

# Independent Reading Package

## Ontario Secondary School Literacy Course, Grade 12, Open

### Introduction

- All students in OLC4O must read all items in the independent reading package\*. The independent reading package will be worked through on your own time. The items are not directly connected to any particular learning activity. Each time you read a selection and answer the questions that go with it, you will also make an entry in your Reading Log.
- You may submit your Reading Log and your file containing the answers to the questions for these readings throughout and/or at the end of the course.
- Your Reading Log will be a document where you will record when you read, the type of text you're reading (informational, graphic, or narrative), the title and author, why you are reading the item, and the primary reading strategy you used. Check the following example of a reading log.

Date	Type of text (e.g., <i>pamphlet, textbook</i> )	Title - Author	Reading purpose	Primary reading strategy used
Mar. 21, 2021	Narrative (short story)	"How to Pronounce Knife" - Souvankham Thammavongsa	to read for meaning	I made connections from the text to my own experiences
Apr. 3, 2021	Informational (Speech transcript)	"The Danger of a Single Story" - Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie	to summarize the speech	I made notes on the 5Ws and the 1H

- In addition to creating and updating a Reading Log file, ensure that you make a file on your computer to record your answers to the readings in this package.
- Go to the readings now. You may work through them in any order you choose. Ensure that you answer all of the questions connected to a reading selection.

Enjoy your reading!

*\* Note that your teacher may choose to add, remove, or substitute readings in this package.*

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## Narrative text, short story: Item #1

Assignment for an excerpt from the short story, "The Jade Peony" by Wayson Choy.

### Pre-reading activity (*Before you read the story*)

1. This story is set in Vancouver's Chinatown during the 1940s. Do a quick online search to learn about the history of Vancouver's Chinatown. Write down at least four facts that you've learned.

### During reading

2. This story is full of rich vocabulary. Use a dictionary to find the meaning of words you don't know. Be sure to list these words and their definitions in the following space. You should have at least **10 words** in your list.
3. What are the parents searching for at the beginning of the story? Why is this important?
4. Explain what the narrator means by the following statement: "We were Canadians now, *Chinese-Canadians*, a hyphenated reality that my parents could never accept."
5. What do you know about Grandmama's past?
6. What is the jade peony?
7. What ended up happening to Grandmama's windchime? What happened to the jade peony?
8. How does the narrator's family feel about the Grandmama's windchimes? Why?
9. Describe Sek-Lung's relationship with Grandmama? Include specific examples from the text to support your ideas.
10. What do you think Grandmama believes might have happened to the juggler to explain why she never encountered him again? What does she promise herself in that same paragraph?
11. What do we know so far about the narrator, Sek-Lung?
12. Does Grandmama know she is going to die? Use evidence from the text to support your response.
13. What does Grandma say is the colour of her spirit? Why is this important?
14. What must Sek-Lung's father do with the windchime according to Grandmama? Why?
15. Why is Grandmama's encounter with the white cat important to the story?

16. How did Grandmama die?

17. What did Sek-Lung find in his pocket instead of a handkerchief? What do you think this means?

**Post-reading questions**

18. The Jade Peony shows the close bond between a Sek-Lung and his Grandmama. Describe someone in your life that you're close to. What makes your relationship special?

19. Explain the unique challenges Sek-Lung's siblings are dealing with. Do you think these challenges are common for immigrant families? Feel free to share your personal experiences.

## **Narrative text, Item #1: “The Jade Peony” by Wayson Choy**

When Grandmama died at 83 our whole household held its breath. She had promised us a sign her leaving, final proof that her present life had ended well. My parents knew that without any clear sign, our own family fortunes could be altered, threatened. My stepmother looked endlessly into the small cluttered room the ancient lady had occupied. Nothing was touched; nothing changed. My father, thinking that a sign should appear in Grandmama’s garden, looked at the frost-killed shoots and cringed: no, that could not be it.

My two older teenage brothers and my sister, Liang, age 14, were embarrassed by my parents’ behavior. What would all the white people in Vancouver think of us? We were Canadians now, Chinese-Canadians, a hyphenated reality that my parents could never accept. So it seemed, for different reasons, we all held our breath waiting for something.

I was eight when she died. For days she had resisted going into the hospital . . . a cold, just a cold . . . and instead gave constant instruction to my stepmother and sister on the boiling of ginseng roots mixed with bitter extract. At night, between wracking coughs and deadly silences, Grandmama had her back and chest rubbed with heated camphor oil and sipped a bluish decoction of an herb called Peacock’s Tail. When all these failed to abate her fever, she began to arrange the details of her will. This she did with my father, confessing finally: “I am too stubborn. The only cure for old age is to die.”

My father wept to hear this. I stood beside her bed; she turned to me. Her round face looked darker, and the gentleness of her eyes, the thin, arching eyebrows, seemed weary. I brushed the few strands of gray, brittle hair from her face; she managed to smile at me. Being the youngest, I had spent nearly all my time with her and could not imagine that we would ever be parted. Yet when she spoke, and her voice hesitated, cracked, the sombre shadows of her room chilled me. Her wrinkled brow grew wet with fever, and her small body seemed even more diminutive.

“I – I am going to the hospital, Grandson.” Her hand reached out for mine. “You know, Little Son, whatever happens I will never leave you.” Her palm felt plush and warm, the slender, old fingers boney and firm, so magically strong was her grip that I could not imagine how she could ever part from me. Ever.

Her hands were magical. My most vivid memories are of her hands: long, elegant fingers, with impeccable nails, a skein of fine, barely-seen veins, and wrinkled skin like light pine. Those hands were quick when she taught me, at six, simple tricks of juggling, learnt when she was a village girl in Southern Canton; a troupe of actors had stayed on her father’s farm. One of them, “tall and pale as the whiteness of petals,” fell in love with her, promising to return. In her last years his image came back like a third being in our two lives. He had been magician, acrobat, juggler, and some of the things he taught her she had absorbed and passed on to me through her stories and games. But above all, without realizing it then, her hands conveyed to me the quality of their love.

Most marvellous for me was the quick-witted skill her hands revealed in making windchimes for our birthdays: windchimes in the likeness of her lost friend's only present to her, made of bits of string and scraps, in the centre of which once hung a precious jade peony. This wondrous gift to her broke apart years ago, in China, but Grandmama kept the jade pendant in a tiny red silk envelope, and kept it always in her pocket, until her death.

These were not ordinary, carelessly made chimes, such as those you now find in our Chinatown stores, whose rattling noises drive you mad. But making her special ones caused dissension in our family, and some shame. Each one that she made was created from a treasure trove of glass fragments and castaway costume jewellery, in the same way that her first windchime had been made. The problem for the rest of the family was in the fact that Grandmama looked for these treasures wandering the back alleys of Keefer and Pender Streets, peering into our neighbors' garbage cans, chasing away hungry, nervous cats and shouting curses at them.

"All our friends are laughing at us!" Older Brother Jung said at last to my father, when Grandmama was away having tea at Mrs. Lim's.

"We are not poor," Oldest Brother Kiam declared, "yet she and Sek-Lung poke through those awful things as if -" he shoved me in frustration and I stumbled against my sister, "- they were beggars!"

"She will make Little Brother crazy!" Sister Liang said. Without warning, she punched me sharply in the back; I jumped. "You see, look how nervous he is!"

I lifted my foot slightly, enough to swing it back and kick Liang in the shin. She yelled and pulled back her fist to punch me again. Jung made a menacing move towards me.

