steps aude
We find Rich and Dorren on their lines in the kinchen, cleaning, up a spill. Fram thin angle, an all-inclusive look at Dateens cleaning. Their number row. Marcus calle out.
"Her, how hourst pree-dense transible." Dorren steps when the uses as "We re not all out, are use?
"Soen: Baller, "Macross answere.
I shash God for small frowers. A lattle-cake and we'll concess courselve, pre hours, climb tusto bed. Froger about reverything.
These Marcus continues. "We'll, there as my work useds, but Rored Actinguated drivers toge others. How about at, lattle Racks upop we'ping but doesn't rame his bread. I woulded if the hames about the appenratically used or not. Falser way, he mait its sing in step what's happenring now. He sin't sticking up for me He sin't anything.
"All roght." I blurt out. "I'll drive. If that's what severyone wants."

NA.

Richy still doesn't budge. Not even when I walk past him
the door, with Manvas helding my arm. He past sies on the
11 writh Dovern, both of them silent, both of them fidgering,
11/19 space of sir, the only buffer between them.

A BUT profits 10th it in the mine, iffurnishming blade cauches of appliable below. There is fewer and fewer at see get closer to the sociolout, the old par their closed off liss year. Makeen having on the sociolout, the old par their closed off liss year. Makeen having and much during the drow that he bown singing to the readin, at closus took stateon featuring as all night society special. When these of having the conductive control of the society of these of horist dark enrich the close is been compared to the control of the compared to the control of t

the steps and into the building.

"The heart of Northern Recycling," Maccus save. He aphus arms and gestures around the place. "Non much to look."

has arms and gentures amound the place. "Note mouth to leade at hold."

I shake my heard. There is a deals to the middle of the room where I pictures Rickly earling the lineshed I pack lists. Then I notice a wark of drive magazines and hope he ears ourside. A set Ill bootheld stands agained the wall filled with plasm trabug and rooks a pile of woursed charanses blades. There's another sheet, some chairs, a would called masser lang, the smell of left mash rooms. Everything about what pines in some the house with Rickly and Dooren. Leaving hint here finds between the leaving a child in a some that sells only municarraps.

Better gen the stuff. I say, "Everynaed lib woundering." They're fine. Donroots above receimines" Marcan pulses a chair ower not the boothedfel and looks up at a small poet of plumber's pape on the top ledge. Give one as band beer East. The abot sipsy the past instude that pipe. If is hoot in the trailee and I ms feeling a little drawy specific. It is not in the trailee and of the fine fine would be the share the size of the bootheld for balance.

Don't worry," Marcus says. He grabs my legs with both

"Danit worsy," Marcus says. He grahs my legs with both hands." I go my sure."

I find a plastic bag inside the tube bus it's struck. "I cast go it." I say,

Marcui's hands side up my thight. "Conon buby."

I vag hander. But anothing gives.

You can do it." he says. His finger cust to panels, squeezing the fieth through my jeans. I can fird the hear of has beard uny say. Then I feel his Ips. his guster.

In one quick motion, I grab the entire chank of pape and improplement, working my saidle at I land on the trailer flower the pipe spirs off under the deck.

Year Liz. Total inghi?"

My saidle throbbs and my hap feels brussed. Also, I wast



Lui en mettre plein la bouche pour Le nourrir à Sa faim

l'ai apporté une canne de conserve à Caroline pour qu'elle puisse se nourrir avec sur l'heure du midi: des langues de porc, je trouvais que ça lui allait bien comme plat. l'avais eu l'accord à Titi. à qui j'ai dù expliquer ma planification, et elle a eu l'air très contente et blen fière. Peut-être que c'est parce que ça la débarrassera de l'amour que j'ai en trop et qu'elle ne peut plus tout boire ni me redonner en retour, depuis qu'elle a trouvé un autre vase. Je la soupçoone, en tout cas, mus elle ne veut pas me le dire encore, par peur qu'il ne soit pas encore partagé, j'imagine. Quand je repense à ma dernière rencontre avec Élène, je sais qu'elle le savait elle aussi sans vouloir me le dire, et que c'est pour ça qu'elle m'a amitiée à Caroline, pour me nièges de la douleur du monde, le ne lui en veux pas car je sais que son cœur est doux comme un lièvre blanc d'hiver, ou comme ses mains.



c'est à cause de nos pollutions. Il paraît qu'on fait tous partle d'un grand tout qui détruit l'Univers pour causer l'apocalypse, mals f'ai trop peur de demander ce que c'est exactement, car ça sonne comme du bruit et du bruit, on ne sait pas ce que ça peut nous faire.

