

CRESTWORD

TRACING MANDELA'S FOOTSTEPS

BY: SABRINA WASSERMAN '16
This summer, the Toronto Children's Chorus and I had the opportunity of a lifetime: we were invited to sing in a choral festival in South Africa.

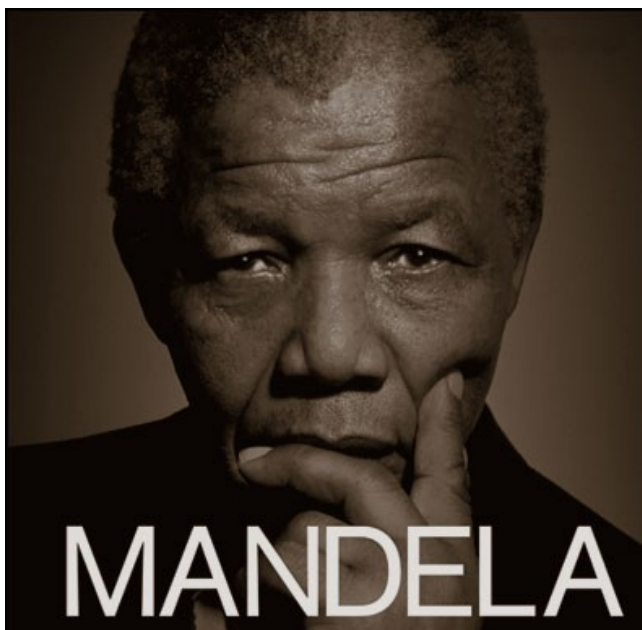
All of us were completely ecstatic, including my sister Cassie, who was one of the travelling 22 choristers. We were all very excited to see the sights, take tourist photos, and go shopping in the South African markets; however, none of us expected to have the incredible journey we went on.

When I exited the plane in the Johannesburg airport, I had no idea what to expect. The 22 other choristers and I were all groggy from the long flights. We had taken a layover in England on the way, which added to our fatigue. We were quickly shoved onto a bus and, within the hour, were taken to a ship dock. None of us knew where we were or what we were doing.

We were told we were traveling to Robben Island. Of course, with my lack of knowledge of South African history, coupled with my drooping eyes, I had no idea what it was.

Little did I know that Robben Island was a jail. The same jail in which Nelson Mandela was held for 27 years during his struggle to end the apartheid.

Our tour guide showed us through the jail. He, too, was a prisoner of the jail, when it was still running. He was able to tell us about his incredible struggle for freedom, as well as Mandela's own struggles. We were able to hear about the harsh conditions which prisoners faced, including extreme malnutrition, and very crowded living conditions.



Our tour guide explained to us that the prisoners were forced to clap bricks together, which severely damaged one's lungs. It was through this practice that Mandela became ill, and hospitalized for the duration of our visit.

We all became very emotional hearing of the story of apartheid, as well as how this jail in particular contributed to it. Cassie and I both hugged each other and took pictures together, forgetting our sisterly bickering for the beauty of the moment.

It was difficult to compre-

hend everything at once. How could a place so beautiful house such an awful jail?

We took a 40-minute boat ride to the island. All the choristers gossiped about the plane ride and questioned when our next rehearsal was.

When we finally left Robben Island that day, we were all very emotional. Everyone felt very moved by Mandela's struggle for freedom. The Choir left that day with a richer knowledge and understanding of the apartheid, and the struggle it caused.

When we finally stepped off of the boat and onto the island, we were all mesmerized. The island was absolutely beautiful. It was filled with gorgeous flora and fauna, as well as many rare species of birds. I was even able to see my first penguin on the island!

