

MOC-ZINE 2024



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JAY
PEAK

MTL

MOC'S

the House

**CALLING ALL
NIGHT OWLS! BATS! RACCOONS!**

THIS IS FOR THOSE WHO CHAFE
AGAINST EXPECTATIONS OF AN ALPINE
START! WHO DO NOT BELIEVE THERE IS
MORAL VALUE IN BECOMING ONE WITH
NATURE AT THE ASS CRACK OF DAWN!
I'M SEEKING OUTDOOR ENTHUSIASTS WHO
BELIEVE IN GETTING A FULL SLUMBER,
MAKING A HEARTY BREAKFAST, AND SEEING
NON-OUTDOORSY FRIENDS BY DAYLIGHT!
HEADLAMPS EXIST! WHY IS OUTDOORS
CULTURE COMMANDED BY A CANDLE-LIT
SCHEDULE?

**PETITION FOR
EQUALITY OF ALL CRUNKEY
CHRONOTYPES (IN PARTICULAR
THE ONES WHO LIKE TO SLEEP IN)**

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Featuring cover art by Lilou Buret, doodles by Ben Strol, and linocuts sprinkled around by pretty much the entire MOC W2024 exec.

Bear In Mind

It was the evening of August 13th, 2015. I was a young, naive, imbecile 27-year-old. In fact, I was freshly 27. The day before, I was a year younger! I was very anxious about turning 27, because many people don't make it to 28. I like going to clubs, but the 27-club I avoided at all costs. The last time I was this anxious about death was when I was turning 10, because I saw someone on TV say that most people died when they were in their double digits. For some reason the crowd laughed at him, but I'm pretty sure he was right!

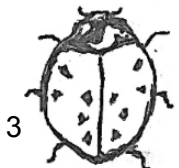
Three friends and I were nearing the end of our week-long expedition down the South channel of the French River (the Ojibwe called it the Wemitigoj-Sibi, but what a great initiative by the European folks to rename it!). We stumbled upon our final campsite as the sun approached the *edge of the world*, as many used to call the horizon (and some enthusiastic culture-preservers still do!). Our campsite nestled snugly amidst a carpet of rock and moss, beneath the watchful gaze of a towering cliff. Its ascent entailed a daring hike up a steep staircase of jutting rocks, made easier by a rope tied to nearby trees. The river was as still as the latter half of a slumber party, as it often was when there was no wind. A pleasant aroma of pine needles filled the air, further enhancing the serene ambiance. We built a tipi of sticks over strategically-placed birch bark in the firepit and lit it up. We had yet to encounter any issues on the trip. Smoother than sandpaper.



The Wemitigoj-Sibi (colloquially known as the French River or la Rivière des Français) is a river near Sudbury, Ontario historically used for fur-trading, and presently used for exhilarating canoe trips, among other things.

We were starving after all the dreadful paddling through the infamous afternoon headwinds of the French River. To honour our hunger, we began to cook dinner. I say "we", but really it was Michael and Matthew, the two chefs on the trip. Eric and I just sat around with nothing to contribute but dad jokes and the occasional stick in the fire to keep it burning. The cooks made vegan burritos. Don't be alarmed, we aren't actually vegan, it's just that most meats don't keep well in the wild so we often find ourselves stuck with vegan ingredients. They ended up making around a dozen portions for the four of us. We ate about a third of it. Our eyes were bigger than our stomachs. Well, not literally. I think stomachs are actually bigger than eyes, although I've never seen one so I can't say for sure.

Now, everybody knows not to put food waste in the treasure box. You must dig a hole far away from the campsite and bury it. Alternatively, you can burn it, but that requires patience we did not have. It was the final night, and boy were we lazy. We were lazy everyday, I'm just using the fact that it was the final night as an excuse. So I ventured up the cliff, and then back down again because I forgot the food, and then back up, this time with the food because I never make the same mistake twice. I poured the concoction of mainly rice and beans



into the odorous receptacle, then returned back down to the site.

