

MY EASTER BUNNY

I miss the way I used to push your hair away
From that beautiful face
The best part is when you get all shy and shit.
In the end it's me and you...
Kay, I'm smiling too...
You got me.
The feeling I am feelin is saying I'm not out
of touch?
But I got to dig a little deeper.
What I'm trying to say is that you're like my
beeper, going off
Ha ha ha yeah pretty funny.
Well I'm sorry, okay. Sorry for what
I'm not home this week
But you're still my chocolate bunny.
Happy Easter, baby.

Chris Thickfoot

RAY-RAY (MY SWEET ESCAPE)

Baby I don't want to miss a thing
I wanna be the one to give you
That special diamond ring
I wanna ride with you, fly with you
When eagles start to sing
You're my life ending, from my heart
Beat from the very beginning.
I just want to keep in touch,
So baby come a little closer
Because you're my best friend
That makes me always think
(I don't want to lose her)
You're all I want and what I got to have
I miss the smiles of your beauty
Like I can always hear you laugh
You're all I got so that makes you
My first thought every time I'm awake
Because baby I force myself to sleep
Just to be with you
You're my sweet escape.

Anonymous



THE INSIDE SCOOP

Produced by the participants of the John Howard Society literacy program:
The best of prison literacy and art, created by inmates for inmates

Spring/Summer 2014



This beautiful piece of artwork was done by Eddy Cobiness. See pages 8 and 9 for more of Eddy's work and for a description of what this piece means to him.

ALL OF MY LIFE

All of my life I've been misunderstood
Always in trouble, always up to no good
Grew up in the ghetto, ran around the hood
Never had a father figure,
he was never in the mood
Was never cared for
always abused and forgotten
Always told I was bad fruit, spoiled and rotten
Couldn't understand
why I was never loved or cared for
Always thought I was better
or deserved a lot more
Grew up in misery, heartache and shame
Only to realize
that I've survived through the pain
Don't know how to end this on any other note
So Imma end it with this quote,
"Do not follow where the path may lead,
instead go where there is no path
and leave a trail."

Travis S. aka #C@Li

ANNUAL FUNDRAISING ISSUE

This special issue is four pages longer
for your reading enjoyment! See page 3
for information on how you can help the
Inside Scoop editorial board raise money
for a cause that's important to us.



THE JOHN HOWARD SOCIETY
OF MANITOBA, INC.



THE JOHN HOWARD SOCIETY
OF MANITOBA, INC.

FROM THE EDITOR

Greetings, readers! And welcome to the annual fundraising edition of the Inside Scoop!

Those of you who have been reading the Scoop for awhile will know the drill. Every summer for the past three years, the group of Remand Centre inmates who run the Inside Scoop create a special issue to raise funds for a local community organization of their choice.

The rest of the year this fantastic newsletter is free of charge, but this one time we ask our readers to generously donate a buck or two in exchange for their copy. The proceeds from the fundraiser go to a different community group each year. This year the recipient is the amazing Andrews Street Family Centre, which you can learn all about on page 3.

If you're impressed with their work (or ours) and you want to show your support, you can bring a donation by to the John Howard Society offices (583 Ellice), or ask a family member or friend to do so if you're incarcerated.

You will note that there's actually two articles about fundraising in this issue. On page 12, literacy program participant Patrick Shingoose talks about the very unique fundraiser he's doing in the Remand Centre to raise money for the Canadian Cancer Society.

It's really exciting to see all of the great work being done by the folks in Remand. I'm so proud of everyone involved in these projects, and that's just one of the reasons putting together this issue of the Scoop has been bittersweet for me.

I am going to be leaving my position at John Howard Society after nearly seven years working in the literacy program. This was such a difficult decision, because working with all of you wonderful students, and publishing the work of all of you wonderful artists, has given me some of the best moments of my life.

I needed to step back from my job as literacy coordinator in order to return to school, but don't be surprised if you see me popping up at the Remand Centre in the future as a volunteer in the program. I like to think of this as more of a see-you-later than a goodbye.

I know that we'll find someone great to take over my position and to keep the literacy program and the Inside Scoop going strong, but for now we are going to combine the spring and summer issues of the newsletter so that the brand new literacy coordinator won't have so much work to do when they're just starting. So our next Inside Scoop after this one will be the fall edition in September.

I'll also take this opportunity to



Literacy coordinator Jacquie Nicholson wrote this article before she left and it appears here as she wrote it.

share a little bit about the JHS literacy program. Our program runs out of the Remand Centre and is open to students on units 400 and 600B. We teach basic literacy, which means everything from reading and writing skills, to math, to GED preparation, creative writing, and job search strategies.

Our program is learner-centred, which means that you get to decide what you want to work on and set your own goals.

We offer training classes for inmates on 400 and 600B who want to be peer tutors and help their friends in the Remand Centre with their schoolwork. Peer tutors don't need to have a Grade 12 diploma or any teaching experience; they just need to be confident in their own reading, writing or math skills and willing to share that knowledge with others. Contact 204-775-1514 for more information or to sign up!

It's been amazing producing this newsletter for you and working with so many of you over the years. I wish you all the very, very best!

Jacquie Nicholson



The Andrews Street Family Centre, located at 225 Andrews Street, is the recipient of this year's Inside Scoop editorial board fundraising campaign.

