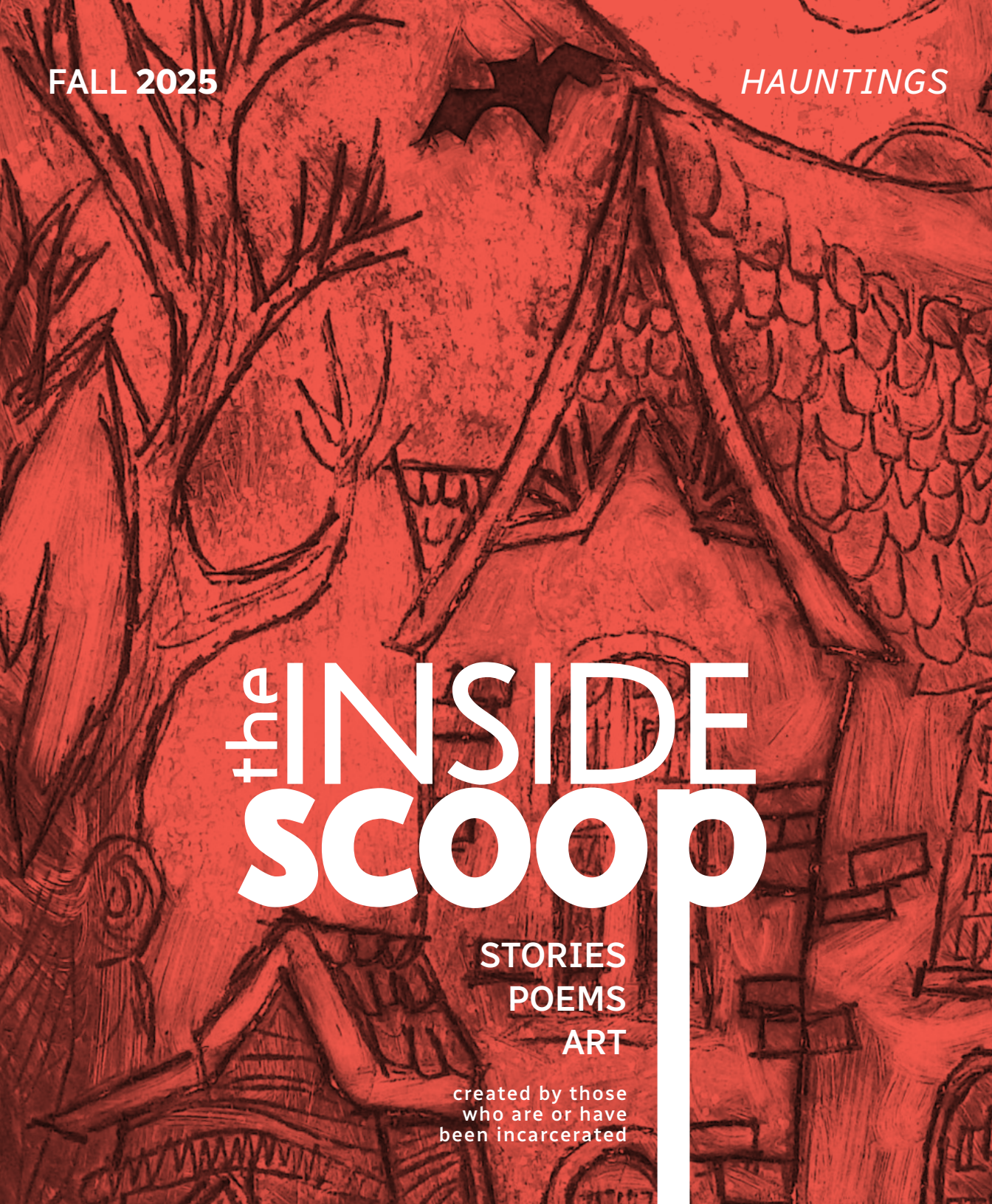
FALL 2025

HAUNTINGS



the INSIDE SCOOP

STORIES
POEMS
ART

created by those
who are or have
been incarcerated

the INSIDE SCOOP

FALL **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.

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letter from the editor

Dear reader,

It's officially fall: the days have gotten shorter, the leaves have fallen, and the long, cold, dark winter will soon be upon us. According to some, at the end of October, the veil between our world and the world of the spirits is thin, becoming a portal that people have taken advantage of to commune with those on the other side. Some call this time Halloween, others call it Samhain, All Souls Day, Day of the Dead, or even simply "spooky season."

Whatever you call it, here at *The Inside Scoop*, we were inspired to make the Fall 2025 issue a portal to the Other Side. The theme we chose is Hauntings, because sometimes what haunts us is not just ghosts and spirits, but the struggles we have been through or even our past choices and actions. We need not be haunted forever though: as contributors to this issue show, there is transformation and healing to be found through writing and art.

