

# The B.Ed Spread

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## QCE2010

**Personal and Professional Growth: Does the apple fall far from the tree?**

### Things to do instead of studying:

- Invent a time machine and befriend a dinosaur
- Hey Con-Ed, shake your booty!
- Invent a time machine and find out the test questions
- Hey Con-Ed, shake your booty!
- Re-read the newest issue of the B.Ed Spread
- Hey Con-Ed, *shake your booty!*

The B.Ed Spread would like to thank Sarah Dall, Linzi Leclerc, Winnie Tsai, Jennifer Moore and Paul Stillman for the fantastic Queen's Conference on Education 2010. As CESA Vice-President Katie Shifman said, theirs will be a hard act to follow! We would also like to thank Kathryn Budden for providing a fantastic assortment of pictures.

## Personal and Professional Growth: “Does the Apple Fall Far from the Tree?”

Jennifer Moore

**Question:** What Apple?!?! And why is it falling?

Understanding the theme was your first challenge.

Eat the apple? I would not suggest it (unless we run out of breakfast food...)

Entertain your friends by juggling with the apples? That’s a given.

Need a new apple because yours became rotten? Too bad...it’s your job to make it unrotten =)

‘Does the apple fall far from the tree?’ ...but the wonderful logo puts the apple around the tree...how does it fall from the tree if the tree is inside of it??? (Muahahahaha!)

Sick of apples????? Try them with peanut butter (if you’re not allergic!)... it’s my favourite delicious snack/ dessert. Nutella also works quite nicely. Tell your friends!

Can I give a shout out to all of those WONDERFUL speakers?!?!

Outdoor Ed man left us all dreaming about scat...and him...

Newstead worried me when he asked for two sturdy tables that could hold a grown man...definitely worth it though!

Frederickson definitely made the short trek to the music building worth our while.

Engaging Troubled Students with Kim and Barry Driscoll was engaging to say the least. When the speakers come to the Friday night social, you KNOW they’re going to be awesome =)

Robert Cumming’s workshop “Power Play in the Classroom” was NOT about hockey??? Sorry everyone...that was my bad.

Everyone thinks I look like Right to Play’s Julia Myer...just to clarify we are not sisters; the first time I met her was Conference weekend. I’m excited about how cool I will be in the future though!

New first year teachers will be ready to tackle their first classes after getting the run down from Joanne and Julie.

Conference wouldn’t be the same without the famous Kelly Dear, need I say more?

Even Simon says that Mike Pearse was amazing!

Oh man this poem is much longer than I anticipated...

Noticed that I could’ve saved myself a lot of time and work by just writing QCE...

Exec did a spectacular job throughout the entire weekend...GO TEAM!

Delegates (both internal and external!) are the only reason that QCE happens, so thank you all! We hope that everyone had a great time =)

Unconditional gratitude is what I express for our splendid volunteers; you were oh so very helpful!

CESA Exec is the apple of our eye! Thank you for everything lady and gentlemen!

Anyone seen Paul??? “Paul Stillman: Conference Exec is looking for you”

Thank you for coming to QCE Steve Elliot! And thank you even more for not making me feel nervous while eating beside you!

Is Winnie okay??? YES! She is FINE.

One amazing weekend that went by way faster than this poem!

Next year I hope to see you all at QCE 2011 for more fun and professionalism!



# Con-Ed Cowboys Saddle Up For Another Victory

Laura Sullivan

Hey Con-Ed! As I'm sure you have all heard, our awesome faculty has gained yet another victory in BEWIC Sports history! That's right, The Con-Ed Cowboys placed second in the spirit category and **FIRST** overall on January 15/16 in BEWIC Sports Days 2010! Yeehaww!!



The two-day tournament, the first to be held in the ARC, consisted of numerous games of inner-tube water polo, floor ball, rugby-basketball, and water-volleyball. The weekend began Friday at noon and continued until Saturday at 6 PM, with non-stop enthusiasm, sportsmanship, and dedication from Con-Ed! The weekend was capped off with a very exciting awards banquet and victory celebration for Con-Ed!

This year, Ben and I entered 2 Con-Ed teams, doubling the athletic ability and spirit the faculty had to offer. Both teams relied on each other for support and encouragement and this definitely played a huge part

in our victory! In between games, teams Con-Ed 1 and Con-Ed 2 filled their time with endless cheering, parading and faculty bonding!

Aside from spirit of course, it seems that our strengths shone in the pool, with Con-Ed 1 making it to the finals in both inner-tube water polo and water-volleyball.

Special thanks goes out to Shannon Walsh (First Year Athletic Stick) and her helpers for creating the beautiful banner! It definitely put our base above the rest! Also, thanks to all those who helped set up/clean up – we couldn't have done it without you!

