

Secondo a nessuno
- Italian

Incomparables!
- French

At Lasalle we are
"Second to None"

Nulli Secundus
- Latin

Niigaanzime
- Anishinaabemowin (Ojibway)

Segundo a ninguno
- Spanish

Translations provided by: Mrs Branconnier, Ms Nahwegahbow and Ms Romero

Join our team!

- **HOW:** We meet each Thursday in room 319
- **WHY:** To submit your artwork or writing, help with layout and decide on submissions for the next edition.
Looks great on a resume! =)



THE LANCER

Lasalle Secondary Schools' Magazine
of Writing and Culture



2019
WINTER



Jasmine Misson-Rainville



Emily Trudeau

The Lancer Magazine Team:

Contributors:

Ace Almocera
Patience Duncan McPhee
Robyn Emley
KaAliyah Hearn-Lewis
Emma Hechler
Megan Jacob
Reahana Jones
Emilie Malette
Rebecca McNeilly
Jenna Miller
Jasmine Misson-Rainville
Annabelle Newbury
Scarlett Roy

Eric Senchal
Emily Trudeau
Hannah Watson
Brianna Whitson
Zarra Williams

Staff:

C. Edwards
L. Stringer
K. Demontigny

Masthead design:

KaAliyah Hearn-Lewis

New Beginnings By Jenna Miller

Often wished for, and sometimes dreaded;
Left in two minds about the subsequent events,
The thoughts of the unknown remain deeply imbedded,
You never know what the future may present;
In denial about letting go of now,
Relaxed in this current utopian world,
Realizing it is time to seal the deal and take a bow,
This life is never furled;
Regretting to forget the journey that lead up to now,
The future is open-minded and bright.
One foot in front of the other, I have taken the vow,
The time has come and I am ready to take flight;
A cherished new beginning awaits,
The possibilities are endless and flood open the gates.



Reahana Jones

Anxious Thoughts By Emilie Malette

Conforming to a chair doesn't help
Legs, causing earthquakes beneath me.
Standing won't do
Since my legs would snap.
Brain is working overtime,
Producing more ways things can go wrong.
Jumping hurdles to conclusions
None of them ending well.
Yet their mouths reach their eyes
They like my brain matter
Heart survives the storm
Brain is shutting down production
Only one lingering thought:
Did their mouths match their heart?



Annabelle Newbury

The Call of the Sea

By Brianna Whitson

Waves come crashing down like reality,
Sometimes things aren't always as they appear.
Funny how much truth is found in the sea,
When you take the time to look through the clear.
The ocean is a deep blue mystery,
And a pool filled with truth for you to find.
Cast away your worries, and wordlessly,
Find the answers to your problems aligned.
But people don't have the time or the will,
Can't take a second, no matter how small,
To think through their problems, and just sit still,
And listen to the sea's relaxing call.
Next time you pick up a shell in the sand,
Listen to its message, your guiding hand.



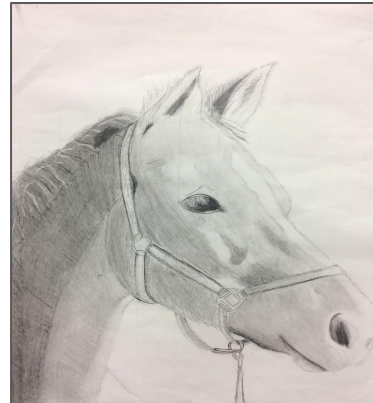
Robyn Emley



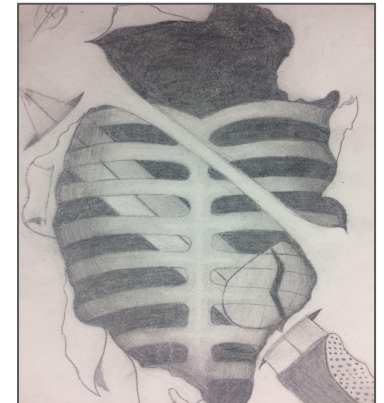
Scarlett Roy



Megan Jacob



Rebecca McNeilly



Zarra Williams

Encounters with the Vicious Canadian Black

Bear By Hannah Watson

When Caroline's mother instructed her to hike up to the lookout at the back of the forest to retrieve her younger brother's forgotten mittens, her denial was instant.

"Are you serious? Alone? I'll get lost."

Her mother shook her head. "No you won't. The trail is very well marked. Your brother and I had no trouble finding our way yesterday."

Caroline frowned. "Well, why don't you come with me then? I don't want to go all by myself. You know I'm afraid of those woods. Think of everything that could go wrong! What if I trip near the edge of the lookout and fall all the way down? There will be nobody around to help me!"

"I'm sure you'll be okay. I really need you to do this for me. I'm too busy to go with you right now. Besides, I think you might enjoy yourself. A hike alone can be a very rewarding thing."

"Rewarding? Maybe if the reward is being eaten by a bear! There are still bears out! Vicious black bears! I wouldn't stand a chance! Please don't make me go!" Caroline pleaded, swaying back and forth anxiously. Her mother sighed and patted her shoulder.

