

Title | Titre The Man Who Killed

Designer | Conception graphique *Peter Cocking* 

Author | Auteur Fraser Nixon

Publisher | Maison d'edition Douglas & McIntyre

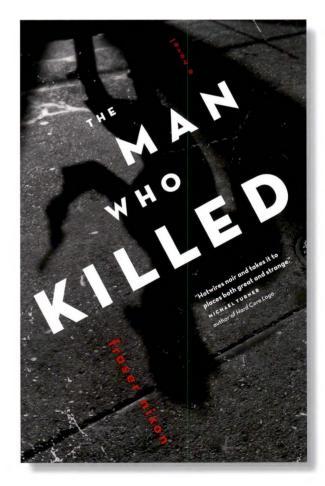
Photographer | Photographie John Sherlock

Printer | Imprimeur Friesens

Typeface | Police de caractères *Electra, Neutraface* 

Trim Size | Format massicoté 22 × 14 cm

ISBN 978-1-55365-569-5



### BRIAN FRANCIS

to come to their room. I did that, the first few months after I came here. I'd pull the string and count the seconds, panic building.

17, 18, 19

What if I'd fallen out of bed? What if I was having a heart

34, 35

What if I'd broken my hip? 42 What if I was dead?

## Joyce Sparks

My name is on the wall outside my room next to a straw har with a yellow ribbon and a couple of glued-on daisies. The har tenninds me of my sister, Helen, althought it in thes. The social coordinator had us make our own hars for a tea party last spring. I don't know why someone decided to hang my har outside the door. I didn't do a nice job of it. I've never been good at crafts. I don't have the patience.

Ref. Schweller is the name on the other side of the door. She's my roommare. She doesn't have a hat next to her name because she waan't at the home in the spring. Instead, cherc's a black-and-white phorograph beside Ruths name, taken during her younger years. I hardly recogoize her. Frightening how much damage time does to a face. Ruth is eighty-two. I truned eighty-sin Indiv.

Ruth snores something awful. Not at night, usually. But during her daytime naps, she makes the most horrific sounds.

BRIAN FRANCIS

"Honest, tender and mesmerizing, Natural Order is a must-read."

AMI MCKAY, author of The Birth House

NATURAL

ORDER

A NOVEL

She'll fall adeep in her wheelchair and her head will flop down like a dead weight. That's when the snoring attars. Some days, it's to load I eait concentrate on the television, even when the volume is turned up all the way—which ir usually is. I'll have to throw the Yellow Pages at her. (Never at her head, although I've bene nerported. Only at her test.) Then I'll watch her out of the corner of my eye as she trees to stort things out. What was that noise? Where did this Yellow Pages some tront?

Last week, I wheeled into the bathroom and found my hairbrush on the back of the coiler tank. This bothered me because I always keep my brush next to the faucer. I wheeled out of the bathroom, carrying my brush like a miniature sword.

"RUTH, DID YOU TOUCH THIS?" She blinked back at me like I was talking another

language. TT'S NOT RIGHT!" I said. YOU CAN'T DO THINGS LIKE THAT!"

I don't know why they can't give me a roommate who can calk. Ruth is the second mute person I we had in the past year. She eeplaced Margaret, who was also soft in the head. Shed sit in her chair, knuckle deep inside a nostril for most of the day.

"If you find an escape route up there, let me know." Id say to her. Then Margaret's lover shut down and she turned bronze. She lay in her bed, day after day, while a string of family mebers I'd never seen before came in and out of our room. They stood at her bedside, joisted fingers over their bellies, looking

# Title | Titre Natural Order

Designer | Conception graphique CS Richardson

Author | Auteur Brian Francis

Publisher | Maison d'édition Doubleday Canada

Printer | Imprimeur Berryville Graphics

Typeface | Police de caractères Adobe Jenson, Neutraface Display

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ISBN 978-0-385-67153-8

## La Société Alcuin 35

## -----

Half an hour went by and she still hadn't done any talking. Pins and needles fried the underside of my thighs. Finally she looked at me. The greyness of her eyes had deepened. They were the colour of the sidewalk after a thurderstorm.

"Things might be difficult when I leave, George. You'll have to be extra grown up."

"Just-" She paused, stabbed the rubber toe of her sneaker into the middle of a dusty heart so that a cloud of sand wafted up her ankle. "I know it's difficult when Dad's always-" She cut herself of Fand looked at the sky. "Just don't let it get to you. They're adults and it's not your problem. And call me if you need anything. Like anytime, whenever.