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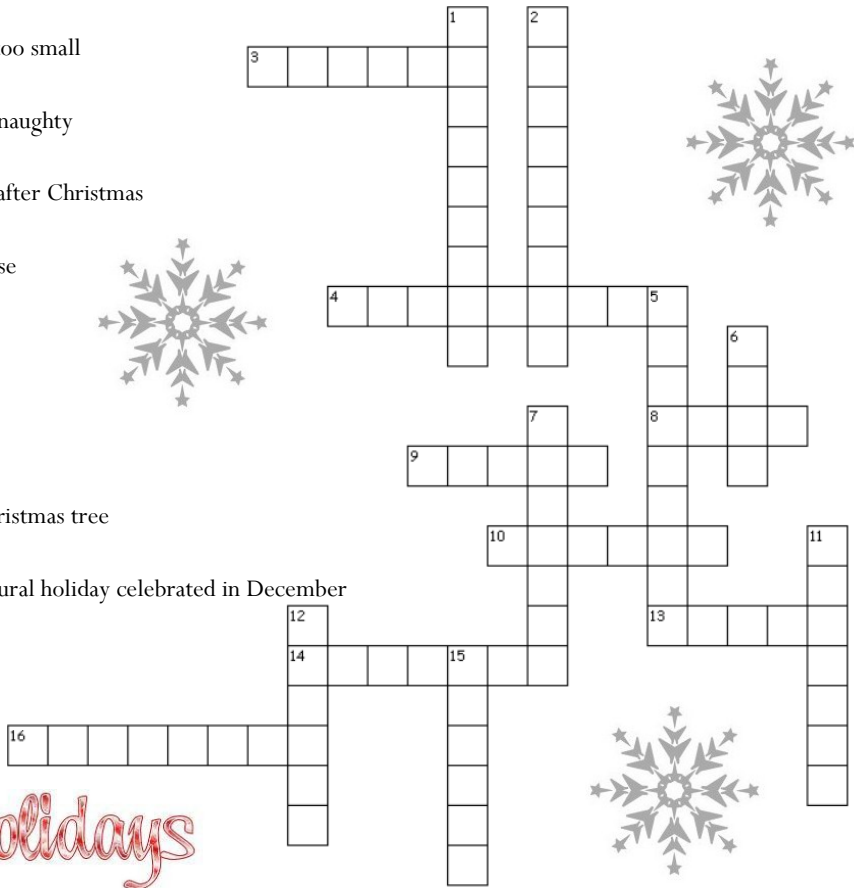
HOLIDAY CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- 3. his heart was two sizes too small
- 4. hung on the tree
- 8. what you get if you are naughty
- 9. Santa's little helpers
- 10. _____ Day: the day after Christmas
- 14. checks his list twice
- 14. reindeer with a red nose
- 16. left under the tree

DOWN

- 1. festival of lights
- 2. where Jesus was born
- 5. hung on the fireplace
- 6. placed on top of the Christmas tree
- 7. holds 7 candles
- 11. African-American cultural holiday celebrated in December
- 12. had a very jolly soul



Happy Holidays

TRACING MANDELA'S FOOTSTEPS, CONTINUED

We all wanted to do something to show our appreciation for Mandela. Seeing how moved we were, our artistic director, Elise Bradely, arranged for something incredible. It was a regular Tuesday on the trip and all of us were excited by the shopping we were about to do in the markets of Capetown. We took a long bus ride, all of us unaware that the market was not our first destination.

After a meaningful moment of silence, we sang a prayer for Mandela. This particular prayer originated from New Zealand, and was entitled "Wairu a Tapu." The piece is derived from the Maori tribes of New Zealand, and is a universal prayer of the spirit. We sang the prayer with great motivation, and honoured Mandela's accomplishments throughout the years.

Throughout the entire experience of going to South Africa, learning about the rich culture, and the extensive history of the apartheid, I can honestly say that I have grown as a person. Learning about such tragedies



from firsthand accounts provided me with a unique education and perspective on history. Throughout the entire journey, we traced Mandela's footsteps in the struggle of the apartheid, and really put ourselves in his shoes. Learning about the accomplishments of Mandela, and so many others in South Africa, has helped to not only shape me as a person, but the rest of the choir as a whole. With the tragic passing of Mandela, it is important that we pass on his memory and struggles. His legacy will forever live on through our stories.

SOCHI: GRADE 12 INTRAGRADE DEBATES

BY: ZACHARY BROWN '14

Earlier this month the Grade 12 Intragrade Debate Tournament concluded, with a spirited finale, as a team of Michael Lawee and Cassie Wasserman faced off against Victor Minkov and Alexis Winfield. The debate concerning the contentious Sochi 2014 Olympics was a fitting conclusion to a competitive and equally entertaining series of Grade 12 debates. Minkov and Winfield argued in favor of the boycott, while Lawee and Wasserman tried to convince judges to rule against the boycott. The debate over the Sochi Olympics brings up important questions that force us to consider the politicization of sports and the role we all play in shaping current events.