"You're going." Her tone was firm. "Dress warm."

Face wrapped in an itchy scarf, Caroline stood at the forest's edge. The mid-Autumn air was cold, and filled with the earthy smell of decomposing leaves. She shivered under her thin jacket, peering into the bush in front of her. The trees were bare and skeletal, casting dark, angular shadows across the path. As Caroline began to walk, following the marked trail, she became hyper-aware of every sound and movement around her. She flinched at every crunch of a leaf and snap of a twig, envisioning bears and wolves creeping along beside her. The longer she trekked, the more nervous she became, eyes darting between the branches and bushes that framed the path.

Why did I agree to come? Caroline bit her lip. What if I'm going the wrong way? She began to become unsure of the path she followed, wondering if the pink ribbons blazing the trees were incorrect, leading her to the wrong side of the forest. The wind began to pick up, whistling through the trees, and Caroline began to walk faster.

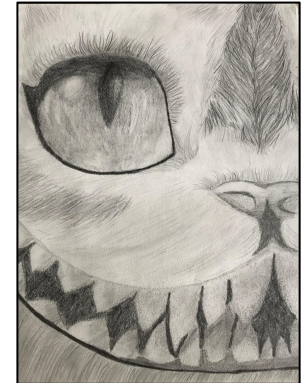
The low howl of a wolf somewhere in the distance rang out, and tears burned the corners of her eyes. Fists clenched underneath her wool mittens, she took a deep shaky breath and continued to hike. As she stumbled over roots and ducked beneath the heavy boughs of pine trees, she came closer and closer to the top. The cluster of trees was becoming less dense.

Finally, the trees parted. Caroline stumbled out onto the rocky ledge. Sure enough, her brother's red knit mittens were there, perched between branches of a blackberry bush. Filled with relief, she grabbed them, stuffing them into her jacket pocket, ready to turn around and climb home as fast as possible. It was at that moment that something caught her eye. Over the edge of the lookout, the sun had begun to glow behind the edge of the trees in the distance. The warm light spilled through the forest below, highlighting the oranges and reds of the leaves strewn through the trees. The sky brightened. The breeze felt gentler now, the air fresher. Caroline approached the edge, brushing the hair from her eyes. She watched the birds below flit between branches, chirping with glee. Lowering herself slowly, she sat down on the smooth cold rock, letting her feet dangle.

Back at home, Caroline's mother stared out the kitchen window, worried about her anxious daughter alone in the woods. At the forest's very edge sat Caroline, so mesmerized by the world around her that she didn't notice a hulking black bear amble peacefully across the path behind her.

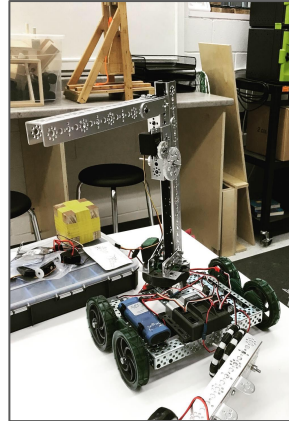


KaAliyah Hearn-Lewis



Emma Hechler

Lasalle Happenings...



On the Hunt

By Eric Senechal

The Shrew looked up at the giant tower above his head; it seemed to reach up to the sky. This was unsettling to the poor little Shrew. Things bigger than him naturally made him feel small, which he definitely was. In comparison, the tree he stood at the base of was dizzyingly large. It didn't really touch the sky, but it did for all he knew. Regardless of its size, the tree was only a small part of a large expanse. The forest. And it was the forest, the sea of trees, that truly made him uneasy.

It was time for the feeble Shrew to begin his daily journey through the maze of trunks. He couldn't stay in his burrow forever. And despite his nervousness, the Shrew was eager to enter the forest. Everything he needed in life resided there: nourishment and companionship. He hadn't seen his woman since the summer months, but the earth was still a little too cool for *that* anyway. So for today, the focus was simply finding some tasty insects. He took note of how they like to hide in the tall grass. Finding even a single insect can be challenging. But being a true delicacy to the Shrew, one would not suffice. To get what he needed for the day he would have to travel deeper.

The forest was endless, but to the tiny Shrew familiar; as long as he stuck to his normal route. He knew it like the back of his hand. He found comfort in the familiarity of his path. And with uncertainty came nervousness and nervousness breeds mistakes. When you mess up in the forest, you don't last much longer. The apprehensive Shrew knew this, and was always on alert: just as observant of predators as of prey.

Sure enough within the hour, the brave Shrew's fears came to pass. He sensed a change in his surroundings. A big change. A *really* big change. Looming shadows approached from behind, blocking the sun in the process. The courageous Shrew didn't wait to see the monstrous horde of cats behind him, he just started running. Now was not the time to worry about his route. A compass rose or directions were not on his mind, simply whether or not he'd see tomorrow. The clever Shrew felt cheated.

"Was I not careful enough? What mistake did I make for my life to end so abruptly?" He asked himself.

