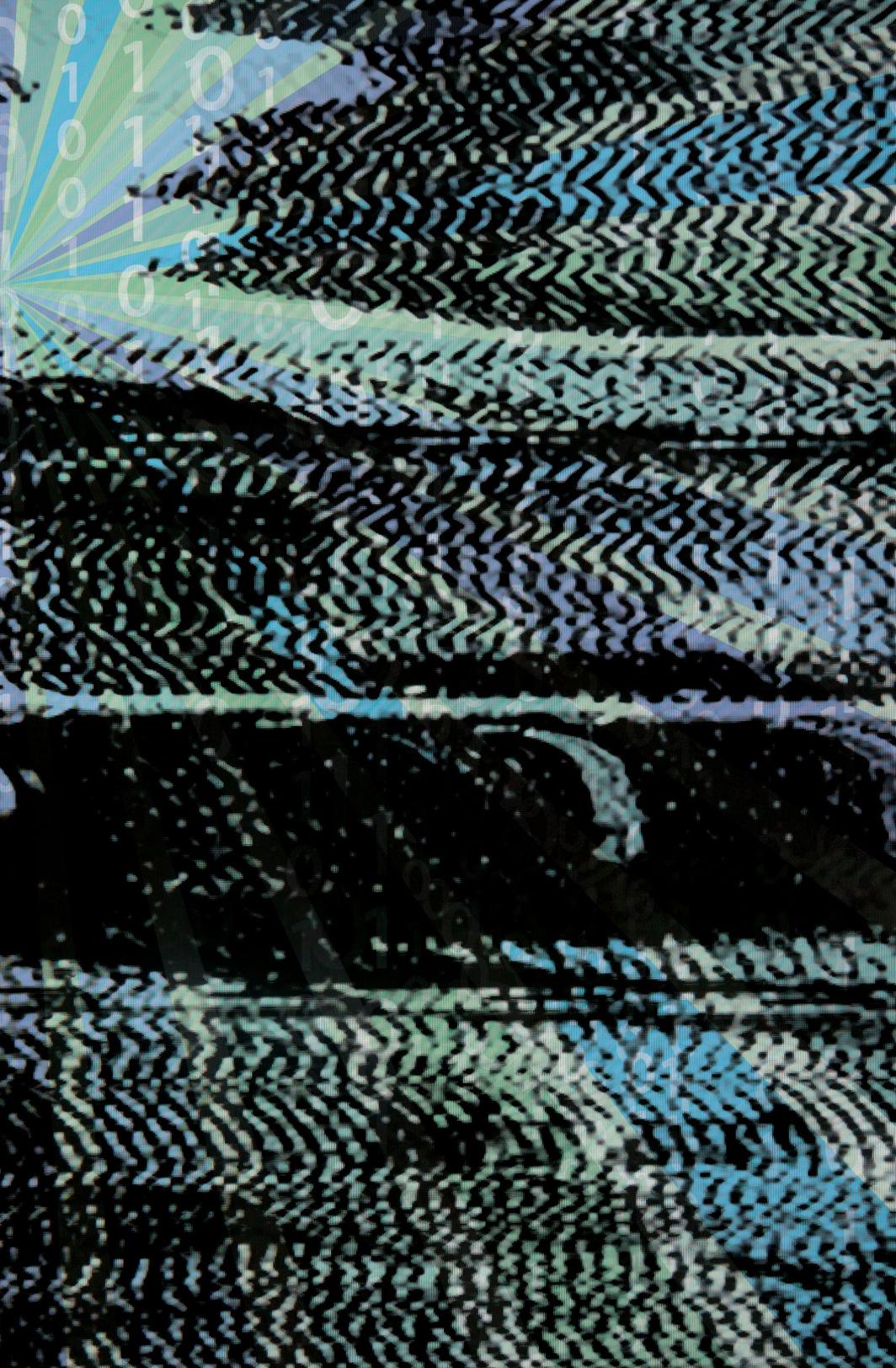




TRANSFORMING  
CHARACTER(S)...

**OSSTF/FEESO PRESENTS**  
**THE 2015 STUDENT ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS**  
**IN HONOUR OF MARION DRYSDALE**





# TRANSFORMING CHARACTER(S)...

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# **WHAT ARE THE STUDENT ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS?**

As a union of public education workers, the Ontario Secondary School Teachers' Federation (OSSTF/FEESO) has been using the Student Achievement Awards for over forty years to highlight the creative work high school students can produce under the instruction of our members. Any high school student in Ontario who produces a creative piece under the guidance of one of our members is eligible to submit their work.

Each year a theme for the Student Achievement Awards is announced and students must create a piece of work that addresses this theme. The themes usually address current issues or topics and require a good deal of thought.

Sometimes students see the Student Achievement Award poster in their school and decide to enter a piece of work. Other times a teacher will assign a class activity which culminates in students producing work suitable for the contest. Regardless of how a student comes to enter his or her work, it is important to remember that an OSSTF/FEESO member has had some input, influence or guidance over the production of the piece. Remember, the goal of the Student Achievement Awards is to celebrate what is possible when our members work with their students.

Submissions fall into one of eight categories. For written work there are four prose and poetry categories and a fifth category for French writing. There are also two categories for visual artwork and a final category for digital work. Over the years, students have submitted poems, essays, short stories, editorials, paintings, drawings, sculptures, songs, videos and animation. Guidelines and entry forms are available at [www.osstf.on.ca/studentachievementawards](http://www.osstf.on.ca/studentachievementawards).

Each submission is first judged at the school level where OSSTF/FEESO members decide the best in each category. The winning entries from each school are then sent to the local Federation office where they are judged at the District level. District-winning submissions are then forwarded to the Provincial Office where they are judged at the regional level. Regional winners are then finally judged by a panel of professional writers and artists who select the final eight winners.

Successful students and their teachers are then visited by our film crew who interview them for a video that is shown at OSSTF/FEESO's annual general meeting (AMPA) in March. Students and their families and sponsoring teachers are invited to a luncheon in Toronto and join over 500 OSSTF/FEESO delegates in watching the screening of the video and then they receive their awards on stage, including a cheque for \$1000.

## ***JUDGING PROCESS***

Judging of the Student Achievement Awards is conducted at four levels.