BEWIC Sports Days is an incredibly fun and memorable weekend and I hope even more Con-Eddies sign up for next year's team! I know I'll definitely be there alongside the future Athletic Sticks and the rest of Con-Ed, pushing for the three-peat! Let's see if it can be done!



## Look a Little Further...

Cat Lee

Growing up, I was one of those kids who knew exactly what she wanted to do when she was bigger. I knew that I wanted to move back to York Region after university, teach at a local school, and spend the summer months travelling with (hopefully) my husband and two kids. Now, as I'm nearing the end of my four years at Queen's, I've realized the reality that lies before me is very different from the one that I had imagined for myself four years earlier. Notably, I have discovered that opportunities to teach and learn do exist outside of Ontario, and if I would only give myself the chance, I could experience it for myself.

Last year, I started my involvement with TORF, also known as the Teachers' Overseas Recruiting Fair. Through the fair, I met a group of really engaging recruiters, and it gave me a glimpse of what teaching abroad is all about. I had always thought that international schools were pretty much the same, but checking out the presentations and hearing different stories showed me that each school is so vastly different. With their own stances on co- or extra-curricular involvement, and a unique school climate, different schools fit differently for different people. I learned that going abroad enriches your life experience so greatly, and provides you with a new perspective that just cannot be nurtured by staying in one place. As I look further at the benefits of teaching abroad, coupled with the push factors created by the dwindling Ontario teacher job market, I must say that going abroad is looking like a pretty good option.



Second years, I would really encourage you to get involved in planning the fair if you're interested in going overseas. Fourth years – you should *attend* the fair next year, and maybe you'll even land yourself a job! Whatever year you are in, maybe it's time to look at what options exist outside of your hometown, and to step out of your comfort zone, just that little bit.

You can find out more about TORF at <http://educ.queensu.ca/careers/torf.html>.

*3/4 of the participants in TORF 2008 went overseas for this school year.*

*Almost 40 countries were represented at TORF 2010. – eds*

# The Con-Ed Bucket List

Jennifer Parker

After being inspired by an MTV show called the “Buried Life,” I decided that it would be interesting to find out what kinds of things people want to do before they die. Therefore, I commenced my quest to discover what topped fellow Con-Eddies’ bucket lists. Through this journey, I began to realize that people have some interesting and inspiring goals. Upon completion of this assignment, I came to an important conclusion about the approach we take in doing the things we aspire to do in life. For now though, I would like to share with you all excerpts from the bucket lists of your fellow Con-Ed peers...

Here it is!

- “I want to teach all around the world - from Panama to Japan, from China to France!” – Janice Y
- “I want to go on a date with Danny Brannagan ;)” – Anonymous
- “I want to see every continent” – Anonymous
- “I want to play at Massey Hall” – Alex M
- “Have a million dollar wedding...with a groom!” – Anonymous
- “Go shark cage diving in Shark Alley (close to the southernmost tip of Africa)” – Stephanie K
- “I want to share a high-five and/or hug with a famous person. Because, at the end of the day, a high-five from Barak Obama is worth a whole lot of Bucket Points.” – Sarah W
- “Be on the Price is Right and play the game with the yodeling man” – Mikaila D
- “I want to go skydiving” – Nicole G
- “Be on a surf board in the ocean while writing poetry in the sunlight.” – Lauren G
- “I want to teach in at least 3 continents” – Anonymous
- “I want to run a half marathon by 2015 (you can all hold me to it!)” – Erin C
- “Get into a fist fight with the kid that bullied me the in 3rd grade. Damn that guy pissed me off (p.s. I'd win).” – Daniel K
- “I want to go Bungee jumping” – Holly J
- “Go to an ivy-league school” – Anonymous
- “I want to study and teach overseas!” – Kate L
- “Own a piece of land that I can build my dream house and personally landscape to every fine detail.” – Paul S
- “I want to learn at least 3 different languages.” – Anonymous
- “I want to skydive” – Jess M
- “I want to live like a celeb – perform on national TV, singing and dancing!” – Anonymous
- “I want to see the world. But really SEE the world - go places, explore them, and get to know them, not just superficial traveling.” – Rachel S
- “Stand in front of a green screen and give the weather report.” – Anonymous

When I emailed everyone, I was excited to see what responses would fill my inbox. One person in particular inspired me to have a different attitude when approaching my own personal bucket list. This person sent me a list of things they aspired to do before they die, however, instead of saying “I want” they said “I will.” Perhaps this is the attitude we all should have? Instead of hoping or wanting to cross these things off of our lists, we should approach these lists as something that WILL be done, no questions asked. After all, there is a significant difference between “want” and “do.”