THE INSIDE SCOOP

6th Annual "Speaking Out From the Inside" Poetry Contest

The John Howard Society's *Inside Scoop* is holding its 6th annual poetry contest, which is open to anyone who is currently incarcerated or who has been incarcerated in the last year. Participants can submit **one poem only**, one page long or less, for a chance to win a gift certificate to local bookstore

McNally Robinson. There is no entry fee! Simply fill out the form below, tear it out of the *Inside Scoop*, and send it, along with your poem, to The John Howard Society, 583 Ellice Avenue, Winnipeg, MB, R3B 1Z7. Or, if you're in WRC, write "Inside Scoop Poetry contest" on a request form and ask it be sent to the John Howard Society. **The deadline for entries is August 15, 2014.**

Entry Form

Please fill out all sections of the form, or your poem may not be eligible. If you have questions, contact the John Howard Society at 775-1514.

Full Name: _____

Are you currently in custody in a jail or prison? _____

If yes, which one? _____

If no, when were you last in custody and where? _____

If we print your poem in the *Inside Scoop* or some other publication, what name would you like to appear next to your poem? (You can use your full name, first name, a nickname, whatever you want)

Provide a phone number we can contact you at if you are no longer in custody when the contest winners have been chosen. This could be your home phone number, a cell phone number, or the phone number of a family or friend who will know how to get a hold of you.

Please sign and date below to give us permission to print your poem in the next edition of the *Inside Scoop*, which is distributed in institutions and in the community, and also appears on the JHS website. We will be printing the winning poems, and also as many of the runner-ups as we can fit!

Signature

Date

☐ Check this box if you would like to have your poem used in other JHS publications, such as workbooks and facilitation manuals, handouts in groups, or for future fundraising projects.



REST IN PEACE
Geoffrey Oliver Reid
April 12, 2014

When I found out that you got shot, I was like,
“My nigga Geoff can survive anything,
that’s one tough mothafucka, my word.”
Then when I heard you died, I was speechless.
Couldn’t find the words to describe my feelings.
So I cried 4 you, dawg, and not just 4 you
But 4 your kids, your family, and everybody that
grew to love you as a brother.
So here I am expressing more than just my
condolences
It’s that notion of knowing that you recreated
The whole hood when it was broken.
You did ya thing, put in work and got caught up in the
moment
But that was the thirst you had 4 them Birdz
a-floating,
And we gotta love the fact that ya always had a
brother’s back
Can always count on you when them others never had.
In the hood you were well known 4 that
But then again,
You had a side to you that was too hard 2 match,
So fuck what them haterz say
Cuz 2 me you were always down 4 anything
Gonna miss you my brother and I mean that literally,
So never mind my hostility
Imma embrace your memory with more than just
empathy
I feel 4 your family but I gotta believe that you’re
happy
Cuz my faith keeps me from reacting
But today Imma make this beef happen
Cuz what tomorrow brings, dawg I ain’t having...
This is madness... I know...
But that fact is that you’re gone,
Never 2 be forgotten, trust me I promise
Dedicate this 2 your kidz and your Ma regardless
Cuz they should never feel broken hearted
Rest in peace, Geoff,
4 you’ll always be a brother whom has dearly departed
Much too early 4 your own martyrdom...

Justin M.R. Henderson



A True Community Space

Help the Inside Scoop editorial board raise money for the Andrews Street Family Centre

By Abraham Lagimodiere

Andrews Street Family Centre offers safe alternatives to keep kids off the street and out of gangs, and they need your support.

The ASFC is a resource centre for families in the North End, particularly in the William Whyte Neighbourhood. It is located on Andrews between Magnus and Manitoba. According to the centre’s website, “the Centre provides support, resources, and information to families, their children, and youth through structured and unstructured programs offered under the guidance of staff, volunteers, and parents and in cooperation with other community resources.”

ASFC has many different programs for parents and children. The philosophy section of the website states that “activities at the centre are guided by the principles of empowerment, sustainability, and social action.” ASFC’s Head Start program is a pre-school program for Aboriginal children that teaches culture and language, arts and crafts, healthy habits, and learning skills like shapes and counting. Their Parents Helping Parents program includes parenting classes, home visits, and help dealing with CFS, welfare, the court system, and other agencies.

ASFC also has a drop-in centre where you can do your laundry, have coffee, and get free clothing. Their receptionist will type up your resume, and the centre has a list of current job postings. Staff will play with your children so that parents can relax, socialize, and attend other programs within the building.

250 people altogether are served by all the programs of the ASFC. All of the programs and resources are offered under one roof.

ASFC’s Pritchard Place is a drop-in centre where kids ages 6-17 can go after school to hang out and do fun activities in a safe environment. Some of these activities include: arts and crafts, games, computers, camping, beach trips, sledding, and trips to Jets and Bombers games. The Centre also provides a nutritious meal to about 35-40 kids per day. Over 300 kids are registered in

the Pritchard Place program each year and are really counting on your generosity. The program is operating on a schedule of 3:30 to 9:45 pm on weekdays and 11:00 am to 6:00 pm on weekends.

There are 27 staff and 140 volunteers at the ASFC, and almost all of them come from the William Whyte neighbourhood. The Centre believes that one way to help the community is by providing meaningful volunteer work and good jobs to the people that live there. Dilly Knol is the executive director of ASFC. She told us that “of the 27 staff at the Centre, 23 are from the community. That’s right in our policy. We’ve got people on staff who have a criminal record and have a hard time

getting a job, but they start volunteering in our program and if it works out we’ll try to give them a job. Our organization is community-driven, community ownership, everything about it is for the community.”

The Inside Scoop editorial board has been raising money for ASFC since just before Christmas. Thanks to your generosity our fundraiser has brought in \$1,100 so far. We need your donations to keep this wonderful place open for

these beautiful kids! You can bring donations to the John Howard Society at 583 Ellice Avenue, or have your family or friends do so if you’re incarcerated. They can take cash or cheques, but not debit or credit cards.

