

THE INSIDE SCOOP

Produced by the participants of the John Howard Society of Manitoba's Literacy Program:
The best of prison literacy and art, created by inmates for inmates.

Fall 2015

Untitled

I wonder does jail make me
better or worse.
Or maybe I was just born
with a curse.
I do believe in God,
but it seems the devil has
my back.
Is it love that I lack?
Has my heart just gone black?
Seems I care at all the wrong times.
The truth from my mind,
I never do find.
Maybe one day, as they say, at a time.
Well 12 years has gone
and I'm still looking at five.



By: Pyper



Congratulations to Pyper the 1st place winner of the 7th annual "Speaking Out From the Inside" Poetry Contest!
2nd place goes to Double "G",
and 3rd goes to Keith Klatt!
Read on for the runner-ups, and all of the other fantastic entries. Also read information about this year's panel of dedicated volunteer judges.



THE JOHN HOWARD SOCIETY
OF MANITOBA, INC.

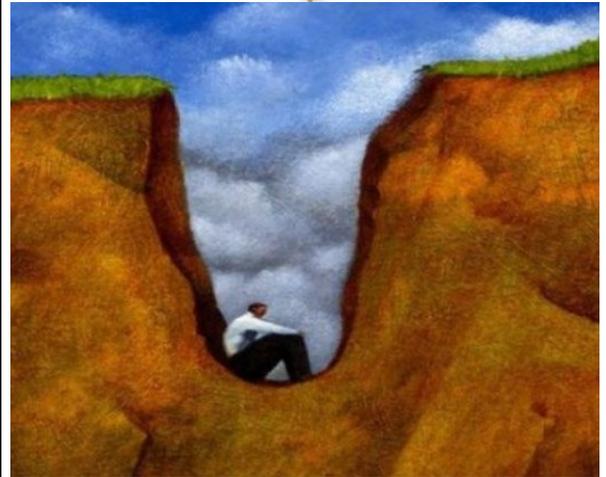
POETRY



Confinement

Today is the same, just a picture of yesterday.
A constant cycle, do the crime, come for another stay.
Planning freedom for a year, couldn't make it past May.
Depressed and stressed, music and cards give my
emotions a rest.
Praying every night, asking God if it's another test.
I want it not to exist, drinking and doing drugs I cannot resist.
So I fight and steal, a one-way ticket to jail.
Surrounded by the same faces, doing time in the same places.
Unit 1, 2, 3, 4, kind of sad, but I walked through every door.
Seen trouble and fights, come here and you'll have no rights.
It's a waste of life, a lot of stress, and sleepless nights.
Lost my family, lost my wife, due to being in jail all my life.

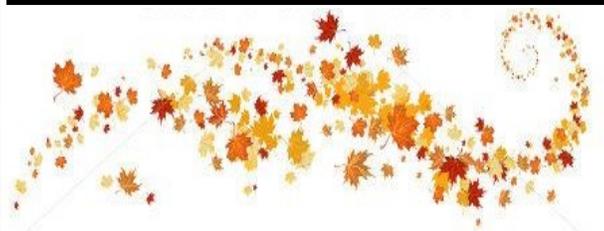
By: Double "G"



This is My Love

Now here's a few lines from a story or note,
just something I remember from a long time
ago.
When I was just a boy still very young,
I dreamt of climbing tress in the hot blazing
sun.
As time slowly past, I remembered my
dream.
I knew someday it would be reality.
So now here I am, an arbourist by trade.
Forty plus years old no longer in the shade.
My heart beats as though it's about to jump
from my chest.
As I leap from my tree, and into the next.
So this is my love don't ever forget,
Never give up and always do your best.

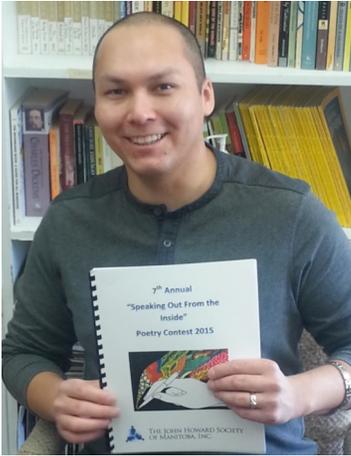
By: Keith Klatt



Your 2015 "Speaking Out From the Inside" 7th Annual Poetry Contest Judges

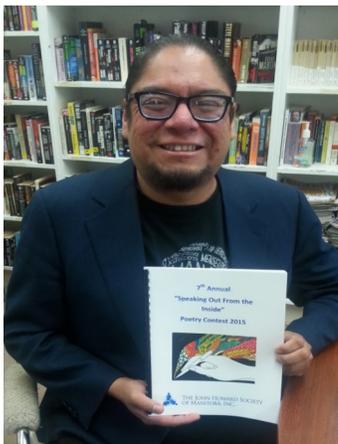
Luther Alexander

Luther Alexander is a freelance film maker/cinematographer in the film industry in Winnipeg who is Soto from Pine Creek, Manitoba. He is also a Toastmaster Competent Communicator ever since 2011, a National Screen Institute (NSI) alumni of the New Voices Program in 2014, and a board member for The Winnipeg Film Group. He received a certificate in Filmmaking at New York Film Academy in 2009, and in Management at the University of Winnipeg in 2008. He was married this year in April, and has a newborn son named Lux who is three months old. Some of the work achieved by Luther is a short film called "Exploitation," and one called "Crash Site." He just completed "How the Savage Came to Be" and it will be viewed during the Winnipeg Film Festival on November 19-22, 2015. A feature documentary called "Piss on You," which is about the Winnipeg punk scene from back in the 80's which will be aired October 17, 2015 at the Pyramid Cabaret. Currently he is working on developing a feature film about a serial killer from St. Laurent from the years 1927-1930 to be titled "The Mission Killings" with hopes of filming it in 2016.



Maeengan Linklater

Maeengan Linklater a First Nations writer and filmmaker and is a resident of Winnipeg, who is originally from Lac Seul First Nation, Ontario – Obizigokaang (Land of the White Pines). He is a father, son, partner, poet, artist, policy advocate, traditional, and community volunteer in the urban Aboriginal community.



