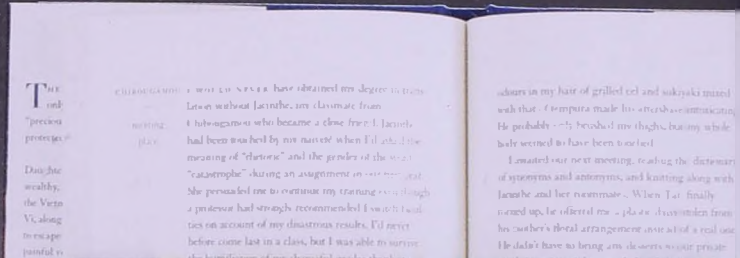
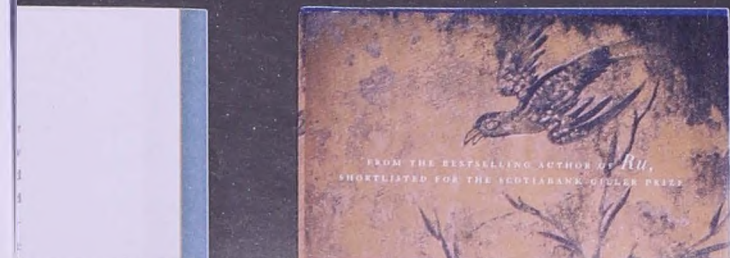
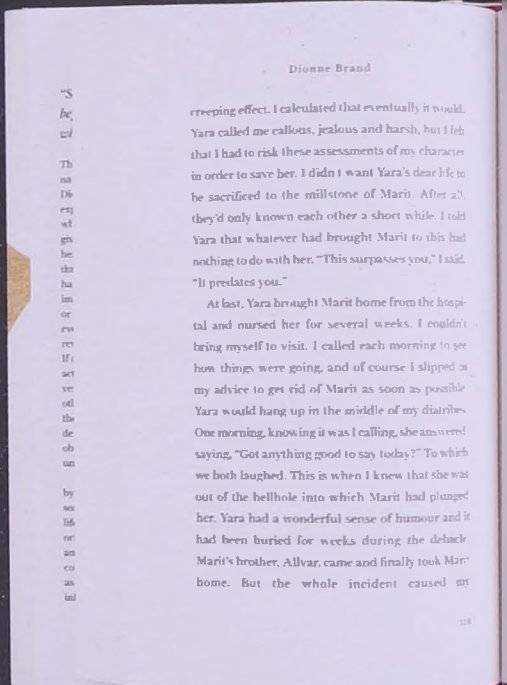
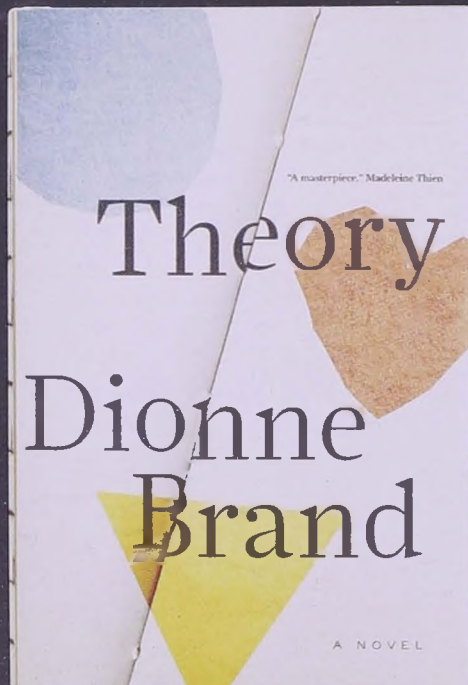
