



Westmount kids
chase their dreams / 7

Description

Local students show off their literary stuff in Westmount schools Writing Competition.

Introduction by **Wayne Larsen**.

In what has become an annual tradition in Westmount schools, the McEntyre Writing Competition always attracts a wide variety of thoughtful and creative entries, and the 2015 edition was no exception.

Endowed by the late Peter McEntyre, mayor of Westmount from 1969 to 1971, the competition encourages young writers to express themselves on a designated topic, each designed to get the creative juices flowing. It is coordinated each year by the Westmount Public Library.

This year, “Chasing a Dream” was the topic assigned to students in grades 1 through 11.

While local newspapers have printed the names of the winners each year, space restrictions made it impossible to publish all of the winning essays. Now, for the first time, Westmount Magazine presents the full texts of the first-place entries in each grade category, as supplied by the Westmount Public Library.

Grade 10

Ezra Budman of Westmount High School

George, The Shark Who Wanted To Be A Whale.

A while back, my buddy George wanted to be a whale. See, the whales were the fly party mammals in our school of fish. They would get drunk every weekend, they got all the girls, they made the rules, and people really looked up to them. And although George longed to be like them, he was born with an unfair disadvantage... George was a hammerhead shark.

George was getting sick of being considered weak and small, when he pitched the idea to me: we would help each



other become whales; WE would be the cool kids in the ocean.

“George, listen. As great of an idea that it is ... it sucks.”

“What are you talking about, Paul? We have a responsibility as sharks to become whales.”

“What would your mother say about this?”

“She doesn’t have to know! She’ll think I ran away or something, she’d never recognize us in our new form.”

As you can see, I was hesitant, for many reasons. Reason Number One is that I had been going to the gym recently, getting in shape. To be a whale, I would have to screw all of that and become obese. Reason Number Two is that I kind of like living the ‘shark life.’ There are many perks, like being starred in Shark Week, on the Discovery Channel – I was an extra last season.

I lost the battle with George, as always, and ended up on a journey to whale-dom. First, we made a list of all of the qualities a whale must have:

- fat
- dark blue
- their eyes are like on either side of their heads
- small fins
- blowhole

Next, we tried to emulate these qualities. To get fat, we headed over to the Krusty Krab and ate burger after burger after burger. By the end of the night, we were each 300 pounds larger (sharks have slow metabolisms.) The following quality was their colour, dark blue, which required a lot of spray paint and took like six hours. But what came after were the most crucial qualities.

“Bro, I’m not gonna let you perform surgery on me. This is getting ridiculous.”

“Listen, how ‘bout you do it to me first, and if it doesn’t work, you can go home and tell everyone that I’m insane,” suggested George, holding duct tape, a scalpel and a power drill. I agreed, reluctantly.

Step One: pull his eyes towards his temples, and hold them in place with the duct tape.

“AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH!!!! PAUL I’M BLIND!! I’M BLIND!!!!”

“Oh, God, do you want me to stop?!”

“NO KEEP GOING, STEP TWO!!!”

Step Two: use the scalpel to slice off half of his left and right fins.

“GEORGE, I CAN’T DO THIS, YOU’RE GONNA DIE!”

“GO THROUGH WITH IT, YOU SISSY!”

Step three (The Final Step): make a deep hole in the top of his head, using the power drill.

“ALRIGHT I DRILLED THE HOLE, WE’RE LEAVING NOW’



There was no response.

“George? Come on, buddy, we’re leaving. Hello? George? NO! George, don’t leave us! You’re not ready to go! Please? Hello?”

George was dead. He died chasing the one dream that he thought he could achieve. He died trying to gain respect, for once in his life. He tried to stand up for himself. Anyways, now I’m being convicted for second degree murder. My lawyer says that I’m looking at 20 years. Don’t follow your friend’s dreams. Just, work on your own.

Read [Grades 1 through 4](#), [Grade 5](#), [Grade 6](#), [Grade 7](#), [Grade 8](#) and [Grade 9](#).

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Category

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Tags

1. McEntyre Writing Competition

Date Created

October 2015