"Stop this, all of you!" My father shook his head in exasperation. How could he dare tell the Grand Old One, his aging mother, that what was somehow appropriate in a poor village in China, was an abomination here. How could he prevent me, his youngest, from accompanying her? If she went walking into those alleyways alone she could well be attacked by hoodlums. "She is not a beggar looking for food. She is searching for—for ...."

My stepmother attempted to speak, then fell silent. She, too, seemed perplexed and somewhat ashamed. They all loved Grandmama, but she was inconvenient, unsettling.

As for our neighbors, most understood Grandmama to be harmlessly crazy, others that she did indeed make lovely toys but for what purpose? Why? they asked, and the stories she told me, of the juggler who smiled at her, flashed in my head.

Finally, by their cutting remarks, the family did exert enough pressure so that Grandmama and I no longer

openly announced our expeditions. Instead, she took me with her on “shopping trips,” ostensibly for clothes or groceries, while in fact we spent most of our time exploring stranger and more distant neighborhoods, searching for splendid junk: jangling pieces of a vase, cranberry glass fragments embossed with leaves, discarded glass beads from Woolworth necklaces .... We would sneak them all home in brown rice sacks, folded into small parcels, and put them under her bed. During the day when the family was away at school or work, we brought them out and washed every item in a large black pot of boiling lye and water, dried them quickly, carefully, and returned them, sparkling, under her bed.

Our greatest excitement occurred when a fire gutted the large Chinese Presbyterian Church, three blocks from our house. Over the still-smoking ruins the next day, Grandmama and I rushed precariously over the blackened beams to pick out the stained glass that glittered in the sunlight. Small figure bent over, wrapped against the autumn cold in a dark blue quilted coat, happily gathering each piece like gold, she became my spiritual playmate: “There’s a good one! There!”

Hours later, soot-covered and smelling of smoke, we came home with a Safeway carton full of delicate fragments, still early enough to steal them all into the house and put the small box under her bed. “These are special pieces,” she said, giving the box a last push, “because they come from a sacred place.” She slowly got up and I saw, for the first time, her hand begin to shake. But then, in her joy, she embraced me. Both of our hearts were racing, as if we were two dreamers. I buried my face in her blue quilt, and for a moment, the whole world seemed silent.

“My juggler,” she said, “he never came back to me from Honan . . . perhaps the famine . . .” Her voice began to quake. “But I shall have my sacred windchime . . . I shall have it again.”

One evening, when the family was gathered in their usual places in the parlor, Grandmama gave me her secret nod: a slight wink of her eye and a flaring of her nostrils. There was trouble in the air. Supper had gone badly, school examinations were due, father had failed to meet an editorial deadline at the Vancouver Chinese Times. A huge sigh came from Sister Liang.

“But it is useless this Chinese they teach you!” she lamented, turning to Stepmother for support. Silence. Liang frowned, dejected, and went back to her Chinese book, bending the covers back.

“Father,” Oldest Brother Kiam began, waving his bamboo brush in the air, “you must realize that this Mandarin only confuses us. We are Cantonese speakers. ”

“And you do not complain about Latin, French or German in your English school?” Father rattled his newspaper, a signal that his patience was ending.

“But, Father, those languages are scientific,” Kiam jabbed his brush in the air. “We are now in a scientific, logical world.”

Father was silent. We could all hear Grandmama's rocker.

"What about Sek-Lung?" Older Brother Jung pointed angrily at me. "He was sick last year, but this year he should have at least started Chinese school, instead of picking over garbage cans!"

"He starts next year," Father said, in a hard tone that immediately warned everyone to be silent. Liang slammed her book.

Grandmama went on rocking quietly in her chair. She complimented my mother on her knitting, made a remark about the "strong beauty" of Kiam's brushstrokes which, in spite of himself, immensely pleased him. All this babbling noise was her family torn and confused in a strange land: everything here was so very foreign and scientific.

The truth was, I was sorry not to have started school the year before. In my innocence I had imagined going to school meant certain privileges worthy of all my brothers' and sister's complaints. The fact that my lung infection in my fifth and sixth years, mistakenly diagnosed as TB, earned me some reprieve, only made me long for school the more. Each member of the family took turns on Sunday, teaching me or annoying me. But it was the countless hours I spent with Grandmama that were my real education. Tapping me on my head she would say, "Come, Sek-Lung, we have our work," and we would walk up the stairs to her small crowded room. There, in the midst of her antique shawls, the old ancestral calligraphy and multi-colored embroidered hangings, beneath the mysterious shelves of sweet herbs and bitter potions, we would continue doing what we had started that morning: the elaborate windchime for her death.

"I can't last forever," she declared, when she let me in on the secret of this one. "It will sing and dance and glitter," her long fingers stretched into the air, pantomiming the waving motion of her ghost chimes; "My spirit will hear its sounds and see its light and return to this house and say goodbye to you."

Deftly she reached into the Safeway carton she had placed on the chair beside me. She picked out a fish-shape amber piece, and with a long needle-like tool and a steel ruler, she scored it. Pressing the blade of a cleaver against the line, with the fingers of her other hand, she lifted me up the glass until it leanly snapped into the exact shape she required. Her hand began to tremble, the tips of her fingers to shiver, like rippling water.

"You see that, Little One?" She held her hand up. "That is my body fighting with Death. He is in this room now."

My eyes darted in panic, but Grandmama remained calm, undisturbed, and went on with her work. Then I remembered the glue and uncorked the jar for her. Soon the graceful ritual movements of her hand returned to her, and I became lost in the magic of her task: she dabbed a cabalistic mixture of glue on one

end and skillfully dropped the braided end of a silk thread into it. This part always amazed me: the braiding would slowly, very slowly, unknot, fanning out like a prized fishtail. In a few seconds the clear, homemade glue began to harden as I blew lightly over it, welding to itself each separate silk strand.

Each jam-sized pot of glue was precious; each large cork had been wrapped with a fragment of pink silk. I remember this part vividly, because each cork was treated to a special rite. First we went shopping in the best silk stores in Chinatown for the perfect square of silk she required. It had to be a deep pink, a shade of color blushing toward red. And the tone had to match – as closely as possible – her precious jade carving, the small peony of white and light-red jade, her most lucky possession. In the centre of this semi-translucent carving, no more than an inch wide, was a pool of pink light, its veins swirling out into the petals of the flower.

“This color is the color of my spirit,” she said, holding it up to the window so I could see the delicate pastel against the broad strokes of sunlight. She dropped her voice, and I held my breath at the wonder of the color. “This was given to me by the young actor who taught me how to juggle. He had four of them, and each one had a centre of this rare color, the color of Good Fortune.” The pendant seemed to pulse as she turned it: “Oh, Sek-Lung! He had white hair and white skin to his toes! It’s true, I saw him bathing.” She laughed and blushed, her eyes softened at the memory. The silk had to match the pink heart of her pendant: the color was magical for her, to hold the unravelling strands of her memory... .

It was just six months before she died that we really began to work on her last windchime. Three thin bamboo sticks were steamed and bent into circlets; 30 exact lengths of silk thread, the strongest kind, were cut and braided at both ends and glued to stained glass. Her hands worked on their own command, each hand racing with a life of its own: cutting, snapping, braiding, knotting. Sometimes she breathed heavily and her small body, growing thinner, sagged against me. Death, I thought, He is in this room, and I would work harder alongside her. For months Grandmama and I did this every other evening, a half dozen pieces each time. The shaking in her hand grew worse, but we said nothing. Finally, after discarding hundreds, she told me she had the necessary 30 pieces. But this time, because it was a sacred chime, I would not be permitted to help her up or have the joy of raising it. “Once tied,” she said, holding me against my disappointment, “not even I can raise it. Not a sound must it make until I have died.”

