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Motor Oil

by DR

Motor oil is sprouting from the museum roof

Motor oil is rushing out of water fountains

The dog pukes out motor oil

His nose covered in wine and motor oil

The corn fields lathered in guess what, motor oil

Half of the city is motor oil

Tires, cars, trees, buildings all filled with motor oil

Biographies of a Vampire

by RR

They say vampires are scared of the night

They say they were full of life in the beaming sun

They say they were joyful of the crosses that lightened their
eyes

They say vampires hearts are warm with love

They say they are warm and welcoming to people who pass by

They say vampires live in a tiny, cute house

they say they are beautiful and gentle during your time

Two Girls

by AW

Two girls that are best friends
walk around like lost stray
cats

The two girls go to
abandoned places every
day and do their
makeup there

The two girls that are
best friends are both
homeless and have
nowhere to go
and have no one
but themselves

Otters Talk in Mandarin

by Z

Otters talk in Mandarin
Otters talk in Mandarin to everyone.
Because they go to school
I can see Thomas the Tank Engine
He does a flip
When an otter emotes
You can hear all of china laugh
Isaac Newton ate Lucky Charms
Otters can ever write in Mandarin
Beehives are raining from the sky
And that's why
Otters talk in Mandarin

That's History

by DR

DR is a giant

DR is a comet flying through space

He plays with the stars

He lies on a planet

Aliens and other life forms wish they were him

They all think of where he came from

A gift of the gods

richer than oil and gold

When he collides: that's history

When I'm Bored

by AW

When I'm bored I

lay on my
floor

When I get bored of that

I walk outside
in the middle of the night
or I will go for a

car ride with my aunt or cousin

late at night while there's no cars to be seen

I Know Too Much

by RR

I know I'm a zombie, hiding from creatures of the outside world.
I wish I was free, like a skeleton with bones in the ground. I wish
I was pretty, like a unicorn of brokenness. The kind that
wouldn't be afraid, who would sleep under her tombstone with
lungs filled with bugs and dirt. Even with tired eyes, her skull
cracked with a peaceful life

Basic Obedience

by Z

her animals while they are being filmed.

When Tracker had mastered basic obedience, he began to accompany Anne when she took other animals on location. He watched while other dogs acted in films or got their pictures taken for magazines.

By going along at a young age, Tracker got used to the bright lights and noise and people. He learned to pay attention only to Anne's commands and not be distracted by anything else that was going on around him.

Tracker proved to be a quick learner who loved to go to work with Anne. Soon he auditioned for his own first part and got it.

Tracker's first acting job was in a television commercial for the Oregon State Lottery. Anne drove him to Portland, where the commercial was filmed. Tracker's part was not difficult; he had to lie on the floor with his head down, next to a woman in a chair. Then, when Anne gave the signal, Tracker was supposed to lift his head and perk up his ears as if something exciting had happened.

Tracker performed flawlessly. Anne knew he was a fine actor. She continued to teach him new commands and included agility training in his lessons.

Short A\$\$ Poems

by DR

Orange
orange!

swimming class
swim swim swim

Mustard
+Mustard
=Ketchup

Rat
Bombastic rat

Shelter

by AAS

Three dogs

One black, one gold. One is dead.

The black and the gold wander the streets at their wills. They
wander the woods and creeks as well.

The dead wanders a void.

The void is black.

It's cold.

It owns no life and no comfort.

Who is the dead?

Was he grey? Or brown? Maybe he was white.

The dead knew the gold and the black.

He made the gold and the black.

The dead is the will power of the black and the gold.

The dead convinced them to escape.

Girl on the Roof

by EG

A girl was on the roof
She looked up into the night
Where the stars were her only light
She sighed and found it odd
And she says "Hey God, it's me again"

Untitled

by AR

Eating cheese in the
Middle of the
Sidewalk sitting
Like a Buddha

His Coat

by AAS

His coat was once someone else's
The coat of a white wolf

Brown eyes like Mother Nature's earth
Trapped yet thriving in two marbles

Even if one face isn't pretty
Their heart could be

A bag hit with a shoe,
Crumpled up like Nature's dying trees

A dead pet, or a dead loved one, or even a dead parent
It is the same grief
The grief of the dead

A strong tree is a thick tree

Men, by AAS

the other relationships in her life. And this is what makes *Nice Girls Don't Get Rich* different. This is not just a book about financial planning. It's also a book about financial thinking. It's about how women, stuck in old patterns of socialized behaviors and thinking, get in their own way of accumulating the wealth needed to live their lives richly—in all ways. It's not because we earn only seventy-seven cents on the dollar as compared with men, and it's not because we don't sit in corner offices. Those are symptoms, not causes. Women don't earn as much because they are given conflicting messages throughout their lives—beginning when they are girls—about doing good and doing well. All of the financial planning books in the world won't help someone who is walking the tightrope between intellectually knowing she should be more concerned with financial security and emotionally feeling stretched about how to achieve it and still be effective in her socialized role as nurturer, caretaker, protector, and helpmate. But a book that combines financial thinking with financial planning will—and that's why I decided to write this book.