If you’re in the Remand Centre, you can donate money by filling out a donation form to have money taken out of your account.

“Our funding comes from the city, the province, the federal government, and United Way, and it’s appreciated but it’s never enough,” says Dilly. “Food is becoming so, so expensive. We’ve got people who live on the streets, people who have just come out of jail, all kinds of people who need something to eat and do a couple of loads of laundry. There are so many people coming through our doors.

“We’re so excited that the students in the Remand Centre thought of us for their fundraiser. Please let them know that we are so very, very grateful.”

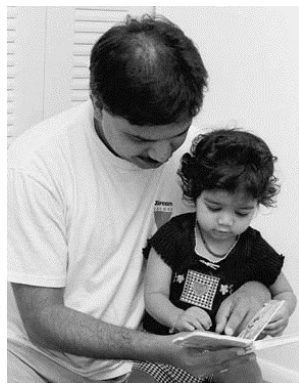
“We’ve got people who live on the streets, people who have just come out of jail... There are so many people coming through our doors.”

Dilly Knol
Executive Director, ASFC

Hey dads, would you like to read to your kids from jail?

The JHS “Get the Story Out” program allows you to record yourself reading to your child and then have the recording and book sent to the child as a gift.

The program is open to all men in WRC, as long as your child or child’s caregiver doesn’t have a no-contact order on you, and as long as your child’s caregiver says it’s okay to send the recording. Call the John Howard Society at 204-775-1514 or fill out a request form if you are interested! Ladies, Elizabeth Fry Society offers a similar program. Give them a shout at 204-589-7335.



UNDERSTANDING A FRIEND

I’ve been blinded by abandonment as a young age.
It slowly pushed me toward the shadows, which had me
feeling constantly shallow.
It then grew to anger so I kept to myself no matter how
much I needed company or a friend to confide in.
Unstoppable rage, when confronted, flows through my
veins.
My anger like lightning had my fists flying and striking
at a hated face.
This path, this life, girl I no longer wish to travel and
know after all the years, its going to be hard to smooth
out the gravel.
So I reach out to you, to bring light to my darkened days,
which goes against how I grew up, my hardened ways.
I sit here, waiting... waiting, for a release date to clear.
Pity. Times as I wait passes on by without so much of a
glance in my direction, damn... my life waiting in this
place of correction.
Frustrated. I go to the top tier where no one can see and
shed a tear. Lonely.
Thought it brings me to the first time I laid my eyes on
you, girl your beauty had me dazed and confused and
then everything went into slow-mo.
To give you a better understanding, it was like I was in a
theatre and you were the show. Fascinated.
My mind was made, I got to have her, how can I get her
on a date? Wondering.
It was all so quick, we touched, we kissed, we hugged
and at midnight like a fairy tale it was over.
Wishful-thinking.
Spring, summer, fall, winter, patiently I waited for you,
an angel to save me from my gangster ways.
Searching. I sit in this cold penitentiary, in thought,
soaking up all of life’s misery.
Alone.
I will not let this stop me from asking you to be on my
side, of helping me return, from this hell bound road...
Friends?

Trae Cook

STILL WATERS

All I got is memories, telling me
Be true, to what it can be
I envision a past, and future scenes
I put passion on blast, cuz attractions free
Things do last, trust over profanities
Its such a simple task, to make dreams realities
Still waters run deep, if you’re asking me.

Konway



ONE STORY THE SAME

I sit here listening to the guy’s tell their stories
some filled with gladness, so many with worries.
Most guys I hear share stories of fame; others share
stories, laughing in shame.
A lot of the guys speak of takes way tall while the
fewest of guys speak of nothing at all. Some speak
of love for their wives, kids and mothers, as some
speak of hate, for one reason or another.
All stories differ, yet they’re still all the same, never
-ending stories, how life is to blame.
But life ain’t to blame; to some, that’s a fact, life
gave us a choice, to react.
Now our reactions, I know may not always be good,
and so here’s another story from the misunderstood:
my love, my hate, my struggle and pain, the misery
and fame- it’s one story the same.
In prison, everyone has a story to tell, even stories
untold can be heard from a cell.

Samuel Hanska

A Fish’s Guide to the Remand Centre

Articles By Stefan and Rob Z.
Drawings by Jamie Newman



When a person comes to
the Winnipeg Remand
Centre for the first time,
they are considered a
fish!

Being a fish is not a bad
thing, it just means that
fish will need to learn
how things work here in
the Remand Centre.
There are rules!

Knowing the rules and
following the rules will
help you understand why

they are important. No matter where you go, there will be rules for
you to follow and by not following them, there will be some sort of
consequences. So here are some basic rules that will help fish learn
how things work in the WRC.

- ◆ Morning time is a time to keep it quiet!
- ◆ No slamming doors!
- ◆ Lock up when asked to by the guard!
- ◆ You will get a roommate – set rules, and know the rules!
- ◆ Nighttime is for sleeping, so no noise!
- ◆ When using the phone, think about others and pass it up!
- ◆ Grab whatever you need five minutes before lockup (or earlier)!
- ◆ You make a mess, clean your mess!
- ◆ Keep your cell clear! There’s germs, so be safe!
- ◆ Take showers daily and wash your hands frequently!
- ◆ Be respectful towards others!
- ◆ T.V. comes on at eleven and no sooner!
- ◆ Don’t take what is not yours!
- ◆ No movement or Tylenol after 9:00 pm!
- ◆ No knocking on staff pod window!
- ◆ For more info about rules, ask your unit trustees!