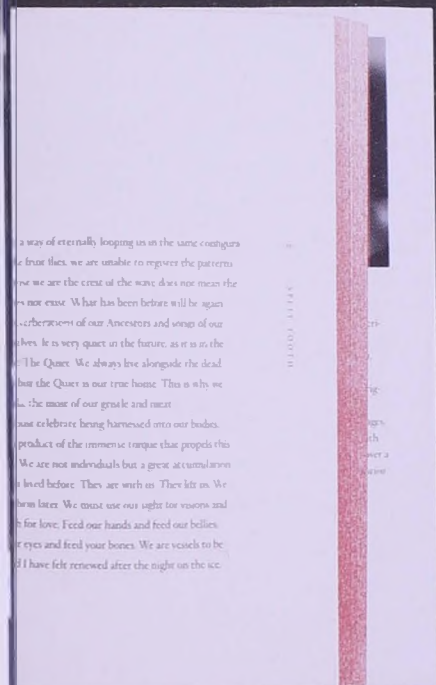
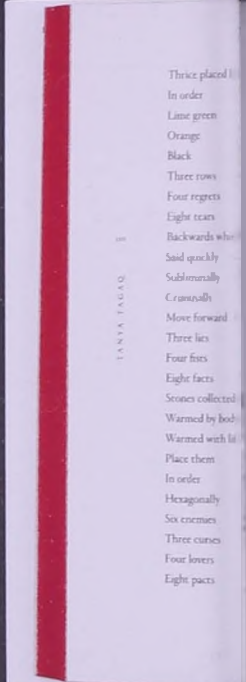
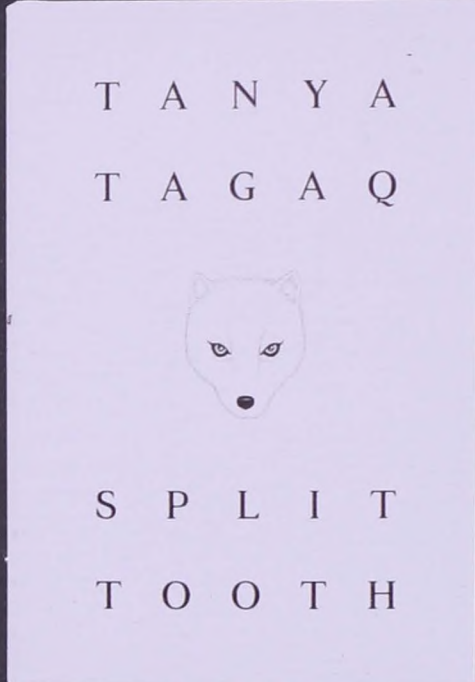
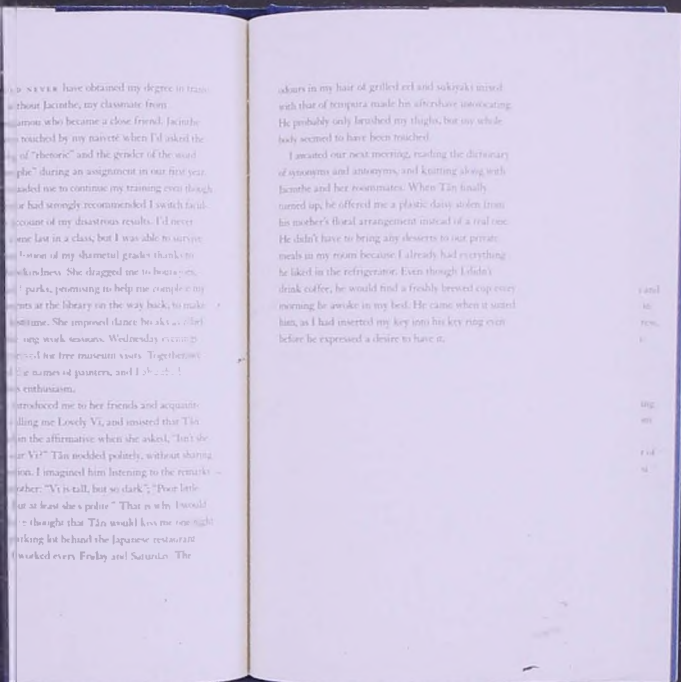