I hope that this article has inspired you all to start a bucket list of your own. The key word here is “start.” Who is to say that these lists are set in stone? As we grow-up, our lists will most likely change. But as we age, we can have those lists to look back on to appreciate what we have achieved thus far in our lives, and hopefully inspire us to continue doing the things we aspire to do. As many people say – you only live once, therefore... Carpe Diem!

So, to leave you with some final thoughts... (as stolen by the great Mr. Feeny of *Boy Meets World*)...

**“Believe in yourself, dream, try, do good.”**

# My Ideal Con-Ed Office

Mike Brinkworth

*Author's Note: This article is meant to be a fantasy/comedy piece. This does not represent the true opinions of the author or the Concurrent Education Students' Association regarding how best to attract people to the office (except the last thing). Unless you think these are legitimate solutions and are prepared to fund them, then the author and the Association take full credit. Point of story: find a grain of salt and take it with this article.*

The Con-Ed Office. No 12'x20' windowless, fresh airless, bright lightless space has ever caused so much debate. Over the years, debates have raged on whether we should change the name, nature, wall colour or layout of the office. Each year we also debate who should be required to be in the office for an entire year. Finally, a continuing conversation is how to attract more people to the office and how to make it a more welcoming place. Well, do I have a solution for you! Below, I outline aspects of the Con-Ed Office I dream of at night and day-dream of in the classes that I choose to go to.

A 52" high definition LCD television; better yet, let's get three so there are no arguments over what to watch. Young and the Restless, Days of Our Lives, and General Hospital can be enjoyed simultaneously: everybody wins. Dedicated headphone jacks will also be installed to avoid sound interference or general confusion.

New, self-cleaning couches. Don't ask me how they work or if they exist, just humour me. For those who frequent the office, you will know that there is more dirt and sand in those couches than on Miami Beach. For those of you that don't frequent the office, ignore the sentence above.

A window or several windows. 'Nuff said.

New, self cleaning floor. See new, self cleaning couches.

A golf simulator. If you've ever been into a Golf Town or anywhere else that has one of these, no matter how much you loathe the sport of golf, you want to whack that ball at the screen. Am I right?

Make the Office entirely out of Bud Light cans. Full Bud Light cans. I must admit that I stole this idea from a commercial I saw while watching a football game.

A small elevator between the office and QP so we can send orders up and they can send food and drink down without having to move. This would be strategically

placed between...

La-Z-Boy massage chairs. No explanation required.

A full buffet with an Executive Chef that cooks like Gordon Ramsay, but doesn't swear like him.

An iPad. Just kidding.

A life-sized poster of Edward Cullen so Katie can admire it for a few days before I go Captain Morgan on it. 'Cause then everybody's happy.

A cell phone tower. Not a booster, not put the office somewhere where you can get a bar or two. But build the tower in the middle of the office so that you have to turn your cell phone screen sideways to accommodate all of your bars.

A golf cart. 'Cause we can have contests each week to see who gets a ride to PROF class. When it's not being used for transport, one word: donuts.

A Tim Hortons branch with staff who actually know how to do their jobs. 'Cause the Queen's Centre is too far.

Laser tag. 'Cause it's awesome.

A giant teddy bear. 'Cause everyone needs to cuddle sometimes.

And finally...

YOU.



*This is change that we can get on board with.*

—eds

# Con-Ed Conquest

Laura Hughes

Deep in the depths of the lower JDUC is a dark, dim-lit, windowless den. A meeting place for work, for information, for good conversation and friends. This place is our lair, our hideaway. It is our education haven.

But just across the hall is a splendour so spectacular. A foreign space occupied by the alien QTV. Every so often a mutant being rears its head from the doorway and we catch a glimpse inside their headquarters. Ah, their home base is far more superior and spacious! If only we had such a space... if only we had a home base with ample room and possibility...

It is with this thought that conversation began in the teaching home base. First with hushed whispers, followed by loud chatter, and soon the dark, dim-light, windowless den was full of maniacal laughter and evil cackles.

It had been decided. A conquest of epic proportions was underway. The teachers will usurp the QTV headquarters. That office will be ours.

This will be a Con-Edian Conquest. An Ed Venture in B.Ed, if you will. All teachers, small and tall, old and young, P/J and I/S, are expected to join in the conquest against the QTV aliens. Prove yourself, oh mighty one, and join the teacher force.

Everyone must wear black. Because that's just what you do when you're usurping an office. Capes are optional. Someone who is creative is responsible for creating an office flag (apples must be used in the design) to hang outside our new office door to symbolize victory and defeat of the QTV aliens.

