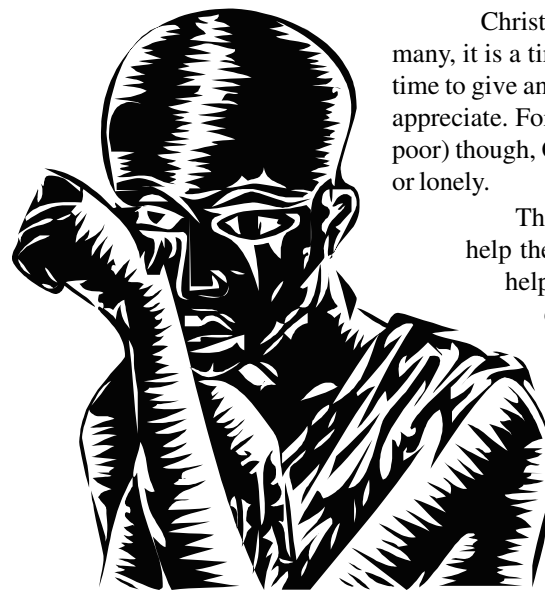


# When The Needy Need Us Most

by: Alisa McLennan



Christmas is very quickly approaching, and for many, it is a time to be generous, kind and caring. It is a time to give and receive those sweet presents anyone can appreciate. For some people (Saint John's homeless and poor) though, Christmas is a time to be cold, hungry and/or lonely.

Though the Saint John "food banks" cannot help the loneliness and can only provide limited help with the winter's bitter cold, the hunger can be helped. The "Food Banks" this time of year get more donations than during the rest of the year.

Now don't get me wrong, the "food banks" do get a substantial amount of donations, but this is a case of supply and demand. Families do not just need food, like a turkey for Christmas dinner, but also presents. Some families need toys, books and other things to give to

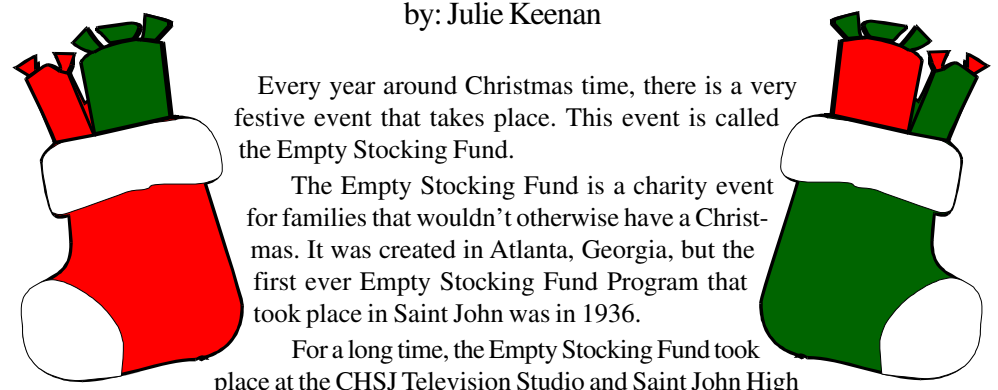
their children because they can't afford to buy these things themselves. Also, many families can't even afford a Christmas tree.

Christmas is the time of year when places like food banks, soup kitchens and The Salvation Army need us- the privileged- most.

"Don't be a punk! Help out people like Johnny Ryall!" says fellow "Hound" writer Justin E. Shepard. I, Alisa McLennan, feel I have to echo Mr. Shepard's opinion.

# SJHS Fills Empty Stockings

by: Julie Keenan



Every year around Christmas time, there is a very festive event that takes place. This event is called the Empty Stocking Fund.

The Empty Stocking Fund is a charity event for families that wouldn't otherwise have a Christmas. It was created in Atlanta, Georgia, but the first ever Empty Stocking Fund Program that took place in Saint John was in 1936.