“What will happen?” “Your father will then take the centre braided strand and raise it. He will hang it against my bedroom window so that my ghost may see it, and hear it, and return. I must say goodbye to this world properly or wander in this foreign devil’s land forever.”

“You can take the streetcar!” I blurted, suddenly shocked that she actually meant to leave me. I thought I could hear the clear-chromatic chimes, see the shimmering colors on the wall: I fell against her and cried, and there in my crying I knew that she would die. I can still remember the touch of her hand on my head, and the smell of her thick woolen sweater pressed against my face. “I will always be with you, Little Sek-Lung, but in a different way . . . you’ll see.”

Months went by, and nothing happened. Then one late September evening, when I had just come home from Chinese School, Grandmama was preparing supper when she looked out our kitchen window and saw a cat – a long, lean white cat – jump into our garbage pail and knock it over. She ran out to chase it away, shouting curses at it. She did not have her thick sweater on and when she came back into the house, a chill gripped her. She leaned against the door: “That was not a cat,” she said, and the odd tone of her voice caused my father to look with alarm at her. “I can not take back my curses. It is too late.” She took hold of my father’s arm: “It was all white and had pink eyes like sacred fire.”

My father started at this, and they both looked pale. My brothers and sister, clearing the table, froze in their gestures.

“The fog has confused you,” Stepmother said. “It was just a cat.” But Grandmama shook her head, for she knew it was a sign. “I will not live forever,” she said. “I am prepared.”

The next morning she was confined to her bed with a severe cold. Sitting by her, playing with some of my toys, I asked her about the cat: “Why did father jump at the cat with the pink eyes? He didn’t see it, you did.”

“But he and your mother know what it means.”

“What?”

“My friend, the juggler, the magician, was as pale as white jade and he had pink eyes.” I thought she would begin to tell me one of her stories, a tale of enchantment or of a wondrous adventure, but she only paused to swallow; her eyes glittered, lost in memory. She took my hand, gently opening and closing her fingers over it. “Sek-Lung,” she sighed, “he has come back to me.”

Then Grandmama sank back into her pillow and the embroidered flowers lifted to frame her wrinkled face. I saw her hand over my own, and my own began to tremble. I fell fitfully asleep by her side. When I woke up it was dark and her bed was empty. She had been taken to the hospital and I was not permitted to visit.

A few days after that she died of the complications of pneumonia. Immediately after her death my father came home and said nothing to us, but walked up the stairs to her room, pulled aside the drawn lace curtains of her window and lifted the windchimes to the sky.

I began to cry and quickly put my hand in my pocket for a handkerchief. Instead, caught between my fingers, was the small, round firmness of the jade peony. In my mind’s eye I saw Grandmama smile and heard, softly, the pink centre beat like a beautiful, cramped heart.

## Narrative text, short narrative: Item #2

The assignment for the short narrative, “A Place Called Home” by Lucy Kaikai

### Pre-reading:

1. Based on the title of the story, what do you think this narrative text might be about?
2. “Home” can mean many different things. For example, it can mean where you live, or where you feel happiest. For many, home can be anywhere, as long they are surrounded by their loved ones. Write a short paragraph about what home means to you.

### During reading:

3. This story is full of rich vocabulary. Use a dictionary to find the meaning of words you don’t know. Be sure to list these words and their definitions in the following space. You should have at least **five words** in your list.
4. How does the narrator feel about “home”? Use two quotes to back up your opinion.
5. Aside from the last paragraph, each one starts with the word “Home.” Why did the author make this choice?
6. What do you think the following quote means?

*“Fear that home will never be home again to my adulterous feet. I have been away too long. I no longer belong.”*

### Post-reading:

7. How did reading about the author affect your understanding of the story?
8. What is the main idea of the story? Explain in two to three sentences.

## **Narrative text, Item #2: “A Place Called Home” by Lucy Kaikai**

Home is where I was born. Where half the town knew my name, and my mother’s name, and her mother’s name. A neighbor was as good as a relative; adopted aunties, uncles, cousins and grandparents. The whole town was my playground. I knew every thicket and trail. For years I combed its sandy soil barefoot, exploring every corner. I climbed trees with my brothers, hunted termites with my friends and carved toys out of banana trees. From its soil I pulled up the perfect grass to make my very first doll and learned how to braid from its roots.

Home is where I scratched my grandmother’s back by lamplight as she spun tales that could scare a ghost. Where I watched an eclipse in a basin of water and beat tin cups to scare the spirits into setting the moon free. My voice was sung hoarse in every church, every school, every stage. I danced under moonlit skies to the sound of beating drums and clapping hands. Like the vultures that circled overhead, I was present at every festival and masquerade. I saw passion in the eyes of men and felt their fiery embrace.

Home is where my plump thighs are called beautiful, not my skinny arms; a gap in your teeth and rings of fat around your neck are as desirable as dimples. A tan is never a fad and botox is unknown. Where women polish their skin with oil, prick their gums with a needle and call black beautiful. It takes many days to weave a piece of cloth that will multitask as a scarf or a dress or a skirt or a bag or even a snuggly. Home is a place where men cherish their mothers more than their wives and women adore their children more than their husbands.

Home is where every creature in the Atlantic ended up in my belly. The memories of deep-fried fish, crab soup and smoked oysters make my mouth water. Where rice is never boring. Not when it can be jollof rice, fried rice, check rice, ‘wanpot’ rice, coconut rice or ‘pemahun.’ Every leaf and every flower has the potential of becoming a delicious meal, made sumptuous with palm oil and maggi cubes. I learned how to plant a garden from trash and organic foods nourished my fast growing body that was unknown to growth hormones.

Home is where I walked countless miles along beaches, watched mighty waves crash a shoreline, witnessed indescribable sunsets. A land where I did not feel the heat of the sun because of the cool sea breeze. There I learned to swim in a river called black, whose banks were lined with sand and rocks and pebbles. Laundry was a day’s job. The river and rocks were my washing machine and the sun and pebbles my perfect dryer. Home is where I learned how to build a fire from coconut husks and twigs. I knew which homes always had a live coal or two I could borrow to build my own fire. I identified the perfect spot to build a house, high on a mountain top, with a view to take your breath away.

Home is where I was a majority. I was somebody and at the same time a nobody. Where my fame preceded my face and I was never asked how to spell my name. A place where my first name was never called without it being preceded by Baby, Mama or Granny. Where the notoriety of my ancestors made my last name famous. Home is where I knew the right words to say at the right time. Where nobody ever gave me a suspicious look or avoided my eyes. My greeting had never been met with silence and nobody chose to stand, rather than sit beside me on a bus. I was a daughter of the soil, at one with my surrounding, not a black dot on a white sheet.

Home is a place I fear I have lost and can never recover, shrouding my very soul with nostalgia. A place that only lives on in my heart. My footsteps have long been washed from the beaches I once combed. My name sandpapered from the wooden benches where it was once engraved. My perfect spot for a house

probably belongs to another now. Where I long to return, yet fear cripples me. Fear that home will never be home again to my adulterous feet. I have been away too long. I no longer belong.

