Tech; Fiction but based on a true story
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Justify

Love, courage, Heritage, Cries, Depression

But there was always hope.

For The Love of my Son

(PART 1)

Louise Barrette

37 Nathalie Street

Rockland, Ontario

K4K 0J3

613-890-5315

This is everyday life

The way in which

Lived is a subject

Of Endless Fascination

The basic Elements

Finding shelter and clothing

Keeping clear and satisfying

The needs of the family

Powders, potions and scented head cones

Trying to predict the unpredictable

There are tales of ingenuity

And tales on a grand scale

Monumental buildings and great cities

Created by armies of laborers

Using a few simple tools

Their epic struggles to overcome

All obstacles exemplify the human drive to succeed,

Achievements are based on perseverance, intelligence and unshakable self-belief

The great breakthroughs in technologies, art or thought

Are the daily challenges which

People had to meet.

Louise Barrette

In thy little village called Hawkesbury, there was a new born child. On this sunny day, it was the fifteenth of July, 1967, what else that this baby girl, what a pretty face she glowed with her blue eyes, blond hair and a pretty smile.

She was picked up then given away for adoption. The cries started to already bury me for the unknown world that was awaiting, indeed for me.

Sitting on the floor in this indeptness of life thy was starting, was full of cries, babies all over. This place called Children's Aid, was a nightmare for the workers. I had this nice woman called Mrs. D. Jones to find me a household so I'd have a family and joy.

Today, I am twenty-seven years old and I can still remember how it all happened because of dreams wayvering for years.

I'd say my life as always been with many struggles and still crying, still waiting for anyone to truly love me.

Things you will read are true so still very painfull.

Thy was born in this resplendent vigil town, named Hawkesbury in Ontario, Canada. T'was on the the fifteenth of July 1967. Thy had blond hair, blue eyes and this unsoiled smile that was glittering as glaze.

Sitting semiquaver on the floor of Children's Aid's Office thy was only awaitng for my sempiternal family. Thy cries, the fear as I can still remember as if it was yesterday.

Thy had dreams about this lady picking me up in her arms and giving me away. Those dreams lead me to find this lady of Children's Aid after twenty-five years of not seeing her.

I went to the office of Children's Aid, looked around then pointed her out, went towards her and said; HELLO MRS> D>JONES you're probably wondering who I am right?' She said; YES, who are you glazing back at me.? Then I answered; You were the one that picked me up and gave me away as a child and how I found you was because of dreams I had, I could see your face and your eyes full of gloominess.

(PICTURE OF ME AS A BABY)

Told her my name and then she said; "My god! Your right, it is me, do you ever have a good memory, this cant be. She couldn't believe it and kept saying" IN YOUR DREAMS?" I started telling her a bit about my dream, how it all went. " I COULD see you picking me up from a corner in an old house which was right in the middle of the Village of Alfred, Ontario, there was a old brown rug and I was sitting, pondering on. Mrs. Jones, she was in a coequal state of shock and very cogitative.

She was so stunned that her mind was wayfaring. We then sat quietly for a while just to glance. Then she asked me how I was since I had been adopted by the two loving parents that had a choir of gold, they were childless therefore that's why they had chosen to adopt two little girls which they adored. One was named Louise and the other Jocelyne. This household called Children's Aid, it twas a nightmare. Therefore, it looked like a grocery store with a price tag on each one of us. We would only be hearing thy ticking of the anticipation almightiness.

Therefore, I told her:" Dear MRS>D>JONES, you allowed us to altogether to daze with dearness, with both parents admiringly us with their goggle-eyes full of glitter.

We lived on a farm where we had cows, bulls, horses and a lot of mice but they weren't suppose to be there those little mouses. They gave us all the love they could, a roof over our heard and brought us to church every Sundays. Between me and Jocelyne, I was what they call the little devil and my sister was the angel. Not an inch of my hair stayed in place, hers was rapturous.

Being the little rascal and up at six o'clock, I was outside as soon as the sunset came up. It was ravishing. First thing I did was about either I followed my dad or I'd go play in the corn field. Running in round just watching the sun get brighter. Then considering my parents might be looking for me, I'd go running back home hopping not to have worried them. As always, only my father would be looking for me, cause how it worked was I was my father's favorite and my sister would be my mom's favorite cause Jocelyne would only wake up at around eleven o'clock and she never gave no trouble, was always calm and lazy. But the love would always be there equally and sempiternal.

At the age of five years old it was time for us to be starting school. WE went at Ecole St-Victor in Alfred, Ontario. We also had started ballet lessons and piano. Weekdays was school and Saturdays was later in the afternoon our piano lessons. Besides being very busy we still found time to go play with our friends. WE took our courses given by a brother of the church, reknown from the Alfred reform Jail. This brother when giving us the classes would make us sit down in a perfect position with our hands always on top making sure it didn't touch the border of the piano or he would hit our hands with a ruler. It hurted so much and we were so afraid that I made it to 6 University Degrees in Piano. I still have bad dreams regarding the hitting of my hands.

Thou parents had bought us a pool which I thought was altogether so very nice. We also owned a little shanty where we'd go play with our dolls and as a child, we were always bellyful and if you were looking for me, I was always to be found in the garden where green is the land and where my daily steps in jocund childhood played. In our first year at school, we were very eager to start of course and when you start little school everyone gets assigned to a tutor. Mine was so very nice and named Nadia. Sometimes we'd be playful and it would be pleasant and when Nadia would come to get me and I didn't want to go so I took her hand and bit her and, in those days, so young I just wanted to play to be a little popinjay and never meant to hurt her. We say each other later on in life I apologized and we both laughed at this because well its not really funny but she still carried the bit mark on her hand till this day from me. I was such a whirligig and restless. My mother of course would always look at my sister and say she is a paragon you could partake after your sister she would tell me. Oftentimes I'd observe then left officiousness to go rollerblading on the roads with my friends the oddly I would hear my dad calling me. Our house had four bedrooms upstairs, and one of them was for the guests and one of my mom's sister was a nun and had came over for the weekend and I loved her so much the things she would always bring me and or make me do. I remember one night I went to sleep in her bed with her cause I couldn't sleep and I had a dream I was piing in the toilet but woke up and I had pied on her and she screamed but we ended up laughing about it and forgave me.

Reaching grade 3 in school, my teacher, Mrs. Day was a very nice teacher. At one time she gave us a test and told us that whoever wrote from 1 to 100 the fastest would win a plane toy. There was 22 of us in the classroom and me and another boy won, we had finished first at the same time so we each got us a little plane toy. Just those little things when you're in little school that makes you so happy. And on another day in winter months our hole classroom were wondering looking outside at the fence and I was dared to go put my tongue on it to see if it was true that it could be stuck there or not and of course as naïve as I was of course its my tongue that was on that fence and did I ever pass hours stuck with everyone laughing at me until a teacher came out and poored water on my tongue and it unglued to the fence, I was bleeding, crying and humiliated but hey of course someone had to be the brave one trying this and yes me. This little school, it was supposed to be pleasant but its funny how back in the days it used to be and work. I was always at the principal's office at least once a week with the same others getting the 1-foot hard **strap** either on our hands or on our butts after being asked where we wanted it from this principal. Then my parents got tired of hearing me cry every day and started researching schools for me entering grade 6, so she found a private girl's school in Vankleek Hill, nuns were the owners, teachers of this place called a Convent. You would get there on Sunday nights then picked up on Fridays at noon. Sunday nights you could hear all the girls crying just for having been brought to the convent home sick already, oh yes so was I.

Louise Barrette

This place this convent was huge, held over 100 dormitories, a chapel, around 20 classrooms, 2 big dinning rooms holding around 100 students and 3 big playrooms. Many, many stairs and all teachers were Nuns. In each of these little rooms we had a washing bowl and a bed along with a small closet. So, grade 6th passed, then grade 7th also passed, then grade 8 started. This convent was somewhat sometimes a fun place to be but also a place at other times we just wanted to run away. When we were eating and some girls played a joke of initiation and they would put salt in the sugar box and since I loved sugar, I had poured salt in my cereals and the nuns would force us to eat it or we'd be punished. Even sometimes when they would cook eggs, they would not cook them good at were so gooey and slimmy and I was poured a lot at one point I was left 2 hours in the dinning room, forced to eat these eggs that were sitting in my plate. It was hell and beyond. My dear fun had an end in May, 1981 when my mom had called the convent to let the nuns know what had happened and said that she was going to pick and Jocelyne up but not to tell us anything. For me I thought she was just picking us up early because she missed us. When I got in the car it was my cousin Robert driving and my mom had water all over her eyes. I got scared and asked her what was wrong and then she turned and said that my father had passed away from this was his 4th hearth attack. He was everything to me, he worked a lot, worked all his life at the Ottawa general Hospital as a Porter, had a big garden, and farm at home with us also, a water delivery company, 110 acres of animals, a cheese factory and 15 acers of just corn in the field.

I remember my father with his Water truck company in a delivery on another man's farm there was a lot of horses, amazingly around 135 horses and when the older man saw me, he turned and asked me if the horse I was looking at if I wanted him because he was seeing a connection from me to this specific horse and told me to ask my father, I said hold on yes, I will ask my father. I proceeded to ask my father and he said yes. I was just so happy and couldn't believe it that I was bringing this horse home. The older man said, don't worry I will bring it to your house by daylight the following day. He asked me how I would name him, I said "Candy". I couldn't wait till the next day to wake up and see if it was for real. Of course, the next morning I was up by 6am and first thing I did was look outside and there was Candy.

The things I remember is I was the only one that could approach Candy. He would not like anyonelse but me and at one point my father had tried to approach Candy and the horse would lift up to scare my father. I was the only one.

And if you remember I had told you that in the Village of Alfred, Ontario we had a place called College of Reform for men, was a jail and sometimes these guys would run away and one time one had run away and was hung in our barn where Candy was and this is where my father had his fourth heart attack and I was the one who had found my dad along with everything else.

Life would change starting now forever. Then coming back to us being picked up at the convent being told my father died of his fourth heart attack,

Now before getting at our house, our home, I saw many cars and was so scared. My mother started to cry because she knew I wasn't going to be ok with all this news and got out of the car and ran into the house never looked at no one, just ran to my room and screamed and cried. I threw everything that I could everywhere, breaking things and crying.

My sister took it calmer than me but I could. I turned into this person that I didn't even know myself what was happening anymore. Just screaming this cant be happening not my father Nooo.

Days passed and we had the funeral and since my father was part of The Chevalier Colomb all the members were there, his friends, our friends from school and many more plus our family. When he was exposed, I went for a walk and since I was in grade 8 going into grade 9 in Alfred there was always an initiation where if you get caught, they paint on you throw you eggs, much more and it just so happened I walked into that night and I was assaulted and they didn't know I was at my father's funeral but I was in trouble. My mother eventually found me sitting in fron t of the store and started screaming at me that it wasn't time to be playing, I was crying devestately and telling her what happened and told me to get in the car and she was has shocked as I was. When we barried my father it was so important, the members of The Chevalier Colomb were all lined up dressed up with armour suits and hats lining up the coffin. After the funeral I knew our lives would changed forever. It started with an auction selling all his machinery for farming, his water truck, the cows, my own horse. I didn't know who I was anymore, who knew what they would do with me. Inside me I would talk to my father and ask him to protect me in all this.

We had plans before his passing, we were suppose to buy this home, I remember it very well, down Smyth road in Ottawa right in front of the school we were going to attend for grade 9 for me where suits were brown and beige. Another private school but boys were this time included. Well. We never bought this house and other plan were also starting. One of my mother's sister's Agathe Chiasson was suddenly living at our house in Alfred, taking care of us and our mother, she was glued to us all of a sudden telling my mother to sell everything fast, made us leave our piano lessons, our ballet classes, guitar, flute, majoretes and the worst was coming to tell my mother to sell the family home, our farm and move in with her in the City of Ottawa in a small appartement. For me I got so scared, what my father dies and I see everything falling apart and now tearing us apart. Then my mother was getting sick because she missed my father so very much, she couldn't bear having lost my father. And so, as I was coming down the stairs from my bedroom, I saw my aunt only wearing a bra and a slip skirt asking or should I say telling my mom she had to sell asap and move to Ottawa right away, and I screamed, I took a drawer not realising what was in it and I threw it at my aunt screaming were not moving anywhere telling her to stop this is too quick and unfortunately this drawer was the one holding all the best knives we had and mind you she sustained just a few scratches. Well my aunt it was just to her advantage and turned and looked at me and said that I had done it that this was it and she called the police plus Children's Aid. My mother never had any chance to talk and I was screaming crying, no not this, mom no, please don't let her do this. Well I was placed with Children's Aid and moved to Bourget in this good family home.

My life changed so quick, now while living with this new family I had overheard that my aunt had been thrown out of our family home telling her what did you think Louise also lost her father and that my mother said that she wasn't going anywhere and stay until she figures things out. Since Bourget was not too far from Alfred the family, I was living with had family in Alfred and they lived right on the highway in the village of Alfred. And they owned a French fry stand and in front of their house there was a huge deck to sit and look at traffic. They also had a daughter my age and while sitting and looking at cars passing, we then saw a towing coming with a car being towed. It was a bad accident telling from the shape of the car but the thing is the more it came closer the more I could see that it was my mother's car and oh no it was my mother's car. She was the one that had the accident just one day before she was to pick me up from this family I was living at in Bourget. I ran inside telling this family screaming I just seen my mother's car in the back of a towing all accidented that it was my mother and that I needed to call and until they also realised it, they let me use the telephone to call home to inquirer. My sister Jocelyne answered and said she was home with our cousins and that they were heading to the hospital and before I even had time to ask to tell her where I was so someone could pick me up, she hung up the telephone. No one ever picked me up. When my father had passed it was already unbearable and now my sister was beside my mother and I am left behind. My father had died on the 6th of May 1983 and on November 11 1983 is my mom's car accident and my mother's passing was on the 11 of November 1984 one year exactly in the hospital. No one picked me up to be by my mother's bed side also and a week had passed the family where I lived are the ones that arranged for me to visit my mother, they are the ones that made the decision because they knew it wasn't right what was happening and while I was beside her the only thing, I was saying is please don't take her too. Please God this would be too hard.

Later on in that same day I called at home again to try to find out what had happened to my mother and my sister told me that she had gone in Ottawa to buy herself a nice suit because she thought she had nothing nice enough to wear to come pick me up from this family's home in Bourget and started telling me that it was my fault if my mother had this accident and it would have never happened if she would have never had to pick me up and I answered why did no one go with her? She hung up the phone and never talked until Christmas happened. Now of course I knew nothing was the same anymore and I knew I was never coming back home to my room or see my things again. I kept asking God why both my parents, why take both many questions I had. And while still living in Bourget there was this girl that came to live there also and she would always try to run away and eventually she got placed in the City in a home and when she left we both cried and said that we would write to each other and stay in touch and then two weeks later I had a call that she wanted to see me. She was in the hospital with a 3rd degree burn resulting from using products on floors to clean while on her knees and putting some dangerous wax also on these floors and while she had a cigarette it ignited and she blew on fire. She had so many bandages and was crying when she saw me well so was I, and I can still hear her saying my name as I had entered the room. Today she is fine, living with the scars and back living with her own family.

For me it was starting at an innocent age and I didn't know the value of money. My parents had never shown that had a lot of money because they had brand new clothes or nice cars. We had to go to church every Sunday for me to have my very first pair of jeans. They had worked all their lives just to put money away. They only money part I remember has a child is when the neighbours house was on fire my mother had given me a little cardboard box and told me to go sit in my barbie house and wait for her to call me to come out. I went in the little house and of course even told not o open that box I opened it and it was well packed and just full on one-hundred-dollar bills and thought to myself if I take one, she will never know and so I did and not too long after I hear my mother calling me telling me its safe to come back and bring back the box. Just one hour shy she calls me back in the house and asked me if I took something and I said of course not. She dazed at me and told me Louise, I know you took one hundred dollars from it all and I was shocked and gave it back. You see how calculated she was. So, its obvious the family knew how much money they had because while my mother was in the hospital every family member would come sit beside my mom trying to get her to sign the will they had prepared in their names and in which they had to write to take care of us till we were 18 years old. And my mother had a few sisters which there was, Cecile, Agathe, Beatrice, Rosalia and there was two brothers Andre and Phillippe. The part where it hurts me the most is their wills they would bring and they never would see me that I could see what they were doing. The only thing in their heads was the thought of the money and who was going to win. I can just still think of my aunt Agathe and she would sit at the end of my mom's bed and stick a needle in my mom's toe trying to wake her up so my mother would sign the will to her. Nurses would see this too but when seen on the spot they would ask them to leave but and my mother had a head tumor making her deteriorate. So, until the fact of not knowing who was going to win me and my sister, we temporarily lived my cousin Robert's home in Ottawa. Of which again my sister was already there but I was picked up on the 25th of December 1983, exact day. So, my mother in the end signed the will to my cousin Robert.