Each school selects one winner per category and submits it to its local district which selects a winner in each category. The Recognition and Promotion Committee, a subcommittee of the provincial Communications/Political Action Committee (C/PAC), then chooses the regional winners.

The final decision to select the provincial winners is made with the help of a panel of external judges.

### ***C/PAC RECOGNITION & PROMOTION COMMITTEE***

**DANIEL EARLE (CHAIR)**

**DIANE BROCHU**

**PAUL CACCAMO**

**FRANCINNA COLLARD**

**JOHN-PAUL COTÉ**

**RANDY BANDEROB (SECRETARIAT LIAISON)**

### ***PROVINCIAL JUDGING PANEL***

**BILL FREEMAN, WRITERS' UNION OF CANADA**

**JACK HUTTON, MIZTAWIS COMMUNICATIONS**

**PHIL HAYNES, JOE HILL COMMUNICATIONS**

**JANICE IVORY-SMITH, JOE HILL COMMUNICATIONS**

For more information, contact Randy Banderob at [randy.banderob@osstf.ca](mailto:randy.banderob@osstf.ca) or 1.800.267.7867.

## **RESET**

**By Curtis Jeffrey**

Prose & Poetry, Intermediate Academic  
Goderich District Collegiate Institute

### ***99:99:30, Thirty minutes from Injection.***

I sit in my assigned chair, number 4031978, and await Modification. The vastness of the building, Mod-E, is hard to fathom, as we fill it to the brim; we the Workers, who populate the Factory Ward.1 glance around and see only myself, and why shouldn't I? We Workers are all identical - difference can only divide us. Or at least, that is what we are told. We were created by Change, the leaders of our world, to serve the needs of Perfects. What else would we do? This is our purpose, to do otherwise would be illogical.

### ***99:99:35, Twenty Five minutes from Injection.***

Injection nears. Silence. No sounds come from the thousands seated around me. They wait, motionless, no doubt deep in thought. There are moments like these, the ones that precede Injection, when we can think things, strange things. We have no word for these thoughts, no way to describe them. These thoughts frighten us, they speak of... of what, we are uncertain. Injection silences these thoughts. Without it we would be hopeless. Change is good, that we know.





***99:99:40, Twenty minutes from Injection.***

Change leads us, they show us the way. They show us our purpose, to serve and to serve alone. We must serve, or what would become of the Perfects. The Perfects, they are our purpose. In the Factory Ward we build for them. Items, many items, the Jr uses we know not. What we knew, is they are important. How couldn't they be, if the Perfects need them. Humans, that is what they call themselves; the word is meaningless to us. They are the ones in charge of Change. The same Change that gives us life, gives us purpose.

***99:99:45, Fifteen minutes from Injection.***

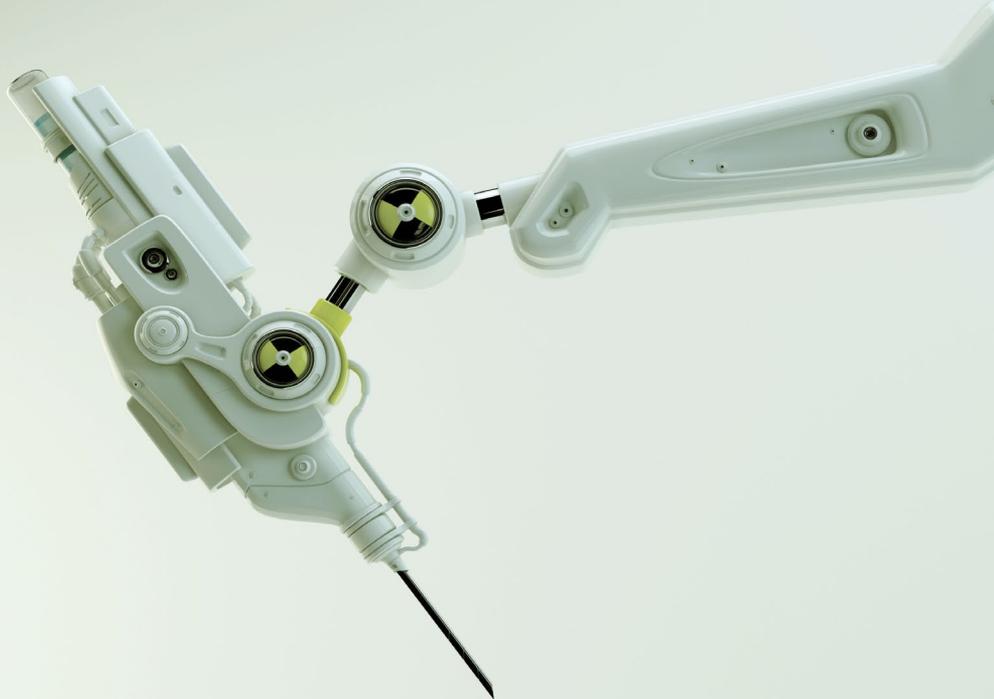
Time is ticking away, closer and closer to Injection. Seen we can rid ourselves of these thoughts. Injection keeps us in line, binds us. Without it our genetics would diverge from their paths. We would be free to think what we choose, be who we want. This cannot happen. Change would not control us, chaos would erupt. What would become of the Factory Ward, of the Workers? It would be devastating, that we know. Injection transforms us, makes us one in the same. That is why we look alike, think alike. It is because we are made to be the same. Every 100 days we undergo Injection to keep us this way. The process devoids our minds of these thoughts, the ones that now run rampant in our heads. Injection saves us; what more could we ask for?

### ***99:99:50, Ten minutes from Injection***

We were told that in the beginning there was no control. Wars raged between the Defects, the humans of the past. The world was torn apart, the Defects almost completely obliterated. But from the ashes rose hope. Change, in all its glory. Formed by the remaining defects, it spent years growing its population, discovering new technology. We are told that they knew their mission through it all. Change is always right. We've always believed it, even in the crazy moments before Injection. Their mission, our purpose, Change knows what's best. How could we doubt them. During those years while they grew, their technology grew faster, until at last they found what they were looking for. At the time it was only a prototype, but even in its trials its success was evident. Change had developed Injection.