This is not the first time the Olympic games have been the subject of controversy. The 1936 Berlin Olympics was held in the midst of the rise of the Nazi regime in Germany. Many countries threatened to boycott the Olympics, but other than a few Jewish groups, the threats proved unfounded. The 1956 Melbourne Olympics were boycotted by Egypt, Iraq, and Lebanon in response to the Suez Crisis. In 1976, the Montréal Olympics were boycotted by a series of African nations as the International Olympic Committee refused to ban New Zealand. New Zealand's rugby team had been playing with South Africa, which at the time was banned from international sporting events due to its apartheid policy. The most controversial boycotts, however, occurred in 1980 and 1984. During the 1980 Moscow Olympics, the United States and 65 other countries boycotted the games in response to the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. In response, the USSR boycotted the 1984 Los Angeles Olympics. Since then, there have been no major Olympic boycotts.

Since the Sochi Olympics were announced in 2007 it has been mired in considerable controversy. The Russian

state has been criticized for numerous human rights abuses, especially regarding LGBT individuals.

The recent history of LGBT individuals in Russia is a complex one. After years of totalitarian oppression, Mikhail Gorbachev's *Glasnost* policy opened the door for the emergence of a Russian LGBT community in the 1980s. Following the collapse of the USSR in 1991, Boris Yeltsin's government formally legalized homosexuality. However, recently Russia has seemingly slid back towards the days of 'Stalinist' despotism. This has mirrored the frightening rise of Neo-Nazism in the country.

On July 30th 2013, the Putin Government passed a series of laws which banned the promotion of homosexuality to minors. This law fundamentally undermines the civil rights of homosexuals living in Russia; this includes any speech in defense of gay rights, public demonstrations in favor of gay rights, distributing gay rights materials, or stating homosexual relations are equal to heterosexual relations. The law has been met international scorn, especially in western democracies. As a result many have considered boycotting the 2014 Sochi Olympics.

In the end, the team of Lawee and Wasserman was skillfully able to convince the judges to rule in their favor, despite equally robust and convincing arguments from their opposition. Ultimately, what you think about the debate says a lot about you. Do you think international human rights are more important than national pride? Are the Olympics a time to make a political statement, or a time for apolitical unanimity between the worlds nations? There are no easy answers to these questions, but what you think and what you choose to watch from February 7th-23rd could have significant effect on the world we live in today. Remember that the next time you turn on Olympic figure skating or hockey game.



MASAI UJIRI... TO THE RESCUE?



BY: ZACHARY HIRSHBERG '14

It has been two weeks since the Raptors blew a 27 point lead in San Francisco, and were destroyed in Phoenix. Many people thought changes had to be made – and they were right.

It has been a week since Masai Ujiri took the first step in fixing the broken Raptors. Last Sunday night, Ujiri traded franchise player Rudy Gay, Quincy Acy and Aaron Gray to the Sacramento Kings. In exchange they received John Salmons, Greivis Vasquez, Chuck Hayes, and Patrick Patterson. Although many did not want to see Rudy Gay go, it was something that had to be done. Shooting a career low 36% from the field, Gay was still attempting almost 19 shots a game – more than LeBron James and Dwayne Wade. Gay's 19-shot attempt per game is the second most in the NBA. If you are going to take that many shots it is unacceptable to only connect 36% of the time.



Many people believed Gay might have been the Raptors problem, and that may have been true. With Gay on the roster, the Raptors started the season 6-12. Since he was traded last Sunday, the Raptors are 3-1. This might not mean anything, but it is a step in the right direction.

Along with Rudy Gay, we also sent Quincy Acy and Aaron Gray to Sacramento. Although Acy did not play a lot this season, he will be missed as he was an up-and-coming young player in the NBA. Aaron Gray, on the other hand, only played four games this season for the Raptors. During that short period of time, he proved that he was not a particularly valuable part of the organization.



In January 2013, a costly experiment was made to trade Jose Calderon and Ed Davis for Rudy Gay. Jose Calderon was a fan favourite in Toronto, and played for us for 7 years before being traded. I saw Calderon play for his new team, the Dallas Mavericks, this weekend. He played very well and is now a fan favourite in Dallas. Ed Davis is still a young and improving player now with the Memphis Grizzlies.