Ace Burpee

Ace Burpee has worked in radio for over a decade in almost every capacity, and is well known for the hundreds of charitable events and causes that he donates his time to every year. He is currently the host of The Ace Burpee Show on 103.1 Virgin Radio and a columnist with Metro Winnipeg. Ace is a recipient of the Queen Elizabeth II Diamond Jubilee Medal for his service to our community, he is the recipient of a Hero of Mental Health Award from the Canadian Mental Health Association, he has received a Volunteer Manitoba Award for Outstanding Community Leadership and last year, was recognized as a Manitoba Hero. He is proudly from Cooks Creek Manitoba.





FROM THE EDITOR

Hey look!! I grew horns over the summer! So you better watch out and be kind to me! I hope this puts a smile on your face, as it did for me!!

Bozhoo, Tansi, Anin!!

Greetings *Inside Scoop* faithful readers!! I trust everyone had a fantastic summer. Welcome to the poetry edition of the *Inside Scoop*. This issue contains 16 poems that were entered in our “*Speaking Out From the Inside*” 7th Annual Poetry Contest – both winners and runners-up!!

The winners of this contest received gift certificates from McNally Robinson booksellers: \$50 for first place, \$30 for second, and \$20 for third. If you are into writing poetry, watch for next year’s contest, which is usually announced in the spring issue of the *Scoop*.

The Literacy department offered a pilot Peer Tutoring Program training at Milner Ridge Correction Centre for seven weeks from July to September 2015 and we graduated 16 of those students as Peer Tutors. It was an awesome class to teach there and I know the students enjoyed the program. Keep reading this issue to see their testimonies on page 9.

The Winnipeg Remand Centre, Headingley Correctional Centre, Milner Ridge Correctional Centre, and Stony Mountain Institution all offer the “*Get The Story Out*” program. The program is where you make an audio recording of yourself reading a storybook to your child and then we send the book and recording to the child as a gift. We have had quite the success and have sent out many books so far to date.

I would like to send out a huge thank you to our three judges , Luther Alexander, Maeengan Linklater and Ace Burpee who were kind enough to volunteer their time and expertise to judge our poetry contest.

I would also like to acknowledge Robert Wilson for writing me a beautiful poem about myself as a teacher. I loved it and it did put tears in my eyes and heart. Thank you Robert!! I also want to point out the art work in this edition. The Wolf Clan pictures were gifts given to me by Keith Klatt, a graduated peer tutor, so thank you for the wonderful art pieces. Thank you to Edward Thomas who drew me a picture of Chief Dan George, my favorite all time Chief and actor. And finally I want to draw your attention to the “old man picture” somewhere in this issue to see if you can guess who it might be. The answer is found on page 22!

We hope you enjoy this issue of the *Scoop*, and writers and artists, get your stuff in for the next issue!! Thank you, Meegwetch!!

Lisa Lacosse
JHSM Literacy Coordinator



Class of Her Own
Lisa Lacosse, teacher of all teachers,
With fans enough, to fill many bleachers.
She’s well known, and has quite a following,
Leaves nay sayers, words a swallowing.
Simply no doubt that teaching’s her passion,
Makes higher learning, truly in fashion.
Her t’s are crossed, and her i’s are dotted,
Lessons with her are cleverly plotted.
She’s put together a compelling text,
On the edge of your seat, what could be next?
Renews your interest, in using math,
As she leads you down that algebra path.
Trust me; these teachings will never grow old,
Proves literacy is worth its weight in gold.
Attending her class is always a pleasure,
How did John Howard, find such a treasure.
Success with her course has steadily grown,
Because she is, in a class of her own.
I’d like to thank her with all of my heart,
No telling where I’ll go, with this fresh start.
By Robert Wilson

Maru

Looking back to all I left behind,
All those stigmas have my life defined.
The grinning dogs face seems to be a
reminder,
Of the waves so high that I couldn't find her.
The mothership gaining speed turning
starboard,
Leaving me all alone in this barbarian
harbor.
So I'm like a farmer in this animal farm,
But how could a man be scared of a
scarecrow?
I'll let my hair grow, till the day I go home.
I'll let my hair grow, till the day I go home.

By: Ninja Flash



HONOURABLE MENTIONS



Untitled

Rose from the underworld beneath the earth surface,
from the depths of Jabulon to the closed curtains
on the hearses.
No church in the wild where it's to wild for them churches
You can try to receive this song, but it's gonna get killed
with the verses.
Were all born gods after birth billions chose to worship
Religions.
Albert Pike show me what's beyond the 33rd degree of
Scottish rite freemasons.
Morals from the G code dogma from the ancient Greeks,
Persians, and Egyptians.
As an entered apprentice information is knowledge soak it all
up and listen.
Put your diamonds in the sky for the All Seeing Eye is such a
beautiful vision.
Bring heaven to earth like hell in a cell all by yourself,
reminiscing.
Decrease the global population for a world domination.
In the land of Americas leave every man, women, and child
who was first of this nation
Amber alerts apprehensions planted my seed after birth my
baby they talking.
How could general Custer kill a man who's hand he just
finish shaking?
What's this world, one big scaredy-cat waiting to get hurt?
Please, someone tell me I must be mistaking.
Paranoia from drugs or is it possible I could be
hallucinating?
Forming a one world government in the process of making.
Exterminating every soul that ain't participating,
And my skin came out brown is the reason they hunting...