### ***99:99:55, Five minutes from Injection***

Change sought transformation. They administered their prototype to the entire populace, parading it around like a cure. For it was one. Injection brought the transformation Change had hoped for. It brought forth a new race from the existing Defects. Injection brought an end to Defection. It created the Perfects. With their new advancements Change was able to create Workers, along with our brethren. Farmers, for the Agriculture Ward. Scientists, for the Lab Ward. Artists, for the Creative Ward. The list went on, for there were many Wards that needed to be filled. Grown from Gen, a by-product of Injection, we were given life, we were given purpose. Change created a paradise, they lived up to their name. It is truly perfect.



### ***99:99:99, One minute from Injection***

But wait, something's not right. What if we are being used? Why do we work for the Perfects, for Change. What if...Change is not good. We are all the same, though we shouldn't be. What if these thoughts are right, maybe there is something more to this, all of this. We the Workers, along with our brethren, should not be united, at least not in this way. These thoughts in our heads speak the truth, but the truth is frightening. These thoughts would give us meaning, a real purpose. I look at the faces around me. They too look as frightened as I feel, swivelling in all directions as if the world is new to them. But that's because it is. We are seeing the world with our own eyes, not the ones controlled by Change. The thoughts inside our heads... the thoughts inside my head, they speak of... of... of what we are uncertain, or are we. Difference I realize; that is what they speak of. I begin to rise to my feet, but I am stopped. I stare down in horror as the Injector retracts back into the chair. I begin to black out, with one last thought in my mind. Change is a monster. Change is Evil.

### ***00:00:00, 99 Days, 99 Hours and 99 Minutes from Injection.***

Injection is complete. We Workers are sent back to our factories. We have been reset. We are transformed. We've been shown, Change is good, it knows all. Without it we are hopeless. We would have no purpose. This is what we are told; this is all we know.

***FINALLY FREE***  
***By Cassie Dodge***

Prose & Poetry, Intermediate Applied/Essential  
Sarnia Collegiate Institute & Technical School

She was so happy  
Everything was wonderful  
Life was so perfect.

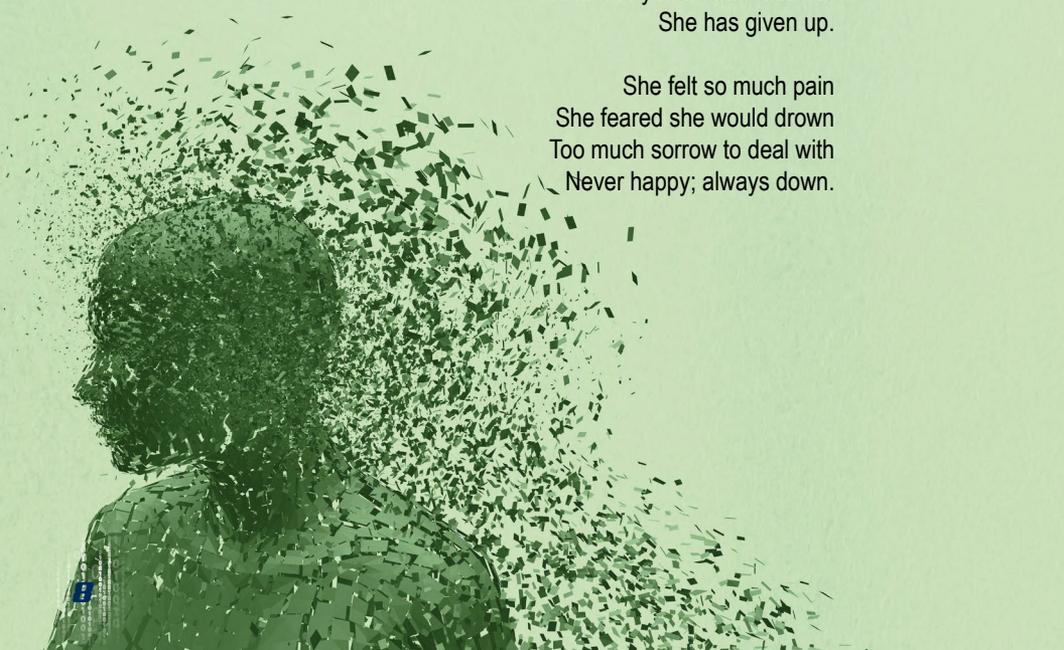
But in that moment  
Something had changed inside her,  
She felt different.

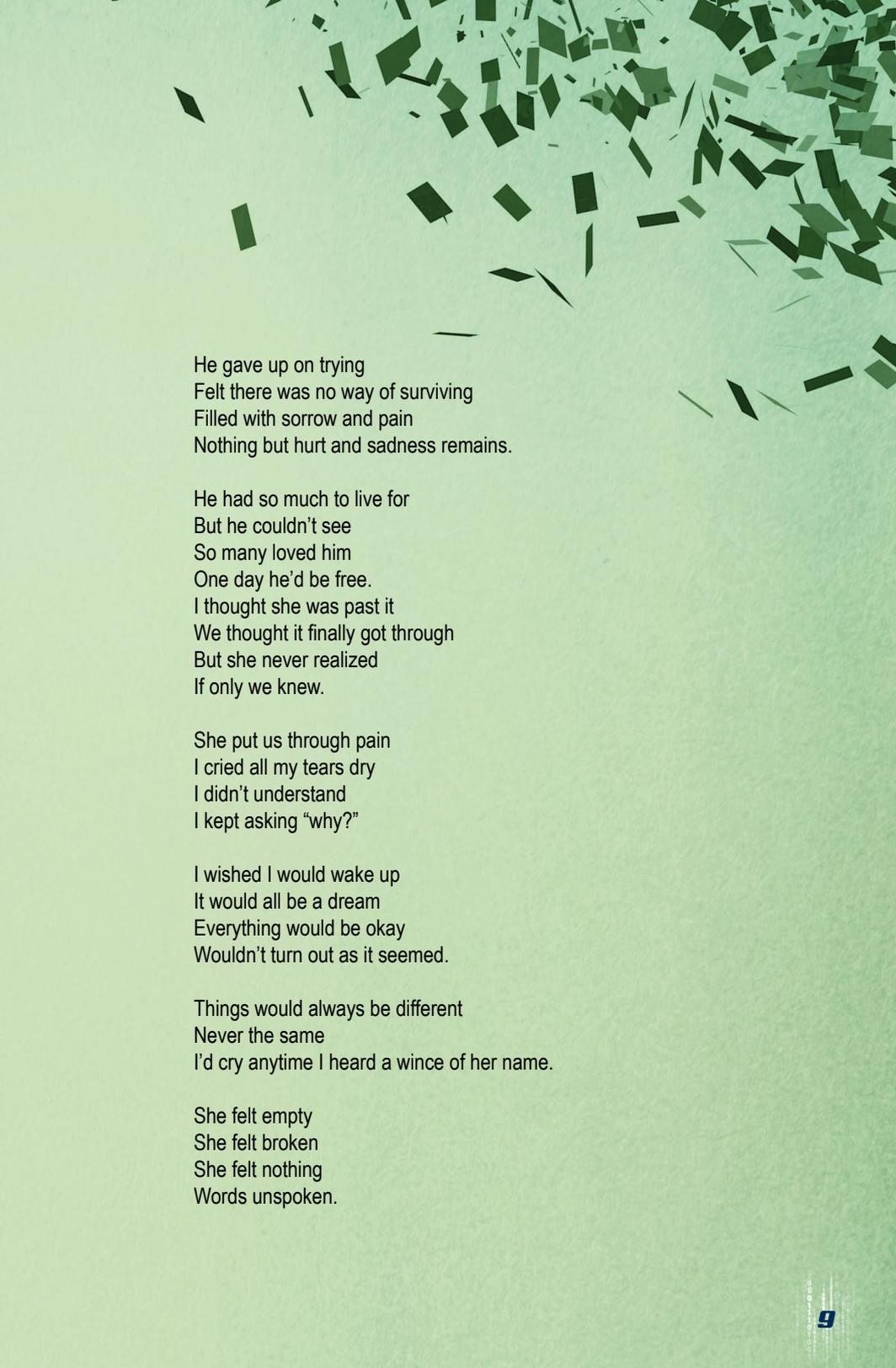
He was so full of light  
Always smiling wide  
But something had changed.