tionne pas, le navigateur fait des heures supplementaires pour engraisser son ventre gonflable, selor l'in, et les étrangers peuvent encore se faire des provisions d'hiver au mazché commercial. Moi, je ne les vois pas, quand je passe devant, je Le cherche qui ait en train de me garder ma place assi

de le savais, que ça n'était pas normal pour la glace, mais j'y al bien réfléchl et, selon moi, c'est aussi la volonté du Gel, pas juste celle des hommes. ansai a vanine un ciei, pas parce ene use nomines. le pense que c'est parce que Dieu, sa Trinité et le Grand Lspli étalent de mun bord dans la prière à Titt Je pense qu'ils out vu mon gros cœur plein de larmes dedans que l'avais ravalées dans ma grige, mon gâteau de lête, ma Grande Noirceur, et qu'ils oni senti qu'ils devatent faire quelque chose pour mon âme, comme empêche: l'hiver d'arriver le les vois dans ma tête, la Sainte Trivité, prendre la Terre pour l'empéchez de peucher du mauvais bord, la etenir avec des chevaux et des huffles attachés à des courroles terrestres, qui courent en sens inverse de sa rotation normale et qui tienment bon, même s'ils ne réussissent pas bien. Bientôt, les courroles vont casser, les chevaux et les huffles vont s'envolendans l'espace, mons, et des gros blocs de glace vunt se former tout d'un coup, en emprisonnant en eux la langue des petites bêtes qui seront en train de

moi. Cette p vens.

I'al mano que Titl dit quelque cho à cause de n pas tué une que je suis done pas re vous d'amos L'aime plus. La rivière L moins je po s'il m'a lais Savoir s'll n hiver On a ais qu'B ne ie le Lui ai c'est comm ment pas ne tout de méi que Titi dit par l'our colo pèche d'ave temps, fe n pourquoi ai naissante d donné à Élè pour me sat pas aussi o

wobbly bits reminded me of gribe totally going for the big leap over the falls. The helbes of my old schoolmates: a bie and an ammal intelligence of their very own, beneath the hot lights of the stage, in a last desperale

spann to recapture some ternage glory.

And then later, one of our old classmates asking "So Catherine tell

e —what is it that you do?"

What do I do?" Catherine says. The vein in her neck pulses with a

The throan of that fucking heartheat in that fucking went. I we wanted I for incursion of material content procured as an a trouting seem. I we written the state of th Don't I sust love to see her like that, with her head tossed back, whispering

His, ho, ho," says Martin, butting in "She's writing. She's a writer.

"It's just a hobby," Catherine says, brutally, "I work in a restastrant,"

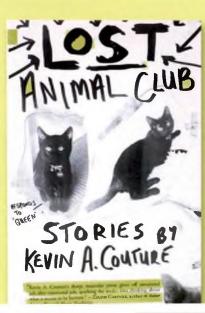
"She's a server. Not a servant, ho ho," Martin a eye shooting around

"She's just been picked up by an agent." I say, and Catherine, that vest

pumping, giving into the death state.

'Yornesthing wrong with bring a server' Catherine ands.

I recall suddenly the wonderful head but of years past, and gipp my
plasts is neighes till of Sprine out of less or hast limon not which deat Lee
Catherine furns away taken my and Matrius' shapit, and the three
of us loose the germannium before even the Besunful Lusers have (mand



Marcus doesn't move for a second

Marciu doesn't move to a second steps aside. We find Ricky and Doreer on the Cenning up a spill. From this angle. Doreen cleavage. "Drip number two," "Hey, how shour a pur-desent simo the sees us. "We're not all out, are wee." "Sorry, Rabe," Marciu answer.
I thank Caid too small favours, A time Unsurfeve, go home, climb into bed. For Them Marciu continues, "We'll, they look of John Marciu and John Caid Lobert and Caid and the Caid

Them Marcus continues, "Well, the I need a designated driver to get there. Ricky usops wiping but doesn't rais he knows about the apprenticeably pide that i trying to stup what's happening no too me. He and anything.

"All right," I blurt out. "I'll drive.