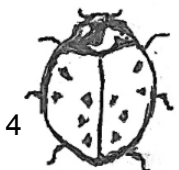
For dessert, Eric brought some brownies, but they didn't taste very good. So, the fellas decided to bake me a cake. Now, I'm not sure if you've ever been in a forest, but it turns out there are no ovens, because they run on electricity, and there's no electricity in the wild. So, me being a chemist and all, I figured we could lay rocks at the bottom of the big pot (we had a big pot), then put the small pot on top of it (we had also had a small pot), then cover it all with a pan (we also... Do I need to say it?). That way, the rocks would heat up when this oeuvre d'art was to be placed on the fire, creating a convection current within the contraption. And voila! It worked like a charm, and behold, the cake was born! At least, it was as good as an eggless cake can be (wouldn't you know it, refrigerators also run on electricity). We didn't have icing, so we used the next best thing – mayonnaise. We also didn't have sprinkles, so we used the next best thing – pine needles. Eric wrote the number 27 on the cake with the pseudo-sprinkles. I'm not sure why he picked that number.

We devoured the cake, leaving nothing on our plates but the icing and the sprinkles. After a few hours of cards, bantering, drinking, and smoking cigarettes (smoking was legal back then. It still is, but it was back then too), I had this sudden urge to perform nature's calling. On a camping trip, when you have to go, you have to go. There's no time to wait. Remember, I don't make the same mistake twice. So I ventured up the cliff, then back down again because I forgot the toilet paper, and then back up again, this time with the toilet paper. The sun had dipped below the *edge of the world* by this point, but the remnants of daylight illuminated the ground just enough to walk without a flashlight. Now, everybody knows the five V's for rating a drop in the woods: volume, viscosity, velocity, venue, and view. Each V gets a rating out of five. This was my first and only ever perfect score.

With my duties attended to, I figured I'd have another smoke break while perched atop the cliff to soak in the scenery in all its beauty. What a trip it was, traversing the breathtaking French River with my three beloved misfits, culminating in this tranquil evening. A flawless adventure, devoid of any troubles.

About halfway through my dart, I heard leaves rustle behind me. You'll never guess what I saw staring directly at me (unless you read the title). You didn't guess it (unless you read the title) – a bear! There it was, a great beast stationed about 8.31 metres away from me, positioned sideways yet with a rather pointed interest directed my way. My heart stopped. Well, not literally. It actually started beating faster. I don't really understand that saying.

They say you're supposed to stand up to a black bear, to try to scare it away, because black bears are typically timid. *Stand tall and spread your arms wide*, they say. *Make lots of noise and slowly approach it*, they say. There's an old saying: "If it's black fight back, if it's brown lay down, if it's white goodnight" – they. It should be noted that in the case of polar bears, when they say "goodnight", they don't mean that you can sleep in peace because the bear means no harm; they actually mean that it will kill you. Similarly, in the case of grizzly bears, when they say to "lay down", they don't mean that you can lie down because it's cuddly; they actually mean that if you don't play dead it will make you play dead.



But this was no ordinary black bear. My scare tactics proved ineffective. Either that, or it was an ordinary black bear and I'm just not intimidating. I was walking toward it, arms up and out, yet it remained unphased. I started to yell at it, but it started walking towards me. So, as my valiant scream ended in a frightened yelp, I put my dart back in my mouth and I ran (darted, dare I say) down the trail toward the cliff. I stumbled down the rocky steps (I didn't even use the rope!), ran to the campsite and screamed "BEAR!!!" as the bear followed (trailed, dare I say) closely behind. You should've seen the look of horror on Eric's face. Matthew and Michael tried to square up to it like I did, but this bear had its mind set on chasing me. So, thinking on my feet (because I was standing up), I yelled "GET IN THE CANOES!". We grabbed our paddles, hopped in our two canoes and paddled away from the shore. This gave us a breather. The bear stayed at our campsite, digging into our blue food barrel. Unlike us, this bear seemed to enjoy Eric's brownies. I was offended that it didn't stop at the treasure box to eat our delicious burritos, but hey, at least we escaped it. I still had the pack of darts in my pocket from my earlier adventure into the woods, so we each lit up another cigarette and filled our lungs with toxic chemicals. We were safe.

