

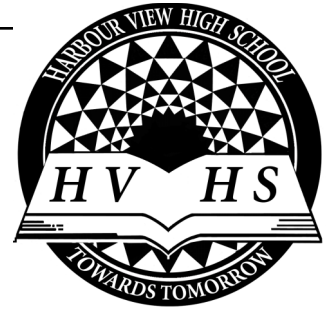


# HARBOUR VIEWS

Issue 1

September 2018

"The beautiful thing about learning is that nobody can take it away from you." - B.B. King



## Welcome to a brand new year at Harbour View



Your 2018-19 SRC includes L-R: Gerry Bidgood (VP Grade 11), Luke Khitab (VP Finance), Jon Crossman (VP Spirit), Jacob Moore (VP General), Josh Merrett (President), Declan Hartery (VP Grade 10), Rachel Sheehan (VP Administration)

Welcome freshmen, and returning students, to the 2018-2019 school year. I hope you all had a great summer and I hope you'll have an even better year here at Harbour View.

Your SRC plans on making this year the best one yet, filled with BBQs, dances, pep rallies, and anything else you want!

We need your ideas to make this year great, so feel free to email me your ideas at [joshuamerrett@icloud.com](mailto:joshuamerrett@icloud.com).

We have so much planned this year, and I can't wait to work with this year's student council.

- Joshua Merrett, SRC Prez

Are you a Grade Nine student looking to get involved?  
Elections for the position of Grade Nine Rep will take place this month.  
For more information see Mrs. McCaustin, 230 or Ms. Oram, 325

September at HVHS

Listen to announcements for information about clubs and activities this month

Picture Day—Sept 11



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**Next issue:** October 2018

# Let's extend a warm Viking welcome to some new faces



**Ms. B. MacDonald**  
Vice Principal

**What can students expect to find in your office?** A smile

**Fun fact:** I previously worked as a Personal Trainer and I am also trained to coach Crossfit and Olympic Weightlifting.



**Ms. E. Taylor**  
Guidance

**What can students expect to find in your office?** A warm, friendly welcome, no judgement and a listening ear.

**Fun fact:** Cycling enthusiast, coffee lover, and mother of two vivacious kids



**Mr. W. Casey**  
English

**What can students expect in your classroom?** They can expect to learn. Expect to read and write. Expect to try hard. Expect to be included. Expect to be welcome

**Fun Fact:** I have a twin brother who works in this very school!



**Mrs. T. Dick**  
Music & Science

**What can students expect in your classroom?** To make music and do science- think outside the box!

**Fun Fact:** I love to get a run in before I get to school...usually under the stars...



**Mr. C. Hamilton**  
PIF, FI Social Studies &  
Modern History

**What can students expect in your classroom?** Students can expect bellwork at the beginning of class and a mix of note-taking, discussions, and group-work depending on the activity.

**Fun Fact:** Gamer. Sci-fi and Fantasy and fan.



**Mrs. K. Maguire**  
English & Social Studies

**What can students expect in your classroom?** They should hopefully have some fun, and be exposed to a variety of perspectives. They should feel comfortable and safe to share their ideas and not be afraid to make mistakes.

**Fun Fact:** I can be a bit of a beach bum. The beach is definitely my happy place; the sound of the waves and the sand under my feet are my favorite things.





**Ms. C. Matula**

Physical Geography, Science,  
& World Issues

**What can students expect in your classroom?** Lots of terrible jokes

**Fun Fact:** I was born in Germany.



**Ms. N. Mullin**

GMF, Math, & Pre Calc,

**What can students expect in your classroom?** We are all on a learning journey together, and are at different points along the path. My goal is to meet you where you are, and draw on your individual strengths as we journey along this path together. Let's grow some math chops!

**Fun Fact:** I used to be a competitive figure skater and expert marksman. Whizbang!



**Mr. L. Nkengue**

PIF, FI Foundation & NRF, Pre Calc

**What can students expect in your classroom?** Learning new things while having fun.

**Fun Fact:** I still believe in Santa Claus :-)

## Greetings from our principal

Submitted by  
Michael Butler, Principal

A special welcome to our new grade nine Vikings. I hope you are excited about being part of the HVHS family – a school community that values the diverse interests, skills, and talents each of you has to contribute.

