

**06 - ARTICLE - LETTERS FROM JUPITER**

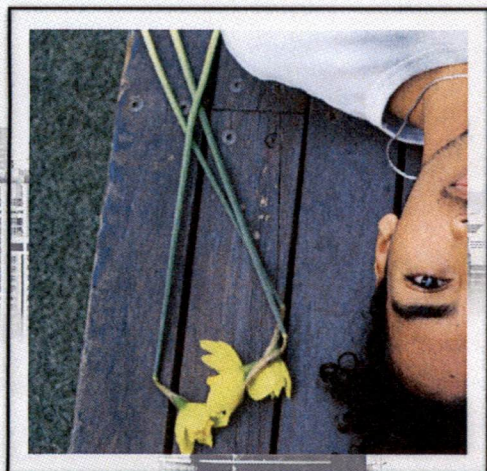
The smell of burning paper, always been one of my favourite smells. It brought me back to the late nights we sent outside. Our families laughing, the fire sparking, her softly crying. I don't think I remember a time when Emmy's life was good. I knew things had been fine when we become friends, but I was too young to remember.

**10 - ESSAY - COMMITTED**

Being committed was the most frightening experience in my life. I struggled with depression since I was a teenager. As a young adult it had gradually worsened peaking with a move to Saskatchewan. I was away from my friends, my family, and everything I had ever known.

**13 - POETRY - 21**

"Keats kept flowers at his feet  
but mine are woven in my ribcage.  
Daffodils and daisies meet  
on a mound of dirt."

**14 - POETRY - THE CALLING BY RAEGAN COTE**

"I write love letters to you in my head like prayers to the creator, and when I kneel down beside my bed a righteous gift bearing before me, an apple to eat."

# 06

## COFFEE SHOP

