

PROSE FICTION

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ROMANS ET NOUVELLES

FIRST PRIZE

PREMIER PRIX

Title / Titre

The End of the Alphabet

Designer / Conception graphique

Kelly Hill

Author / Auteur

CS Richardson

Publisher / Maison d'édition

Doubleday Canada

Printer / Imprimeur

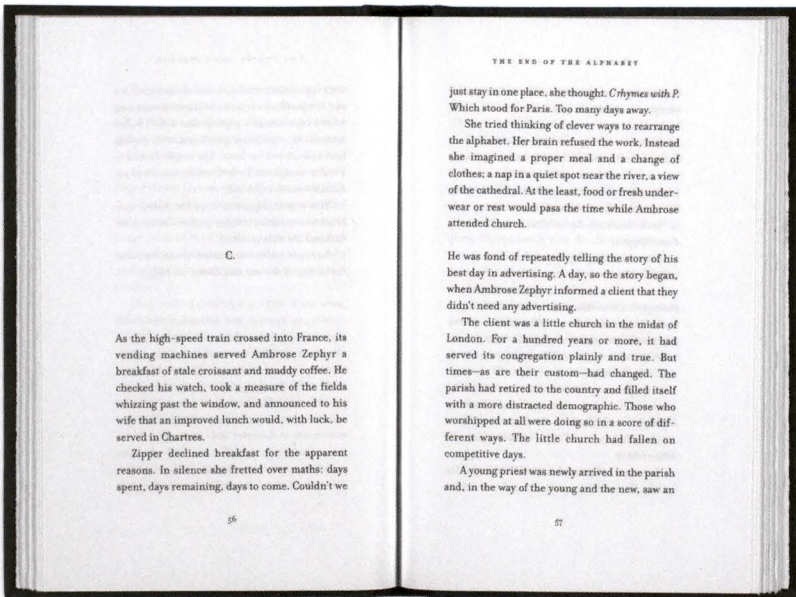
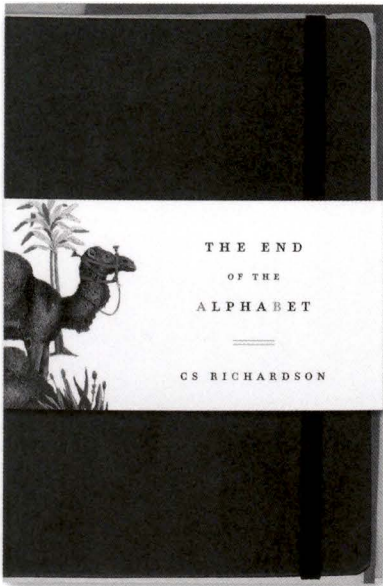
RR Donnelley (USA / É-U)