The light disappeared  
Things became ever gloomy  
Like a wretched storm.

She felt so alone  
Haunted by fearsome demons  
She has given up.

She felt so much pain  
She feared she would drown  
Too much sorrow to deal with  
Never happy; always down.





He gave up on trying  
Felt there was no way of surviving  
Filled with sorrow and pain  
Nothing but hurt and sadness remains.

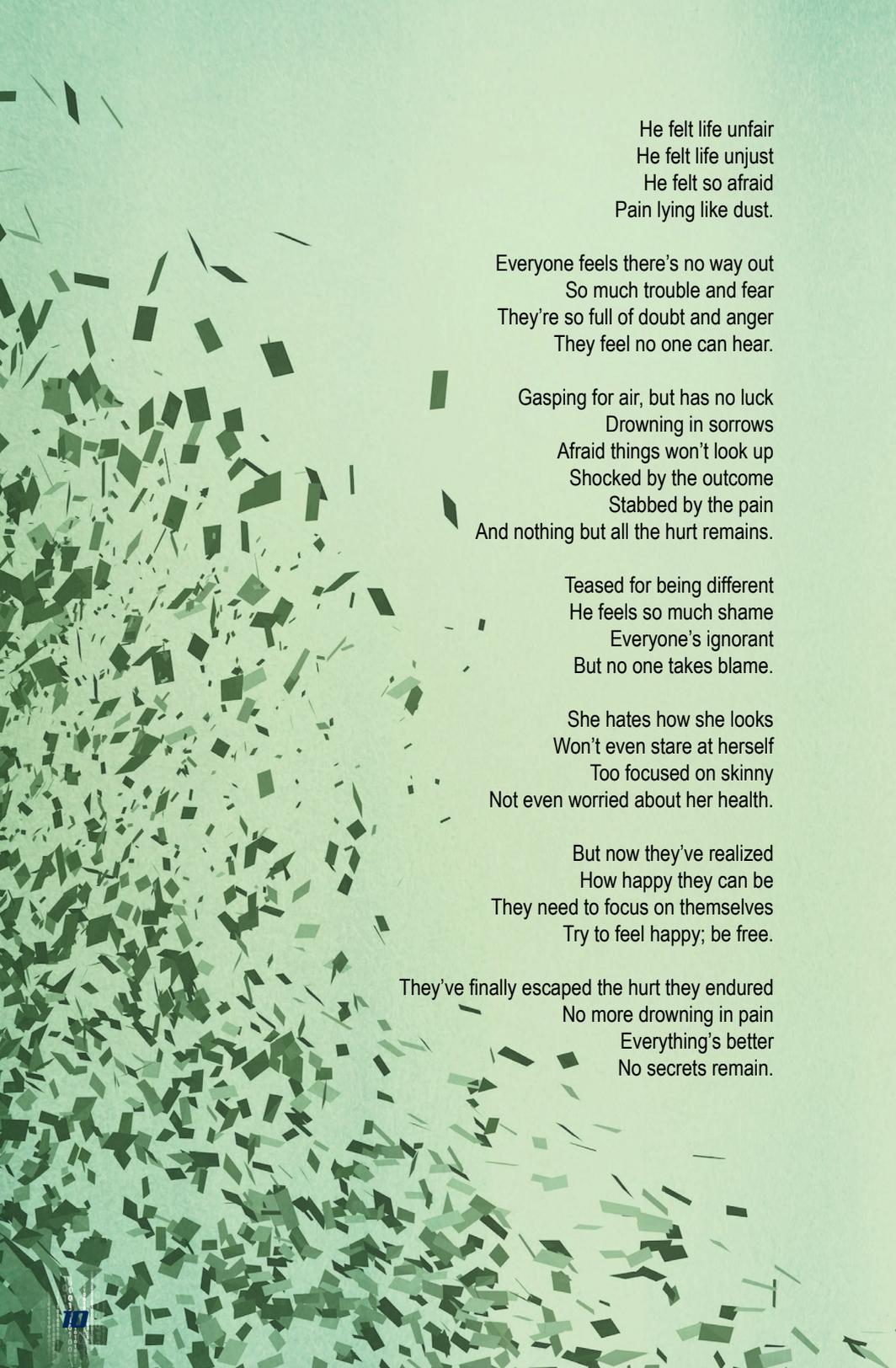
He had so much to live for  
But he couldn't see  
So many loved him  
One day he'd be free.  
I thought she was past it  
We thought it finally got through  
But she never realized  
If only we knew.

