

V.F.A. High School's



Western Vista



25th Annual Edition – December 2018

Variety is the spice of life! Students do many different things during the Fall Term.



It turns out these students like boring salt and pepper more than exotic spices.
So, the coming Winter Term will see an end to all extra-curricular activities and a shift back to classes where rote memorization of content is the focus.

The extra-special activity this winter term was to hike the West Coast Trail – in the five full days of Special Activities Week. **Mrs. Tajiri** said: “This will teach the students! Not going away for the holiday break? Staying in Vancouver to enjoy the winter? We’ll show them a real wet-coast winter!!!” **Thong Nguyen** was very prepared in his head-to-toe Gore-Tex outfit. **Kaden Ngo** looked very experienced with his trekking poles and gaiters. **Eric Chen** was prepared to hike the 75 km trail in his all-purpose, and very porous, VFA-hoodie. **Mr. Hundal** carried an umbrella and looked good and comfy in his vintage Adidas track suit. **Gavin Shan** was rewarded for his hiking prowess by being named slave-driver for the expedition and being allowed to eat in the officer’s tent. On the way to the West Coast Trail on the rugged west side of Vancouver Island, **John Tran** and **Bill Lin** got separated from the group by going to Victoria Drive instead. They said: “I thought for sure they said Victoria Island.” **William Wang** went to Nanaimo Station. **Steve Dao** went to West Coast Duty Free and never returned.

Starting in Port Renfrew, the trail was a muddy and tough slog. **Kiera Hoang** didn’t like being in constant cold and dampness. **Logan Li** didn’t think the environment was that much different from cold and damp suburban Burnaby. **Nhi Nguyen** said: “Look on the bright side. We could have gone to the Space Centre instead!” **Thao Vu** said: “Better doing this long march and getting trenchfoot than going ice-skating!!!” Back at VFA, **Ms. Li** felt a disturbance in the Force. “I feel the chill of 50 souls,” she said quietly. Feeling a little cold herself, she donned a sweater and went to switch on the heating system overrides. **Ly Tran** complained about the lack of Wi-Fi. **Jeremy Xu** sneered: “What kind of forsaken place is this? My Huawei engineered 5G service doesn’t work! I have a gazillion gigabytes of data that is going unused!!!” **Eric Weng** said: “Where are the microwave ovens? I need to heat up this \$10 pack of MEC ramen.” **Holly Vu** said: “I need to plug in my charger.” **Mr. Yee** said: “Take the pain! Young people have no resilience these days! I remember when I had to hike 75 km each day to go to school in Richmond. Uphill! Both ways!!!” **Ms. Phillips**, who was being carried in a sedan chair by **Daniel Lee** and **Quoc Nguyen**, agreed. She said: “Tough is having to carry around a cell phone that weighed 1 kg. And get this – the only thing my brick-phone did was send and receive voice calls!” **Jennifer Nguyen** was prepared by bringing waterproof make-up. **Zac Nguyen** brought water-colours to document the journey. **Kelly Jurisova** constantly hummed tunes from Handel’s Watermusic. **Max Lee** skipped the trip and was enjoying the fun at Richmond’s Watermania. The trip was halfway over when **Dora Le** remembered that she did not turn off her bedroom light at home. **Duyen Tran** remembered that she did not feed her pet tribble. **Leon Zhang** remembered that he left Santa’s gift in Room 5. **Hoang Anh** was feeling hungry and about to eat some salal berries and salmon berries. **Tyler Nguyen** warned him that the combination of berries might have serious consequences. **Chloe Dao** was cursing her parents for not letting her return home to enjoy the warmth and sunshine of the tropics. **Tom Dang** cursed the weather gods for the miserable winter climate found in this part of Canada. **Oscar Hu** cursed the city of Boston because it is consistently blessed with championship sports teams. **Phuong Huynh** complained of limp hair because of the high humidity. **Xuan Tran** complained about the lack of hot-showers on the trail. **Winnie Liu** complained about the lack of Uber in the province of British Columbia. **Danny Hoang** said: “Where are the AirBnBs on this trail?” **Viet Doan** was getting tired of sleeping on the cold ground inside a tent that had to be set up and taken down each day. **Linh Le** said: “We are used to a very high standard of living! Why are we doing this??” **John Ngo** needed a bathroom break. He said: “The indignity! Didn’t our grandparents fight in wars so that we could have plumbing and flush toilets?” **Lucas Dinh**’s fingers were smoking: he was up to level 3421 in the latest and greatest Candy Crush. **Simon Kim** was taking a smoking break: he was cedar planking some oysters on a fire. The trail was so wet it reminded **Luke Vu** of the film “Waterworld”. **Emily Do** recently discovered classic rock and was listening to “Who’ll Stop the Rain” over and over again. **Jason Pham** found a green glass fishing float on the beach and thought: “Mmmm – watermelons.” **Lucy Dinh** was taking a break from all the action and dreaming about tangerine trees and marmalade skies. **Eunice Yang** was taking a selfie much too close to the edge of a cliff. **Karen Liu** and **Judy Ly** had enough of everything and called for a helicopter evac on their satellite phone. “So long suckers!” could be heard as they flew away dangling from the chopper’s rope ladder. The sun finally came out on the last day of the trip. **Trang Nguyen** asked: “What is that bright warm thing in the sky?” **Callie Nguyen** was getting so hungry that when she looked at **Mabel Dinh**, all she saw was a DQ FlameThrower Grill Burger. **Mr. Harder** said: “I am starving! I will even eat a bowl of red-bean soup and a couple of preserved century eggs!!!” The group finally made it to the end of the trail in Bamfield. **An Pham** wasted no time in getting a three-course dinner from a SkipTheDishes delivery person. **Ms. Smyth** was waiting for everyone. “I can only take one of you in my Smart Car. The rest of you have to go back to the other end of the trail for the school bus.” **Ms. Bhattacharjee** finally got cell coverage in Bamfield and phoned the school. She pleaded: “We need help to get back to Vancouver!” On the other end of the line was **Mr. Chueh**. He said: “I’m sorry – you’re breaking up. I didn’t get that. Call back later.” He then went back to tending his pot of soup. **Ms. Yeh** was in her office planning next year’s special activity for VFA students: the Iditarod in Alaska!

