



Auteure : ARIELLE WYATT

Titre : Alarm

Classement : 1^{re} position, catégorie *Poem*

Alarm

Beepbeep, beepbeep, beepbeep
The sound of my alarm
Different day, same way
Yesterday, tomorrow, it's all the same
Trapped in an endless loop, I stay
Everyday is spent the same way
Wake up, go to work, come home
Cook dinner, go to sleep
Repeat

I went to school
Why?
To go to university
Why?
To get a good job
Why?
Because...why?
Because society says
I need it to be happy
Is that true?
Probably not, but what else could I do?

I could travel, I could see
Go far away, off to the sea
This modern world I could flee
And be who I wish to be
But instead, society
Is the one telling me
What it is that I should be

Beepbeep, beepbeep, beepbeep
The sound of my alarm
Different day, same way?
Or same day, different way?
I choose



Auteure : MAUDE DURETTE
Titre : The Power of Music
Classement : 1^{re} position, catégorie *Essay*

The Power of Music

I have always liked all types of music. In fact, my mood has always influenced the music I wanted to listen to. Sometimes, it has been the inverse: my mood would change depending on the music I was listening to. These sudden mood changes have always reminded me of a scene in the TV show “*Family Guy*.” In this scene, Peter is in his car, and he is crying while listening to a sad song, but as soon as the song “Happy” starts to play, he cheers up and dances. My mood swings are not that bad, but I believe that music has that kind of power on us: it has the power to influence our feelings. Music also has another particularity that I find interesting. Music has the power to make us imagine, to make us dream. Well, not so long ago, I found the song that makes me dream.

Like I said earlier, I’ve always liked many types of music, but a few years ago, I discovered classical music. I heard a piano melody, and I liked it. It was the first time that I liked a piano melody, and since then, I have downloaded many piano songs on my phone. I discovered Brian Crain when I downloaded his reprise of “Hallelujah”. Brian Crain is a talented pianist who started his career in his early twenties. Today, he is well-known and his work is appreciated. In fact,

thousands of people want to learn his songs, including me. Over the years, I have listened to him so much that I have learned to recognize his style. When I play shuffle on my piano playlist on Spotify, I can tell if I'm not listening to Crain. One of the most recent albums he created is called "*Impressions from Paris to Prague*." At first, I wasn't sure if I liked this album because the songs were quite different. Accordions are heard in most of the melodies, and the chords that Crain uses are unusual, but the more I listened to the songs, the more I liked them. I learned to appreciate the unusualness of the melodies, and I started to like his songs. I especially like the melody "*Paris Light*," because every time I listen to it, I can't help but imagine the romantic streets of Paris.

It's hard to explain how I felt when I first heard the song, but I think this melody has made me feel relieved, sad, happy and nostalgic at the same time. I felt as if I wanted something that I didn't know I wanted. Then, as the song kept playing, an image grew in my mind. I could see the image of a couple walking in the Paris streets, holding hands. The sun had fallen on the horizon, and the restaurants around the two people were coming to life as dinner time approached. Streetlamps had begun to light up at the edge of the road, as if lighting a path for them. In old vases, flowers were hanging from the roofs or resting on the step of every building, and in the air was floating the sweet perfume of warm bread. Friends and families had started to gather around the tables outside the restaurants, but the couple walked slowly in silence, admiring their surroundings and cherishing each other's presence.

They weren't in a hurry, and they kept walking on the old, paved streets for hours. The sky had grown dark, and the stars had started to shine despite the lights of the streetlamps. The buildings around them were old but charming. Still holding hands, they arrived at a traffic circle that was unoccupied since it was now late. In the middle of the traffic circle was standing a water fountain, and beside it was a man playing accordion. Passion was imprinted on every move he

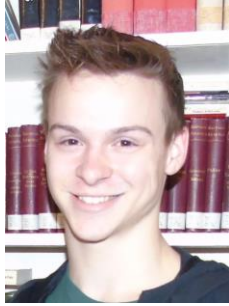
made and every note he played. The couple looked at each other, and they came to a mutual, silent agreement. They advanced until they were in the middle of the road. The couple stood there, listening to the man play. She was standing in front of him while he was holding her in his arms. They swayed gently to the rhythm of the beautiful melody. After a few minutes, he made her face him. He brushed his hand along her arms before placing his hand behind her back, and without saying a word, they started to dance a slow jive. They danced as a soft smile touched their lips, and as the music grew fiercer and stronger, they caught up with the rhythm.