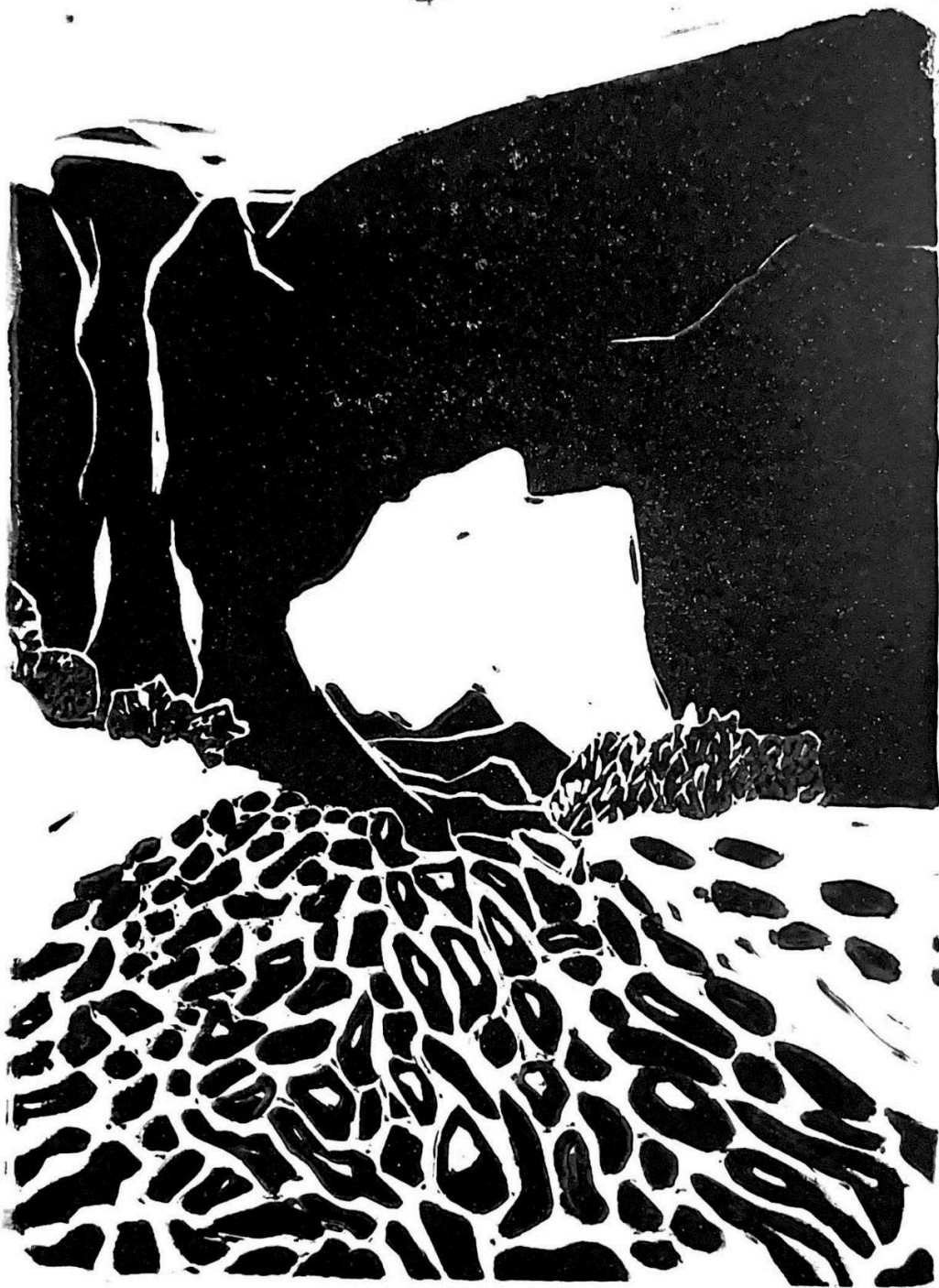
In the middle of our cigarettes, we heard a startling splash. To our dismay, bears know how to swim! Michael Phelps had nothing on this beast. They should put bears in the Olympic pools, not humans. The bear was swimming towards us at what must've been the speed of a motor boat. I could have tied a rope to it and wake-boarded. Unfortunately, I didn't have a wakeboard, nor a rope, so I was stuck in a canoe like the others. Luckily, we were close to the other shore, so we headed over and tried to hide in the woods before the bear caught up to us.