Ricky still doesn't hudge. Not even to the door, with Mircus holding my a Boor with Doceen, both of them ident, I A rony space of sir, the only buffer betw

LIGHT POLIS LINE THE BOAD in the medicle of asphals below. They is fewer as in the wordstare, the rid pin they closed out and mach during the direct but his is been distinct to the state of the state

bits beneath then hard point grand.

emiling away at all to say to her. to Beautiful Losers, ady gleaming. The as the luck dram

use hallways, their the hand-me-down kies, the cruises of the knows where?

ing of our ten year high school rounson. All those ang of our feet year high school restation. All those new billings senth weirfd lumpy but beneath theirs other with their elbows as me. Martin and Catherine nassum, where the Heart boys baskerball learn fat d. I kid you on; "the Hooters" I had a horte court 18. The sole defeat corning when war point guard

pink and wolet to flatter the suspiciously plastic-once was thought to be the most promising class of rad ever seen. Catherine's face so sweet and flushed, sed up by her first literary agent, smilting away at all ash they'd never had a bad word to say to her

agn may a rever man a use word in say to see, bopular (and only) took bared, the Beautful Losers sweat on the singer's bead already gleening. The sace! Jowls swinging to and fro as the kick drum anding with our drinks while Catherine dances to

ir related fit Len's. I later told Catherine how those

wobbly bits reminded me of grales totally going for the big leap over the falls. The belies of tny old schoolmates it life and an animal intelligence of their very own, beneath the hot lights of the stage, in a lost desperate

epasm to recapture some terrage glory.

And then later, one of our old classroates asking, "So Catherine sell

What do I do?" Catherine says. The vem in her neck gulses with a

What do I do? Catherine says. The seen is there neek guites to man remarking hydrium. The thrum of that fuc hing howardsan in that fucking seen I've wanched at Right in the middle of thongs, Catherine throwing het head back, not ham, like a home to seen git it make growing sews on one, that were bulging on lake a rouge leading to heaven. Like a rouge public that from her heart craight through in her bears. A thread coming down to me, that public server, like a faithing line. And man, Lee, don't I lade that his event time? Don't I pust lowe to see her like that, with her head pound back, whoppering excesses in our seed a link film beard on yor? in existant, to muste a luttle Rim-based on you?

What?" "Yeah. I'm a servant."

"Ho, bo, ho." sayn Marrin, botting m. "She's writing She's a writer."

"Ho to, it a hobby." Catherine says, brutally "I work m a restaurant."

"She's a server Not a servant, ho ho." Martin's eye shooting around.

Triping, giving me the deam stare.

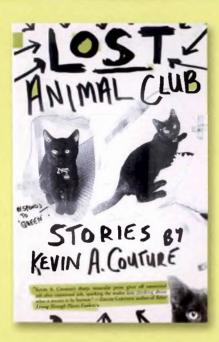
Something wrong with heing a server?* Catherine asks.

I recall, suddenly, the wonderful head-burn of years past, and grip my plastic wineplass that of Spring in off feat or first. I know not which drus Lee Calberine turns away, takes my and Marton's bands, and the three of us leave the gynnasium before even the Beautiful Losens have found there was off the stage. POEM FIVE OF TEN FOR AND ABOUT CATHERINE PRINCE

It is Ghandy and

Your bands are st and alurus and al Your hands are st cab dervers, Waln

Ca n'aumi se que je na offrande s, parce que ter puisque innalt sûre-'elle a pat



Marcas doesn't move for a second or two, then nods and

We find Ricky and Dureen on their knees in the kitchen.

steps audie. We find Ricky and Dureen on their knees in the kitchen, cleaning up a 50ll. From this angle, and Jirindoulve look at Denven's cleaner. Origin curve row. Marcot calls out.

Help, benefits any and dealers unseed.

Sorry, Bisher. Marcon answers.

I shank God for small Frount. A little cale and well exceeding the control of t

for me. He intit anything.
"All right," I blurt out. "I'll drive. If they's what everyone

Ricky still doctri budge. Not even when I walk pass him to the door, with Martus hidding my arm. He just sits on the floor with Doreen, both of them silent, both of them fidgeting. A tiny space of air, the only buffer between them

A may quet on alls, the easy to make netween them. Illuminating black citicles of alphalt below. They is fewer and fewer as we get closer to the westlate; the old per they cheed off law year. Maxeus haveif and much during the drive but he been ringing to the radio, a classor next watern ferturing at all eight active, special. When them all produces of quety from the opportunity and the second produces are sensing my body again in the pale or range flow, are sensing my body again in the pale or range flow. They for the quety and put the track over, turns off the engine and puts the keys in his pocket. "Pleaslagaterne," he app. "Clmon".

There's an old flathed stacked with present op per behavior. The radio of the control of the cont

pipe curving out between the trees. We go past eventhing the steps and step the besiding.

