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Columbia Basin Trust is offering $2,000 for up to 22 Basin residents planning on attending college full time. Study must be in a recognized undergraduate program leading to a degree, diploma or certificate at College of the Rockies, Selkirk College, the Valemount Campus of College of New Caledonia or the Revelstoke Centre of Okanagan College.

This award is based on community volunteer service, not on academic achievement, and is designed to assist residents who have been out of high school for at least one year with post-secondary education or training.

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Deadline June 17, 2011
.the usual

5. EDITORIAL // michelle d’entremon 
   … could be called the unofficial photo issue.

6. iCANDY // cbt
   Crazy new cool apps and pretty sites on the interweb

14. FROM THE BLOG: REALITY CHECK // mackenzie harley
   … how do you describe Gangster’s Paradise in sign language?

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12. HUMBLED BY DESIGN // mackenzie harley
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   kayla driedger // new denver
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COVER PHOTO
water sky
by sierra franklin // fairmont/invermere
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Joel Robison // Cranbrook
Kate Erin Soucy // Valemount
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Kayla Driedger // New Denver
Kayla Pocha // Cranbrook
Kristoper Ede // Invermere
Mackenzie Harley // Valemount
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Minka Bartels // Nelson
Natalie Lewis // Fruitvale
Nicci Armitage // Nelson
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Sadie Butler // New Denver
Sean Stephenson // Fernie
Sierra Franklin // Invermere
Steph Dattolo // Fruitvale
Summer Casely // Cranbrook
Taelor Sandberg // Cranbrook
Tamara // New Denver

“**It is better to have enough ideas for some of them to be wrong, than to be always right by having no ideas at all.**”

—Edward de Bono

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**GET PUBLISHED IN SCRATCH MAGAZINE**

Join www.scratchonline.ca to upload your photos, artwork or writing. If your submissions are selected for publication, you get $$$. Submissions are selected by a Youth Editorial Committee; if your group is interested in forming the next Editorial Committee email cbtyouth@cbt.org.

**BECOME A SCRATCH REPORTER**

Do you love to write about issues or events? Then become a SCRATCH Reporter! In addition to getting your work published in the mag and getting paid, we also connect you with one of our writing mentors for feedback and development. Email cbtyouth@cbt.org for your first assignment.
Spring in my world is usually about waiting for the snow to melt and finding all the soggy dog toys in the yard, but hopefully the visuals in this issue will launch you right into summer. The Basin has an incredible amount of talented young photographers, and it would have been impossible to pick just 10 from the hundreds of submissions we’ve received, so Issue #18 could be called the unofficial photo issue.

Mackenzie Harley brings his humour and experiences back to the pages of SCRATCH with two articles, “Reality Check” and “Humbled by Design.” Kristopher Ede—chosen to be published by yet another group of youth—once again reaches the hearts of readers with a piece of writing called “innocence.”

I want to thank the students from Selkirk Secondary in Kimberley who formed this issue’s Editorial Committee; they were an incredibly engaged and passionate group who seemed to have a lot of fun going through the submissions. If you are part of a group that would like to form the next issue’s Editorial Committee, please contact me at cbyouth@cbt.org.

SCRATCH was created by youth for youth, to let them have a voice and a medium for their art and their words, and all contributors are paid for their work. Let me know if you’re interested in getting your work published in the magazine.

Enjoy Issue #18.

michelle d’entremont
basin youth liaison
**www.mashable.com**
Mashable is a source for news in social and digital media, technology and web culture. Mashable reports breaking web news, provides analyses of trends, reviews new websites and services and offers social media resources and guides. Mashable’s audience includes early adopters, social media enthusiasts, entrepreneurs, influencers, Web 2.0 aficionados and technology journalists and is popular with bloggers, Twitter and Facebook users.