And with a stroke of luck, the blessed Shrew came upon a stream. Cats don't like water he knew, and therefore the forest bathed him in hope. Despite being a weak swimmer, the fortuitous Shrew managed to paddle across the stream. He was consumed with relief; the cats would not follow him across. A close call; not his first, and definitely not his last. It was dangerous in the forest, and having been spooked, our empathetic protagonist would never again take his life for granted, or any life for that matter.

Soaking wet and panting, the glowing Shrew refocused. With the threat of shadows gone, it was time to return to business. Finding his burrow would be a challenge, but he had a keen sense of direction, and perhaps he would find some delicious insects on the way. He was very hungry after having ran for his life.

The minuscule Insect looked up at the enormous blade of grass with fear in his eyes. Big things made him nervous, and he thought he had seen something crawl out of the running sea.

The Barber *By Patience Duncan McPhee*

It was a summer afternoon, and Michael decided to pay a visit to the town's newest barber shop. He was new to this town as well, and needed a haircut. The shop was small, and oddly unsettling, with plain white walls and no decoration anywhere. Michael walked silently over to the front desk and reached over to tap on the silver bell to summon an employee, but before he could, a grim and raspy voice spoke from behind him. "Hello there, what can I do for you?" Michael replied, nervously, "I-I would like a cut and shave please, if that's possible." He turned around to look at the man, and immediately noticed how tall he was, with bulging muscles and a crooked scar across his face. He gestured towards the only salon chair in the room, smiling.

Michael walked towards the used looking chair, heart beating a bit faster than normal. As he sat down, a white sheet matching the barren walls was draped around his body, as well as a warm white face towel under his chin, tucked into the sheet. The Barber said that he would cut Michael's hair first, and give him a straight shave afterwards. Michael glanced to the tray on which both the scissors and straight razor were, each glinting in the white light. He noticed the razor had a red spot on it, something that looked similar to dried blood. The haircut began, and the speed and precision of his cuts were not helping Michael's nerves, as the Barber seemed like he had more experience with sharp objects than just cutting hair.

The Barber was silent during the haircut, with the only audible noise being the sound of Michael's hair being cut, an ominous snip, snip, snip. This experience reminded Michael of a film he had watched once, about a barber who posed as such, but was instead a serial killer, and turned his victims into pies. The Barber was still silent, but now two sounds were heard throughout the space. Michael's hair being cut, and his heart beating rapidly. He began to sweat, and remembered this haircut wasn't the only thing he was getting that day, he also had to sit through a straight shave, where even the most experienced barber can become a murderer with one wrong move. The razor was still on the tray, taunting him as it sat.

Michael was frozen with fear by the time his haircut was finished, and the room began to feel like it was closing in on him. He felt more and more claustrophobic, helpless with his hands bound inside the white sheet, now covered in his crimson hair. The Barber brushed the hair onto the ground, again restoring the plain white of the sheet, but looking into the mirror in front of him, there was another small stain Michael hadn't noticed before, a red spot similar to the one on the razor, right where the client's neck would have been.

The room was spinning now, Michael finding it hard to breathe. The Barber was preparing his face for the shave, placing a damp towel on his chin and surrounding areas, to open his pores. The towel was a normal temperature, but to

Michael it felt red hot. He could feel his heart pumping blood through his veins throughout his body, almost anticipating it to spill out at any moment at the hands of the Barber. Now came the moisturizing oil, and as the Barber aggressively rubbed it in, Michael felt like his skin was being stretched and moved in inhuman ways, as if it was being pulled by a demon. He had his eyes closed now, as his head was facing upwards, directly in line with the Barber's. If he opened his eyes, he would see the grotesque scar up close, but if he kept them closed, he wouldn't know what was coming. He kept them closed, coming to the conclusion that not being able to know when he would come to an untimely demise was the better option.

Now came the shaving cream, the Barber moving Michael's head down again so that he could spread it on evenly. Michael opened his eyes and saw the sweat beading on his forehead in the mirror, getting his newly cut hair wet. He glanced towards the razor again, still glinting in the light, and prepared for the worst. He hoped so desperately that someone else would come in the dreadful shop asking for a cut, and distract the Barber long enough for him to escape, but no one did. The Barber went to pick up the razor, and it felt like an eternity for him to raise it, finally, to Michael's neck. He was breathing so heavily, sitting in a pool of his own sweat, and praying to God that someone would save him. He felt incredibly dizzy and nauseous, with an unbearable ache in his chest. The Barber gave him a smile, and said "Just relax." Just then, the tightness and pain in Michael's chest became unbearable, and he went limp in the chair, the Barber pulling away. He checked Michael's pulse, and sure enough, he had died. "Not again!" The Barber exclaimed. "Am I really that unsettling?" He began to pack up his shop for the next town, putting Michael's body in the basement.

Resident Lasalle hair expert Ace Almocera talks about his passion.



I started cutting my own hair and one of my friends discovered my skill: I could do better than the professional barbers he went to! So, he spread the word to help me get more customers. "I don't cut hair for money. It's about the freshness and confidence I give out to every customer." Instagram: @ace.thefreshman 647-546-7994