Now, my hope lies in the home Beyond the Blue, where I shall spend eternity. My voice will be united with angels to sing praises to my Maker and Redeemer. Home is where a mansion has been prepared for me on a street paved with gold. I shall be crowned with gems, robed with purity, and given sandals of peace. Wars will cease on every land. There will be no more sad partings and no broken hearts. Our colors shall fade into one, our gender will be of no significance and our boundaries will be washed away. A place where all my fears will vanish and every longing fulfilled.

*Lucy Kaikai immigrated to Canada in 2004, under a Refugee Family Sponsorship Program. Before moving to Winnipeg, she lived in a refugee camp in the South East of Ghana for seven years. Lucy always seeks opportunities for personal growth and community development. In Sierra Leone, her country of origin, she worked as a volunteer in the Children's Department of the Korean Presbyterian Mission. While in Ghana as a refugee, she served with the Red Cross in Education and Sports programs. Her volunteer services in Canada have included being a friendly visitor at a personal care home and helping Newcomers with English at the Salvation Army's Multicultural Family Centre. She is a trained teacher who enjoys homeschooling her two children, preparing nutritious meals for her family, sewing, and gardening.*

*Sierra Leone's boundaries give it a rough diamond shape on the west coast of Africa. It is bordered by The Atlantic Ocean, Guinea, and Liberia. Its natural harbours made it a popular trading post both in goods and slaves in times past. Once known as the Athens of Sub-Sahara Africa, political corruption and lack of development earned it a place among the poorest countries in the world. Since its independence from Britain in 1961, it has been mostly governed by greedy leaders. A civil conflict that lasted over a decade brought even more despair to an already impoverished nation and its crumbling infrastructure. Its population of some five million inhabitants, is made of 12 indigenous tribes, the Krios, who are descendants of freed slaves and a large number of Lebanese and Indian merchants. Sierra Leone is a country of content people, spectacular beaches, majestic mountains, beautiful grasslands powerful rivers and fertile soil. Its mineral wealth includes gold, iron ore, titanium, bauxite, and diamonds.*

### Graphic text, infographic: Item #3

The assignment for infographic: “Canadians’ reported experiences using social media”

#### Pre-reading:

1. Graphic texts provide information in visual ways. There are many kinds of graphic texts. Name four that you encounter every day.
2. The infographic you are about to read explores Canadians’ experiences using social media. What do you know about this topic? Are you a social media user? Share your knowledge and/or experiences.

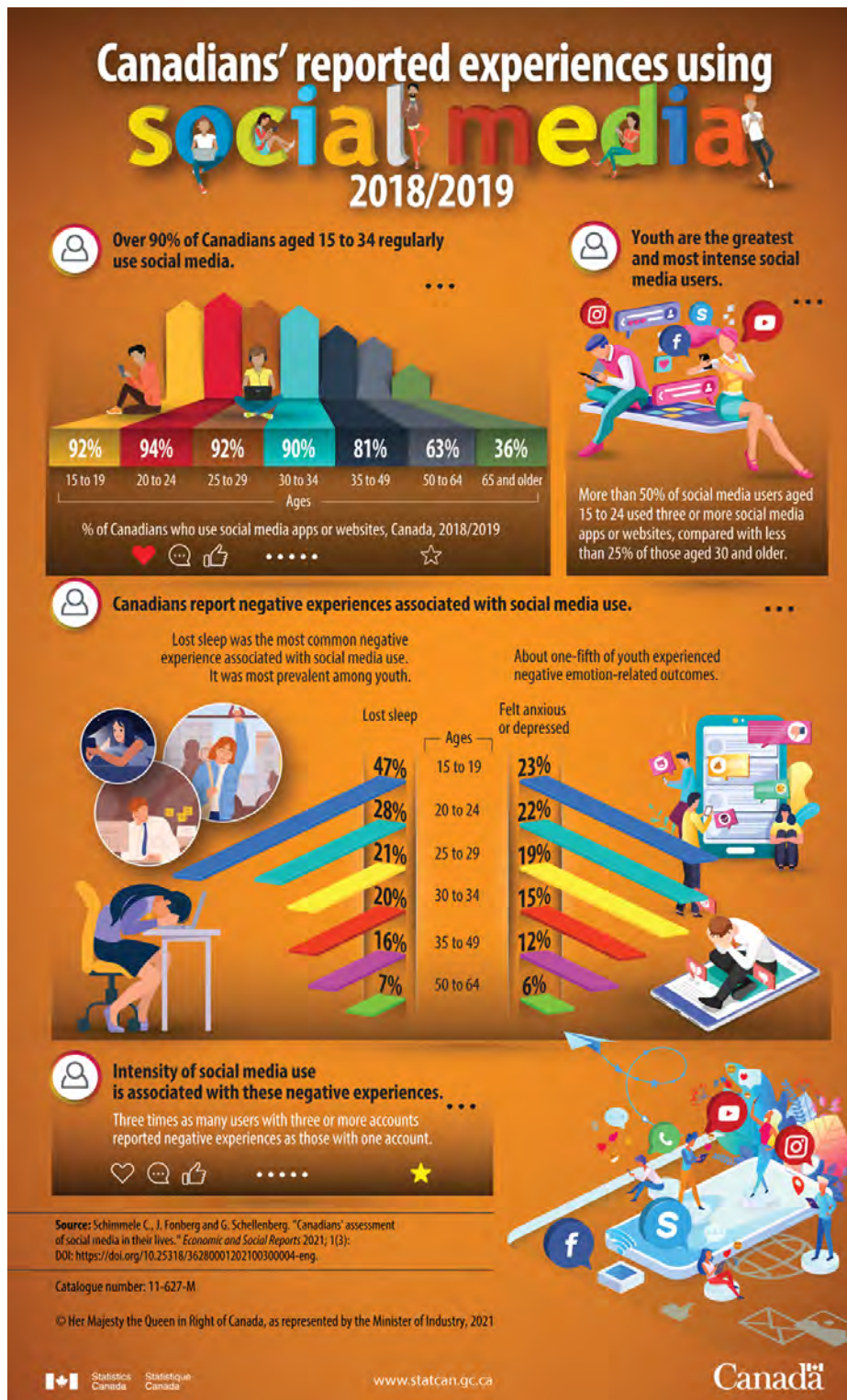
#### During reading:

3. How is reading a graphic text different from reading a narrative text?
4. Do you think presenting information in a visual way helps readers better understand this information? Explain.
5. In what time period does this study take place?
6. *According to the study, which age groups use social media regularly? Choose from the following options:*
  - a) The most?
  - b) The least?
7. What does this report say about youth and social media? Does this information surprise you? Why or why not?
8. According to the graph, what negative experiences have social media users reported?
9. Based on the graph data, choose from the following options which three age groups are:
  - a) Most negatively affected by social media use?
  - b) Least negatively affected by social media use?
10. Re-examine the percentages in both graphs. Do the numbers increase or decrease with age? What do you think this means?

#### Post-reading:

11. What is the most interesting or surprising fact you learned from this study?
12. Can you relate to any of the information presented in this graph? Explain why or why not.
13. a) What is the most interesting or surprising fact you learned from this report?  
b) Do you think this report is missing any information? What other information could have been included?

## Graphic text, Item #3: “Canadians’ reported experiences using social media”



**Canadians' reported experiences using social media**

Over 90% of Canadians aged 15 to 34 regularly use social media.