Many believe Ujiri is going to break up the whole roster, and rebuild it to his own liking. Reporters think Kyle Lowry's days as a Raptor are numbered. Just last week, Lowry was almost traded to the Knicks; this was before the Knicks owner Jim Dolan blocked the trade. He said, "the Raptors were asking too much in exchange for Lowry." The Raptors wanted two players and a future first round pick. Many other teams are still interested in Lowry. The Brooklyn Nets, Golden State Warriors and Los Angeles Lakers are all teams that have contacted the Raptors in an attempt to acquire Kyle Lowry. As of now, Lowry is still a member of the Toronto Raptors, but in the coming weeks this will probably change. If he is not moved in the upcoming weeks, we should expect Lowry to be traded before the NBA trade deadline on February 20th.



I have faith that Ujiri will bring the Raptors to where they want to be: NBA Champions. But the city of Toronto is guaranteed a few growing pains before it all comes to fruition.

CATAN: EVERY GAME IS DIFFERENT

BY: MR. MATTHEW DAVID

Some of you may have seen me in the Learning Commons during period 4 lunch playing a funny-looking board game with Grade 7 and 8 students. The name of the game is Settlers of Catan. This game combines the best parts of Monopoly and Risk, without the overly long game play.

The best way to learn to play Catan is to jump right in. If you do not have a board (or if you do not know someone who does), here is video that explains how the game works (<http://goo.gl/PBO79F>). If you want a more interactive walk-through, this site goes step-by-step in explaining the various parts of the game and how they work (http://www.profeasy.com/Settlers_Boardgame/).



I've found that on more than one occasion, I have made certain moves that would be considered cruel in other circumstances. I spent one game moving the Robber repeatedly onto another player's tile to keep robbing them of their cards. And during another game, I built a series of roads to block another player off from a certain part of the board.

The best part is that since you assemble the board each time, every game is different! Some games, the dice are in your favour and you get some good cards; other times, you think you have placed your settlements well, but you are forced to change all your plans on a dime. And if you start to get tired of the game, there are expansion sets which add new elements to the game to keep it fresh and new. In one, new islands are added and you need to build ships to sail to these

Some of the things that I really enjoy about Catan are the social aspects of the game. Trading is an active part of the game. Someone always needs something and trying to convince another player to trade a resource can be a fun game in itself. During the game, accidental alliances are formed and temporary rivals emerge. As the game nears the end, everyone starts to jockey to get the final points they need to win.

new lands. In another, cities become true engines of development and trade. But beware, barbarians have taken an interest in all the new wealth and they want to take some for themselves.

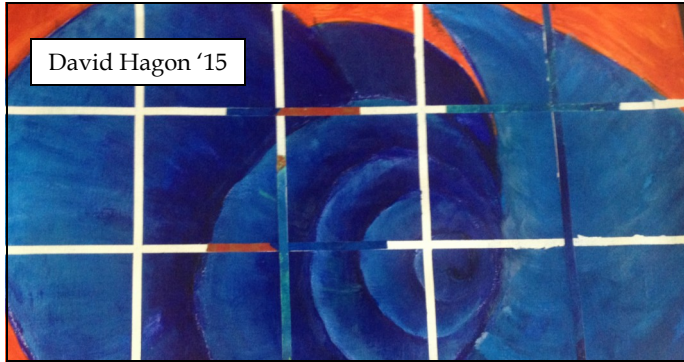
If any student (or staff member) is interested in learning how to play, I am also available after school every day of the week. So come out for a visit to the Island of Catan and see what there is to find.

CRESTWOOD KEEPS ITS TRADITION

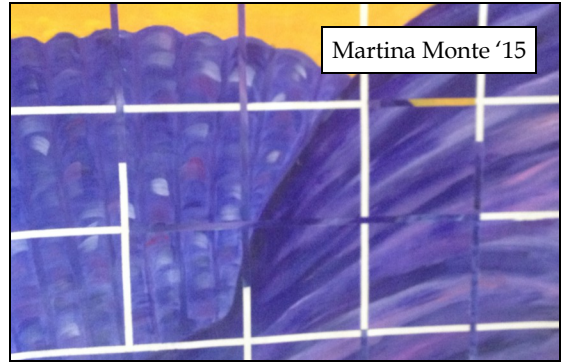
Crestwood once again participated in our holiday toy and food drive: **Crestwood Gives!** This year we partnered with **The Kawartha Haliburton Children's Foundation** to help 15 families in need during the Holiday season as well as **Toronto Sanctuary**, an organization that works with youth on the streets of Toronto.

