teacher can do.

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A HIGH SCHOOL SWAN SONG, CONTINUED

For every educational system around the world, the top priority is literacy. As I sit here, an old fart in the teenage world receding into a nostalgic lethargy, I can honestly say that while literacy is monumentally important, creativity is just as. Creativity should be taught with as much prestige and urgency as reading and writing is.

It's difficult to isolate moments where one learns creativity since most of those fireworks explode internally and without warning, but I remember three.

The first instance was during a Pascoe family road trip to Prince Edward Island. If any of you have ever made a drive similar than you may be able to appreciate how creative one can feel on a road trip across a significant chunk of the country. I was staring into the dark of the woods in middle-of-nowhere New Brunswick when I opened my mouth and I spoke. I just let the words and the characters and the moments slip off my tongue with no control, no crafting, no pre-meditation. I absorbed the magic of the world outside, let it tumble in my mind for a little, and threw it into the car, letting a story explode like a grenade. I couldn't tell you what it's about — that memory has long dissipated — but I can tell you it started a Pascoe family tradition of improvised stories. I learned this lesson of creation then: don't think, just let the stories fall. The beauty comes in their inception, not in their form. Mold them later, create them now.

The second lesson came this past summer during my six week tour of Eastern Europe and Israel with United Synagogue Youth. After weeks and weeks of touring and museums and relics and bonding, friends, drama, gossip, trouble, good food, bad food, complaints, tears, concentration camps, ghettos, wailing walls, swimming, dancing, singing... I stopped. I was in Mitzpe Ramon, the Ramon Crater, camping out in the middle of the night underneath the stars. We had all walked out in different directions for some nice personal reflection. There was no trace of light except heaven above. And I lay down on the slope of a wide dusty red hill. It was silent. No crickets. No chatter. Nothing. And I closed my eyes and I waited. I waited for G-d to swoop down and sit next to me and keep me company or peel back the black veil of the sky and point out the clockwork that keeps the universe ticking. But nothing came.

For a few minutes I was disappointed, I needed action. I needed something. But in the expanse of that lull of life I noticed something pretty beautiful.

Life of Pi author Yann Martel once spoke on those pauses. He said, "Life, it seems, favours moments of stillness to appear on the edges of our perception and whisper to us, 'Here I am, what do you think?' Then we become busy and the stillness vanishes, but we hardly notice because we fall so easily for the delusion of busyness, whereby what keeps us busy must be important and the busier we are with it, the more important it must be. And so we work, work, work, rush, rush, rush. On occasion we say to ourselves, panting, 'Gosh, life is racing by.' But it's the contrary: life is still. It is us who is racing by."

That was my second lesson: You notice creation only when you stop for a moment. We are so invested in work and school and stress that we fail to notice robins chirping and summer creeping up on us. In order to create, we must notice the creation. Stop. Breathe. Whether you're religious or not everything was at some point created. Babies, trees, grass, birds. Let the simple beauty of nature be your fuel.

My third instance wasn't really an instance. Over my time at Crestwood for the past two years I have been so lucky to study under teachers and with students that have taught me creativity with as much insistence as anything else. I've been able to see my words in print, I've been able to see them come to life on a stage, I've been able to let them grow.

I was hesitant, however, to let Crestwood teach me anything about creating stories and writing. Creation has become something to be embarrassed about. Writing poems and stories and creating music and choreographing is all of a sudden shamed, at least it is in the minds of its creators. What Crestwood taught me about creativity is that the only thing holding it back from bursting out of you like water from a dam is you. Your persistent need to keep it sheltered so it can come out of the gate sprinting and not crawling is hindering the possibility of others helping you to teach it to stand and walk and dance.

Thank you to everyone at Crestwood for being so welcoming, so supportive and frankly so life-changing. You've all helped me let stories slip out of me, you've all made me stop and notice the creation around me and you've all made me brave enough to not be afraid of being creative.

"I urge you to please notice when you are happy, and exclaim or murmur or think at some point, 'If this isn't nice, I don't know what is.'" - Kurt Vonnegut

CREATIVE WRITING: THAT ONE SUMMER DAY

BY: SIENA DI CUIA, '16

The gentle air whisked by and the leaves ruffled as the air bounced off the trees, and everything was quiet.

Until...

"SCHOOLS OUT!" screamed almost every single child that was stampeding out of the school. When summer broke, the atmosphere changed with it, and so did life for a lot of people—in particular, Lizzy.

People came and went, animals eventually died, and friends were only temporary. This is how Lizzy viewed life in general. She believed that disappointment followed your every move, and whether or not something made you happy, you should not continue it because in a swift, sudden minute, it could all be taken away. Lizzy's parents had both died when she was 7 years old. Since that day, she was never the same. Her level of trust was the exact same for every single person who came into contact with her. Her beliefs were set in stone, and until this very day, nothing would've changed her mind.