Following is the percentage of Canadians, who used social media apps or websites in Canada (2018/2019)

**Ages 15 to 19:** 92%

**Ages 20 to 24:** 94%

**Ages 25 to 29:** 92%

**Ages 30 to 34:** 90%

**Ages 35 to 49:** 81%

**Ages 50 to 64:** 63%

**Ages 65 and older:** 36%

**Youth are the greatest and most intense social media users.**

More than 50% of social media users aged 15 to 24 used three or more social media apps or websites, compared with less than 25% of those aged 30 and older.

**Canadians report negative experiences associated with social media use.**

Lost sleep was the most common negative experience associated with social media use. It was most prevalent among youth.

This following table displays the percentage of people who lost sleep in particular age groups.

<b>Age group</b>	<b>Lost sleep</b>
Ages 15 to 19	47%
Ages 20 to 24	28%
Ages 25 to 29	21%
Ages 30 to 34	20%
Ages 35 to 49	16%
Ages 50 to 64	7%

About one-fifth of youth experienced negative emotion-related outcomes.

The following table displays the percentage of people who felt anxious or depressed in particular age groups.

Age group	Felt anxious or depressed
Ages 15 to 19	23%
Ages 20 to 24	22%
Ages 25 to 29	19%
Ages 30 to 34	15%
Ages 35 to 49	12%
Ages 50 to 64	6%

**Intensity of social media use is associated with these negative experiences.**

Three times as many users with three or more accounts reported negative experiences as those with one account.

Source: Schimmele C, J. Fonberg and G. Schellenberg. "Canadians' assessments of social media in their lives." *Economic and Social Reports* 2021; 1(3): DOI: <https://doi.org/10.25318/36280001202100300004-eng>.

Source for infographic: <https://www150.statcan.gc.ca/n1/pub/11-627-m/11-627-m2021036-eng.htm>

## **Graphic text, infographic: Item #4**

Assignment for the graphic text, Infographic: “Handy Guide to Serving Sizes”

### **Pre-reading:**

1. What makes this text a graphic text?
2. What do you think this text is about? Are you able to figure this out with a quick glance? Explain.

### **During reading:**

3. What is this guide showing the reader to do? Do you think this helpful? Explain.
4. What are the seven food categories presented in this guide?
5. What are some examples of meat and milk alternatives?
6. What is the main idea of page 3? Try and summarize what you learned in one sentence.

### **Post-reading:**

7. What do you think is the main purpose of this guide?
8. Do you think this guide is helpful? Explain why or why not.

## **Graphic text, Item #4: “Handy Guide to Serving Sizes”**

Explore this text on the next page.

# Handy Guide to Serving Sizes

Learn how to use your hand to estimate Canada's Food Guide serving sizes and compare them to the food portions you eat.



**Vegetables and Fruit:** Canada's Food Guide recommends 7 to 10 servings of Vegetables and Fruit a day depending on your age and gender. Here's what a Food Guide serving looks like.

## Fresh, frozen or canned vegetables

1/2 cup (125 mL) = 1/2 fist



## Leafy vegetables

1 cup (250 mL) = 1 fist



## Whole fruit

1 fruit = 1 fist



## Fresh, frozen or canned fruit

1/2 cup (125 mL) = 1/2 fist



## Dried fruit

1/4 cup (60 mL) = Cupped hand



## 100% fruit juice

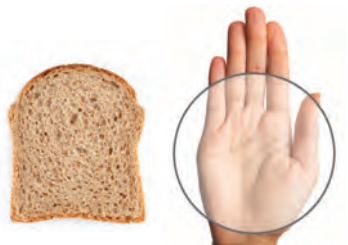
1/2 cup (125 mL) = 1/2 fist



**Grain Products:** Canada's Food Guide recommends 6 to 8 servings of Grain Products a day depending on your age and gender. Here's what a Food Guide serving looks like.

## Bread

1 slice = Size of hand



## Bagel

1/2 small bagel = Size of hand



## Rice

1/2 cup (125 mL) = 1/2 fist



## Pasta

1/2 cup (125 mL) = 1/2 fist



## Cold Cereal

30g = 1 fist



# Handy Guide to Serving Sizes

Learn how to use your hand to estimate Canada's Food Guide serving sizes and compare them to the food portions you eat.



**Milk and Alternatives:** Canada's Food Guide recommends 2 to 3 servings of Milk and Alternatives a day depending on your age. Here's what a Food Guide serving looks like.

## Milk or fortified soy beverage

1 cup (250 mL) = 1 fist



## Yogurt

3/4 cup (175 mL) = 1 fist



## Cheese

1 1/2 oz (50g) = 2 thumbs



**Meat and Alternatives:** Canada's Food Guide recommends 2 to 3 servings of Meat and Alternatives a day depending on your age and gender. Here's what a Food Guide serving looks like.

## Meat and Poultry

2 1/2 oz (75g) = Palm of hand



## Fish

2 1/2 oz (75g) = Palm of hand



## Peanut butter

2 tbsp (30 mL) = 2 thumbs



## Nuts and seeds

1/4 cup (60 mL) = Cupped hand



## Legumes

3/4 cup (175 mL) = 1 fist



# Handy Guide to Serving Sizes

Find out how to manage your portions of these foods:



**Fats:** Canada's Food Guide recommends 2 - 3 tbsp of unsaturated fat each day and limiting the total amount of fat you eat. Here's what a tbsp and tsp look like.

## Margarine or butter

1 tsp (5 mL) = 1 thumb tip  
1 tbsp (15 mL) = 1 thumb



## Oil

1 tsp (5 mL) = 1 thumb tip  
1 tbsp (15 mL) = 1 thumb



## Mayonnaise

1 tsp (5 mL) = 1 thumb tip  
1 tbsp (15 mL) = 1 thumb



**Sweet and Salty Foods:** Canada's Food Guide recommends limiting foods that are high in sugar, salt and fat. These can add a lot of calories without a lot of nutrition.

## Chocolate

If you enjoy chocolate, have a few pieces once in a while. Buy a small chocolate bar instead of a large one. Avoid buying a large bag of single serving chocolates.



## Baked goods

Cookies, muffins, tarts, croissants, brownies and cake slices from bakeries and coffee shops are often high in calories. Buy one as a treat only once in a while and share it with a friend.



## Salty snacks

Put a handful of chips, pretzels or nachos on a plate instead of eating out of the bag. This will help you control how much you eat. Try to avoid second helpings of salty snacks.



## French fries

It's easy to overdo it when eating fries. At restaurants, ask for a small portion or share one plate of fries with friends.



**Beverages:** Canada's Food Guide recommends limiting beverages that are high in fat and sugar. These can add a lot of calories without a lot of nutrition.

## Water

Quench your thirst with water. Add extra flavour with cucumber slices, mint, berries, lemon, lime or orange wedges.



## Coffee

Sweetened coffee beverages can be high in sugar and fat. Ask for a plain latte or cappuccino with skim, 1% or 2% milk.



## Pop

Try to avoid drinking pop. If you occasionally drink pop, limit how much you drink.



## Fruit drinks

Fruit punch, fruit drink, fruit cocktail and fruit flavoured beverages are high in sugar and are not part of Canada's Food Guide. Limit or avoid these drinks.



**Expert guidance. Everyday eating.**  
Brought to you by Dietitians of Canada

Visit [www.unlockfood.ca/handyguide](http://www.unlockfood.ca/handyguide) to use the interactive version of the Handy Guide to Serving Sizes and watch videos to help you manage your food portions.