By: Chipluggin daPEG

Pain in My Brain

I feel trapped, like I'm in a cell.
It's my brain; it feels like a living hell.
The pain is deep, 24 hours, 7 days a week.
My brain goes insane when they ask,
"Uncle will you be home again?"
Someone help get this pain out of my brain,
So I don't have to go to jail and still be the same.
Got stuff on my mind all day and night.
I want to get better and do things right.
If my plan succeeds, I will see the light.
I'm surrounded by evil people all around me,
they don't know a thing about me.
So think twice, about the evil ones in your life.
They don't care about you or your strife.
So I need to think twice, before I do something stupid
and suffer because every time I go to jail it gets tougher.
It doesn't get easier, it just gets rougher,
Not only one me, but my friends and family.
Christmas, family fun, and birthdays that I missed,
and the sweetness of the girls that I have kissed.
Because I listened to the evil, and was under an arrest,
In order to get better, I need to change the way I think.
Focus on Christ, not my next drink.
Time goes by slowly when it ticks,
Especially when you focus on your next fix.
I'm writing down the pain in my brain,
So you can learn from me and not be the same.
To my fellow inmates, now you can see my wrong,
And get help from above and learn to get strong.
Though the pain in my brain is the good people need to
see.
I hope it will work out for you, like it does for me.

By: Monty/Big Andy



My Wife/My Love

Strength to me is "my wife".
So strong, so determined, so loyal.
Unbreakable love and devotion we share,
A passionate lover and friend,
One like no other,
Positive, reassuring, no deceitfulness,
A real woman.
A great and understanding mother,
A treasure given to me from above.
Oh, how I'm fortunate
I found you "My Love."

By: Eric B.



Untitled

Nowadays I just don't know what to think or do.
Here I am trapped in a cell with nothing to lose.
Back and forth in my cell a voice in my head say-
ing "Life or death",
I'm contemplating on which one to choose.
Here I am 18 years, old but it's like I've come so
far in this game.
I have more enemies than friends; I think I need
to change.
I'm weary of "dancing with the devil",
and always following in his evil wicked ways.
But, still here I am in the same mind state, so I
guess I'll never change.
It's become a bad habit like smoking cigarettes.
I must be addicted to the pleasure and pain.
I'm stuck in this lifestyle.
I'm stuck in the ranks of the devils brigade.
Even though my heart must of froze,
I still hope there's a god keep my family safe.
One day we will all fly
away to heavens gates.
Unfortunately for me,
I have to go a
different way.....

By: Frankie OG



Untitled

When I close my eyes I hear my daughter's voice
constantly callin' me.
Daddy you took advantage of your freedom,
there's no point apologizing.
Before you can love me, you and your inner self
have got to stop arguing.
Constant calls from prison, why listen, I got
nothing to say, but how are you doing?
Months turn into years and I can't stop the tears in
my eyes from watering.
Expecting visitors that will never come through, I
got to learn to stop bothering.
Life's about choices, made my bed now I got no
choice but to lay in it.
Can't escape this jail cell, I'm left with no other
choice but to stay in it.
Put my faith in Allah the Holy Scriptures in the
Quran I pray with it.
Trying to figure out how to get my heart from
feeling all this pain in it.
I've come to realize the strength of the company I
keep is actually really weak.
Takes intelligence of a strong mind to break the
cycle of suffering in the streetz.
Gotta go the extra mile if you want your dreams
to be within reach, and share all your knowledge
with the next generation to teach.
For everyone has the freedom of a Martin Luther
King speech.

By: Chipimpin Ain't Eazy



Holding on Tight

Years spent and wasted, sitting in these places.
I was just a youngin, trying to prove something to these
faces.
Now it makes me sick, that I finally understand what a
mistake it is.
I've been trapped on this roller coaster, but I'm still
holding on tight.
I live this life, and I hurt the ones I love the most.
All for what? To have nothing to show!
Who do I turn to? Where do I go?
These are just some of the common questions to the
struggles, I'm fighting alone, but I'm still holding on
tight.
I'm a man now, who grew out of the youngin age.
Ain't gotta prove nothing to no one,
but I wish I could shake some sense into this younger
age.
To show them it's not worth it, to sit here and waste
away.
Ain't none of them stupid, they just don't use their
brains.
I'm stuck in the same situation,
but I continue to hold on tight.
I wanna make amends to the ones I hurt, and apologize,
especially to my family first.
I know I have betrayed your trust and worse.
From the bottom of my heart I'm sorry
and I'll continue to try and break this curse.
Takota, Daddy loves you with all my heart,
and I'm so sorry we have drifted apart.
Every day I'm taking another step to change,
to keep me from doing petty crime and ending up back
in this place.
So for the time being Daddy's just holding on tight.

By: Linklater AKA Linx



Lost In Your Lies

Just when it seems you're
telling the truth,
There always follows a lie.
One more heart is broken,
another promise lied.
A tear drops from Heaven,
another angel cries.
Now I'm back where I started,
right where you wanted me to be.
Back on my hands and knees,
asking for your love and hands.
STILL LOST IN YOUR LIES!
It's gunna be hard to get in heaven,
With all these broken tries.
Is our love meant a start again,
or even worth the cries?
I'm ready to give you my heart,
when you're ready to stop the lies.

By: Monty McMillan



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, has gang symbols 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

Lisa Lacosse a call at: **204-775-1514 ext. 303**



John Howards Peer Tutoring, taught by Lisa Lacosse, is like a breath of fresh air. Poor literacy is one of the biggest road blocks in the repeat offenders struggle to improve. This course is chalked full of relevant material and is put together in a fun interesting format. I will be able to use what I've learned to tailor a program with a set curriculum. The inmate will receive help with only what he needs; his unique needs. It was a very constructive way to use my time in jail and would recommend it to anyone interested in self-development.

By: Robert Wilson

Amidst the unenlightenment, tiresome routine, and compulsory lock up of a place called jail, lies a lucid opportunity for self-improvement. This potentiality, the Peer Tutoring and Literacy Program, is made possible by a compassionate teacher by the name of Lisa Lacosse. Lisa approaches each class with a tactful ability to navigate through any level of material, searching the minds of a diversity of students. I originally signed up for her class as a means of removing myself from the monotony of dorm life. I ended up with a rejuvenated thirst for learning and sense of Human-ness (for lack of a better word.) Tuesday and Thursday classes helped loosen the choke-hold of incarceration as Lisa's department was like a breath of fresh air. I now have a sense of accomplishment and the ability to help someone else, which is rewarding in itself. The Peer-Tutoring Program, provided by John Howard, through Lisa Lacosse is an opportunity I hope continues for others.

