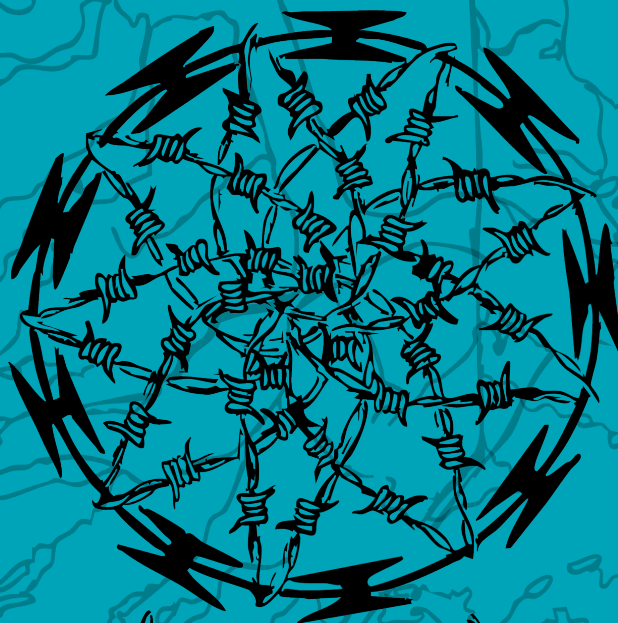


WINTER 2025

WHERE WE'RE FROM



# the INSIDE SCOOP

STORIES  
POEMS  
ART

created by those  
who are or have  
been incarcerated

# the INSIDE SCOOP

WINTER 2025

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## LAND ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

The John Howard Society of Manitoba operates on Treaty 1 Territory, the traditional lands of the Anishinaabe, Cree, Oji-Cree, Dakota, and Dene peoples, and on the homeland of the Métis Nation.

We acknowledge that the ongoing effects of colonization have resulted in the criminalization and over-incarceration of the Indigenous community. As an organization, we recognize that understanding this connection is essential to our work as we move towards reconciliation.

PUBLISHED BY

**John Howard**

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## letter from the editor

Dear reader,

*The Inside Scoop* has come a long way since it was launched back in 1993, a humble black and white bulletin printed at the John Howard offices. Over the last 30 years, hundreds of currently and formerly incarcerated writers and artists in Manitoba have used *the Scoop* to broadcast their voices. Now, we honour *the Scoop's* history as we relaunch it and amplify those voices into the future.

This relaunch issue's theme is "Where we're from." John, our literacy instructor, teaches a poem called "I am from" in his classes at the Winnipeg Remand Centre, Stony Mountain Institution, and in our community classroom. The poem asks writers to share memories of home through small details like cooking smells from grandma's kitchen, classic rock in the background, and the funny sayings of an uncle or sister. You'll enjoy several of these poems peppered throughout this issue.

Incarceration is an isolating experience, and it is important for people to get to talk about who they are, outside of their involvement in the justice system. The "I am From" poems help them do just that. For readers, especially those without such lived experience, the poems' details become windows into each poet's personal universe—their memories, families, and dreams for the future. Through this relaunch, we aim to better serve both kinds of readers by making *the Scoop* a similar such window for connection and understanding.

If you are a long-time *Scoop* reader, you'll notice a few new things in this issue: sections like book reviews, word of the day, and "Dream Canteen", where *Scoop* contributors write in to tell us the items they wish the canteen at their institution sold. You'll also find more long-form pieces from contributors who share reflections and stories. In this issue, they're related to the theme of places they come from and where they are going. And, as always, there is plenty of artwork by talented visual artists.

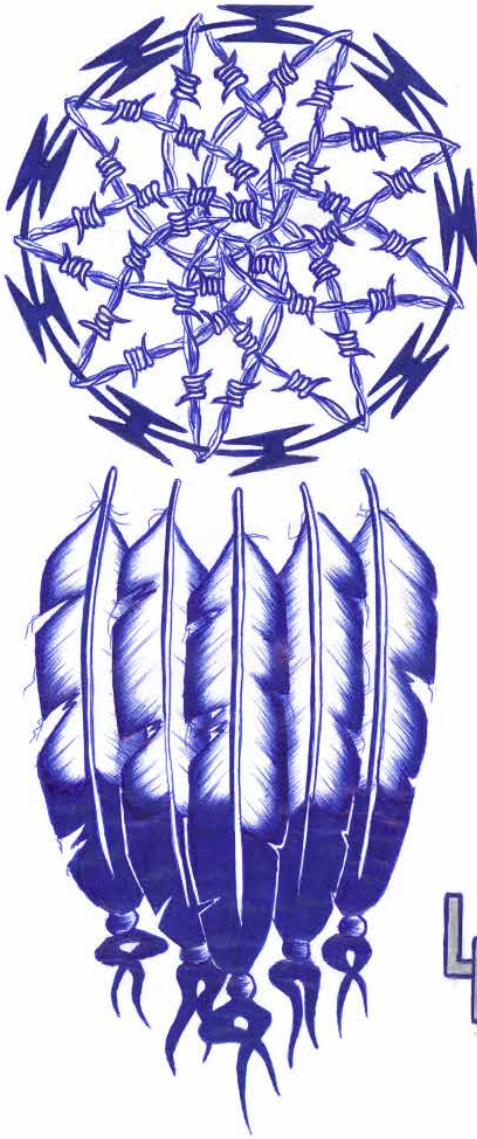
*The Scoop* eagerly awaits your contributions for our new sections. I am excited to see where we go together. Thank you for joining us on this journey!