Dietitians look beyond fads and gimmicks to delivery reliable life-changing advice.  
Find a dietitian at [www.dietitians.ca/find](http://www.dietitians.ca/find).

## Graphic text, map: Item #5

Assignment for the graphic text, map, "TTC Subway Map"

### Pre-reading:

1. This graphic text is a map of Toronto Transit Commission's (TTC) subway and streetcar routes. What public transportation is available in your community? Do you have a preferred mode of transportation?

### During Reading:

2. How many subway lines are there on the map?
3. a) Where does each line begin and end?  
b) What do you think happens once the train reaches the end of the line?
4. What do Spadina, St. George, Bloor-Yonge, Kennedy, and Sheppard-Yonge Stations have in common?
5. Why might the Yonge-University line be a "loop" unlike the rest of the lines?

### Post-Reading:

6. How is this graphic text similar to the other graphic texts you have read? How is it different?

## Graphic text, Item #5: “TTC Subway Map”

Access the following map in either visual or text version.

### Visual version



# Text version

<b>Line 1: Yonge-University Southbound to Union then northbound to Finch</b>	<b>Line 2: Bloor Danforth Eastbound to Kennedy</b>	<b>Line 3: Scarborough Eastbound to McCowan</b>	<b>Line 4: Sheppard Eastbound to Don Mills</b>
Vaughan Metropolitan Centre	Kipling	<b>Kennedy</b>	<b>Sheppard-Yonge</b>
Highway 407 Accessible	Islington	Lawrence East	Bayview
Pioneer Village	Royal York	Ellesmere	Bessarion
York University	Old Mill	Midland	Leslie
Finch West	Jane	Scarborough Centre	Don Mills
Downsview Park	Runnymede	McCowan	
Sheppard West	High Park		
Wilson	Keele		
Yorkdale	Dundas West		
Lawrence West	Lansdowne		
Glencairn	Dufferin		
Eglinton West	Ossington		
St Clair West	Christie		
Dupont	Bathurst		
<b>Spadina</b>	<b>Spadina</b>		
<b>St George</b>	<b>St George</b>		
Museum	Bay		
Queen's Park	<b>Bloor-Yonge</b>		
St Patrick	Sherbourne		
Osgoode	Castle Frank		
St Andrew	Broadview		
Union	Chester		
King	Pape		
Queen	Donlands		
Dundas	Greenwood		
College	Coxwell		
Wellesley	Woodbine		
<b>Bloor-Yonge</b>			
Rosedale	Main Street		
Summerhill	Warden		
St Clair	Kennedy		
Davisville			
Eglinton			
Lawrence			
York Mills			
Sheppard-Yonge			
North York Centre			
Finch			
<b>Line 1: Southbound to Union then northbound to Vaughan Metropolitan Centre</b>	<b>Line 2: Westbound to Kipling</b>	<b>Line 3: Eastbound to McCowan</b>	<b>Line 4: Sheppard Westbound to Sheppard-Yonge</b>

## Graphic text, table: Item #6

Assignment for the graphic text, table: Distance between Ontario communities

### During reading:

1. What is the purpose of this table?
2. Why might this table be used?
3. Which two communities in the table are the furthest apart from each other?
4. Which two communities in the table are the closest to each other?
5. How was the data collected?
6. What other information might be useful to include in this table?

## Graphic text, Item #6: “Distance between Ontario communities”

### Road distance between Ontario communities (km)

<b>Thunder Bay to...</b>	Thunder Bay 0 km	Timmins 782 km	Sault Ste. Marie 702 km	Sudbury 1007 km	Ottawa 1460 km	Kingston 1628 km
<b>Timmins to...</b>	Thunder Bay 782 km	Timmins 0 km	Sault Ste. Marie 438 km	Sudbury 294 km	Ottawa 719 km	Kingston 809 km
<b>Sault Ste. Marie to...</b>	Thunder Bay 702 km	Timmins 438 km	Sault Ste. Marie 0 km	Sudbury 307 km	Ottawa 792 km	Kingston 933 km
<b>Sudbury to...</b>	Thunder Bay 1007 km	Timmins 294 km	Sault Ste. Marie 307 km	Sudbury 0 km	Ottawa 484 km	Kingston 631 km
<b>Ottawa to...</b>	Thunder Bay 1460 km	Timmins 719 km	Sault Ste. Marie 792 km	Sudbury 484 km	Ottawa 0 km	Kingston 197 km
<b>Kingston to...</b>	Thunder Bay 1628 km	Timmins 809 km	Sault Ste. Marie 933 km	Sudbury 631 km	Ottawa 197 km	Kingston 0 km

Source: Google Maps

## **Informational text, opinion article: Item #7**

Assignment for the informational text, opinion article: Student choice

For this reading, you will be selecting and examining an opinion article on a topic in which you are interested. Consider searching the internet and news websites for an article. Some search terms you can use include “opinion article,” “opinion piece” and/or “editorials.” You may also wish to ask your teacher for recommendations. Once you have selected and read the opinion article, answer the following questions.

1. State the following information:
  - a. The title of the opinion article
  - b. The writer
  - c. A link where the text can be located.
2. What is the author’s main message in the article?
3. Identify two quotes from the article that support the main message that you identified in question #2.
4. Is the opinion article effective in communicating its message? Explain.
5. Do you agree or disagree with the main message? Explain.

**Informational text, opinion article: Item #8**

Assignment for the informational text: “Creativity,” an opinion essay

**Post-reading questions**

1. What is this essay mainly about?
2. Why do children imitate?
3. How can schools overcome imitation?
4. Should just some students’ creativity be nurtured? Or should all students’ creativity be nurtured? Include a quotation from the essay that supports your opinion.
5. Do you agree that schools should be doing a better job of encouraging students’ creativity? Explain your opinion.

## Informational text, Item #8: “Creativity”

### Creativity

Schools must build the conditions for creativity to flourish. To simply have an atmosphere where students are encouraged to express themselves freely and then hope for the best is not enough. What else is needed? How can schools unleash imagination and curiosity? They can do it by making an effort to teach in a better way: instead of teaching for imitation, they can do it by teaching for meaning. Children come to school relying upon their ability to imitate. They have done so since infancy. How else do children learn to walk, to talk, to play? They learn everything by imitating! But in schools we continue to ask children to imitate because we tend to teach by example. So, when we ask children to be *creative* in school, they continue to imitate. It is only when students are led to be dissatisfied with imitating that they will be likely to become creative.

The thing is that to do this one must engage the child’s imagination. Strategies can be chosen to overcome imitation; those strategies must engage students’ imagination. Graham Wallas describes the developmental stages of creative thinking as: preparation, incubation, illumination, and verification. For example, students might engage in *preparation* in ecology by “mess-finding” in a small pile of garbage that they brought to school. While students catalogue their findings they would pose questions about what they were seeing: what materials are thrown away and, in what percentage? What happens in the decomposition process? And how does the container relate to the contents? By mulling over what they have seen, students are *incubating* their ideas. The students would choose their groups based on the problems they formulate or *illuminate*: how could we package products so that everything would decompose? If we changed the packaging, would garbage then take up less room? Or could we recycle garbage into useful products? What kind of products? As students engage their imaginations in solution finding and as they verify their ideas as workable, students will certainly have moved beyond imitation. They will have moved to creativity.