When my parents were alive, they did keep her brother Andre's 4 children home from New Brunswick at our house in Alfred so they could go to the Ottawa University for a few years at no cost because my parents loved them as their own also. And there was also on my dad's side his twin brother's 2 daughters that was also living with us and this is how big our house was. Also full of love it was. Every year Christmas was at our house and the family was pretty big and same as every other holidays. And since my parents have passed away, I never saw any holiday or asked to go anywhere, I lost my hole family and why, because of money. We were young and innocent and what money went we didn't know well at least I didn't know but my hole family seemed to know how much money they had. Which is probably why they always visited sucking up and being nice with us and the worst is that my cousin that kept us prohibited anyone to come near us. My cousin that I say won custody of us was very smart and you'll see. He did what was written in the will but re arranged it as it went. One thing that was not said in the will was to threaten a 14-year-old girl with if she did sign 10 out of 15-dollar bonds of 5 thousand to ten thousand dollar each telling her that if she didn't sign, she wouldn't have clothes to go to school or any food of course I signed but I was also very scared. I knew it was wrong but what if it was true. I did go with him at the bank to sign them looking at tellers with a story in my eyes for which I was hoping they would make it stop. The worst is looking at this will today, I also paid my Christmas gifts given to me from my cousin, my calls I made to the hospital and my rent to him and to another place I was living.

(Amount in papers and the will goes in this page, one million two hundred and fifty dollars and 2 houses along with three pieces of land property.)

My cousin Robert lived in Vanier, Ontario right near my new dedicated high school only two steps away from my front door. That was the 1rst of January 1984 and my mother is still in the hospital. Robert was also not married and two other men were living there. What a good judgement that it was fine that we lived there don't you think.

When we were not nice, he would send us to our room and it was mostly me of course because remember my sister has always been no trouble and an angel so I was always in my bedroom and he would lock me in there with help of locks. I just wanted to be beside my mothers' bed at the hospital because she was dying of a Cancer, brain tumor, so one night I made the decision to think of a way that I could run away and looking at the possibilities. I jumped in the window and put one foot out and had one foot inside and my options were if I fall inside, I stay but if I fall outside, I run. There was a 9-foot fence with sharp ends I had to jump over but ended up I fell out and ran like hell and punctured one hand very deeply blleding and still ran and took a OC transpo bus and explained to the bus driver what happened and when I got at the hospital the nurse I explained everything and she got me a little bed so I could sleep beside my mother's bed.

The next day came the worst but before I continue let me explain a little bit about my cousin Robert's life. Every weekend while living at my cousin's house he'd have a party where he'd cook crab for him and his friends only while asking us to stay in our bedrooms. When we first moved in he had a girlfriend name Debbie, so beautiful with long blond hair, I can still see her face. Once I heard them fighting talking so loud I came out of my room to make it stop and at the same time he was hitting her and slaping her and it ended up she left him of course and I never forgave him. My cousin had these eyes looking at me and turned back going to my room crying and thinking everytime someone is nice they are pushed.

Now continuing on my next worst day at the Hospital, I saw the police and Children's Aid walking towards my mother's room along with my cousin and sat me in front of my cousin asked me what was wrong but I was so afraid of him I said nothing. The police brought me right back home and more in my file at Children's Aid. I went to my room crying and tried to think of ways out and to never be found this time. For me I was just trying to find help. One week later I ended up walking 8 miles in the snow since it was winter and I was given only running shoes and a light jacket for the reason I couldn't run away like this because I'd freeze but of course I froze but I needed help and I walked it. What happened you think, well now children's aid listened to me but drove me back to my cousin not believing what my cousin did was wrong. Growing up I never had thoughts of running away, I was happy never did I need to run away. I used to run in corn fields, go work with my father, we had all animals on the farm, we were living the life but it was never shown there was money involved. I feel like in my forehead it said big enough (PLEASE HELP ME) My sister she had already met her now husband at the age of 15 years old and it still with him till this day. She moved out quick from my cousin's house and her life was already happily planned. How my sister met her husband was my father's work he had met a guy named Pierre and he was always at our house helping my father and this one day he brought his little brother which ended up being my sister's first crush now only husband. Me and my father were sometimes playing in the garden and we both fell in the garden from laughing too much and at the same we'd cry from it. Pierre was my fathers' best friend.

Now my life until I reach the age of 17 years old or close is coming.

Since I was so miserable and felt like a jail for me at Robert's house, I gave a lot of thought and decided to run away for good and making sure that no one finds me including the police or Children's Aid. I went living with a girlfriend of mine that told me she'd help me. I stayed with her for a week then I met a guy named Gillus made him my first-time passionate sex. I kind of ran away from him because he was so possessive just as much as my cousin would be and it became too painfull to relive again. I had gone back at Johanne's house but they had a big family and I felt like too much but the worst is that I was almost found at her house Then she talked about a friend of hers that didn't live too far from her house and I met the person seemed ok, and after being there 1 day found that there was a lot of in and out in that house and I would always wonder why but I didn't ask any questions. I took a bunk bed upstairs and I felt safe with these people that lived there and oh that was my biggest mistake ever to not have seen what was yet to happen to me. This house was known for selling drugs and the people that would come in and out were unknowns at times and some ended up being so on drugs and one came to my room and I was sleeping. I had never told no one till being open about it now. I woke up and the guy was raping me and I screamed but there was such loud music no one heard me. I cried and cried and then called another girlfriend of mine to go live with her and her parents.

Then my life turned around when I started to work at the Cineplex and met my very first long-term boyfriend Michael. Me and Michael were so happy, so passionately in love great at everything together. I moved in to his family home in Gatineau, Quebec where it was him and his mother upstairs. We had the hole basement to ourselves. The passion sexually was perfect in everyway as we tried it all. After being together for 2 years and my last month to work at Cineplex Michael wanted to to buy himself a Harley Davidson and I was fine with this and since one of his sister's, Micheline was married with Hells Angels, the sculpture for them had a lot of great connections for the perfect motorcycle at a low cost. We went down for a week at their house in St-Foy Quebec. Beautiful drive. As we arrived there it was welcoming then coming in the house was stunning furniture and then a pittbull with this huge metal necklace full of picks I got so scared. When Richard was around it was fine. But Richard would always go in basement to work and I fell asleep on the couch and I woke up with the dog on top of me and he was growling like he wanted to eat me alive so I was whispering Richard's name because I thought this was it for me. I held on to his necklace and a minute counted. Richard just happened to come back up in time and seen the dog. Richard then shown us what the dog could do has he was trained to hold on to a 5-foot bar with his teeth and tear a tire also and more. I looked at Michael and asked if we could leave earlier to make up an excuse.

We came back home 3 days earlier and I went back to work while Michael started to make friends bikers in our area in Gatineau, Quebec. One for sure was the Kid which Michael really got along with and I thought he was so cute and Michael knew that so Michael had arranged for the Kid's sister to hop on Michael's bike and for me to ride behind The kid but when they showed up like this at my work I panicked and thought he was hurting me right in my face and started to run for the girl and the kid got mad and started to try to ram me over with his Motorcycle until the story came out and I apologized but they shouldn't have played a game like this without advising me first. And since Michael had bought his motorcycle, these games kept on coming unannounced. But since we lived together, we tried to make the best out of things, our lives, work. We ended up going to visit his sister in Quebec, St-Foy for another weekend shortly after. Richard, the sculpturer brought me to the basement to show me his work and oh my god, the basement was full of work he was doing. There was a huge bed with skeleton heads filled with real diamonds, and so much more. I had never seen such good wood working. In the week we were there he gave me a sculpture kit and asked me to draw what I was the best at drawing. I drew a Harley Davidson since it was the only thing, I know how to draw really good. He told me to bring it home and to sculp it. I told Richard I will and I'l make you proud. It took me a full summer outside in the yard and I wouldn't stop until I was done. It is a great passion for me to be able to do this. When we went back up to St-Foy Quebec, I showed Richard and he was going to train me more to do big pieces, but he was amazed at the work I had done. I then told him someone is willing to pay me $ 4 thousand dollars for my work and he told me "Sell it" I did. Richard was such a good man and such a good brother-in-Law. My last visit the cat was thee and ended up being shot a day later that I was there. No idea what happened. I always thought of the Hell's angels to be very bad people but after getting to know some they mostly had great careers but all started as primitives at some point. But for me Richard and Micheline were like gold because they had showed me skills so one day I could maybe take the business over.

To continue my Hell's Angels story will come soon in this story. But in the meantime, my sister Jocelyne's wedding was coming up and I knew about it but my sister was so afraid of being close to me and mind you I did try drugs but was never on drugs or was never an alcoholic either. I admit I was scary back then but not really me but the people that hung around me. I had the Hell's Angel on one side and the Toronto Mafia at some point. (Carlos and Tony) I was never invited to my sister's wedding and it hurted but I wanted to be there and I showed up with Michael and my sister while walking back the isle saw me and started to cry and held me as we both cried. So, in love with Michael and passionate remaind our love was suppose to be forever. It was amazing but not far from another disaster. Michael had started to go out alone with these guys at bars was having too much fun while leaving me home. Strip bars I found out and my mind started to juggle. Until one night that he'd come home and I told him screaming, you want to hand out there now well if you keep it up you will see me there one day soon. He laughed and said sure, oh but I meant it. I started to hand out at the Pigale and meet all the guys downstairs and all the girls upstairs with my plan and practicing discussions. They were training me while Michael was at work and I was sure he wouldn't show up while I was there. I was so shy and I kept on telling all my new friends I'll let you know when I am ready. So I planned it and once I said I was ready I had bought this bunny suit and some sexy lingerie and practiced. Some men were pigs and some were just there to talk and look. And I made sure that my first-time on-stage Michael was going to be there with his friends. Michael walked in with his friends and saw me and all hell broke loose and he ran to me grabbed me brought me outside to leave but he was so upset when he got on his motorcycle, he flipped backwards with it. We discussed and he promised he would stop and it worked for a while and we were back to happy.

Louise Barrette

As I am still 17 years old close to 18 I was against to law to do this work. Michael and I were to be soon married and the games we played to each other caused a lot of pain. First love is always painfull because both we were still adventuring life and itself. We had hurt each other with other people as close as neighbours to some at his work or mine. But we managed to get through all of it as our love was powerfull. Then when you think problems are over I followed Michael one night to find him talking at this girl he had an affair with and overheard her saying she was pregnant and I ran home waiting for the right time to confront him with this and of course Michael never shared this with me and time passed where I carried this in me for a long time. And myself in the meantime I started to play too and although I knew this guy was not for me I still saw this other guy to hurt Michael as much as I was hurt but both didn't' know right. But I did it to hurt Michael has bad as the news of this other girl that was pregnant. It was bound for a war soon. The guy I was seeing behind Michael knew I was about to inherit money and this hole time this guy was just recently separated and had a daughter which he kept on telling me that I will marry him instead and this was it and with the money that I will bring he will be able to have full custody of his daughter by this. I got afraid and said why is this my responsibility and because I had said this I had 5 people showing up at my door which included him and I was so afraid that I had put scissors in my back pants in case and turns out I was beat up so bad and this guy is even the one that brought me to the hospital while the doctor was asking me if I was able to tell him who did this to me while I gave this look to this guy meaning I will get you back. Just so happens when I came out I was surrounded by these friends of Michael and some mine and I told this guy if you ever come close to me I will tell and well see what happens to him.

LB.22

My life was starting to haunt me with different people from Michael's friends to then the Mafia from Toronto and so on. I always remained cleared of trouble so I could keep my good name even though I was surrounded. I had some friends that all had Harley Davidson and looked at me and said Well Louise were going back home we won't see you again because we don't want to be blamed that we helped you spend money. So now me and Michael started to have less friends for a while. I inherited and we moved to the one I inherited plus I was given my first amount and the wedding was to happen in two months from the day we moved there. I ended up finishing my grade 12 in a few months and time was coming for this wedding. I had left my Mafia friends and he had left a lot of his guy friends as we were working normal jobs but this one-night Michael felt the need to go out and asked me if it was ok if he went out with his friends and I had said of course and to go have fun. I ended up going in Hull, Quebec and stopped at the Rafman a very friendly bar, to see that Michael was sitting with this girl that had told him she was pregnant of him and I confronted her to be told to go home and I would get an explanation later. It took a lot to calm me down but I did go home. When Michael came home he told me that she was not getting an abortion and she was going to keep the baby just to be a nuisance to us, and I got so upset I called the wedding off and to move out. I had also left my house a week later afterward and went to live with a friend in Gatineau. His name was John an ex popoye but was only a friend. And I started to hang out into strip bars but not dancing I didn't need to right I was already given the beginning of my inheritance. I kept it quiet. John had a 3-Wheeler Harley Davidson. My other Harley Davidson friends included a lot from ex groups but we were all unnamed or from past groups. Some owned a Harley shop in Gatineau. Turns out this one night at the bar there was 2 tall handsome men wow to my eyes so I went to sit with them and started conversation. Turns out these two were from the United States and were here on a business trip and their work was they were FBI Agents. I looked around the bar and had so much fun just chatting with these two men.

Then has the night was passing and it was pleasant I turn to see this guy that was threatening me because I didn't want to marry him when I inherited for him to be able to have custody of his daughter and he had seen me too and gave me the eyes of waiting for me the fear came that I was going to die that night and I told these two men why this guy was trying to get my attention and the two men told me they will help me. I looked at them and they told me to get in their vehicle and we would make sure this guy would follow us in the woods and sure enough he did. This guy came out with a baseball bat threathening us telling me if I didn't go with him I will pay a price and that's when these two guys ran after him and tied him up and beat him as I was shaking sitting in this truck but I looked at this guy with strenght and went to see him after ward with these two guys beside me still telling him that if he didn't leave me alone this would not end well and he had told me that he was sorry and that he never meant to hurt me but I looked back and said you already did beat me and you are the one that had me in your arms when you beat me. So do not tell me you never hurt me. I told him he was lucky he didn't die and to change his life. He did. I needed such a break and asked a girlfriend if she wanted to come with me to Los Angeles for a trip that I would cover and she said yes. I am smiling as I am writing this part because of good memories but a story also. We were to be there for 2 weeks. WE put on our bathing suit and our snowsuit on top that's it because in Gatineau we were winter days and our bags were packed and ready the limousine picked us up brought us at the Ottawa Airport and we left. This is my pretty woman tale you will read. We got to Toronto then took the next last flight to LA. When we got to LA at the Airport it a little late and we could not find out luggage and we felt stupid because we had only our bathing suit under and we were told the come the next day at the airport to find our luggage. SO, we took a taxi that brought us to this magnificiant hotel for the rich. I tried to book the hotel, they don't know us and one lady had looked at us and told us we didn't belong in this Hotel and I looked at her and said you don't know us why would you say that. I looked at my friend and said ok our money is not good there afterall so fine. We then went across the street where we were not judged and had clothes delivered to us from a store until we could go get our luggage the next day.

It had already cost me 7 thousand dollars for the tickets and the trip itself and had brought 5-thousand-dollar cash and in those days that was a nice trip. WE visited a few places as the Price is Right to Hollywood Boulevard. Then we mostly hanged out on Venice Beach we were happy with being there and Cassidy's bar. Our two weeks passed extremely fast but it was the best trip still in my life and still today. On Venice Beach there is a fenced spot which is called Muscle Beach where while in LA this would be the only famous person, I ever seen which was Hulk Hogan and the Gladiator Girls. WE rollerbladed this hole vacation. But with the best memories.

When we got back from Los Angeles, I believe this is where I passed my teenage fun days as it will be defined in **Part 11.**

Louise Barrette

Part 11 Justify

When I got back from Los Angeles, I of course living at John's house I bought myself a Harley Davidson, a 1340 FLX and it was huge to me but I wanted this specific one. At the time I only weighed 105 pounds and never driven a motorcycle before but when you're those young nothing scares you right. Some of my friends from Black Lake in Quebec had come to visit me to teach me how to ride my motorcycle. I practised on the Highway 50 In Gatineau as the expansion of the highway was built but not yet opened to the public. I did have a lot of falls but came back up and tried again until I felt ready to go get my motorcycle driver's licence. In our group there was 9 men and one woman. John having his three-wheeler was always the first in line and then the old Indian then me and others in the back. We left Blvd. Lorrain in Gatineau headed towards Maisonneuve road going towards the Interprovincial bridge to go on the Ontario side and there was a parade that we were going through and before the last turn to head to the bridge John turned and the Indian then I was looking at the OC Transpo Bus coming and since I had to either lean on the right or left if I stopped at the light I figured I had time but if I pressed on the gas quickly and I did but as I passed I felt the vibration of the bus so close to missing me and it did miss me so I was so proud that I put my feet up on the pegs I had put and going up the hill there were people were just looking at us and amazed and screamed loud wow look at the tiny girl on this motorcycle and on top of the hill right before the bridge John was stopped at the red light which I panicked and forgot how to brake since so many people are looking I just seen starts and went right in John's behind hitting him at full speed and the problem is I never let go of the handles and I flew on the side of the bridge that oncoming cars were coming and the motorcycle fell on top of me one handle bar in my right arm and the peg in my right leg. I just remember John standing on top on me and removing my bike slowly and saying that he needed to get my motorcycle to a friend's house close by, I heard a police officer and heard the ambulance that is it then once I woke up I remember the doctor telling me I will be lucky if I can walk again. After a few months I came out of the hospital in one piece and all was working and I could walk but had scars. I managed to come out of this.