**www.soundcloud.com**
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www.androidify.com
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www.glogster.com
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www.ifitweremyhome.com
The lottery of birth is responsible for much of who we are. If you were not born in the country you were, what would your life be like? Use the country comparison to compare living conditions in your own country to those of another. You can also use the visualization tool to help understand the impacts of a disaster and gain some perspective on these awful tragedies.
The Youth Advisory Committee (or YACers as we call them) is a group of involved, inspired, creative youth from around the Columbia Basin who are interested in making a difference in their communities. Each year Columbia Basin Trust invites 12 youth interested in a cool opportunity to play a leadership role in addressing youth issues in the Basin region. YACers have an opportunity for personal skill development such as community organizing and leadership skills, as well as an opportunity to meet, work and travel with a group of young people from around the Basin. New people bring new ideas and new perspectives, so don’t hesitate… apply! Our application form is quick and easy. Visit scratchonline.ca/aboutus/application and submit before June 30th.
laura archer//golden

If my life were a movie: I would like it to be like Amélie but it’s really more like Bridget Jones’ Diary.

If I could have a super power: It would be the ability to teleport. I’d never have to drive again!

Four things I always have with me: Chapstick, hair elastics, something to read, underpants.

My favourite large predator is: The hippopotamus.

My first pet was: A dog named Blaise.

My first natural response in awkward social situations is: To try to make people laugh. Emphasis on TRY.

If I could be the spokesperson for any product: It would be for Subtle Butt Fart Pads. Look it up.

If my life could have a theme song: It would be “Crazy People” by The Boswell Sisters.

zeb hansell//fruitvale

If my life were a movie: I would like it to be like Gandhi but it’s really more like The Jerk.

If I could have a super power: It would be mind control, like a Jedi.

Four things I always have with me: A song in my heart, food in my belly and love in my family. Oh, and a partially opened can of worms.

My favourite large predator is: A cougar... get your mind out of the gutter, people ;)

My first pet was: A pair of lizards named Tom and Jerry.

My first natural response in awkward social situations is: To close my eyes, cover my ears and sing top 40’s music to the best of my ability.

If I could be the spokesperson for any product: It would be for the internets!!

If my life could have a theme song: It would be “Loser” by Beck.

kiraya spencer//nelson

If my life were a book: I would like it to be like Little Women.

If I could have a super power: It would be to speak every language in the world including those of animals.

Four things I always have with me: My personality, thoughts, desire and ambition.

My favourite large predator is: A dragon because they are beautiful and only terrifying in our imaginations.

My first pet was: A cat named Grey Cloud.

My first natural response in awkward social situations is: To smile.

If I could be the spokesperson for any product: It would be for the internets!!

If my life could have a theme song: It would be one with a melody that does not match the words.
miranda de groot  
//cranbrook

If I could have a super power: It would be the ability to teleport anywhere, at any time!
Four things I always have with me: iPod, USB drive, food, lip balm.
My first pet was: A bunny rabbit named Melony. Until we found out he was a boy, so he turned into a Melly.
My first natural response in awkward social situations is: To simply blush and bite my lip.
If my life could have a theme song: It might be a little strange to go with something instrumental, but if I had to choose I would pick “Your Hand in Mine” by Explosions in the Sky.

zachary mcclean  
//golden

If my life were a Transformer: I would like it to be like Bumblebee but it’s really more like Sam Witwicky.
If I could have a super power: It would be flying and running really fast
Four things I always have with me: My iPod, a pencil, my phone and my wallet.
My favourite large predator is: The cheetah.
My first pet was: A dog named Snoopie.
My first natural response in awkward social situations is: Smile and laugh.
If I could be the spokesperson for any product: It would be for Vancouver Canucks merchandise.
My favourite song is: “Mud on Tires” by Brad Paisley.

kyler lee perepolkin  
//south slocan

If my life were a comic book: I would like it to be like a lone-wolf under-cover agent graphic-series but it’s really more like Chuck Norris joining “The A-Team”.
If I could have a super power: It would be to manipulate the temperature of anything around me to any degree.
Four things I always have with me: Coffee, wallet, cell phone and backpack.
My favourite large predator is: A dragon.
My first pet was: A dog named Goldie Locks.
My first natural response in awkward social situations is: To make the scenario more awkward :D
If I could be the spokesperson for any product: It would be for a music label company.
If my life could have a theme song: It would be very loud! \m/(_>_<)\m/
meghan stewart // rossland

If my life were a movie: I would like it to be like Dazed and Confused but it’s really more like One Flew Over the Cuckoo’s Nest—though I don’t anticipate going out like McMurphy did.

If I could have a super power: It would be the ability to fly.

Four things I always have with me: Water bottle, cell phone, handkerchief and a watch.