Font / Police de caractères

Filosofia

Trim Size / Format massicoté

19 x 12 cm



SECOND PRIZE *tié*

DEUXIÈME PRIX *ex aequo*

Title / Titre

The Bone Sharps

Designer / Conception graphique

Andrew Steeves at Gaspereau Press

Author / Auteur

Tim Bowling

Publisher / Maison d'édition

Gaspereau Press Ltd., Printers & Publishers

Illustrator / Illustrateur

Jack McMaster

Printer / Imprimeur

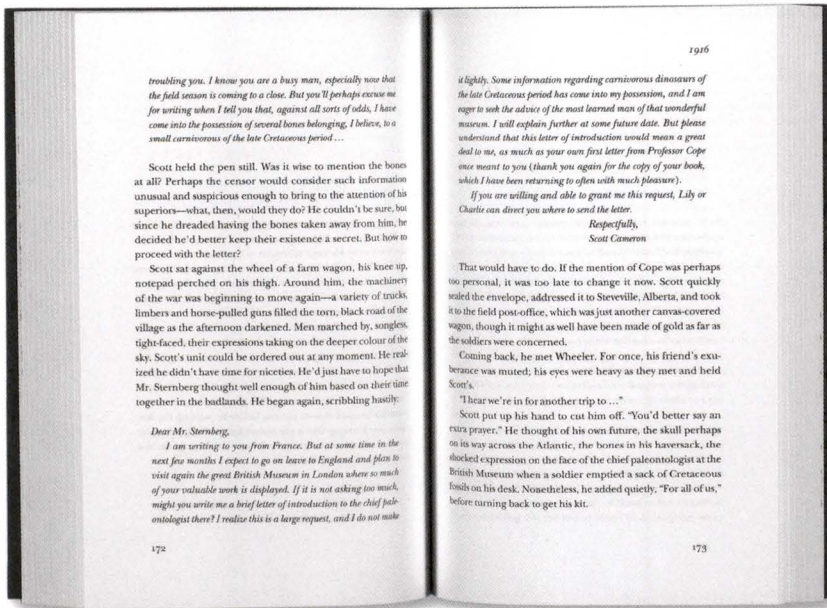
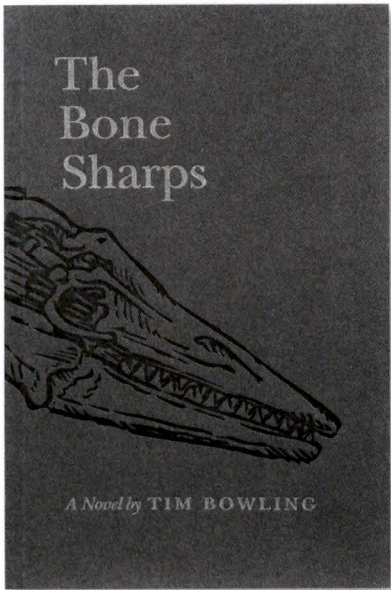
Gaspereau Press

Font / Police de caractères

Baskerville (a digital version / une version digitale)

Trim Size / Format massicoté

20 x 13 cm



troubling you. I know you are a busy man, especially now that the field season is coming to a close. But you'll perhaps excuse me for writing when I tell you that, against all sorts of odds, I have come into the possession of several bones belonging, I believe, to a small carnivorous of the late Cretaceous period...

Scott held the pen still. Was it wise to mention the bones at all? Perhaps the censor would consider such information unusual and suspicious enough to bring to the attention of his superiors—what, then, would they do? He couldn't be sure, but since he dreaded having the bones taken away from him, he decided he'd better keep their existence a secret. But how to proceed with the letter?

Scott sat against the wheel of a farm wagon, his knee up, notepad perched on his thigh. Around him, the machinery of the war was beginning to move again—a variety of trucks, limbers and horse-pulled guns filled the torn, black road of the village as the afternoon darkened. Men marched by, somber, tight-faced, their expressions taking on the deeper colour of the sky. Scott's unit could be ordered out at any moment. He realized he didn't have time for niceties. He'd just have to hope that Mr. Sternberg thought well enough of him based on their time together in the badlands. He began again, scribbling hastily:

Dear Mr. Sternberg,

I am writing to you from France. But at some time in the next few months I expect to go on leave to England and plan to visit again the great British Museum in London where so much of your valuable work is displayed. If it is not asking too much, might you write me a brief letter of introduction to the chief paleontologist there? I realize this is a large request, and I do not wish

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it lightly. Some information regarding carnivorous dinosaurs of the late Cretaceous period has come into my possession, and I am eager to seek the advice of the most learned man of that wonderful museum. I will explain further at some future date. But please understand that this letter of introduction would mean a great deal to me, as much as your own first letter from Professor Cope once meant to you (thank you again for the copy of your book, which I have been returning to often with much pleasure).

If you are willing and able to grant me this request, Lily or Charlie can direct you where to send the letter.

*Respectfully,
Scott Cameron*

That would have to do. If the mention of Cope was perhaps too personal, it was too late to change it now. Scott quickly sealed the envelope, addressed it to Steveste, Alberta, and took it to the field post-office, which was just another canvas-covered wagon, though it might as well have been made of gold as far as the soldiers were concerned.

Coming back, he met Wheeler. For once, his friend's exuberance was muted; his eyes were heavy as they met and held Scott's.

"I hear we're in for another trip to..."