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**Welcome to the Fall Term!
September 7**





**Holiday messages
from friends**

Fort Langley

My Experience in Fort Langley By Daniel Lee

I've never been to Fort Langley before, so I asked my aunt where this place is and what it looks like. Her answer was quite simple, she said it is a traditional place and also educational for those who don't really know about indigenous people.

We met a guy who looks like he's been working here for a long time. Anyway we needed to study and experience each building and take a quiz. If you get the quiz correct you will get a token! It is similar to a score in each group. Yeah, we separated into 3 groups and went to other buildings. Oh, anyway I was team 'green'.

First, my team went to Canada's oldest building, "The Storehouse". This house was built in the 1840s. The purpose of this house was to store First Nation people's blankets, beaver furs, salmon, cranberries, and farm goods.

I really like this building because it actually makes me feel like I was living in the 1840s. One thing I know is that the people who are indigenous and live near Fraser River are called Sto:lo or Staulo.

Other buildings were fun, too. We went to a blacksmith, a Big House, and Servants' quarters. I had a great experience there. I hope

VFA goes there again. It was a great historical experience.

Fort Langley Trip By Emily Do

On September 21st, we went to a historic place as a field trip called Fort Langley. It was the first time I have ever been there so I had a chance to experience some new things.

There were several activities for us to try but there were some activities that I found very interesting, too. They were: The Smithy and the Trading House. The Smithy was the first place that we went to where they made metal tools. It was a pity that we couldn't see how the worker made tools because he hadn't lighted up the fire yet.

But in exchange of that, we learned something new about trading. The British and the First Nation's people gave food resources like cranberries and animal furs like beaver and otter, the British traded them back with blankets, axes and ropes. After that, the British shipped those food resources and fur to Europe; the axes that were given to the First Nation's people would be used to mine gold with some ropes.

We moved on to our next activities which was the Trading House. In there, they stored a lot of things such as blankets, wool, furs,

ropes, etc. Even though the house was small and filled with a lot of stuff, I still felt excited and walked around in all exultation. This house also featured some bear's skins and the hats that the British used to wear (made of beaver fur), too.

Even though we went to Fort Langley on a rainy day but I learned some new lessons from those two activities.

