Prose Fiction / Romans et nouvelles

First prize / Premier prix

Title / Titre

Revenant

Designer / Conception graphique

Jessica Sullivan

Author / Auteur

Tristan Hughes

Publisher / Maison d'édition

Douglas & McIntyre

Illustration / Illustration

Jessica Sullivan (jacket / jaquette)

Printer / Imprimeur

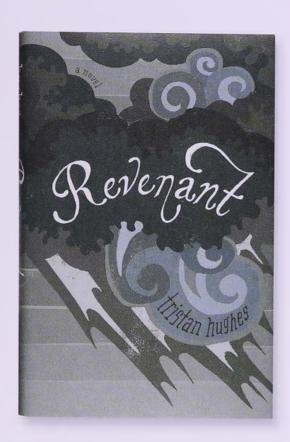
Friesens

Font / Police de caractères

Prensa, Constructa, hand lettering by / caractères écrits à la main par Jessica Sullivan

Trim Size / Format massicoté

22 X 14 CM



wanted Del to get caught. I pictured her humiliation. I tut-tutted with the driver of the car.

The sound of the tyres on the gravel was becoming deafening.

"Will someone please give us a frigging hand here?"

Ricky hissed. Up ahead walls and hedges flashed into view. A tree appeared and then abruptly dissolved. Startled animal eyes flickered and flared and vanished in the fields like showers of meteors. Neil and I didn't move. Neil couldn't. And then there were two red lights on the track and they were

then there were two red lights on the track and they were in front us.

The car had passed by without stopping.

As the sound of the tyres receded it was replaced by Del's breathing—low, shallow, stacato gasps that might have expressed relief or exhaustion or both. Her body had slackened and bulged pathetically over the window frame. Her arms had given up and hung limply against the wall... her hands waiting on its stones for mine.

"Cheers for the help, you two," said Ricky.
Del said nothing. She asked for nothing.
And then I laughed.

"What's so fucking funny?" Ricky asked.

But I didn't answer. I just laughed. And I carried on laughing until Ricky didn't know what to do and so he started laughing with me. Neil didn't make a noise. He walked silently up to Del and tried to pull her out while Ricky and I laughed at her.

Her breathing had become slow and quiet. The darkness hid her expression. But if I'd been able to see her face, if I'd been able to see her haked eyes, then I might have known! I might have known! I might have known right then and there that she'd leave me.

neil

PAST THE ESTATE, past the football field, past Spar, past the post office, past the chapel, past the bus shelter. Ricky's got the right idea—it's best to keep moving. There's pitfalls and detours and delays all around us here. Howsyourmothers and howsyourfathers and howareyous. They may look like they're floating but they're all got tongues. Flip the globe over and the snow will start falling. Let them speak and the words will come down in a flurry. They'll settle in front of us in drifts and banks. They'll suck our legs in and freeze our feet.

Ricky's better at it than me. His greetings are snowshoes. "A-right, Graff." A thumb in the air. A nod. A few quickened paces so as not to break through the surface. Tread adroitly, distribute and diffuse the weight.

"A-right, This Evans."

And it's simple enough for Steph and me to follow in his safely compacted footprints: Steph's a stranger here and nobody expects me to speak, not even now.

We've almost made it through the village and it's been so much easier than I thought it would be. I've got past my father's house and I know I could speak if I wanted to. —.

Second prize / Deuxième prix

Title / Titre

That Tune Clutches My Heart

Designer / Conception graphique

Andrew Steeves At Gaspereau Press

Author / Auteur

Paul Headrick

Publisher / Maison d'édition

Gaspereau Press

Illustration / Illustration

Wesley Bates

(cover illustration / illustration de la couverture)

Printer / Imprimeur

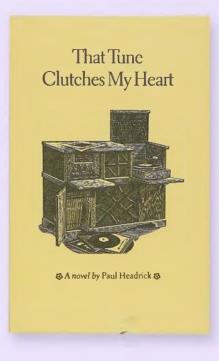
Gaspereau Press

Font / Police de caractères

Dwiggins' Electra

Trim Size / Format massicoté

18 x 12 cm



end. It was a bit as though I were ready to built sib-tears, and as though I were filled with something, ed as though I could not get my breath, but really nozed, those things its time, for I did not cry, there was noting new inside me, and I could, of course, breathe I lodge at Elizabeth after a moment, and she whispered 'pain' again,' which is what I did. The got goose bungs' said Elizabeth after our second hearing, she'nd ungliched when it is true, and I could see that it was true, and I was so grateful that Elizabeth was also responding. I played the Prelude again, It took us all alternative to hear the entire Suite I in C Major, as we called bear to go on from one movement to the neat without first hearing it several times, and then sometime esta go over from the Prelude.

The musue is so simple. Simple phrases repeal again gover from the Prelude.

The musue is so simple. Simple phrases repeal again and again, with little variations that penetrate deep and deeper, fill the deep music spreads out modere and I am vibrating.

Elizabeth stayed for dinner, and we staboned us selves by the console again as soon as we had done the

Elizabeth stayed for dinner, and we slatboard on selves by the console again as soon as we had done du dishes, and we listened the rest of the evening When it was time for Elizabeth to leave I walk home with her, halfway She and her family acut ingrelatives tomorrow, but I have assued her that is can come back as soon as she has a chance, so that can listen to more. We barely spoke to each other awa can listen to more. We barely spoke to each other awa

wilted along in the dark. Elizabeth pointed out when we are halfway to her house, and I said that it was a stiff further, and then when I did turn around Elizabeth came back with me a short distance, because she said that I had come more than halfway. She did not come for because I said that I she continued then I would here to walk back with her yet again. So, Jaughing, we happily agreed on the official halfway point, marked by Jean-Chestmul Lord.

Mothers and Daddy's gifts are always signed from both of them, but of course Daddy did not help Mothers with the dress, and I know that Daddy picked out the Cello Suites for me. How did he know that I would

Thursday, December 30, 1948

The reason that I have not written in several days is that all have to write about is music, and it is very hard to find words to describe music, especially when it is not

had works to describe music, especially when it is not about anything.

The singer of "Begin the Beguine" says "That tune dutches my heart," but his response has to do with the nemony the song evokes. The tune the singer refers to mail toding any clutching at all, by itself. And then "Begin the Beguine," as music, doesn't do so, clutch flate, either I can borrow the functiful phrase, howev-

Third prize / Troisième prix

Title / Titre

Fear of Fighting

Designer / Conception graphique

Megan Fildes

Author / Auteure

Stacey May Fowles

Publisher / Maison d'édition

Invisible Publishing

Illustration / Illustration

Marlena Zuber

Printer / Imprimeur

Transcontinental métro litho

Font / Police de caractères

Rod McDonald's Laurentian

Trim Size / Format massicoté

19 X 15 CM