The implication seems clear; creativity must be fostered in all students by all those who influence our students’ development. All must take responsibility for understanding the complexity of creativity and for knowing how classroom environments and teaching for meaning combine to allow imaginations to be engaged and creativity to thrive. After all, “All of us want to know how our world works: why a piece of music is beautiful to one person and cacophonous to another, how engines are able to make cars move, why green leaves turn brown and helium balloons stay aloft, or how new languages develop. Living means perpetually searching for meaning. Schools need to be places that keep this search alive.” (Brooks)

**Informational text, factsheet/poster: Item #9**

Assignment for the factsheet/Poster: "Employment Standards in Ontario"

**Post-reading**

1. Explain in your own words the purpose of the Employee Standards Act.
2. Identify six Employee Standards covered in the poster.
3. How is information the box helpful to the reader?
4. What could you do if you had a question about your employee rights?
5. What do you think it is important to know your rights as an employee?

## Informational text, Item #9: “Employment Standards in Ontario”

Explore the graphic version of this text on this page. A text-based version of this material is available on the next page.

Note for the text version: The “Other employment rights, exemptions and special rules” is presented in a box.

Ministry of Labour, Training and Skills Development  
**Employment Standards  
in Ontario**

The *Employment Standards Act, 2000* (ESA) protects employees and sets minimum standards for most workplaces in Ontario. **Employers are prohibited from penalizing employees in any way for exercising their rights under the ESA.**

### What you need to know

**Public holidays**  
Ontario has a number of public holidays each year. Most employees are entitled to take these days off work and be paid public holiday pay. Visit [Ontario.ca/publicholidays](https://ontario.ca/publicholidays).

**Hours of work and overtime**  
There are daily and weekly limits on hours of work. There are also rules around meal breaks, rest periods and overtime. Visit [Ontario.ca/hoursofwork](https://ontario.ca/hoursofwork) and [Ontario.ca/overtime](https://ontario.ca/overtime).

**Termination notice and pay**  
In most cases when terminating employment, employers must give employees advance written notice of termination or termination pay instead of notice. Visit [Ontario.ca/terminationofemployment](https://ontario.ca/terminationofemployment).

**Vacation time and pay**  
There are rules around the amount of vacation time and pay employees earn. Most employees can take vacation time after every 12 months of work. Visit [Ontario.ca/vacation](https://ontario.ca/vacation).

**Leaves of absence**  
There are a number of job-protected leaves of absence in Ontario. Examples include sick leave, pregnancy leave, parental leave and family caregiver leave. Visit [Ontario.ca/ESAGuide](https://ontario.ca/ESAGuide).

**Minimum wage**  
Most employees are entitled to be paid at least the minimum wage. For current rates visit [Ontario.ca/minimumwage](https://ontario.ca/minimumwage).

**Other employment rights, exemptions and special rules**  
There are other rights, exemptions and special rules not listed on this poster, including rights to severance pay and special rules for assignment employees of temporary help agencies.  
  
Subscribe to our newsletter and stay up to date on the latest news that can affect you and your workplace. Visit [Ontario.ca/labournews](https://ontario.ca/labournews).

Learn more about your rights at:  
[Ontario.ca/employmentstandards](https://ontario.ca/employmentstandards)  
1-800-531-5551 or TTY 1-866-567-8893  
[Twitter](#) @ONTatwork [Facebook](#) @OntarioAtWork [Instagram](#) @Ontarioatwork

Version 9.0

Ontario


## Employment Standards in Ontario

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#### Other employment rights, exemptions and special rules

There are other rights, exemptions and special rules not listed on this poster, including rights to severance pay and special rules for assignment employees of temporary help agencies.

Subscribe to our news-letter and stay up to date on the latest news that can affect you and your workplace.

Visit **[Ontario.ca/labournews](https://ontario.ca/labournews)**.

Learn more about your rights at:

**[Ontario.ca/employmentstandards](https://ontario.ca/employmentstandards)**

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## **Informational text, interview transcript: Item #10**

Assignment for the interview: ““Esi Edugyan on making history and inspiring a new generation of black writers””

### **Before reading**

1. What’s your writing process like? What environment do you like to be in when writing?
2. What is your preferred font when typing? What about font size? Why do you prefer these?

### **During reading**

3. Who are the people who are asking Edugyan the questions?
4. What feat has Edugyan achieved that only two other Canadians have?
5. Why does Edugyan describe writing as a “privilege”?
6. What did Edugyan wish she had known earlier?

### **After reading**

7. Which interview question and answer were you most interested to learn about? Why?
8. Compared to other texts, is the interview format easier or more difficult for you to read?

## **Informational text, Item #10: “Esi Edugyan on making history and inspiring a new generation of black writers”**

Ryan B. Patrick, CBC Posted: Jan 29, 2018 1:58 PM ET | Last Updated: February 28, 2019

Esi Edugyan made history in 2011 by being the first black woman to win the Scotiabank Giller Prize for her novel *Half-Blood Blues*. The award changed Edugyan's career, but that's not why the accomplishment is meaningful.

"I was proudest when, some years later, a woman in her late teens approached me at a dinner to tell me that that win had given her the courage to study writing," Edugyan told CBC Books about the historic win. "The visibility allowed by the prize had made the choice less impossible for her. And that's wonderful."

In 2018, Edugyan became only the third author to win the Giller Prize twice, when she took home the honour for *Washington Black*.

In honour of Black History Month, we asked Edugyan to take the CBC Books Magic 8 Q&A and answer eight questions from eight fellow black Canadian writers.

### **1. Sarah Raughley asks, "What do you think about diversity and marginalization in writing and do you commit to this issue through your writing?"**

My writing is the commitment, given who I am and where I am from. We cannot help but write through the lens of who we are. Confronting the world as a black woman is my particular reality, one that informs my work in both obvious and subtle ways. I don't always know why I write what I write, why one character or subject compels me above another. There is an element of mystery in it. I'm okay with that. I guess what I mean is it's not an ideological choice so much as an artistic one, for me.

### **2. André Alexis asks, "Are you conscious of the rhythm that paragraphs have, their length, when you're writing? Or is that something you work on as a form of sculpture afterwards?"**

During the writing, absolutely. But it's the sentences — the rhythms inside them and how they play off each other — that take over for me. In fact, I am so conscious of sentence rhythm that often in the early stages of a project, it can take days to get a single paragraph right.

### **3. Canisia Lubrin asks, "What do you know now that would have greatly aided you when you first started writing?"**

In my case it was the not knowing — about the ins and outs of publishing, how it works, the dangers in the industry — that helped me in the beginning. Had I sensed how challenging publishing can be, I don't know that I would have been brave enough to keep going. In terms of the actual writing, I wish someone had told me that it is not a rush, not a race, that you can take your time and find the story and characters gradually.

### **4. George Elliott Clarke asks, "What is your favourite font or typeface? Why?"**

For years I wrote in Times New Roman, but my husband has introduced me to the joys of Garamond. I'm only half-joking when I say: change your font, change your life.

**5. David Chariandy asks, "Is writing for you an act of freedom? How or how not?"**

Yes, an act of great freedom — and privilege. The page is the only place I can strive for utter control and maybe even sometimes achieve it. Who I am when writing is, I think, my best possible self, in part because I'm willing to leave myself behind. I'm very lucky to face that kind of a challenge each day.

**6. Djamila Ibrahim asks, "What dream job or jobs did you have growing up? Has it or have they appeared in your writing?"**

I grew up wanting to be a teacher, and then a visual artist — I've just now written a novel about someone who becomes both of those things. The beauty and the joy of fiction is its ability to let both the writer and reader live out alternate existences.