The Remand Centre can be stressful for
fish, and fish intend to rough it! So here
are some ways to relieve stress.

- ◆ Exercise daily!
- ◆ Socialize with other fish!
- ◆ Think and know that you are not alone!
- ◆ Speak to the unit counsellor!
- ◆ Speak to the native elder!
- ◆ Speak to the chaplain!
- ◆ Call family or someone you trust to talk to!
- ◆ Watch some T.V. or listen to some music!
- ◆ Read something or write something!
- ◆ Speak to the school teacher!
- ◆ Practice breathing techniques!
- ◆ Meditate for a bit!
- ◆ For more ideas, ask your unit trus-tees!

My advice to you fish would be: set
some positive goals that will benefit you
outside this box! Start working towards
those goals now. There will be challeng-
es, but stick to your goals and never give
up. Choices are what brought you here,
and choices are needed to get you out of
here!



WRC Inmate's One-Man Bike-a-Thon for Cancer

Patrick Shingoose is in the Remand Centre until July, but he said that would not stop him from cycling 1,400 miles to raise money for cancer. It didn't either. In fact, Patrick cycled a total of 2,653 miles!

On January 1st, Shingoose climbed onto the stationary bike during his 40 minute recreational period and had continued to do so every day until just this past June 15th. He "sponsored" himself 5 cents per mile, with plans to donate the total to the Canadian Cancer Society. Considering that the top salary at the Remand Centre is only \$4.70 per day, the donation is a significant amount for him. Shingoose also encouraged his friends, family, community, and fellow inmates to follow his lead and set aside some of their money for the cause as well.

"I had a bunch of guys on my unit excited to donate some money to the cause," Shingoose says. "They cheered me on in the gym and always wanted to know how far I went that day."

Shingoose decided to raise money for the Canadian Cancer Society as a tribute to his daughter, who died of cancer two years ago.

"It's a very serious disease," he says. "It only took six months from the time she got it to the time she passed away."

He adds that he has two other family members battling cancer as well; a brother and a cousin.

He says he chose the bike fundraiser because he was starting to realize how important a healthy lifestyle is to warding off serious illness and having a good quality of life. When he came into the Remand Centre he was a long-time smoker and almost never exercised.

"When I first got on the bike it was all I could do to finish three miles," he recalls. "I was sweating and coughing, completely exhausted. But I kept at it and I worked my way up to seven, sometimes eight miles per day in just 20 minutes. We get 40 minutes at the gym here, but I only take 20 because other guys need to use the bike too."

By the end of his campaign, Shingoose improved his own health and dropped from 268 pounds to 221 pounds, and he was cycling at a rate of two minutes per mile.

Heidi Struck, former manager of fundraising development at the Canadian Cancer Society, was impressed by Shingoose's dedication.

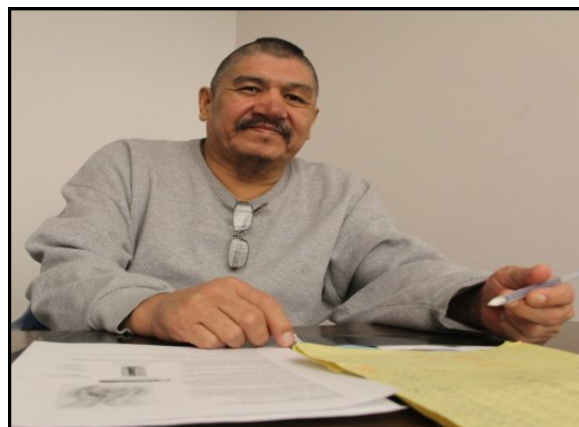
"What Patrick is doing goes to show that cancer touches all Manitobans, who in turn want to give back

and make a difference," says Struck. "Every push of the pedal is another chink in the armor of cancer, and the donations generated allow the Cancer Society to be active across Manitoba by funding life-saving research and providing vital programs and support for those living with cancer. It's the heart and determination of people like Patrick who are allowing us to help Manitobans on a cancer journey."

Shingoose says it made him feel great to be able to use his time in jail for something beneficial, both for his own health and for the community. And the fundraiser isn't his only project on the go at the Remand Centre. He's also involved in the John Howard Society's adult literacy program, where he volunteers as a peer tutor coaching fellow inmates in basic reading, writing and math skills. He participated in their Get the Story Out program, where staff or volunteers record inmates reading storybooks to their children or other young relatives, and have the book and recording sent to the child as a gift. Shingoose has so far done four recordings for his grandchildren.

"Patrick is a great example of someone who has pledged to make the most of his time in jail and refuses to let being incarcerated stop him from being an active member of his family and community," says Kate Kehler, acting executive director of the John Howard Society of Manitoba. "We are so proud of his accomplishments and wish him the best of luck in his fundraising for the Canadian Cancer Society."

You can still make a donation to Shingoose's cause by visiting his webpage at <http://convio.cancer.ca/goto/bike2014> (or, if you're in jail, convince a friend to do it for you). If you're at the Remand Centre you can also sign out a money donation from your account if you wish. Contact the John Howard Society (204-775-1514) to arrange this.



WHAT IS YOUR DESTINY?