Contributions to Hauntings include housekeeping advice like Matthew's tips on how to get rid of pesky household ghosts, creepy micro-fiction like Tyler's story, "There's something on Papa's Trapline," poetry like Raymond's verses of a man haunted by love and loss, and short stories like Shawn's which is about a possessed toilet! Contributors also share real-life horror stories, like unsafe work practices from our students at Purpose Construction.

Finally, we are excited to share, for the first time in *Inside Scoop* history, a Choose Your Own Adventure story, just like you might remember from school. It's called "Give Yourself the Chills" and was written by the gentlemen of the Four Healing Roads Lodge halfway house. It starts on page 4, and then jumps around the magazine depending on the choices *you*, the reader, make for the story's character Bob and his trusty dog, Shadow. So, get out your favourite Halloween candy (turn to page 11 for inspiration!) and dive right into this spooktacular issue of *the Inside Scoop.*

In solidarity and in literacy,

Anna Sigrithur

Editor, *the Inside Scoop*

Opposite page: Shawn submitted this "postcard from the inside"—and you can, too! Look inside the back cover for a place to draw and send in your own postcard from the inside. We might just print it in the next issue!

There's Something on Papa's Trapline

BY TYLER B.

One night in the backwoods on your papa's old trapline, there was an endless storm, the quad broke down and the flashlight wouldn't turn on. Your papa heard a loud screech echoing across the valley, which gave him an awful gut feeling. It was so dark, and he didn't know what to do: he had no phone, no light. He heard it again and as it got closer, he ran for his life and fell with his rifle. A shot was fired. When morning came, they found his belongings. No blood, but an awful smell. And that was the last they seen of old papa.

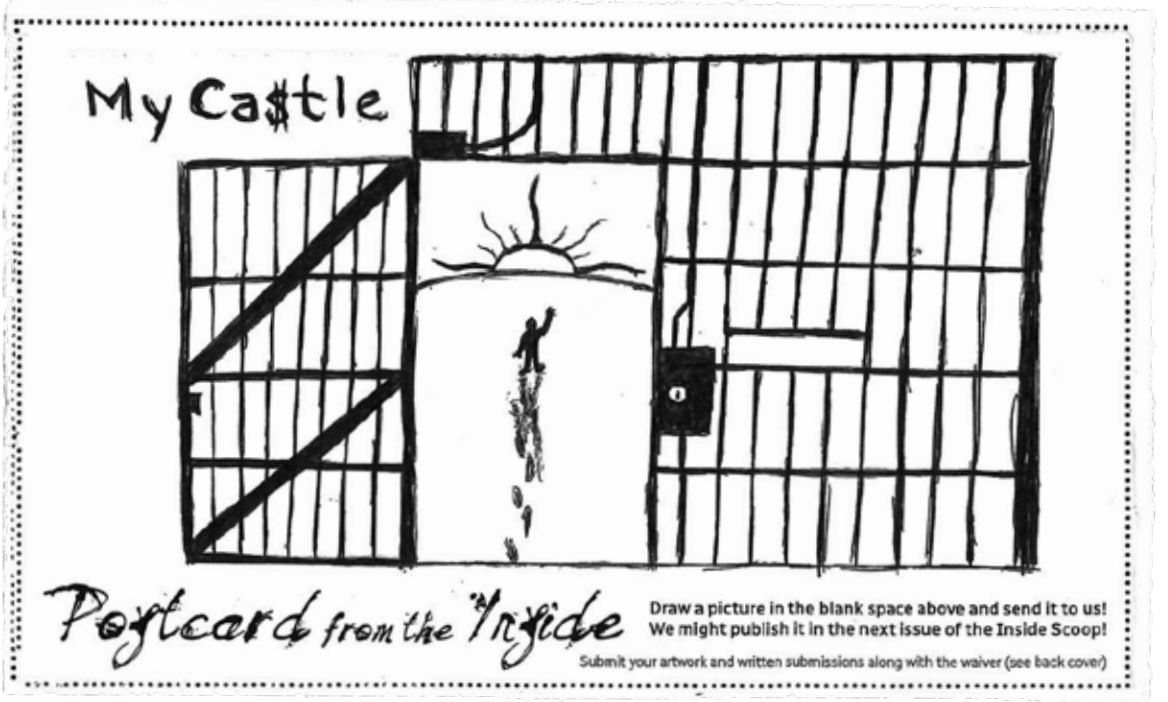
Haunted House

BY **BRADLEY B.**

I once lived in a house that was haunted. We would hear noises and see objects moving or hear them falling. Apparently, there was a suicide in the basement. A man hung himself during a standoff with the police. Our neighbour showed us a newspaper clipping of the incident.

I lived there with my girlfriend and our two kids. One night, we were so afraid that we had to leave the house for the night. It started when I heard my bike moving downstairs. When I looked down there, I saw two red eyes, and the bike was on the other side of the basement. Then we heard dishes falling out of the cupboards, smashing on the floor.

As we left, I burned sweetgrass by the basement door. When we got home, it was on the table, still burning.



"MY CA$TLE" BY **SHAWN M.**

GIVE YOURSELF THE CHILLS

A Choose Your Own Adventure Story!