By: Ian Bouillet

Initially when I signed up for the Peer Tutor course I was expecting chalk boards and textbooks and something to fill my time.

In my life, I can honestly say I've gone through my fair share of programs in my thirty plus years of incarceration. Usually the courses are focused on tomorrow, next year with no link to the now. Then I walked into the peer tutor course and met Lisa...Wow! I can honestly say she shocked us all with her upbeat, sincere, direct and compassionate approach to teaching adults. I can personally speak out for myself and everyone else in the group as to how captivating, informative, and fitting the information is to our present situation. Not only did Lisa teach us how to tutor, she also showed hope to cope with everyday life situations in and out of prison. Extremely dynamic!

I now have better listening skills I use daily. As well as more insight when it comes to body language. The information is presented to us not only in a group Atmosphere, but as well as in an individual base when needed. Lisa is impeccable, flawless, and knows how to keep your attention. I found even after the group, the information that I have received is well worth holding onto for years to come and hopefully I can pass onto others. There is a lot of information given which is truly loved for a change. I found the course information very addictive and I always found myself going back to it and discussing it. The 7 weeks flew by. During the course I forgot I was in prison. It's given me more tools in my tool box on how to deal with all types of people through new listening skills, how to read peoples interests, and how to relate to them.

We all looked at Lisa as an equal, not someone who looked down upon us. Perfectly refreshing in this atmosphere. I truly have more skills and confidence... Thank you Lisa!!

By: Terry Earl



Testimonials

Hook

This game is bigger than you think you know,
and if you think you know then I don't really think you know,
who's behind the scenes in governments really run the show.
13 bloodlines control every democratic country around the globe.

VERSE

Two life sentences plus somethin' like one hundred n eighty million dollar fine,
for creating an encrypted web browser to do some marketing online.

Patriot or criminal, perhaps the answer is subliminal.

Since operation greenback traced encrypted currency bitcoins back to Wall Street and these
bankers won't even see the minimal,

but they'll lock the minority up like animals to make a majority population of aboriginals,

Where everybody portrays themselves like Scarface and makes proclamations of being the original.

Street gangs to conquer other street gangs, organized crime groups to conquer over organized crime groups,
drug cartels to conquer over drug cartels.

Leaves us with the illuminati trying to conquer over the world, but they can't do it themselves.

As long as there is communism, I highly doubt that illumism will succeed.

A lot more countries need to be a part of the agenda, like the Russians n Chinese.

This game is bigger than you think, you know ain't all bout hustling keyz.

Two of the longest wars in history were against the Afghans and the Vietnamese.

So central intelligence agency can transport opiates from the poppy fields.

If you think that's where the corruptions stops, indictments land in the Fifa soccer field.

Now let's shed a little light on how these rappers actually got a deal.

Every major media outlet and entertainment industry is owned by a grand total of seven people.

So what propaganda do you think these rappers have to push through to people like me and you?



By: CHIPPY GWOP

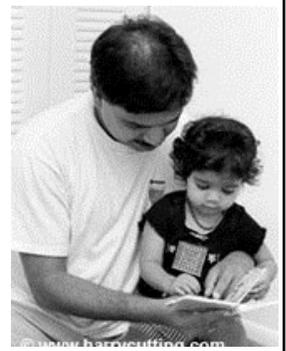
Want to Read to Your Kids from Jail?

Both the John Howard Society of Manitoba and the Elizabeth Fry Society of Manitoba, run programs where incarcerated parents can record themselves reading a storybook to their child. The recording is then burnt onto a CD and sent to the child as a gift, along with the storybook.

These programs are *free* and open to anyone in the Winnipeg Remand Centre, Headingley Correctional Centre, Milner Ridge Correctional Centre, and Stony Mountain Institution. As long as you don't have a no-contact order from your child or your child's caregiver.



**Give Lisa at JHSM a call at 204-775-1514 ext. 303.
Ladies, contact Elizabeth Fry at 204-589-7335 ext. 224.**





Need Some New Duds?

If you're getting out of jail and need some new-to-used clothes, have your Case Manager email Tania at: twiebe@johnhoward.mb.ca

With requested items and the date of your release.

JHSM's Reintegration Department Anger Management, and Parenting Program

The John Howard Society of Manitoba offers programs and services to all clients who are preparing for their release and are seeking community resources. These programs are available to them while they are incarcerated or after they have been released. It lets them know how they can use their time in jail productively rather than simply "doing time". Staff and volunteers offer support and guidance, often referring clients to community programs and specific assistance provided by the Society.

Contact Tania at: 204-775-1514 ext. 308
or Carmen at ext. 305

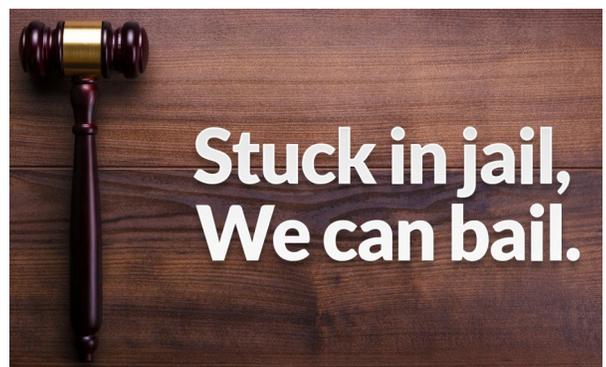


JHSM Bail Program

The John Howard Society of Manitoba offers a Bail Assessment, Support & Supervision Program to provide men with an opportunity to remain in, or return to the community while awaiting trial. This allows them to receive the support and programming offered in the community, and gives them the chance to address issues that put them at risk of re-offending during the pre-trial period. It also provides tools for men to break the cycle of arrest/incarceration and make positive life changes in the future.

We work with up to 75 adult male offenders who pose a medium risk to re-offend and/or fail to comply with bail conditions. Our residential component can accommodate up to 25 men. The program provides a supervisory role over clients on bail with an obligation to report any failures to comply with bail conditions to the Crown and the Police. A breach of bail conditions by the client may result in eviction from the program.