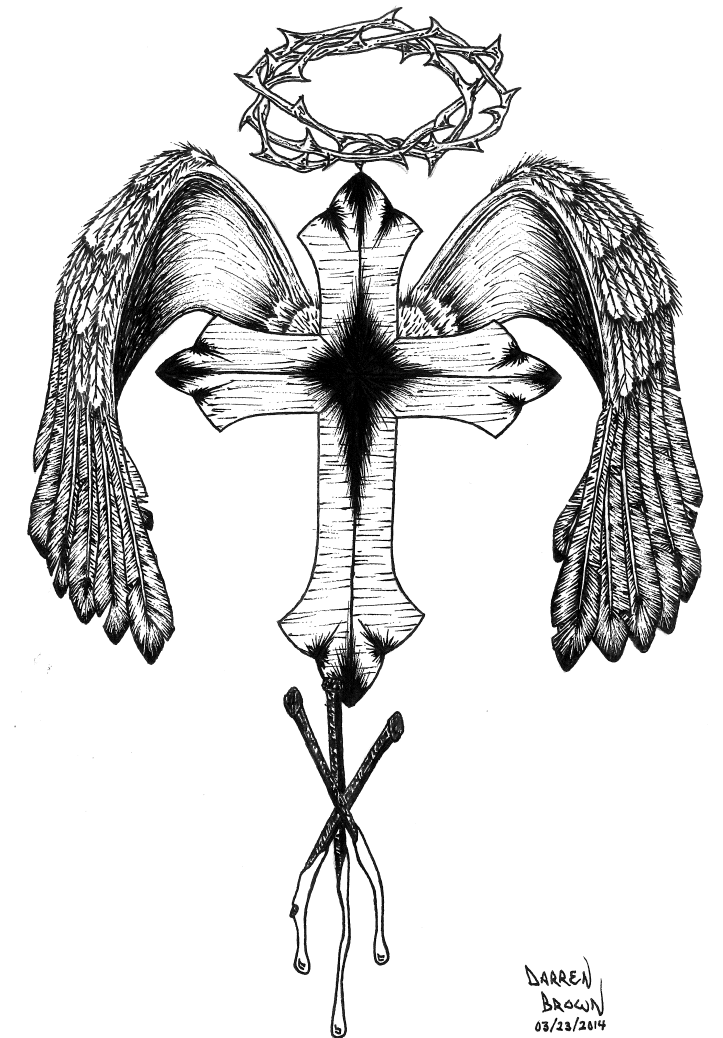
I thought I'd change my ways if I came to jail.
But after sitting 21 ½ hours a day
in my Charlie cell.
I have no emotion, so only time will tell.
Missing the streets with a sober mind,
realising motherhood could be a fail.
Sometimes that family life, it's just a fairy tale
Some days I come to my senses,
I can picture a life with me and my 2 babies,
thru my contact lenses.
And then I have those days
I feel loyal to da game.
I cry upon the lord, I don't feel the same.
My heart be bright, but just don't beat.
Lots of evil thoughts, I got the devil 2 defeat
Picking up my Bible, I don't try to be discrete
Hoping that one day, I sit my gete
In the Judgement seat.
Cos that one day, I got, God to meet.
Living a double life
has got to be the hardest thing.
Do I throw away the hustle and be about my
princess and my king?
At the end of the day they're all I think about
So I answer yes, without a doubt
Ima pack us up, and move away.
I finally hit a bulls eye, with the dart.
I am ready to bring on a fresh start.
What is your destiny?
Me, I wont let this blank emotion
get the best of me.
The ones who stuck it out with me
After a good change in me
Are the ones, who gonna have the rest ah-me!
Amen

Destiny Catcheway

TO STAND WITH THE LORD JESUS CHRIST

As the Lion, to have the courage the present
the word our Lord God and Jesus Christ
Like the scarecrow to have knowledge of the
word of God
Like the tin man to have the heart of grace
towards others and patience with a new born.
Like Dorothy to have the Love for family and
friends and most of all our Lord Jesus Christ.

Matthew Emmerling



PRAYERS

Prayers from North to South and East to West
Hear my prayers that go from north to south
and from east to west
Where ever I am Lord I do try my best,
I know I sometimes let you down at night
But as the world moves round 'n round
I still try to follow the light.
All the pain that I gain always feels like my heart is marked
with scars for life
So I won't ever give it up from trying to do it right
Cuz I gots to live it up even if I have to fight
But tonight I'm praying to the sky
for all the brothers 'n sisters
that are locked up from the inside.
Lord keep us when we sleep when demons start to creep
But we still thank you for the air that we breathe
And for the food that we eat
In your name Lord these prayers we keep
Amen

Rob Z.

FRIENDS

Here we are & there we go,
Where we gonna end?
We'll never know,
Until then friends is where we be,
Soon enough we'll be lovers,
Happier then we can be,
You will be mine & I'll be yours,
So give me that choice
to share your lovely voice,
You're all I want to hear,
Each & any other day,
Your love is all I want to feel,
Each & every other way
So here's the start
to clear our broken hearts,
Let's gain our wisdom so we can share
our freedom,
We can achieve our goals,
But seem to get stuck
in so many deep holes,
So we're left to wonder & pace,
Cause grief is all we ever face,
Let's cheer up & create our own
favourite place

Dayna Ryle aka Daybaby

Writers and artists, the *Scoop* needs
your stuff!

Send your poems, stories, jokes and
artwork to:

The Inside Scoop
583 Ellice Avenue
Winnipeg, MB R3B 1Z7

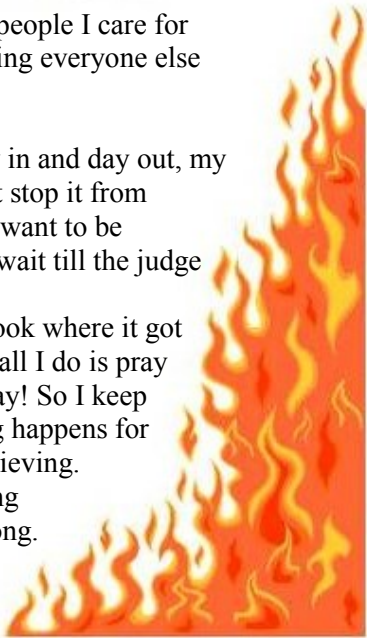
We try to print everything we get.
However, we sometimes need to
edit for length, and we won't print
anything that is racist, sexist,
homophobic, or that glorifies
violence or gang involvement.