BY: **CRAIG T., SAMUEL A., ALFIE D., JOEL B., CHRIS E., GERALD P., MYRON M.**

This is an interactive story! At the end of each section, you get to choose what the main character does next. Based on your choice, flip through the magazine to find the page where the story continues. Play the story through different ways until you reach all three possible endings!

It's a cold November night in the West End of Winnipeg. Robert "Bob" Stozek, with his trusty dog Shadow by his side, stands on the corner of Furby and Ellice and shivers, thinking bitterly to himself that the last few months of sleeping outside comfortably are over. Last year had been a series of losses, first his job, then his girlfriend, then his apartment. Through the chilly nights of March and April he'd managed to keep his old Civic to sleep in, but come May when the weather warmed up, he'd figured he'd rather trade it in for cash, buy a tent and sleep by the riverbank. But since October, the nights had been getting longer and colder despite Shadow's warmth. Bob hasn't had a good night's sleep in weeks.

"BLACKCAT" BY **SAM H.**

As if on cue, Bob feels the first snowflakes of the season land and melt on his toque-less scalp, which he begrudgingly admits has less hair to protect it than it used to. Maybe it's the snow, but Bob feels a fresh wave of determination crash over him, cutting through his exhaustion. Maybe there's a place I could sleep around here, he thinks, beginning to eye the block around him, before striding off with purpose, Shadow trailing behind him.

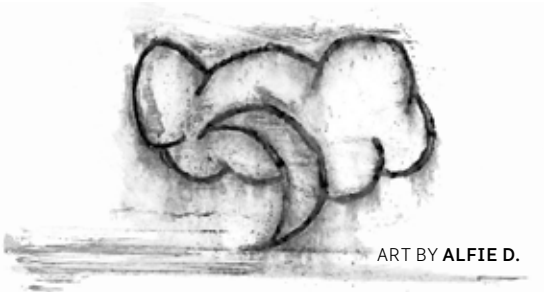
Just around the corner, Bob recognizes an old house he and his boys used to hang out in back in the early 2000s. It's even more dilapidated than it used to be: all the windows are boarded up, and the yard is full of half-frozen mud and weeds. Perfect, thinks Bob without an ounce of sarcasm.

Making sure the street is as empty as he thought it was, he walks around to the back door he remembers, and—voilà—not boarded! *Things are looking up*, thinks Bob. He tries the handle, and the door is locked, but a vigorous jiggle shows that the wood is half-rotten. "Stay back, boy!" Bob tells Shadow; then, he musters as much of the strength of his glory days as he can and gives the door a good kick. It caves in like a piece of wet cardboard, and Bob follows, tumbling into the dark, dank interior of the house. Shadow leaps in after him excitedly.

Standing up and dusting himself off, Bob lets his eyes adjust to the darkness. In the vaguely familiar mudroom, memories flood back to him of the times spent in this house.

Out of all his memories, Bob's strongest memories are of Jasper. Jasper was like his older brother from the streets—cooler, meaner, but always looking out for "young Bobby," as he called him. They got into a lot of trouble back in the days they spent at this house. Until that one day. Bobby and Jasper had just pulled off quite the job; Jasper had told Bobby to make a run for it and they'd meet up later at the house. But when

Bob came back to meet him, there was no trace of Jasper. It seemed that Jasper had disappeared into thin air—cash and all—and nobody ever heard from him again. And Bob? Well Bob ended up doing the time for that job. That was almost 20 years ago now.



ART BY **ALFIE D.**

Bob sighs, wondering where that jerk got off to with the money. Oh well, thinks Bob, the past is in the past.

As he warms up in the house, Bob feels his body for the first time in hours. He realizes suddenly that in addition to being bone-weary and cold, he's also famished, and he also kind of needs to use the bathroom. Time to head into the house and settle in.

Put yourself in Bob's shoes: What need should Bob sort out first?

1. To head upstairs to find one of the bedrooms to sleep in, turn to Page 8
2. To find the kitchen and heat up the tin of beans in his backpack, turn to Page 11
3. To go down to the basement to use the toilet, turn to Page 14

Editor's Note: *Chris's haunted house and much of the art in this issue is a "DIY" form of printmaking using Tetra Paks and a pasta roller—a technique the Four Healing Roads Lodge residents learned this fall.*

BY **CHRIS E.**

GIVE YOURSELF THE CHILLS

...BUT THERE'S NOTHING INSIDE!

Bob almost laughs in relief, but then, out of the corner of his eye, he sees a rope dangling from the ceiling. He looks up and sees the outline of a trapdoor! He pulls the rope, and with a puff of dust, a bunch of large and heavy objects tumble out, only nearly missing Bob's head as they thud on the floor around him.

When the dust settles, Bob recognizes with horror that what has fallen out of the crawlspace is a human body, and not just any human body—it's the mummified remains of his old friend Jasper!