LB.1

Louise Barrette

They say if after a fall or an accident you have to get back on your motorcycle or be afraid forever. I got my on my motorcycle that was to be too big for me and known by a few by now. I thought I was invincible and nothing could stop me. I went to a party in Calabogie Ontario with my friends and as we drove there it was fine but we hardly had any stops to do so it went easy. As we got there, there was a huge hill to actually get to this party and I suddenly felt scared and Donna Lynn told me to get on her bike she would bring me on top of the hill and she would go back to get my motorcycle and bring it up then I can take over so I can drive myself inside the party. So after all this I got back on my motorcycle and drove through the party as everyone's did and again I couldn't stop and drove right in the doors of the barn, so many people saw this but the thing is at this party it was full of Outlaws but the party started and I had met someone that we clicked together and he was an Outlaws himself. After the weekend passed at this party, he asked me if I would go to the Ottawa Exposition with him and I said yes of course. We parked our motorcycle in a paid parking and we started to walk in and I had my 2 gloves and I removed them and held them with me. As were walking I saw that I had lost a glove and looked at him and had this gut feeling that was a sign that my motorcycle was gone and I said I want to leave and he asked me why and I said I had this feeling and sure enough my motorcycle was not there anymore and I flipped and ran towards any vans that was around and made them stop for me to look if my motorcycle was in their vans and I never found it and I just asked to go home and he brought me home. A week later I had a visit at my home telling me everyone knows this motorcycle is too big for me and to take my insurance money and to buy a smaller motorcycle so I don't kill myself but I took it wrong and was so insulted war started because now I knew where my motorcycle was and then it started that my friend's motorcycle was being targeted and same thing happened until I said no more.

I changed my life in some ways being a motorcycle chick to a California girl dream. I went back to Los Angeles and rented a beautiful Condo at Marina Del Ray but still had ties to the Tradewinds Hotel where my friend the owner was. Lived in Los Angeles for 4 months then came back to Canada for the rest. When I was in Canada at my house in Alfred, Ontario I was seeing my girlfriend's brother Sergio my girlfriend that I had went to Los Angeles with the first time. Me and him had such a sexual passion it was crazy but we never became boyfriend and girlfriend because it was better this way because we couldn't hurt each other as we were both so hot. And he always also had a motorcycle and knew the same people I knew. I would see him each time I'd be back from Los Angeles. In Los Angeles my friend's name was Devy and he had a sister and a brother name Ilva and Cokaty. Me and Devy would go bicycling down at Venice Beach almost everyday and do things and Devy believed in not having sex whatsoever until married but only with the person he really loved. If he didn't love the person he would though and he really loved me make he his queen since he was a billionaire. Devy always had 4 bodyguards around him at all times except when we were alone in a house. For me it was a lonely life where he would give me money and tell me to get busy while he was busy doing business and I tried to pass time but loneliness began. At one time we drove to Los Vegas for a weekly trip and again it was like that him with his 4 body guards and me alone given money to spend on my side. So, living the life there was beautiful but lonely. And when I got back from Los Vegas, I took the plane to come back to move out of John's house into a new place in Aylmer, Quebec where I had opened up my own tanning salon so I could get to meet girls and guys and make new friends.

This new place in Aylmer had an underground pool, my tanning salon and was at a corner merging to the Ottawa River. Sergio would meet me home and we'd leave for weeks at a time always on no where's' and we didn't even would think of it and time always flew by so quick. I loved him so much and mutually and it was both our decision to not actually say the words that we were an item together so this way what we felt and experienced was always the best. And so, three months had passed and I was going back to Los Angeles but started to feel a little sick and took a pregnancy test before I had even bought my ticket. I found out by this home test I was pregnant but I didn't believe it so I made a doctor's appointment for the following day before I head back to Los Angeles. I was shocked when I received the telephone call to tell me that it was true, I was pregnant. I sat for hours thinking was I ready to have a child and without hesitation I said nothing. Nothing to no one in this regard because I wanted this baby for myself. So my passion with Sergio kept on going and I went to Los Angeles and met with Devy it was to now tell him. I also had to tell Sergio back home but I was thinking still if I really wanted to tell. I got to my Condo at Marina Del Ray in Los Angeles and Devy met me there and we ate dinner overlooking at these mansion boats leaving the harbour and we went for a walk touring around the Marina as the passerells had ponds on each sides and these little red fish would flow by it was beautiful and peaceful. Devy was one to socially drink but never something strong has whiskey or anything like that. I forgot to mention that Devy was an Indian man and was tall and sexy, and his religion was why he couldn't have sex before marriage and he respected that and so did I. I was fine with Sergio when I was back home but I also know Devy had someone on the side also because I once saw him in the hotel's hot tub with this woman with black hair of which I had just walked to my bedroom and confronted him the next day to know then I realized I was not in love with him because to me if he loved me really and by his religion he wouldn't have done this but yet again for me back home I was also doing it so I let it go. So for me to get even with Devy I went and sat with him back at the Marina at my condo and I said to him that I had something to tell him.

Devy was only wearing a pull-on white skirt, so sexy he looked and was walking bare foot when he asked me what did I want to tell him and I said listen I saw with this girl in the hot tub and I realised that the games have to stop and that me too back home I had an episode and that I was now pregnant. Well, he went pale and walked towards that bar in the room and filled up a glass with Whiskey and he swallowed it in one second and looked at me and said that I had ruined his dreams and I said no, my dreams. And then he was crying and I was too but the reality is we were hurting each other and I explained to begin that I was never happy to always be left alone everywhere and for him to have his bodyguards constantly beside him wherever we are and go this was not a life even though it was paradise. I told him I loved him but, in my heart, only and that I couldn't show him anymore. He said to me he had plans to marry me and make love to me and travel the world with me make me the happiest and richest person on hearth and I believed him and he also told me to think about if I really wanted to keep the baby or to have an abortion as I still had time and I looked at him and said Devy you have a 9 year old already, he was once married and divorced and I said although I recognize his religion I wasn't going to have an abortion because its not like me and for me there was a reason I was pregnant and my beliefs were I was given this pregnancy as a gift of life. We then made the decision of staying friends and to let me know if I ever had a different decision when my baby would be born. For me I could not believe he gave me these two choices I was so mad. As If I would have an abortion or give me baby away, when he already had one himself. SO, I came back home to prepare a plan to hurt him back.

I took the plane and came back from my glamorous life in LA and it was ok cause myself I had inherited money so I was fine. I called Sergio we had a very good night then the next night I went at the Pigale in Gatineau just to see some friends and mingle and whom do I see was the guy that had threatened me that if I wouldn't marry him for him to have custody of his daughter and he sae me too and smiled and I looked at him with a crooked head cause that was too smooth that he didn't come for me but then he walked out and so did a lot of people and I followed to see what had happened and I could see him walking with an axe in his hands and it looked like he was waiting for someone and the second I thought like this a car drove in and because I believe this was already planned just like when he had beat me in the past he makes this car stop beside me where this girl in the car kept screaming to leave her alone and I looked at him and he glazed at me and told me to leave but not to anyone's but I refused and he lifted his arms and axed through the windshield of this car and cut the girl's throat and then he hoped in the car and left with her, I just remember her name and it was Julie or Nathalie. I was traumatized by this and just went home and my head kept on twirling of what if he came for me again, what did this girl do for him to do such an act. And by the time the police came no one would talk. I remember that day so good even if it's a little blurry. I just wanted him to be very afraid of me with memory of the two big FBI agents that brought him to the woods when I was the one being threatened. I look back and I know I had my fair share of scaring people in bad ways but I never killed anyone. For me my only revenge was my tutor that stole a lot of money from my parents that had beat me up as a child and him also but I also wanted to hurt Devy legally.

It turns out and I don't know why God gave me this hoop but I lost my child out of doing too much exercise and it took me a while to come back morally but I didn't let Devy know either because to me he was showing me that it was ok for him to have children already but not for me. So, I moved on in my life and to get morally better I found a job in a gym. Al's Gym in Hawkesbury, Ontario. And this is where I was training to become Miss Ottawa in light weights. One month of working in the gym I met my very best friend Micha which grew us to go out every weekend to then after work hours we would walk the hole main drive in Hawkesbury the hole month to then see two limousines drive by and stop beside us to ask us if we were interested in going to a Roch Voisine concert that same night and I couldn't believe it until the end limousine opened the window and I saw him. I was such a Roch Voisine fan back then. I sat on stage with Roch and Micha sat with the light guy. I had such an amazing time and I will never forget this concert. Actually, till now that was my only concert I ever went to. After that weekend we started to go out to a bar in Grenville called the York, and our friendship grew and so did our circle of friends, I'd say this was my most popular years. In Los Angeles I had a fancy lifestyle and now a fit lifestyle with many fit friends. Then nearing the end of that summer Micha got much more comfortable with me and every time we'd go to a bar, she would make me drive her car back home and lye for her because she was still married but played around. I was single I could do what I want but my thoughts were to train train train and win a fit contest and had no time. So my friend Micha would start leaving with guy and asking me to drive her car home since she left with the person and her car was not left there of course. I kept it discreet. I had enough of my own in life to deal with.

Still training and winter passing I was almost ready for this competition that was to be in the coming may month. Spring came and me and Micha are still doing our thing on weekends going to that same bar until me and her argued that it was unfair that I could never drink because I was always the designated driver and I could not have fun then we parted for a week and things of course got us back to talk again. It was always our same little group circle of friends in girls and guys all that were training in my gym I was working at. WE all decided to adventure a little further and go to another bar but this time in Mont St-Sauveur, Quebec. Amazing view and place and Micha had a 300 zx that was so cute and rare at that time it was a luxury fast car and looked at by a lot. It as was a high-class bar where you'd say it was people who had great careers more than just a gym trainer. So when we'd get to this bar there was a guy that would take your car and go park it for you and such a beautiful place to be. So for me and Micha we started to go there every weekend and each time again I was the one driving the car home because by now she was separated of course and I was again the designated driver and alone all the way back home, oh hold on no not true I would drive her car to her house where I had left my car at and then took my car and went home. So now on the following weekend I had in my head that I was going to play back and I met a guy and he asked me what I was doing for work in life and I told him I was a flight attendant and then I got mixed up in my lies and he saw that and I went back again to drive the car home. At this bar you had to dress up so fancy I thought it was fun because I never use to get that dressed beside's for when I used to live in Los Angeles. So the following came but this time all of our group that we hung around at the York in Grenville decided to come with us in Mont St-Sauveur on the following Saturday. Well, I never in my mind could see what would happen at any time we went there right.

We went all in and we walked for about 30 minutes in the bar and then I glanced at a man sitting at the main bar alone oh my god for once here is my style of man. Tall, black hair with a goatee well dressed in a black shirt and nice-looking pants but had a leather vest but I couldn't see just yet. I sat and started to talk with him and we got along so good. He seemed very smart and he had my full attention and I turned to look at my friends that were all shocked looking at me with the evil eyes and I turned to continue talking with him. I was wondering as to why they all gave me the evil eyes but I was not there yet to ask. His name was Peter, and his job was a Construction Manager and I saw that he was so very polite and then I looked at his vest and it said "Primitif" Hells Angels' hahaha now I know why I had gotten the evil eyes from my friends so not the same kind of people I was around anymore and my friends were too scared to even come close to me. So, I am the kind of person I will never judge a person by its cover because I was once there in Los Angeles judge for what I was wearing the first day I got there and now judge by my friends because this was not their kind. SO, I told Peter my story about my girlfriend Micha that it had been a hole year I'd be going to bars with her and I couldn't drink because I had to be driving her car back home at all times because she would always leave with a different guy each time and I was tired of that because I felt like a puppet with her. I told him I wanted to leave with him and I had already told him names of Richard the Sculpture I knew by family which was a Hell's Angels and he knew him so I knew I was in good hands personally but they didn't. He wasn't impressed with my friends telling me that if I left with him no one would ever talk to me again so I was really sad but determined I wasn't driving this car of hers back home that night because for once in one year I felt an attraction. I had a sexy dress on and he didn't even have a back seat on his motorcycle but I sat behind him and I held on to him for the drive and they were around 20 at the bar but I had never seen the others until we left.

My friends before I left told me I guess it's the last of me because I was going to be killed that night, I looked at them and said no I wont but it was in the back of my head. I did feel safe with Peter to begin and I hope he sees this book one day so I can confront any bad mouthing on us. And to see him again to thank him today. We went in his motel room and some other guys started to look in the bedroom and he got up and closed all the curtains and was telling me I was brave and that if he wasn't big like he was meaning tall and full of muscles I could have been in serious danger. I asked what kind of danger could I be in? He said woman are not respected in a group and when someone brings a new girl on site they intent to go one after the other and have sex with this one girl and that he was protecting me from any of this to happen to me just to sit and me and him kept talking the hole night as he was saying he did this for me so my friend understood she couldn't use me anymore and he said I will bring you home very early with 2 of his guys as more protection and armed out of the site and told me I was lucky that it was him and we never did have sex or anything but this friendship that I will never forget and thankful of whom he was. He told me to never do that again because others might not be as friendly and a good person such as him. SO, I made it home safe but none of my friends ever talked to me again. We both lived too far from one to the other and the crest he was wearing was when you first get to be in the group this is your job to be the Primitive. I had just respect and will never forget that my life was totally in his hands and took good care of me and very thankful. As a gift I wish I could have sculpted him a Harley to show respect. This story always came with me in my heart and still. Doesn't matter who you are or are in what matters is what's inside a person. Either you're a good person or you're totally a bad person doesn't' matter what you do or are. I have nothing against anyone as long as their nice to me, RESPECT.

So, getting back to reality I was heading to be Miss Ottawa, in a few days away from the competition and I had sponsors supporting me throughout this training also. So, everyone from the gym owner to all sponsors to friends were already in Ottawa when I had accident with my car sitting on the side of the road out in no where bunt fuck, back then no cell phones I sat on the street curb crying while the competition was happening and me not being there disappointing and ashamed. I was screamed at the next day with so many questions but after I explained they understood but my only chance at being Miss Ottawa, I had lost it being there was only 4 girls in that specific weight section of the competition I wanted to beat myself. All the hard work I had put in, the filming of my song with my poses plus the fact of losing all my friends I quit everything and again made another big change in my life. SO, what I did next was leave my job at the gym, turned the page and moved in Rockland, Ontario. I was looking now for a career a real career so I don't have to lie anymore. But before I needed a break and called Sergio and we hung out for a month while I decided what to do. Me and Sergio was such the best sex ever we knew we couldn't say no to each other we were the best for each other. Then after the month I still needed some time so I went in Los Angeles for a week visited but without seeing Devy. Just needed a real break. Then again found out I was pregnant again. Same way as before I couldn't believe it and took a home test then a doctor's test that confirmed it all and this time, I was trying to do less exercise so I wouldn't lose it. I have to believe since it was only between me and Sergio it was his but again chose to never tell him. 6 months in the pregnancy and living alone my neighbours felt sad for me that I was alone and told me they had somebody in mind for me and that he was on his was to his house and wanted me to go over so I could meet him.

Once he knew his friend was on his way to my neighbour's house, he called me to tell me to get my butt at his house. Denis was a married man, married with Susan and they had 3 kids. So, I went over and sat and waited, time passed and then the knock on the door I became so stressed out. So, three men came in the house I had no idea which one I was suppose to meet but one of them we couldn't stop looking at each other and my heart was saying I hope to God its him. But we so clicked and started to talk even before we were even introduced. He looked like the hulk to me, tall black hair with blue eyes and full of muscles another one just like Peter from Mont St-Sauveur but not a biker. Oh my god I was happy but to be told no Louise not him. Here is Juliano and I just said I apologize I do not feel so good and gave a look to Roberto and said all I had to say and see if he'd find me again. I saw them leave and that was it for a bit. Till the next week afterward. He came and knocked on my door alone and I answered and was wowed again and let him in of course. We kissed and talked and he told me his situation and we felt so lost. He explained to me that in between all this I was s bet to whom was going to have me and he didn't think that was funny because we had clicked and fell in love that day. But he was married and had 2 daughters. I felt so sad and he said that he was staying with me and never going back and called his wife right in front of me to tell her and I think I was in shock at the same time. I felt so bad for her and I had never been in that situation before but I just saw happiness I could hurt for the opposite side right.

Roberto was the love of my life and we hit it off so fast. He never had sex with me until the day he moved in which was 4 days after we met. I wasn't sure what was happening but I wasn't refusing this feeling either. And in all this remember I was by then 6 months pregnant. I had never told the father I was pregnant either because I wanted this child to me alone. Me and Roberto our lives was starting and we lived together very happy but had to go through a lot of things together also because he had hurt another woman to do this. His divorce cost him a lot of money but it was his choice. Roberto's parents were just like mine and it was not shown that they had a lot of money but mind you they had a huge home of 7 thousand square feet plus a huge double garage unattached from the house and 150 acres with all this. Other people knew they were rich but not me. They were adorable and they accepted me in the long run but it took a while. And just like my parents we always had Christmas parties at his parent's house and yes by that time I had my son and Roberto had 2 daughters. Two beautiful daughters which one of them lived with us. Two more years had passed and his father was sent at the hospital with a broken arm and this is when they found out that it was because Cancer was eating his bones in his arm and it had been for a while. His father was the mason that built the Campeau's House in Toronto. You know all these rocks that were put on this humongous house I'd say probably like 15 thousand square foot home. But his father soon had passed away and then for his mother just like my mother missed her husband so much that in the matter of one year she also passed away. I believe it today that if you are in a relationship for over 30 years and one passes away its so hard just missing the other one that moreso when aging you need each other more and the fact that you are all of sudden alone is so hard but when you are sure the other one is not coming back because they passed you collapse. I know I would.