Prose Fiction



Romans et nouvelles

Time has a way of eternally looping us in the same configurations. Like fruit flies, we are unable to register the patterns just because we are the crest of the wave does not mean the ocean does not exist. What has been before will be again. We are reverberations of our Ancestors and songs of our present selves. It is very quiet in the future, as it is in the deep past. The Quiet. We always live alongside the dead. It's scary but the Quiet is our true home. This is why we must make the most of our gristle and meat.

We must celebrate being harnessed into our bodies. We are a product of the immense torque that propels this universe. We are not individuals but a great accumulation of all that lived before. They are with us. They lift us. We will lift them later. We must use our sight for visions and our touch for love. Feed our hands and feed our bellies. Feed your eyes and feed your bones. We are vessels to be filled, and I have felt renewed after the night on the ice.

THEOLOGY

the
ages,
the
over a
ation

"S
be,
tw

Th
na
Di
ex
wt
giv
he
th
ha
im
or
ev
ret
lf
act
vet
ell
the
de
ob
un

by
so
life
on
an
co
as
int

Dionne Brand

creeping effect. I calculated that eventually it would, Yara called me callous, jealous and harsh, but I felt that I had to risk these assessments of my character in order to save her. I didn't want Yara's dear life to be sacrificed to the millstone of Marit. After all, they'd only known each other a short while. I told Yara that whatever had brought Marit to this had nothing to do with her. "This surpasses you," I said. "It predates you."

At last, Yara brought Marit home from the hospital and nursed her for several weeks. I couldn't bring myself to visit. I called each morning to see how things were going, and of course I slipped in my advice to get rid of Marit as soon as possible. Yara would hang up in the middle of my diatribes. One morning, knowing it was I calling, she answered, saying, "Got anything good to say today?" To which we both laughed. This is when I knew that she was out of the hellhole into which Marit had plunged her. Yara had a wonderful sense of humour and it had been buried for weeks during the debacle. Marit's brother, Allvar, came and finally took Marit home. But the whole incident caused my

Theory

relationship with Yara to take a turn. It didn't deepen our bond. We didn't grow closer. I grew more impatient of Yara's projects—human and political—impatient and wary. Exhausted too. And Yara, with whatever she had ingested of Marit's distress, became more frantic, creating more and more social advocacy projects for the homeless women she brought home—drama groups, soup vans, etcetera—all without money. Let me explain. I applauded Yara, but she had a new project every day and I saw Marit appearing everywhere. Our relationship didn't so much end as fade out in this flurry. It faded out in arguments and in comments from her about my lack of real commitment, and from me about her tendency for hasty judgments. I felt Yara's anger, what she called my indifference. I lunged back that she hadn't tried to understand my work. I had completed my dissertation—these things, too, had effects, I told her. She was unconvinced.

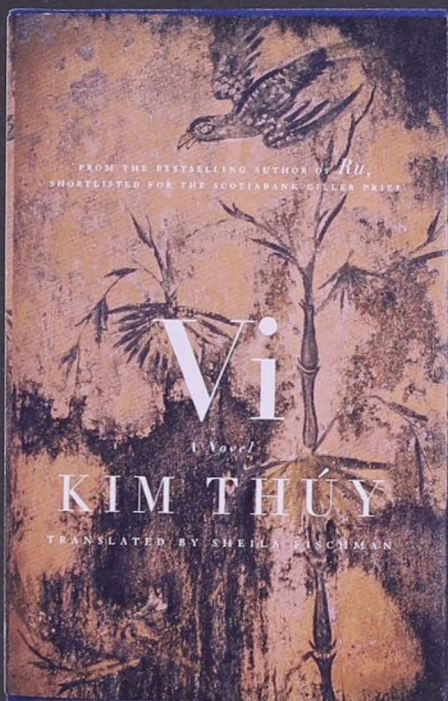
We are still friends, Yara and I. And some years later, I'm still writing my dissertation. I can't but feel that she was right about me. The daily evidence bears it out. I inhabit a small room in the world. Outside

118

119

to take a turn. It didn't didn't grow closer. I grew a's projects—human and wary. Exhausted too. And had ingested of Marit's dis-ic, creating more and more or the homeless women she groups, soup vans, et y. Let me explain. I applauded project every day and I saw ywhere. Our relationship le out in this flurry. It faded comments from her about ent, and from me about her ments. I felt Yara's anger at iffidence. I lunged back that erstand my work. I had to in—these things, too, have as unconvinced.