In literacy and in solidarity,

Anna Sigrithur



Editor, *the Inside Scoop*



COVER ARTWORK BY LEONARD H.

**Editor's note:** The vast majority of artwork in this and all *Scoop* issues has been created using the basic art supplies available inside of prisons: ballpoint pens, pencils, and looseleaf paper.

- I AM FROM** Super Mario 64 and video games scattered all over the living room floor.
- I AM FROM** smoked moose meat, and the fire that was also a source of our home's heat.
- I AM FROM** "be nice to your sisters, you're the only brother," always said by a very loving mother.
- I AM FROM** Tom Petty, 'Free Falling' was the song, played through the day and all night long.
- I AM FROM** my beautiful sisters and parents, too. A house that smelled of perfume, through and through.
- I AM FROM** strawberries which grew in the front yard, blueberries in the bushes afar.

BY ZACCHEUS K.

- I am from** a bungalow, carpeted floor, huge picture window, heavy floor TV and wooden dresser record-radio.
- I am from** moose and elk meat with potatoes.
- I am from** "I love you," and "watch out for the bear."
- I am from** my mother's home-cooking, my dad's guitar by his chair.
- I am from** mixed tapes from Merv's in Swan River.
- I am from** the blowing wind in the fields and the sound of waves from the lake.

BY ROBERT S.

# The Babies and the Butterflies

A long time ago, the Anishinaabe people lived in harmony with the land and animals. The animals helped the human beings live in peace with all living things by teaching them lessons. Their lessons became oral teachings that would be passed on from generation to generation. The oral teachings often told of a spirit named Nanabozho who worked with and through the animals. This story is about Nanabozho and how he helped the people through the lessons of the animals.

At one time, the heartbeat of the village was strong: The people lived by the natural laws that had individuals serving the community. With each person doing their share, the Tribe was rich and viable in its functions.

Then, one day, a chord of alarm suddenly rippled through the people, bringing the entire village into one conscious state of worry. Everyone could feel that something was horribly wrong: the babies of the village had stopped laughing and were no longer joyous. The people became very worried and began to try everything they knew to restore the babies' happiness, but nothing worked.

But then, the people decided to summon the help of Nanabozho. Nanabozho came and had a look at the babies. His heart sank with the realization of the people's crisis. When babies stop laughing, it is a very sad thing for the people. And so, Nanabozho sent for

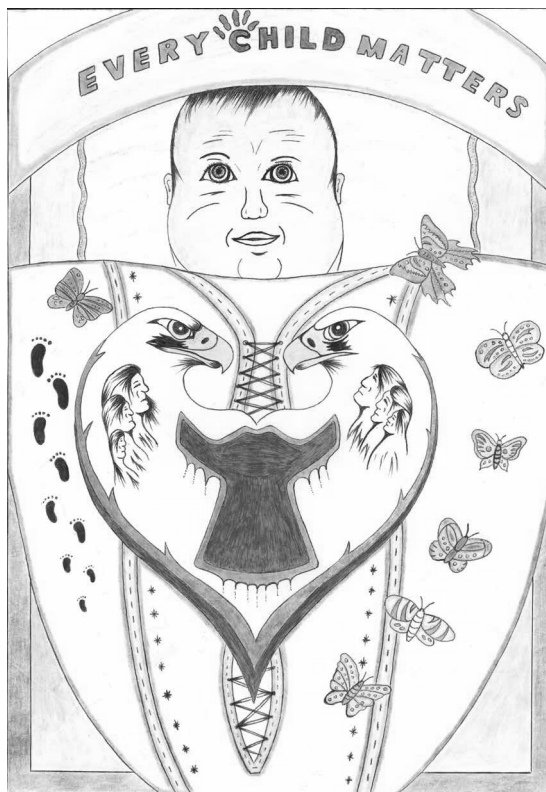
the animals who gathered in the village to see what was wrong.

The animals decided to try and cheer up the babies by doing tricks and acting silly. The Fox chased his tail in circles in one direction, stopped, and chased his tail the other way—but the babies remained silent. The Bears rolled around, head over heels, crashing into one another—nothing.

The Wolves howled and sang with chipmunks sitting on their heads! But nothing changed. It seemed that all of the animals had done everything they could think of, but nothing made the babies so much as smile. The animals were very sad and were about to give up.

But just then, the Butterflies fluttered in. They arrived in a spectrum of beautiful colours, flapping and dancing their aerial performance. The babies, whose heads had been downturned, suddenly looked up and watched the Butterflies with wonder. Eventually their little arms stretched out in reach of the Butterflies, and they began to smile, laugh and chase them.