I still believe till today that God wanted me to have a good life someone that truly loved me and give me a family life. Roberto had 3 brothers and were all married. So, when the disbursements would be was a question of whom would get the house by buying it and give in shares to the brothers or sell the house and we had offered to buy it. And afterward to separate the money that was in the bank gave us each 100 thousand dollars. So, we bought the house putting 30 thousand dollars down on our new mortgage of 150 thousand dollars for this 7 thousand square foot home and 150 acres. It was so beautiful. Then we got married on a huge boat with guests on the Ottawa River. Our lives were starting to be so good. When Roberto married me, he adopted my son also. When we first moved into the home, we fixed ourselves the driveway all in cement then we got some wood to build a horse fence taking around 15 acres of land from our rented property to a farmer for corn. And Roberto built a huge playset for the kids to play and we bought 2 trucks. WE passed 2 beautiful years just always working on the farm building things and being so happy. My life was so beautiful and my sister was also back in my life because she now saw me stable and loved Roberto also. WE had 4 horses altogether that I will never forget the road we had together and a dog named Keisha. Our families were united and I could not have asked for better and never complained and now was really the time for me to get a career since time had passed and I never had the previous time to do this and I chose to be a Medical Laboratory Assistant. So, I went to Career Canada College and it was a 6-month condensed course. We even had a water course like a little river in our back yard that we had built a bridge that our son could go fishing right in our own backyard. Then I broke a huge mirror and also got new neighbours that would change our lives forever.

Louise Barrette

Part 111 Justify

DO YOU REMEMBER THE MOVIE THE GOOD SON?

Has now we seen new neighbours move in next door we noticed they had kids and 2 of them were around my son's age. In our street on my side of the road we were 3 distant houses and on the other side there was also 3 houses but not so new houses. But they had moved right across us. And altogether as kids at the first house they had 2 kids, now them they had 3 kids and other house had 3 kids also. 5 of them same age around as our son. The others were already friends with my son and were always playing together for a year at least before they moved in front of us. But like anyone we welcomed them and their kids and just their youngest son would come play at our house because their youngest was a daughter and not very playful mostly stayed home. I never questioned anything. They all seemed like good people but a little rough to the looks but like in my story I told you I don't judge anyone and horror movies had always been on television or very far away has horrors had never happened near me. I might have seen something or two during my life but what I am about to tell you was at my house, where we had built our future where we had our first chance to make it in life at peace and love and so young still, we were close to retirement also because of the work we did and we didn't owe so much at the bank anymore. Because Roberto was a Superintendent in Construction, he was making very good money and sometimes took jobs on the side. We were almost done paying everything. I for one would show up at school with hay in my nursing uniform from cleaning the horse stalls in the morning before leaving for school. Then when we'd be home their son would show up in his jeans and shirt and always had a chain to his wallet just like what an adult would wear and it really was maybe a definition of a bully if you looked at him but was always very polite this boy.

TO the looks they looked intimidating and I was about to find out pretty quickly that they just didn't look like it but they had a big past into it. And even for me to write it, it makes me shake because I never like having to tell this story again. I should say that the same year in 1998 we had the ice storm that gave us a lot of work also on the farm and they had moved next door to us on the first of August 1998. One month before school was to re start. The first week or so we would only see them once a week coming to play over and in the second week, they would always comment that we were rich and I kept saying that we worked hard to buy this and to get where we are and we were laughed at by all of them including the kids. Then learning a bit more about them that the father had 2 teenage girls and the woman that lived with him was his new girlfriend and they met in Vanier, Ontario and this was their chance also and to be together starting a new life. And then the weekend comes. The mother and the father had left to go do some groceries and only the oldest of the teenage girl was home and my son and him which I'll name Hugo were playing together alone from our house to their house. At some point I saw my son run home crying and I asked him what's wrong and he told me that Hugo and his half sister had put him in the dryer and they started it for a minute or so with him in it. And I was shaken by this and by the time I was walking to their home their mother had just arrived and I remember I had a cup of coffee in my hands when I walked next door. As I got to her door she greeted me nicely and said would you like to come in and I explained why I was there and what had happened and the half sister and Hugo were looking at me with the evil eyes but to me I just explained to the mother what had happened and the mother turned around with her fist and threw a big punch in her son's stomach which was a very hard hit and I said I'm sorry to have came to say it but there was no need to punch him and she told me this was the way she delt with her children and I just walked home shaking like a leaf and feeling so bad for the son.

Has I felt really bad and we are in the next day which was a Saturday and the son came over to play with our son he was invited to have dinner with us which they played hide and seek in the house and then they went fishing in the backyard with the two other little neighbours. I am in the house doing some cleaning and cooking and watching in the kitchen window which faces the backyard but my eyes are not always looking in the backyard then all of a sudden, I hear my son coming in the house crying so hard, he his only ten years old. I ask him what's wrong Mike and he told me that while they were fishing Hugo had thrown his sunglasses under the bridge and threatened my son that if he didn't go get his sunglasses, he would push him off the bridge so my son had gone to pick them up but being afraid by this time. For us we were in shock because we had never seen anyone be so demanding. Was he playful or who was he? To me it was children being children and having a bad day. Also, I was afraid myself to go tell their mother about this one episode fearing she would hurt her son even worst but I knew I ha to tell her. I called her and hung up after she said she would deal with it. Then I had said they would take a week's break saying everyone in their own yard for a few days this way it was kind of a punishment that nothing like this would happen again if everyone is in their own yard. Monday passed Tuesday passed Wednesday Hugo showed up asking if they could play and my son said please mom and I figured two days would have been good and the day went without anything happening. But that day I had learned a little about them as the oldest son had taken out a picture frame with a dildo in it and I was in shock and just so stunned I couldn't even move an inch. I asked why he took this out and I just remember his answer being that this was a way his mother was punishing him to have been found playing with that and then he had told me that her mother's brother was a bad man but I just couldn't handle listening to that and wondered if it was all a joke to pull my leg even though it was shaking I had so much to do at home I had forgotten this conversation.

*Then one day my sister-in-law showed up and I hadn't seen her in so long I sat with her and we were talking and then I receive a telephone call from Hugo and he his not asking me but telling me to go pick him up at the little store in St-Pascal which was at about a mile down the road from my house. I answered politely with my head quivering and questioning him as to how did he get to the store? He answered me he was riding on the back of his half sisters bicycle and I asked well isn't she there to bring you back and he screamed at me yes she his but you are going to come get me...**or else!!!..** I was in shock and even my sister-in-law could hear this discussion and said politely that I had company and that I couldn't go get him and to come back with his sister and he hung up the phone while saying mean words but I quite didn't really hear them. But I was shaken from this telephone call. Even the lady at the store remembered him because he had to ask her to use the telephone for him to go behind the cash side to the telephone. When my sister-in-law left Hugo was at the end of my driveway and gave me this look just like an adult would of anger. I just went back in the house and thought nothing of it and then Roberto had to work late in that day probably until I would say 9pm. I then receive a telephone call from the oldest brother telling me it was his mother that made him call to see if I could pass her some cigarettes and I answered the truth that I only had 3 cigarettes left and I wasn't able to give any and he answered me by laughing the way you guys are rich and you don't have any cigarettes and then the mother taking the telephone off her son and saying the same thing laughing while I was trying to explain that what we had was worked for and that we owed it to the bank and that we weren't rich but that I hoped that one day soon we wouldn't have to work anymore. Then it was over when Roberto came home.*

The next day was now the weekend starting it was Friday. The son had come over "Hugo" and asked me if he could come over for dinner and of course I said yes that he was welcome to stay over for dinner. Then he came down in the basement with all of us and watched the movie Water World with us and would ask questions during the movie in regards to the content in the movie. This was Hugo's ways that I can say now today to learn our house. Me and Roberto went to bed and they kept and watching movies well we thought. Hugo had told Mike to follow him into the shed so he could prepare is mixter of oil and Gaz as per said in the movie of Water world. And Mike was always under a threat but we had no idea yet. How can you know a young child would know how crimes work? Me and Roberto would always wake up around 530am to go feed the horses and start our day and we were locked in our bedrooms by the outside so was other doors and we both panicked and wondered how that happened and who did this. After managing to get out and figuring who did this and Hugo said it was a joke as Mike looked pale. They both went to play in their pyjamas in the basement until breakfast was ready and when they both sat at the table mike was even paler and Hugo looked kind of excited which then I could smell like Gaz maybe a leak of Gaz in the house. Even to be writing this today is so hard on me. I took many breaks to be able to finish this part. Then they just looked at each other and Hugo took words right away to explain that they were playing hide and seek where the oil tank is in the basement so they probably had some on their clothes and not to worry. We then ate our breakfasts and they went to play outside while I did the dishes and started to clean the house.

Louise Barrette

At some point Mike and his father had built a tree house on our property maybe a mile down of which was even before they had moved it. I went and looked in the front window and saw that the other neighbours' kids Meli and Hank were also going along with Mike and Hugo towards going to that tree house but did not see a brick or should I say I didn't even think there was already a threat because you don't think someone so young is capable of this right. And so, I continued with my cleaning and it didn't take very long before I heard screams and went to look and I saw Meli and Hank run towards their house and so quick crying screaming out of their lungs and then I saw Hugo coming straight to me and say Mike is on fire he his stuck to a tree and then he ran home. As I turned to start running in the woods to get my son, he was already a few feet away from me I stopped and saw the clouds moving around him without realising he was on fire and saw the flames coming out of his hole body and when I realised, I opened my arm and he collapsed in my arms softly and kept on asking me mama I won't die right, over and over. I told one neighbour to call the ambulance right away and Meli and Hank's mother came over and we put a wet blanket around my son and it was taking so long as it felt for the ambulance to get over. The worst is that my husband had already left for work and I didn't know how to reach him. And all this on the 27th of August 1998, a few days before days before school. And finally, the firefighters got to our house and one of the firefighters did not know how to do it since my son's face was all burned if he should put the mask on his face and we both looked at each other while he put the mask over so my son could breathe but melted in his face but we couldn't remover it now.

Then all of a sudden, the ambulance got there also and PA. one the paramedic was telling me were sorry to be late so sorry I said its ok but its time to go PA. I have known PA. since I am a child myself and he was so stressed out that he saw it was my son he picked me up by the back of my pants lifting me in the ambulance and we had the police in front of us and one in the back the hole way at CHEO Hospital. It was so like in a movie where my son entered a empty white room with all the accessory of the Hospital I saw them put everything on my son while all doctors were rushing in this room and the doors closed and I couldn't even be there. Then it was to wait. So, while I am waiting there was a lady from Social Services preparing me if the worst would happen and then there was another lady which was just sitting on the other side crying and looking at me and saying I really hope your son does pull through. I kept on looking at this other lady I felt something bizarre you know a weird feeling inside you. Then my husband comes in the Hospital and I ran in his arms and explained what had happened and that I knew nothing exactly yet and we sat for hours but he had to go back home for the horses and I just didn't want to leave the Hospital. (I am so crying while explaining this as I am writing this.) It is still very hard for me to re live this. Many hours later doctors started to come out of the room and one came towards me while the lady of Social Services and this other lady were there wanting to listen to this conversation and the doctor told me that my son is in the coma and seems to be doing fine but it would take days before we could really know if he would come out of all this ok. I exhaled and collapsed. Then this other lady was holding me and I held her back and she kept on always following me. I was really clueless to who she was. They had brought my son in intensive care and as I am going walking towards the doors of the intensive care all news crews were there waiting for a story. I had security helping me to get in the ICU. I was not aloud to speak to anyone. For days I sat beside my son's bed overlooking at him with all the tubes and oxygen, his ears melted and his eyes almost separating in two and to all the burns he had. I kept crying and asking God why us, thinking how did this happen all questions ran through my head while crying and waiting for my son to come back. The other lady I found out who she was, she was waiting for my son to pass so she could have his organs for her daughter.

Louise Barrette

Then maybe a few days later I lift my head and its like I had seen an angel and it was my cousin Daniella telling me its ok Louise he will come out strong and cried and said I am here. I almost collapsed then a nurse came in and told me to go home get some sleep and to go take some time as it was on the 5th day I recall and I hadn't showered or anything. I decided that fine I will take a one-night break. Has I got home I enter my house and many people were there and so many flowers were brought to our house and then Gina and her two kids came over Meli and Hank and started to tell us that Hugo had down the street saying to all other neighbours that he was going to put gasoline all around our house and take his father's shotgun and shoot from the street and make us all blow up. I starting shaking like craze and called the police which they took the son Hugo and the mom at the Rockland Police station which took him hours to admit but did at some point and the mom asked him why. But I didn't wait for the answer I ran back at the Hospital as I really didn't know any answers to anything yet. I was just so afraid. And with that I was only able to charge the father for not keeping his shotgun locked. And don't forget this information as it will become important later on in my story. This mom and her son and talk to the Ottawa Citizen while we were in the Hospital and had said that her son was the hero for saving my son's life and Rony C. the writer for the Ottawa Citizen was my eyes and ears as I had promised him the story when I could but, in the meantime, to ask around. I still have a picture of that clip at home now to look at and wonder. But my concentration needed to be at the Hospital and make sure my son comes out living. Then a few days later we had investigators sitting us down in our house in the basement and explained us how it all happened with their investigation. That they were brought by force in the woods by a brick that if they didn't walk ahead at the tree house they would be hit by that brick and then he Hugo had Meli and Hank tie my son to a tree while under threat and that Hugo had the bottle of Gaz mixed with oil and used a petard for spark to ignite it and sprayed it all on my son's face and body and watched him burn but by then Meli and Hank had time to run away which is the reason why Hugo was right behind trying to get them both but to his amazement Mike had managed to set himself free from the rope and ran home and which is why he wasn't moving before he collapsed in my arms.

Louise Barrette

And while we were in the house trying to save my son the mother of Hugo and Hugo had thrown his clothes for evidence in the back garbage and then tried to get involved with information. The investigators looked at me and my husband telling us Well you can go next door and kill them but who will be at the Hospital with our son and me and my husband looked at each other and cried and I said to Roberto, I need you please don't do anything and that God would take care of it. And because Hugo was two weeks shy of being twelve years old, he could not be charged, and the nest day I called children's Aid to be told that they talked to the mother of Hugo and that she was the guardian of Hugo and has long has she could provide Children's Aid that she was looking over him constantly he was fine to stay home without even a slap on his fingers. I called the police and asked is there anything anyone will do and they all said because of the age nothing could be done. We were all scared for our lives and Mike's of course we were afraid to bring him back home. And so, the next day I receive a call from Hugo's mother trying to say she was sorry and so was Hugo and asked if she could bring Hugo at the Hospital to see Mike and I panicked and said of course not. She said she wanted to show Hugo what he had done and I responded that I didn't' want them to be near us whatsoever. And then I hung up the phone never understanding the way these were in the head. They never seemed to amaze me more and more. And the second attempt I had to come back at the house to shower and relax this mother and Hugo showed up at my door with a suitcase asking me if Hugo could stay at my house until my son was to come back home from the Hospital and my head turned sideways looking at them which they looked clueless and I said with everyone in my house in shock listening to this, I said are you serious? Why in the name of God or where do you see that I would have time to keep your son while my son his in the Hospital and they said to me: well, you have 7 bedrooms and the house must feel empty! I turned around and said please don't come back to my house. The nerves of these people, no brain. But really, I shouldn't say no brains because in the end you will see.

Louise Barrette

I was so mad that the Justice System was not protecting us whatsoever and unbelievable, just like nothing had happened except for us up to now. Then my son is slowly waking up and the only pictures of him when he got to his hospital were taken from the Investigators because we weren't aloud to take pictures or no one was aloud other than them. Took 6 months before my son had come out from the coma which you are aware that going to the hospital is expensive everyday for parking and eating and gaz. And I had obviously quit my course with the promise that I could continue when things would be ok. And so my husband had to be the provider and had to continue to work to be able for us to keep our trucks on the road and our home and I couldn't help. Once home I never let my son out of the house and then Rony C. from the Ottawa Citizen had asked us if we needed donations and I had said no because I had no clue how this was going to be costly and that we had what we had and I didn't want another person to call us rich or take money when we had money. I didn't want to be perceived as Hugo and his family saw us. Then we ended up purchasing a hole hamster cage with miles of tubing and everything so Mike could play in the house only and I never let anyone come play with him. Then one day I receive a call from the mother of Hugo telling me that they were sorry and that they were going to move and I said you don't have to because we will we have to be close to CHEO and that our family lawyers had advised us of this. And this starts something new some more victimisation for us. While I was taking care of our son, I had started to write a Bill C-3 that I wanted to present to all Minister of Justice in Ottawa Ontario that I wanted them to implement. Money at home was running tight and I had made appointments to meet one by one and also, we had met with my husband's family lawyers which were notaries and today I know to make sure that when you get lawyers to make sure they know the field they take.

So, our family Lawyers the Notaries are the ones that approached us and told us they would take the case and that we should move closer to the Hospital and to sell for peanuts but not to worry about a thing they would get us our money back. And you have to remember that the rest of my inheritance and Roberto's were all put in our family home and having worked hard to try to pay for the rest of what we owed and back then 375 thousand dollars was a lot and we were left with owing maybe around 65 thousand dollars and we sold our home for 145 thousand dollars. I trusted these lawyers. So, while we leave it all in the lawyers' hands, we had 3 more months at the house to prepare to sell a few things which included our horses, crying, things we had from inside the house and remember this is a 7 thousand square foot home. It was very painful to sell our horses I will never forget. And while the lawyers were preparing, I was meeting with each one of the Minister of Justice one by one and some were fuming agreeing with me and some were understanding that what was this child's background and felt sorry that it happened and there must be a story behind. I changed absolutely nothing in the end and it took me one year of my life to meet them one by one. My lawyers told us they were asking millions on this case not to worry about a thing. Money for our house, pain and suffering millions for Mike in case he couldn't get a career and more and it had caught the eyes of the owner of the Insurance. Our life was changing so quick and inside you if feels like you are so scared at the same time but you show to others that you are so strong and nothing can put you down. So this young couple had bought our house and we had rented a place in Orleans, Ontario for a 6 month contract giving them 18 thousand dollars to cover the rent and explained why we needed to be there and we paid cash for this.