For a long time, the Empty Stocking Fund took place at the CHSJ Television Studio and Saint John High School has been collecting money to donate to it for as long as it has been around.

The past few years, to collect the money in a fun and motivational way, SJHS has had "Pennyfest." There is a hierarchy and each grade is on one level of the hierarchy.

Grade Nine titles are Lord and Lady for the best male and female collector, respectively. Grade Ten titles are Duke and Duchess for the best male and female collector.

Grade Eleven titles are Prince and Princess and Grade Twelve titles are King and Queen. The winners this year, for Pennyfest were as follows:

Lord - Owen McCausland Lady - Kiersten LeBlanc  
Duke - Kevin Kincade Duchess - Jolynn Seaward  
Prince - Jon O' Kane Princess - Margaret Cornfield  
King - Harrison Fisher Queen - Jamie Patel

Congratulations to all of those who won and every person that worked hard to get pennies deserves a big thank you.

There are other activities that take place to raise money for the Empty Stocking Fund. For example, this year there were events like "Show and Tell" and hot chocolate was sold in the plaza.

At the Empty Stocking Fund, which for the past five years has taken place in Brunswick Square, many choirs and soloists perform on television. Throughout the day and early evening, people can call in and pledge any amount of money to go towards the charity. The hosts always emphasize that every dollar counts, and it's true.

The SJHS Choir performed this year singing a jazz version of "We Three Kings", which went over very well. Other SJ High students who performed were Kaylah and Joshua Jackson singing "Grown Up Christmas List." They did a great job and the song was quite heart-warming.

The Empty Stocking Fund is a really great cause and this year they collected over \$150,000 in total. SJHS contributed a whopping \$12000, beating out St. Mac's penny drive!

However, the best feeling about collecting and giving all that money is that it is given to so many unfortunate families that don't have the luxury of money to buy Christmas presents, a Christmas tree, or even a Christmas dinner! How good does it get after you realize that you've helped a few hundred thousand people have a wonderful Christmas? Not much better, if you ask me.

I don't know about you, but I can't wait until next year to see how much more we can raise than this year. We should try to beat our record because the Empty Stocking Fund is an amazing cause that should be supported every time it comes around!

# Excuses

by: Ben Stephenson

Ever not do your homework? Or more importantly, ever do your homework? I know some people who do it regularly, and I know that on the rare occasions that they fail to complete their assignments, they often strive for salvation with a seemingly innocent lie, they call "an excuse." I asked some students to give me their best, worst, and most clever excuses.



In my search, I must say I found that the homework excuse industry has vastly expanded from the old days of "My dog ate it," or "My kid brother ripped it up." Some recent modifications of these lines exist, as suggested by students: "My carnivorous angiosperm ate it," or "My hairdresser ate it."

These days, however, most children realize that the old cliché excuses have become overused, and they create brand new ones, ranging from utterly clever to downright ridiculous.

One clever excuse, for example, comes from Josh Morris. He employs a distraction tactic, leading the teacher's attention away from his faults, and onto those of his "friends." Josh suggests this line: "I gave it to my friend to copy. He is cheating. Fail him."

However, Josh is not always the most brilliant excuse-maker around, and has also fumbled off such classics as: "Well, it's a long story. I was at home doing my homework when my pen broke. Then I tried to use a stick dipped in ink but then I drank the ink and died."

In order to get out of doing homework, but still appear to have status, and class, one student recommends you say "I was simply filing my income taxes, and didn't have time for the homework." But he firmly suggests you have the appearance to back such a story: "But when you say that, you should have like a suit on, or maybe a briefcase, just for authenticity."

A common theme in homework excuses is the nature of paper, and its properties, which allows one to think of a million ways in which homework could have been used elsewhere, instead of at school. For example, "My dad needed something to start a fire with and it was the only thing I could find." Chris Salmon also uses this strategy with: "The Indian in the cupboard needed it for his Tee-Pee." This one seems far-fetched, but in reality who wouldn't give a tiny Indian their homework if they saw one in their home? It would be such a shocking situation, homework could easily get sacrificed.

