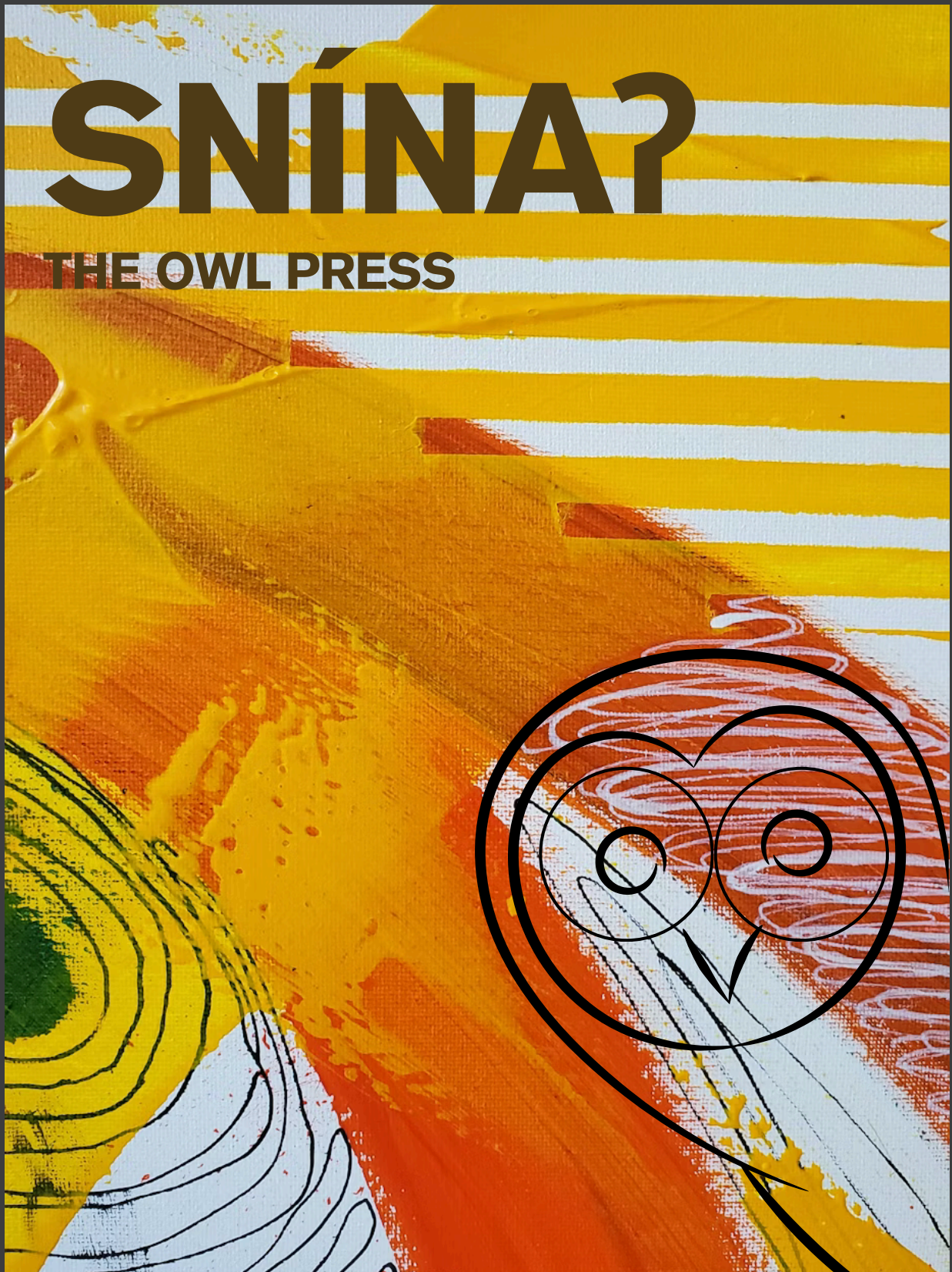


SNÍNA?

THE OWL PRESS



POETRY SHORT STORY ARTWORK PHOTOBOOK



LITERARY MAGAZINE & MORE

Publication by and for KSS students.

SNÍNA?

THE OWL PRESS

EDITORIAL TEAM

CONTENT & CREATIVE

ADITI BHOWMIK

OUTREACH & DISSEMINATION

ELLIS WILSON

CONTENT & OUTREACH

MELODY KHOJASTEH

FACULTY SUPPORT

MICHOLE GOUTIER

CONTRIBUTORS

ADITI BHOWMIK

Aditi enjoys storytelling and writing poems.