## The plan:

1. Lure aliens away from their lair with yummy treats.
2. If that fails, lure aliens away from their lair by creating an impossible-to-resist diversion. For example: someone streaks through the JDUC. (I have some thoughts on ideal candidates, but I'll wait for volunteers.)
3. Either 1) or 2) will cause the QTV aliens to scamper far, far away from their headquarters and that's when the madness begins.
4. Find ladder. Nominate (rather – force) Frosh. Send them up into the ceiling and have them climb into the QTV headquarters. Beware of motion sensors. (This is not an ideal time to order your Frosh to bob.)
5. Begin removing equipment from the QTV headquarters and placing it in the teachers' home base.
6. Make the switch. (Think of that Friends episode)
7. Reside in our new headquarters. Begin furnishing (view Mike's article for furnishing ideas).

Come one, come all, and join the teacher force. Be ready to cheer "tough cookies!" at the aliens, and assure them if they try to usurp us and gain their old headquarters back... someday we will fail their future offspring. The QTV aliens will be so concerned with the thought of their future genetic bundles that they will leave us teachers to work in our new superior and spacious headquarters.



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## Oh, We're Half Way There! Oh oh, Eleven on a Prayer!!

Nick Cornish

On Friday, February 5<sup>th</sup> the 11s gathered for the celebration of having completed half of our time at Queen's. This is a unique opportunity for Con-Ed students since our program lasts five years, which puts our half-way there celebration in the middle of the year, giving us a perfect opportunity to celebrate!

The celebration, in my subjective and biased opinion, was a resounding success! A great deal of this success, however, cannot be claimed as my own. First of all, I have to thank Graeme and his housemates for once again donating their house. Second of all I have to thank the bringers of food! We had all kinds of delicacies, ranging from appetizers to desserts – I must have had at least three helpings of each, and that is not including the leftovers the next day! My personal favourite meal was Graeme's extremely healthy mashed potato, bacon and cheese dish. I also have say a big thank you to Eric for bringing Rockband, which really livened up the night! It was especially perfect to have Rock Band because we were actually able to give a live performance of our year song, Bon Jovi's Livin' (Eleven) on a Prayer, which conveniently also has the lines Half Way There (I have to say well done to Teach Exec and Teaches '07 for coming up with that song!).

So after everybody had eaten their fill of food we were able to relax in the living room listening to some very well played Rock Band – I knew Con-Eddies are good at stuff, but do you all have to be so good at everything? So many of you can sing, play music and then be smart enough to be in Con-Ed! Honestly, you are making me look bad!

After Eric left (because that night he was still driving to Ottawa – that's dedication!), so did the Rock Band, and slowly the numbers decreased a bit. But we still had a large contingent of people who continued the event. We ended up playing card games with certain rules, my favourite of which was Issy's, which was if you swore you had to keep your forehead on the floor until the next person swore! I think I may implement that in my classrooms.

Eventually a bunch of us left Graeme's place and danced away the night at Alfie's. 34 people came out to the event, which in my mind is absolutely fantastic! So all in all, the food was great, the company was better, and I had a great time! Thank you 11s, and look forward to more great events!

## Why You Should Get Excited About the Games

Josh Wood

Ever since Vancouver put in its bid for the 2010 Olympic Games I have been anxiously waiting to cheer on our athletes, representing our country at home. You'd be hard pressed to find a celebration filled with so many awe-inspiring moments that are shared with the entire world. For the next two weeks I will join billions as I watch athletes capture the hearts and imaginations of us all.

Like all of the Olympic Games in recent memory there has been controversy surrounding the true values of the Games, and how they place unneeded hardship on a large number of people. Of course, these are true concerns and cannot be overlooked. The press has brought these stories to the public, and I hope that some of you have looked into these issues. It is the reality that "bad press is good press" and any story relating to the games will promote them even more. Like many Olympic Games in recent memory, once the Games commence, the controversy leading up to the Olympics will take a back seat to the athletic celebration.

I do believe in the Olympic values, and I do love how our athletes will, time and time again, leave this country speechless. Even though you have probably heard this a thousand times, I am excited to see one of our athletes win gold at home for the first time ever. I am excited to hear the O' Canada more times than any other nation's anthem, and I'm excited to remember the names of those who emerge as unlikely heroes. I'm excited for the likes of Patrick Chan and Clara Hughes to make history, and the opportunity to close the final day of competition with Canadian Men's Hockey Team capturing gold in front of one of the loudest crowds ever. Be excited.