"The heart of Northern Reyeding, Marcus says, He says his arms and gestures around the place." Not much to help

his arms and gestures around the plaze. "Nort much to lide hish!"

I shale my bend There's a desk in the middle of the where I picture Rickly earling the lunched I pack him. The notice a stock of divry magazines and hope be eats enable all blookhold seanths against the well filled why bestes in and rends, a pile of revised chanasaw blades. There's aim and each, in the center, some chairs, a nout-acident runneer mg, small of old mushrooms. Everything about the place it mig but what I'm really thinking about in whise 'going in the house with Rickly and Doveen. Leaving listen there feel leaving a child in a sover that sells only monostrape. "Better get it he aroff: I say. "Everynen." Mucro go a chair over to othe booksledf and looks up as a ward lipen plumber's pipe on the top longles. (Gest each and better Lin.

"They're fine. Docenes a born entertainer." Maccus plas chair over to the bookshelf and flocks up at a small plan plumber's pipe on the top ledge. "Give me a band here Lu. as this uper the post insude that plen even ledge. It's how in the trader and I'm feeting a Batte draze way Brut the Easter we do then, the fatter we'll get hack it one has So I clamb up on the chair and hold the edge of the bonds for balance.

So I clamb up on the chair and hold the edge of the bonds for balance.

I post year."

I fands a plantin bog insule the rube boar it's strack. I jet iu." I say.

Marcus's hands slade up my thight. "Conno body. I tug hardet. But mothing gives."

You can do in, "he says. His fingers start to pinch, againg the flesh through my spans. I can first the bast of his los on year. Mean I feed his lips, his gozene.

In one quick moniton, I grab the entire chank of high pump down, existing my andle at all land on the valler floor pipe spins off under the deals.

Yeer Las. Would inght?

My ankle chrobs and my hap feels brused. Abo. I s

pe curving out between the trees. We go past everything, up e steps and into the building.

"The heart of Northern Reyeling," Marcus says. He spreads arms and gestures around the place. "Nor much to look as.

his arms and gestures around the place. "Not much an look at, hish?"

I shake my head. There's deak in the middle of the room where I picture Rickly eating the lunches I pack him. Then I notice 3 stack of ditry magazines and hope he can conside A the I lookcheft Stands againet the wall filled with placin size and looked in the corner, some chain, a mad caked numer rug, the writtle of dl mushrooma. Everything about this place is naveding but what, so goals not a what so goals with a look of the look of the

So I dimh up on the chair and hold the edge of the bookshell too halmes.

"Den't worry," Marcus says. He grabs my legs with book hands. If got you,"

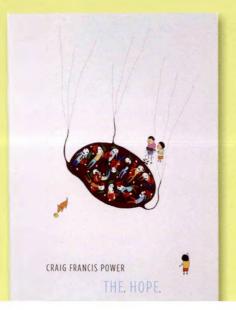
If find a plastic bag inside the rube but its stuck. "I can't got ic," say.

Marcus't hands slide up my rhight. "C'mon babr.

I tug hander but nothing gives. "You can do in," he says. He hanger start to prach, squeezing the fields through my jeans. I can feel the beat of his brench on my as. Then I feel he lips, his gostre...

In one quick motion. I grab the entire chursk of pipe and untry down, restring my andke at I land on the eraiter floor. The pipe spin soft under the desk.

"Jeez Liz, You all right?"
My ankle throbs and my hip feels bruised. Also, I wan



Catherine driving with dired blood on her hands

I'd kiningged Good question
She'd gain ow and got her his had on its neck one last time.

"her land buddy," she'd at al. "I'm nevey."
And as a dire he some resonn—ther for, the Beedricek, Good,
Goodbye—I'm thristing of our ten wear high school recusion. All the
people loss and gift in one hilmps, with werd lumpy his beneath it
diables nodging on he older with their effoot one. Martin and Gabbe
come roan that of gymnastium, where the learn pops haddedall earn
which time was called. I kill with our out, "the Mosters") had a home or

Liarndy, Whatever not out with a broken note.

Sort dirticalistic of one had controlled.

and it for of 8 has some was thought to be the most promising daminates the school follow ere some. Claimers face on where and flust fresh from here guided up to her first hierary agent, smiling issue, a thread is home as through they at more that a law does it as go hove. One school was pool here to be supported and only 1 cuts based the flexatualla for utting the range. The reseal on the subgree is head already glearing; boars. Marins and it standing with our drinks while Catherine dates to the standing with our drinks while Catherine dates. If the standing with our drinks while Catherine dates to the standing with our drinks while Catherine dates. If the school houseway man, fauld strutted those hallways is directly and flust and flust and hall have seen in fall dates and hallows; if the pupped solders, the fauld meddented and flusted as plants 3. The pupped solders, the fauld meddented the school and the school and flusted the school hallows.