CAMILLA BOUCHER

A student of Grade 10, Camilla creates digital art, writing screenplays and digitizing them as animations.

SAELLE DELANCIVETT

Saelle's Grade 10 artwork, featured in this issue, shows how a different media can be used in art.

VIBHAVARI KANDEKAR

Vibhavari takes interest in capturing stories using a visual medium.

MELODY KHOJASTEH

Melody enjoys sharing her creative sparkle in art.

ELLIS WILSON

Ellis presents a thoughtful statement on climate action in verse form.

FROM THE EDITORIAL DESK

Creativity comes from the heart and mind. We believe that Kelowna Secondary School (KSS) students have vibrant and creative voices that should be shared to build community connection. We approach this creative opportunity with respect and acknowledge that KSS is located in the traditional, ancestral, unceded territory of the Syilx/ Okanagan people.

Snínaʔ is a new literary endeavour to capture the spirit of KSS by publishing short stories, poems, artwork, features on student clubs, and other types of creative engagement.

This biannual publication will present student work on diverse interests. We looked to the Syilx people and use the nsyilxcən word for owls, *snínaʔ*, to represent cultural connections that this magazine will present. Owls are revered as messengers (ancestors sending messages) and educators (revered for their knowledge) by Indigenous people (see the [Northern Spotted Owl Breeding Program](#)). We hope that our *Snínaʔ* will flourish at KSS.

We welcome you to enjoy *Snínaʔ*'s first issue. And we welcome you to join us and/or share with us your creative work so they can be featured in a forthcoming issue.

Limləmt,



Editor, *Snínaʔ*
May 2026





we are the moon

By Natalie Harkin, Leanne Betasamosake Simpson
Indigenous poets

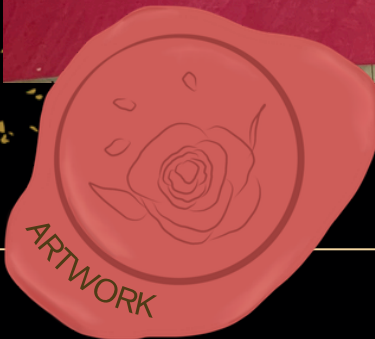
1.

Bira | moon

one revolution ago we met under a super pink moon i
stepped out from the shadows my face tilted back to soak up
the light a crisp silhouette of a night my world slept
deep toward that transition-time slipping from one fierce day to
the next

Read or listen to the full poem:
<https://redroompoetry.org/poets/natalie-harkin/we-are-moon/>

COTTON CANDY



BY MELODY KHOJASTEH
GRADE 10
ACRYLIC ON PAPER, 2025

Cars, plastic, pollution
They feed it, they nurture it, they fill it with life
It is a monster of our own creation, and it will end us all
Every tree that falls, every spill of oil, every loss of a species
They amplify its power, its strength, its reach
It is a monster of our own creation, and it will end us all

When the monster was young, it could handle the ruins,
it could handle the waste
Though destruction was present, so was beauty
After the fires, blue skies would remain
When volcanos died down, new life would form
The world was a tightly knit blanket of interlocking colours
Destruction and beauty, a peaceful balance

Then, they came
Small insignificant beings, breaking the peace, ripping holes
in the blanket, disrupting the harmony
They created and they destroyed and they poisoned the
monster
Where beauty once was, they replaced with destruction
Where blue skies once reigned, they coated with darkness
Where life grew and flourished, they poisoned and killed

To hide from this horror, the monster turned to the sea
Among the fish and the weeds, peace was restored
Life was quiet, harmonious, beautiful

Then oil clogged the water and heat killed the coral
Nets pulled life above and life below, killing it all
Oil seeped between the monsters scales
Smoke filled its lungs with hate
Destruction filled its eyes with horror
We filled its heart with vengeance

The blanket now in shambles, the monster roars its fury
It scorches the land, heats up the sea, and decimates
everything in sight

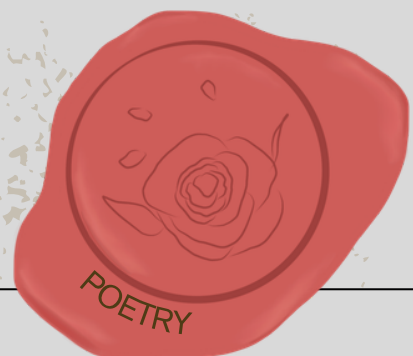
We may not have created this monster, but we polluted it
We destroyed the world's harmony
The balance
The peace
We, the human race, are the real monster, and we will end it
all

THE REAL MONSTER

BY ELLIS WILSON
GRADE 10



Where life grew and
flourished, they
poisoned and killed



THE SHERIFF OF PUDDLEVILLE

66

What started as a perfectly average morning in Puddleville had become a historic day in which the town's beloved sheriff was duck-napped...