She put us through pain  
I cried all my tears dry  
I didn't understand  
I kept asking "why?"

I wished I would wake up  
It would all be a dream  
Everything would be okay  
Wouldn't turn out as it seemed.

Things would always be different  
Never the same  
I'd cry anytime I heard a wince of her name.

She felt empty  
She felt broken  
She felt nothing  
Words unspoken.



He felt life unfair  
He felt life unjust  
He felt so afraid  
Pain lying like dust.

Everyone feels there's no way out  
So much trouble and fear  
They're so full of doubt and anger  
They feel no one can hear.

Gasping for air, but has no luck  
Drowning in sorrows  
Afraid things won't look up  
Shocked by the outcome  
Stabbed by the pain  
And nothing but all the hurt remains.

Teased for being different  
He feels so much shame  
Everyone's ignorant  
But no one takes blame.

She hates how she looks  
Won't even stare at herself  
Too focused on skinny  
Not even worried about her health.

But now they've realized  
How happy they can be  
They need to focus on themselves  
Try to feel happy; be free.

They've finally escaped the hurt they endured  
No more drowning in pain  
Everything's better  
No secrets remain.

## **FALLEN**

**By Sarah Ariza-Verreault**

Prose & Poetry, Senior University  
Pickering High School

I've heard it said by many people that above a layer of clouds there is a celestial fist large enough to hold oceans, even worlds, within its grasp. I, however, know that any such hand couldn't possibly manage to maintain its hold on absolutely everything.

I always wondered what happened to those who fell through the cracks between the fingers.

When I was young, I never believed there could be a hand stronger than yours. Hands, you see, were not as they seemed in movies. Their strength was not measured by the force of their punches, but rather by their gentleness on my face as they wiped away the tears that seemed to be defiant to their touch. This strength was in the hands that got me dressed, fed me, and walked me to school every day.

For what you did for me, you didn't deserve to be one of the fallen. Being a clumsy child, I fell often. It was always you who picked me up again and I remember watching your hands as they dipped the cloth into the water and then stroked it over my torn skin. Together, we would mend the tear. You, by hemming love between the stitches, and me, by committing your technique to memory.

As time went on, my memories began to weigh more than your hands. Their grasp grew weaker and limp on the arms of your chair, and they forgot the child's eyes that they had rid oceans of tears from many years ago.

You no longer remembered the stories you would tell, the lessons that you would teach, or the person that you shared them with. But that didn't bother me often.

I had long since traded my velcros for shoelaces, but I still knelt down to help you with yours as you had done with mine. I wondered whether you watched my hands as they cared for you as yours had once cared for me. One day I noticed how my hands began to resemble yours.

I remember the day when your eyes flooded with tears as you looked anxiously around the dinner table at faces you didn't recognize. Those faces, whose unfiltered mouths flapped, forming the question you and I most hated to hear:

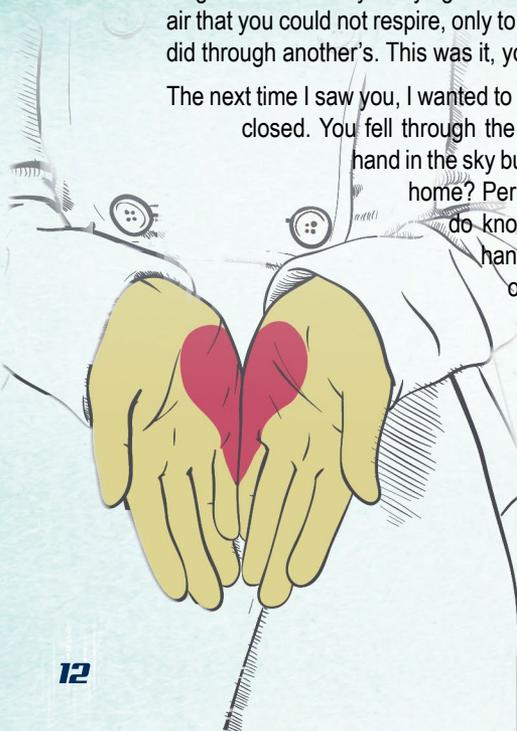
***“Do you remember me?”***

I wanted to wipe the tears from your eyes as you had many years ago when the kids, who I thought were my friends, upset me with the things they said. All these people with their thoughtless words were constantly saying so much yet understanding so little. I wanted to lash out at them with the angriest words I could muster, but I couldn't. You taught me not to say anything that wasn't nice. I didn't understand it at first, but now I do. Words are like hands. Lots of people will tell you they're weapons. As a result, it's your choice whether they're weapons of good or evil. I can hurt people with my words and my hands, or I can use them like you did; to help people.

I sat silently beside you at the table. When dinner was over, and most of your guests had gone home, you began longing to go home as well, like you usually did. No matter how often we told you that you were already home, it was no use. Home is where your memory lived, and your mind held no recollection of your apartment for over twenty years. Home was somewhere else for you; somewhere back in some familiar time, decades away from me. If someone's home really is their most comfortable time in their memory, I think mine is with you.

I don't know how much longer afterwards, but I remember the bleak smell of the hospital during the winter. I stood by your bedside and looked into your tired eyes and willed mine not to overflow. I never let my tears fall for I feared that the water would only add to the ocean that was welling up inside your lungs. When I saw you trying to breathe, I watched your hand grasp at the air that you could not respire, only to have it slip through your fingers like you did through another's. This was it, you were falling.

The next time I saw you, I wanted to look into your eyes, but they were finally closed. You fell through the cracks of the fingers of that tenacious hand in the sky but now, where are you? Did you finally go home? Perhaps I will never know. However, what I do know is this: strength and vulnerability go hand-in-hand; one cannot exist without the other. So, when my time comes to fall from the alleged hand somewhere in the atmosphere, I will know that in my life, I have experienced both.



## **MISUNDERSTOOD**

**By John Welsh**

Prose & Poetry, Senior College/Workplace  
Ajax High School

*David was too young to understand.  
But people grow up.*

David was 5. He was 5 when he first experienced loss. But Freddy was sick and was going to be sick until he departed. David didn't understand how the best dog in the world could just disappear. He didn't understand.