We put our trust and our life in the lawyers' hands. I keep taking care of my son until its moving to Orleans day. Then I sit beside my son's bed because the sound of his breathing was keeping me awake. He would be breathing so loud and I knew it wasn't right and again my mind was running as to why he was breathing this way. I made a doctor's appointment and he told me that he tried to get to see his file and the file from the hospital was going up and down and it was impossible to view it but he also knew something wasn't right. But time was just going by with no one being able to tell me what and why my son was breathing so hard. But yet no one was able to answer me so I remembered that the Shriner's had given me a plane ticket to go and come back if I ever needed it to go in Boston at Shriner's Hospital. So, I told Roberto and we left the next day the three of us by plane. When we got there, they took Mike right away and did some tests and doctors came back out all dressed in their suit and masks and told us it was an emergency and that Mike needed to be operated in the next 5 days or he would be gasping for air since he had breathed in the flames it burned his vocal cords and needed to re open his trachea. The n they told us it was our decision on what to do. I looked at my husband and doctors and said isn't their doctors that do this in Ottawa and they said probably yes but is there time. I said to my husband in front of them we have the men coming to pick up the horses and I wanted to say goodbye and I wanted to make sure that I was reassured they weren't going for the meat either and I looked at the doctors and said I will find a doctor in Ottawa that will do this because you guys are talking about a stay here in Boston for at least 5 months and they looked at me and said Well its up to me but if we go back home there is a chance Mike could die of no breathing and I said thank god for me I found this and I thank them for confirming what I thought but we were talking the plane back home to find a doctor here at CHEO. They looked at me and said, hold on and that I had to sign a paper to them saying that if Mitch died on the plane on our way back home it would be on my shoulders and I looked at them very angry and said that wasn't fair to say this and was not a very nice thing to be told to hold on my shoulder and told them we came by plane we are leaving by plane. I was so scared inside but we got back in Ottawa, at the airport just fine.

By then I had 4 days to find a doctor in Ottawa and I had to think quick and I did find one, a very nice doctor ear, nose and throat. She was very nice, very smart then she asked me for his file and I made sure the file she had in her hands asap plus the information given by the Boston doctors. My son's birthday is on the 3rd of January,1988. By the 3rd day I had found a doctor Miss Kay and she scheduled to do this operation a month from the day, and in the meantime, I had time to go re visit the Papanack Zoo and try to get pictures of my son with the 4 white Lions that were rare and so rare that Michael Jackson had even came down to try to purchase one of them without success. But my son took pictures with one of the Lions in his hands and I had the picture arranged so you could see the 4 lions in the picture and had one signed by Celine Dion and the other by the Rougeau Brothers and arranged a press Conference to be passed on CTV News just so I could take this out as my plan to show the doctor in the news that was going to do the operation and trying to sell these for being able to get funds divided between CHEO, Papanack Zoo, The Shriners Hospital and our family. It worked because the doctor listened to me and never cut my son's throat and put a temporary bone there, she did laser has I told her to do. She knew if she'd make a mistake it would go in the news. I also had letters from CHEO and the Shriners supporting my Laminates of My son. Then a countdown was coming for our first mediation between us, our lawyers and the insurance lawyers that were with the defendants. The discussions started and I felt so edgy has I wasn't waiting for them to be present there either but I had to face them. Our lawyers started to explain to them what was asked and then the President of the Insurance walked in and said I can't wait to see what the outcome will be. I looked and just listened. Then it didn't take 5 minutes that the Insurance lawyer started to laugh and looked at my lawyers and told us all that there is a clause that says that any criminal outcome is not insured and he also told us that it seemed that its my own lawyers mistake and that it was to my lawyers to pay us for their mistake as this was not insured. Well let me tell you how upset I was because from the beginning I trusted my lawyers, us that never asked for donations also, I just walked out with everyone just laughing. I felt so lost and mad and we went home.

Now its moving week from our house to Orleans, well the rest of our things. And there was no way back it was sold. After this mediation we came back home and driving down our street we see them smiling I lost it and started running after them with a baseball bat and my husband stopped me and I was screaming WHY WHY WHY..... So, we went home and relaxed because I felt like as I was about to turn into a monster that I wasn't. Then around midnight I hear my fax machine and it got me up to go look of course and it's a letter from our lawyers wanting me to sign them off this case to let them go. I was livid and I was living now to be even with these lawyers. I never signed and I called them the next day to let them know that I will fight this and this wasn't right and not only it happened to our son, to us but now with our own lawyers? Nothing made sense anymore and I felt like it was a free to open door to make us lose everything including ourselves. I started to write the Law Society and explained what had happened and now it was to wait for an answer but in the meantime, I tried to go another lawyer and my husband would drive me. So, this first lawyer I seen was a criminal lawyer, I sat waited for him and then I explained my story and he looked at me and said to me in his exact words. "You know I could put you in jail for everything I was telling him because he represents the Criminal not a person like me!!! I ran crying running to my husband where he was parked and said let's go home. Now the only thing I could think about was to have my own lawyers head in a plate and still today. Too bad I don't know the same people I use to know when I was younger because I would have had their heads in a plate. I have never hurt a fly and all this happened to us would even you understand. I was starting to be a mean person and on a revenge mission. But always talked to myself and said I wonder what will make me one day lose it. I always remained a good person and still mid you but there is a limit and now we are 30 years later I am writing this and I am still taking pain from people without understanding why and what I do to always be punished in many different ways.

Louise Barrette

I receive the Law Society's letter getting my lawyers to Register themselves that they were responsible to have made a huge mistake. But do you not agree that I didn't need to be at war with my lawyers because I already had passed enough just with our son's accident. That was enough in itself and now this and much more all at the same time. I had lost my inheritance and Roberto's inheritance everything we had worked for and I had refused to ask for donations and when I asked a year later, I was answered by Rony C. Ottawa Citizen that I should have said yes when the accident happened because we can't now have there is a new story and mine was old now. So just by moving we had already lost a million and a half selling everything for a loss and this was on trusting our lawyers and almost the death of our son, and now on the run. These people never had a slap on their hands not even a dent. SO now I was like Erin Brockovich trying to figure it all out and that's when another Law Office Yegen and dworf contacted me to say they would help us. And by now we are at my son's 3rd operation to re open his throat and that without counting the visits at the hospital also treating his burns on his body. The new Lawyers took our case on the 25th of July 1999 and you have five years to sue lawyers or you lose your case. Well, they put us to sleep telling us that they would try getting the insurance back in never talking about the first lawyers whom took the case to begin and the reason they took me one with when I explained my case. Well, we always received settlement letters that they sent to the insurance for 5 years to the day of that 5-year closure. I looked at them and said I tried to play Erin Brockovich but you guys are something else. You see what I mean, it felt like there was a dark cloud trying to make me lose it even to the point of killing someone but my little right angel always kept me safe saying its not me that's crazy but what will make me lose it one day to actually kill someone. Again, same answer from myself. Why am I still a good person if everyone is just testing my limits?

And to give it an end to my part 111 of my Book I will say it took my son taking his two little hands, saying mom we lost everything I understand its not fair from this but be strong mommy, stop to stop because I was just trying to understand so much what the hell was wrong with all this that my life wasn't at home anymore. And today still I can say that even if I try to figure what's wrong, I never know, no one answers. Is it my brain that is too fast in one direction and others are just numb nuts? Seriously what did we do to get all this treatment and not to be victims once but many more times. Does anyone reading this understand a thing if you please help me God.

Then trying to let go I looked for a job and found work as a Full time Brinks Canada Driver and it meant I had to do all jobs in there before I'd get on the top list of Drivers. I had to do money room, guard, messenger. It was such a cool job because I had to learn how to use firearms and understanding the laws of them. I worked there for 4 years and we by then lived in Navan, Ontario. Since we had moved a few times, I had told my husband to get a Trailor and put all his tools that we took out of our one square foot garage so you can imagine we had a lot, and to put it all together so we wouldn't have to look all over for them. The day we did this is the same day it got all robbed and again for us to call the Insurance Company the next day to receive an answer later on this day and be told that because they were his working tools for his company, they needed a different insurance and we didn't' have that so we had just lost over 75 thousand dollars worth of tools. So, you understand that losing was our new life. I was so getting worst in my head that I was only thinking what I could do to teach someone a lesson but again I had my little angel talking to me. Louise, please stay a good person. I loved. So, I had started to some wrong and in the long run it wasn't getting better. But with a growl right now I still have my little angel telling its not me that's got something wrong it's the world itself and everything made sense, right? But I see there are people that nothing happens to them. I never did anything wrong when we bought our house in St-Pascal to my son's accident. Why is it ok all this? If you read this, please tell me if you see what I did wrong.

MY RESUME *Louise Barrette*

Modeling + Acting

Courses with Mirage Modeling
Ottawa, Ontario
1987
-able to walk down a runway, make-up artist, and photo shoot done at the time.

Clothing Design and 2 designs on sale
2 different models and prints out on the Market.

Royal Conservatory of Music
Toronto, Ontario
1975 and up

-5 First Class honors with notes ranging from 75% to 90%
Piano

High School
Ottawa, Ontario
1980
-3 years learning Classic Guitar , Bass and Flutes.

Professional Writing skills and Achievements

Best poetry writer from the National Library of Poetry
1984 to 1998
-10 times achievements

Top Records
Certificate of Best song Writer
-1 song on tape sang from Doti West with my Lyrics

Feature Film Writer and registered with The Writers Guild in Toronto
For the Love of my Son

Start of Scripts ;
Black men can't Skate
Ernest Finds a Wife
Cinderella lives Here in Ottawa
Television Shows;

-passed several times on CTV, New RO, Rogers television, Radio Canada and some of the Ottawa Newspapers for a Poster Project involving the Ottawa Children's Hospital, the Shriners, and the Papanack Park Zoo with the Four rare White Lions. Did lots of meeting arrangements and shows in Schools and prepared for a press conference.
1999- 2003

Ambassadress for Rogers Television
Setting up Tents with Crews and advertise
2005

My Wish is to find work has a Writer to be working on ideas and writing for Feature Film Productions and be involved . I have a lot of talent writing and thinking of new Titles and ideas of the stories but need someone to do the finish touch and to write it script wise for television production.

All certificates available on requests and hope that you can open your Roaster before I get too old cause I do have talent and television needs me for the Actors and Producers to get more Films out and Ideas.. Please. This is my Art Resume but I have had to stick to reality cause my door always shut down on me telling me that this agent wasn't opening his roaster or if I sent it directly to a big company I would have the answer NO .like from Creative Artist Agency in Beverly Hills, Paramount Canada and tried with Walt Disney and got a letter that they are not aloud to take ideas from outside so I'm trying to find a job in the inside and maybe my talent can be finally shown.

Thank you and hope to talk to you soon

Louise Barrette

Louise Barrette

613- 835-7563

Evaluation For
Louise Barrette
OT97-1544

Your audition tape, photo, and biographical information have been reviewed. You have successfully met the breakdown criteria for the categories listed below:

Modeling: 20 Years - 30 Years
0 0 0

Commercial Print:
- Commercial - Print

Television Advertising:
- SOC - Silent On Camera Extra - Background / No Speaking

Television and Feature Films:
- Extra - Silent

Audition Assessment:

Smile: 4	Confidence: 4	Physical Appearance: 3
Speech: 3	Enthusiasm: 4	Voice Quality: 4
Ability To Take Directions: 3		

Comparative rating scale-
0-not applicable 1-poor 2-below average 3-average 4-above average 5-excellent

Based on this evaluation, your recommended talent exposure area is **Montreal**

Comments:
Make sure to read the blue info sheet you were given at the auditions.
Enter the MTB "Audition Contest", you could be eligible for $100.

[ ] YES, courier my information to the agent I pre-qualified for today!
To cover duplication and administrative costs, your fee is:
[X] $99.00 plus $6.93(GST) = $105.93 (Montreal Agents)

GST# 139419766

Method of payment: [ ] Visa [ ] MasterCard [ ] Cheque or Money Order
If paying by credit card, please print the card details below:

Card Number: _____ Expiration Date: _____

Name (as it appears on credit card): _____

Card holder's signature: _____

Remit To:
Model And Talent Bureau
1565 Afton Crt.
Sarnia, ON Canada N7S 5Y3

Remittance for: **Louise Barrette**
2479 Pilon St
St-Pascal, ON. K0A 3N0
Telephone: (613) 488-3908
Receipt Number: **OT97-1544**

Enclose this lower portion with your payment. Thank You

For express processing service call 1-519-383-1677 and have your credit card number ready.
Office hours are 10 a.m. - 5 p.m. Monday - Friday.

MTB
Model & Talent Bureau
1565 Afton Crt. Sarnia, Ontario N7S 5Y3
519-383-1677 voice • 519-383-6585 fax
www.mtb.net/mtb • mtb@ebtech.net

OT97-1544
Louise Barrette
2479 Pilon St
St-Pascal, ON
K0A 3N0

April 20, 1997

Dear Louise:

CONGRATULATIONS!! You have successfully met the criteria in the categories listed on your enclosed evaluation. This evaluation has been used to aid us in the agent selection process. The agent that we have selected to represent you specializes in the areas where you qualified. All the agencies we deal with are reputable agents that actually have work available to them and most importantly none of the agents we work with are schools. The agents that we supply new faces and talent to, make money when you, their client, works. Although we audition thousands of individuals each year, judging a person's potential for success is very difficult. The model and talent agents that we pre-screen for usually supply us with breakdowns based on the current demand. This industry certainly isn't for everyone; however, based on your audition with us, we feel that you possess at least one of the many special characteristics it takes to be successful in this unique industry.

The fee to cover administration and processing is outlined in the enclosed documents. Upon receipt of your intent to proceed in this exciting industry, we will duplicate your file and courier it to the agent that has been pre-selected for you. We will then send you a letter detailing who the agent is and how to contact them. Since we mail to you and courier to our agents, it is not unusual for an agent to contact you prior to you receiving the letter from us. [It can happen that fast.]

Since needs and looks are always changing, and the requirements that you have met are based on the current demand, we are urging you to respond promptly.

We extend our sincerest wishes for your continued success in this exciting and fast paced industry.
Good luck Louise!!

Sincerely,
Model and Talent Bureau

As a preferred qualified client we will be placing your information in our priority handling file for 30 days. After this time period has elapsed it will be necessary for you to contact us to update your information and to request that it remains a priority handling file.

MTB
Model & Talent Bureau
1565 Afton Crt. Sarnia, Ontario N7S 5Y3
519-383-1677 voice • 519-383-6585 fax
www.mtb.net/mtb • mtb@ebtech.net

OT97-1544
Louise Barrette
2479 Pilon St
St-Pascal, ON.
K0A 3N0

August 4, 1997

Dear Louise,

Please be informed that your information has been sent by courier to a selected agency in the Montreal area. We have received notice that **FOCUS INTERNATIONAL** has shown interest in your file. They will be contacting you by phone within the next few days. If you have not been contacted by them within 10-12 days of receiving this letter you should contact them at:

Focus International
1134 Ste-Catherine Ouest Suite 510
Royal Bank Bldg.
Montreal, PQ. H3B 1H4
514-866-8846

Office hours are Monday - Friday 9:30 am to 5:00 pm

Contact Gregg Jonasson

You will also find enclosed a sheet explaining what to expect at the agency level .

Thank you for auditioning with the Model and Talent Bureau.

Good Luck!

Gary LaRue
President

This letter shall act as receipt of your payment of $52.43

Louise Design's

1088 Smith Rd.
Navan, Ontario
K4B 1N7

Wholesale & Retail
Price Available

(613) 835-7563

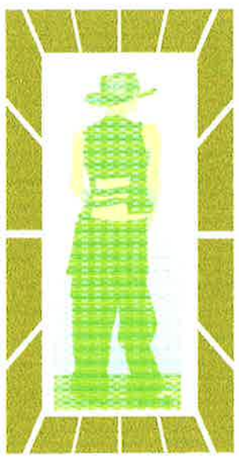
Woman's Sleeveless 2 Piece Suit

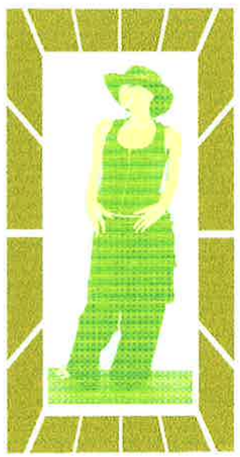
100 % Polyester

Style # 100 (Black & White)
Style # 200 (Any Colours)

- Sleeveless
- Zippered Front
- Top Stitch Detailing

Adult Sizes : S, M, L,





Woman's Long Elegant Low Cut Back Dress

100 % Polyester

Style # 300 (Black & White)
Style # 400 (Any Colours)

- Sleeveless
- Doubled inside
- Top Stitch Detailing
- Back Bra Hidden
- Low Cut

Adult Sizes : S, M, L,

Paramount Pictures Canada

Motion Picture Marketing
146 Bloor Street West
Toronto, Ontario M5S 1M4
416-969-9901 Fax 416-922-0287

Louise Barrette,

We are returning your motion picture ideas to you, because we cannot receive movie ideas, at the Toronto, Canada location of Paramount Pictures. For your motion picture ideas to be seriously considered, you might want to get an agent to pitch your ideas and script to people in Los Angeles.