The animals and the people rejoiced at the babies who were once again happy.



**Editor's note:** In this piece, Winston writes a parable about the 60s Scoop, using the traditional Anishinaabe trickster character, Nanabozho. In it, the babies symbolize the scooped children and the butterflies symbolize their transformation and healing as they grow into adulthood.

WORDS AND ARTWORK BY WINSTON T.

- I **AM FROM** rolling tubes, walls of VHS tapes, hockey and football league posters, NHL stat books.
- I **AM FROM** Caesar salad, pork chops, bacon, bacon, bacon.
- I **AM FROM** home by the time the street lights come on.
- I **AM FROM** each disc I could manage to maintain and not drop from the brick CD players.
- I **AM FROM** the three NHL cowboy hats my father would wear, yellow smoke-tinted moustache.
- I **AM FROM** woodlands and target practice with bullets and arrows.

BY ALFRED

Nêhiyawêwin  
& Anishinabemowin  
Word of the Day



baby

**Abinoojiinyens**

*Anishinaabemowin*

**Awâsis** ᐱᐱᐱᐱᐱᐱ

*Cree*

# QUOTES & QUOTIENTS

“The road we travel is equal in importance to the destination we seek. There are no shortcuts. When it comes to truth and reconciliation, we are forced to go the distance.”

Senator Murray Sinclair  
on the distance between where we're from and where we're going.

## Where incarcerated Manitobans are from...

### *Did you know?*

People in provincial institutions are usually residents of that province, but inmates at federal institutions (like Stony Mountain) can be from anywhere in the country?

## ...and where they're going (or not going)

As of the end of 2024, of **75%** people incarcerated in Manitoba are in remand, meaning they're still awaiting their trial and not sure where they're going,

or when.



# A Brush with Time

**How reading Gwendolyn Womack's *The Memory Painter* while incarcerated at the Winnipeg Remand Centre made me see time—and reading—in a new light.**

BY GREG T.

I was sentenced, cuffed and led down the underground halls to the Winnipeg Remand Centre. After a strip search and a quick, cold shower, I was locked into my new home. The feeling is overwhelming as you step into an unknown and isolating world. Only hours earlier, I had my wife and children in my arms. Going from the warmth of family to the stark, cold reality of incarceration. Fear and loneliness crept in fast and the unknown started playing with my thoughts.

The unknown is often the hardest part to grapple with in such situations. What will your daily life be like? Will you be able to maintain any sense of identity or connection? How will your loved ones cope without you? These are all valid thoughts that can easily play on your mind during those first hours or days.

After not reading for 30 years, I realized how essential time is for the brain to expand beyond the daily grind, beyond the constant pressures that had once defined my existence. Life had always been a blur—rushed mornings, deadlines, responsibilities, the unyielding demand for attention. It wasn't until I was incarcerated, with nothing but time on my hands, that I understood how much I had been suffocating my mind.

In *The Memory Painter* (by Gwendolyn Womack), I found a world that transported me out of the cold walls of the Winnipeg Remand Centre. The novel, a blend

of mystery and science fiction, delved into themes of reincarnation, memory, and the way past lives could impact the present. It was as if the author had written a map of the human experience—one filled with love, loss, and the endless search for understanding.

As I read, I could feel my mind slowly expanding, as if it had been locked in a cage for years, and now, finally, it was free. The characters in the book experienced life not just as a single timeline but as a web of interconnected stories, each one building on the other. I couldn't help but reflect on my own life. Each chapter seemed to unlock something inside me, something I had long since buried under years of routine and distraction.

The longer I stayed in that cell, the more I realized that time—my time—was no longer something that could be measured by the ticking of a clock or the passing of hours. In prison, I had the luxury of absence: the absence of work, the absence of the constant demands of family and life. But it was also an absence of self—an absence I could finally confront.

The books gave me the space to explore that self, to dive into memories I had long ignored. I began to see how my past was a series of moments, not always connected, but constantly shaping who I was. I had time to think about all the decisions I'd made and how they led me here. The irony wasn't lost on me—locked in a cell with nothing but time, I found the freedom to think, to reflect, and to consider the future.

In the silence of the cell, I learned that time isn't just a measure of hours or years; it's the space in which the mind grows, unburdened by the rush of the world outside.