It was a windy day, and Lizzy never really went outside, but for some peculiar reason, she happened to take her book outside, and sat on the porch. While reading, the wind brushed against her face and her hair danced on her cheeks in swift motions, causing her to smirk.

Her smile vanished as quick as it appeared. She scanned each page, already bored with the verses, for she knew exactly which word was going to come next. She put her book down, took in the summer air while taking a deep breath, and shut her eyes. To her surprise, when she opened her eyes, she did not just see the perfect blue sky; instead she saw a pair of eyes staring directly at her. Lizzy, startled, jumped back and fell off the steep step on which she sat.

The boy ran to Lizzy's rescue, and just as he put his hand out to help her stand up, she violently arose and screamed at him to get away. He backed away slowly, apologizing on his way out.

After that day, Lizzy never went back outside, for what awaited her behind her door, was too exciting and overwhelming for her liking.

But one afternoon, while she was sitting in the attic watering her plants, she looked out the window and saw the same eyes she'd once seen at her steps. She jumped back only to realize she was in the safety of her own house, so she moved closer to the window to get a better view.

His name was Thomas, or so she'd heard from the children at school. He was a new student attending their elementary school come September. His composure was natural and his eyes seemed friendly and content, but Lizzy couldn't pursue any further thoughts about him.

It was a mid-July afternoon, and the park was completely empty. Lizzy alone and content, perched herself against the slide and leaned on it while enjoying the last few pages of her book. Suddenly, she felt a dark presence cloud over her, and was afraid to look up. She squinted as she did look up, and saw the same familiar brown eyes that she'd seen that one June afternoon at her porch. Her immediate thought was to look away, but something about his face allowed her to keep gazing up. His mouth opened as if he was about to speak, but instead he walked to the nearest patch of grass, and plucked a single daisy.

He walked over to her and gently lifted her from her seat. Lizzy stood up, tentatively, and released the hold he had on her hand. Perplexed, he looked at her. But instead of questioning it, he pulled a single strand of hair behind her ear, placed the daisy there, smiled at her, and walked away, never looking back.

Memories last a lifetime. Lizzy, now 72, hadn't forgotten one single occasion from her childhood. Her life hadn't changed much. She lived in the same home with the same collection of books, and the same plants, with the exception of one change: she was no longer alone. She went to sit on her porch that afternoon, as she had done for years as a child, but this time she sat beside her soul mate, Thomas. He reached out to grasp her hand, the wind brushed against their faces, and hair dancing on their cheeks in swift motions, causing them to smirk.

And together they gazed out into the sky that awaited them.



CREATIVE WRITING: MIRROR IMAGE

BY: MEGHAN KATES, '16

The warm summer breeze swirls around me, but it is not enough to take the heat away. I feel a cold drop of sweat trickle down my back. My discomfort is not helped by my spiraling thoughts, whirling around inside my head. The pain of my memories is continuing unabated. I would like to drown my thoughts, anything to keep them from resurfacing.

My feet slap the ground as I walk along the side of the train tracks. I have nowhere to go and no home to which I can return. This seems like my only option. Everyone has abandoned me: my brother, my parents, and now my wife. This life holds nothing for me anymore.

I keep plodding on, unsure of where to go and what to do. As the night advances, my exhaustion only grows. The rough, stony ground reaches up to trip my every step. Then, I stumble and fall hard on my knee. I look to the heavens and try to discern my future in the slew of stars; but all I see are winking lights, mocking me with their cheery sparkle.

There is no sign in the sky of what I should do. If only I could see a sign, maybe I wouldn't be so lost.

I brace myself to stand when I feel the ground start to shake. Without conscious thought, I walk into the centre of the tracks and stare down the oncoming train.

I watch as the train comes closer and closer to me. The train's whistle screams like a banshee. I feel the ground rumble as the lights come nearer. My feet itch to run away but my brain screams *I don't care*. The lights of the train trap me and I am paralyzed. I am a deer caught in the headlights. Maybe I do not want to move.

When the barreling train is nearly upon me, I close my eyes and wait for death. There is no one to live for anyway, so why even try? The train screams for me to stop. It is as if it is saying, "*Don't do it John.*"

My blood rushes as I feel the wind of the train. Death is beckoning to me. Just as I feel the train's proximity, a force pushes me from behind. My eyes snap open just in time to see a mirror image of myself a metre away from the oncoming train.

I see my reflection get hit. The sound of a bulk of steel hitting a body is one that I never wish to hear again. I close my eyes and howl into the deepening night. Why did he sacrifice himself for me? I thought he did not care about me anymore.

Now, I have a debt to pay. He took my place, and now I must take his. I cannot waste his sacrifice.

Want to write for The Crestword?

We hope you'll contribute next year! Speak to Ms. Bryant for details.

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