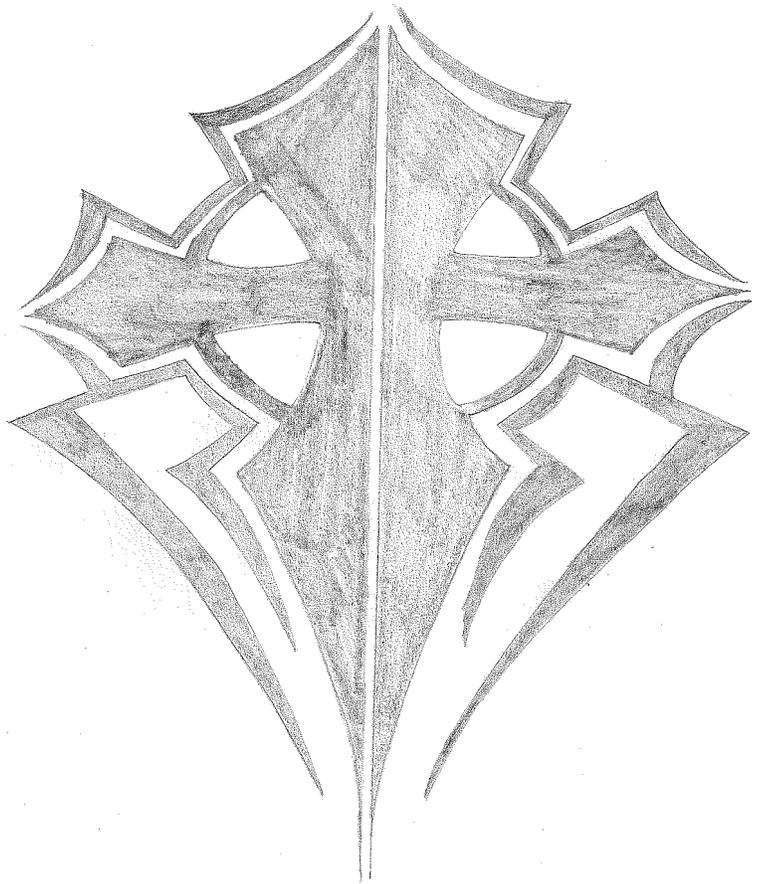
All referrals to our program must be initiated by a lawyer FIRST and we can be reached at: (204) 775-1514 ext. 335



Poem Addict

I'm a poem addict, write two poems a day.
I hope no one takes my pencil away.
Like a mastermind, plotting a caper,
I enjoy putting my thoughts to paper.
I write about joy, write about sorrow,
I'm still not sure, what I'll write tomorrow.
Just give me a word, and a little time,
I'll try my hardest, to find one to rhyme.
Give me a topic, a pad and a pen,
A place to sit down and I will begin.
A poem for your daughter, poem for your son,
I never knew poems could be this much fun.
Poem for your lady, I'll write for you gent,
and if you paid me, it's money well spent.
I write about love and what love will take,
and sometimes how love ends in heartache.
I have a question, can you tell me friend,
me writing these poems, will it ever end?
I'm a poem addict, I'm out of control.
Too bad no one needs a poet on the payroll.

By: Robert Wilson



The Kid

Has his soul gone soft, or is it his wits.
He knows that he's strong, because of the way that
he's lived.
Raised in the streets you got to learn quick,
and pray when the gun goes, all you hear is a click.
He's never been scared, even when he's stared down
the barrel.
That's because his life and crime seem to run parallel.
You see, he's been there before, behind bars in a
dream,
After everything he's done, that's where he bound to
be.
With one lost sister, and another forgotten brother,
no one gave a shit, just a mother who smothered.
Raised a king, with the riches of a thief,
he'd never been praised, only grew up with grief.
When he looked in the mirror, what did he see?
A lost little boy, with nowhere to be.
Scared with fear, and a tear down his cheek.
Looking for a safe place, but his chances looked weak.
Just leave alone, and let the kid be,
Because when he grows up, that kid will be me.

By: William Stevens



Paralyzed Brothers

As you read this rhyme keep in mind, when you do your time.

I could be committing a crime as fast as you read this rhyme of mine.

I did many crimes when I wasn't in a full state of mind.

So next time keep this in your mind.

Think about how much time you get for a petty crime.

They wanna keep us locked away till the end of time.

Yeah you know who they are.

Once before we played the game, remember you were the good guy, I was the bad one. You had the gun, and I would run.

Now brother you got a son, show him how to run without that gun, cause growing up in the hood wasn't fun.

We were young and we had fun.

When the job wasn't done, we wouldn't run.

Look now brother wasn't that dumb.

When I had the gun it didn't make me the bigger one.

Finger on the trigger.

My mind in the sky cause I was so high, thinking I couldn't die, what a lie.

As I try harder to get high, and feeling I can fly to the sky, look into my eyes, and realize I'm so criminalized.

Please don't criticize, but drugs had me paralyzed.

For all my brothers locked away cause of drugs, realize we can change.

Mad love.

By: Ace Houle



The Hopeless Light of Love

Mourning the double sacrifice of yours and hers.

This is how she left it, cracked and broken.

Your heart frozen from all occasions of joy.

Everyone tries to reason with you, trying to bring you to reality.

They ask how you feel and you say nothing.

Finally with a whisper through the phone,

"I miss you most when I'm alone, I'll wait for you to come home."

You look at the promise placed at your feet.

Rising up from the silence with your reply,

"I don't know why, but I feel better when I'm alone."

Hearts are stolen, promises were broken.

Was she thinking of me? Was there even a possibility?

Love is like the sweet smell of roses, the feeling of summer rain on your skin.

Love is gentle, it floats in the clouds, it sits in flowers, and it is sweet and kind.

Love celebrates life, life is beautiful and should not be wasted.

I'm afraid of change, because I built my life around you.

I'm afraid to go home, because I know I will be alone.

I will stumble and crawl, but I will learn to love.