If you have any questions about the
Scoop's editorial policy (or anything
else about the *Scoop*), give John
Howard Society a call at
204-775-1514.

THE DEVIL NEVER DIES

Fuck where do I start?
First off it feels like my insides are falling apart.
My brain feels like a deflated balloon just been kicked by a
dirty ass shoe and I still sit in here not knowing what to do!
My legs keep burning like the sun, and all I ever think about is
to run... away from the pain worried that it will never go away.
My feet are fucken weak I'm fucken tired explaining it week
after week, can't walk straight looking like a freak, it's making
me break and I'm looking all faith.
But the worst thing for me is like a skin disease it's killing me
slowly... See!
Here I go again my mind is running on ten, why am I letting
this happen again, it never shuts up, I feel fucken rough.
I keep searching for answers to why I face all these disasters.
I want to be free but this always feels like it's it for me.
No control, No life why the fuck didn't I just live right?!
Maybe then I wouldn't be in Headingley.
But it all seemed worth it at the time in the scene trying to run
clean, I was a liar just mean thought nothing could stop me till
those police got me and dropped me down on the cement damn
lucky my nose ain't bent, just higher than high thinking I can
fly and everything will just be alright.
UNTIL now I sit here night after night wishing on my new
sober life, till I fall back into my stupid brain, ya it's playing
tricks on me again...
Saying come back to me please, Yes I am your enemy.
My name is CRYSTAL METHAMPHETAMINE!
You know I'm your best bet you have not lost me yet, it's
dragging me closer to relapse then I take a step back, I get a
flashback when I was young just small how my momma never
let me fall she's been there through it all, she never raised her
baby gurl to be a junkie, why can't I get these voices out and
away from me?!
I want to be happy and not have people I care for
mad at me. I'm just sick of pleasing everyone else
and forgetting
about my damn self!
These are my feelings I have day in and day out, my
mind feels punched but just can't stop it from
replaying all these things I don't want to be
thinking about. So now I sit and wait till the judge
tells me the way!
Cause their ain't no more play, look where it got
me just sitting here in grey, now all I do is pray
and watch each day just fade away! So I keep
reminding myself that everything happens for
a reason that's why I keep on believing.
I'm gonna stay positive and strong
cause I have a purpose and I belong.

Caley Steele



People Who Were Once Lost in Muskeego Land

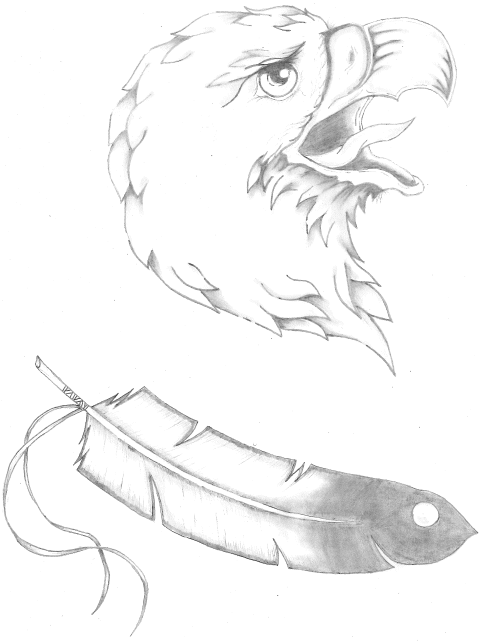
By Winston Thomas

Once upon a very long time ago...

The bear had a vision of a new people walking among
inhabitants of the earth. The bear, who is known as “The
Great Big Chief,” would call all four-legged creatures as
well as the flying birds to gather in a big circle. He then
announced to the community about the new people.

He shared his thoughts of how he felt about these strange
new people. He was kind of concerned when he saw
them wandering in the Muskeego land. He spoke of the
tears he saw in their eyes while they were running
around with no clothing. They have no feathers nor do
they have any fur to cover their identity and shameless-
ness. They have no shelter, no food supply, no tools, nor
any weapon of any kind so that they can hunt for their
survival. They have two hands and two legs to walk
among us as human beings. They are not like us animals,
as we have four legs, which is easier to hunt for survival.
They are not like the flying birds who can use the wings
to catch their prey.

As “The Great Big Chief” spoke, his fellow leaders
stood by his side listening to his every word. They all
knew and agreed about what was to be done.



Drake Linklater

The bear, with his big caring heart, who has always
cared for his own people and as a community member
stepped up and used his voice, with the four traditional
colours, and acknowledged his caring, responsible con-
cern for all kinds. He used his kindness, spoke of his
teachings to pass on his thoughts and respect. The bear
spoke of the need to help them with their clothing and
shelter.

“We shall provide them with food, tools and weapons.
We need to hear your ideas and suggestions and also
would like to ask for volunteers.”

And so on with all the rest of the four-legged animals, all
agreed: buffalos, bison, bears, moose, caribou, deer,
foxes, bobcats, wolves, rabbits, and squirrels.

Next spoke “the water boys” – loons, otters, polar bears,
beavers, muskrats, seals, weasels, whales, and kingfish-
ers.

The turtle – truth
The turtle also agreed to share his seven teachings.