# LOST SOULS

BY LLOYD

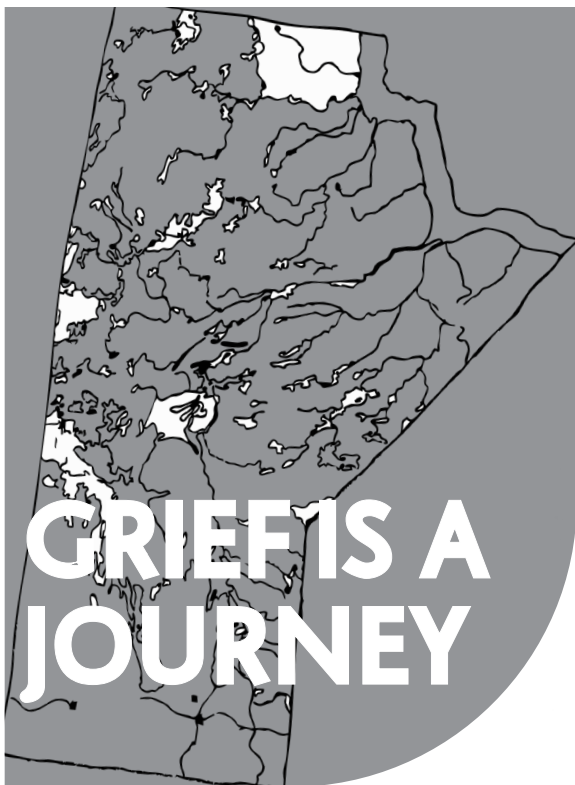
I am burnt out from living life in the fast lane  
 Trying to run from the pain  
 All this thinking has me going insane  
 I can't even remember my spirit name  
 I don't even know my clan  
 Lost from my roots  
 I'm an Urban Indigenous man  
 Born-n-raised in Winnipeg  
 A real inner city G  
 Rest-n-peace to all my loved ones who were  
 murdered on the Winnipeg streets

I want you to know I'm sorry  
 For all that missing time while I was  
 sitting in Stony  
 All that time wasted unless  
 I can tell you my story  
 So, before you think you have to go do a drill  
 -Think twice- don't let something that could last  
 30 seconds  
 turn into life

Because your beautiful soul won't make it to  
 heaven  
 I wish I had that luxury  
 But I've been gang banging since I was 11  
 Plus I've been yelling 'Eff the World' since I was 7  
 So what does that tell?  
 that you want to judge me  
 And lock me in a cell?  
 And what you're telling me  
 Is when I die, I have to go to hell.



ARTWORK BY EDDIE C.



# GRIEF IS A JOURNEY

WORDS BY **TIMMY S.** ART BY **STAFF**

## Home from Cold Lake

I was getting off the fire line that summer after three weeks in the bush in Cold Lake. I'd been a wildlife type two firefighter for 16 years and always came home with a good amount of money. I usually spent it on my youngest siblings because we came from a poor family and I wanted them to experience a good time outside of our community. So, I would always take them out.

But that year, I came home to something I'll never forget. I immediately went to my brother's room to get him ready for a day we could enjoy together. But his door was locked. I knocked and banged on his

door with excitement because I was ready to spend my firefighting money with him.

My sister walked out of her room and said, "Is he up? He's been sleeping for three days."

His door was blocked by something, and I instantly remembered the last conversation we had together; he said, "Timmy, here is where I keep my fishing knives and my hunting guns, they will be under my bed at the corner, ok?"

I then thought about the issues he was having with his partner: the betrayal, the relationship broken, the continuous drinking he was doing. At that moment, I knew something bad was behind that door.

I was able to finally get the door open just enough and I

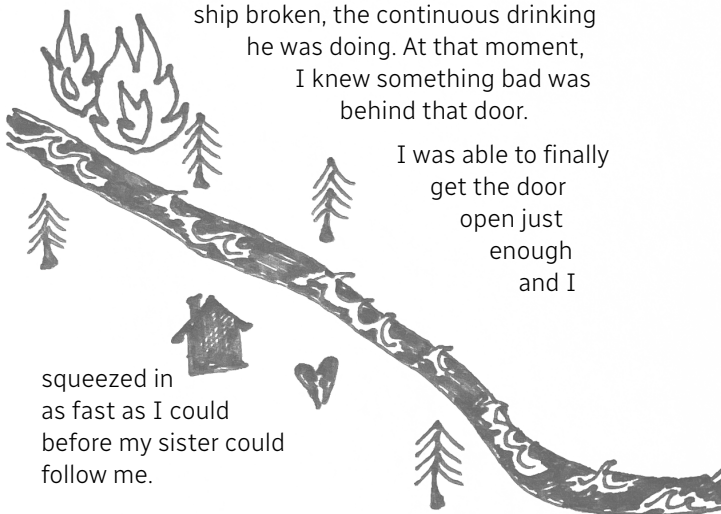
squeezed in as fast as I could before my sister could follow me.

## South Indian Lake

The loss of my little brother played a big role in how I saw life and how I treated people. At first, I was angry. I slowly destroyed everything good in my life.

Then one day, I stood up, I said to myself, "I'm six-foot-one but I'll stand even taller and stronger. I'll understand why this is happening and I will overcome all this pain."

I still had money saved up from my job; I had enough to travel out of my community. I first found





myself in South Indian Lake where I stayed for a couple of months over the winter.

There, I was able to attend church services on Sundays and I actively participated in reading, communication, and sharing my personal experiences. I made acquaintances who I tried my best to push towards a better relationship with God, and a more positive look at life's purpose. After a short time in that reserve, I travelled for two years to many more reserves where I shared the same message to the friends I would meet: Churchill, The Pas, Gillam, Leaf Rapids, Cross Lake and Grand Rapids.