I just want you to know, you will always be in my heart.

In every piece, even as it falls apart.

I hope you smile when you think of me.

In the end that's all I will ever be,

and that is nothing but a memory.

You may have forgotten, shattered and broken, it belongs to you.

A second sun at night, from the ocean consuming.

Life as oars to water, leaving no trace behind, but the memory will always be mine.

By: Mike Harper

Never lose hope.
You never know
what tomorrow
may bring.





DEATH

SIN

Chopin
© 2015
A13



Book Club for Inmates at Stony Mountain Institution, a Novel Idea That's Expanding!!

By: [Shane Gibson](#) Metro, Metro Published on Tuesday, May 12, 2015

They may have had the book thrown at them to end up there, but inmates taking part in Stony Mountain Institution book club are now enjoying books so much, they're starting a new chapter at the minimum security facility next door.

"The inmates requested it and that tells you the importance that this has in their lives," said Paul Bourget, a former Correctional Manager at the Manitoba Youth Centre who started the book club at the federal maximum and medium security prison two years ago. "We've had prisoners that have been transferred to other institutions and the first thing they ask when they get there is if they have a book club... it's an odd question for guards that have never heard of a book club in a prison before."

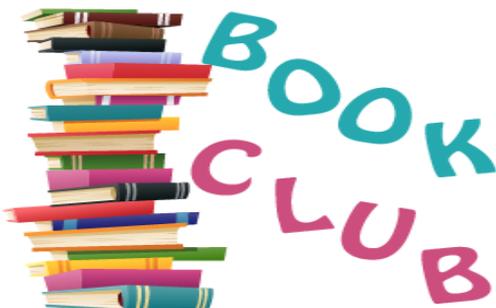
The group of up to 15 prisoners meet with a volunteer in the jail's library once a month with Bourget, two volunteers and the prison's librarian and the group spends two hours discussing a book members have just finished reading.

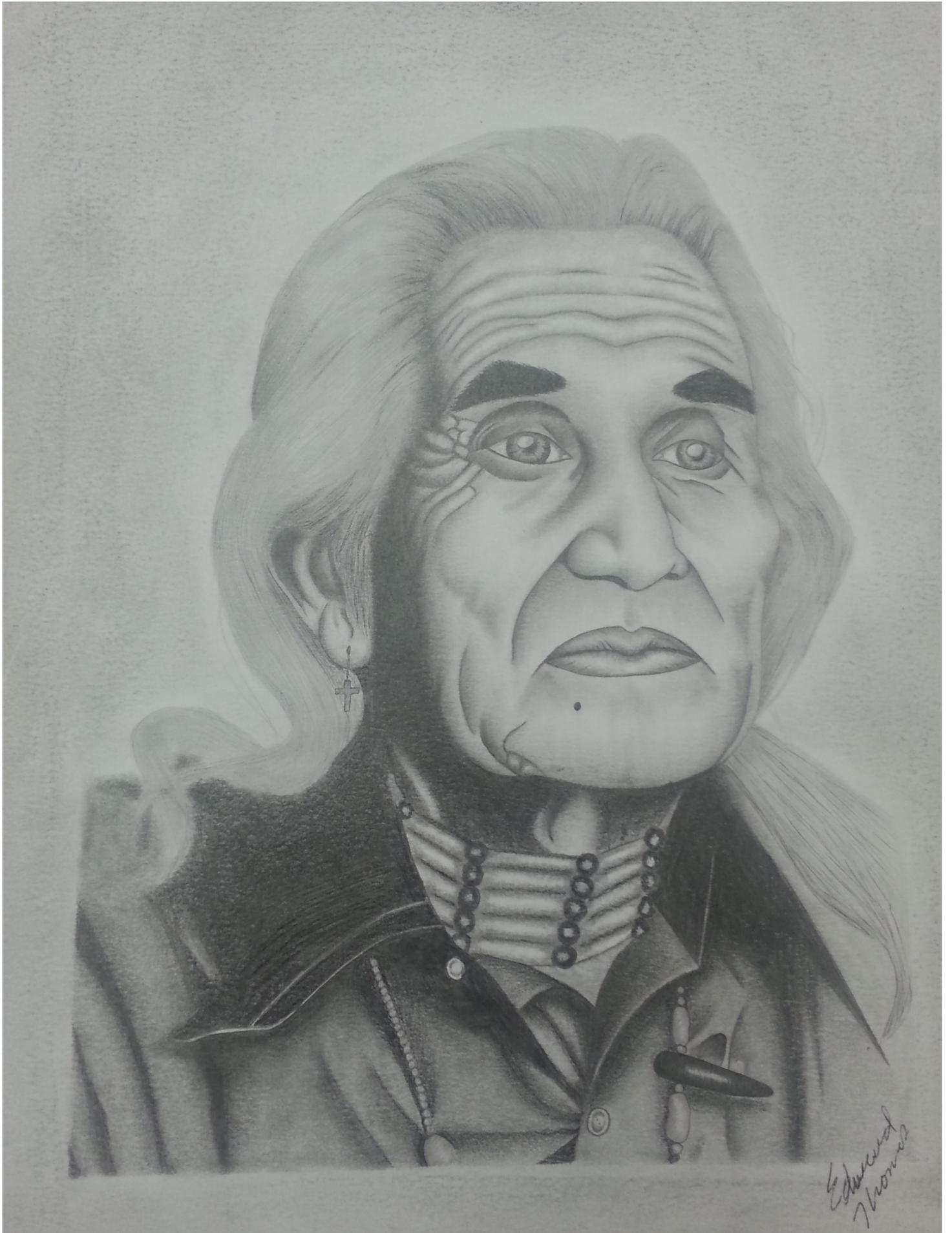
The books, which have ranged from Jeanette Walls' *The Glass Castle* to Nelson Mandela's autobiography (they're currently reading Homer's *The Odyssey*), are chosen both by the inmates and the program's administrators.

Bourget got the idea to start the book club after reading about the work of Toronto-based charity, Book Clubs for Inmates, which began establishing clubs in Ontario prisons in 2009 and now has 17 clubs running in 14 federal prisons across the country.