ara and I. And some years ertation. I can't but feel ue. The daily evidence bears oom in the world. Outside



The
job
"precise
protects

Daughte
wealthy,
the Viet
Vi, along
to escape
painful
new life

While her
plans for
world op
of Hù, a w
lover, Vi
internatio
her. From
Boston to
to the inn
of human
possibilitie
somehow
place in th

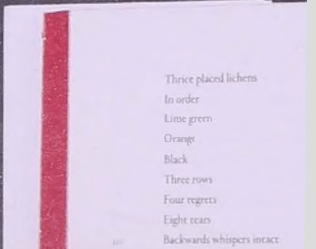
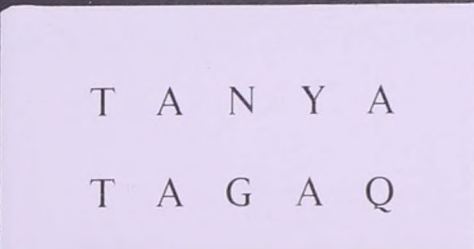
"A courage
rupture at
onself, Vi
which pay
power of a

THE WORLD WOULD HAVE OBTAINED my degree in trans-
lation without Larinde, my classmate from
Chibougamau who became a close friend. Larinde
had been touched by my narrative when I'd used the
meaning of "rhétorique" and the gender of the word
"catastrophe" during an assignment in our first year.
She persuaded me to continue my training even though
a professor had strongly recommended I work full-
time on account of my disastrous results. I'd never
before come last in a class, but I was able to sur-
vive the humiliation of my shameful grades thanks to
Larinde's kindness. She dragged me to bistros, cafes,
cafés, and parks, promising to help me complete my
assignments at the library on the way back, to make
up for lost time. She imposed dance breaks as relief
from the long work sessions. Wednesday evenings
were reserved for free museum visits. Together, we
learned the names of painters, and I absorbed
Larinde's enthusiasm.

She introduced me to her friends and acquaint-
ances, calling me Lovely Vi, and insisted that I
respond in the affirmative when she asked, "Lovely
lovely, our Vi?" Tân nodded politely, without slating
her opinion. I imagined him listening to the rumbling
of his mother: "Vi is tall, but so dark," "Poor little
thing!" but at least she's polite." That is why I would
never have thought that Tân would kiss me one night
in the parking lot behind the Japanese restaurant
where I worked every Friday and Saturday. The

...sails in my hair of grills
with that of tempura mas
He probably only brushes
bly seemed to have been
I wanted our next piece
of synonyms and antonym
Larinde and her roomma
turned up, he offered me
his mother's floral arrang
He didn't have to bring a
meals in my room becau
he liked in the refrigerat
drink coffee, he would fir
morning he awoke in my
him, as I had inserted m
before he expressed a res

71



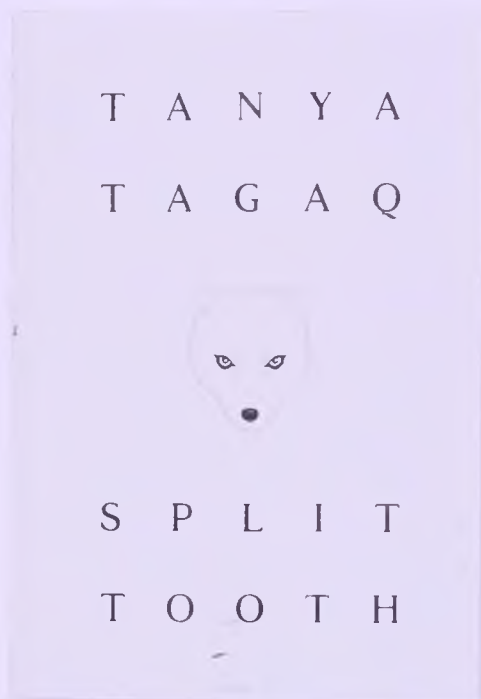
Three placed lichens
In order
Lite green
Orange
Black
Three rows
Four regrets
Eight tears
Backwards whispers intact