I get to be part of a staff who provide tremendous learning opportunities for our students, both in classrooms and through extracurricular activities. Even before school has begun, staff and students have been hard at work on the fields and on the stage preparing for fall sports and our upcoming musical production. The endless opportunities for all students to discover and use their talents is such an integral part of the HVHS experience. The next ten months will present countless opportunities for each of you – chances to learn in the classroom, to participate in a huge array of activities, and to contribute to the life of a school that is always growing and improving. Take advantage of those opportunities! Looking back over the years since I started my career here at Harbour View, it is clear to me how much this school allowed me to learn and grow. I hope your experience is the same – and that you are able to “Invent Yourself Here.”



## Save the date! *Legally Blonde* hits the stage at Thanksgiving



Grade Nine students will hit the stage in their first HV musical.

Back L-R: Celia Chisholm, Nadia Nielson, Catherine Casey, Olivia Kingston, Elaine Hatfield, Eli Lyons

Front L-R: Mikayla Hanlon, Mya Middleton, Richard Green

Fall is an exciting time at Harbour View. Not only do we all enjoy seeing familiar faces and meeting new friends, but we're also counting down the days to our musical. This year's production of *Legally Blonde* will be held over the Thanksgiving weekend—a tradition which began with the 2014 production of *Guys and Dolls*. The change from a spring show to a fall show proved so popular, that Ms. Bosse decided to save the date.

*Legally Blonde* will be familiar to many people because of the popular movie starring Reese Witherspoon. It's the story of Elle, a pretty college girl who follows her ex-boyfriend to law school, determined to win him back. Turns out, she's even smarter than he is. Sophie Wilcott plays the title role.

"Elle's a great character because she defies others expectations," says Wilcott. "She's stubborn and she uses that to her advantage. She's not as naïve as you'd think."

As in previous years, grade eight students who were planning on coming to Harbour View were invited to audition in May.

"I'd seen a lot of HV musicals with my middle school," says grade 9 student Mya Middleton. "Coming to the shows really piqued my interest in trying out. The costumes and shows were always great."

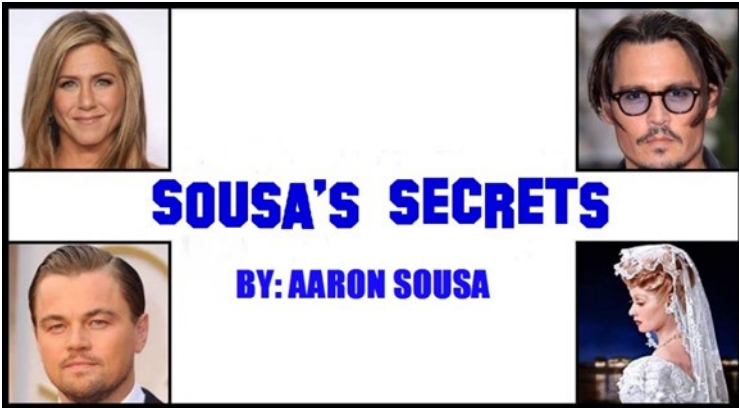
There are other benefits for new students.

"It's hard starting a new school, but being involved in musical means that you have a group of friends immediately," says Celia Chisholm, Grade 9

Students have been rehearsing dance numbers with choreographer Tori George since August 20th. The production runs October 4-6. Tickets will be available at the office.







Wow...I'm going into my senior year of high school. Where has the time gone? It seems like yesterday that I was a timid, scared grade nine student. Those feelings didn't last long. The people I've met have truly inspired me and are a huge part of my life. I have HV to thank for that. But, that's enough reminiscing for now. Let's get to the stories!!

**Aretha Franklin:** Sad news coming out of the music world this past month. The R&B singer that became known worldwide as 'The Queen of Soul' passed away on August 16th after a long battle with Pancreatic Cancer at the age of 76. The star's health had been failing for some time. Last time she measured in, she weighed a mere 86 pounds. She passed away in her home in Detroit where she had been

receiving hospice care. Franklin was best known for her work in the music industry during the 1960s, where her powerhouse vocals topped the charts with hit songs such as, *Respect*, *Chain of Fools*, and *Natural Woman*. She won 18 Grammy Awards and became the first woman to be inducted in the Rock 'n' Roll Hall of Fame. She is survived by her four children.

