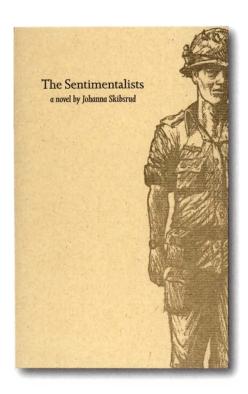


## First prize • Premier prix



Title / Titre The Sentimentalists

Designer / Conception graphique **Andrew Steeves** 

Author / Auteure Iohanna Skibsrud

Publisher / Maison d'édition Gaspereau Press ¶ Printers & **Publishers** 

Illustrator / Illustration **Wesley Bates** 

Printer / Impression Gaspereau Press ¶ Printers & **Publishers** 

Typeface / Police de caractères Joanna

Trim Size / Format massicoté  $21.5 \times 13.5 \text{ cm}$ 

feel had, you know? Like maybe he was feeling happy, just shrilled to pieces that he findly got himself some walk-up in Derivation and here I do be questing a substrain Marin. —that was the kind of guy full was, he could have gone any which way, and then he to del me. Told me about the effertena, and hrow the place connected to the train and I feed draft in vant to the dithin here to go outside a all, only for the approximately seen seconds that it took him to mut the laif Block of the street from the train to the lobby to the building, and it looks glin give even Cansel What the bell was I telling myself in those days? I should have been any ing all that this one? I must have not been giving myself to many directions then Nope." my fasher and. He had been speaking queukly, only putaing for brief intakes of hireath, so he took a real breast them, and exhaled at slowly. There wasn't a fixting through in my head, "be still-lebeld onto a bit of his hair with a balled-up fix, and goes the bead as shake once or wiver, from ade to sude, with his hand." Yep, I was pretty well running on empty," he said, and upped his foreheld, and goe out another look with his hand." feel had, you know? Like maybe he was feeling happy, and tapped his forehead, and gave out another foundhood that was at once a laugh and a cough, so that, combined, he didn't have to follow the one up with the other "Oh, but anyway," he sald, realizing he'd derailed the story," I sald to HII, You still wash by mid been a driver? and be said, Nazaaah! He said, I don't even watch that shit

and be said, Nasabahi He said, 1001 Levels water that sin anymore, Half hat it's not perfulted The wrife doesn't like to Only thing I got is Andresti coasters for my beers, and that's till said, Good for you!"

"Did you ask him if has wife was tall?"
"You know, danumit," my father said, "I forgot about

that I should have asked him! You little boney— be said to me, and then he repeated my question. "Did you set has if he need was set If he the 's a qual link using," be said." [as we set I be him having a real short wole." Then, "Ne'd better!" he said, and sharmed this beer on the table. "He'd better!" he said, and sharmed this beer on the table. "He'd better!" he said again. "Can't have it all, the knowlability.

The first thing that he does when he lands in Danang is egt a ride up north to find Clark. His summach is tight, and there's a strange feeling in his head Al high little buzz. Not only because he's on his way to see Clark, probably, but because he has has feel pen to long Box at all on the big commercial jet, on which, for most of the journey, be flew. Not at all when the vasioned to or flue; it open flew.

the hig commercial jet, on which, for mous of the jeurney, he few Nots at all when they support on refuel; to get not use and change planes, or sit around in the light of arport waiting momes. Not at all after shouldering his heavy bog to re-broad, this time a military plane, and fly again. There are only one or two other endused guys on the first plane, out of Indianapolit. They come anaumd and feet from users, it and this direction coloring books, and cry. So., for the first time sunce the beginning books, and cry. So., for the first time sunce the beginning of his back crusings, be feet's like he's just hunterfl. pretty much alone. In uniform, he has found, he looks just like around the support of the proposed of the prop much alone. In uniform, ne has found, ne locks just like up-sup-body, and no one can tell. That during all that it time out in California there was something that set him spant, and that was him thinking, it's only me that has that nou-double in my gut. Or who feels this stupid. Or this afraud double in my gut. Or who feels this stupid. Or this afraud Sometimes even be couldn't relie the difference between himself and the rest of them. He'd furget: About the dread.

## Second prize . Deuxième prix

Title / Titre

Daniel O'Thunder

Designer / Conception graphique **Peter Cocking** 

Author / Auteur

Publisher / Maison d'édition Douglas & McIntyre

Illustrator / Illustration
Laura Kinder

Printer / Impression Friesens

Typeface / Police de caractères Miller, De Vinne, Chevailer, Fette Fraktur, Knockout, Engraver's Bold Face

Trim Size / Format massicoté
23 × 15 cm