All these lines are great, but really the point is this: Is lying about your homework the right thing to do?

Many kids say no, that there is no point in lying, and if you don't have your homework done, you should be honest about it. That's all good in some cases, for example, this article was written three days late but still accepted thanks to honesty. But what about those teachers who are unforgiving machines, such as a certain unnamed biology teacher who so many students stress out about. Well, you can always try and go off about angiosperms.

# The Holidays at Hestia House

by: Sarah Arthurs

Each year, Christmas instills within our city a whimsical charm. The houses are lavished in beautiful lights; carol music rings over the radio, and gifts for loved ones are secretly bought and wrapped in vibrant paper. Trees are lit with decorations - the smell of fresh pine flooding the home, and mounds of sweets are baked in preparation of family gatherings. Christmas transforms, if for a short time, our monotone world into something wonderful and enchanting.

We have come to appreciate Christmas as a form of escape, but there are some who have no escape from the lives they are forced to live. Abusive homes do not cease the terror or 'let peace reign' during the holidays. Violent spouses don't resolve to control their temper just because Christmas is approaching. There is a safe haven, however, for battered women to go to, and during the holidays, those women are offered a Christmas most of them have never experienced. This home and safe refuge is Hestia House.

Since May of 1981, nearly seven thousand women and children have - at some point - called Hestia House home. It is a temporary shelter "for victims of family abuse," says Elaine Northrup, executive director. "Often times these women are in crisis: they are dealing with too



much and our role is to look at their We also have a 24-hour distress a caring ear to talk to."

The staff is small, but dedicated. Not all have university degrees; some have been hired because they share similar stories," states Elaine. Hestia House has the appearance of an apartment building, with no signs or address revealing its true identity: it is well guarded to keep intruders out. In fact, this interview was not allowed to carry beyond the front sitting room, and no cameras were permitted. "We have to protect these women," says Elaine. "We don't encourage visitors, and everything is kept confidential."

Hestia House can board up to twenty-four women and children at a time. Currently, there are seventeen clients, six of whom are children, who will be spending the holidays within the walls of the refuge. The house depends on the community to help these women, especially at Christmas time. "We link up families with sponsors, providing a wish list to different groups and companies," says Mrs. Northrup, "and then they deliver the gifts and food Christmas Eve."

The families also have a tree-trimming night just before Christmas. They decorate the entire home in beautiful ornaments and lights, in hopes of making "the shelter the individual's home." An outside group makes stockings for the clients to hang along the mantle, and every year K-100 airs a toy drive from McAllister Place.

A few days before Christmas, a couple dressed as Santa and Mrs. Claus bring candy and gifts for the children. On Christmas Eve, the house orders Chinese or pizza and they listen to seasonal music. In the morning, the kids elatedly rush down to open their gifts. Then families and staff eat a huge breakfast together. Hestia House tries to create the fairy-tale Christmas for these broken families. "For many," says Elaine, "it is the best Christmas they've ever had."

The generous donations at Christmas time often provide enough toys to give to the kids throughout the year. The gifts help ensure that these abused children will continue to exist in a world of imagination and games: they will continue to be children. So, if you pass by the K-100 toy drive or are feeling particularly generous in this 'season of giving', then donate something to Hestia House and give a child a reason to smile. It may be the first new toy they've received in a long time.

# Cory "The Grizzly" Hawkins

by: Justin Chappel

So where did I leave off? Oh yeah. So Cory went missing on that day and they couldn't find him anywhere. They searched over 3 weeks for Cory, and when he was finally found, the kid was in the old BIC factory on the other side of town.

The search team was made up of a 5-person squad: Jordy Fist - Cory's childhood friend, Pappy Hawk - Cory's father, Saber-tooth - his little brother, Mammy Mambo - his mother, and Grampy Gorilla. All were at a loss as to how to track a person except GG (Grampy Gorilla), who served in the Vietnam war as head bushmaster.