My favourite large predator is: The cougar (both types).

My first pet was: A ferret named Fluffball.

My first natural response in awkward social situations is: To make an inappropriate joke.

If I could be the spokesperson for any product: It would be for Buff Headwear.

If my life could have a theme song: It would be “Eye of the Tiger”.

matt fontes // castlegar

If my life were a movie: I would like it to be like Gladiator—even though I’d be glad to keep my family and my own life—but it’s really more like One Flew Over the Cuckoo’s Nest—though I don’t anticipate going out like McMurphy did.

If I could have a super power: It would be to make the Arrow Lakes produce 10 foot barrels so my friends and I could surf all summer long.

Four things I always have with me: My phone, my wallet, a guitar pick, and a smile.

My favourite large predator is: Is probably the killer whale, because they’re creative hunters who often fight as a team and together have been known to take out a great white shark or two.

My first pet was: A cat named Sasha.

My first natural response in awkward social situations is: To either watch people or work at making everyone comfortable again. Some days I revel in awkward moments and love to make them even more uncomfortable, but if things get too awkward I definitely try to distract people with humour.

If I could be the spokesperson for any product: It would be for Apple’s MacBook Pro. I know that sounds really yuppie but this laptop has been so good to me that I can’t help but share the love.

If my life could have a theme song: It would be Rick Astley’s “Never Gonna Give You Up” because I won’t.
HUMBLED

by design

by mackenzie harley//valemount
Life is about being humbled. This can come in many forms: reviewing baby pictures, practically every moment of high school, entering a new job, learning a second language, and the list continues. We look back at these moments with humour later on, however hard they are to accept at the moment. For me the most humbling of them all was when I decided to get a second job at the fast food restaurant.

Let’s compare some of the aspects of my two jobs; I’ll begin with the dress code. As a hotel front desk agent, I had a lot of freedom, as long as it was black or white. Dress shirt, black dress pants, nice shoes, and a tie if I was in the mood. I was able to dress well and feel well. It paid reasonably well and I enjoyed working with people. At the fast food restaurant the dress code was an assigned uniform that included a shirt that was too big, pants that felt like parachutes and a belt that was atrocious. There was no playing it up and limited accessories. If you broke that code you got the “that’s unacceptable” look. Having a distant, silly executive dressing me in clothing that was as coarse as brick was not what I was used to and it was definitely not my forte.

Now let’s talk about customer relations. At the hotel, I earned a degree of respect from customers. They arrived to see a well-dressed man who was calm and in his element. Even the pickiest customers can be won over with apologies and smiles, convincing them I’m concerned regardless of whether I actually am. At the fast food restaurant, when you have a lineup of 30 people, the individual care and concern is slightly limited. I caught myself with a painted-on expression that read “Really?” at some of the complaints and requests. With my distracted and rushing vibes being “sent out,” the customers aren’t always so pleasant. Moral of the story: just because I’m in a tacky uniform and rushed to my wit’s end doesn’t mean you have the right to make my day worse.

Don’t get me wrong; if you’re served cold fries, a sketchy burger, or maybe your pop is flat, let me know. However I hope we all know how to use the three very essential tools we are all equipped with:

1. Our inside voices.
2. Our “pleases” and “thank-yous.”
3. Last of all, our inbred instinct to be decent human beings about others’ imperfections.

Humbled I have been by my fast food adventure. Thankfully I was given the gift of amazing management and a great team to vent with on “those” days. As tough as the experience was, I learned a lot more than I thought I would. I learned how to handle people better, how to work under stress, how to work with co-workers who are under stress, and most importantly I learned how much those vibrantly dressed cashiers we all order from go through every day. Give them a break, they deserve it.
How many times in Canada have we glazed over topics of places with no running water, or Third World conditions, and talked like it was nothing. Now, I knew there wasn’t constant running water here, but I never understood how much we rely on that. Coffee, bathrooms, showering, washing clothes, washing dishes, cooking, drinking: it’s all done quite creatively now. Today I saw some of the poorest conditions, where it was literally wood on dirt, the walls were like 2x4’s and spaced so you could see through the walls. Garbage filling the sloughs under bridges. The homeless sleeping near the riverbank, covered in dirt, and living in what looked like a garbage dump. Men in dumpsters taking your trash, not to be helpful, but to go through it hoping to find something for themselves. It’s a huge reality check.