Bob crouches down to examine Jasper's face. "What happened to you, man?" he croaks, tears of anger and sadness welling in his eyes. "You told me to come back here after the job, dude. I looked for you, man! I did time for you man!"

"But I guess you were here the whole time. How'd this happen to you, Jasper? Were you hiding and you got stuck?"

Suddenly, Bob notices what else had fallen out of the trapdoor. Surrounding Jasper are stacks and stacks of dollar bills. A bit old and damp, sure, but neatly bundled up, and totaling thousands—no, scratch that—hundreds of thousands of dollars.

"Dude!" Bob shouts, jumping up and down in glee, "You crazy old so-and-so!"

Shadow barks and runs around Bob's legs excitedly.

"We're going to be alright, buddy," Bob tells the dog. "Thanks to our pal Jasper."

THE END

(Ending One)

Not Even a Boo (in this Haiku)

BY **RAYMOND M.**

You took everything
Leaving me with emptiness
Now, you take my ghost

Where are you, my ghost,
When I need you to haunt me?
Drag your chains once more

Such grief should not have
Been allowed, not after all
The loss I've suffered

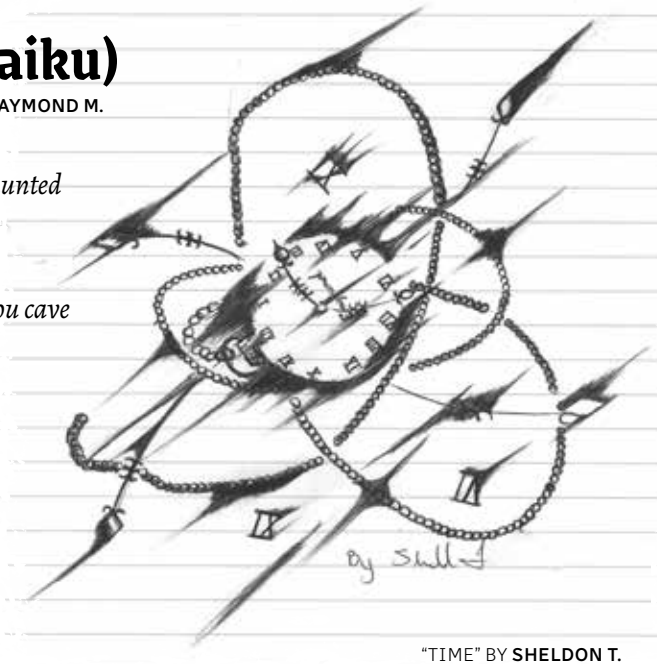
The death of a ghost;
Come on now, did even I
Deserve this sentence?

I no longer have
Her spectre; now I'm haunted
By vast nothingness

Terror doesn't scream,
It aches and aches, as you cave
Into its black hole

Terror is silent
Except for meanderings
Of what used to be

And the echoing
Splatters of cacophony
Adding to empty.



"TIME" BY **SHELDON T.**

QUOTES & QUOTIENTS

"Most scary stories are, of course, meant to be told. They are more scary that way. But how you tell them is important."

Alvin Schwartz
Scary Stories to Tell in the Dark

"To live is to be haunted."

Philip K. Dick

"We are product of the immense torque that propels this universe. We are not individuals but a great accumulation of all that lived before."

Tanya Tagaq
Split Tooth

Direction

BY ANONYMOUS

Looking back through forward scope
Intestinal lozenge, medicinal dope
Images and imagery not really there—or are they?
Testing out my rusted memories
Threshing out new epiphanies
In dreams I fly there
Awake I lie there
And I one time realize
This is all completely new.

GIVE YOURSELF THE CHILLS

Bob stares hard at the currently unmoving rocking horse. Was it only moving in his imagination? He steps further into the room, and his eye is caught by a photo of a man on the wall. There's something familiar about the man.

He steps closer, and blows on the glass to dislodge the dust, and—oh! Oh no. A cold chill spills down Bob's back because he knows the man in the picture, knows him well in fact. It's Jasper!

Out of nowhere, the door to the bedroom slams shut! Bob jolts and lunches for the door knob, but it won't budge. He pulls on the door with all his might and still nothing. Bob is trapped!

Well, at least the creepy rocking horse isn't moving, he thinks, as he sits down on the child-sized bed. But then, from beyond the door and down the stairs, Bob hears a faint noise, like a crackling sound. Shadow, now on the other side of the door, starts whining and barking.

Then Bob smells it: smoke. He leaps up and yanks on the door with all his might, then steps back and heaves his body into the door once, twice, three times, but it won't even budge.

"Run, boy, run!" Bob manages to choke out, before the smoke fills the room and he cannot speak any more.

As he loses consciousness, Bob swears he hears a familiar voice from the hallway say,

"I've missed you, young Bobby..."

THE END

(Ending Two)

Real-Life Scaries

When Work Gives Us Nightmares

Sometimes it's not just the supernatural that can give us the chills or leave us haunted. Often, it's on the job site where things can get unsafe, or even a little scary! We asked students in the trades training program at Purpose Construction to share what nightmarish things have happened to them at work.