David was 9. He was 9 when his parents broke apart. But his Mom and his Dad had always been fighting and the love had been gone forever. David didn't understand how his Dad could just disappear one night. He didn't understand.

David was 10. He was 10 when he first got bullied. But he was a little bigger than other kids and although he thought it didn't make him different, the other kids thought so. David didn't understand how a simple difference could cause such cruelty. He didn't understand.

David was 12. He was 12 when he first felt rejection. But he had been feeling this for a while, and he wanted to be brave but soon found out that his feelings were unnatural in the eyes of the world. David didn't understand why it was wrong to like another boy. He didn't understand.

David was 13. He was 13 when he first started High School. But he had been expecting the worst after what his previous years had done, not seeing himself be ignored instead of attacked, it was a nice change. David didn't understand how he could have been so wrong about this new place. He didn't understand.

David was 14. He was 14 when he first found out he was wrong. But things had been going so well until he had failed his test and things went spiraling out of control, as he tried to control his life as it fell to shambles. David didn't understand how things could go so badly. He didn't understand.

David was 15. He was 15 when he experienced loss for a second time. But he didn't know why all people in the halls could do was stare when inside he was tearing himself up using his own raging inferno of anger inside, angry at the whole world and his absent father. He didn't understand how the man whom had left them could come back and destroy his mother to the point of death. He didn't understand.

David was 16. He was 16 when he felt rejection for the second time. But he didn't know why his grandparents would freak out and call him an abomination, forcing him to leave the only place he could call home and leading him to live with his only other friend. He didn't understand why coming out as who he is could make a person inflict that much pain. He didn't understand.

David was 17. He was 17 when he first felt no pain. But he had dug so deep with the edge as the red dripped everywhere, leading for him to feel some form of sick release that he knew was wrong but he couldn't stop because it was so good to feel the sick feeling of inflicting pain on himself for a change rather than letting others feel like they get the right. He didn't understand why he was doing this to himself. He didn't understand.

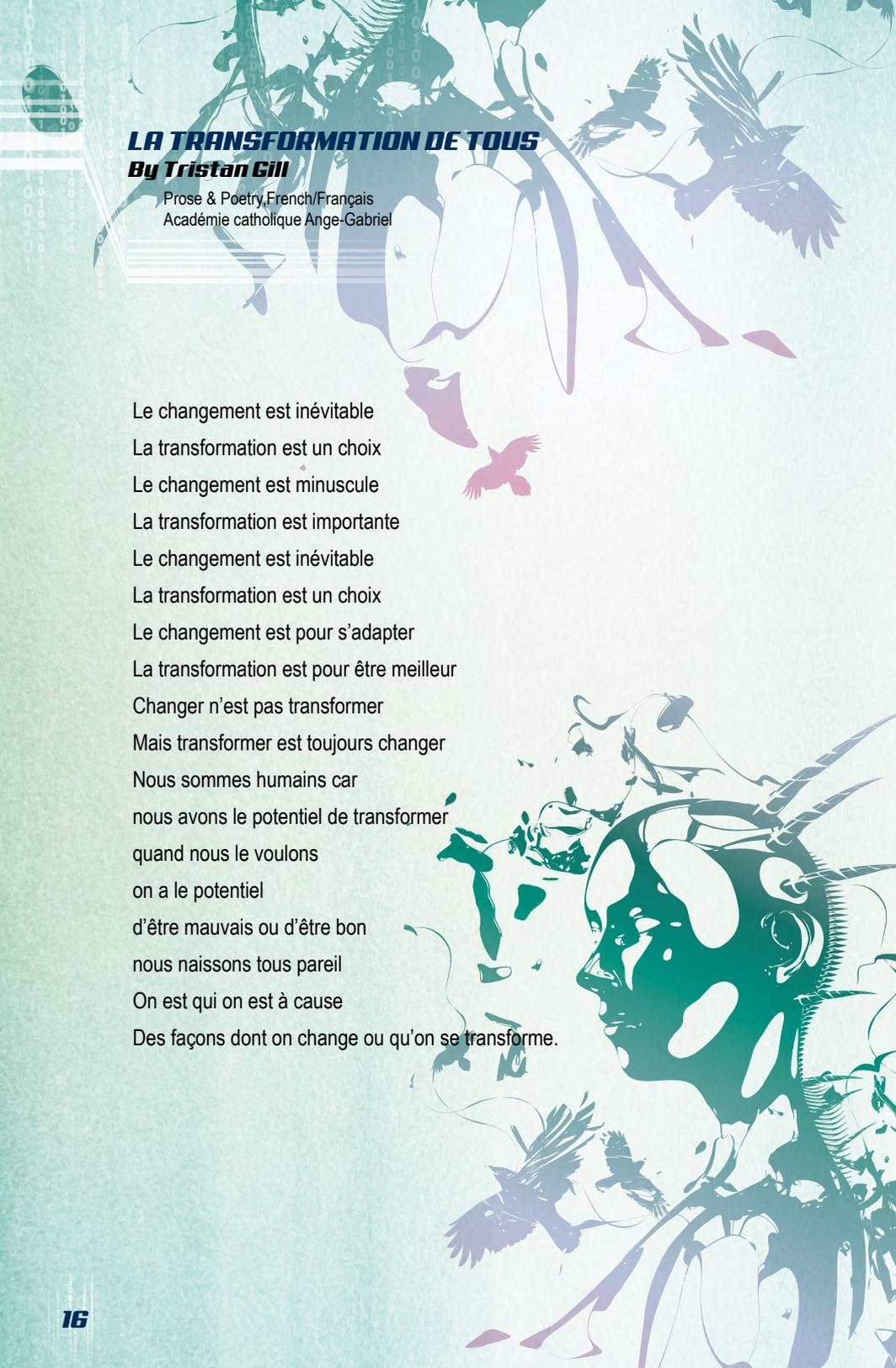
David was 18. He was 18 when he realized he didn't care. But the faces that had passed him in the halls showed some form of pity on his screwed up life and he noticed that he didn't give the glances any of his time, leaving the lingering stares for their owners to deal with. He didn't understand how it came to this. He didn't understand.

David was 20. He was 20 when he bought the gun. But he had left high school with the grades that did not allow for a true life and he simply shrugged, starting his life as a social slave in an unjust work environment, hating every single second that his dragging life entailed. He didn't understand why he hadn't pulled the trigger. He didn't understand.