They danced in a beautiful whirl of passion, love, fervor, and grace. Their feet were moving with agility. Intensity shone in their eyes. Their cheeks were red, and their bodies were moving as one, as if they had been doing this since they were born, as if dancing together were their favorite thing to do in the whole world. She was pirouetting around him, he was leading her with ease, and their hands were glued together. As her long dress whirled around them, they danced around the traffic circle to the rhythm of the passionate melody. People stopped to watch, and neighbors living in the buildings stepped outside on their balcony to see what was so captivating. But the couple had eyes only for each other. They were in their own world that had become a mess of heartbeats and music. Soon, other couples joined them, and they danced all night long, like a giant symphony.

Since I listened to this song for the first time, I have often wished I could be the girl dancing with the man. I have always wanted to dance like our grandparents used to do, and this song made me want it even more. "*Paris Lights*" has given me new hopes. It has given me a new dream that I can only hope to accomplish, and because of this wonderful song, I have fallen in love with the magical, romantic Paris.

Work Cited

Crain Records. "About Brian." Brian Crain Composer, <https://briancrain.com/about/>. Accessed 13, February 2019.



Auteur : SIMON MAILLET

Titre : The War

Classement : 1^{re} position, catégorie *Short Story*

The War

By: Simon Maillet

Presented to Professor Janet Kennedy
ANGL1042: Language, writing and reading

University of Moncton

February 19, 2019

A friend once told me that whenever he couldn't sleep at night, he would count sheep. He'd envision them hopping over a fence in a field, and as he was counting them, his body would become lighter and his eyelids, heavier. His mind would then drift into nothingness, and he would sleep like a baby. I remember the confusion I felt when he explained this to me, because when I can't sleep at night, I cannot count sheep. When I close my eyes, all I can picture are the events of this past July 31st. Every detail explodes through my brain like a firecracker, filling my thoughts with vivid visualisations. I reluctantly relive every breath as if I were still there, and I remember every mental image as if each were unforgettable: the fight, the attacks, the fear... all of it.

Tonight, it just so happens that I can't sleep.

It was a hot day in July, a type of heat I wasn't accustomed to. The sun was pounding onto the road I was walking alongside. Beads of sweat were rolling off my body, darkening the colour of my clothes. The heat was so intense that the energy was being sucked out of my system, making the carry-on on my shoulders feel heavier than thirty pounds. The thought of unbuckling its straps and leaving it on the side of the road to make my walking less torturous was taunting me, yet I sternly chased it away. In my bag were all the items I valued most in life, the ones I brought with me everywhere I went, and it would take a lot more than this desert-like climate to make me leave them behind. I quickened my step. I was nearing my destination, and I wanted to get there as soon as possible. The surrounding area had, in the past few years, built up a reputation for being riddled with crime and danger, and not even broad daylight could change that.

As soon as I reached the rusty fence that surrounded our base, I could tell something was off. The air felt thicker than usual, and the atmosphere was tense. I froze to listen for telltale sounds, but to no avail. I could hear crickets screeching off in the distance, in addition to the faint whines of a dog, but all that emanated from the building in front of me was silence. I decided to shrug off

my doubts and pushed open the gate. Its creakiness broke the bleak quietness of the area, almost like violin strings marking the beginning of a somber symphony. I headed for the door, which was barely clinging onto its hinges. When I reached it, I paused. Past it, I could hear, ever so faintly, a rumbling sound. Intrigued, I pressed my left ear against the wood panel, and the rumbling became much clearer. I was hearing a cacophony composed of gunshots and missile strikes, mixed with screaming voices. My eyes automatically widened, and my blood froze. I immediately knew exactly what was happening behind that door. This was it. This was the event I had been bracing myself for. Years of relentless mental preparation were barely holding up against the shock I was feeling. My hands tightened around the straps of my backpack, and I drew a long breath. The fight to end all fights was happening.