I nodded slowly, trying to put lots of meaning into i because I knew that's what she wanted to see. Isabel generally talked about my mom that way, ran circles around the problem without ever stopping to look it in the face. In her last year of high school, Isabel had stayed with us less and less. and this had distorted her perception of what was happen ing between my parents. Isabel never saw my mom's tiny provocations, the way she would stare out the window and announce the strangest things out of nowhere-that she mussed smoking cigareties in her old Ford Cortina, that she was curious about neo-punk. One time after dinner, I passed my mom the lasagna dish and she said she'd rather ram her head into the kitchen sink than wash it. Another time, when there was a segment on the radio about the fruit bat, she stepped out into the backyard and started to cry.

I swiped my finger on the trackpad to wake up the con puter screen. I clicked on the Compose button and typed Isabel's e-mail into the address har. I told her about my letter and asked how things were going at Moldova I paused over the subject line. Then I brought my fingers back to the keyboard and typed My Audition. I sat back in my chair and looked at the title. I deleted Audition and wrote Correr

My parents weren't speaking at breaklast the next morning Non-speaking mornings were identifiable by whether my mom got up to kiss me when I stepped into the kitchen, and she did today, heinging her hand to skate down the back of hair, sighing as though there was something sad about the gesture. She had that cool look around her mouth too, a tightness that paralyzed the corners of her lips. She turned away and traced an unnecessarily wide semicircle to retake her place at the table, fiddling with the pearl at her collarbone. My dad sat perpendicular to her, hunched over a newspaper and a bowl of Cheerios. He shovelled the cereal into his mouth slurping milk through all the tiny holes of oat on his tongue. "There are English muffins." My mom's eyes were full

of feeling. "In the tridge." I'd planned on telling them about my audition, but a nonspeaking morning made it impossible. I should have seen it coming, My dad had worked late every night that week and h been on-call most of the previous weekend. I pulled open the

Designer | Conception graphique CS Richardson

Author | Auteur Martha Schabas

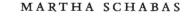
Publisher | Maison d'édition Doubleday Canada

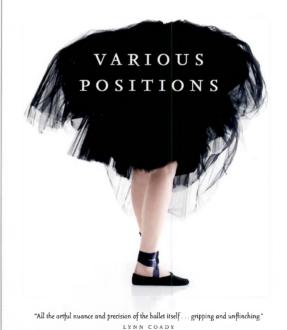
Printer | Imprimeur **Berryville Graphics** 

Typeface | Police de caractères Seria

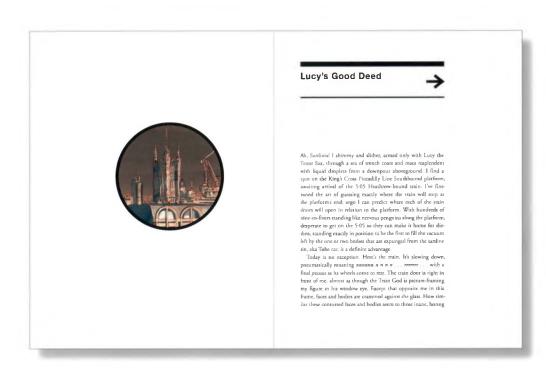
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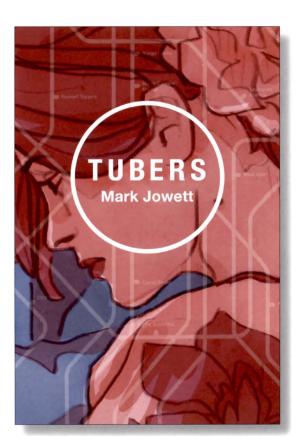
ISBN 978-0-385-66876-7





36 THE ALCUIN SOCIETY





Title | Titre Tubers

Designer | Conception graphique *Leigh-Anne Mullock* 

Author | Auteur Mark Jowett

Publisher | Maison d'édition Read Leaf

Illustrator | Illustration Matthias Lechner

Printer | Imprimeur C & C Offset

Typeface | Police de caractères Helvetica Neue, Adobe Garamond Pro

Trim Size | Format massicoté 23 × 18 cm

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effectivement une mécarique robuste, on a du mal à a'en rendre compte, dans nos societes surmédicalisées. Mais en ecrois pas à l'adage selon lequel ce qui ne nous tue pas nous cent plus forts. Dans les rues de Gaza, je crouse des piétons dont le corps puriera toujours les sequelles des bombes : la cécié developpe peut étre le toucher, et la perte de l'aute peut sans dout ervelere des cuideurs, mais é est toujours et d'abort la vue en moins, loure en moins - la perte riernediable des couchers de soleit ou de la musique. Et des cauche mars récurrents par lous en dous en entre de corps n'accepte pas.

ar il y a de choice que le corps n'accepte pas. Il y a quelques mois, je raccompagnais mes parenta à l'acteport, mais le chréhond tui sépare Ramiblah de Jérusalem etait ferme. A jued, j'a termonté l'interminable file de voitures bloquée ils. Les passa gers étaient sortis : à bonne distance, ils regardaient l'essoldats israéliens, qui les surveillaient J'aice I'imprudence de mà pprocher de la jerep hindee, je volulais savoir combien de temps le passage serait ferme. s'il valant meux stiender ou faire un detour par les col lines, j'en au pas vul e marquage au sol qui in interdisut d'avance, j'etais en chemis, les manus vides, je vure. Le conducteur a sursaité, et tuoi aussi. il veu tun burlement, et surgi de nulle part un soldat avait plante son arme dans mon vertre. L'avait avoire plante sonn arme dans mon vertre. L'avait avoire ja visé etain d'éguere pas esse. Les soldats israéliens sont très jeunes.