**Tim Conway:** There's a small family feud going on between the wife and daughter of the 1970's comedian who has recently been diagnosed with dementia. Conway's daughter, Kelly, submitted paperwork to become the appointed caretaker for her father. In the report, she states that her mother Charlene Conway has plans to move Tim out of the excellent skilled nursing facility he is currently in and place him in one that won't give him access to registered nurses as well as his 24/7 caregiver and speech therapist. Kelly also states that Conway cannot "properly provide for his personal needs for physical health, food, and clothing" and is "almost entirely unresponsive." Conway is best known for his comedic timing on the award winning *The Carol Burnett Show*. He was a frequent guest on the show beginning in 1967, becoming a regular in 1975. The show would end three years later. Millennial audiences will know Conway as the voice of Barnacle Boy on the Nickelodeon cartoon series, *SpongeBob SquarePants*.

**John Goodman:** This longtime TV star has recently made a statement about the upcoming spinoff of the revival of the 90s comedy *Roseanne* created by Roseanne Barr. The spinoff is titled *The Conners*. Entertainment outlets around the world have learned that the character of Roseanne, portrayed by Roseanne Barr in the original series and revival, will not be returning and will in fact be killed off. When talking about the new idea for the series as well as his character Dan, Goodman told reporters, "It's an unknown. I guess he'll be mopey and sad because his wife's dead." Back in May of this year, ABC pulled the revival after Barr sent out a racist tweet about Valerie Jarrett, a senior advisor of the former President Obama. She later apologized for the tweet, placing the blame on Ambien, a sedative. However, the company that manufactures the product sent out a statement saying that "racism is not a known side effect of any Sanofi medication." Barr won't be involved creatively or financially in the show. It has been stated that Barr's racism scandal will be addressed on the show.



Photo credit:  
<http://www.krcc.org/post/aretha-franklin-queen-soul-dies-76>

And that's the glimmer in the stars...



## Literary Arts

This is the first chapter of a longer piece which I haven't yet titled. A new chapter will appear in each issue of *Harbour Views*.

### The Officer By Jacob Moore

I leaned against the open squad car door while I checked the envelope's address. Apartment complex 217. All right. The place looked like a dump. And I knew a few years ago it hadn't been, but, since half the population now could barely scrape by, it wasn't exactly a priority.

The letter would read, like all the other letters I'd given out:

This time it was the Desmonds:

'Dear (whatever) family,'

'By process of random selection, you have been chosen to ameliorate our country on your very own carbon farm. Your accommodations are waiting at a location to be announced. For more information, the "How Do I Run a Carbon Farm?" pamphlet is enclosed. You will travel by train in two days time from the local train station. There you will join others in the same journey to create a better America. We congratulate you for this honorable undertaking and wish you the best of luck.

Signed: Sylvester Thorn,

CEO of Thorn Incorporated

(continued on page 6)

I closed the car door. Rust was gnawing its way up the fenders, but hadn't completely consumed my car like most of the others in the lot.

The stairs leading to the complex leaned to one side and paint sagged from the awning. Inside the smell of dust, dirty carpet and dirty people burned my nose. A face with its eyes crossed out and a mouth stitched over with the word "Thorn" was spray-painted on the wall opposite the door. The buzzer system had since been broken so I looked up the number and went on my way.

Number 303. *Please don't be home.*

I turned up the staircase. A man with a sunken face, like someone sucked the life out of it with a vacuum, slept on the landing. There was garbage at his sides and he was probably too weak to pick it up. He had maybe a week before starving—maybe less.

When I got to the third floor there weren't many welcoming faces waiting in doorways. The people there pushed their children back behind their legs, closed their doors, or cursed at me openly or under their breath.

And at the end of the hall was 303. The numbers were screwed underneath the peep-hole and the "three" hung upside down. A faded mat that said 'welcome' in vibrant colors greeted me at the door.

I put my hand up to knock—

"...what?..."

I pressed my ear against the door.

"...What'd the Doctor say?" It was a woman. "...Is it benign? Malig—"

*Knock, knock.*

"Charlie, there's someone at the door, just—"

*Knock, knock.*

"God. I'll call you back."

*Click.*

I cleared my throat.

She opened the door.

"Hi. Mrs. Desmond, is it?" She saw the colored envelope and braced herself on the door frame. "I..."

I swallowed.

"I have this notice from my superiors..." She just stared at the 'welcome' mat.

Behind her, in the dark apartment playing with broken toys on the floor, were two kids, a boy and a girl.

"Mrs. Desmond."