The Missing Brother-in-Law

I was working with my brother-in-law. We were working late nights, so after the second late night, I showed up to the job site a little early, about 5:15am—and we didn't start until 7:30am. I decided to lay on the stack of drywall. I dozed off and when I opened my eyes, it was around 10:45am. I jumped up and started looking for my brother-in-law. I called him and he said he doesn't work on Sundays.

—AMBER C.

Give Yourself the Chills

Bob finds the creaky old staircase leading up to the second-floor bedrooms and ascends it, Shadow at his heels. At the top of the stairs they see a bedroom that looks like it used to belong to a child. There is a child's bed, a few dusty toys and framed photos, and a rocking horse in the corner, bathed in cold moonlight from the unboarded second floor windows. Shadow takes off down the hall to sniff around. Bob is about to follow Shadow's lead to explore a different room when, out of the corner of his eye, he swears he sees the rocking horse move!

What should Bob do?

1. To brush it off as just his imagination, go to Page 9
2. To investigate the creepy rocking horse further, go to page 7

Know Your Surroundings

My nightmare at work was when I was working under the table as a roofing labourer. Well, the guy shingling, the supposed "pro," was high on some sketchy substance. He instantly starts swinging his nail gun behind me at the ladder and kept shouting that "the devil was going to get him!" We were two stories up, no one else was on the roof with us. I instantly got down that ladder and told the lead guy how unsafe he was to be around. I went to buy myself a harness that same day.

—JASMAINE D.

Beware of the Woodshop

One day, working in a woodshop, my classmates and I were doing a carpentry project. As we got closer to the end of the class, one of my friends was finishing up his project on a sander, but ended up sanding his hand really badly. It made the classroom smell like burnt skin, and the room sounded like panic and machines. This has made me aware of being safe around tools and machines!

—BRENNAN B.

Skunk at Work

On one jobsite I worked at, there was a family of skunks! It was a pretty bad smell, and no one wanted to work. It was ok though—no one got sprayed or hurt.

—SIM N.

The Great Flood

BY **SHAWN M.**

It seemed like a normal day in the joint. Nothing out of the ordinary. Me and the guys were waiting for the lockdown to be lifted so they would let us out. The guards kept telling us we'd be free soon, but it started to feel like forever. That's when we heard it: a big roar in the toilet, like a bear in a cave or a demon screaming in the darkness. Suddenly, all the water in the toilets emptied out, as if the creature who made the sound drank it all.

We attempted to facebowl with each other but there was no luck. The only sounds we heard were the evil growls getting louder and louder. I think it got angrier when we tried to make contact with it. We ended up leaving without saying goodbye properly. I've heard the elders tell stories about people who tried to communicate with the spirit realm. Nothing good ever comes of it, so don't even try, or at least be nice and say goodbye.

"DEMON IN THE PLUMBING" BY **SHAWN M.**

Anyways, my roommate couldn't fight the urge to go number two. When he was finished, the toilet overflowed and there was sewage spewing out of the shower floor like a geyser. The guards had no choice but to let us out of our cells because it wouldn't stop. We made a barrier with makeshift sandbags, using garbage bags filled with water and our extra clothes to keep the sewage from reaching our cells. Then, the guards handed us two shower scrubbers, two mops and two buckets. They made their own barrier at the door so the sewage wouldn't leave the range and said, "Good luck!" We were on our own. Everyone pushed the sewer water back with the shower scrubbers, filling up mop buckets and garbage cans, but we had nowhere to dump the water out. As we ran out of options, we saw our sewage barrier being breached. The three of us stood there and prayed, the sewage flowing all around us.

The whole range was flooded and we were backed into a corner. I still can't believe the water never reached our cells, even though by that point it was very deep. Nearly six hours passed before the plumbers arrived. It was such a horrifying experience. The guards handed us bags of chips so that we wouldn't complain. I hope they deal with this problem better in the future, because the toilets still growl sometimes.

Editor's note: "Facebowl" means to remove the water from the toilets and speak through them as a means of communication between cells.

GIVE YOURSELF THE CHILLS

I'm so exhausted I'm probably just imagining things, thinks Bob. So, he turns and leaves the room without any further thought. Shadow has found a decent looking bed in the next bedroom over, and is already curled up on it, ready to snooze.

"My thoughts exactly, boy," Bob says, going over to sit on the edge of the bed to unlace his boots. Shadow opens one eye sleepily, then closes it. Bob lies down next to Shadow, and falls asleep himself.

THE END
(Ending Three)

ART BY **ALFRED M.**

Artist's description: *"The black demon burning is the symbol of hell on earth, which I always felt I had following me all my life. If it wasn't for bad luck, I wouldn't have any luck at all! But still, I turned my life around from negative to positive, I don't drink anymore, or do any greasy drugs. I stopped everything regardless of the outcome of my trial. I'm going to heaven, or will die trying!"*

GIVE YOURSELF THE CHILLS

Bob holds out his lighter to illuminate the handle of the door Shadow is barking at. *In for a penny, in for a pound*, he thinks. He grips and turns the handle. It opens, and he and Shadow peer in.