Scott put up his hand to cut him off. "You'd better say an extra prayer." He thought of his own future, the skull perhaps on his way across the Atlantic, the bones in his haversack, the shocked expression on the face of the chief paleontologist at the British Museum when a soldier emptied a sack of Cretaceous fossils on his desk. Nonetheless, he added quietly, "For all of us," before turning back to get his kit.

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SECOND PRIZE *tie*

DEUXIÈME PRIX *ex aequo*

Title / Titre

The Silent Raga

Designer / Conception graphique

Jessica Sullivan

Author / Auteur

Ameen Merchant

Publisher / Maison d'édition

Douglas & McIntyre

Printer / Imprimeur

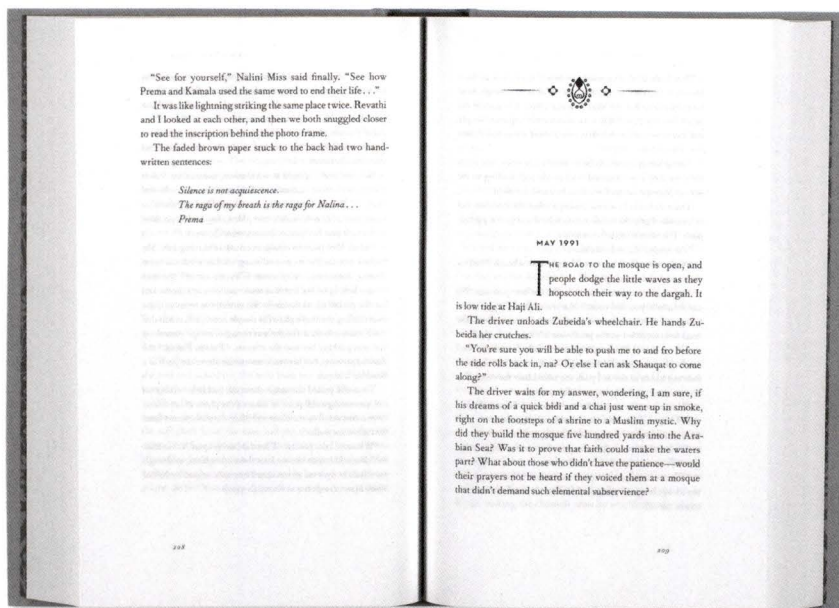
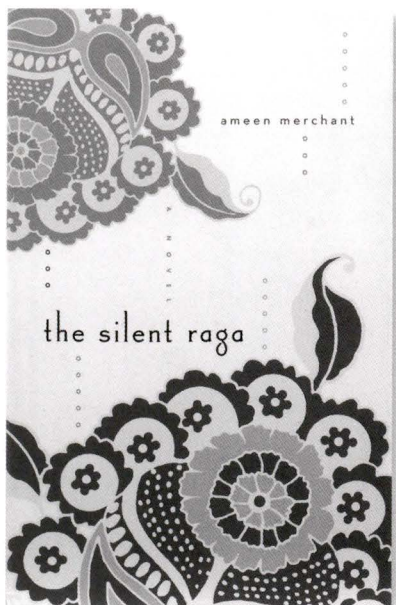
Friesens