*The Olympic logo, when inverted, kind of looks like a rabbit on a snowboard. –eds*

## Where Will All the Students Go?

*Romantic Ideals make way for an iPod of a Coffee Shop*

Alex Mundy and Matt Roby

Through a thick flurry of snow, with woolly scarf tied tightly around the neck, and ink pen safely stowed in the pocket until the next dreary lecture, a scholar strides through the haze towards the University coffee shop. Such places have forever been a students' refuge from the cold, in which one may be enveloped by a comfortable, soft darkness and the aroma of tealeaves and coffee beans. It is in the dank corners of such nosheries that protest songs should be written and performed delicately on guitars for the ears of runny-nosed, unkempt students, who have huddled round to hearken to a soft melody. It is around those battered wooden tables that political and scholarly topics have been heatedly discussed, and that many a revolution has been schemed about or even sparked. This type of intellectual coffee shop was born in the Salon tradition of the Enlightenment – cafes provided the salon atmosphere for the everyday scholar or philosopher. As such, the coffee shop, in all its dank, dusty, dingy splendour, has been the epicentre of student political and leisurely activity for donkey's years – a den for the fiery-hearted intellectual. A romantic ideal, perhaps, but one that I am sure finds resonance in the hearts of many a student today.

But when this student, dusting off the snowflakes and preparing for the comforting warmth that awaits within the cosy café, arrives at the new Common Ground, one cannot even speculate upon the reaction. Where one would hope and expect to find dusty old couches that eat you upon sitting down, can instead be found cold, hard, bright orange chairs, in whose rigid arms one cannot find the snug comfort of old. Glass and stainless steel surfaces have replaced aged oak and mahogany, and the soothing, intimate darkness has been chased away by blinding, impersonal fluorescents and immense panes of glass that scale the tall, blank, vaulted walls.

And the retreat of the comforting darkness and the rustic student appeal has been vanquished the very atmosphere that characterises the student coffee shop. Kingston does not need another Starbucks. The new Common Grounds feels all too sterile and clinical. The atmosphere of the old, rustic café has not survived the journey across Clergy Street.

The coffee shop fails in another sense – Common Ground is no longer for students. This wonderful and expensive use of space and light, with bright colours and clean lines, has neutered the appeal of the coffee house to students. We are students, after all, and we are proud of the poor lifestyle we have. If you put a student in a family residential area rather than in the student ghetto, you would say that he or she was missing out on the 'student experience'. This elusive term can be put down to a few things – a simplicity of lifestyle and a perseverance through a poor scholar's conditions. Student life teaches one that it is okay to Febreeze your clothing and that not washing your hair leads to it washing itself. Something about this new Common Ground does not cohere with the student way of life of which we are proud.



*Ah, the new Co Gro...*

It is not deserving of the name "Common Ground". It is altogether too decadent, too bourgeois, too metropolitan. Its existence is not a problem – I'm sure that there are many Queen's students to whom its spacious aesthetics and cleanliness appeal. My only concern is that it has replaced something that in many students' minds was much better – a comfortable, rustic, intellectual hub. So, if there are any business-minded Con-Eddies out there, now is the time to open a community coffee shop. Queen's needs you.

# It's a Right-Handed World Out There!

Vanessa Powell Cavell, with help from Terra Sweigard

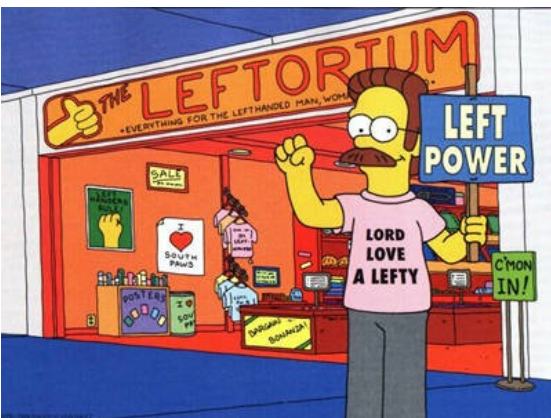
You may not have thought about it before, especially if you are right-handed, but almost everything in our world is designed to cater to right-handed dominance. As a person who is left-handed, I see it every day. This is not to say that I feel discriminated against, just inconvenienced at times. So I'm writing this article to share my experiences as a "lefty", to point out the things that right-handed people may take for granted, and to provide general insight and fun facts!

My inspiration to write this article came from a recent fact I read on Twitter. It stated that "over 2,500 left-handed people a year are killed from using equipment made for right-handed people. The right-handed power saw is the most deadly item." I laughed about this with my left-handed housemate but then began to worry... I could be one of those people! After all, I struggle enough with my can-opener (although I've heard from some right-handed people that they find it challenging too)! One other "fact" I learned is that left-handed people live on average 9 years less than right-handed people. How? I don't know, but apparently it happens and maybe it has something to do with the power saw.

