

## PAINTING THE TOWN

Check out the murals at Canada Vacuum, Food Fare, Halal Meats, Young Grocery, Broadway Pharmacy and several apartment buildings - by local artists, Art City, Green Team.

## Here's a Bit Of History About Me!

*by Angela Slaunwhite*

As a child I went to meetings of all kinds with my mother and I helped look after my little sister at the age of eight, so I basically had no childhood, or one you would call a childhood. I spent my time mainly looking for a good friend, one I could trust, and looking after my sister while my mother went in and out of the hospital . . .

I went to Pinkham Elementary, Hugh John MacDonald for Grade 7, 8 and 9. I was educated at Gordon Bell High School. My favourite things to do then were going to the park and playing with my little sister when she was about two and I was about ten. Now I try to go out with my friends to be what people would call a teenager.

That's all I feel comfortable to tell you about my past.

## My Mom Swims in the Assiniboine River

*by a Gordon Bell student*

My first impression of the Wolseley community wasn't great. Mom, Dad and all my 4 siblings were looking at a house we were planning to buy. We had ridden our bikes and left them across the street. As we were looking at the outside of the house, I noticed someone come on his bike, pick up my bike and start riding away. I was only about 8 so I told my Mom right away. She went running after him like a lunatic! It was very amusing.

Later on a rumor started going around about how my Mom swims in the Assiniboine River. Here is how it started: One day me, Mom and Dad went for a canoe ride in the Assiniboine. Our canoe got stuck on a rock so Mom got out of the canoe and pushed it off. If she had tried to get back in she would have tipped the canoe, so she swam to shore and walked home.

## COMING TO CANADA

### We Are Not Really On Our Own

*by Ciara Mayoralgo*

My aunt came to Canada in the early 80s, and she was the first of our family to come here. She learned on her own the "Canadian" ways, and eventually got a job. (I think back then, there were still little of Filipinos here). Finally, she sponsored my grandparents who eventually sponsored my family (mom, dad, and two sisters). We arrived here (in Winnipeg) in late 80s, in 1989. I was 4 years old. From then on, more family members from Philippines arrived, and we each had to go through what my aunt had gone through – except we are not really on our own.