The bear reached the shore and walked around, the same way that my older brother would walk around the kitchen at 2 A.M. looking for a snack. The bear looked hungrier than those hippos in Hungry Hippos. I was watching the bear closely, when suddenly we locked eyes. Man, there was something about its eyes that I could sense in spite of the darkness. Thinking as sharply as a needle (because I was amid pine trees), I threw a rock at the bear. My intention was to distract it, but to my pleasant surprise, its reaction time was so slow that the rock hit the bear square in the head. Here I was thinking bears had quick reflexes. But what do I know? Anyways, the bear must've been seeing stars because 1 – it seemed dizzy from the rock's impact and 2 – we stood below a cloudless night sky. By some miracle, the bear slowly laid down and fell asleep. It didn't look too hurt, though. I guess it just wanted to nap.

We left the bear in peace and paddled back to the campsite. We knew we wouldn't be able to sleep, so we rekindled the fire and sat in shock for hours as nothing but the occasional laughter filled the air (except for the smoke from the fire and from our lungs). Eventually, Eric breaks the silence. "Fellas, I think we all learned a valuable lesson tonight". "What's that?" Matthew responds. "Bringing edibles on a canoe trip has its pros and cons".

- Joel Relius





A linocut that I made in August 2023 after visiting Arches National Park over the summer. Due to heat and an early wake-up, my trail crew was pretty opinionated while touring the arches. Pine Arch (which inspired this carving) was the only one that we unanimously approved of!

- **Moriah Campbell**

Dump Bird

Oh, large crow
the biggest you know
stuck on a fence
diseased
and unkept

feed it your tires
refrigerators
and wires
screaming into sleep
give me more
more!
fill my dirty beak

great garbage eater
i have so much to learn
which trucks bring food
which trucks bring scorn

intelligent scum
you know when to run
always too quick
for wheels and buckshot
but back soon enough
for fresh rotten drop

i lust for your figure
in sexy velvet
so beautiful
androgynous
perfect

forgive me for staring
at those black glossy lips
sucking garbage juice like milk
i am frozen
Transfixed.



Cocky Osprey

Cocky osprey
above me circling
on southerly gusts
attracting everyone's lust
flaunting your stuff

your black, white and grey
no, no, don't go away
come on and stay
everyday

cocky osprey
above me
circling
scooping up boys and the
girls
oh, watch them twirl
spin and whirl

but here comes your rival
it's mister survival
brown, white and gold
so handsome
so bold

cocky osprey
above me
circling
spinning and twisting
the fight is beginning

was it over land
or love

it won't matter
just one, flies above
and it's not you osprey
you fell to the ground
beneath me



- BG

An Adventurous Day on Cannon Cliff

It turned out that Tuesday, October 10 was not the day for The Double.