There are many theories about the differences between left and right-handed people concerning their interests and the ways that they act and think. I personally don't know what I buy into, but I don't think you can categorize a person who is left or right-handed to do everything the "left or right way." It often surprises me how interested or surprised people are when they find out I'm left-handed. I didn't think I was that fascinating!

As a child it was most apparent that I was left-handed when I was at school. The knob for the water fountain was on the right; the classroom scissors were usually right-handed; the computer mouse was right-handed (as technology has progressed there is such a thing as a left-handed mouse but I prefer the right-handed one, as that is what I learned on); and my favourite of all, writing in pencil! There's nothing like a good lead-mark that stretches from the tip of your pinkie to your wrist, to show that you've been hard at work! I was somewhat oblivious to being left-handed as a child and thought that that was normal for everyone when they wrote... just like my left-handed friend Terra thought it was normal to use scissors upside down with three fingers in the tiny hole... until she was 20! But to be fair, how was she supposed to know? From my experience it seems like once my teachers found out I was left-handed they just gave-in to letting me do things my own way, like holding scissors and pens, etc.

Overall, I love being left-handed! Despite all the things I just listed, what's not to love? It's nice to be "unique" (approximately 7-10% of people are left-handed), although it appears from my observations that a high number of Queen's students are left-handed and an even higher number of Con-Eddies. Obviously that's because "lefties" are successful! Did you know that Bill Gates, Oprah, Barack Obama, Albert Einstein, Bill Clinton, Jerry Seinfeld, Julius Caesar, Picasso, Queen Elizabeth (I and II), Paul McCartney and Julia Roberts (just to name a few) are left-handed?!



So to the right-handed people out there, the next time you go to take a picture on your camera, or swipe your debit card, or use a can opener, or cut a straight line with scissors (which I beg you not to ask me to do), or write on a whiteboard/chalkboard, take a moment and think about your left-handed friends and recognize the little things that are catered to you as a "righty"! And to my fellow "lefties," keep on being awesome and don't let the pencil smudge or the inconvenient placement of door handles get you down!

*If you find yourself shopping here,  
you might be left-handed.—eds*

# The Best Facebook Post of My Entire Life

Laura Skellet

June 3, 2008. I sat on the floor of my hotel room in Athens, Greece, sweaty, exhausted and confused. There I was, on day seventy-nine of my educational odyssey with MEI International Academy – a trip that took me throughout Europe in eighty days and earned me four grade twelve credits. On the hotel room floor before me sat the entire contents of my luggage. Along with the necessities, was clothing appropriate for both the brutal cold weather of the Swiss Alps, the sunny shores of the Greek Islands, and everything in between. Despite the fact that my gigantic duffel-on-wheels was empty, I couldn't find the one piece of jewellery that I brought on the trip – my deceased grandmother's necklace. A thousand thoughts ran through my mind as I back-tracked where the necklace could possibly be, but I couldn't come up with any concrete answers. I ran down the hall, knocking on the doors belonging to the other twenty-six students on the trip, wondering if they had borrowed it and had forgotten to return it. Unfortunately, that was not the case. So the next day, when I boarded the Air France flight to my final destination, Toronto, I left the land I called home for eighty days, without my necklace.

Remarkably, the story does not end there – it is just the beginning. When I arrived back home in my small town of Thorold, Ontario, I could not bear to tell my mother or sister about the loss I had experienced. My grandmother had been deceased for about 10 years, and losing a piece of her jewellery would have really disappointed them – especially since I was trying to show how the trip had helped me mature. So I kept my loss to myself, and began more thoroughly back-tracking my experience. My next step was to e-mail the hotels, to see if they had found it. So I e-mailed the last hotel I had been to, on the lovely Greek Island of Mykonos. After a couple of days, I still had no reply. A week later – no reply. Finally, about two weeks after I sent the e-mail I received a response, in broken English, from the old Greek women who owned the hotel. The e-mail showed a picture of my necklace and the room number it was found in. Funny enough, it wasn't my room, which makes sense as to why I forgot it. I realized that at the beginning of my stay at the hotel, my friend borrowed the necklace to use as “bling” for his costume as a gangster in our adaptation of Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*. And after the play, he never returned it. So when I left the hotel a week later, after quadruple checked my room, because I had this weird gut-feeling that I left something behind, I couldn't find anything. But story aside, I had finally located the necklace. However, this had only been accomplished through e-mail, and had taken about a month!