### Thompson, Grand Rapids

There is one thing I've always wanted. That is a baby girl that I can call my own; family, flesh and blood, created by me

and a partner. I have faith in God that he will provide me with this gift. And so, I decided to leave my community again.

I traveled to Grand Rapids where I settled for a while when I met someone.

Her name was Tina, and the first couple weeks together, we had fun. When Treaty Days came around, Tina encouraged me to participate, so I did.

At the opening event, the chief shot an arrow into the field and whoever was to grab it first was awarded \$100. I wasn't a fast runner, but I said to Tina, "I'll try for you."

The arrow went flying into the sky. I see half the men running left, the other half running right. I go left and see the arrow hit the ground. There are four people in front of me but I don't stop running. They stumble, roll and collide, crashing into each other. Somebody's dog even crashed into the pile of people!

I'm laughing at the pile up, but then I see the arrow in plain sight. I slide toward the arrow like a baseball player and grip it in my hand. Another person reaches it at the same time but I tear it out of their hand.

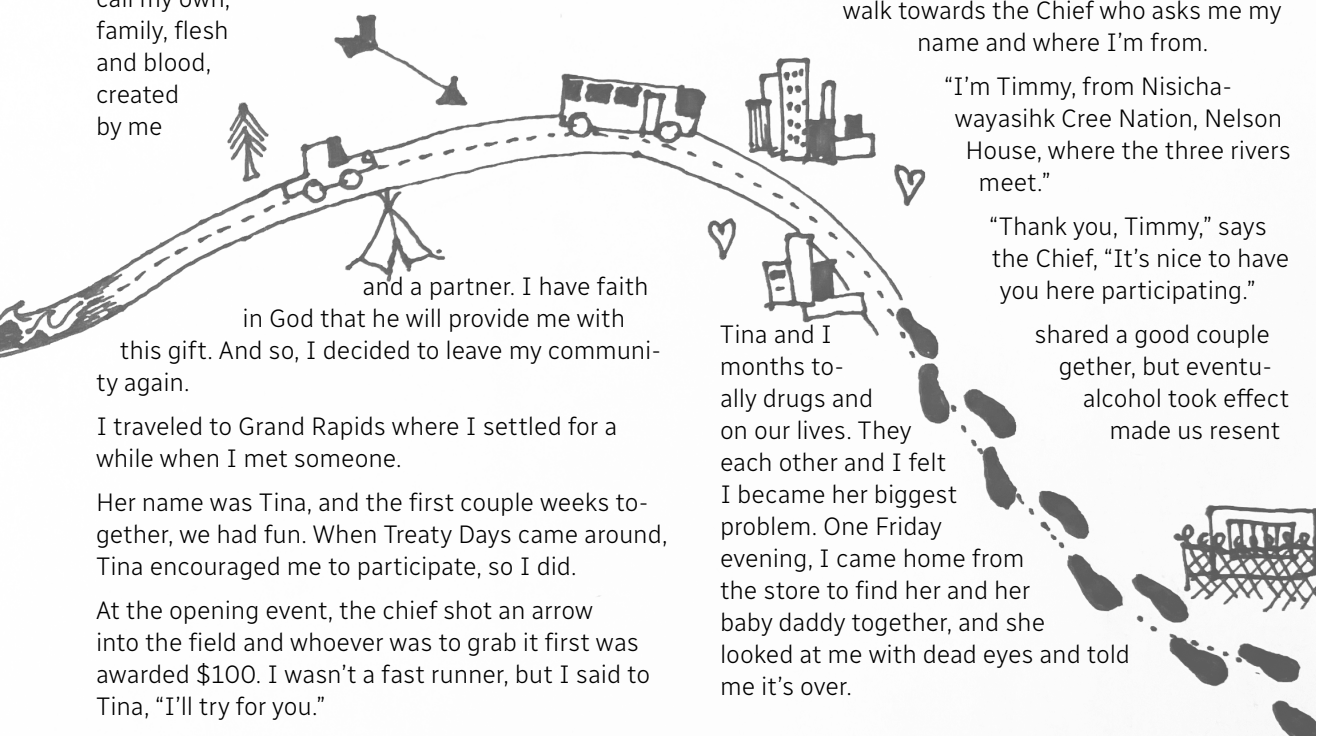
Just then, the dog bites me in the butt! I yell and punch the dog in the nose and it lets go. With one arm, I raise the arrow in the air in triumph, and with the other hand, I'm holding my left butt cheek. I walk towards the Chief who asks me my name and where I'm from.

"I'm Timmy, from Nisichawayasihk Cree Nation, Nelson House, where the three rivers meet."

"Thank you, Timmy," says the Chief, "It's nice to have you here participating."