The Double, as Blaise and I had imagined it mere days earlier, would involve climbing both The Whitney-Gilman Ridge and Moby Grape in a day—the two most famous climbs on Cannon Cliff. The fiercest alpine climbing venue east of the Mississippi, notorious for its bad, unpredictable weather and loose rock—the occasional refrigerator comes tumbling down, deposited in the vast scree slope at its base—Cannon Cliff has produced more than its share of epics. Being brash, snobbish climbers from “out West”, however, neither of us were deterred by these warnings. “Moby Grape is 8 pitches, how ‘alpine’ could it really be?” we pompously asked ourselves.



We got started on Moby at the crack of dawn, stashing some food and water at the base to return to on the way to the Whitney—just according to plan. We had, however, forgotten our walkie-talkies, a minor hiccup which we knew we could deal with. The first few pitches went well, making good time and conquering the supposed cruxes of the route (Reppy’s Crack—an amazing 60m splitter—and the triangular roof). Blaise valiantly led the Finger of Fate and its runout slab moves, although more than just that turned out to be PG13 on the route.

I took the next pitch, at the very start of which lies the so-called “boulder problem.” It is completely unprotectable for about 20 feet, and I was less than thrilled to find it soaking wet. I cautiously pulled the move and breathed a sigh of relief knowing I just had the “easier slab above”. Upon arriving at this slab, however, I discovered the nice foot and handholds to be completely soaked and slimy, and I had to pull some scary moves far above two marginal pieces of gear in a slimy crack below. I arrived at the next ledge to see that the cracks which lead to another ledge and the start of the next pitch were soaked, and the rest of the cliff looked just as insurmountable.

As I was belaying Blaise up to the ledge it started to drizzle just a little bit—which was not the best feeling given how wet some of the climb already was—but I reassured myself that the forecast was completely clear and that this would surely pass. After arriving at the ledge Blaise gallantly started leading another scary pitch getting to and out of “the cave”, during which the rain really seemed to want to come.

It is now important to note that it had been freezing all day—2 degrees with unrelenting winds—and we were both very cold, especially our hands. As I was belaying him, I popped out my phone to check the weather, and found that the forecast had all of a sudden changed from “no rain” to “100% chance of a lot of rain starting in the next 10 minutes and continuing for 2 hours”. This is when the epic-ness really kicks in.

Due to the now-incorrect forecast we consulted in the morning, neither of us have brought any rain gear, and we took only one rope, knowing that if we had to bail we would have to leave behind a ton of gear—an incredibly costly proposition. We have to finish this thing.

After anxiously waiting for Blaise to finish the pitch I tackle it myself, rejoining him and letting him know the bad news: we gotta frickin’ move.



The anchor is somewhere on the 6th pitch, but not all the way to the start of the 7th. He hands me the rack and we both know I've gotta do everything I can to get to the top in one pitch, because we can see the heavy rain blowing towards us through the valley, and we can't be stuck having to lead runout slabs in the pouring rain. I've gotta do two and a half pitches in one.

Almost exactly when I finish climbing, after placing the entire rack and slinging a horn for an anchor, going as far as I can but not knowing I've literally used the whole 70m rope, the heavens open.

It is pouring. Visibility is probably 20 feet. The wind is howling, and there is absolutely no hope of us hearing each other's cries of "off-" and "on-belay" 70m apart. I try to pull the rope and the thing won't budge. For probably ten minutes I try, and at this point really start to freak out, thinking the rope has surely wrapped itself around some sort of horn and is stuck, and Blaise is sitting at the anchor with a pile of rope at his feet wondering what the hell is going on, in the pouring rain. It's coming down as hail now. The rope signals we had established at the start of the day are absolutely lost in the chaos, and neither of us receive the other's. Just as I've resigned to fixing the rope and rappelling down to get the rope unstuck or at least be able to communicate with Blaise, I try pulling the rope once again and rejoice! There is slack. He's climbing. After he follows the 70m pitch, which is now soaking wet, by any means necessary, we finally get to the top.

The descent in the pouring rain, with a lot of bushwhacking and general nonsense, was of course epic in its own right, but we were very happy to be on the way down and off of that mountain.