"Yeah." I caught her arm when she stumbled trying to stand. She snapped it away. "Yeah."

"I'm Ms. Lena Holt with the Police Department. I've got—"

"You've," she coughed. "You've got something for me don't you?" Her eyes had dark brown bags against her light brown skin. Her lip quivered and she folded her arms.

"Yes." I nodded. "I've got a notice here, saying you were selected—"

She looked at me through greasy bangs. They were greasy not because she didn't wash her hair, but because her children were more important than her. "And what if I don't go to this 'carbon farm.' Hmm? What if," she put her fingers to her mouth, "What if I don't *feel* like going?"

"Mrs. Desmond..."

"Yeah... How 'bout that? And why don't you get sent away? Hmm? I've got two kids to take care of and it's hard enough as it is. You're a big strong—"

"Mrs. Desmond..."

"Come now, let me finish." She pulled her greasy black hair out of her face. "Let's think for a moment, that you're the one getting the slip. And let's also think, that you've never been outside of the city before—never. How then, would you feel, if your—family..." She choked on 'family.' "If your family was being sent off to die because *they* didn't want another mouth to feed?"

Her kids looked up at us.

"Mrs. Desmond... How old are your children?"

Her eyes caught fire like hell in a drought. "My *children*," she grunted—or choked—behind gritted teeth, "were born *after* the law was pass—"

"*How old are they?*"

"Six and eight."

"Do you have any birth certificates?"

She swallowed hard.

They weren't six and eight; one was barely four and the other maybe seven.

"Yes... they're here somewhere..."

One bead of sweat slid down her cheek.

"Great."

"I'll go look."

"May I come in then?"

"No. You can wait—*right* there." She swayed like a drunken sailor.

Mrs. Desmond went into the other room and I walked in anyway, not sitting down but standing in the entrance, close enough to talk to her kids

They watched while I waited with my arms crossed.

The apartment smelled like an effort was made to keep it tidy. The living room was coated with navy carpet, had one couch, a radio on the coffee table, and a TV that probably hadn't been used in a year or so. The kitchen was small and ran off the living room. Most of its cabinets were chipped. A miniature hallway ran to the right of the entrance. Down it was one bathroom beside a bedroom. And that was the whole apartment.

Her children sat on the floor beside the couch. The girl held a bear with light brown fur and one eye missing and the boy had a dinged up superhero with a torn cape and a missing arm. They played along in the same game. The bear was coming to rescue the superhero from an invisible villain, presumably invisible because they hadn't another toy. The girl voiced the bear, while jostling it back and forth as if it was walking.

"I'm here to save you," she said. "You know you shouldn't fight The Invisible Man alone."

The boy responded in a rough voice. "I know. Ugh." The superhero was wounded, trudging slowly toward the bear. "He—ugh—got my arm."

"Don't worry," the bear answered. "I'll fix you *right* up." Mrs. Desmond's daughter grabbed a twig from behind her back. She stuck it into the hole where the superhero's arm should've been. The end of the twig had a pipe-cleaner wrapped around the hand like a sword. All its bristles were flattened from use.

"Wow, thanks, Ms.. That feels a lot better," the superhero said.

"You're wel-come," she answered cheerfully. "Now let's go get 'im."

"Al-rraight."

They bounced their toys off into another part of the room and put them back to back.

"Okay," the girl whispered. "Now he can't sneak up on us."

"Okay." The boy was enthusiastic.

"Shhh. Don't let him hear you. We gotta be sneaky."

"We're sneaky." He bounced twice where he sat on his knees.

I heard Mrs. Desmond swear and something got thrown in the other room.

"Before you guys get The Invisible Man, can I ask what her name is?" I said.

"Lola," she answered.

*Lola, come back in. You don't want to catch a cold.*

*Okay, mom, I just gotta be a minute.*

"Lola. That's a nice name... I wish I had it."

"Me too."

"And what's this *strong* man's name?" I asked the boy. He was the younger of the two and shied away at the question.

"Come on, Shawn," the daughter nudged him. "It's mommy's friend."

*Mommy's friend.*

"He's Nitro. He shoots fire from his hand."

"Hey, that's pretty cool. All I've got is this stupid badge."

"Woooah..." he said when I handed it to him.

"Hey, let *me* see." She scooted closer to him.

"Shawn. Claire. Could you go into your room for a minute? And give the lady back her badge." Mrs. Desmond's eyes were red and she sniffled finishing her sentence.