Font / Police de caractères

Canterbury, Neutraface

Trim Size / Format massicoté

22 x 14 cm



HONOURABLE MENTION
 MENTION HONORABLE

Title / Titre

Conceit

Designer / Conception graphique

CS Richardson

Author / Auteure

Mary Novik

Publisher / Maison d'édition

Doubleday Canada

Printer / Imprimeur

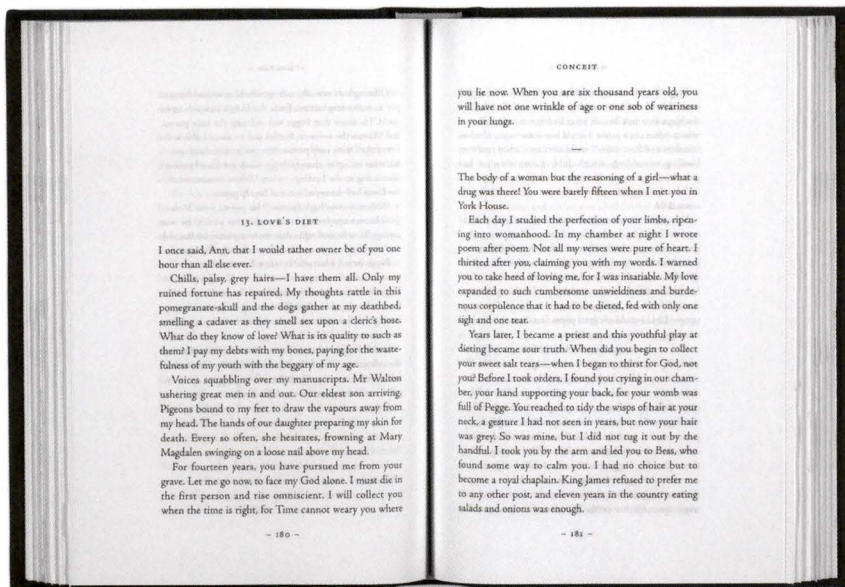
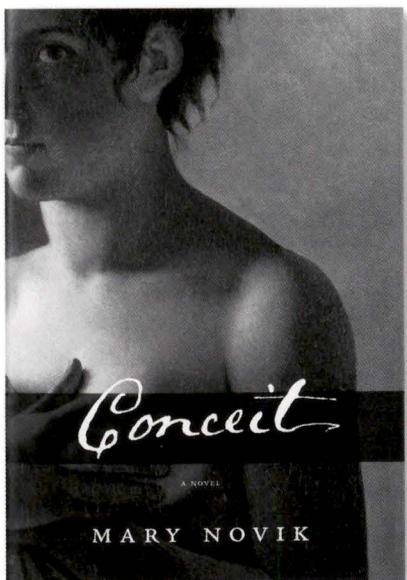
Berryville Graphics (USA / É-U)

Font / Police de caractères

Adobe Jenson

Trim Size / Format massicoté

21 x 14 cm



I once said, Aunt, that I would rather own her of you one hour than all the rest.

Chills, palsy, grey hairs—I have them all. Only my ruined fortune has repaired. My thoughts rattle in this pomegranate-skull and the dogs gather at my deathbed, smelling a cadaver as they smell sex upon a cleric's hose. What do they know of love! What is its quality to such as there! I pay my debts with my bones, paying for the wait-fulness of my youth with the beggary of my age.

Voices squabbling over my manuscripts. Mr Walton ushering great men in and out. Our eldest son writing Pigeons bound to my feet to draw the vapours away from my head. The hands of our daughter preparing my skin for death. Every so often, she hesitates, frowning at Mary Magdalen swinging on a loose nail above my head.

For fourteen years, you have pursued me from your grave. Let me go now, to face my God alone. I must die in the first person and rise omniscient. I will collect you when the time is right; for Time cannot weary you where

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CONCEIT

you lie now. When you are six thousand years old, you will have not one wrinkle of age or one sob of weariness in your lungs.

The body of a woman but the reasoning of a girl—what a drug was there! You were barely fifteen when I met you in York House.

Each day I studied the perfection of your limbs, opening into womanhood. In my chamber at night I wrote poem after poem. Not all my verses were pure of heart. I thirsted after you, claiming you with my words. I warned you to take heed of loving me, for I was insatiable. My love expanded to such cumbersome unwieldiness and burdensome corpulence that it had to be dieted, fed with only one sigh and one tear.

Years later, I became a priest and this youthful play at dieting became sour truth. When did you begin to collect your sweet salt tears—when I began to thirst for God, not you? Before I took orders, I found you crying in our chamber, your hand supporting your back, for your womb was full of Pegge. You reached to tidy the wigs of hair at your neck, a gesture I had not seen in years, but now your hair was grey. So was mine, but I did not tug it out by the handful. I took you by the arm and led you to Bess, who found some way to calm you. I had no choice but to become a royal chaplain. King James refused to prefer me to any other post, and eleven years in the country eating salads and onions was enough.

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