The Double awaits another day.

- Troy Shields



Jokes that might make you exhale through your nose:

1. Why does Blaise love campfires? His name is Blaise!
2. What did Matilda say when she had an inspiring quote that included the character “~”, but then someone used the quote without that character? “My tilde!” (Alright, clearly I ran out of moc exec name puns.)
3. Cooper? I hardly even know her!
4. What do you call a bear that loves magnets? A polar bear.
5. What do you call a bear with a mental illness that causes unusual shifts in mood, ranging from extreme highs (mania or “manic” episodes) to lows (depression or “depressive” episodes)? A bi-polar bear. (I’m sorry.)
6. What’s the difference between a kayak and a tree? A lot of things.
7. What did the friend say to the guitarist when they shared a photo of them playing? “Nice pick!”
8. What did one smoker say to the other? “Do you want a cigarette?” (I don’t know, I don’t smoke.)
9. Why do backpacks get the nickname “knap-sack”, and not sleeping bags? There’s no punchline to this one, I’m actually just wondering.
10. Why are people residing in Pennsylvania so smart? They have a lot of pencils there.
11. Why are the French so good at making bread? They put all their pain into it.
12. What did the fella reply when his friend that wasn’t wearing sunscreen all day texted him? Nothing, he left him on read.
13. What do you call a band that’s only functional on one side? The strokes.
14. What do you call a band with menacing hearing organs? The lumineers.
15. I used to be a white-water kayaker but I was never on a roll.
16. I used to be a skier but my career was heading downhill.
17. I used to be a cyclist but I got too tired.
18. What did Mozart call his bike that he used to commute to school? A classical.
19. I used to be a campfire host but I got fired.
20. I used to be a hiker but I was always trailing behind.
21. I used to be a comedian but my punchlines were no good.
22. I have the biggest globe in the world. It’s a 1:1 scale. That’s right, stop touching it!



23. What do you call a wise person from the ice age?

The punchline is left as an exercise for the reader (hint: read the premise out loud).

24. And lastly, a Norm Macdonald joke: Did you know that all of the planets in the solar system are named after Roman Gods? Except Earth, which is named after all that stuff on the ground.

"It's one thing to make people laugh, it's another to make people smile." - Norm Macdonald

- Joel Relius

What's in the Woods?

where do you imagine someone records a song with an organ? one might think a church. one might think a castle. yet i know it to be neither. let me explain, on a chilled, foggy evening, i was rambling through my native pacific woods, in search of chicken of the woods to chew on. i had on my large boots, and i searched with intent through the layered rainforest. on large pillars of wind-blown logs i walked, for both the fast travel and aerial surveillance which they provide. when logs ended, or angles steepened, i lowered onto the rainforest floor, to be met with new impedances. when on the ground, one must navigate with care around the herds of devil's club that flower oh so attractively; their leaves glistening with itchy poison. but your gaze cannot be fixed ahead indefinitely, for a decomposing maze of roots and stumps and rocks lie underneath you, always poised to provoke a tumble. it was during this evening, navigating a particularly tricky labyrinth of debris, that i became fixated on my feet, a 'look-downer,' as they say. i walked and i walked, never lifting my gaze, moving into denser and denser thickets of ferns. all of a sudden, a spruce grouse darted between my feet and startled me with a noise. i tripped and stumbled forward, landing on my knees. when i rose, i swiveled with great surprise at the ten-foot-tall ferns that had now surrounded me. my direction disappeared! i had no sign of where i had come from, nor where i was going. it was then that i noticed a small, koala-sized opening at the base of two thinner ferns. i crawled on through. on all fours i noticed new parts of the forest: families of mice rolling in moss, spruce saplings hugging, fairies building gazebos, beetles organizing a cagefight; this new perspective was revolutionary. i crawled on past, and at the end of my tunnel i noticed an odd little thing, a crack of light spilling out from the base of a tall cedar. i approached.