Inside, the room is illuminated dimly by a streetlamp through a small and grimy basement window. There is a small desk and chair in the corner next to a closet door. Shadow is sniffing ferociously at the closet door. The hairs on the back of Bob's neck stand up. "What's behind the door, boy?" he asks nervously to Shadow, but he knows he's about to find out.

He opens the door and...

Turn to Page 6

Almost

BY **ANONYMOUS**

In a rush no time to stop
I can not say when I can
I do not know what I can do
Out of my head and in my head

On the bridge I ask myself why
I was in such a hurry
Out of my mind the gun in my hand
Should I be worried

No time left if I decide now
But I would not; it's here written down

DREAM CANTEEN
HALLOWEEN EDITION

favourite halloween candy
gummy Bars
least favourite halloween candy
I don't know I Hate Old Candy
Joshua H.

favourite halloween candy
Smarties because it reminds me of good ole days.
least favourite halloween candy
Black licorices because of the taste and it sticks to your teeth.
William B.

favourite halloween candy
Apple flavoured sucker covered in caramel because its sour and it is chewy.
Nathan S.
least favourite halloween candy
candy corn it tastes bitter and kinda stale

favourite halloween candy
My favourite Halloween Candy I would have to say is the chocolate Bars or Candy apples but I have not seen those in a long time
least favourite halloween candy
My least favourite Halloween candy would be sweet tarts I just think they are gross.
Sheldon T.

favourite halloween candy
I like all bars because they make me happy and it brings back Good times with my grandparents store
least favourite halloween candy
I don't have a less favourite i like all candy
Joshua A

GIVE YOURSELF THE CHILLS

Deciding that he might as well heat his beans up, Bob shuffles into the grimy old kitchen, holding his lighter out for light.

In the kitchen he finds the stove and, in another stroke of luck, discovers that it's a gas stove with gas still in the lines. He finds a can opener in a cluttered drawer and, before too long, his beans are warming on the old greasy stove.

Suddenly, the stove flame flickers, sputters, and dies. Bob wiggles the dial on the stove and relights the gas, the flame springing to life again. Must be air in the line, thinks Bob.

But then it happens again. And again... And again! He starts to notice that every time the flame goes out, something cold passes by, like an icy hand running along his back.

By now, Bob is getting frustrated and also has the willies. What should he do?

1. To decide the beans aren't worth it and just go to bed, turn to Page 15
2. To decide to go check the gas line in the basement, turn to Page 14

THE YEASTY RISE OF TOASTER MAN

PART 2: JIMMY'S LAST SUPPER

BY **CHEESE**

Editor's note: *This is Part 2 of a short story. In Part 1, the reader was introduced to Jimmy Crummb, a man who has made a drastic decision after his wife leaves him. In part 3 (next issue), we get the finale of the story, which comes with a surprising (and supernatural!) new beginning for Jimmy. In the meantime, dear reader, please note: this story discusses depression, suicide and substance abuse, so if these topics are too heavy or triggering, please take care or skip this story if needed.*

Jimmy figured the liquor store would be an easy stop, but after walking in, he felt the weight of choosing just the right bottle for his final drink. After browsing for a while, he walks out with a mickey of spiced rum with a pin-up girl on the label, a tallboy of strong beer, and a fancy little can of cheap red wine: pinot something. On his way to the corner store, Jimmy cracks the mickey and takes a deep whiff of the spicy aroma before taking a deep swig. He used to shudder when taking drinks like that, but now it goes down like water. As the warmth hits his stomach and begins to fill his mind with that wonderful tingle, he feels a little braver and reckless, taking a couple more swigs from the bottle.

Still walking mostly straight, Jimmy tries to keep his composure as he enters the video store, heading to the back room through the beaded curtain. Jimmy is determined to make his last night on earth as enjoyable as he possibly can, and figures a visit from Mrs. Hand and her five sisters wouldn't hurt a thing. He browses the shelves with the intent to find the dirtiest video in the place. He passes up on the employee pick of the month: *Girls Gone Wild 4*, because he hasn't seen the first three and is worried he wouldn't be able to follow the storyline. He passes on ones with cheating wives, feeling a pang in his heart knowing it would hit way too close to home.

That's when he sees it, and he knows this is the one: adventure, action, and hot girls! He snatches the DVD off the shelf as though worried someone would run in and grab it before he could, and marches to the check-out desk with Cream Pirates of the Caribbean in his hand. Finally, something he could really get into. It even got four and a half stars on Rotten Tomatoes.

Excitedly leaning against the counter with his newfound sleaze DVD, he asks for a pack of Canadian Classics, king-size blue—the brand he smoked before he met his wife, another thing she took from him. She said it was

GIVE YOURSELF THE CHILLS

You know what? This basement is not worth the creeps. Bob decides his current mission is just not worth it, and decides to focus on getting some shut-eye. So he grabs Shadow by the collar and marches him up the creaky stairs, feeling like he can't leave that dark basement soon enough. They pass through the back hallway and into the house, toward the staircase leading upstairs.