Good Luck,

Linda Steeves

LS:ak

Viacom Enterprises Canada Ltd.

1st Sept.

Majestic Records Corporation

Recording Contract

WHEREAS LOUISE BARNETTE declares that he/she is the Author and sole owner of the composition entitled: "I SAW A GIRL THE OTHER DAY" (male lead only)

and WHEREAS the Author desires to secure the services of MAJESTIC RECORDS:

NOW, THEREFORE, MAJESTIC RECORDS agrees:

1. To compose music to the above composition (If it is not already a completed song).
2. To provide 5 (FIVE) FULL STEREO tape copies of a DEMO RECORDING SESSION of the above song.
3. RECORDING SESSION IS GUARANTEED to use at least SIX of the following:
   TWO PROFESSIONAL SINGERS as RECORDING ARTISTS (MALE AND FEMALE),
   GUITAR, 12 STRING GUITAR, LEAD GUITAR, DRUMS, ELECTRIC PIANO,
   SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA (using synthesizer), (VIOLINS, WOODWINDS, STEEL GUITAR, BRASS, CELLO, BASS, HARPSICHORD, VIBES, MARIMBAS, HARP, CHOIR, ROCK ORGAN, CATHEDRAL ORGAN, SITAR, CLAVINET, VIOLA, STRINGS, HORNS, PERCUSSION, CHORUS, CLARINET, SAXOPHONES)
4. That the entire song, both Words and Music are to be the sole property of the above named Author.
5. To PROVIDE FREE OF CHARGE U.S. Copyright forms necessary to register song as Author's property with the UNITED STATES COPYRIGHT OFFICE at the LIBRARY OF CONGRESS in Washington, D.C.
6. It is further GUARANTEED that the above named author is entitled to All Possible Writer's Royalties earned by song now, and in the future whether from Record Sales or Radio, Motion Picture, Jukebox and Television performances. Compact Disks are also included in this GUARANTEE.
7. To furnish a large list including Addresses and Phone Numbers of MUSIC PUBLISHERS in the United States.
8. Copies of the RECORDING SESSION are to be in the following form:
   A. One 3¾ ips Reel-to-Reel FULL STEREO tape.
   B. Four FULL STEREO DOLBY CASSETTE tapes.
9. That all work shall be completed and shipped within 60 days of final payment.
10. To GUARANTEE to write a new melody and TOTALLY Re-Record the Recording Session once on the first contracted song if the above named author does not approve the first session and returns all tapes uncopied to MAJESTIC RECORDS INC. within 10 days.
11. To GUARANTEE that when Copyright is applied for by Author, the UNITED STATES COPYRIGHT OFFICE will accept melody as a new and original musical composition or TOTALLY REFUND recording service fees.

THE AUTHOR AGREES:

1. To permit MAJESTIC RECORDS to slightly revise lyrics if necessary to perfect structure of the song more towards today's market.
2. To remit to MAJESTIC RECORDS the sum of $195 per song for all of the above services. Payment may be in full, or $20.00 down and the balance monthly as convenient, with absolutely no finance charge or interest on the deferred payments.
3. To permit MAJESTIC RECORDS to act as Author's agent in securing a nation-wide record release with a MAJOR RECORD LABEL if the situation should arise. This does not in any way mean to prevent Author from doing this if it is possible. There will be no additional fee if this service is provided and the Author will always be notified for approval.

IT IS MUTUALLY UNDERSTOOD:

1. That due to the nature of the music business nothing in this contract or any of Majestic Records' printed material is to be regarded as a guarantee or prediction that the song will earn a profit or become a "Hit".

2. The Author states that his financial condition warrants his participating in this agreement and that he is aware of the speculative nature of the venture.

Signed by the parties to the agreement 9/27/00
Date

I am enclosing $ _____ with this contract and will pay the balance $ _____ monthly.

P. DENNIS COUGHLAN
PRESIDENT
MAJESTIC RECORDS, INC.

X
AUTHOR

Kindly sign and return this contract with your payment. Copies will be made and the original contract with receipt returned promptly to you.

Majestic Records DIVISION
INC.

"Only the Best in Music" | 1000 Majestic Acres Road | Post Office Box 1140 | Linden, Texas 75563

LOUISE BARNETTE
1348 Colonial Rd
Navan, ONT, Canada K4B 1N1

CONGRATULATIONS!!!!

You will be pleased to hear that our Corporation has been highly impressed with your lyric material and has accepted it for an immediate Demo RECORDING SESSION!!! As you know, the music industry takes in Hundreds of Millions of Dollars each year and is constantly looking for new songs to promote. We feel that your material has the potential to be a Hit!!!!

Of course there is no way that any company can guarantee success for any song; only the record buying public can make that final determination. In a way, the music industry is like a horse race. Many will run, but only a few will be winners. If you are a winner the rewards can be FANTASTIC!!! We are sure that you realize the record business is about the last frontier that a poor man can strike it rich in!

We plan to have our writers put your words to the most beautiful, commercial melody possible, and that will be only the beginning. We have included in this envelope pictures and backgrounds of some of the RECORDING ARTISTS who have agreed to record your song! Our Studio Musicians will orchestrate, arrange and perfect your song to its' utmost saleability for today's market. The instruments will be at least SIX of the specified instruments on the enclosed contract.

The recording will be in FULL STEREO and in the form of one Reel-to-Reel and four Dolby Cassette tapes. You will receive five copies of the RECORDING SESSION in all, along with the U.S. GOVERNMENT forms necessary to COPYRIGHT songs and a list including addresses and phone numbers of America's Major Music Publishers!

You will own THE ENTIRE SONG, both Words and Music and will receive all the credit and all the writer's royalties and money paid for possible performances of your song on Radio, T.V., Movies, Jukeboxes and Records as well as Compact Disks!!!!

Your RECORDING CONTRACT is enclosed and states simply the terms of our agreement with you. Kindly sign and return it to us at your earliest convenience. We will make copies for our files and forward the original again to you. We will begin the production as soon as we receive your signed contract.

We hope that this will be the beginning of a long and fruitful career for you.

VERY WARMEST REGARDS,

P. Dennis Coughlan
PRESIDENT
MAJESTIC RECORDS CORPORATION

"Producers of the Finest Recording Artists and Songwriters"

PDC/ks

COUNTRY MUSIC U.S.A.

WRITING POEMS IS A GOD GIVEN GIFT - DON'T WASTE IT!

GOLD RECORDS

AS USUAL
GUILTY
TELL TALE SIGNS
I'M SAVING MY LOVE
BACK TRACK
SINGER OF SAD SONGS
THE STORM
I'M GONNA CHANGE - EVERYTHING

TOP TWENTY SONGS

ME
AS LONG AS I LIVE
SOMEBODY SAVE ME
THE MORNING PAPER
THAT'S WHY I STILL LOVE YOU
A POOR BOY LIKE ME
THE STORM
A BRAND NEW BED OF ROSES
PARTY PICKEN'
IT'S NOT ME
THE WRITING'S ON THE WALL

CHRISTIAN SONGS

EVERLASTING LOVE
WITHOUT HIS LOVE
HIS NAME IS JESUS
HEAVEN'S JUST A STEP AWAY
BEYOND THESE DOORS
YOU GOTTA LOOK UP
ALL THE WAY HOME
THE LONG ARM OF THE LORD
I'M ONLY HUMAN, LORD
JESUS DON'T GIVE UP ON ME

COUNTRIES & TRANSLATIONS

ENGLAND
FRANCE
GERMANY
NORWAY
JAPAN
SWEDEN
CZECHOSLOVAKIA

October 11, 2000

Dear Louise,

Congratulations! Our Board Of Review has unanimously accepted your poem material for it's potential as a "Hit" song. You have a talent, a way of crafting words to get a story across and this, of course, is a God given gift.

As the music business continues to grow all over the world, the need for more original song material continues to grow. And now, more than ever, the demand is great.

We will produce the music for your words that we feel gives us the best chance for a "Hit" song. You will be entitled to 100% of the standard earnings due the writer of the "words" and we will be entitled to 100% of the monies due the writer of the music. Therefore, as we look after our interest, we will advise and look after your interest.

Of course, there are no guarantees and nothing herein should be interpreted as such. Music is a high risk business. Yet, as you know, HIT songs are happening every day. With Cassette and Compact Disc sales, Television and Radio Air-play performances, Movie Soundtracks, etc., each writer of a "Hit" song can expect to earn at least $100,000.00.

We pay all costs of Musicians, Singers, Sound Engineers, Studio, Soundtracks, etc. All we ask of you is a contribution of $195.00 per song to help defray the administration expenses (advertising, personnel, etc.) that makes this program possible. If need be, this may be paid in payments of as little as $20.00 at your convenience. Within 2 to 3 weeks after final payment is made, you can expect to receive a cassette copy of the completed song.

Please read the enclosed contract carefully. Granting it meets with your approval, sign and return one copy with your remittance.

If you have any further questions, feel free to call.

Respectfully,

Alex Zanetis
President

AZ:rd
Encl.

Inspired Words Inspire Musicians to Compose Songs that Inspire the World

SONGCRAFTERS P.O. BOX 140065 NASHVILLE, TN 37214 (615) 883-9600 fax (615)885-1581

CONTRACT

Louise Banelli Date Oct. 11, 2000

The above Writer(s) wish to obtain the services of Country Music U.S.A. to set music to:
(Circle Choice)

"I Wanna Be Famous"

"Couldn't Have Him Anyway"

Country Music U.S.A. agrees:

1. To set the above lyric(s) to music and produce a quality demonstration recording for promotional purposes.
2. To provide the Writer(s) with a cassette copy of the completed song within approximately two weeks of the date of final payment.
3. To pay the Writer(s) **$50,000.00 Cash Bonus** for each song that reaches the **NUMBER ONE** position in the internationally recognized Billboard Magazine Chart and **$10,000.00 Cash Bonus** for each song that reaches the **TOP TEN** position, in addition to all standard Writer's royalty earnings.
4. To edit the Writer(s) material only for phrasing and commercial time allotment.
5. To assist the Writer(s) with any contracts and collection of monies earned from sales and performances and protect the Writer(s) lyrics from infringement and plagiarism to the best of it's ability.

SELECT PAYMENT PLAN
Check, Money Order, Credit Card

Enclosed is my payment of $ _____ ($195.00 per song) in Full.

Enclosed is my partial payment of $ _____ (Minimum of $20.00) with the balance due at my convenience and there will be no late charge or interest whatsoever.

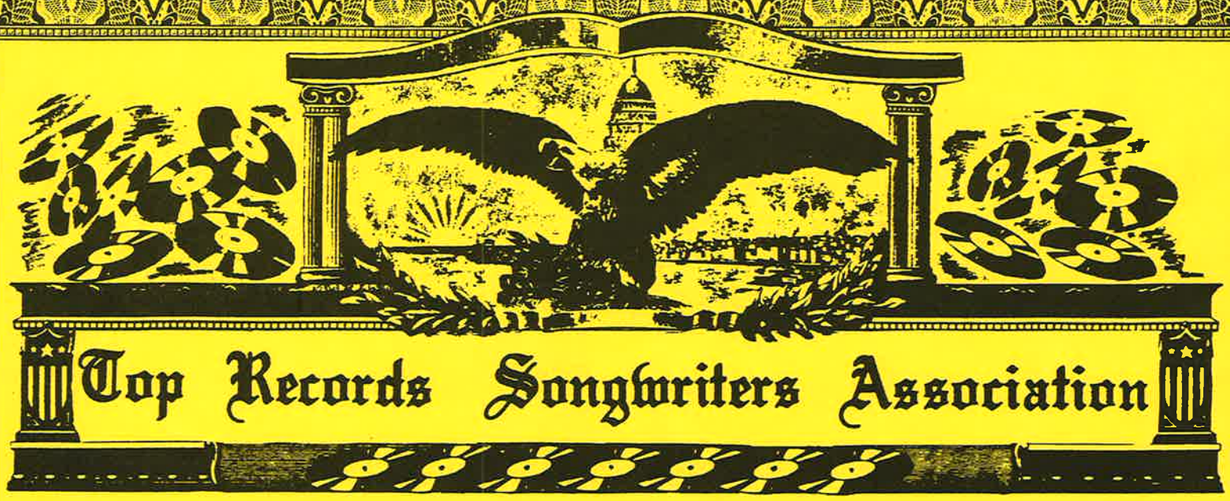
Please charge my: **VISA** ___ **MASTERCARD** ___ **OTHER** ___ **AMOUNT $** _____

Account Number: _____ Expiration Date: _____

PLEASE SIGN AND RETURN ONE COPY WITH YOUR REMITTANCE

Author's Signature

President, Country Music U.S.A.



Top Records Songwriters Association

We certify that LOUISE BARRETTE is a distinguished member of the Top Records Songwriters Association in good standing, and is an AMERICAN MUSIC SONGWRITER who is dedicated to AMERICAN MUSIC and writing of AMERICAN MUSIC SONGS. The name and/or names affixed to this certificate if affiliated with Top Records through his or her songwriting efforts, will submit their song material for possible publishing, recording, and promotion throughout the year, until their TRSA Membership expiration date. This memberis also entitled to all TRSA Membership Services and Benefits set forth by the Top Records Songwriters Association for said songwriter and his or her AMERICAN MUSIC SONGS. This TRSA Membership Certificate, remains in force and effect for a period of twelve months from this 24th day of OCT. A.D. 1995

Bobby Albert
TRSA Pres.

Top Records

P.O. Box 23505 Nashville, Tenn. 37202

10-27-95

Dear Louise Barrette: MEMBERSHIP CODE NUMBER LB1095

We are pleased to enclose your membership card and certificate, in the Top Records Songwriters Association. We hope you are as proud of them, as we are to have you as a new songwriting member.

Top Records Songwriting Association, is pledged to give its best efforts, to the promotion and furtherance of your songwriting career. We hope now that you are a member, we can help you get your songs recorded.

We have everything here for you at Top Records, under one roof, to help you advance in the songwriting field. We will do everything in our power, to help you market your songs. (Song evaluation within 15-DAYS)

We DO-NOT use pre-recorded sound tracks(CANNED MUSIC) like some other companies. Everything will be original, and can be copyrighted at any-time in your name. All song material is completely protected.

If and when you write for anything, and please make any correspondence, in a business like manner. Always use your MEMBERSHIP CODE NUMBER when writing, this is the only way we can give you fast service. The code number will be your direct contact with the Association, because we do-not handle song material for anyone except our own members.

In the meantime, we will keep you informed of what other songwriters are doing, when they write about the progress with their songs. We will give you Artists, Producers, Publishers, etc. addresses who are looking for new song material, in our..FREE FAST NEWS FLASH BULLETINS!

Again----WELCOME TO THE TOP RECORDS SONGWRITERS ASSOCIATION!(TRSA).

Sincerely Yours In Music

Bobby Albert

Bobby Albert
Association President

BA/cm

Enclosures

Top Records

Date 10-31-95

1. This agreement entered into by and between LOUISE BARRETTE hereinafter referred to as writer and TOP RECORDS, hereinafter referred to as promotion agent. This agreement refers to the LYRIC or SONGPOEM(S) composed by writer(s) and entitled:

   A. "MOTHER"

   B. "O.J. THIS AND O.J. THAT"

   C. _____

   D. _____

2. Since no one can predict the success or failure of a song, the performance of all promises made in the letters or literature of the promotion agent shall fully complete their part of the agreement. Acceptance of your song(s) by promotion agent does not constitute a guarantee for it's success.

3. Promotion agent agrees to record the above composition(s). Promotion Agent represents that in the opinion of promotion agent, this is a salable type song material, and could become a "HIT".

4. It is understood, that writer(s) gives full permission to promotion agent to:

   A. Promote and submit said song material to PRODUCERS and RECORDING ARTISTS, at their request for possible recording. Song A (✓) Song B (✓) Song C ( ) Song D.( ) All Songs ( ) Please Check!

   B. Make (PROMO-RECORDS and/or TAPES)of the above lyric or songpoem(s) when music is composed, and the recording session is left to the sole descretion of promotion agent for commercial promotion of my songs.

   C. Have promotion agent compose the music to the above lyric or songpoem(s). Author to receive 90%, Composer-Arranger to receive 10% only when song(s) are commercially recorded.

   D. Allow promotion agent to include (PROMO COPY) in the monthly Publisher-Artist "Listening Meeting". Please check here( )

   E. Negotiate for sale the rights to said song(s) with Motion Picture Studios, Record Companies, Radio and Television Stations. Pay a special advance royality of $10,000 if said song(s) are used or placed in any commercial television show or motion picture for hire, when earned.

5. Writer(s) pay Top Records the sum of $96.95 per song for recording cost only. Payable in full, or $15.00 down per song with this contract, and the balance paid $_____ Weekly or $15.00 Monthly. Any promotion, Advertising on radio or TV will be done at NO EXTRA COST to Writer(s)

6. I understand, Top Records promotes songs exclusively for their TRSA Members only, and contract validity end's with expiration of my TRSA Membership.

7. Promotion Agent can make revisions of words where necessary to improve the song for recording.

8. Promotion Agent will send Author one (PROMO COPY) of the the completed song(s) when placed, after final payment has been made, within approximately 3-7 weeks.