**7. Christopher Paul Curtis asks, "Writing is the only time in my life when I can lose five hour blocks of time, where I look at the clock and it's 6:15 p.m., then when I look back up two minutes later it's 10:30 p.m. As I get older I wonder if this is a good thing, the remaining hours are not as abundant as they used to be, is it a good idea to blank out on even five of them? Has this happened to you? Where does the time go?"**

For me, I know it's going well when I lose that sense of time. Ours is a house of small children. There are so few moments in my life when I'm permitted such escapism and self-absorption that I tell myself, don't fret, just enjoy.

**8. Lawrence Hill asks, "If you could start your life all over again and writing were not an option, what work would you most love to do?"**

Asbestos cement pipe machine setter. At least according to my high school guidance counselor.

## **Informational text, encyclopedia article: Item #11**

Assignment for the online encyclopedia article: “Biosphere Reserves in Canada”

### **During reading**

1.     a) What is a biosphere reserve?  
       b) Why have biosphere reserves been established around the world?
2. Which biosphere reserves are located in Ontario?
3. Which biosphere reserve encompasses the world’s largest freshwater archipelago?
4. Which biosphere reserve region is home to muskox, moose, and caribou?
5. Why did the authors of this article decide to include a table to present information?
6. What is the purpose of this article? How do you know?

## Informational text, Item #11 Online Encyclopedia article, “Biosphere Reserves in Canada”

By James Birtch and Erin James-Abra

A biosphere reserve represents one of the world’s important ecosystems and is divided into three zones: a protected core zone (such as a park or wildlife area), a buffer zone around the core, and a transition zone that fosters sustainable economic and cultural activity. The World Network of Biosphere Reserves includes 686 sites around the world, 18 of which are in Canada. The network is part of the larger Man and the Biosphere Program of the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO). Biosphere reserves are designated by UNESCO to help conserve biodiversity, demonstrate sustainable development and build the local community’s capacity to deal with human and environmental issues.

### Biosphere Reserves in Canada

Designation of a biosphere reserve does not confer any legal status under Canadian law. People and agencies participate in biosphere reserve activities on a voluntary basis, and local communities generally co-ordinate these activities. National co-ordination is provided by a non-profit organization, the Canadian Biosphere Reserves Association. There are 18 biosphere reserves in Canada.

Name, Location	Year Est.	Description
Mont-Saint-Hilaire, Quebec	1978	Mont-Saint-Hilaire is located about 32 km east of Montreal. The area is home to some of the last old-growth deciduous forests in the province, which is, in turn, home to many rare and endangered species. The biosphere reserve includes a rich agricultural area on the Richelieu River, as well as a large urban region.
Waterton, Alberta	1979	The biosphere reserve contains Waterton Lakes National Park, ranch land and forest areas. The biosphere reserve has carried out many research and education projects on wildlife and ranching issues. Waterton is also a key part of the Yellowstone-to-Yukon corridor for wildlife migration.
Long Point, Ontario	1986	Biosphere reserve is based on a 32-km peninsula in Lake Erie. It includes a national wildlife area, small towns, farms, forests and recreation areas. The biosphere reserve is also home to some of the largest remaining tracts of Carolinian forest in the country, and a stopover point for many migratory birds.

Riding Mountain, Manitoba	1986	Biosphere reserve contains Riding Mountain National Park and almost a million hectares of surrounding land, primarily agricultural. Reserve activities include educational workshops for farmers and studies of landscape change and habitat.
Charlevoix, Quebec	1989	Biosphere reserve is located on the St Lawrence River and includes tidal marshes, mixed forests and mountain ecosystems. The economy is based on tourism, farming and forestry.
Niagara Escarpment, Ontario	1990	Biosphere reserve extends 725 km from the Niagara River to the end of the Bruce Peninsula. It contains federal and provincial protected areas, as well as recreation areas. Biosphere reserve activities include monitoring, tourism and education.
Clayoquot Sound, BC	2000	Biosphere reserve is on the west coast of Vancouver Island, and contains national and provincial parks and marine areas. The reserve's temperate rainforests, water bodies and mountains are home to a number of endangered and rare species.
Redberry Lake, Saskatchewan	2000	Biosphere reserve is an agricultural area containing a federal migratory bird sanctuary and a provincial wildlife area. Redberry Lake itself is a salt water lake in an area otherwise characterized by freshwater.
Lac Saint-Pierre, Quebec	2000	Lac Saint-Pierre is an enlargement of the St Lawrence River that is surrounded by the largest freshwater floodplain in Quebec. The biosphere reserve consists of a Ramsar site (i.e. a wetland of international importance) and urban, agricultural and industrial areas.
Mount Arrowsmith, BC	2000	Biosphere reserve is on the eastern side of Vancouver Island and consists of temperate forest and important migratory bird habitat. Its core area includes provincial parks and national and provincial wildlife management areas.
Southwest Nova, Nova Scotia	2001	Biosphere reserve includes the five counties of southwestern Nova Scotia. Its core conservation area consists of two contiguous natural areas: Kejimikujik National Park and Historic Site and the Tobeatic wilderness area. Activities include promoting sustainable forestry, tourism and other developments.

Frontenac Arch, Ontario	2002	The biosphere reserve is located in southeastern Ontario. The arch itself is a ridge of granite joining the Adirondack Mountains to the Canadian Shield. Where the ridge passes through the eastern portion of Lake Ontario and the beginning of the St Lawrence River it creates the Thousand Islands. Five forest regions are found within the biosphere reserve area, making it one of the most biodiverse locations in Canada.
Georgian Bay, Ontario	2004	The reserve encompasses the world's largest freshwater archipelago. It includes numerous habitats such as islands, coves, open water and bedrock shores. Taken together, these habitats are home to over 100 species at risk. Georgian Bay is also home to a vibrant tourist industry.
Manicouagan Uapishka, Quebec	2007	The biosphere reserve extends north from the St Lawrence River at Baie Comeau, Quebec. The area features a circular lake created by a meteorite. Salt marshes in the region provide a resting spot for over 200 species migratory birds. Economic activity in the region includes forestry, agriculture, mining and commercial fisheries.
Fundy, New Brunswick	2007	Located in New Brunswick, the biosphere reserve extends north from the Bay of Fundy and includes Fundy National Park. The area is known for its mixed Acadian forests, extreme tides, and salt marshes. The reserve also includes the Greater Moncton area.
Bras d'Or Lake, Nova Scotia	2011	The biosphere reserve surrounds Bras d'Or Lake on Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia. The lake is actually an estuary where fresh and salt water mix. The lake's watershed makes up the rest of the biosphere reserve, including wetlands and bogs. Located on the traditional territory of the Mi'kmaq, the biosphere encompasses four of Cape Breton's five Mi'kmaq reserves.

Beaver Hills, Alberta	2016	Located east of Edmonton, the biosphere reserve area is characterized by its moraines (i.e. deposits of sediment left behind by glaciers). The landscape also includes mixed forest, grasslands and wetlands, and is home to bison, deer, moose and elk. Agriculture and recreation are the dominant economic activities.
Tsá Tué, Northwest Territories	2016	The biosphere reserve is on the traditional territory of the Sahtu Got'ine, or Bear Lake people and includes Great Bear Lake. The region is characterized by boreal forest and taiga, and is home to muskox, moose and caribou. The only humans in the biosphere reserve area live in Déline, a small community on the shores of Great Bear Lake.