Bourget is now a volunteer with Book Clubs for Inmates, which provides all the books inmates read. Until now Stony Mountain's club has been the only in Manitoba, but due to the demand of members transitioning to Rockwood Institution, a second club is set to open at the minimum security facility later this month.

"These guys that are locked up, at some point in their lives they're going to get released back into society and while they're in prison it should be about rehabilitation," said Bourget. "The group process, to me, is just as important as the books we read because those connections are what really matters."





The Jealous Brother



There were two brothers who went hunting together in the great woods for both of their parents. They left early in the morning. They both had bows with three arrows each, two pouches of tobacco, and food to eat. The name of the older brother was Soaring Eagle, and the name of the younger brother was Big Bear.

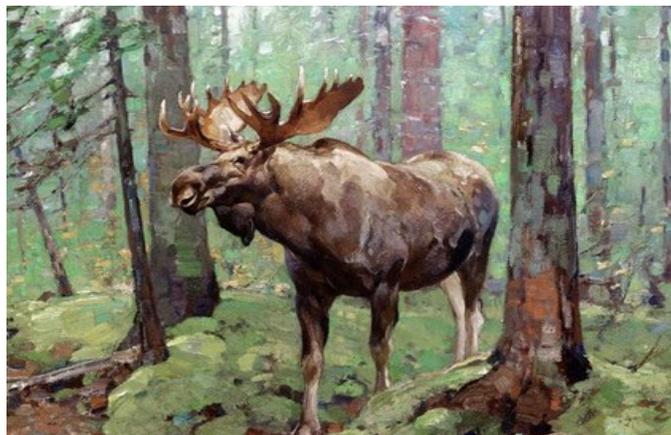
Before they both entered into the great woods, Big Bear had knelt onto his knees grabbing his pouch of tobacco, and grabbed a hand full into his right hand and prayed

from his heart to the creator “Boozhoo, niin great spirit, creator of life, I come to you with an offering of your gift to us, sacred medicine tobacco”, [Interrupted by Soaring Eagle] “come on, what are you doing? Quit wasting time, let’s get going so we can get this done”, [not listening he kept on praying] “an offering for protection from you, for Soaring Eagle, and I Big Bear while we both go on a journey into the great woods to hunt, and kill a sacred animal to feed our family. I also pray that this animal will be healthy because of you, and because I ask in favour for my family, ouh-a-chaa-miigwetch, Great Spirit, creator of life”. When big bear finished praying with the tobacco in his palm, he placed the tobacco onto a rock named “the rock of prayer”, a sacred rock where many offer tobacco in prayer to the great spirit of life. Big Bear stood, and saw his older brother Soaring Eagle pretending to sleep by the trail entrance into the great woods. He said, “Soaring Eagle, get up, let’s go”. Soaring Eagle stood up and spoke, “Finally Big Bear, quit wasting time, we need to get this done, so quit playing games”. Big bear said, “Okay, I am sorry, I was only what father taught me to do”. Soaring Eagle spoke, “Father taught you how to play games like a fool, I doubt that!” Big Bear shrugged his shoulders, and the corner of his eye, he saw a large tall black figure standing by a swamp, looked and there was a tall dark brown moose, and in his heart he knew this was it, and from his heart he thanked the creator, but then he heard what sounded like a “whoosh, whoosh, whoosh”. He then heard a “thump, thump, thump”. He looked and saw three arrows in a tree and saw that the moose was gone. Big Bear looked at Soaring Eagle and Soaring Eagle spoke, “you fool, look what you did, you scared that moose away”. Big Bear shrugged and thought, “don’t blame me, you fired your arrows and missed!” Then noon came for them to eat their lunch. When they were done, Big Bear had a feeling in his very heart to get up, and head north alone. He stood up and said, “Soaring Eagle, stay here and relax, I will be back in five minutes”. Soaring Eagle lay back against a tree and said, “okay, don’t be too long, I will be right here waiting”. Big Bear took off north, and to his very own amazement, he saw a tall dark brown moose. From his heart he prayed, “thank you creator for this second chance”. He then grabbed his bow and arrow and in his heart he spoke, “one shot, one kill for my family”. He took a deep breath, placed the arrow onto his bow, pulled the bow back, and let go with his eyes closed. When he opened them, the moose was dead, lying on the ground. Big Bear whispered, “thank you creator for this chance to come get what I prayed for”. He grabbed the pouch of tobacco and knelt on his knees and prayed, “Boozhoo, niin great spirit, creator of life for giving us food to eat, I pray for the moose whom I just killed, asking can you set the spirit of the moose free by offer of this tobacco as a gift to you, Tobacco for Healing, and for peace, from our love, ouh-chaa-miigwetch for the food, niin great spirit”. He placed the tobacco where the moose lay, then ran to grab Soaring Eagle and said, “Soaring Eagle, come on, let’s go get our prize!” Soaring Eagle asked, “what prize?” Big Bear said, “our food that we are going to eat, come on, let’s go!” Soaring Eagle stood up and followed Big Bear to the moose Big Bear killed. Soaring Eagle said, “Mama and Pappa are going to be so proud of me when I tell them I killed this moose”. Big Bear spoke up and said, “Soaring Eagle, you mean WE”. Soaring Eagle agreed and prepared to pack up the moose. Big Bear and Soaring Eagle carried the moose home to Mama and Papa, who were waiting for them. Mama was outside hanging fur and leather shaped into clothing. She spotted Soaring Eagle and Big Bear with the sacred animal Mr. Moose and said, “thank you, niin creator of the moose for us to eat you, you are a blessing.”