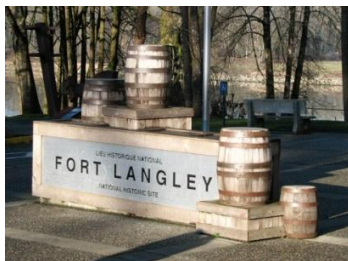
Fort Langley Trip By Bill Lin

I have never been to this place before, so I searched it online, but it didn't have that much information on the history of Fort Langley.

We traveled one hour from school to Fort Langley. When we started the tour there, the teachers put us in the different groups; we

have blue team, red team and green team. After distributing students to different teams, the teacher gives different tasks for each team.

Each team got different tasks. So we went different buildings to start our task. The first task was to act the people in the time; wear their clothes and read their words out from the paper the office gave to us. She tells us "As the fur trade dried up in the area, the Fort shifted attention towards farming and fishing. In 1839, the original (now dilapidated) fort was abandoned and a new one was constructed 4 km further upstream in a location better suited to farming." The Fort Langley we saw is the new Fort Langley,



The old one was already broken by 1839.

We move to the next place. I saw two pools were there, were people trying to use a basin to find gold. Then she tells us "As if Fort Langley wasn't busy enough, in March 1858, gold was discovered in the area. It took less than a year for 30,000 prospectors to arrive in the region. Thanks to the gold rush, the fort boomed and its daily turnover became \$1,200." When she finished the story, we started using the basin to find the gold. The first time I didn't get gold from there so I tried it one more time. Yeah, you know what I'm saying. I got the gold second time.

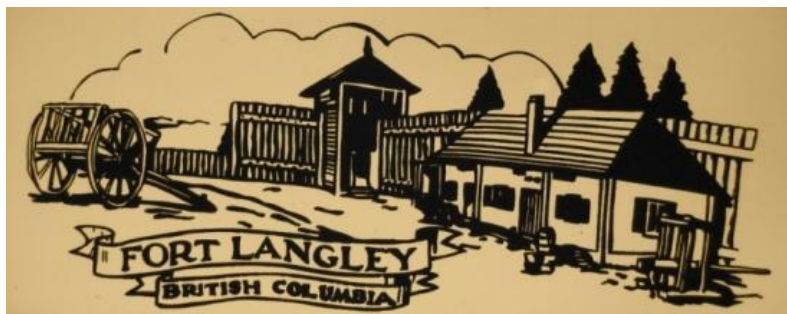
It's a very fun trip and we learn a lot of history about Fort Langley.

Trip to Fort Langley By Quoc Nguyen

It's has been a while since the last time I have ever asked to see a fort; the last term when we had Social Studies 10, Ms. Lee had always praised all the trading posts and how Aboriginal People trade fur and fruits to get equipment. It leaves me one question: would they look the same up to this point?

It was a misty morning, perhaps? The sun had not risen, yet we assembled at school without a flinch. The lack of the sunlight somehow damped our inspiration: we hardly talked at all. The bus came, and the murmurs began as our thoughts were tumultuous. We headed out.

The bus drove us to Fort Langley, and ahead were trees. At first glance, it sure didn't look it was over 150 years old; au contraire, it surprised us: everything was new,



from the entrance to the wooden houses. Who could have thought that it had been there since 1827?

"Welcome to Fort Langley, has anyone been here before?" the host said. The room suddenly filled with silence, only a couple of hands rose. That was true; this was the first time we have been here; after all, we have only been in Canada for a year. Aren't we all excited? Partially, I guessed?

Teachers came out and stood in front of us, slowly appointing who was in their teams- red, blue and green; as we headed out, we walked to the Smithy. The scent of the burning charcoal permeated the entire area, such a familiar smell that we probably knew before. The table was all covered with all sorts of things: pitchforks, pickaxes, some candle holders and other things that we have not seen, ever. Surely that all of us were fascinated by anvils and the furnace; all shipped from England, the Blacksmith said.

I swiveled and looked at other teams; they seemed to be having fun. All the screams, all the peals of laughter; after all, the sky was not that gloomy as we expected, not any

at all; the light slowly illuminated the whole place, given us a thorough picture of how this post worked back then. We entered a house; the differences between the

bedrooms were significant. They were all separated; Scottish nobles, French-Canadians, and Hawaiians lived here they lived a very different life. Scottish nobles did paperwork; meanwhile, Hawaiians worked

barehanded. "Hawaiians came here to work barehanded," the door opened, and a lady came in, she looked like a tourist "they are usually not permitted to do things that Scottish people do, like paperwork."