The title of my last book, *Nice Girls Don't Get the Corner Office: 101 Unconscious Mistakes Women Make That Sabotage Their Careers*, raised a lot of eyebrows and caused much conjecture when it arrived on the best-seller lists. The most common media question I was asked, particularly by men and with a bit of sarcasm, was, "Are you saying you can't be nice and make it in business?" That's when I knew the person hadn't read the book. If he had, he would know that while it's true women can't afford to be nice to the point of being pushovers, the emphasis in that title, and this one, is less on the word nice and more on the word girls. For what gets women in trouble when it comes to getting and keeping the job they want or accumulating the portfolio they need to live financially independent lives is the tendency to act like the

Introduction

Untitled

by Z

Do grandmas have obsessions with cheeks?
My cheeks are sore when I visit her.
Are her fingers sore too?

My Long Lost Son

by DR

My long lost son stole the moon
Tides going crazy
World out of sync
The next door lady is going crazy
The man who sleeps is always awake
Catch a glimpse of the lake and now it's fake
As fake as can be it is real
Just twisting images on your brain
My son
Has stolen the moon

Becoming Bats

by RR

Bats are seen in the midnight sky
The pair of boots I received are filled with bats
Bats are biting my eyes as I lay
My ribcage of huddle bats sleeps silently
The trees outside are scared bats weeping
The sea is filled with children capturing bats
Bats are giving notes filled with bats

That Is It

by AW

A 14-year-old girl had to

be given a drug

to remove

heart damage.

from her body

um

that

is

it

Two Girls

by RR

Two girls drove together to another town; hours away their town stays still. They both stop at a cemetery where the dead lay silently and gently.

Two girls cry with each other, their arms filled with ashes and glitter. They rip their hair out of luck, in madness they fill each others' lungs with booze.

Two girls braid each other's hair in a coffin as the earth filled their eyes, making the worms sob in reaction.

I Like

by AW

the smell of gas
and nail polish
when I'm with my grandma
I sit on her lap while playing with her ears

Grimace

by Z

Grimace is around every corner

Grimace is in your basement

Grimace owns McDonald's

Everyone I see is Grimace

Grimace is in your milkshake

Bugs bleed Grimace and so do birds

Grimace is in the back seat of your car

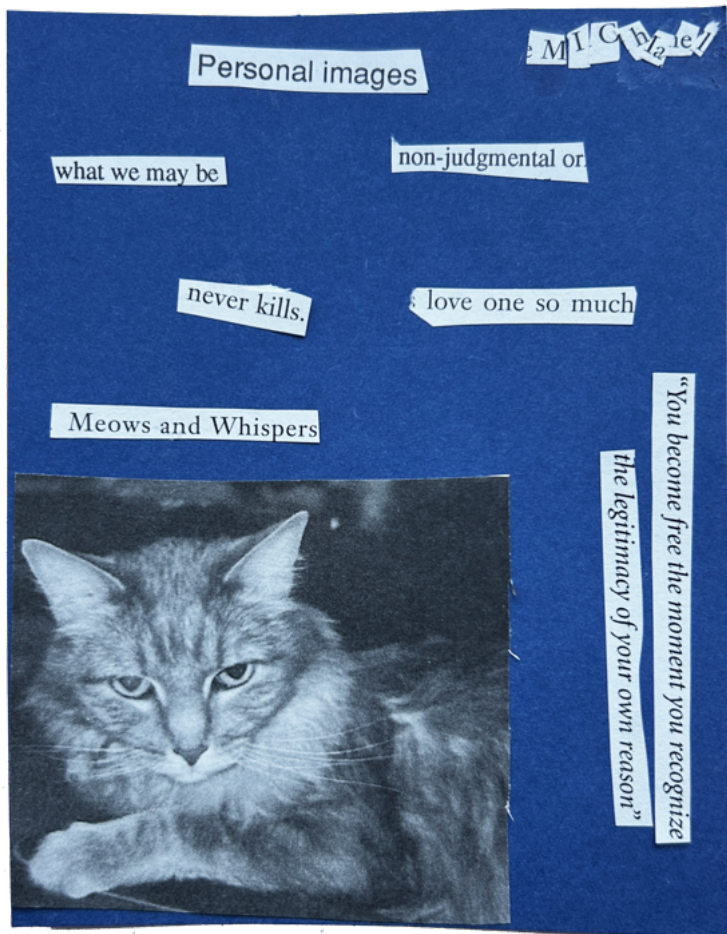
Grimace owns the seven seas

Mother Nature is just Grimace

I see Grimace crossing the street

Grimace flies through the sky

Personal Images by AAS



RR is Broken

by RR

RR is broken.