To cherish knowledge is to know wisdom
To know love is to know peace
To honour all of the creation is to have respect
Bravery is to face the foe with integrity
Honesty in facing a situation is to be brave
Humility is to know yourself as a sacred part of the
creation
Truth is to know all of these things

Each of these teachings are sacred healings we can learn
from them. Also, the turtle asked us to respect each oth-
er, respect our elders, ancestors, father sky, mother earth,
the air we breathe in and out, and water that we drink
and gives life.

The turtle may move at a slow and steady pace as he
gives us time to learn life's lessons and enjoy the jour-
ney while being grounded in the rhythms of the earth
mother. Take care of them, protest them like we once
did. Migwetch.

The bear asked for closing ceremony prayer songs and
tobacco offerings to the fire and creator. The chief's last
words were “Take care of my brothers and sisters. We
will meet again. Migwetch. Thank you.”

CONTRARIAN VIEW OF JUDGMENT

The life in a day of incarceration gives way to the seamlessly never-ending sway of the arms of time ticking ever-so-gently forward. And the mounting pressure of society’s laws that place various burdens on the shoulders of the many lives inflicted by the choices of some, and the flooding effects of the impoverishment of poverty and addiction that continues to plague the lives of many others.

It doesn’t help with the attention that is lost through the useless bickering of the nation’s figures, and the flare that rises into a boiling simmer, while the hard issues at hand don’t even get a chance. This is not about any one’s political standing, or to contend anybody’s belief in god and how he so makes the world turn, it’s about how to bring understanding to how we the people as a collective brought upon ourselves the molded impression of a draconic centrepiece we’ve come to call the justice system.

It is truly the values and morals of the people hold dearly in the hearts and souls of this country, or is it a more subtle change of opinion in the consciousness of the citizens in an ever-evolving society. My understanding of the system’s established ways of handling the minority’s actions indifferently leads me to believe that the concepted morals of the aging populace within the status quo have rendered the opinions of the inner nations obsolete. As there is always to be judgment on the condemned, there should always be sound reason on those decisions made not only to the appointed levels of education, but also to the elected figures seated on the thrones of the land.

But when the final decision of judgment reached upon does not conform with the religious configurations of the many few, or that the ethnic or preferential backgrounds within today’s society come into conflict with the established laws of our past.

Then we must use the present state of humble stillness incubated by lessons from the catastrophic implications of that past, and proceed with a fair-handed entente, while setting aside the incorrigible feelings placed against the minorities in the move towards tomorrow’s future.

Devon Moore



REDEMPTION

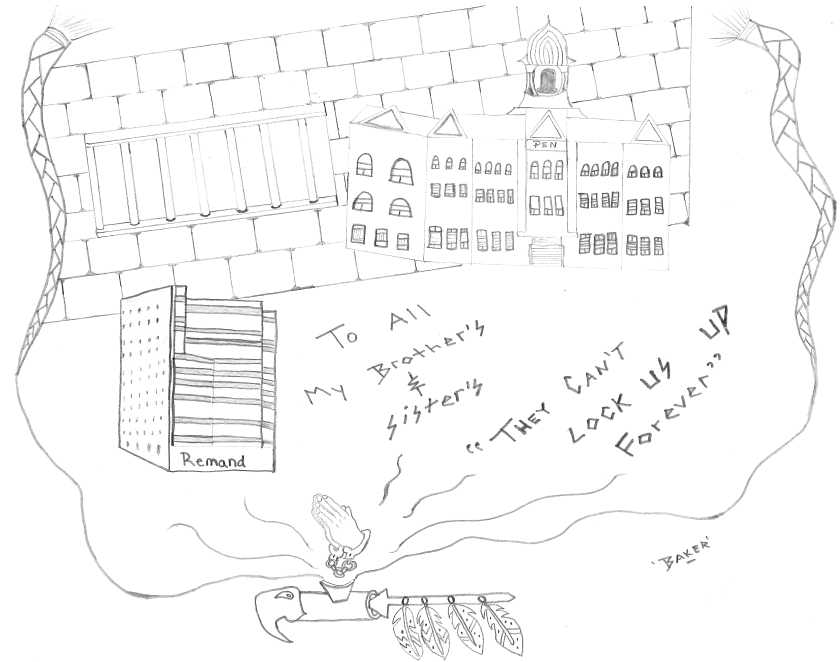
Creator, where did I go so wrong.
It seems I try to do what’s so right.
But it’s always the same ol’, same old song.
It seems I look at the dark and never your light.
Creator, where now I sit hurt and in sorrow.
It shows me regret, what have I done.
But it’s now or never to make up tomorrow.
It’s tomorrow when I wake up to the morning sun.
Creator, where now I walk scared and all alone.
It’s cold in here and even the steel colder.
It’s nowhere to run except down to the stone.
But it’s all I can do is lean on my shoulder.
Creator, where the hell never rests.
It’s all I can do in lockup is to think and survive.
It’s not only me, there are others and the daily tests.
But it’s going 24/7 all up to me to fight to stay alive.
Creator, give me hope.
Creator, give me strength.
Creator, give me forgiveness.
Creator, give me power.
Creator, give me redemption.

B. Kematch.2014

IT’S ALL “G”

So what’s another day to me
Looking at a quarter century
Sick of these prison rhymes
Stuck in da system
doing time
Never will I give up
Hard in da paint
won’t let up
We survived another day
Even tho it was close
So raise up your cups
While I compose this toast
See ya at da crossroads
Those who don’t make it
See ya ‘round da way
For those who do
Can I get a –Amen-
For every day we get thru
For those who changed
For try’n something new
The world’s not about to end
I gave up that bad attitude
Gave up my selfish ways
Cause being greedy
never paid
Stay sharper
than a razor blade
On point while time fades.