Learning a bit about indigenous people had never been time-wasting experiences; what they have gone through, what happened to them, etc.; all of them were so compelling.

The leaves danced in the sunlight, illustrated an indescribable scenario. The sound of the vehicle suddenly awoke us, as we left. Weren't we all changed from the experience we had? Again, partially I guessed?

The Fort Langley By William Wang

Last week Friday, I went to Fort Langley with my classmates, it is a very nice place and I learned a lot of things there.

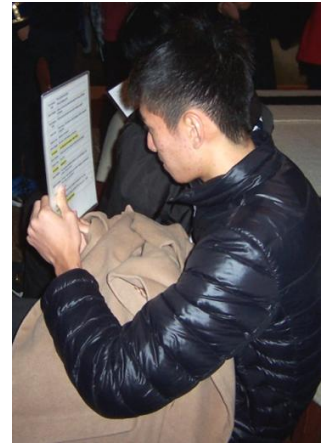
I woke up 6:00 am at that day, I was so excited! Because this was my first trip in this term, and this is also my first time go there. Because there was no microwave in Fort Langley, I couldn't take Chinese food for lunch. That's why I woke up so early. I made 2 burgers in the morning. I put a lot of meat and some vegetable in the burger. I also put 2 pieces of cheese in my burger.





Fort Langley field trip
September 21





This burger looks like it will have a lot of calories. I think it can give me energy for one day.

Usually I went to school at 8:40 am, but today we have a trip. We need to go to school at 7:00 am. So I went to school at 7:10 am. It was raining when I just got out. So I bring an umbrella. When I go to school it is just on time. We take a school bus to Fort Langley. It takes us about 1 hour to get there.

Fort Langley is a very nice place. Here is the place for fur trade over a hundred years ago. The English people use food and alcohol to trade with the First Nation people. Also this is the predecessor of the Hudson's Bay.

We do a lot of activities at there. At first we play a drama about English people in negotiation with the First Nation people. After that we look at a house of people who lived in Fort Langley. Different cultures lived in different kinds of rooms. We can know where these

people are from because we can find clues in their daily necessities. For example if you find a coconut on the table, and they eat sea food a



lot, you will know these people are from Hawaii. After that we use a basin to scoop the

sand in the water. We are looking for the gold in the sand. This told us that the first people who came where looking for gold. After that they traded beaver's furs with First Nation's people. Then we went to a wood house. In the house there were two iron rings and some wood stick with a paper on the table. After we read the paper we know we need to use this to make a wooden barrel. At first it was hard to make, but after we found the key, it is easy to make. In the end, we went to the blacksmith shop. We learn how to make fire with flints and how to use iron to



make things. The trip of Fort Langley was very meaningful; I learned a lot of new things about First Nation's people and the predecessor of the Hudson's Bay.

Fort Langley By Zac Nguyen

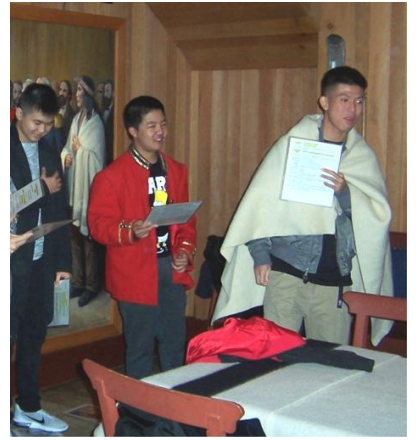
On Sept 21, 2018 we went to Fort Langley. Fort Langley is a former trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company, now located in the community of Fort Langley opposite McMillan Island. Commonly referred to as "the birthplace of British Columbia", it is designated a National Historic Site of Canada and is administered by Parks Canada. There I can watch the blacksmithing and barrel-making. I can meet costumed storytellers, or dress up and embark on exciting pioneering adventures with the explorers program. We complete the task of storytellers. The guides are full of useful information. It is amazing the depth of their knowledge about the fort and the period of time when Europeans first came to B.C. They are very enthusiastic and professional. It is a great place to go if you want visitors to have a positive view of B.C. and Canada. We also had lunch. Finally, we returned to school and ended a meaningful trip.