Her heart is wounded like time

She lays into nothingness, scared as a bee eating soup

RR turns into a unicorn, breathing under water,

as water fills her eyes

She breathes the moon dust when scared

Worried, she goes to sleep in her hole

Untitled

by Z

Thanks to Johnny Depp

I can give birth

Good lord may the lord

Bless your soul

Go On

by AAS



...and sweep up the ...
...People think I'm ...

"People come over and go, 'Ooh! A kitty!' Then, 'Oh, another kitty!' Then, 'Oh shit, it's another cat.' And I tell them, 'Yeah, yeah, just go on into the bedroom.'"

...how many ...
...I've reached my limit ...

...and pondered my own limits. I have met women—and they are almost always women—who have let their houses fall into disrepair, allowed their relationships with fellow humans to slide, and seen full-time jobs go by the wayside because of the amount of time, not to mention energy and money, they had chosen to give to their feline charges. I have walked into homes that stunk of urine, where the litter boxes, not changed regularly, housed the presence of twenty or thirty or more cats being sheltered on instead of ferals being tamed or protected, simply overruling the best efforts of their human cohabitants.

Of these women, whether professionals affiliated with pound and animal hospitals or longhearted amateurs seeking to save cats from horrible deaths on the street, make different choices than many of us simple pet-lovers would make. For taking in cats is not about finding a pet to love but about helping otherwise friendless creatures. It may be a sane choice as to humane or, if their reasoning is usually rational. They are the pillars of their animal rights communities. So where draw the lines?

"I've reached my limit," says Jeanette. With twenty living in either her Washington State house or her fenced yard, including six ferals who will not allow Jeanette to be as many as she can deal with. Even

I Like Weird Stuff

by DR

I like the smell of gas
I like the smell of fresh tires
I like the smell of motor oil
I like cars
the police ruin fun
the fun everyone likes
the world is messed up
the aliens built the pyramids
the earth is a sphere
a soccer ball is a sphere
cars make me happy
school makes me sad
soccer is a sport
life is one big scam
the system is messed up

Need
by AW



Author Bio

by AAS

Author Bio

A— A— S—,

The name sums up the story

I find myself loyal and loving to those I choose

I will keep this limited to avoid hatred

You will not know my age, gender, religion, nationality,
sexuality, or anything as such

I live off the internet, where I can be

Whoever I want and do whatever I want

I like animals and pretty colors, I like clean cars and dumb shows

I love my darling, S—, more than anything

Aside from my dog, T—.

Rest in peace, baby

In the Moving Lake

by RR

RR, as scared as the night

RR, calm like a tree

RR, sad as a unicorn

RR, haunting like an angel

RR, wounded like a withered flower

RR, careful like a snail

RR, in the moving lake

RR, lost in the broken book

RR, silent in the meadow

RR, free as time

Untitled

by Z

tant. He now had two deaf people to watch out for. One afternoon Taj put three-year-old Alexandra in her bed for a nap. Then Taj went downstairs, with Ivan at her side. She stretched out on the couch in the living room and fell asleep. Ivan, as always, lay on the floor next to her.

Taj was sleeping soundly when she felt something heavy on her chest. Still half-asleep, she realized it was Ivan. Ivan weighed sixty pounds, so she definitely did not want him on her chest.

He licked her face and pawed at her arm. "Ivan, get down," she said sleepily, pushing the dog to the floor. It took her a few minutes to wake up fully, but when she did, she realized that Ivan would never jump on her unless something was wrong.

She opened her eyes. Ivan was no longer beside her. The room looked dark, and she now smelled smoke. Fear jolted through Taj.

"Fire!

She leaped off the couch.

Knowing Alexandra would not hear her call, Taj raced for the stairs. The thick smoke made her cough. Her eyes smarted, and her heart pounded with fear for her little girl.

Old Man Jenkins

by DR

Old Man Jenkins goes outside and drinks beer on his front porch while every day goes by slower and slower.

...

Old Man Jenkins drives his car by the shore. He stops at the local beer store to get beer to watch the sunset.

...

Old Man Jenkins the town beer addict
Beer all of life's problems
Old Man Jenkins watches every sunset and doesn't age
Beer on the porch, beer while driving
Beer tells Old Man Jenkins' life story
His blood replaced with beer
Every liquid Old Man Jenkins thinks of and sees is BEER!

Untitled

by AW

Love could be a medicine?

Could you make love a medicine, and swallow it in the moment?

A Girl in a Band

by RR

A girl in a band sobbed each night in her room. Despite her effort not to, she did. Her tears were kept in jars cast away in the forest to be forgotten.

Natural Beauty

by DR

neither is unraveling its

natural

BeAuty

[illegible]