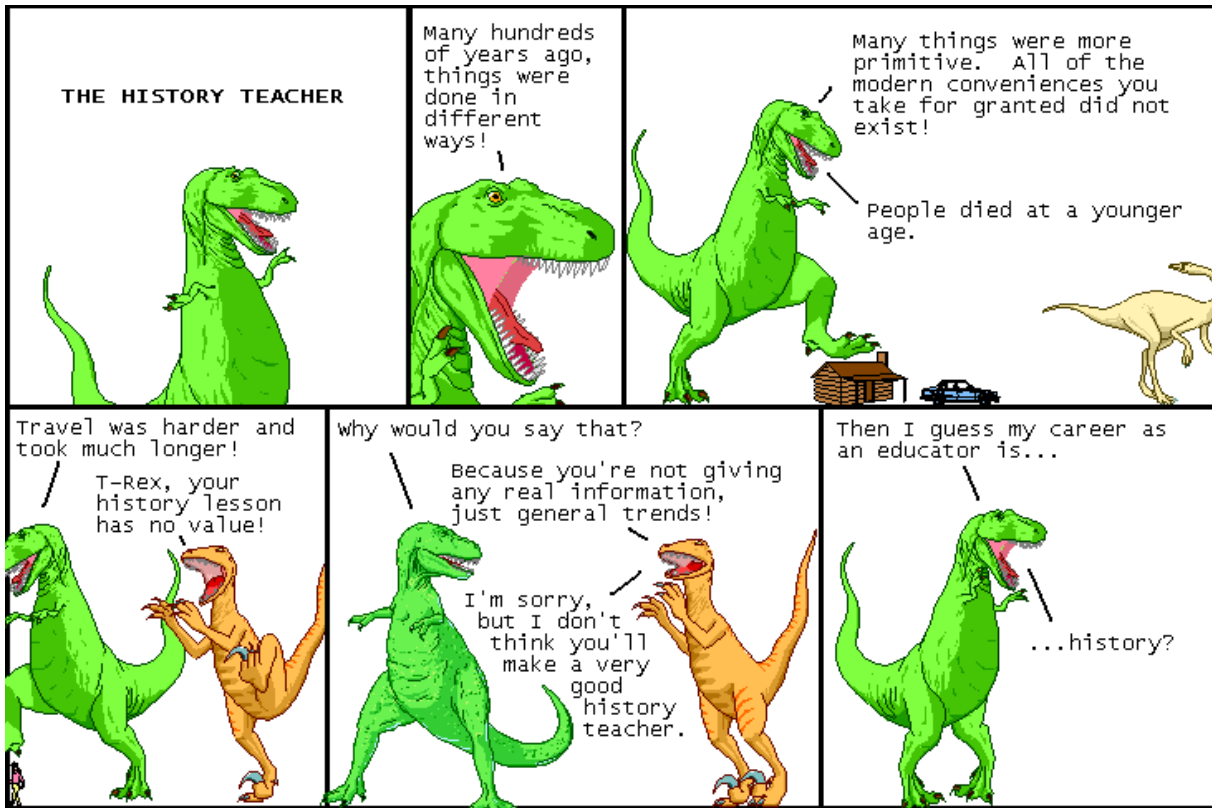
The story doesn't end there, either. The plan was for Maria, the owner of the hotel to send it in the mail, and then I would send her some Euros to pay for the mailing. This seemed simple enough. But one month, two months, three months later, it still wasn't there. I e-mailed her back, wondering if she had sent it – I was suddenly worried that it had gotten lost or stolen in the mail, and that I would have to start a new search. However, her e-mails always confirmed that she had never gotten around to sending it - which was an odd relief, considering the circumstances. By January of 2009, a change of plans occurred yet again. My friend, Ryan, who was enrolled with me in the program in Spring 2008 was by some sort of miracle going on the trip again and getting different credits. After hearing this news, I told him my story and he agreed to pick up my necklace in Mykonos, which was at the end of the eighty day odyssey. So although a plan was in motion, I had to wait around for six months, and hope that my necklace was still in Greece when he got there.

As the day approached for him to arrive in Mykonos, I sent Ryan detailed e-mails, describing the circumstances and included the picture of the necklace in case he had any trouble when talking to the ladies at the hotel. But on June 11, 2009, I quite possibly received the best Facebook post in my entire life. It was from Ryan, and it said, “I got it! It's coming home.” After failing to co-ordinate times to meet up, I finally received a package in the mail from Ryan, on July 21, 2009. And yes, after all that time, my necklace was finally home.