V.F.A. Fall Calendar of Events

September 5	First day of school for Fall Term
September 14	Professional development day (no school)
September 21	Fort Langley field trip
October 5	Thanksgiving turkey meal at school
October 8	Thanksgiving Day (no school)
October 19	Professional development day (no school)
October 26	Halloween Party at school
October 30	Skating at Killarney Arena
November 9	Remembrance Day ceremony at school
November 12	In lieu of Remembrance Day (no school)
November 14	BCIT open house field trip
November 22	Skating at Killarney Arena
November 28	Graduation Transitions presentations
December 4	Graduation ceremony and dinner
December 7	CBC open house field trip
December 12	Inquiry Based Learning Fair in school gym
December 14	Christmas party, last day of classes for Fall Term
December 17–21	Special Activities Week







Thanksgiving

Thankful for Having a Friend By Jeremy Xu

Thanksgiving is supposed to be a special festival sharing the love to the person you are thankful to. But it's hard when you only could show how you spent Thanksgiving to them through the phone. There's such a distance between me and



my family. I sent my mom the pictures of the school Thanksgiving meal, I added that turkey was my favorite above all, with some cranberry sauce decoration on it. I felt warm: all students sat together and chatted congenially—such a precious moment that nobody mentions their work and study. Each was at a table for eight: I was sitting beside my seven friends; we pranked each other and made fun of each other, and then we sang a birthday song to Simon—his embarrassed face with a hint of smile made us much happier. Here at the moment, we were not just a school or a community, but a family.

However, on the actual date of Thanksgiving Day, something happened unexpectedly. Me and my new friend went to play basketball at the Olympic Oval, and we were dressed like pros. On the way to the stadium, we talked a lot, or I should say, gossiped a lot. The laughter between us that hadn't come to me last year. Thank God, I made such a

good friend who is in common with me. I considered it as a Thanksgiving gift; the feeling was like that of a baby that I wanted to hold against my chest tightly. There's a saying that truly happened to me, "A friend in need is a friend indeed." A tragedy happened when I fell on the ground after I finished a brilliant shot. Time was still; I took a deep breath thinking the pain would come to my foot a bit later. I was gritting my

teeth, lying on the ground, and afraid of moving my body. He was the first person who came to me; I remembered the way he looked at me, the way he asked whether I was okay, the way he ran and fetched an ice bag for me. I was touched—it was not easy for me to accept that someone would take care of me physically abroad, neither my parents or my Chinese friends, at least not here. The ice bag meant so much to me: the feeling of brotherhood was indescribable.



I did learn something from

Thanksgiving Day in Canada: being thankful is also a way of being loved.

My Thanksgiving By Karen Lu

This is my second Thanksgiving since I joined the school. It always brings back a special feeling: the feeling when all members of the school gather around and celebrate

this time together. We did not make it as big as last year: this year was more simple in terms of there were not enough people to help to prepare it. Mr. Harder was in charge to cook the meal for the whole school. I could see how preoccupied he looked. Each class had a creative poster, and written on it were students' wishes and hopes, the things that they are grateful for. I made a short speech for my class. It was not bad and not good, I just spoke out my short thinking for that day. The party was started afterwards. Students lined up and put a little bit of everything to try. I shared my plate with Emily. I thought it was good: I like the taste of the turkey and the juicy cranberry sauce. Everyone seemed to have a great time. We ate, we talked, we laughed, then we cleaned up everything. We got to go home earlier than usual after the party. It was a good way to end a school day and gave people a nice feeling.