She yelled for Papa, “Papa, the boys are home!” Papa came out, saw the moose and said, “Place the moose there on the Buffalo hyde and come inside”. Big Bear and Soaring Eagle did what they were told. Mama went inside too and Papa said, “Which one of you killed the moose?” Right when Big Bear was going to speak, “uh -“, Soaring Eagle interrupted, “Big Bear did nothing but sit around while I killed the moose and carried it alone before we came close to home, then Big Bear finally helped me carry the moose for one mile to make it look like he helped me”. Mama looked at Big Bear, then at Papa who was looking back at Big Bear. Papa spoke up, “let’s see your pouches of tobacco”. Big Bear said, “I used mine to pray at Prayer Rock to the creator to provide us with the moose, and he provided us the moose”, then I used the second pouch to give thanks to the creator that I killed for us to feed our family, so I don’t have my pouches, I left them there”. Papa looked right at Soaring Eagle and said, “let’s see your bow pouches now”. Soaring Eagle hesitated by did as he was told. Papa was upset and said to Soaring Eagle, “my oldest son, in whom I love, I trusted you with all of my heart, and you lie to me, I gave you a place to sleep, food to eat, liquid to drink, and clothes to wear, I watched you grow as Mama nurtured you, taught you teachings of how to be wise, but now I know you did not listen, you disappointed me, what do you have to say for yourself?” Soaring Eagles’ eyes begin to drip out tears. “Papa, I’m sorry I lied. I watched you and Big Bear laughing and having fun. As he and I grew up, I felt jealous and began to hate him, and I planned the night to humiliate Big Bear and it was this moment I would try it and it did not work, for this I am sorry.” Papa felt those words and hugged Soaring Eagle and said, “my son, I am proud of you for telling me the truth, I have no favorite sons, you both are my favorite sons equally and that is the truth.” Big Bear spoke up and said to his brother, “Soaring Eagle, you are my brother, I have nothing against you, and I forgive you, let’s go chop up this moose, I have a lot to teach you!” Mama and Papa smiled. The End.

The story is about a jealous brother who hated his brother who watched grow up with their father having fun. He began to plot out the right time, and he chose the time when they would go into the great woods to hunt. On the trip he used an excuse to lie to his parents, that he killed the moose and carried it home, but what he did not use was his heart and mind. His spirit was lost, and his brothers spirit was not.



Did you learn anything from this story? Did you enjoy it? Did you understand the story?

Fun Page

Joke: I travel all over the world, but always stay in my corner. What am I?

Every Sudoku has a unique solution that can be reached logically. Enter numbers into the blank spaces so that each row, column and 3x3 box contains the numbers 1 to 9.

1					5			4
Sudoku	2	3	4		6		5	
							6	
9		4					7	
			5	6	7			
	5					8		3
	4							
	3		7		1	9	8	
2			8					7

These Are My Pet Fish

A man carrying two buckets of fish was stopped by a game warden when leaving a lake well known for its fishing. The game warden asked the man, "Do you have a license to catch those fish?" The man replied to the game warden, "No, sir. These are my pet fish." "Pet fish?!" The warden replied. "Yes, sir. Every night I take these fish down to the lake and let them swim around for a while. I whistle and they jump back into their buckets and I take them home." "Pffffttt. Fish can't do that!" The man looked at the game warden for a moment and then said "Here, I'll show you. It really works." "O.K. I've GOT to see this!" the game warden replied. The man poured the fish into the water and stood and waited. After several minutes the game warden turned to the man and said, "Well?" "Well, what?" the man asked. "When are you going to call them back," the game warden prompted. "Call who back?" the man asked. "The FISH." "What fish?" replied the man.

Answer: A Stamp.

10 Facts about you

1. You're reading this right now.
2. You're realizing that is a stupid fact.
4. You didn't notice I skipped three.
5. You're checking now.
6. You're smiling.
7. You're still reading this even though its stupid.
9. You didn't realize I skipped 8.
10. You're checking again and smiling about how you fell for it again.
11. You're enjoying this.
12. You didn't realize there's only supposed to be ten facts!

10 FUN FACTS

1. You can't wash your eyes with soap.
2. You can't count your hair.
3. You can't breathe through your nose, with your tongue out.
4. You just tried no. 3
6. When you did no. 3 you realized it's possible, only you look like a dog.
7. You're smiling right now, because you were fooled.
8. You skipped no. 5
9. You just checked to see if there is a no. 5

Word Search

Created by: Robert Wilson

S	O	X	Y	L	P	G	S	E	S	C	O	R	T	U	B	A	L	M	X	T	Z	C	E	F
L	H	O	S	Y	D	B	U	W	H	P	K	P	R	E	C	R	E	A	T	I	O	N	S	N
P	V	A	T	P	S	O	B	A	Y	F	A	D	M	I	S	S	I	O	N	S	W	L	E	Y
Y	W	L	C	O	E	T	U	M	R	E	H	G	U	O	R	W	F	S	P	R	M	T	C	P
R	U	D	M	K	E	D	V	A	T	P	L	C	N	Y	G	U	A	R	D	Z	A	L	N	W
B	P	E	T	E	L	K	D	O	G	W	O	O	D	N	D	V	B	I	R	C	H	T	E	G
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R	C	O	R	R	E	C	T	I	O	N	S	U	X	T	E	F	X	N	O	C	C	L	Y	H
R	L	S	O	U	T	H	S	I	D	E	D	F	N	A	A	O	I	M	D	M	A	Y	O	P
U	Y	V	O	F	F	E	N	D	E	R	X	F	L	G	R	I	L	C	O	U	N	T	G	T
B	P	C	A	Z	Q	P	C	R	B	A	P	S	R	E	C	A	M	I	S	Y	T	P	I	Y
C	S	E	B	U	N	K	A	Z	M	U	S	T	E	R	H	R	Z	P	U	J	E	L	D	Q
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T	D	W	T	Y	F	P	J	L	E	T	O	H	E	P	G	P	M	X	J	U	N	O	X	G

Admissions
Alder
Bail
Birch
Bunk
Burrito
Brucelees
Canasta
Canteen
Cedar

Chapel
Corrections
Count
Dogwood
Elm
Escort
Foxtrot
Golf
Guard
Handcuffs

Hotel
Indigo
Inmate
Jail
Juno
Milner Ridge
Muster
Offender
Phone bug
Poker up

Razor
Recreation
Rougher
Search
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Sentence
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