Tina and I shared a good couple months together, but eventually drugs and alcohol took effect on our lives. They shared a good couple together, but eventually alcohol took effect made us resent each other and I felt I became her biggest problem. One Friday evening, I came home from the store to find her and her baby daddy together, and she looked at me with dead eyes and told me it's over.

shared a good couple together, but eventually alcohol took effect made us resent



*continued on page 10*

## Winnipeg

My next stop is Winnipeg. The city lights, with it, a diversity of people, culture, history, and opportunity. I was ready to make a positive image of myself and try new things. But, after being in the city for almost a month, nothing was going well: I was almost completely broke and I was staying in a tent. I walked around all day, meeting people and realizing the city is a harsh place. I thought to myself, I don't want to end up like this. I will do my best to help who I can, when I can.

One day, on a bus ride, I met Brittany. In a low voice, I managed to stutter, "Hi." Our conversation lasted an hour and I forgot where I was going; we ended up at the other side of the city at her place. From that day on, we spent every day together.

Her youngest daughter is the light of my life, the source of my happiness. One day, out of nowhere, Brittany says to me, "Timmy, this is your baby girl forever." I couldn't believe it. Was this a sign? Is this where my path has been leading me all along, towards becoming a father to these kids, to this girl?

I spent ten amazing months with her. But I realized I have to make a choice, because I am in trouble with the police and I am avoiding jail. I can't keep lying to her. I need to turn myself in and do my time and get it over and done with. I don't want to lose her or my baby girl. I don't want them to feel abandoned. She understands. She tells me she will be at home waiting, but I'm too scared, so I avoid it a little longer.

During this time, I start drinking and doing drugs, and it's getting out of hand. All the substances, PTSD, depression, all of this together is killing me inside, and eventually I make a mistake that gets me thrown in jail.

Those first two weeks incarcerated, I had never felt so upset about my actions. But one day, I realized I am where I am supposed to be. I asked God for a baby girl, and he answered my prayer. But he wants me to do it right, so he threw me in jail for this time to rehabilitate and heal myself inside and out.

When I get out, I will come back into her life as a father who will fight for her on her journey.

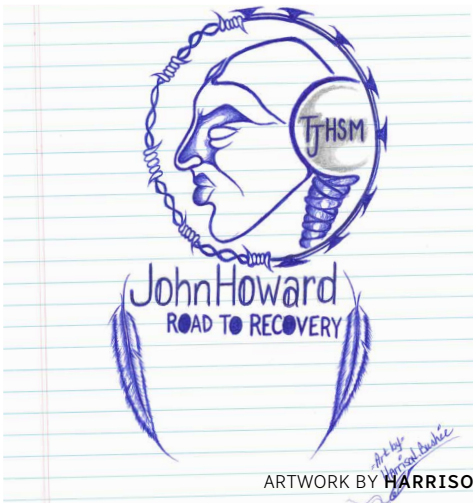


I AM FROM hockey pics on my wall.  
 I AM FROM mom's beef stew.  
 I AM FROM Korn, falling away from me.  
 I AM FROM mom smoking cigarettes in  
 the house, she always smelt like them,  
 it made me sick.  
 I AM FROM Sesame Street, a big D  
 shape, the lake on the Back Side.

BY TF

I am from my mother's curly hair and my  
 strong father.  
 I am from "never rat."  
 I am from rock songs on records and cds.  
 I am from "don't know where I'll be tomorrow."  
 I am from spaghetti and grilled cheese.  
 I am from scary ghosts and non-human spirits.  
 I am from the haunted apartment near the  
 tracks.

BY JAYE



ARTWORK BY HARRISON B.

# DREAM CANTEEN

Incarcerated people in Manitoba have access to a canteen where they can purchase food, toiletries and basic necessities. However, options are limited. We asked learners in the John Howard literacy class at the Winnipeg Remand Centre what they would get if they could get anything at the canteen. Here is what they said:

- ..... **m&m's** .....
- Harrison B.*
- ..... **Popcorn** .....
- Gavin A. S.*
- ..... **Beef jerky** .....
- Harrison B.*
- .. **Doritos (Sweet Chili)** ..
- Jeremy B.*
- ..... **Grape Drink** .....
- Trevor C.*
- ..... **KitKats** .....
- Wendall D.*
- ..... **Spandex 'gitch'** .....
- Kenneth S.*
- ..... **Nail clippers** .....
- Brayden S.*
- ..... **Eyelashes** .....
- Wendall D.*
- ... **Beading Supplies** ...
- Gavin A. S.*

DREAMCATCHER BY CORY K.



# WARMING UP

BY BOJAN K.

On a cold February Winnipeg night, with just a t-shirt on underneath two 1990s Adidas windbreakers, I was shivering at the corner of Talbot and Watt.

It must have been close to midnight and I saw an old friend walk by. I noticed a gang vest on him as he walked away. I've known him 15 or 20 years, he's always been a stand-up guy, and tough, like his old man. He changed when his dad died, became stern like him. His dad was sometimes unfair but mostly played by the rules like a ref.

A few minutes later some girl came up to me and said, "Come with me." She brought me into a building and said, "Warm up here in the stairwell by the heater, I gotta go check on my brother."

I woke up leaning into that heater with 7 or 8 fellas with bandanas surrounding me. It was 3:30am and they wanted to know what I was doing in "their" stairwell. "How'd you get in? Did someone let you in?" I told them I walked up and the door was open and I'm just warming up. One asks me my name and I tell him. A big guy in the back says, "I heard of him, he's not a cop." *No phone, no proper clothes, no money, yeah I'm a cop, give me a break*, I think.