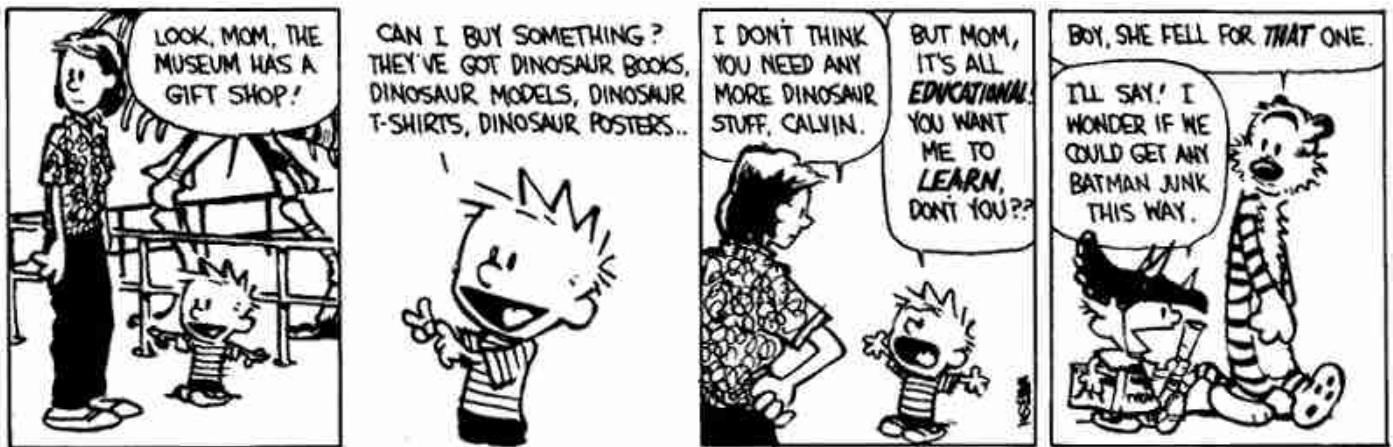
Facebook: more than for things like this. —eds

# Dinosaurs Don't Make Good History Teachers



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Calvin and Hobbes is the property of Bill Watterson.

# Sudoku

Timbits

1	5	7
2	6	3
4	8	

National

		3	4	6	8	7	9
				7		4	
		9	1			5	
	8				6	9	7
	3						2
9		6	8				4
		4			2	8	
		8		5			
	9	5	6	8	4	3	

Junior

		2	3		6	9	5	
				7				3
	6		1		5		2	7
	2						3	4
		6	9		4	8		
1	7						9	
3	9		6		8		4	
2				9				
	4	1	7		3	2		

Olympic

				9		5		
	9	5		2	1	6		
		8				1	7	
				1	2			
1			9		7			3
			4	6				
	5	6				3		
		3	1	4		9	5	
		2		8				



The B.Ed Spread:

QCE Edition

February 16, 2010

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## Editorial: Why I'm Not Currently Scuba Diving in Australia

Sarah Wolinsky

For those of you who haven't read the *Queen's Journal* recently – and really, I forgive everyone who hasn't – you might have noticed an editorial on merit pay for teachers and its rising popularity in Canada. Merit pay, according to my extensive research<sup>1</sup>, is "...a term describing performance-related pay, most frequently in the context of educational reform. It provides bonuses for workers who perform their jobs effectively, according to measurable criteria." What all of those multi-syllabic words mean for us as educators is a system that gives bonus pay to successful teachers, where 'success' is defined by someone other than the teacher themselves.

Here, we've already run into a problem, and it's a problem older than merit pay itself. Educational reform has a tendency to be dreamed up outside of the classroom, whether from members of school district boards or Barak Obama. But who knows how to run a classroom better than the teachers themselves?

Merit pay promises to reward teachers who are 'successful'. What does 'success' look like? Do we reward the teacher who teaches an academic-level rather than applied-level class? Do we reward the teacher who teaches specifically to the questions on the EQAO to bump up their class average five points? Or do we reward the teacher who's helped one person out of a rut, onto the road of being a lifelong learner? I'd argue that the last one is the greatest success, but it's also the least measurable, especially when in the interest of fairness we consider standardized testing a benchmark of achievement.

Let's be honest with ourselves – while we're not in Con Ed because we want to make gobs of cash, money is a factor in the equation. If it wasn't, I'd be scuba diving in Australia instead of dragging my freezing butt to campus at an ungodly hour of the morning to write a Differential Equations midterm. But let's look beyond our potential salaries as a motivation to help students succeed. Let's define success from the bottom up, individual successes with individual students, rather than from the top down, with mandates and merits.

The *Journal*, as an alternative to merit pay, calls for teachers to approach their careers with "a strong desire to impart knowledge on young people while aiding in their development and socialization." Having come out of the Queen's Conference on Education 2010, it seems clear that the next generation of teachers in Ontario has exactly that. We don't need someone to decide for us what student success is. We're here to discover that for ourselves.

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<sup>1</sup>[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Merit\\_pay](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Merit_pay)  
Hardcore research, ladies and gentlemen.