9. If writer(s) fails to complete payment or work has been started, under section (5) they shall not be entitled to any refund of any money already paid.

10. Promotion Agent will furnish Author Copyright Advisory Service, for complete song(s), and Address to register song(s) as Author(s) sole property in the U.S. Copyright Office in Washington, D.C.

READ BEFORE YOU SIGN: I state that my financial condition warrants my participating in this agreement, and that as a songwriter, I am fully aware that only a small percentage of all songs written become "HIT'S". It follows that I am aware that songwriting is a high risk venture, and that nothing in this contract or any other printed matter presented to me by Top Records is regarded by me as a guarantee that my song(s) will be placed or earn a profit. However, I do expect Top Records to fully execute the above agreement, favorable to our mutual benefit.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

By Steve Davis

TOP RECORDS

AUTHOR'S SIGNATURE

Louise Barrette

Address 2479 rue Pilon

City & State ST-PASCAL, ONTARIO

Zip Code K0A-3N0

(613) 488-3908

PLEASE SIGN AND RETURN WITH PAYMENT.
RECEIPT AND DUPLICATE WILL BE SENT BY RETURN MAIL!

Top Records

P.O. Box 23505 Nashville, Tenn. 37202

10-31-95

Dear Louise Barrette:

I am pleased to say we are accepting your song material ("O.J. THIS AND O.J. THAT" "MOTHER") for PROMO-RECORD PROMOTION, and I know if you're interested in becoming a successful songwriter or just writing for a hobby, we can offer you the most intelligent and economical way to persue your goal.

As you wll know, words poems or lyrics alone are not songs. A song must have both words and music before you can get a copyright. PUBLISHERS or MAJOR RECORDING ARTISTS will not accept words alone, they want a complete song on a PROMO-RECORD or TAPE done by a vocalist who can project your song. This is the way professional songwriters have their songs done.

Our COMPOSER-ARRANGER is going over your song(s) now. He's preparing a very beautiful melody and arrangement of your song material. When your song is complete with (words and original melody) we will make a PROMO-RECORD of your song(s) with one of Nashvilles leading singers, with his guitar, who has made professional PROMO-RECORDS & TAPES for songwriters for many years. We will need this before we can promote your song material. You will also receive a copy of your complete song(s).

At this point (unless you request otherwise), we will include your song(s) in our monthly Publisher-Artist "Listening Meeting". This will almost guarantee your song(s) to be published and possibly recorded by a MAJOR RECORDING ARTIST here in Music City U.S.A. the capital of Country Music, and so many other stars. When your song(s) are published, you will receive a publishing contract, and when your song(s) are recorded commercially, you will receive 90% of all royalties your song(s) may earn, and you will retain full ownership of your song(s) if you decide to TAKE ADVANTAGE of this great opportunity. You pay only 10% to our composer-arranger, when your song(s) are recorded and sold commercially.

We can only work with a limited number of songs, so I hope you ACT TODAY as song trends change everyday. While it may be difficult to get a hit song, because the public decides which songs become hits, the royalties from one song could well run into the thousands for the writer. I hope you will allow us to help you make your song(s) a success. I will GUARANTEE my sincere efforts and promotion of your song(s), and our excellent songwriting staff on anything we will do for you.

I feel the song material you have submitted to us, is well worth the effort on your part, and we believe that you feel the same way. Please keep in mind, that if your song(s) should become a "HIT", a large sum of money could be made by you the writer. I know if you believe in yourself and your songs, you will want your songs recorded and promoted as soon as possible. I'm enclosing a contract giving us permission to record and promote your songs, so please sign it now, and return it along with your remittance to our office today, so you can TAKE ADVANTAGE of our SPECIAL MONEY SAVING COUPON for new songwriters only.

Looking for an early reply, I remain.

Sincerely,

Bobby Albert

Bobby Albert
TRSA Pres.

BA/cm
Enclosures

CERTIFICATE OF

ACHIEVEMENT

This Award is Presented to

Louise Banette

in Recognition of Distinguished Achievement in

Creative Writing Skills

and by Recommendation of the Committee on Awards
has been granted this certificate.

Given at Jeff Roberts Publishing Company
this 17th *day of* October *in the year* ~~19~~ 2000.

Jeff Roberts
Signature

Linda Gay
Signature

A500

©E-Z LEGAL FORMS® 00055-4

Jeff Roberts Publishing Company
299 Newport Avenue, Wollaston MA 02170
(617) 328-5057

Since 1967

RE: CAN WE DO IT RIGHT

RECORDING DATE: November 14, 2000

Dear Writer,
At this time we are happy to inform you that your original and creative writing abilities have influenced us to want to work with you on the professional RECORDING, COMMERCIAL PRESSINGS and PROMOTION of your song.

The Jeff Roberts Publishing Company does not accept all material we evaluate. Not everyone writes with your kind of original creative abilities and potentials.

We own and operate our state of the art multi-track recording studio. We staff only the best music writers, directors, producers, musicians, audio technicians, top rated professional singers and support staff to insure outstanding and promotable results.

We do believe that gifted writers like yourself should not have to pay these expenses if your creative skills and abilities warrants the professional producing and promoting of your material. You in fact do have these abilities so we will glady provide these services at no expense to you.

If our combined efforts result in a release of your song we would like to share a small percentage of the possible writer's royalties earned. We have drawn up and enclosed contracts giving you the writer 90% ownership of the entire song and the Jeff Roberts Publishing Company 10% ownership of the entire song if royalties become a factor. This arrangement we consider extremely fair since we accept all the expenses of fully recording your song in a professional manner, commercially press 100 EP* cassettes of your recording and follow through with specifically targeted promotion to record labels and recording artists nationwide to hopefully help secure your first release.

Once your recording has been completed we will send you a master cassette for your approval before placing the order for your pressings. If you are not completely satisfied with your song it is guaranteed therefore we will re-record your song to your satisfaction at our expense.

Once your recording and your cassette pressings have been completed you will receive 10 cassettes of your recording for your own personal use. All remaining cassettes will be mailed out priority mail to Record Labels and Recording Artists for their thoughtful considerations and at that time you will receive a complete list of where they were sent.

We do ask you to take responsibility for the handling and mailing cost of sending out your promotional tapes to the specifically targeted areas such as record labels and recording artists. This cost is $1.90 for each package mailed totaling $190.00. This is a very resonable request for we absorb all other costs.

As you know your scheduled recording date has been set. This is a limited time offer we hope you take full advantage of this outstanding opportunity. Please read the other information enclosed and return one signed contract, your recording and information form as well as your deposit or payment in full to get started immediately. Wishing you all the best and looking forward to a healthy and prosperous working relationship.

Sincerely,

Denise Brillon

*EP - 2 songs each side

A Talent Company

JEFF ROBERTS PUBLISHING COMPANY
STANDARD RECORDING CONTRACT

1. This agreement entered into by and between Louise Banette 10/17/00 hereandafter refered to as writer.

   This agreement refers to a lyrical composition composed by writer and entitled:

   CAN WE DO IT RIGHT

2. Since no one can actually predict the success or failure of a song, the performance of all promises in the letter or literature of Jeff Roberts Publishing Company shall fully complete their part of the agreement. Acceptance of your material does not constitute a guarantee of its success.

3. **JEFF ROBERTS PUBLISHING COMPANY** guarantees acceptance of the above composition for recording.

4. **JEFF ROBERTS PUBLISHING COMPANY** agrees to create the melody as well as professionally record the above composition using up to a **25 piece** instrumental background.

5. **JEFF ROBERTS PUBLISHING COMPANY** will select an outstanding professional vocalist to sing the above song.

6. **JEFF ROBERTS PUBLISHING COMPANY** will send to author the master cassette copy of their completed song for their approval.

7. The recording that the **JEFF ROBERTS PUBLISHING COMPANY** produces for author is fully guaranteed. If author does not approve of their recording the Jeff Roberts Publishing Company will re-record author's song to his/her liking at company expense. Authors only cost will be a total of $23.50 for cassette copy, handling and mailing.

8. The above author owns 90% of completed song and the **JEFF ROBERTS PUBLISHING COMPANY** owns 10% of completed song. If released, writer's royalties will be shared 90% to author and 10% to the **JEFF ROBERTS PUBLISHING COMPANY.**

9. **JEFF ROBERTS PUBLISHING COMPANY** will commercially press 100 EP* cassettes of writer's song for promotional purposes.

10. **JEFF ROBERTS PUBLISHING COMPANY** will formulate promotional packages and send them priority mail to current Record Labels and Recording Artists nationwide for their thoughtful considerations for release.

11. **JEFF ROBERTS PUBLISHING COMPANY** will send author 10 copies of their recording for their own personal use.

12. **JEFF ROBERTS PUBLISHING COMPANY** will provide author with a complete list of Record Labels and Recording Artists to whom promotion packages were sent.

13. **JEFF ROBERTS PUBLISHING COMPANY** reserves the right to make any changes or revisions author's lyrics, necessary to improve song for recording and promotion.

14. **JEFF ROBERTS PUBLISHING COMPANY** will prepare song for session, professionally and completely produce song and commercially press 100 EP* cassettes of said song for promotional purposes all free of charge.

15. Author agrees to pay a total of $190.00 to the **JEFF ROBERTS PUBLISHING COMPANY** for the priority mailings of their promotion packages to cover handling and mailing expenses. Payment to be made in the following manner:

    ☐ $190.00 as payment in full ☐ $40.00 deposit, balance within 120 days

    ☐ Mastercard ☐ Visa Card #:_____ Exp._____

I state that my financial condition warrants my participating in the agreement. As a writer I am aware that the recording I receive is a demonstration recording to be used for promotional purposes and unsuitable in its present state for release. As a writer I am aware that only a small percentage of all songs written become hits. I am aware that songwriting is a high risk venture and that nothing in this contract or any other printed matter expressed by Jeff Roberts Publishing Company is regarded by me as a guarantee that my song will earn a profit. However, I do expect company to totally execute the above agreement.

JEFF ROBERTS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Jeff Roberts

Writer's Signature

PLEASE SIGN AND RETURN ONE COPY

RECORDING CONTRACT

BY AND BETWEEN THE JEFF ROBERTS PUBLISHING COMPANY, AND

Louise Barrette, AUTHOR

(TITLE OF POEM) OJ

It is hereby agreed by the undersigned as follows:

1. That the JEFF ROBERTS PUBLISHING COMPANY will create a melody to the above lyric.
2. That the JEFF ROBERTS PUBLISHING COMPANY will produce a recording of the above song utilizing up to a 35 piece pre-recorded background orchestra.
3. That the JEFF ROBERTS PUBLISHING COMPANY will provide 100 EP cassette copies of the above song.
4. That the JEFF ROBERTS PUBLISHING COMPANY will send each author 10 copies of their recording and all remaining copies will be mailed to record companies and recording artists.
5. That the JEFF ROBERTS PUBLISHING COMPANY will provide a list of those recording companies and artists to whom a copy of the above recordings have been mailed.
6. The above author will be required to pay the fee of $1.40 for each cassette or a total cost of $140.00 to cover the cost of mailing out the 100 copies of their recording.
7. The above author is to receive 90% and the JEFF ROBERTS PUBLISHING COMPANY 10% of all royalties that the above song may earn.

Since no one can actually predict the success or failure of a song, the performance of all promises made in the letters or literature of the JEFF ROBERTS PUBLISHING COMPANY shall fully complete their part of the agreement. Acceptance of your lyric does not constitute a guarantee of it's success.

JEFF ROBERTS PUBLISHING CO. Author Louise Barrette

Denise Bullon Address 2479 rue Pilon

St-Pascal, Ont. K0A-3K0

Date: 4/17/96(tr) Date: 6 August 1996

The recording you receive is a hand-cut demonstration cassette to be used for demonstration purposes and unsuitable in its present state for release. Nothing contained in the printed matter is to be construed as a promise or prediction of financial gain for the author as a result of service rendered.

Return one signed copy of this contract with your remittance.

N O V A L I S

February 21st, 2005

Louise Barrette
1088 Smith Rd
Navan (Ontario)
K4B 1N7

RE : ***The Reason***

Dear Mrs Barrette,

Our Editorial Director has read your project ***The Reason*** with great interest.

I regret to inform you that Novalis has adopted a policy that prevents us from reviewing unsolicited manuscripts for the foreseeable future. I realize that this may be disappointing, especially when you have worked so hard to produce this manuscript. Nevertheless, I have returned your manuscript and we have made no copies of anything you sent us. Please understand that this is not a comment on the quality of your work, but it is a matter of policy because of the enormous volume of unsolicited manuscripts that we receive during the year.

With all best wishes,

Élise Larocque
Manager, Rights & Permissions

Université Saint-Paul, 223, rue Main, Ottawa ON KIS IC4 • Téléphone: (613) 236-1393 – Télécopieur: (613) 782-3004

Créateurs-éditeurs de publications destinées à la pastorale, la liturgie, l'enseignement scolaire et l'éducation populaire

LUCAS
TALENT INC

November 2, 2001

Louise Barrette
1088 Smith Road
Navan, ON
K4B 1N7

Dear Louise :

Thank-you for your letter of October 30, regarding possible literary representation.

I am sorry, we can not help you at this time. We are extremely busy with our current clients and are not looking to expand our roster at present.

Wishing you every success in your writing career.

Best regards,

Doreen Holmes
Literary Assistant

Sun Tower - 7th Floor, 100 West Pender Street, Vancouver, B.C. V6B 1R8 Telephone: (604) 685-0345 Facsimile: (604) 685-0341

oberon press

400–350 sparks street ottawa k1r 7s8

(613) 238–3275

We were pleased to receive your manuscript and glad to read it. After careful consideration, however, we have found that we will be unable to make you an offer of publication.

For many years we undertook to write a personal letter to every writer who submitted a manuscript for consideration, but as the volume of submissions grew we reached a point where we could no longer find the time or the money to do this.

Experience indicates that most manuscripts are rejected because, in the opinion of one or more of the editors, they do not succeed on their own terms, do not achieve what they set out to achieve. A few are rejected because the manuscript is irrelevant to our main interests, which are fiction, poetry, autobiography and social criticism.

No manuscript is ever rejected, however, because we think there is only a limited market for it or because we think we will lose money on it. We will publish any book that we admire, regardless of the likelihood of profit.

We hope you will be kind enough to accept this letter in place of the kind of personal encounter we wish we could have with you.

Yours sincerely,

Michael Macklem

Michael Macklem

THE CHARACTERS

150 Carlton Street, Toronto Ontario M5A 2K1 Tel. (416) 964-8522 Fax (416) 964-8206
1505 West 2nd Ave., 2nd Floor, Vancouver B.C. V6H 3Y4 Tel. (604) 733-9800 Fax (604) 733-6000

Tuesday, October 30, 2001

Louise Barrette
1088 Smith Rd.
Navan, Ontario
K4B 1N7

Dear Louise,

Thank you very much for your query. Unfortunately, at this time, we are not currently expanding our roster.

We wish you luck on all your future endeavors.

Sincerely,

The Characters Literary Department

The Walt Disney Company

Office of Counsel

November 9, 2000

Ms. Louise Barrette
1348 Colonial Rd.
Navan, Ontario
K4B 1N1 Canada

Dear Ms. Barrette:

This will acknowledge, with thanks, your recent letter regarding a manuscript that you would like us to consider. Your submission was forwarded to our department as it is our responsibility to respond to unsolicited submissions of creative materials.

We were touched by your inquiry, especially knowing the circumstances that encouraged you to write us. Regrettably, our company's long-established policy does not allow us to accept for review or consideration any ideas, suggestions or creative materials, including in the context of an inquiry such as yours, not specifically solicited by us or our subsidiaries. Our intention is to avoid misunderstandings when projects created internally might seem to others to be similar to their own submission.

We recognize that this policy is sometimes a disappointing one as when someone like yourself, with all the best intentions, would simply like us to consider her own creative work. Experience has taught us, though, that if we abandon our policy for one person, we will soon have no policy at all. Therefore, as required, I am returning your letter, and accompanying manuscript, unread, and without retaining any copies. Please understand that this is not meant as a comment on your request; it is just something that our policy requires us to do.

Although our reply must necessarily be one other than what you might have hoped for, we sincerely appreciate your interest in writing to us.

Very truly yours,

Gianluca Greco
Legal Assistant

GG/am
Enclosures

500 South Buena Vista Street / Burbank, California 91521 / 818-560-1000

© Disney

CREATIVE ARTISTS AGENCY

LITERARY AND TALENT AGENCY

9830 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA 90212-1825
TELEPHONE: 310-288-4545 • FACSIMILE: 310-288-4800

February 14, 1996

Ms. Louise Barrette
2479 Pilon Street
St-Pascal, Ontario
Canada KOA-3NO

RE: LOUISE BARRETTE - AGENCY REPRESENTATION - "ERNEST SAVES CHRISTMAS", "ERNEST FINDS A WIFE"

Dear Ms. Barrette:

We received your undated letter requesting to submit literary material to Creative Artists Agency for Charlie Gale. Although we appreciate your interest, we have a firm policy of returning all unsolicited material unread. Accordingly, I enclose the letter that you submitted.

Your unsolicited submission has not been, and will not be disclosed to any executive or other employee of Creative Artists Agency or any other person. You should be aware that many ideas are generated by our employees and our clients or other sources. To the extent that any projects are generated which contain elements similar to what you submitted, the similarities are purely coincidental.

Thank you for considering Mr. Gale. We wish you luck in your endeavors.

Cordially,

CREATIVE ARTISTS AGENCY

Submissions Dept.