The first places this specialized team searched were under all the bridges in town: Cory had a strange fascination with bridges.

When all the bridges were checked, they turned to none other than the city dump. Yes, that's right: the dirty old dump. Cory always talked about how big of a man it would make him if he could wrestle down a bear and pull out its teeth - hence "Grizzly Hawkins". The team was sure that if a bear could be found anywhere, it would be the dump. But there was no luck finding Cory there.

There was only one more place that they could look: the old BIC factory. Of course GG was terribly frightened, for back in the war he was held prisoner by a group of radical Al Qaeda members in a warehouse that looked just like the BIC factory.

After much convincing, the team managed to calm grampy enough to venture with them. He wasn't just an eccentric war vet that rambled on about nothing: his presence and combat skills were vital for the mission.

To the BIC factory they traveled and much to their surprise that's where a frail Cory dwelled.

He had been feeding on rats half-cooked over a small flame. Cory managed to keep the flames alive with droplets of ink he squeezed from leftover pens.

He had been doing much thinking about his life and what it meant to be a Hawkins. Cory came to the conclusion that if he could maintain an intense death look on his face then people would think he was a man. He would never again need to shave and risk the great pain it had caused him and his family.

It was very cold in the factory at night: due to these fond memories, Cory now loves the cold. This is also why he loves to open windows in the wintertime and freeze everyone around him.

But back to the story: When the factory doors, they saw Cory riding rat that he named Muffin. To their ing a good time! That's because about the terrible thing that had

As soon as he saw the squad Cory was brought back to reality.

He jumped down off Muffin's wall. It must have been his room loved him, they found that Cory had floor to sleep on. Huddled in the cor-bow rocking back and forth. He looked comforts to himself.

It took a while for him to snap out of it. Eventually, Cory was persuaded to go back home and start his life over again. He knew it would take some time but with the love of his family, he knew he'd have the strength to do it.

That day was marked down in the history books, and Cory swore never to go near a razor again. Although he could never quite shake that hunger for greasy half-cooked rats, all Cory has to do is go to Bob's restaurant and order the dumpster special for 99 cents. Ummmmmm ummmmmmm good!



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# Following



by: Mike Kennedy

None of the school staff mentioned below are stalkers. In fact, they are all very nice people. These were all mere coincidences.

Have you ever had a teacher, principal, or custodian from your elementary or middle schools follow you to high school? It's a rare situation but it happens. It's happened to me three times: Miss Cook, Mr. Colwell & Miss Nolan all came to SJHS around the same time as I did.

In grade five I went to an elementary school called New Albert. This is where I first ran into Miss Cook. I was on my way to music class, in the basement, and there she was down in the basement sweeping away. I didn't think much of it then, but when I made it to middle school the next year, there she was again! It seemed like every time I exited or entered a class she was there.

At the end of grade eight I thought I could make an escape as I was heading into high school, but no, as I came to SJHS she did as well. The very same year I came here she did



too and has been here through all five years that I have.

A supply teacher I had in grade eight was Miss Nolan. As I came to High School I was surprised to see that she was a teacher here at SJHS. But when I came to her class for grade nine English she remembered who I was, out of all the students that she taught while she supplied. What was even creepier is that she remembered whose class I was in and where I sat. I know that my face is easy to remember but I was still a little shocked. Maybe she was dipping into Mr. Hodgins' Ginkgo Biloba. I think that she has teamed up with Miss Cook on stalking me because I've been in one of her classes every year since grade nine.

Even though Mr. Colwell taught at my middle school, Beaconsfield, I was never in any of his classes. To me he was just the balding fellow who taught in the school. But I thought something was suspicious when he came to SJHS. I thought he may have been reinforcements brought in by Miss Cook and Miss Nolan.

I am attempting an escape again, through graduation, but I never know I may just see them around again in the future.



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