To lighten the mood here are some fun stories. Today I took the bus ALL over Tegucigalpa, the capital city of Honduras. What’s different about public transit here?
1. **Sound Systems.** Here each bus is equipped with a custom deck, speakers and subwoofers, pleasantly placed under the seat I chose, blaring from 80s classic rock, to modern rap, to what reminds me of a fiesta. Today the only language I had in common with the people I was with was sign language. The boy with me asked, “This song mean what?” I listened and laughed; how do you describe *Gangster’s Paradise* in sign language? I had fun with that one. The other song they wanted explained was *Electric Avenue*, also a tough one.

2. **Purchasing.** Here we don’t have the ability to buy a day’s pass or an annual pass for that matter. All buses are three Lempira (15 cents) and you walk on, sit (or stand in the aisle) and a man will walk past to collect all the money.

3. **Boarding the Bus.** To let the driver know there are passengers coming, people wait at the exit/entrance of the bus (the door is always open) and slam on the side of the bus to say people are boarding at the back so we don’t drive away without them; however sometimes it takes a running jump anyways ;-)  

4. **Traffic.** I have never seen such an organized mess! These buses drive in places I couldn’t fit a small car; we are literally inches away from the oncoming bus at times, and closer to pedestrians who walk through traffic (crosswalks are non-existent).

5. **On-board Accommodation.** At each stop people come on and yell out whatever they are selling and the price; then they walk through the aisle selling, whether it's candy, chocolate, mango, wheat, pills, the list is endless. Even bags of water.

This is only the beginning, I know, and there is yet so much to come.
voices of PEACE

by celina silva/nelson
photos: peter moll
The Mir Centre for Peace was established in 1999 with the mandate of understanding and building cultures of peace through learning. The Centre is located at the Castlegar campus of Selkirk College in a restored Doukhobor communal dwelling.

“Mir” is the Russian word that means “world,” but in the context of the Centre, Mir stands for peace, community and world. The mandate of the Mir Centre is to understand and build cultures of peace through education. The Selkirk College Peace Studies program offers a holistic approach to peace education through teachings on topics such as conflict resolution and reconciliation, environment and human security, leadership, ethnic relations, sharing the land and First Nations studies.

Through this curriculum, the Peace Studies program teaches students how to build and advocate peace within themselves and in the world. Some of the activities that the Mir Centre organizes are symposiums, peace cafés, workshops and presentations. The Mir Lecture Series is held at the Mir Centre, the Brilliant Cultural Centre and other venues around the region.

The Mir Centre for Peace and Selkirk College have recently started a newsletter called Peace Voice. The newsletter focuses on expressions of peace, social justice and human rights by showcasing people in Selkirk College and the West Kootenay region involved in peace building. Here are the voices of several students’ who are bringing peace into their lives and communities.
Here’s a look at one of Selkirk College’s Peace Studies students, Kendra. I am curious about what draws people to study peace and the creative ways in which they bring these studies into their communities. When talking to Kendra, her passion and initiative for peace activism is uplifting. Here are some questions I asked her:

**Name:** Kendra Brea Cooper  
**Age:** 24  
**Program:** Liberal Arts Diploma in Peace Studies, graduating winter 2011  
**Interests:** Theatre, anarchist artwork, political satire, autonomous media, international relations… and a thousand other things.

### What projects are you involved, or have currently been involved in?

I like to blend art with activism. I’ve recycled T-shirts with painted quotes about peace on them.

I really enjoyed Peace 202, which was Leadership for Peace. We had to do a practicum during which we put thoughts into action. It’s where I started “T-shirts for peace.” They’re recycled material, not made in a sweatshop, and anyone can wear them. The T-shirts make it easy for people to express a personal statement about peace without having to step out of their comfort zones. The money from the shirts goes to charity groups.

I’m currently looking into creating a theatre company that produces plays about social justice.

### What attracted you to this program?

I chose this program because it covers many topics. Sometimes I feel like people want to put you into a specific category when you’re an activist. They say that you are either a human rights activist or an environmental activist that you can only focus on one thing at a time. For me, I feel it can be different. I’m a human rights activist because I love humans, I’m an environmental activist because I love humans, and I’m an animal rights activist because I love humans...and animals. It’s all connected. You can’t have one without the other. The peace studies program covers everything from social justice to economic justice and more.