Les soldats israeitens sont très jeunes. Sont jeunes equiennes qui partent en Irak, en Afghanistan, et ceux qui sont arrivés à Bratislava en 1968, Krighizes ou Mongols, analphabetes souvent : certains se croixient en Egypte. En Israel, les soldats font leur service à dix-buit ans, pendant trois ans. Ce jeune soldat était defigure par la terreur qu'il eprouvait devant ma fragile menare, il ne voulait pas croire mes mois - tu sau accent arabe, cu ce arabe l'huritai il, un dogt tremblant sur la decente. Mais di n'a pas perdu tour contrôle, ei pi'en remercie aujourd'hui, l'ai sorti mes apairez de ma poche, lentement, le les lui ai tendus. lentement, calmement, Et j'ai pu repartir, pusque je m'étais pas rabe.

n etais pas arabe. C'est seulement une heure plus tard, dans la voiture, que ma main s'est mise à trembler.

## Title | Titre À toi

Designer | Conception graphique *Marike Paradis* 

Authors | Auteurs Kim Thúy & Pascal Janovjak

Publisher | Maison d'édition Libre Expression

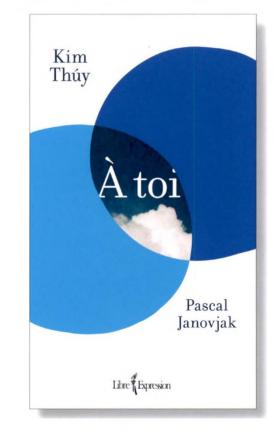
Photographer | Photographie Sarah Scott

Printer | Imprimeur Marquis imprimeur

Typeface | Police de caractères *Filosofio* 

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## **Tropical Night**

I feel as if I know that man sitting an a bench in Saint-Pierre Square, the little plaza by the hotel. He seems so absorbed in his reading. He hair has graved, but he has that familiar way of strotking his check with his fingerrips. He is the only person I ever saw read poetry in an algebra class. He was drinking in Alcolo, a single verse of it soon had me inebriated. I went to his house and stayed until I had read all the poetry books in his father's library. His family read nothing but poetry Without ever wanting to write any, as his father said proudly. I touch him on the shoulder. He raises his head and without as much as a smile makes room form me nex to him. He is still reading Apollinaire.

His father died in prison. They destroyed his library, supposedly because it concealed communist books. The man who hated communists because he suppeted them of not liking poetry suffered a blow to the head and died of a cerebral hemorrhage a few days later at the military hospital. My friend wasn't at the house when the regime's henchmen visited. Alcols is the only book that wasn't destroyed that day because he had it, as a lways, with him—he newer wancel himself off Apollinaire. And he never wanted to leave the country despite the appeals of his uncle who lives in Madrid and reads nothing but Garcia Lorce.

He is working as a proofteader for the book pages at Le Nauditist. Just enough to survive. He could have been a literary critic, but hell have nothing to do with other people and reads but a single poet ("humble as I am who am nothing worthwhile"). He still lives in the little room he had when I first met him. He closed off the other rooms the day a friend who works at the palace informed him of his father's death. Ever since he's been adding alcohol to poetry. He works at the paper in the morning and spends his afternoons reading on this bench, waiting for nightfall.

Night black as ink. Surnrised by the darkness all around me I walk behind the man slowly reciting Apollinaire. The smell of ilang-ilang uses the darkness to spread over this poor district We slip silently between two rows of lamps. The metodious voices of the women whose silhouettes are sketched upon the market walls Their sung stories were my childhood lullaby on summer evenings. The indolent gait ofacow on her evening stroll The night becomes a Chagall painting Those nubile young girls from the poor parts of town wearing flimsy sandals slip like geishas over the asphalt still warm from the sun on their way to the movie house near the market. Soon their lovers will meet them

Young tattoocd bandits they kiss

all along their way.

Night falls so suddenly in the tropics.

## Title | Titre The Return

Designer | Conception graphique *Peter Cocking* 

Author | Auteur Dany Laferrière

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"A STUNNING AND BREATHTAKING BOOK." EDWIDGE DANTICAT, author of Breath, Eyes, Memory