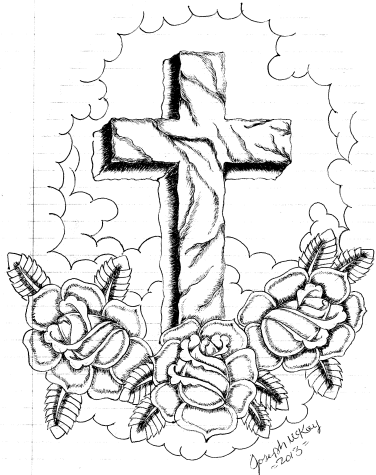
SKY-TOWER/036



TILL THE DAY I’M FREE

Till the day I’m free
I’m contemplating for the streets,
So make room for me
Another str8 fucked up neech,
All tattoo’d up, Peg-City on my back,
I’m down to throw it up,
Wut you know about that,
Plus my mind is kurrup
From that jail-mentality,
So I cud give a fuck
Wut the guards be telling me,
I just do my time
With my blinders up,
Till it’s time to shine
-n- show the hood wutsup,
Since I was twelve
I’ve been doing time,
Str8 locked in a cell
Losing my mind,
A number in the system is wut I am,
I’m spitting about prison
That’s where I am,
Chilling with the brothas
Busting this rhyme,
Rolling out motherfuckers
Who be kite flying,
But I’m soon to be free
Back to the streets,
With my family and friends
Standing strong beside me.

Kevin Williams



MY ANGEL

Whenever I’m without you I feel so dead
But when I’m with you I feel so alive
With all the happy memories
that play in my head
You know that is the moment
I want for life

So please baby don’t cry
cuz I’ll be home soon
Whenever you miss me just look up to
the moon
Because that’s how beautiful our love is
when it shines
I always pray for our family
just right before bed times
Till we could see another day
another night
You’re my beautiful angel
that gives me light

Babe I really miss you so never let me go
And hold on tight
Because our love will continue to grow
So everything will be all right.

I wish I could tell you the exact date
When I’ll be home
But I can tell you how much I miss
And love you with this poem
My angel I miss and love you so much
I’ll do anything for one kiss
With one touch.

Ron B.

The Artist's Voice

Eddy Cobiness shares the inspiration behind two of his favourite pieces

Eddy Cobiness has been drawing for many years. He is particularly passionate about creating works that celebrate and honour Aboriginal history and cultural traditions, and that offer commentary and insight about the world around us.

Inside Scoop artists, please feel free to share your “voice” by writing to us about the thoughts, feeling and ideas behind some of your work.

Mii-gwetch (Thank You)

The drawing I have pictured on the cover of this newsletter is about hunting. We are told by our elders to give an offering of tobacco to the animal we’re about to hunt.

The reason for this is to ask and to give thanks to Creator for the life of this animal we are about to kill, and to say miigwetch for the life he’s about to give up so the hunter’s people can eat.

The elder’s outfit and headdress in this drawing are made from this buffalo. He dances and sings songs of thanks for the buffalo they have received from the Creator, which ends another cycle in the circle of life.

Eddy

INSIDE EACH OF US ARE TWO WOLVES

ONE IS EVIL

IT IS ANGER
ENVY
SORROW
REGRET
GREED
ARROGANCE
SELF PITY
GUILT
RESENTMENT
INFERIORITY
LIES
FALSE PRIDE
SUPERIORITY
AND EGO



© Blu222

ONE IS GOOD

IT IS JOY
PEACE
LOVE
HOPE
SERENITY
HUMILITY
KINDNESS
BENEVOLENCE
EMPATHY
GENEROSITY
TRUTH
COMPASSION
AND FAITH

WHICH WOLF WINS? THE ONE YOU FEED MOST

THE HOUSE OF PAIN

The drawing on the next page is called “The House of Pain.” I’ve based in on the story of the two wolves. One wolf is black, and one is white. The black one stands for everything bad in our lives: anger, regret, guilt, self-pity, lies, self pride, and ego, to name a few. The white wolf stands for all the good in life: joy, love, hope, truth, faith, and the list can go on. These two wolves are fighting over our lives, over our spirits, every day of our lives. The one that will win is the one that we feed most with the choices we make in our everyday lives.

In my opinion there are no bad brothers or sisters in jail. There are only those who strayed off of our paths in life, by self-medicating with alcohol or drugs, etc. Blurring our thoughts and vision to make the right decisions in bad situations. It doesn’t end there, there’s the little child. He represents why we started using drugs and alcohol to hide the shame, the hurt, the pain, and the fear for whatever reason. Until we start dealing with these issues we’ll never grow mentally and spiritually. We’ll always be that scared little child inside.

The older guy in the picture is at the crossroads in his life and he’s sick and tired of it. He’s making his choice and chooses what creator gave our people. He just wants to be a better man, “The man he should be,” to his family, his children, to his wife. A very wise and smart man once told me “You’ll never be a man until you can stand on your own two feet in life.”

Being a man isn’t how much time you spent in jail, how many noses you broke, or how much stuff you stole or sold. You’ll never be a man until you can stand on your own two feet and take care of yourself which will reflect on the ones you love and care about, like our children and our spouses.

I just thought I’d draw this picture for the brothers and sisters to share my opinion and thoughts. I was told once by a brother and a friend, “You can’t pick and choose how and when you’re gonna die. But you can pick and choose the way you’re going to live.” No one can tell you how to walk your path, cause if I’m telling you how, I’m not walking my own path...

Stay Strong
Your brother and friend,

Eddy