#### Favourite books on peace:

An Imperfect Offering by James Orbinski. Orbinski gives an incredibly raw account of what it’s actually like to do humanitarian work.

**An inspirational leader of peace to you:**

Vandana Shiva is a huge inspiration for me. She’s a brilliant female activist. Her impact has led to a paradigm shift in agriculture, which has a large impact on human rights.
“Don’t walk in front of me, I may not follow. Don’t walk behind me, I may not lead. Just walk beside me and be my friend.” — Albert Camus

Students for Social Justice (SSJ) is a grassroots club that advocates for peace and social justice on a broad scale: from our homes and communities, across our province and country and throughout the world. SSJ is committed to educational campaigns, including hosting politically progressive film screenings, speaking tours, fundraisers/parties and working in solidarity with other grassroots organizations. I spoke with William Hairhole to learn more.

Where did the idea for this club emerge from?

Too often post-secondary education has been reduced to vocational training for drones who graduate only to go on to work corporate jobs and not positively contribute to society. SSJ was formed in part to remedy this phenomenon and help students get the most out of their education, while working toward being part of positive social change.

Are people involved in the group just from the Peace Studies program, or are they from other programs to?

Our club members come from a myriad of educational backgrounds. We have a core group of about a dozen students, but our network extends to well over 100 members and supporters. We have been encouraged by the turnouts to our events. It really seems like a lot of people want to work toward positive social change; SSJ provides a great starting point.

For more information or to receive updates on events join their Facebook group: SCSU Students for Social Justice.
WHAT TYPE OF TRAVELER ARE YOU?

by melinda pedersen//nelson

photo: mike stolte//nelson
1. **If you were to spend two weeks in Mexico, how would you spend your time?**
   a. Travelling around large and small centres, visiting museums and interacting with the locals.
   b. On the beach with an umbrella in your drink and friends nearby.
   c. A bit of everything listed above, but making sure to spend time thinking about how to make your life better back home.

2. **Congratulations! You won a trip. Which one would you go on?**
   a. A trip for one to Thailand. Included is airfare, train pass, guided tours to historical spots, vouchers for events with traditional food and dance, and accommodation in Thai-owned hotels.
   b. A cruise around the Caribbean for two. Included is airfare, a deluxe cabin and unlimited food and drink. Most of the time is spent on the boat, wading in the pool or catching a show, but there is the chance for excursions in a few places.
   c. A backpacking trip around Europe for one. Included is airfare, a train pass, vouchers for Hostelling International Hostels and a travel journal.

3. **What was/is your favourite subject in school?**
   a. Social studies, anthropology, comparative civilizations and history.
   b. Pfft, favourite subject? School is about socializing and spending time with friends.
   c. Creative writing and English.

4. **It’s a three-day long weekend and you and your friends all have it off! What do you do?**
   a. Be tourists close in the Basin. Soak in hot springs, peruse some artists’ shops, tour a museum or choose any of the other activities featured in your local guide book.
   b. Hit the beach, arrange a dance party, visit the beach, make some summer fruity drinks, beach some more.
   c. Go on an overnight hiking trip, taking the opportunity to get in touch with nature and yourself.

5. **It’s your birthday and your grandma gives you a gift certificate to a bookstore. What do you get?**
   a. Non-fiction books about other people and other places.
   b. Lame. Who reads these days? When you finally go, you buy a People magazine with Paris Hilton on the cover.
   c. A blank journal to record your thoughts.

6. **Your best friend is getting married in Hawaii. You...**
   a. Go two weeks before the wedding to explore Hawaii.
   b. Spend a week researching the places in the area that you can take your friend to for the bachelor/bachelorette party.
   c. Sit by the beach of your hotel, listen to the waves and prepare a speech for your BFF reflecting back on the great times you’ve shared together and thinking about the great times you’ll have in the future.

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**Mostly A’s Culture Seeker**
Your favourite thing about travelling is experiencing other people and the way they live. You love learning about other cultures and the opportunity to be fully immersed in one is tempting.