A Thanksgiving Meal By Nhi Nguyen

We don't have Thanksgiving Day in our Vietnamese culture, so I don't have any connection about a day for thanking. However, I've been to a Thanksgiving Celebration at school twice. The food was not my thing, but I enjoyed the stuffing. Thanksgiving Day is just a normal day to us at home: my uncle didn't cook anything besides the usual dinner. I remember the previous celebration; our foods class made the gravy too liquid, so that it tasted weird. We had the celebration in the

gym where everybody was gathered around; the atmosphere made me feel warmer inside because we have no family here as international students. A friend of mine said that people are always expecting Thanksgiving Day the most just right after Christmas Eve. It's like a day for people in this maple leaf country having a time to spend with their family. It reminds me of our traditional Tet holiday when people from all over the country skip out of work and have some fun and rest. On that day, I went for a delicious pork chop on "broken rice" with a friend. It was good for us, right? Vietnamese people go out for pho and pork chops on broken rice for Thanksgiving Day. It's a good thing to experience. Here while participating in a celebration for this day in Canada, at least we had a party and had some good traditional food.

A Thanksgiving Day Activity **By Gavin Shan**

Last Friday, our school had a Thanksgiving activity in the gym. Everyone joined the activity on Friday: we had to make a poster and enjoy the Thanksgiving dinner. We have this kind of activity every year at VFA. We are happy to have this Thanksgiving dinner. On that day, we were started to write some ideas about thankfulness and make a poster with each class. These we give to those who we want to give thanks to. I think all the students were writing to their parents, friends, and teachers. Also everyone wants use some beautiful words to describe the person they are thankful for. Then we made a



nice poster and waited for the Thanksgiving dinner to come. Until 2:00 pm we waited. In the gym were some tables, chairs and decorations. When the teachers and some students finish their words of thanks, the Thanksgiving dinner was started. We were showing our poster and enjoying that delicious food. I think the delicious sauce put on the turkey is my favorite.

We had a good time. It's good to have a Thanksgiving dinner in our school and we have some different experiences in Canada.

Thanksgiving **By Leon Zhang**

October 8, it's Thanksgiving Day; people are supposed to celebrate this day by saying "thanks" to each other with their most sincere and grateful feeling; people go out or stay at home with their friends and family, have a nice meal, and perhaps have a few drinks. After the nice wonderful meal, the youngest starts to say thanks to the elders for what they did to make him a better person. Then people in the middle of the group start to say who they are thankful for, of course, in age sequence. Finally, the thankful words for his family and friends would come out from the eldest person's mouth. That's a perfect, ordinary Thanksgiving Day.

Mine in China was nothing like that; we Cantonese speakers don't usually have a particular day for expressing appreciation. I wonder if anyone in Eastern culture knows a word about Thanksgiving. Last year, when I said Happy Thanksgiving to my parents, it took

me almost half hour to explain to them what Thanksgiving is, a national holiday where people could find a place to express their thankful feeling. My aunt didn't celebrate Thanksgiving partly because she is a Cantonese speaker born in Guangzhou. My two little cousins who were born here don't seem to be interested in the Thanksgiving meal. They're just regular kids, talking about video games as if it were just a normal day; what is their killing score; how they killed people in games using smart technique.

6:00 pm is the regular time for supper in my family. My family's house has two floors; my bedroom is on the first floor of my house whereas my aunt's family live on the second floor; the dinner table is on the second floor probably because the view on the second floor is much better than the first floor's. We can see almost all of Grouse Mountain from the second floor. I don't know if I was starving or not but the meal at that night smelled really good from the first floor. I walked step by step to the second floor, slowly with curiosity, thinking that it must be a late Thanksgiving supper. But it was nothing but a simple, normal meal. The next thing is quite obvious: my cousins were playing video games on the second floor not with a grateful feeling but an excited satisfaction from killing people in games while I was lying on my bed on the first floor, feeling miserable.



2018 Thanksgiving: Harder than Last Year's **By Tyler Nguyen**

Last year's Thanksgiving was fantastic with the meticulous preparation of the foods class and Mr.







Harder. This year was not as “fancy.” The fact that there is no foods class this year caused some difficulties for Mr. Harder [*not really] who, with other teachers, prepared the food. I don’t feel so guilty because I gave Mr. Harder a hand peeling five potatoes. During this time, I was trying to get a Level A student to wear the autumn door wreath and told him that the principal had assigned him to be the Thanksgiving spirit animal; however, Mrs. Tajiri caught me just in time and it didn’t happen. The food was great; the gravy went perfectly with the turkey, and the mashed potatoes and pumpkin pie tasted good, although they are not my favourite. During some brief remarks during the Thanksgiving meal, Mr. Harder told an inside joke, only I got—so everybody just looked at him silently. Thanksgiving this year was good.