Prose Fiction
First Prize

Romans et nouvelles
Premier prix

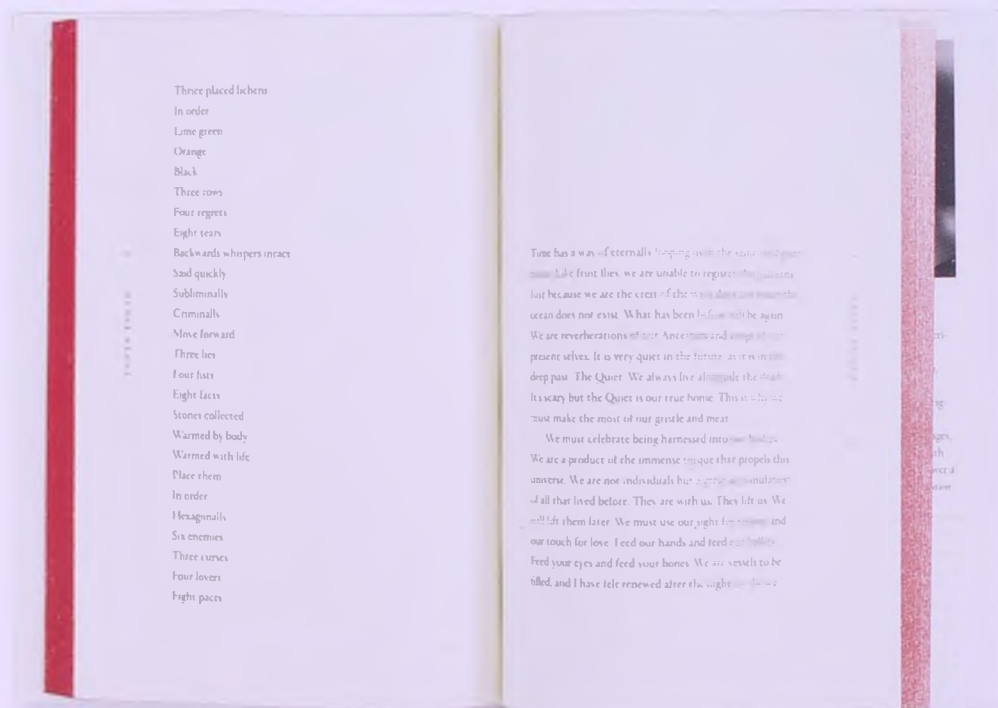
Title | Titre
Split Tooth

Designer | Conception graphique
Jennifer Griffiths



With its blood-red fore edge and striking cover illustration, this design makes a stunning first impression. Inside, vivid endpapers and compelling illustrations complement thoughtful details like the slightly narrow, ragged-right text block, which creates the feeling of a prose poem. This beautiful package is a clear winner.

La bordure avant rouge sang et l'illustration de sa couverture saisissante donnent une première impression étonnante de cette conception graphique. À l'intérieur, des pages de garde vives et des illustrations convaincantes complètent des détails comme le bloc de texte légèrement étroit et inégal, qui donne l'impression d'un poème en prose. Ce bel ensemble est un gagnant à coup sûr.



Author | Auteure Tanya Tagaq Publisher | Maison d'édition Viking Canada Illustrator | Illustration Jaime Hernandez
Printers | Imprimerie Coral Graphic Services (USA) & LSC Communications (USA) Typefaces | Polices de caractères
Fortescue, Helvetica & Portrait Trim Size | Format massicoté 152 x 228 mm ISBN 9780143198055