"Hello?"

i accompanied my greeting with a delicate knock, and after some moments of stillness, the tree tilted over, revealing a dimly lit basement and a figure playing the organ. the man's wry smile turned to meet my eyes, and i was startled to recognize him to be aphex twin, recording the organ for his song called qkthr!

"aphex, is this were you record the organ for your songs?"

"hi gary. yes, this is actually where most artists record the organ. unfortunately, there are only two organs left in the world, this one, and that other one in sudbury, ontario. i like your boots by the way."

"thanks aphex. wow, that is cool, but also sad. i'll leave you to it then."

he kissed me on the forehead, and i was on my way.

frankly, things like this happen to me all the time. i ensure you that you would encounter similar happenings if you spent more time walking around the forest, give it a try!



- Gary



We're Going on a Bear Hunt: Briar in Canada edition

Author's note: In case you didn't know (probably only the case if you've never met me lol), I went on exchange to Canada in Sem 2 2023. It was lots of fun, I did lots of things but I think the only thing I did that really counts as tramping and therefore qualifies for Antics was an overnight hike (that's what they call tramping there) to Lake Colden in the Adirondack High Peaks in upstate New York (yes, I know that New York is in the USA, not Canada). This story, adapted from Michael Rosen's 1989 classic, tells of our experience.

We're going on a bear hunt ² .	We've got to go around them!	Oh no!
We're going to catch a big one.	Excuse me! Excuse me! Excuse me!	We've got to sleep through it ¹⁵ !
What a beautiful day!	We're going on a bear hunt.	<i>Zzzzzzzzz!</i> <i>Zzzzzzzzz!</i>
We're not scared.	We're go to catch a big one.	<i>Zzzzzzzzz!</i>
Uh-uh!	What a beautiful day!	What's that?!
A border!	We're not scared.	Email alerts from Minerva ¹⁶ !
An international border ³ !	Uh-uh!	Looming assignment deadlines ¹⁷ !
We can't go around it!	A lean-to ⁹ !	No more gas for cooking breakfast ¹⁸ !
We can't go avoid it!	A cute, wooden lean-to.	OH NO, WE NEED TO GO HOME!
Oh no!	We can't go over it.	Quick!
We've got to go through it!	We can't go under it.	Wake up from the cold night!
Don't deport us! Don't deport us! Don't deport us!	We've got to have lunch in it!	<i>Zzzzzzzzz!</i> <i>Zzzzzzzzz!</i>
We're going on a bear hunt.	Munch! Munch! Munch!	<i>Zzzzzzzzz!</i>
We're going to catch a big one ⁴ .	Oh no!	It's got to be breakfast time!
What a beautiful day!	We're going on a bear hunt.	Retrieve the bear can! Retrieve the bear can! Retrieve the bear can!
We're not scared.	We're going catch a big one.	Past the lake for a morning swim!
Uh-uh!	What a beautiful day!	Splash splosh! Splash splosh!
Police!	We're not scared.	Splash splosh!
Scary American police with guns!	Uh-uh!	At the lean-to, we've got to have lunch!
We can't go away from them!	A lake ¹⁰ !	Munch! Munch! Munch!
We can't go back from them!	A deep cold lake.	
	We can't go over it.	

Oh no!

We've got to accept the speeding ticket⁵!

Sorry, we were too busy singing Taylor Swift⁶! Sorry, we were too busy singing Taylor Swift! Sorry, we were too busy singing Taylor Swift!

We're going on a bear hunt.

We're going to catch a big one.

What a beautiful day!

We're not scared.

Uh-uh!

A forest!

An orange autumn forest⁷.

We can't go over it.

We can't go under it.

Oh no!

We've got to go through it!

Stumble trip! Stumble trip! Stumble trip!

We're going on a bear hunt.

We're going to catch a big one.

What a beautiful day!

We're not scared.

Uh-uh!

People!