Crestwood families and staff opened their hearts and we are happy to say that it was one of the most successful initiatives to date. From necessary household items and food vouchers, to toys and even a crib, our Crestwood family has made the season a little brighter for those in need. Thank you to everyone that helped make this initiative a success; we couldn't have done it without you.





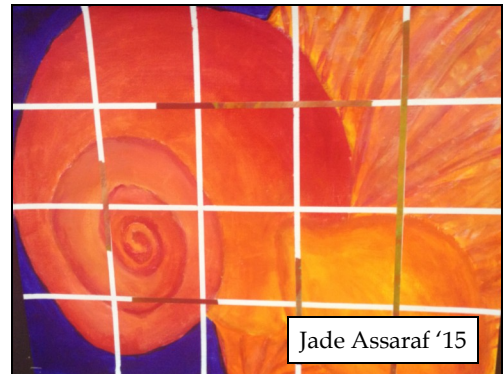
David Hagon '15



Martina Monte '15



Suzanne Eisentraut '15



Jade Assaraf '15

JR. ARTISTS' GALLERY WALL



BY: MS. BRIANNE COOPER

The grade 8 students are ending off their 2013 art careers with a fantastic portfolio to build upon in future years. The bulletin boards outside room 111 display a snapshot of all the wonderful projects they have tackled in the past few months.

Some of the projects displayed include in depth colour wheels, Cubism paintings, Picasso biographies, and pointillism landscapes. Additionally, they will soon display self portraits. If you have a chance, come take a look at the creativity and talent that these "Rookie Renoirs" possess!

BY: MARWAN ABELRAZZAK '14

Coming to Canada as a seventeen year old could not have been a problem for this man. It's one of the most multi-cultural countries in the world and everyone, regardless of their origins, is accepted and integrated into society easily. With enough money from working as a waiter, he probably entered a college in Toronto. "What was he intending on doing after graduating?" I thought. Then, it hit me. Why else could he be reading The Great Gatsby? This man had one dream, "The American Dream." This man did not want his future to be like his parents'. He wanted to become a renowned person who was well-known amongst the wealthy aristocrats in society. He must have done everything he could think of to get some money. He must have won the lottery and then gambled to get some more, I surmised. With his money he then bought shares in a successful company, which, most certainly, is the one he owns now. But did he go through all of this alone, or was there a "Daisy" in his life to share his success? If there actually was a "Daisy" in his life, then he would not leave her and she would probably be in this train car with him. He must, then, be living alone. Living without someone to care for, without someone to spoil, or even without his parents. He must have experienced some tough times on special occasions, like his birthday or religious holidays. Despite being a loner without a family, he must still love his parents even though they were cruel to him as a child. The thought of something bad happening to them would kill him inside; therefore, knowledge of any harm that takes place to his parents would be his greatest fear. Unfortunately, this is an innate fear, which he can do nothing about.

BY: SAVANNAH YUTMAN '14

She sat there in a baggy beige jacket and some old torn blue jeans. She slouched down, trying to ignore the rest of the world around her as if it was not even there. I like to call her Rose; maybe it is because of her long, strawberry blonde hair or the way her bottomless brown eyes reflected bits of red. Her name just popped out behind her hidden presence. Between the bags under her eyes and the pale bitterness of her skin she seemed tired and distressed, but this did not hide any of her beauty. You could just tell she wandered through life in a way nobody would ever be able to understand. She had learned to take nothing for granted. In her head, she was the only one on that train. She learned what true serenity was. She found every ounce of it and filled it into her lungs. I guess she has a thing for flowers because of a tattoo of a small lotus on the side of her hand. She loves the way they bloom into the most magnificent piece of art, and even with every ounce of strength, they could die with one swipe of a hand. There is magenta and turquoise paint residue on her figure tips; she's an artist. She started off like Bernini, bold and dramatic. Making sure every detail was in place and every line told a story of its own. But eventually her lines got tired and abstract became more realistic for her and people could start to see her change.