Prose Fiction
Second Prize

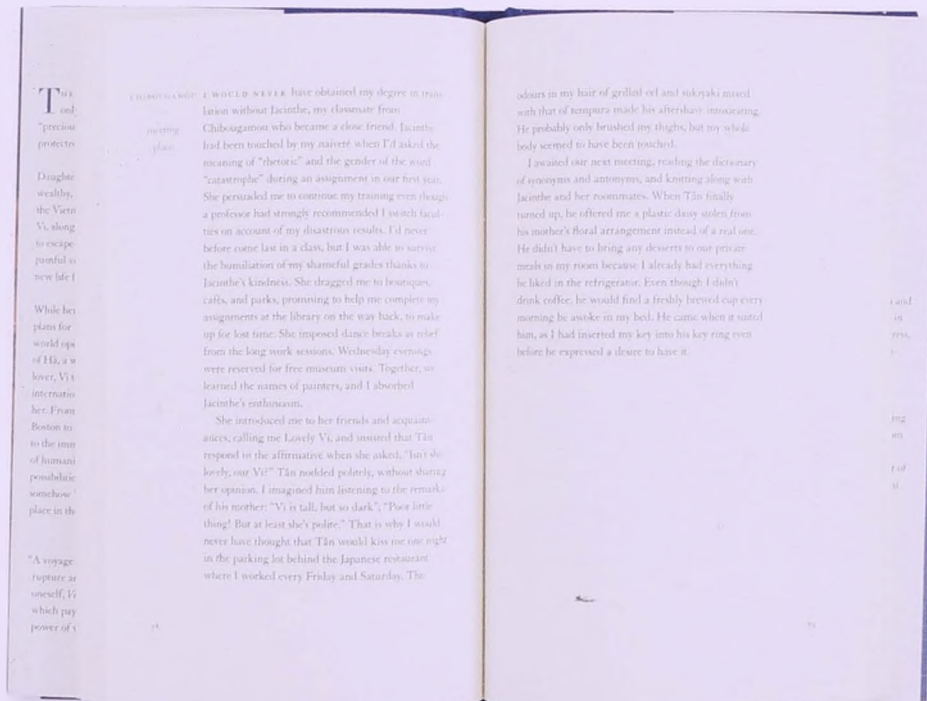
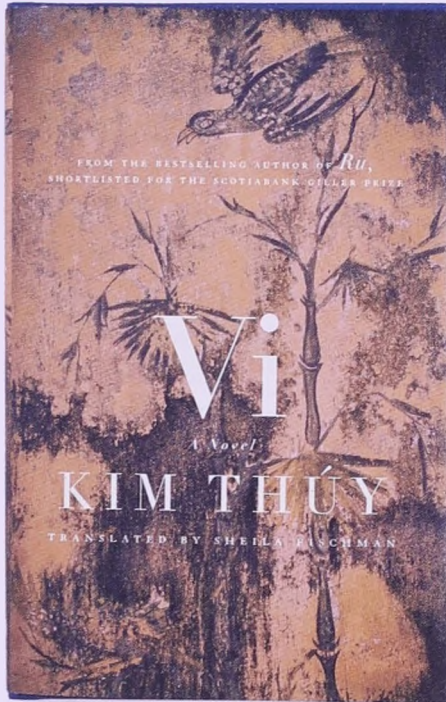
Romans et nouvelles
Deuxième prix

Title | Titre
Vi

Designer | Conception graphique
CS Richardson

This book distinguishes itself immediately, with an elegant, eye-catching cover. The front matter is handled with skill and care, and the wide margins and ragged-right text give the page a comfortable, refined feel.

Ce livre se distingue immédiatement grâce à sa couverture élégante et accrocheuse. Les textes préliminaires sont habilement et soigneusement réalisés, puis les larges marges et la droite inégale du texte donnent aux pages une allure aisée et raffinée.