**Mostly B’s Party-Goer**
You love being surrounded by friends, good music and a good time. When you travel, this is no exception. The idea of going to bed and waking up early to explore a different culture would just cut into your party time too much. You’re likely to become good friends with the recreation director at your all-inclusive resort and develop a nice, even tan at the beach.

**Mostly C’s Reflective Wanderer**
For you, the best part of travelling is getting to know yourself. When you travel, you are able to get away from your usual self enough to reflect on how you live and make decisions as to how to live better. For you, travelling is a great period of personal growth.
My Baba (grandma) and Deda (grandpa) grew up in the Castlegar area alongside the Columbia River. My Deda grew up in Ootischenia and my Baba grew up in Blagodatnoye. Pronounced “blah-ha-dat-nia”, it is the land halfway between Castlegar and Trail on the other side of the river, opposite the highway. It is also frequently called Poupor.

My Baba was born on this land and lived there with her family and other Doukhobor families. There was no road leading to Blagodatnoye; her only method of transportation to or from her home was via the Columbia River.

At the age of 12, my Baba started crossing the river on her own. At 14 years old, she got a job in Trail as a nanny and housekeeper. Because of the distance to Trail and the transportation of that time, my Baba would go to Trail for the week, and only come home on weekends.

In the late 1930s when my Baba was making her journeys to and from work each week, she would have to cross the Columbia River. At this time, there were no dams on the mighty river, and the water levels fluctuated with the seasons. As well, there was a sawmill upstream of Blagodatnoye that frequently lost logs down the river.

In one story my Baba shared with me, she remembers rowing her boat across the river in the springtime when the water level was high and the river was flowing fast and wild. As she rowed across the river, she would have to watch for floating logs that threatened to tip over her boat. To make matters worse, my Baba never learned to swim. Once she got to the other side of the river safely, she would be able to reach the highway and take a bus to Trail.

My Baba always had a deep respect for the Columbia River. Even though she lived next to it and relied on it, she feared it for its danger. Even with her fear, one of my fondest memories of my childhood is when my Baba took me to Syringa Provincial Park in the summers so I could go swimming in the Columbia. Although I never remember her swimming with me, I know she always watched me carefully to make sure I was safe.

My Baba has a strong connection to the Columbia River and she has passed that connection on to me. Almost every day, I take a walk along the edge of the Columbia River, and when I do, I picture my Baba at 14 rowing across.
CURRENTS
CURRENTS Youth Water Forums are designed to raise awareness and improve understanding of water-related issues amongst young people in a fun, informative setting. The forums also provide an opportunity for youth to begin to understand how they can ensure their voices are heard in major water-related decisions in the Basin.
Tracking
Discovering History, Community and our Inner MJ

I think the first time we all felt a real sense of camaraderie, our first connection as a community, our first moment of utopic group vitality, was the Thriller Dance morning stretches. With wide smiles, crooked zombie-ish arms and Michael Jackson-esque style and grace, we could barely contain our collective joy in achieving this impressive display of synchronicity! If we could just wake up nine mornings, make nine breakfasts, do dishes three times a day for nine days, take down camp nine times, paddle with each other for 168 kilometres, set up camp for nine nights, make nine dinners and share the claustrophobic quarters of tents for nine nights with as much flair, finesse and full participation, this trip was going to be great!

Of course, we didn’t always maintain the same flair. It didn’t exist at 7:30 a.m. when it was time to cook breakfast, or when a torrential storm forced us off the river and into a willow-infested ditch we turned into a tarp city, or when some of the participants found their canoe had a sudden urge to be upside down, dunking precious items that remain to this day property of the river gods, or in maintaining any sense of calm or sanity when dusk would hit at the slough-side campsites during the worst mosquito season in the history of Golden. But don’t get me wrong. This trip was the opportunity of a lifetime for youth and leaders alike to discover and become more connected to our history, our community, our environment and ourselves.

This trip, Tracking David Thompson, was not just a physical journey through a World Heritage Site to see where David Thompson himself paddled, but a journey within as well. For all involved, the trip challenged us: to push our limits, to go walk the narrow ledge of our learning edges and to grow. As Charles Dubois once put it, “To sacrifice what we are for what we (can) become.” And over the 10 days, there were many witnessed moments of growth, of discovery, of asset development and skill development, of community building, of lifelong connections created, of finding our inner child and of getting glimpses of who we might become.