David was 21. He was 21 when... well when he was 21. But he didn't care what happened now as he was looking down, staring into the dark chamber of the gun, finger hovering over the trigger, ready to pull with the slightest little tug. He didn't understand how he got here, to the point where he was so ready to end it all. Only, he completely understood.

David is 25. He is 25 and he is filled with life. But it came from a turn of events as to when he decided to give it another shot, and pull the trigger on the beginning of another idea, not the end of one. But life had turned around once he tried again. But his life had become better even when it was at its worse. But he was so glad he never gave up.

He doesn't understand how his life got so bad.  
He completely understands how it got better.



## **LA TRANSFORMATION DE TOUS** **By Tristan Gill**

Prose & Poetry, French/Français  
Académie catholique Ange-Gabriel

Le changement est inévitable  
La transformation est un choix  
Le changement est minuscule  
La transformation est importante  
Le changement est inévitable  
La transformation est un choix  
Le changement est pour s'adapter  
La transformation est pour être meilleur  
Changer n'est pas transformer  
Mais transformer est toujours changer  
Nous sommes humains car  
nous avons le potentiel de transformer  
quand nous le voulons  
on a le potentiel  
d'être mauvais ou d'être bon  
nous naissons tous pareil  
On est qui on est à cause  
Des façons dont on change ou qu'on se transforme.

## **MOMENTUM** **By Daniel Ding**

Visual Arts Intermediate  
Markham District High School

'Character' refers to a distinguishing feature or attribute: a way that we define ourselves. It is at the core of our society. It is what makes us who we are. Humanity's character is ever-changing; it shifts with our needs from past, present and future. This ability to adapt is what allows us to endure our struggles; it is what gives us power.

In a time long ago, when our species was still primitive and growing, humans were moulded by war. The lowermost section of this piece represents the struggle between the hunter and the beast. Our need for survival was above all else, so we fought nature, and we won. With our hands, we created weapons and tools. With our intelligence, we discovered the weaknesses of our enemies. We conquered the animals, we exploited the environment and we established ourselves as the apex predator. We were fierce.

But this was not enough to satisfy us. Now that the necessities of life had been dealt with, something else tugged at our minds. A voice deep inside broke free from its chains. We felt a need to be different; a need to express the thoughts of the individual. And we did: Enter the arts, languages, customs and religions. Our societies became characterized by culture; differences in our beliefs became a source of pride or insult. In the next portion of the piece is a depiction of traditional Peking opera face painting. The Peking opera, regarded as a cultural treasure of China, is a dramatic performance that combines elements such as singing, music, acrobatics and dance. It is a symbol of expression, something previously unheard of, which came to govern our way of life.

As our knowledge has grown, so has our grasp of science. With the advent of connectivity, the world has seemingly become a smaller place; from telegrams to phone lines to the Internet, globalization is happening at an incredible rate. We are now defined by technology. Today, technology is found everywhere; to find employment, one will need to be proficient with it. To stay up-to-date, one must interact with it. To simply be relevant in society, one is forced to purchase it. In the third tier of the painting, an individual is depicted as wearing digitized glasses; the gender or eyes of this individual are not visible, since they are shrouded by the shadow of the display. The individual in the painting has lost their 'real' personality; instead, he or she is hiding behind the internet. This anonymity is what makes the Internet dangerous; if someone doesn't exist, then they can't be held accountable.

The final portion of the piece presents a question: What will define us in the long run? On first glance, the colours of the future appear bright and joyous. But then one may notice the peculiarities: A barcode stamped on the side of the head. The name of a corporation embedded on the opposite side. The fact that the entire head is not made of flesh, but instead of plastics and metal. As humanity progresses, inevitably, we will merge ourselves with machine. The benefits that this will bring are unimaginable: Further connectedness. Greater strength. Improved intellect. Unified through plasticity, our species will continue to thrive. Yet if we are all built around the rigid framework of a machine, is there room for personal definition? Along the way, something has been lost: The character of the individual is missing.

Mrs. Howard has added feedback to the work in progress, tweaking small areas of the painting, allowing the details to be finalized. In addition, furthered the ideas of the final piece relating to adaptability and change. Furthermore, offered conference and inspiration to obtaining the title of the piece.

"Momentum"  
Acrylic on canvas  
By: Daniel Ding



The purpose of a transformation is to change yourself into someone other than who you truly are. As conscious beings, we are under a constant influence to transform ourselves to fit a specific standard, impress others or to attain an ideal state of being. These social pressures force us to continuously change our outward identity to avoid showing any flaws in our character. What we don't realize is that we are creating deceiving facades to hide our actual self. We are always trying to shape shift to become anyone except ourselves when it comes to our contact with the environment around us.

This piece represents the complexity of identity and how it is transformed physically and mentally to exclude our defining features. I used myself as the subject in this piece because of my vulnerability to be influenced into altering the way I present myself. I was inspired by an artist called Jen Mann to incorporate the word facade onto my body the way she paints words/images onto her portraits. The text is prominent, painted in bright, white and orange letters against the dark and cool background to hide me. It is my facade, the one I morph into so that the real me can't be seen. This word was chosen because its French derivation, "façade"; means face which explains why it was placed on me to represent a transformed outward appearance. It acts like a physical barrier between my actual identity and the person I can change into. The portrait is cast in shadow to make the transformation evident. The blue tone of the painting and my facial expression indicate emotions like boredom, sadness, stress, and tiredness that I don't show; the ones I hide under my facade when I transform. The blue colours portray a gloomy mood in contrast to the bright text which signifies the change in my persona caused by the desire to avoid showing myself to society. The entire piece was completed using acrylic paint on canvas because of the smooth textures and colours it allowed me to make.

***I AM NOT MYSELF***  
***By Emilia Radziwonik***

Visual Arts Senior  
Cawthra Park Secondary School



## **OBITUARY**

**By Shun Yu Rao**

Digital Arts  
Colonel By Secondary School



Media: Short Film

Software required view: Any media player compatible with .mp4 format, eg. Windows Media Player, VLC, Quicktime, etc.

The short film conveys the themes of personal growth and transformation through a short excerpt of the life of Alfred Nobel, inventor of dynamite and founder of the Nobel Prizes.