BY: KEVIN TODD '14

Like his initial stature, his old blue eyes were lazy on his forcedly bright face. They were subtle, but noticeable; each blink making his true emotions of despair and reject come forth little by little. I would not have seen this if he were any further down the aisle, but because that faint expressions of his eyes was caught by my own eyes, I couldn't help but wonder of the possible reasons behind the defeated attitude of his blue eyes. Then it dawned on me. The Toronto Symphony Orchestra was playing that night at the Roy Thompson Hall. I remembered my concert band conductor raving about the repertoire for that evening, which included Vivaldi's *'Winter'*. But it was 8:03pm when I entered the station; the concert had just started. I began to really ponder at that point. Could that have had something to do with it?
Is he even affiliated with the orchestra? Was he sad about the...

"ARRIVING AT... QUEEN... QUEEN STATION..." The pixelated voice of the woman rang through the car. As I stepped out of the tropically smelling car, I turned to man and smiled, instantly breaking his mask. Was I, a genuinely happy person, too much for the pompous pretender to conceive that night? Regardless, I figured I would never see this man again so I thought nothing significant of that second. So I left the car and the doors closed; his grin of success plastered on his face once more, brimming with enough confidence to be seen from outside the car by myself and another hermit. The siren blared, and off he went.

“STRANGER ON THE SUBWAY”

FORD'S INEVITABLE EVERLASTING EFFECT

BY: JAKE PASCOE '14

When I was in Grade 3, I pooped my pants. It's true, I'm done trying to hide it. I can't be ashamed of my past, especially not now as I near university, as adolescence sets below the horizon. It wasn't something I ever expected, I don't think anyone does. That being said, my misfortune became an event, a phenomena that shocked the senses of my peers for weeks to come. It defined my elementary career. I was stripped of my identity, my being entire. Gone was Jake, arising from the depths of a dark ocean of embarrassment came Poopy Jake.

Everything I touched, turned to poop.

Weeks ago, news broke of a certain fellow from City Hall by the name of Mayor Rob Ford. For months the bubble had been growing and it seems as if it has finally burst. With an admission of drug use followed by a slew of ridiculous events, Toronto fell. As I watched my metropolis' reputation seemingly crumble I could help but have the terrible memories of that period of Grade 3 flood back. Mayor Rob Ford metaphorically pooped his pants.

I vividly remember the time period when Ford was elected. What I remember most is one of the strongest feelings of passivity I've ever had. I simply did not care. Here was a man who looked so stereotypically mayoral he could have come from the Island of Sodor. He was a larger gentlemen with a toothy, pirate smile and an innate feeling of self-righteousness. He promised economic prosperity — great! I was young and he was simply just another political entity I had to not deal with.

A few weeks ago that all changed. When "Poopy Rob" came into being, he changed all of our lives. I look around the nation and I'm filled with such envy and embarrassment, it's incredible. As a student, with a slew of friends underneath the 49th and across this great nation, Poopy Rob hits the hardest.

Crack-Smoking-Toronto. Poop-Smelling-Grade-3. The world of a high-school student is a vicious one. We walk around each day trapped in a plastic hamster ball keeping our hearts and souls at arms reach from one another for fear that they would drop it. And they do. Every day. When Poopy Jake rose to being I was in a position of popularity that I don't think I'll ever reach again so long as the name Poopy Jake resonates with at least one person out there. I was on a pedestal, in front of a crowd, and I felt wonderful. I threw my heart and I threw my soul up in the air for the world to see. I gave it to them on a silver platter. I trusted them with my everything. When my dignity was stripped from me, they dropped it.

Poopy Rob dropped Toronto's heart and soul. In his own strange way he loved us and gave us a whole lot to believe in, just like I did with my Grade 3 class. Ford was passionate, eccentric and promising. He slashed taxes, made public appearances and made big promises we had no reason to not believe in. We gave him quarterback-like popularity. But with a laundry-list of embarrassment he threw us into the flames. It wasn't on purpose, how could it be? He came down with us too, perhaps the hardest. We're simply his classmates, the world is our school. We smell like poop, Toronto, and unfortunately it looks like a long way from bath-time.

Maybe one day we can get the stench off of us, I'm sure we will. We've been through tougher than this. Poopy Jake, however, didn't leave the world until September's leaves turned crisp and orange. As Grade 4 shuffled the classes together, I lost the pedestal I once stood upon. But I also lost the prefix I despised. I hope Crack-Smoking-Toronto-Mayor Rob Ford can learn the same before it's too late. If he cares about us enough like he claims, then it's time to drop his prefix. Take a lesson from Poopy Jake, Mayor Ford. It may be your only hope.

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The Crestword?**
Talk to your Editors and send
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