Many thanks to those organizations and people who have helped us access the wilderness and make this trip happen for the third year in a row. And to Team TDT: thanks for the courage to awaken something that was dead inside each of us, and the curiosity to awaken the zombie of David Thompson and the inhibition to make them all dance; MJ would indeed be proud.

THANKS

For more information about the Tracking Thompson Adventure Program, contact Program Coordinator Justin Telfer, jtefer@uniserv.com

Special thanks goes out from the leaders and participants to:

• Golden Family Center
• The Town of Golden
• East Kootenay Addiction Services Society
• Columbia Basin Trust
• College of the Rockies
• Golden Secondary School.
be the change

joel robison

cranbrook
emergency//minka bartels//nelson

pieces of an element//cianni naomi pachal//cranbrook

there's always a new beginning//camille craig//rossland

bleeding hearts//minka bartels//nelson
flap like you just don’t care//
sierra franklin//fairmont/invermere

pepsi//sierra franklin//fairmont/invermere

japanese pagoda//minka bartels//nelson

purple noodle princes in disguise//sierra franklin//fairmont/invermere
it’s what you are leaving behind///kayla pocha//cranbrook

blue heat///taelor sandberg//cranbrook

stand out///kayla driedger//new denver

follow the leader///kayla pocha//cranbrook
mushrooms//tamara//new denver

upside down//amanda procter//south slocan

rusty chain//tamara//new denver

cabapple tree in blossom//nicci armitage//nelson
End of Trail

tenara
new denver
CARDBOARD’S COMPANION  
sadye butler//new denver

Whispering words of courage  
A dark alley  
Damp from a previous rain  
A softened cardboard box  
Splattered with last night’s dreams  
Heavy with today’s realizations  
It is here he kneels  
With a sigh he regains his upright posture  
With a grimace to the clouds  
He stomps on his soul  
Sure to leave a footprint  
A small reminder of all the days he was able to endure  
Resisting the temptation to perish by his own hand

Just a lonely man  
On the streets  
Dimly lit with a persistent flame  
Meant to be more  
Than cardboard’s companion  
Caught in the rain  
The consistent battle of body and mind  
Unable to find the sun  
A faint glimmer of moonlight  
A dim sparkle in his eyes  
He is lost in sleepless nights  
In impossible dreams  
That when faced with reality fall short  
Crumble.

PUBLIC TRANSIT ROBOT  
anna harvey-vieira//nelson

It’s…Breakable.  
I hadn’t thought that when cracks go down deepdeep  
we will shudder  
in our wool socks in our Birkenstocks.  
Footprints will fill with water  
and elephants will cry.  
Lollipops diminish  
and light scatters to recreate; refraction.  
This is the time,  
the sign,  
marigold girls and billboard blatancy.  
This is the time.  
Format Error.  
My joy is malfunctioning.  
Fulfillment levels are at a critical low.  
beepbeep  
This is the alligator shaped Panic Button.  
This is scrambled eggs with extra cheddar.  
This is my disembarkment platform.  
byebye
“Imagination is the beginning of creation. You imagine what you desire, you will what you imagine and at last you create what you will.”

—George Bernard Shaw
THE MAN WITHOUT JEWELS
Daniel Levesque//Revelstoke

All of the marionette’s deepest regrets
spill forth like the waves on the rocks of the inlet
where I sit, where I wish, and where I can get
reminiscent memories of the time we met
the places that we went,
and just let everything go for a while.
I scream out to God,
he’s got to hear me somewhere
poison’s dripping off the fangs of a snake in the
grass
tryin’ not to crack up, but I can never run fast
enough to get away from this pain that leaves
me dissected
I know I’m running on empty, yet I waste time
reflecting
talking to ghosts of the past,
and just leave my memories in my trunk.

HOW I’LL FORGET
Breanne Agnew//Kimberley

I’ll sit my glasses where they belong,
sit where I am told,
put my hands where they mould around my
face
and just let everything go for a while.
I’ll stop writing my stories,
sing in silence, my songs,
place my trumpet in its case,
and just forget my imagination at home.
I’ll gorge on the healthy foods,
slice the veggies into strips
pick out the bad pieces of lettuce
and just eat my heart out.
I’ll be normal
stop texting you as much as my hands will let
me,
play with the children
and just go about life.
I’ll do all I can to forget all about you,
soak in the tub
place my heart on the shelf
and just leave my memories in my trunk.