People making fun of our accents⁸!

We can't go over them

We can't go under them.

We can't go under it.

Oh no!

We've got to go for a swim in it!

Splash splosh! Splash splosh! Splash splosh!

We're going on a bear hunt.

We're going catch a big one.

What a beautiful day!

We're not scared.

Uh-uh!

Dinner time!

Smelly, bear attract-y dinner time.

We can't not eat¹¹,

We can't not create mess.

Oh no!

We've got to hide the rubbish¹²!

Stash the bear can¹³! Stash the bear can! Stash the bear can!

We're going on a bear hunt.

We're going to catch a big one.

What a beautiful day!

We're not scared.

Uh-uh!

A cold night!

A freezing cold night when it snows a bit higher up¹⁴.

We can't go over it.

We can't go under it.

Running into people making fun of our accents!

Excuse me! Excuse me! Excuse me!

Back through the forest!

Stumble trip! Stumble trip! Stumble trip!

Back past the police!

Driving slowly, carefully and safely! Driving slowly, carefully and safely! Driving slowly, carefully and safely!

Back through the border!

We're allowed here on eTAs¹⁹! We're allowed here on eTAs! We're allowed here on eTAs!

Get to Montreal.

Back to our houses.

Open the door.

Up the stairs

Oh no!

We forgot to shut the door.

Back downstairs.

Back upstairs.

Into the bedroom

Into the bed

Under the covers

I wanted to see a bear²⁰!



“Ode” to MOC

I woke up this morning
More sentimental than most
I'm leaving this city
Heading back to the coast

I've been thinking of someone
Oh MOC, dear MOC
You've given me so much
Never asked for a fee

Two years in montreal
I sulked, wandering around
But then i met you
What i had lost, now found

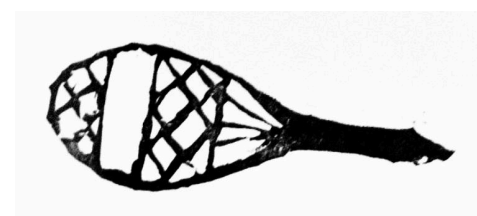
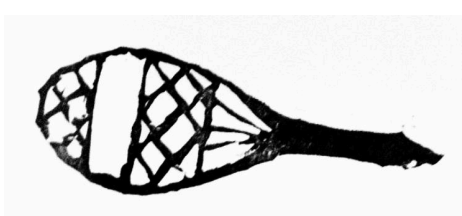
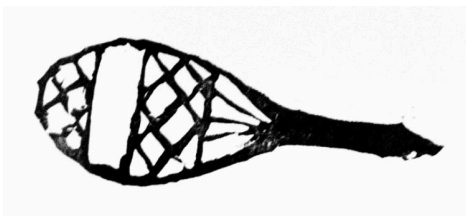
You gave me a friend
And then more and then more
You taught me to climb
You showed me places to explore

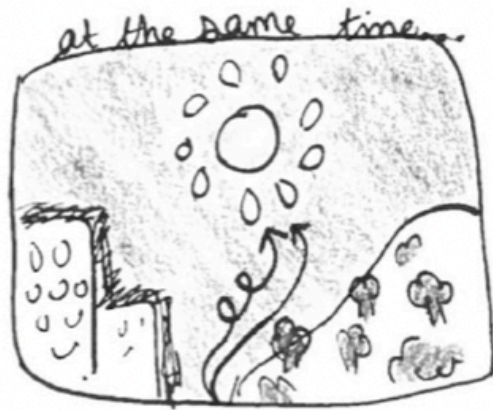
I wanted to give back
Do my part like those before
It hasn't always been direct
Maybe I should've done more

But for you I've tried...
I've organized and I've taught
I've sung and I've wrote
I've listened, and I've talked

I finish this little thing
Not regretful or sad
Just grateful for what was
And thrilled for what will be had!

- BG





omg! i love the sun...
but i have work
:(