Premier prix



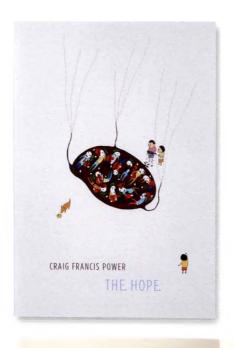
The. Hope.

DESIGNER | CONCEPTION GRAPHIQUE

Beth Oberholtzer (Oberholtzer Design Inc.)

The cover illustration has an understated confidence that is immediately appealing; the interior is sophisticated, with good balance and margins, and small details that unite the text with the cover.

L'illustration de la couverture présente une assurance sobre qui attire l'œil immédiatement; l'intérieur est sophistiqué, avec de bonnes marges et un bon équilibre, ainsi que de petits détails qui unissent le texte à la couverture.



Carbertum drining with dred blond on her hands.

He experted runned.

We doubt be fort body on the gravel shoulder

"What is we engoused to do?" Catherine had asked one.

"Thy bits bodis," she doud. "This story."

And as we drive for some reason—the finite Beethack. Goodlige Goodlige—is not this tage, or the part of the sage, in a last desperate graph with the property term and grid, now bittings, with wested lumpy bits beneath their father, and grid, now bittings, with wested lumpy bits beneath their father, and grid, now bittings, with wested lumpy bits beneath their father, and grid, now bittings, with wested lumpy bits beneath their father, and grid, in the last of the sage, in a last desperate graph to the reader of the sage, in a last desperate graph to the reader of the sage, in a last desperate graph to the sage of the last of the sage is a last desperate graph to the sage is a last desperate graph to the sage of the last of the sage is a last desperate graph to the sage of the last of the sage is a last desperate graph to the sage is a last desperate graph to the sage is a last desperate graph to the sage is a last of a last of the sage is a last desperate graph to the sage is a last of the sage is a las

PUBLISHER | MAISON D'ÉDITION Pedlar Press AUTHORS | AUTEUR Craig Francis Power PRINTER | IMPRIMERIE

Coach House Printing TYPEFACES | POLICES DE CARACTÉRES Gotham & Scala TRIM SIZE | FORMAT MASSICOTÉ

204 x 140 mm. ISBN 9781897141786

Deuxième prix

TITLE | TITRE

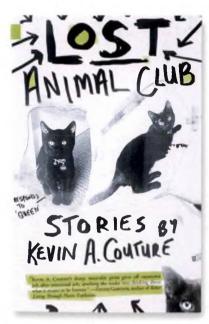
Lost Animal Club: Stories

DESIGNER | CONCEPTION GRAPHIQUE

Kate Hargreaves

The hand-lettered feel of the cover has a slightly rough but eye-catching beauty, and the secondary colour is a smart, unexpected choice.

L'aspect « écriture à la main » de la couverture a une beauté un peu rude mais accrocheuse et la couleur secondaire dénote un choix intelligent et inattendu.





PUBLISHER | MAISON D'EDITION NeWest Press AUTHOR | AUTEUR Kevin A. Couture PRINTER | IMPRIMERIE Friesens

TYPEFACE | POLICES DE CARACTÈRES Adobe Garamond Pro & hand lettering IRIM SIZE | FORMAT MASSICOTE 216 x 140 mm.

ISBN 9781926455662

Troisième prix



TITLE ! TITRE

À l'abri des hommes et des choses

DESIGNER | CONCEPTION GRAPHIQUE

Nathalie Caron

Another very strong cover—the illustration is impossible to ignore, and works effortlessly with the type and colour choices.

Une autre couverture puissante: impossible d'ignorer l'illustration qui s'agence aisément avec les choix de caractères et de couleurs.



PUBLISHER | MAISON D'EDITION Québec Amérique AUTHOR | AUTEURE Stéphanie Boulay ILLUSTRATOR | ILLUSTRATION Catherine D'Amours TYPOGRAPHY | TYPOGRAPHIE Nouvelle Administration PRINTER | IMPRIMERIE Marquis imprimeur TYPEFACE | POLICE DE CARACTÈRES Adobe Utopia IRIM SIZE | FORMAT MASSICOTÉ 204 x 114 mm. ISBN 9782764431894