Turn to Page 8

for his health, but really, she just didn't like the smell, not caring that the cigarettes often gave him a moment to himself in this chaotic world.

"Sorry, dude-sir," the obviously high clerk replies, "they don't sell them by color anymore."

"You know what I mean," Jimmy replies, attempting to take a deep breath to calm his frustration, only to choke on the weedy reek emanating from the pimply clerk.

"I'm required by law to only sell cigarettes to people who ask for them by name." The clerk felt the need to follow this statement up with another "dude-sir."

"Fine," Jimmy sighs, "can I get a pack of Canadian Classics king-size..." Jimmy pauses to think for a second and guesses, "light. Please." Jimmy snarls the sentence through a fake smile.

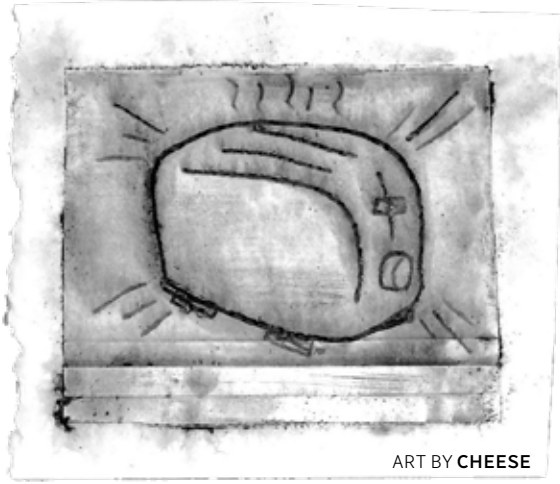
"Coming right up, dude-sir!" the clerk retorts obliviously. As Jimmy pays for the smokes and porno, he realizes he still needs a lighter and has to do another transaction on his card, not that it will matter after today.

"Have a nice day, dude-sir!" the clerk calls as Jimmy leaves the store to the chorus of electronic ding-dongs from the door. He tears open the plastic wrap from the pack of smokes and lets it go in the wind, drawing one out of the pack, placing it between his lips and preparing to inhale. He readies the lighter and flicks it. Nothing, flick, nothing, flick, flick, flick, nothing.

"Son of a bitch," Jimmy mumbles under his breath and gives the lighter a shake. Finally, a flame springs from the lighter as Jimmy lifts it to the end of the smoke and draws a deep breath, filling his lungs with the sweet smoke. He holds it in for a second and exhales, instantly becoming lightheaded.

With a smile, he heads back toward his motel, a warm rain beginning to fall as he unlocks the door to his room. Closing the door behind him, he unloads the booze, video, and smokes on a small table. The rain grows to a pitter-patter on the window. Despite the no-smoking signs in the room, Jimmy lights another smoke as he flips through the tattered old yellow pages on a quest for a place to order pizza for delivery. He orders a medium Canadian pizza and tells them he'll be putting it on his credit card and, no, he would not like a 2L of Pepsi for $2.50. *Might as well rack it up*, Jimmy thinks to himself as he taps the card, *not like I'll be around to pay it*.

As he sits down with the pizza, he switches off the porno that he had intended to watch in its entirety. He only ended up watching for 2 minutes and 37 seconds before feeling disappointed and disgusted with himself. After destroying a couple slices of the pie, Jimmy heads for the small fridge to grab the tallboy of beer, wiping his hands on the legs of his jeans on the way. Cracking it open, he breathes in the heady reek of strong beer and takes a good long pull, taking another large bite of pizza soon after swallowing the mouthful of beer.



ART BY **CHEESE**

With a grin on his face from the beer and a belly full of pizza, Jimmy sparks a smoke and starts working on the bottle of rum. Despite the worldly joys of alcohol, pizza, and cigarettes, inside Jimmy feels empty, utterly empty. Emptiness like a cancer deep and dark inside of him, growing and eating and gnawing away at his insides. Emptiness that spreads through his veins like an iodine injection. Setting the remnants of pizza aside and turning off the TV, he takes a drag off his smoke and contemplates the sound of the rain on the roof. He grabs the mickey and the pack of smokes and stands thinking, slightly woozled. He wonders if this truly needs to be the end, if he can't salvage his life. Jimmy stares at the blank TV, but can't see anything beyond his choices and shortcomings.

Editor's note: *Stay tuned for the final instalment of this short story in the Winter 2026 Inside Scoop. And remember, if anything in story brought up difficult feelings, there are resources that can help.* ***If you or someone you know needs help, it can be found at:***

Suicide Crisis Helpline – 9-8-8. Free 24-hour crisis support. This number is a central intake for many other crisis lines and organizations. When you call, you will be directed accordingly, however you may still call individual crisis lines.