HOT LAVA
Claire Maslak//Nelson

The wind was strong as it blew through our hair
we ran and jumped and laughed.
The playground transformed into our pirate ship
sailing through seas of boiling lava.
We were so excited, as the sun shined on us
not even a storm would be able to stop us.
When suddenly a large gust of wind
blew right out of the sky, sending us to our
ends.
We were swimming and swimming in piping
hot lava
until we happily saw, a way up to our ship!
The slide was so long, we had to get up
so we tied our jackets together to make a long
rope.
When the rope was all tied we pulled ourselves
up
into our wonderful boat with all our great stuff!
This adventure was fun, but we were both tired
soon the bell would ring ending this recess
forever.

“Nothing encourages creativity
like the chance to fall flat on
one’s face.”

–James D. Finley
**BREAK MY WORDS**  
*jamie inniss//nelson*

She fought her way  
Through scraping words  
To a sky, not yet tolerable by the eye  
And as she fell,  
Knowing she would die  
Another scrape am I  
The tolerable tolerance  
The worlds fell shy  
And so did, the tolerable tolerance of the sky.  
It sprawling the table eloquently shrill,  
This dawning evening I would kill  
If only the words came tranquil

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I know of nothing that nothing does not  
The tree you forgot  
The gun you have lost  
And I know of nothing  
A catching chorus  
The clashing world  
You are missing lonely  
And lonely is the world  
Only to time  
Left for the rock  
Of sturdy, untamed, deranged thought.  
Break my words  
With a followers dream  
You already know I’m not what I mean.  
A sturdy, untamed, deranged dream.

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**GLASS PETALS**  
*sean stephenson//fernie*

Slivers of the sun  
Rain down over her  
But she cannot feel them  
The warmth fades away  
All around her is music  
Sirens calling out to her  
Begging her indulgence  
Voices falling on deaf ears  
The air is frozen  
Monochrome trees  
Broken by the wind  
The old flesh fades  
In silence she fights  
The struggle of mind  
Self against self  
Unvoiced screams pierce the still

Reality is shifting  
Crumbling to dust  
Behind the facade  
Is empty dark  
So too is she torn  
Broken against the rocks  
Yet the strings remain  
Puppet evermore

Weeping she stumbles  
Cast from stolen grace  
Plummeting towards Purgatory  
Homeward bound  
The looking glass is shattered  
The shards rain down  
Over her once again  
Slivers of the sun
we were sitting on the stone wall. your back was against the building beside us and you were smoking one of your cigarillos. you blew the smoke and i watched as it twisted and coiled and dispersed into the air and while i was watching all of this i thought back to a time where neither of us even knew what cigarillos were.

back when were just innocent little kids playing in the yard.

we were a lot younger then and our minds weren’t plagued with clouds of doubt and reality. our imagination had become our greatest asset and as we played in my backyard we imagined we were in a carnival. it was no ordinary carnival—it was our carnival.

i was the ring leader and you were the lion tamer and together we put on the greatest show the world had ever seen. you kept the lion in its place and while the unsuspecting audience it looked like you and the lion were enemies i knew that not to be the case. but as the ring leader i had to keep the crowd thinking otherwise and that was what i did best. i tricked them into thinking something that wasn’t true, just like you tamed a beast that needed no taming.

and the audience loved it, and they loved us, too.

and sometimes the animals would escape from their cages and we’d have to halt the show to gather them back up. this was when our talents shined the best, for we always knew what to do and as a team we always succeeded.

but things had changed. innocence was lost in the clouds just like our imaginations and while you and i both grew up we somehow stayed the same. i was still the ring leader, but it was no longer the audience i was tricking into believing something, it was you. and you were still the lion tamer, though, you now tamed a different sort of beast.

this was the memory my mind was dwelling on as you blew smoke one more time. i watched the smoke again and i swore i saw the lion from our world racing across the cold night sky. and then you asked me simply, “what are you thinking about?”

and with a smile, i answered just as simply, “the giraffes escaped.”
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