A guy in the middle of the group pulls out a great, long, sharp-looking army knife and starts playing with it. As he does so, a few others show me they're also packing. I say, "Let's not get off on the wrong foot here, fellas. I ain't harming nobody and I ain't trying to do so neither, I just legit was warming up." I open my jacket to show them I'm unarmed and not to feel threatened, but playing it as if I'm just showing my lack of clothes. I'm freaking out inside about the situation I'm in.

All I'm thinking about is leaving this stairwell alive.

One guy says, "Why shouldn't we fuck you up?" I reply, "For what? Warming up in a stairwell? If that's your rationale then go ahead and do your best." The guy with the big knife says, "this guy's crazy—you're crazy man. You see how many of us there are here?" I say, "Me, crazy, huh? I'm the crazy one? Trying to stay alive while warming up in a stairwell?"

“  
*The cold winter  
sun . . . illuminates  
the streets like  
you're in an  
interrogation  
room*  
”

The big guy in the back who seemed to be the voice of reason says, "Buddy, you got a lot of balls saying that. Warm up, but I don't want to see you around here again."

When they left, I was shaken up, elated, sad, happy, and angry, but all in all I felt good about this rude awakening. It was a good reminder about the world we live in, and how mindless and simple things can go so unexpectedly right or wrong in the dash of a second.

My life had been on a serious decline the two weeks prior to this. I had just gotten out of jail, and walked away from my family, and put up a serious boundary between us, and was homeless. So here I was with a new outlook on things, ambition and nothing to lose.

The next day, my life started getting brighter. I ran into someone from my past, found a warm place to stay, clean warm clothes, and even had some scratch in my pocket. Things were looking up.

About a week later, I am driving my friend's car down Talbot. To my right, I see this big guy and some lady standing at the bus stop. When I get

closer, I realize it's the voice of reason from the stairwell. I immediately pull over and walk up to him. He is on edge; he thinks I'm there for revenge, but I say, "Hey man, I just want to say 'what's up'." He explains how his aunt is trying to get to the hospital and he's taking her there. I said, "Say no more, hop in, I'll drive youse." The drive is fairly quiet: small talk about sports, weather and whatnot, him checking on his aunt a few times. I drop them off and we go our separate ways.

I'm fueling up the Mazda at 7-Eleven on Talbot and Watt. It's been almost 3 weeks since I had that run in and could have died not even a block away from where I stand. My mind is wandering around with all kinds of thoughts of, what if, well, so what, what if. Over my left shoulder, running my way, is this big fella screaming out, "Bozz, hey Bozz!" As he gets closer, I see the same big guy I drove to the hospital, but this time I see the biggest smile on his face.

The cold winter sun in Winnipeg that is blinding to drive in and illuminates the streets like you're in an interrogation room was shining hard that day. The big guy gives me the biggest bear hug ever, and explains that had his aunt not made it to the hospital when she did, she would not be with us today.

This is giving me goosebumps right now writing this, my friends. Think about it, had we not met, if I had died, had anything else happened between those two interactions, one or two lives would be gone. The contrast between pride, humility, generosity, reason and understanding is there in one picture.

Those few weeks of my jail release were real tests of fear, character and pride. They were absolutely life-altering weeks. In closing, I encourage all of you reading this to be kind to one another. Do not be quick to judge. Have more patience with one another and try to show love in everything you do.

**I am from** Sega Genesis, Nintendo and the Gameboy era.

**I am from** Golden Grahams, pop tarts, pizza pops and Chef Boyardee ravioli.

**I am from** "we'll see," "do your homework," and "time for bed."

**I am from** Dance Mix 93, 94, 95, and cassette tapes.

**I am from** Bugle Boy Jeans.

**I am from** high rocks near the river where we all swam.

BY ANTHONY

**I am from** greenhouse, woodstove, happy bunny posters and lord of the rings.

**I am from** fluffy bannock, rice and eggs, and cream of wheat.

**I am from** "come inside now, come eat, I love you."

**I am from** Loretta Lynn, Michael Jackson, Cyndi Lauper and the Scorpions.

**I am from** speed stick, pine-sol and fresh baking.

**I am from** a big yard, fresh air, dogs barking, trees blowing in the wind.

BY MEGAN

# Simple Man

BY MICHAEL (MKC)

**Father God** I am but a simple man who forgets your lessons fast  
I am no one special but still I see just how my form you cast  
And when I stop to smell the roses and take a look around me  
Behold my eye sees everything that's made, was made by Thee.