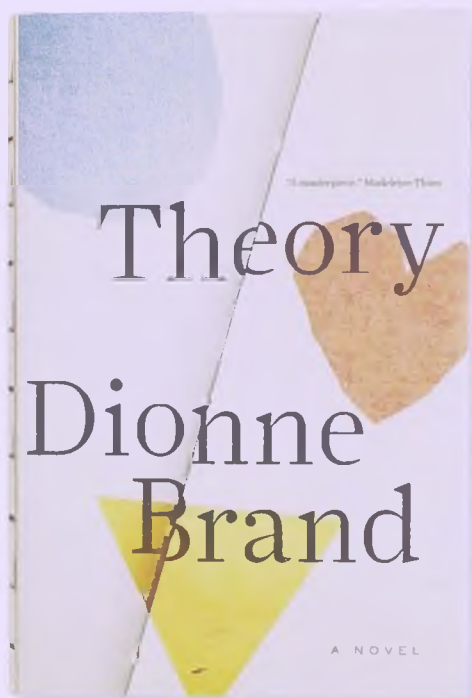
Author | Auteure Kim Thúy Publisher | Maison d'édition Random House Canada Printers | Imprimerie Berryville Graphics (USA) & cover: Phoenix (USA) Typefaces | Polices de caractères Didot & Granjon Trim Size | Format massicoté 144 x 228 mm ISBN 9780735272804

Prose Fiction
Third Prize

Romans et nouvelles
Troisième prix

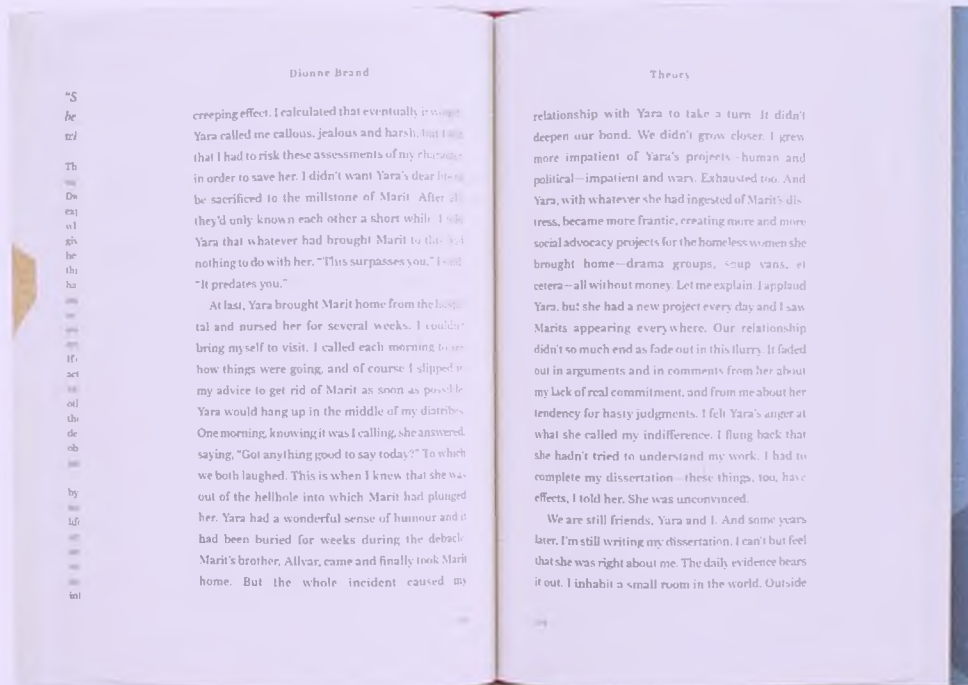
Title | Titre
Theory

Designers | Conception graphique
CS Richardson & Terri Nimmo



The cover concept and execution is very strong and complemented by rich green endpapers. On the title spread some text is lost in the gutter, and because the type is not offset to match the cover, the judges were uncertain if this was intentional. The interior is solid, with a forceful grey text block and comfortable margins.

La conception graphique et l'exécution de la couverture sont très fortes et enrichies par les pages de garde vertes. Dans l'étalement du titre, le texte se perd un peu dans les petits fonds, et parce que ces caractères n'étant pas offset ne s'agencent pas à la couverture, les juges n'étaient pas certains si c'était intentionnel. L'intérieur est solide avec son bloc de texte d'un gris foncé et des marges confortables.



Author | Auteure Dionne Brand Publisher | Maison d'édition Knopf Canada Printer | Imprimerie Friesens
Typefaces | Polices de caractères Farnham & Sackers Gothic Trim Size | Format massicoté 130 x 224 mm
ISBN 9780735274259