With every ounce of courage I was able to muster, I pushed the door open. And when I did, it was as if I had unleashed a violent force onto the world. The sounds intensified tenfold, an open attack on my eardrums. The situation inside was a minefield. Shards of broken glass lay everywhere on the floor, and a lot of furniture had been moved. I remained pressed against the corner of the entryway, examining in horror the setting in front of me. I didn't have more than a few seconds to process what I was seeing, for the source of the explosive sounds came around the corner of the back room. Two full-fledged armies that had been opponents in this war for the past three years were pouring into the very room in which I stood. They set up their positions; one to my left, shielding itself behind a large, displaced piece of furniture, and the other to my right, wielding knives as weapons. I remembered my orders to never intervene in the case of a battle breaking out, so I silently crouched down against the doorframe. Both troops were already locked in a vicious engagement, the worst one I had ever seen. They were flinging bombs into the air – everything they had in their arsenals. F-bombs, the most fatal kind they possessed, were flying

from either direction, each striking the other army with practised precision. I covered my ears to try to block them out. I could do nothing but watch as the opposing leaders deployed every tactic they had. They both had brought their biggest guns and were hungry for blood. Usually, battles like these didn't end with the crowning of a victor. Both armies would simply end up retreating, and we would live tensely until another attack broke out. However, I judged from the intensity of today's back-and-forth that someone would finally end up winning the war today.

I knew that staying where I was wasn't safe. I had to retreat to my sleeping quarters. I had strict orders to do so during events like these. With all the strength I could gather, I started crawling along the wall. Reaching the staircase that led to safety meant having to cut dangerously close to one of the armies, and I could've easily been sucked into the battlefield. Both parties, however, were so viciously engaged that they didn't seem to notice my movement. I made it to the top of the staircase and stole a glance at the scene below. Explosives were being thrown around ever more intensely, and I wondered if the building itself would soon collapse. What would happen would happen, I decided, as I slipped into the room to my right. Once inside, I wasted no time in barricading the door. I engaged the lock, and moved my bunk to block all entry.

'How're you holding up, Teddy?' I asked.

The figure behind me was propped up against the windowsill. If there was anyone I wanted on my side to fight this war, it was Teddy. He was the person I trusted the most in the world. He had known me since the day I was born, and I had entrusted all of my fears and all of my secrets to him throughout the years.

'Not too bad,' he replied. 'They made a real mess of the West wing. But they haven't come near our sleeping quarters, thank God.'

I nodded. Teddy had, once again, done a stellar job at defending the quarters. Everything in the room was impeccable and showed no signs of distress.

‘Great work, General. I ha-’

The words stopped. Downstairs, a loud sound made the edifice tremble. And then, nothing could be heard but silence. I stared at Teddy, and he stared back at me. Could this be? Had one army finally defeated the other? No battle had ever ended like this before. The two of us stood quietly, too afraid to disrupt the peace. We stayed that way for a long moment, waiting for a sound, a voice, anything... We held our breath as the absolute quietness of the building filled our ears. Finally, a loud knock made me jump.

Almost trembling, I reached to unlock the door. Following the click, someone pushed it open, moving my bed along with it. I withdrew to the back of the room to stand closer to Teddy. In slid the impressive frame of none other than one of the leaders of the armies. He was a man who stood above six feet. He had sustained a few cuts on his hands from the fight. He walked towards us, quickly at first, but then a little tentatively. He knelt directly in front of me, so that we were at eye level. His large, dark eyes stared into mine, and they looked tired. One of his enormous hands placed itself on the back of my head, pulling me closer to him. He placed a gentle kiss on my forehead.

‘She’s... she’s gone, son. She’s gone forever,’ he almost whispered.

My dad swallowed with difficulty, then stood up. As quickly as he had entered my room, he left. I turned to Teddy, bewildered. Outside the window, I could see my mom getting into her car and driving away in a huff. My brain was racing with thoughts, tingling almost. I was trying to grasp the concept that I wouldn’t have to endure my parents’ constant fighting anymore.

‘You hear that, Teddy?’ I asked. ‘The war is over.’