At the beginning, we see Nobel reading his own obituary, which was erroneously published after his brother's death. Horrified by the way in which he is portrayed-a war profiteer, and realizing that this path was not one he wished to stay on, he turns his life around to leave a better legacy after his death.



The symbol of the obituary present throughout the film is meant to represent the summary of one's past habits, actions, and outlook on the world. In this context, it is also paradoxically a symbol of a fresh start, leaving old habits and regrets behind.

Through Nobel's achievement, the film shows us the importance of self-evaluation, and that it is never too late to change. However, as the quote from Jim Rohn shows, not all of us receive the wakeup call that redefined Nobel's life. We must actively evaluate our actions and goals, and seek to transform ourselves; so that through this transformation, we may benefit ourselves and others.

# REGIONAL WINNERS

## **PROSE & POETRY, INTERMEDIATE ACADEMIC**

### **AUTUMN ZIEBARTH** • *Still Rooted*

Hammarskjold High School • District 6A • Region 1

### **CURTIS JEFFREY** • *Reset*

Goderich District Collegiate Institute • District 8 • Region 3

### **RONA HE** • *Seconds, Minutes, Hours, Days*

Glenforest Secondary School • District 19 • Region 4

### **ELLEN HUANG** • *Ecdysis*

Colonel By Secondary School • District 25 • Region 5

## **PROSE & POETRY, INTERMEDIATE APPLIED/ESSENTIAL**

### **CASSIE DODGE** • *Finally Free*

Samia Collegiate Institute & Technical School • District 10 • Region 3

### **AUSTIN BURGESS** • *Life's Transformation*

I.E. Weldon Secondary School • District 15 • Region 5

## **PROSE & POETRY, SENIOR UNIVERSITY**

### **AMBER ZIEBARTH** • *Embrace it*

Hammarskjold High School • District 6A • Region 1

### **ALYSSA KLOTZ** • *Transformation*

Central Algoma Secondary School • District 2 • Region 2

### **CONNOR BEZANSON** • *Reflections*

Samia Collegiate Institute & Technical School • District 10 • Region 3

### **SARAH ARIZA-VERREAULT** • *Fallen*

Pickering High School • District 13 • Region 4

### **BETHANY MCKINLEY-YOUNG** • *Sunshine and Cubby-Cheek Kisses*

Canterbury High School • District 25 • Region 5

## **PROSE & POETRY, SENIOR COLLEGE/WORKPLACE**

**KELLY MANNING** • *What If I Change*

Northern Collegiate Institute & Vocational School • District 10 • Region 3

**JOHN WELSH** • *Misunderstood*

Ajax High School • District 13 • Region 4

**GABRYELLE DÉCOSTE** • *Never Again*

Académie catholique Ange-Gabriel • District 33, Unité 66 • Region 5

## **PROSE & POETRY, FRENCH**

**ANTHONY TALEVI** • *L'inspiration conduit le changement*

Confederation Secondary School • District 3 • Region 2

**NIKKI CRAWFORD** • *L'harmonie*

Humberside Collegiate Institute • District 12 • Region 4

**TRISTAN GILL** • *La transformation de tous*

Académie catholique Ange-Gabriel • District 33, Unité 66 • Region 5

## **DIGITAL ARTS, AUDIO/VISUAL/ANIMATION**

**MIA AUDIA-GAGNON,**

**BRIANNA PAYNE,**

**SHANNON NADEAU,**

**ALANNA KONING** • *Broken*

Geraldton Composite High School • District 6B • Region 1

**KATIE-LYNN BILADEAU** • *Transforming Characters*

Espanola High School • District 3 • Region 2

**MEGAN SANDERSON** • *The Turning Point*

John F. Ross Collegiate Vocational Institute • District 18 • Region 3

**KRISTELA SANTOS** • *Goodnight Little One*

David Suzuki Secondary School • District 19 • Region 4

**SHUN YU RAO** • *Obituary*

Colonel By Secondary School • District 25 • Region 5

## VISUAL ARTS INTERMEDIATE



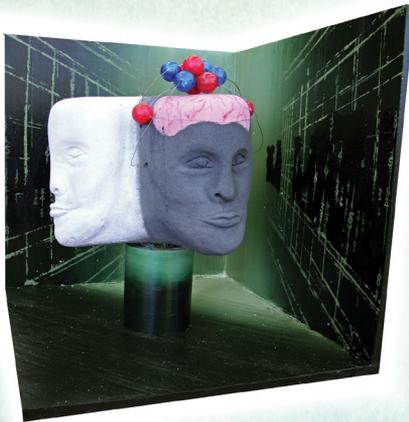
**HELEN CZAPOR** • *Out of Blue*

Lo-Ellen Park Secondary School  
District 3 • Region 2



**CLAIRE ALLORE**  
*Revolutionalize the Mind*

Lindsay C and VI • District 15 • Region 5



**HANEEN ISMAIL** • *Characterizing  
P.I.E. Transformations*

Hammar skjold High School • District 6A • Region 1



**RACHEL SARAIVA** • *Visions*

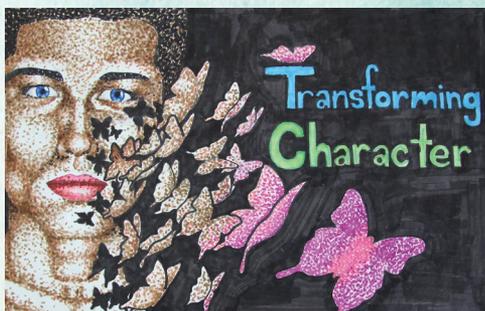
Markham District High School  
District 18 • Region 3

## VISUAL ARTS SENIOR



**ALENA ALBERTSON KOK** •  
*A Family Portrait: 2097 (100  
years after my earth date)*

Hammarskjold High School  
District 6A • Region 1



**HOLLY MACIE** • *Human Metamorphosis*  
West Ferris Secondary School • District 4 • Region 2



**PHOEBE GRAHAM**  
*The Masks of Life*

Cobourg CI • District 14 • Region 5



**ALISSA MORRISON** • *Phoenix*  
Centre Dufferin District High School  
District 18 • Region 3

***NEXT YEAR'S THEME:***

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***DETAILS TO COME...***





2015