Hope for Wellness Helpline – 1-855-242-3310. Free mental health supports for Indigenous people. Request support in Cree, Ojibway (Anishinaabemowin), and Inuktitut, however the language supports are not available 24/7, so you may need to call in to find out the next time that a language-speaker will be available.

Home Economics for Spooky Season:

How to Clear Your Home of a Ghost

BY **MATTHEW K.**

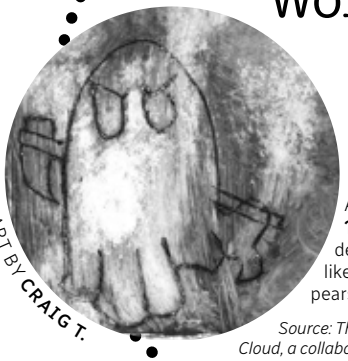
Try these steps to get rid of a ghost. If one doesn't work, move onto the next. This is what works for me—you might have other ways that work for you!

1. First, ask the spirit to leave.
2. If that doesn't work, smudge the house really well with sage.
3. Get your house blessed by a priest or medicine man. This is a stronger option for getting rid of stubborn spirits who won't leave when asked or smudged.
4. If that doesn't work, you probably have a spirit with unfinished business. Call up a medium to ask the spirit what it wants. Then, if you can, help it accomplish its unfinished business.
5. If the spirit still doesn't leave after you have helped it, you might need an exorcist.

Dënesųłinë́

(Dené Langugage)

Word of the Day



ART BY **CRAIG T.**

ʔeyune

pronounced: ay-OO-na

ghost

According to the source, **ʔeyune** can also be used to describe a 'stupid person'. Perhaps like the kind of person who disappears on you... a.k.a. "ghosts" you!

Source: The Dënesųłinë́ Language Cloud, a collaboration between the FNEF and the Łutsël K'é Dene First Nation

GIVE YOURSELF THE CHILLS

Bob recalls where the door is to the basement. He opens it, and Shadow immediately pushes past him and bounds down the stairs into the pitch darkness. *Stupid dog*, Bob thinks, a bit nervous, then carefully descends into a very musty and damp smelling basement, holding his lighter out to see so he doesn't trip.

At the bottom of the stairs, he can hear Shadow growling and whining from about twenty feet away, across the pitch-dark basement. Bob can't see a darn thing.

"What's the matter, boy?" Bob calls out, "Get back here!"

Shadow starts barking like when there was an intruder outside their tent. It makes the hair on the back of Bob's neck stand up.

"What in the world is up with you?" Bob chastises, squinting into the darkness. Following the barely helpful flicker of his Bic, Bob carefully shuffles across the expanse of the basement toward the sound of Shadow's barking.

To his relief, he can finally make Shadow out now, barking at a closed door, his hackles raised.

What should Bob do?

1. To grab Shadow by the collar and go upstairs, go to Page 12
2. To explore what's behind the ominous door, go to Page 10

PSA!

Purpose Construction

Get paid to learn trades

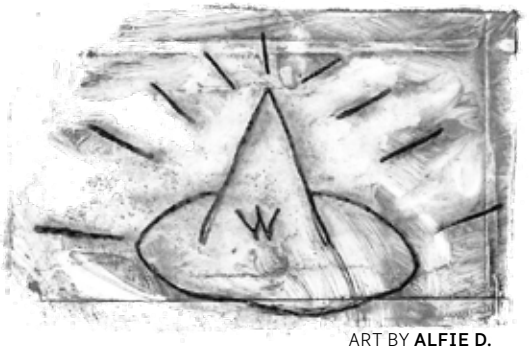
Have you heard of Purpose Construction? Purpose offers a paid, eighteen-week carpentry-focused trades training program in Winnipeg. It's open to First Nations, Metis, and Inuit people who've been involved with the justice system. The program is full-time and pays $16/hour with protective equipment provided if needed.

To find out more or apply today, email Sara at **satnikov@purposeconstruction.ca**

GIVE YOURSELF THE CHILLS

"Never mind the beans, eh boy?" Bob mutters to Shadow. "We'll get ourselves a big fat breakfast tomorrow. Let's go to bed!"

Turn to Page 8



ART BY **ALFIE D.**

Postcard from the Inside

Draw a picture in the blank space above and send it to us! We might publish it in the next issue of the Inside Scoop!

Submit your artwork and written submissions along with the waiver (see back cover)

Call for Submissions

ART BY **JEREMY T.**

the INSIDE SCOOP

FALL **2025**

We welcome your submissions of writing and artwork! Next issue's theme will be TECHNOLOGY—think Artificial Intelligence, tablets, robots, and even social media. We want to know how these things affect you. Share your thoughts with other *Inside Scoop* readers. Poetry, artwork, short stories, and nonfiction are always welcome.

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

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

Or, email them to **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 any questions. Not incarcerated? You're still welcome to call with questions, of course!

(204) 775-1514
ext. 112 (Anna) or ext. 113 (John or Chanelle)

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 anything that glorifies violence, drug use, or gang involvement.