Submissions Department

Enclosure

CREATIVE ARTISTS AGENCY

LITERARY AND TALENT AGENCY

9830 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA 90212-1825
TELEPHONE: 310-288-4545 • FACSIMILE: 310-288-4800

April 25, 1996

Mrs. Louise Barrette
2479 Pilon Road
St-Pascal,Ontario KOA 3NO

RE: LOUISE BARRETTE - AGENCY REPRESENTATION - "BLACK FINDS A WIFE", "BLACK MEN CAN'T SKATE", "THAT DAY YOU'LL BE SAVED", "MY LIFE STORY PUT TO LIFE"

Dear Mrs. Barrette

We received your letter dated April 17, 1996 inquiring about having Creative Artists Agency represent you for the above-entitled projects. Although we appreciate your interest, we have a firm policy of returning all unsolicited material unread. Accordingly, I enclose the letter, resume and photographs that you submitted.

Your unsolicited submission has not been, and will not be disclosed to any executive or other employee of Creative Artists Agency or any other person. You should be aware that many ideas are generated by our employees and our clients or other sources. To the extent that any projects are generated which contain elements similar to what you submitted, the similarities are purely coincidental.

Thank you for considering Creative Artists Agency. We wish you luck in your endeavors.

Cordially,

CREATIVE ARTISTS AGENCY

Submissions Dept.

Submissions Department

Enclosure

CREATIVE ARTISTS AGENCY

LITERARY AND TALENT AGENCY

9830 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA 90212-1825
TELEPHONE: 310-288-4545 • FACSIMILE: 310-288-4800

January 22, 1997

Mr. Louise Barrette
2479 rue Pilon
ST-Pascal, Ontario
KOA 3NO

RE: LOUISE BARRETTE - AGENCY REPRESENTATION - "MOTHER"

Dear Mr. Barrette:

We received your inquiring about having Creative Artists Agency represent you for the above-entitled project. Although we appreciate your interest, we have a firm policy of returning unsolicited material unread. Accordingly, I enclose the 2 copies of a recording contract with Jeff Roberts Publishing Co. dated October 3, 1995 entitled "Mother", a copy of a letter from Denise Brillon, copy of a letter dated October 31, 1995 from Denise Brillon with Jeff Roberts Publishing Compay, copy of a certificate from Top Records Songwriters Association, resume, copy of a letter dated July 15, 1996 from Howard Ely Managing Editor with The National Library of Poetry, copy of a letter dated January 4, 1995 from Howard Ely Managing Editor with The National Library of Poetry and copy of an undated letter from Howard Ely Managing Editor with The National Library of Poetry that you submitted.

We appreciate your thoughtful efforts and wish to emphasize that our inability to review your material is certainly no reflection on the merits it may possess.

Thank you for considering Creative Artists Agency. On behalf of the agency, I wish you much success with your career.

Cordially,

Submissions Dept.

Submissions Department

Enclosure

The National Library of Poetry

1 Poetry Plaza • Owings Mills, Maryland 21117-6282 • (410) 356-2000

ATTENTION POETS!
You have a chance to win prizes
and possible publication
in a forthcoming anthology by
THE NATIONAL LIBRARY OF POETRY

Louise Barrette
2479 Pilon St
St Pascal
ON K0A3N0
CANADA

Dear Louise,

The National Library of Poetry is currently reviewing poems for one of its forthcoming anthologies – and if you send a poem for consideration, there is an excellent chance that you could soon see your work in print!

Your poem will be entered into our Poetry Contest, and you will automatically have the opportunity to win the Grand Prize of $1,000 or one of 69 other top prizes. We award over $48,000 in prizes annually. You may also see your poem published in a beautiful hardbound anthology!

Through our quarterly poetry contests, The National Library of Poetry strives to give poets – whether previously published or not – the chance to see their artistry in print and be recognized for the quality of their work. You don't need to be a professional poet to enter or win our competition. You only need to possess a love of poetry and a unique way of looking at and writing about the world.

Louise, when you send us your poem, you will automatically be entered into our contest AND you will receive a free copy of The Poet's Guide to Getting Published, a useful and informative guide with advice on everything from what poetry editors look for to how to self-publish your own volume of poetry. This is truly an invaluable source for those who hope to see their work in print.

The National Library of Poetry especially looks for work from talented new and lesser-known poets who have a special talent and affinity for writing poetry, but have not necessarily been published yet. We look not just for good technique and use of language, but also a unique style, special depth of feeling, and true sincerity.

Every anthology produced by The National Library of Poetry is a beautiful hardbound, edition-quality book with more than 300 pages of poems by artists of considerable talent. Printed on fine vellum utilizing handsome typography and displaying dazzling covers, these anthologies are excellent sourcebooks for

The National Library of Poetry

1 Poetry Plaza • Owings Mills, Maryland 21117-6282 • (410) 356-2000

VIP #P0562828-034

August 19, 1996

Wonderful verse!
Select Louise Barrette's poem
for the 'Sound of Poetry.' - CT

Louise Barrette
2479 Pilon St
Saint Pascal, ON K0A 3N0
CANADA

Re: Daybreak on the Land

This publisher's proof represents your poem as it is now scheduled to appear in print. Please carefully review the publisher's proof . . . check carefully for typographical errors . . . indicate any changes directly on the proof, and return it to us in the enclosed envelope. If your poem is correct as is, please initial the proof and return it without changes. Please note that you must certify the accuracy of this proof by making appropriate changes. Only initial the proof if everything is correct. By returning this proof, you authorize us to publish your poem with corrections, if necessary, as indicated below.

NOTE: *This proof must be returned postmarked no later than September 24, 1996, so we can make our scheduled publication date. Poems must be 20 lines or less. Only one entry per contestant.*

Wind In My Hands

Thy blew away the sand
Through the dusty land
Was thy pretty lamb
For thy touch od a vanished hand OF
Was thy distant West Island
To see through them
Thy dear and semi-quaver land DISTANT

Thy rudeness of my labours
Were shores and harbours
With thy happy humours
Father showed mused, and dreamed of fame
He sees the sea when the wind is wild
Thy torn sails fly in the foam
Broad on the sky-line grey
Where one who made their dwelling dear,
Its flower, its lights, is seen no more.

Louise Barrette

received on the
25th
of September
1996.

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The National Library of Poetry

1 Poetry Plaza • Owings Mills, Maryland 21117-6282 • (410) 356-2000 • www.poetry.com

VIP #P0562828-061

August 4, 1997

Louise Barrette
2479 Pilon St
Saint Pascal
ON K0A 3N0
CANADA

Dear Louise, *Re: "Our Land, Our Trees, Our Ocean"*

It is my pleasure to inform you that after reading and discussing your poem, our Selection Committee has certified your poem as a semi-finalist in our North American Open Poetry Contest. Your poem will automatically be entered into the final competition held in Winter 1997. As a semi-finalist, you have an excellent chance of winning one of 70 cash or gift prizes — you may even win the $1,000.00 Grand Prize (a complete list of prizes can be found on one of the enclosures to this letter).

IMAGINE YOUR POEM . . . PUBLISHED IN A BEAUTIFUL ANTHOLOGY!

And Louise, in view of your talent, we also wish to publish your poem in our forthcoming anthology . . .

The Sands of Time

Library of Congress ISBN 1-57553-424-X

The Sands of Time, scheduled for publication in April 1998, will be a classic, edition-quality hardbound volume — printed on fine milled paper to last for generations. It will make a handsome addition to any library, a treasured family keepsake, or a highly valued personal gift.

NO OBLIGATION WHATSOEVER

Before going any further Louise, let me make one thing clear . . . your poem was selected for possible publication, and as a contest semi-finalist, solely on the basis of merit. You are under no obligation whatsoever to submit any entry fee, any subsidy payment, or to make any purchase of any kind. Of course, many people do wish to own a copy of the publication in which their artistry appears. If this is the case, we welcome your order — and guarantee your satisfaction. Please see the enclosed material for special discount information if you are interested in owning a copy of The Sands of Time.

SO, WHAT HAPPENS NOW?

As I mentioned above, your poem has automatically been entered in the final competition — so you need take no action on the contest at this time. However, regarding the publication of

The National Library of Poetry

11419-10 Cronridge Drive • Post Office Box 704 • Owings Mills, Maryland 21117 • (410) 356-2000

January 4, 1995

Louise Banette
560 Chemin De La Baie
Rockland
ON
CANADA K4K 1K9

Dear Louise, *[Re: Our land, our trees, our ocean . . .]*

It is my pleasure to inform you that, after reading and discussing your poem, our Selection Committee has certified your poem as a semi-finalist in our 1994 North American Open Poetry Contest. Your poem will automatically be entered into the final competition, held in Summer 1995. As a semi-finalist, you have an excellent chance of winning one of 70 cash or gift prizes--you may even win the $1000.00 Grand Prize (a complete list of prizes can be found on one of the enclosures to this letter).

IMAGINE YOUR POEM . . . PUBLISHED IN A BEAUTIFUL ANTHOLOGY!

And Louise, in view of your talent, we also wish to publish your poem in our forthcoming anthology A Moment in Time (Library of Congress ISBN 1-56167-266-1).

A Moment in Time

Library of Congress ISBN 1-56167-266-1

A Moment in Time, scheduled for publication in Summer 1995 will be a classic, edition-quality hardbound volume--printed on fine milled paper to last for generations. It will make a handsome addition to any library, a treasured family keepsake, or a highly valued personal gift.

NO OBLIGATION WHATSOEVER

Before going any further, let me make one thing clear . . . your poem was selected for publication, and as a contest semi-finalist, solely on the basis of merit. You are under no obligation whatsoever to submit any entry fee, any subsidy payment, or to make any purchase of any kind. Of course, many people do wish to own a copy of the publication in which their artistry appears. If this is the case, we welcome your order--and guarantee your satisfaction. Please see the enclosed material for special discount information if you are interested in owning a copy of A Moment in Time.

SO, WHAT HAPPENS NOW?

As I mentioned above, your poem has automatically been entered in the final competition--so you need take no action on the contest at this time. However, regarding the publication of your poem, you must complete the enclosed Author's Release stating that the

The National Library of Poetry

1 Poetry Plaza • Owings Mills, Maryland 21117-6282 • (410) 356-2000

VIP #P0562828-034

July 15, 1996

Louise Barrette
2479 Pilon St
Saint Pascal, ON K0A 3N0

Dear Louise, *[Re: "Wind In My Hands"]*

It is my pleasure to inform you that after reading and discussing your poem, our Selection Committee has certified your poem as a semi-finalist in our 1996 North American Open Poetry Contest. Your poem will automatically be entered into the final competition held in Winter 1996. As a semi-finalist, you have an excellent chance of winning one of 70 cash or gift prizes — you may even win the $1,000.00 Grand Prize (a complete list of prizes can be found on one of the enclosures to this letter).

IMAGINE YOUR POEM . . . PUBLISHED IN A BEAUTIFUL ANTHOLOGY!

And Louise, in view of your talent, we also wish to publish your poem in our forthcoming anthology . . .

Daybreak on the Land

Library of Congress ISBN 1-57553-162-3

Daybreak on the Land, scheduled for publication in Winter 1996, will be a classic, edition-quality hardbound volume — printed on fine milled paper to last for generations. It will make a handsome addition to any library, a treasured family keepsake, or a highly valued personal gift.

NO OBLIGATION WHATSOEVER

Before going any further Louise, let me make one thing clear . . . your poem was selected for publication, and as a contest semi-finalist, solely on the basis of merit. You are under no obligation whatsoever to submit any entry fee, any subsidy payment, or to make any purchase of any kind. Of course, many people do wish to own a copy of the publication in which their artistry appears. If this is the case, we welcome your order — and guarantee your satisfaction. Please see the enclosed material for special discount information if you are interested in owning a copy of Daybreak on the Land.

SO, WHAT HAPPENS NOW?

As I mentioned above, your poem has automatically been entered in the final competition — so you need take no action on the contest at this time. However, regarding the publication of your poem, you must complete the enclosed Author's Release Form stating that

Cabinet de la
ministre du Patrimoine canadien

Office of the
Minister of Canadian Heritage

Ottawa, Canada K1A 0M5

APR 15 1998

Madame Louise Barrette
2479, rue Pilon
Saint-Pascal (Ontario)
K0A 3N0

Madame,

Au nom de l'honorable Sheila Copps, ministre du Patrimoine canadien, je vous remercie de votre lettre du 29 janvier dernier, dans laquelle vous sollicitez une aide financière pour la publication de votre livre *For the Love of My Son*. Je vous prie d'excuser le retard mis à vous répondre.

Je dois malheureusement vous informer que le ministère du Patrimoine canadien ne peut acquiescer à votre demande, puisque cette initiative ne s'inscrit pas dans le cadre de nos programmes de soutien financier. En effet, le ministère ne possède aucun programme d'aide financière pour la publication d'ouvrages de particuliers.

Par ailleurs, je vous fais parvenir ci-joint un dépliant d'information produit par l'Association nationale des éditeurs de livres intitulé *Du manuscrit au livre*. Vous y trouverez divers renseignements sur des questions d'édition ainsi que quelques adresses utiles.

Espérant que vous trouverez les fonds nécessaires pour mener à bien votre projet, je vous prie d'agréer, Madame, l'expression de mes sentiments les meilleurs.

Andrew McDermott,
conseiller politique principal

p.j.

Canada

This is a story of my biological mother which I found in 1992.

Short story

Title: Don't throw me Away

This is a story about a woman, which at the time was in the 1960's. In her family, they were fourteen children. There were six sisters, and eight brothers, plus her parents. At the age of eighteen years old, she got married. She was a pretty woman, had blue eyes, weighed in the hundred and fifteen average, 5'7" tall.

Her husband was an alcoholic, she could not say a word. He never worked. They were receiving a pension, which was not a lot. They could barely live. They had seven children to feed, to dress, they lived very poorly and could not do nothing about it. One of the oldest, was a girl and she had to take care of the younger ones, while her mother was arguing with her father so she would get a little more money from him, but "NO" he had to spend it on his drinking. These poor children had to see their mother cry every night, she was helpless, once she had argued she felt very tired. Looking at her seven children, she would cried because there was not too much heat in the house and she could see ice on the end of their beds.

You would surely think that she was a very nice lady, but she could have left him. But the story behind, was that if she would try to leave him, she would get beaten," Too afraid, she continued to cry and wait for the day God was going to help her and her children. Well that day finally came. Her husband died from too much drinking. She then moved in a village where she had access to everything, cause they has nor car. The only thing she could afford with the insurance of her husband's death was a house, with heaters, a refrigerator full of food. Life was starting to go better for them.

Thy mother was living well at the time, could afford to go out now, got a baby-sitter and went for a night out. As if she didn't have enough problems, she had gotten pregnant again. As for the first three months that it did not show, she would tell her children that she was going on vacation for a while, as young as they were of course they believed her. How truthful she was to her own children, the worse is that as nobody knew, she gave the baby away, even worse, it happened three times. Three little girls were given away without any of the children knowing, neither her brothers or sisters.

All these little girls who were adopted had found a good home, with love and caring. One of the girls that she had given away had a very good family, until she was 14 years old. Her mother and father died.

At 14, she did not know that she was adopted until she started to read the will. She decided to look for he real mother, gotten her papers, then she went at the office of Children's Aid to get the information she could. Not too much it was. The only thing they could told her was that her biological mother was very pretty, had blue eyes and blond hair. That she lived somewhere in Canada, and that was it.

Since then, this little girl's parents were very rich, she had lost all of her family cause all the family were fighting each other for who was going to be executor of the will. The reason why she wanted to find who her parents were was because she had no one, and that now as a mother herself, she wanted to give her child a family just like she had.

Three days it took her to find her real mother. How did she do it? First of all, I should tell ou that she had never been to a hairdresser because she was one. She decided to treat herself. In sitting down and asking questions like "Would you know someone by this last name?", the hairdresser told her to hang on for a second. She came back with her name and her address on a piece of paper and gave it to her. She said to herself: If that is mother, I will come back and take you out for supper or I will bring you flowers. Indeed she was right. That was her mother.

She got to the doorstep and said hello. She came in then they started to talk. The mother asked what date she was born. After everything was on the table, the mother said: "Yes, I'm your mother." She also said that she was not feeling good and went to bed. That was the end of that. She never got to speak to her again. As for her children, she got to meet them all, but they did not like the way she wore her lipstick or the color, then it was the way she dressed. The little girl was not perfect enough for them, so they hardly came to see her. The one thing they cannot denied is that she looked exactly like the daughter of one of her girl. It was going to be hard to deny that fact that she was not her mother.

As for the other daughters that she had given away, only the daughter that found the mother, met another daughter that was also adopted, but his one does not want to meet the mother because she knows what had happened and for that reason and the fact that she still has her adoptive parents and family, she does not want to hurt them. That is her decision, not a bad choice, as for what happen to the first one who had found the mother.

As for the mother's family, no one knows still today and they live one mile from where the daughter is and no parties are visiting.

The end of the story is that this weirdest triangle is that the mother came from the town of Rockland, one of the girl was adopted in Alfred, Ontario and lived there. The other one was adopted in Ottawa, and grew up in Embrun, Ontario. There is still one out there that we don't know about. As the triangle goes, she sure must not be too far.

The poor daughter that found her mother made a depression when they were all on her trying to change her, but with strength she got out.

The two daughters who found each other are very good friends, because the one that lost her family respects the fact that she does not want her parents and family to know that she found her adoptive sister.