"But mom—"

"Come here." The mother crouched down with her arms open. Shawn with the superhero and Claire with the badge—they wrapped their arms around their mom. Mrs. Desmond had a burst of tearful laughter. "Go on now," she said. Claire handed Mrs. Desmond my badge and then the kids ran off to the other room. She wiped her eyes and stood up straight, "Here," and handed me my badge.

"Thanks." Mrs. Desmond had her eyes locked on the birth certificates in her hand. "Mrs. Desmond..." She recoiled. "Mrs. Desmond?"

"And what would happen if I didn't have these?" She was quaking; her voice, too, and the certificates shook in her hands.

I looked at my feet.

"The law states that any child born after January first, 2053, to a family already possessing one child, is to be confiscated by the state—"

"Confiscated?—"

"Now, if you *didn't* have those certificates I would have to take them in right now so forensics can determine an approximate age."

"But... how is that possible?"

"They measure your telomeres."

Her eyes went wide.

"But, that's not possible! Your telomeres dwindle when your cells divide, but you don't know how long they even were to begin with!" She was spitting at me with her words. "And they get shorter faster for different people! That's not accurate at all! That's not... That's—"

"Mrs. Desmond..."

"*NO.*" Snot trickled from her nostril. She turned to me with carnivorous eyes. "This is about my husband isn't it?"

"Mrs. Desmond I have no idea—"

"It's about that case he had against *THEM!*" She wiped her nose with the back of her hand. "All those dead bodies floating in the water and only *one* man and *my* husband would stand up to *them*. NOW LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENED!!!"

"*Miss-us Desmond.*"

"And now *you're* here to tie up all the loose ends, *TAKE MY CHILDREN FROM ME?!!*" Lines of saliva flew from her mouth like ropes thrown to men over-board. She breathed hard at me and drilled her index finger into my chest "GOD-DAM YOU. GOD-DAM YOU....."

"Miss..."

"Fine. Take us away. Send us to one of your *death camps*. But *PLEASE* don't take my kids from us, they're all we've got. *Please!...God.*" She broke down into sobs and slunk to the floor clutching the certificates like a life raft.

"Mrs. Desmond," I said. "*Please* take this slip."

She couldn't catch her breath.

I turned and walked to the door, tossing the envelope in front of her. Before closing it behind me, I said: "Mrs. Desmond... I'm sorry..."

To be continued...

Please follow Jacob's story in the next edition of *Harbour Views*.

COMING IN  
OCTOBER

# VIKING SPORTS

By Ethan Higgins Watson



By Clara Kelly

Hey Vikings, who else is ready for a new year of excitement and fun? This year, we have high hopes for our athletic department.

To kick the year off, we have our football, baseball, softball, field hockey and four soccer teams all ready to start their seasons. Our baseball team's first home game is on the first day of school, Tuesday the 4<sup>th</sup>, at Memorial Field at 8pm. The team has had lots of success in the past and they hope to start their season with a win. The girls on the HV softball team are excited to get started as well. Their first game is Wednesday the 5<sup>th</sup>, in St. Stephen.

Another incredible team we have here at Harbour View is our field hockey team. These girls have played in the provincial

final for two of the last three years and they won the provincial title two years ago. They are hoping to capture that championship again this year, and we wish the best of luck to our girls.

A huge hit in the fall has to be Football Fridays. They are wildly fun and exciting, and a great way to show support to our fellow Vikings is to come out to the games. The first home game is on Friday, September 7<sup>th</sup> at Shamrock Turf. We hope to see everyone at the field, cheering on our team!

Last, but not least, we have our boys and girls soccer teams. We have both senior and junior teams, and their season will be starting soon after school begins. Our Vikings have always been known to have the most fun on the soccer field, and are hoping to build on last season's success.

To stay in the loop follow the HVHS Vikings page on Facebook and be sure to check out Ethan's sports column in each issue of *Harbour Views*. There will be updates about tryout times, game times, and important events happening in our athletic department.

If you can't find what you're looking for, there are seven student athletic directors that you can ask at any time. Jaylee Garfield, Ellie Bidgood Sarah Finkle, Hannah Breneol, Becca Palmer, Mitchell Gautreau or Clara Kelly would be happy to answer any questions you might have.

Let's hope that our Vikings will dominate on the field this season!