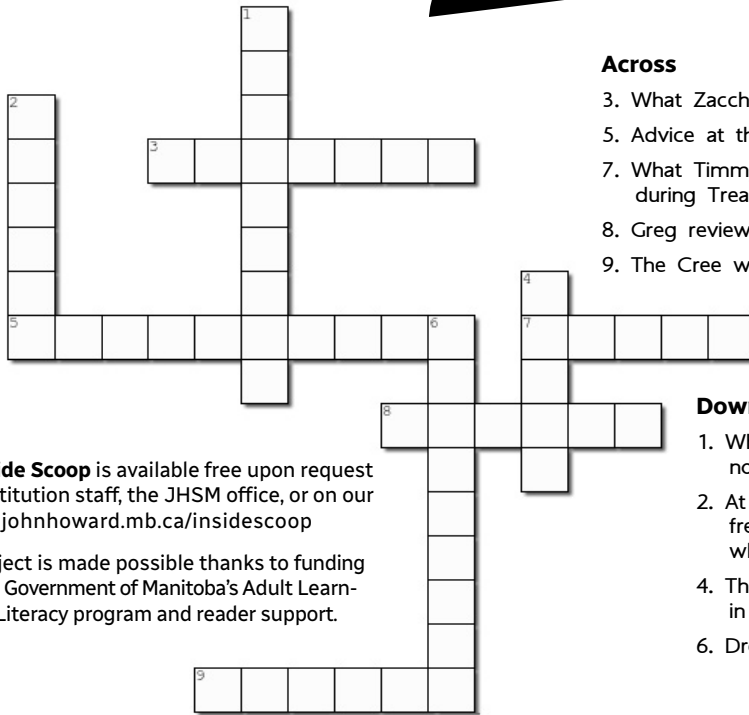
At times like these I feel you near, brings goosebumps to my skin  
An awe, a peace flows over me, my soul, my heart abrim  
Please my father, ne'er forget that I am no one special  
I am but a simple man whose joy grows exponential.

I am no one special, a simple man, please God remember me  
Just a speck, a fleeting jolt upon your tapestry  
Here today and gone tomorrow makes no sense to me  
For in my eyes, I feel your love last long like centuries.

And every minute You keep me here amongst your savage garden  
My love, my life, my gratitude, it bonds, it holds, it hardens  
Your grace bestowed upon my head, your attention I adore  
Your eyes upon this simple man, what else could equal more?



ARTWORK BY LEONARD H.



**Across**

3. What Zaccheus's house smelled like
5. Advice at the end of Lloyd's second stanza
7. What Timmy retrieved to win a challenge during Treaty Days
8. Greg reviews a book called the \_\_\_\_ painter
9. The Cree word for "baby"

**Down**

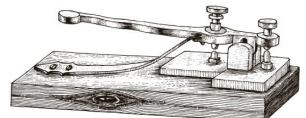
1. What Senator Sinclair says there are none of on the road to reconciliation?
2. At the beginning of Bojan's story, he's freezing on the corner of Watt and what street?
4. The word Alfred repeats three times in his poem
6. Dream canteen item for beauty

**The Inside Scoop** is available free upon request from institution staff, the JHSM office, or on our website [johnhoward.mb.ca/insidescoop](http://johnhoward.mb.ca/insidescoop)

This project is made possible thanks to funding from the Government of Manitoba's Adult Learning and Literacy program and reader support.

*Telegraphic Art*

This issue is about where you're from. In this space, draw where you are going!



Submit it along with the waiver and any other submissions to the Inside Scoop and we might publish it in the next issue.

Call for Submissions



ARTWORK BY WILLIAM E.

the **INSIDE SCOOP**  
WINTER 2025

**We welcome your submissions of writing and artwork!** If you want to work with an editor on your piece, please indicate that in the waiver. We look forward to working with you.

Send submissions and a signed waiver (below) via Canada Post to:

**Anna Sigrithur, John Howard Society of MB,  
583 Ellice Ave, Winnipeg, MB, R3B 1Z7**

**Or, email them to [asigrithur@johnhoward.mb.ca](mailto:asigrithur@johnhoward.mb.ca)**

**Did you know?** If you are incarcerated in Manitoba, calling John Howard is a free phone call, so give us a shout if you have questions! (204) 775-514 ext. 112 (Anna) or ext. 113 (John).

(Not incarcerated? You're still welcome to call, of course!)

## The Inside Scoop Waiver

Please attach this to any artwork or writing you submit to The Inside Scoop.  
Mail to: Anna Sigrithur, John Howard Society of MB, 583 Ellice Ave. Winnipeg, MB, R3B 1Z7

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Title of piece: \_\_\_\_\_

I am open to discussing edits to my work (circle one):                      Yes                      No

I give permission for my work to be printed in *The Inside Scoop* and confirm that I am submitting my own authentic original work. I understand that my work may also be used in other John Howard Society publications such as workbooks and facilitation materials, as a handout in group classes, or for future promotional or fundraising projects. I understand that all rights to my work remain with me.

\_\_\_\_\_  
*Signature*

\_\_\_\_\_  
*Date*

Mailing address: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_  
*Where would you like  
edits and/or copies of The  
Inside Scoop mailed to?*

*Note: We reserve the right to edit submissions, and may contact you about edits to your work. We will not print anything containing sexism, racism, homophobia or transphobia, gang symbols, or that glorifies violence, drug use, or gang involvement.*