*Ed’s note

A New Festivity By Thong Nguyen

This year is my first Thanksgiving Day in my life because in my country we don’t celebrate Thanksgiving. So I have never experienced it and I have just heard about it from many people or watched on TV. This Thanksgiving was very special not only because it was my first time but it was also a chance for me to understand more about the culture in Canada in general or about the history of Thanksgiving Day in specific. My homestay where I am



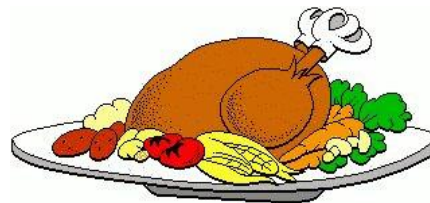
staying didn’t celebrate it because they are also Vietnamese like me so I celebrated it at school. Before we had a small party, I and my friends had to study many things about this day. Now I understood why Canadians celebrate this day. I also learned about the traditional food that is usually eaten on this day. Honestly, at first I thought that it wouldn’t be delicious because I hate turkey and smashed potato. But after I had tried the food, it was wonderful because everything was combined together perfectly so I ate twice. I very appreciated that the teachers had prepared food and even served us. The most important thing I have learned about this day is this is the time for you to stop working to spend time on talking with our family and thinking thankfully about what we are having right now. For my part, I am thankful for having a good family, I am thankful for having many chances and the people who have supported me up to now. Eventually, I am thankful for my health and the life that God has given me.

Thankful By Eric Chen

This is my third year to celebrate Thanksgiving in Canada. In the past two years, I didn’t really care about Thanksgiving; I couldn’t really feel how important this day is for Canadian people. This year, my friends all had Thanksgiving dinner outside with their family. Since I don’t have any parents in Canada, I went to play basketball by

myself, which is a thing I like to do. I thought I would be happy because I don’t need to hang out with my parents; I could do whatever I like. But when I got to the court, the courts were pretty empty; not a lot of people were playing that day. I played a few games then I left because I felt a little bit bored. When I was going home and sitting on the Skytrain, I started to feel sad. I was always thinking about playing and always glad that my parents are not here so I can go wherever I want. But this time I proved to myself that I am wrong; I started to imagine how good it would be if my family were here; how warm feeling would be if we could reunite and celebrate this kind of festival again. Now I realize why people celebrate Thanksgiving. I can feel how wonderful that feeling is. People are usually busy, but when Thanksgiving comes, they can reunite again, have dinner together, share some interesting stories with each other, and enjoy the night.

Even though I am not a really thankful person, I still want to use this opportunity to thank some people who helped me before. First of all, I want to thank my family: they always support me and listen to me, and also try to give me whatever they can give; I hope they can stay healthy and wait for me to requite them. Second, I want to thank my teachers: I am really glad that I always meet some good teachers; they always support my ideas so I can still be myself now. Lastly, I want to thank for my friends: they can always pull me out of a bad mood and make me smile again. I cannot lose anyone of them in my life; they are a part of my life, and the treasure in my eye.



Excuses for Being Tardy

Have You Been Punctual Lately: Room 5 Excuses for Tardiness

- I got up late.
- I couldn't find something.
- I walked too slow.
- Eunice gave me half of her breakfast, so I had to eat it all.
- I stayed up until 4:00 am because I drank tea the day before.
- I had to clean my bathroom.
- I drank an energy drink with Dan yesterday.
- I feel tired.
- Eunice was in the washroom for too long.
- I was talking to my host mother about my breakfast.
- I couldn't get up.
- Today I live like a king!
- I'm getting some blood work done at the lab because I think I'm turning into a vampire.
- I couldn't fall asleep last night so I couldn't wake up this morning.
- The bus was broken and the later bus never came, so I had to walk to school.
- I have a stomach ache.
- I was trying to figure out why my toe hurts—and it's an ingrown toenail.
- I saw a spider on the wall this morning.
- I was too cold and couldn't wake up.
- I missed the bus.
- Eunice was late and I had to wait for her.



I'M LATE,
I'M LATE,
FOR A VERY
IMPORTANT
DATE!
NO TIME TO SAY
HELLO! GOODBYE!
I'M LATE, I'M LATE,
I'M LATE!