THE HUMANS ARE BACK!



BY ADITI BHOWMIK
GRADE 10

PHOTOGRAPH GENERATED BY CANVA'S MAGIC MEDIA

"Howdy! My name is Sheriff McQuakers, and I'm the sheriff 'round these parts. I live in the glorious small town of Puddleville where everybody knows everybody."

The confident sheriff puffed up his chest and strutted around the station. In the early morning light, as the sun was shinin' through the windows of the sheriff's station, Mrs. Duckins frantically burst through the front door with the palest face ever seen on a duck.

"SHERIFF," she gasped, "THE HUMANS ARE BACK!"

"Dear lord! How close are they this time?" the sheriff fluttered over his desk.

"Why, they've clean crushed Mr. Jingle's parlour!"

"While I take care of those menaces, evacuate everyone as soon as can be. I'll take care of those chattering bozos."

And so, the sheriff sprang into action, ready to defend Puddleville from the wretches: "Spurs off, feathers on. Pond justice waits for no one. I made my move."

Sheriff McQuackers found ‘em splashin’ about in the crown jewel of the little town, Lake Puddleville. The once breathtaking water was now a nausea-inducing colour brown from those disgusting creatures’ hind paws. Decisively, the brave McQuackers jumped into the lake and swam as fast as he could towards those devil’s spawn, to send ‘em back to where the sun don’t shine. He swam up real close to one of those sticky-fingered nonchalants and let out his most menacing quacks. A despicable, trouble-maker of a human turned towards the sheriff, dark round eyes gleaming in the sunlight, and the next thing he knew, the sheriff was soaring through the air while the human had its disgusting paws around his... let's just say, tail feathers. It held McQuackers up, right in front of one of them beady eyes, which had a violent evil streak in ‘em. The human let out a squeaky, vile laugh, and the sheriff was helplessly carried away from the lake, the beautiful Puddleville fading from his view.

The disgust in McQuacker’s eyes spoke loud and clear: “The grit of the human’s grimy hand pressed into my feathers, the lake water still clinging cold and slimy onto my wings, and the stench of its breath- like sour milk and crackers- hit me like a slap in the beak. I gagged. A faint taste of pond water and panic sat on my tongue, but I puffed out my chest all the same.”

As they got closer to their plastic fortress, the air began to reek of wet rubber and mystery cheese. When the human tried to shove a crumb into the sheriff’s beak, he bit down and instantly regretted it- “BLEGH!” the sheriff exclaimed “WHAT IS THIS, SAW DUST?!”

Despite his surroundings, which can only be described as nightmarish, all that the sheriff could think of was his beloved Puddleville and whether he would ever see it again... What started as a perfectly average morning in Puddleville had become a historic day in which the town’s beloved sheriff was duck-napped by a gang of menacing humans.

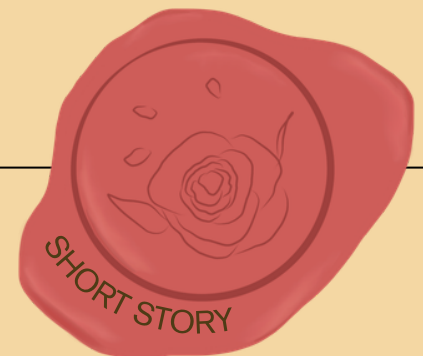
To this day, the echoes of Sheriff McQuackers’ gallant war cries remain, as the citizens of Puddleville mourn and pray for their brave-hearted chief to find his way back to his beloved town. Dragged through mud and mayhem, they remember how the courageous sheriff still held on to his dignity.



PHOTOGRAPH GENERATED BY CANVA'S MAGIC MEDIA



Spurs off, feathers on. Pond justice waits for no one.



THUMBNAIL



BY CAMILLA BOUCHER

GRADE 10

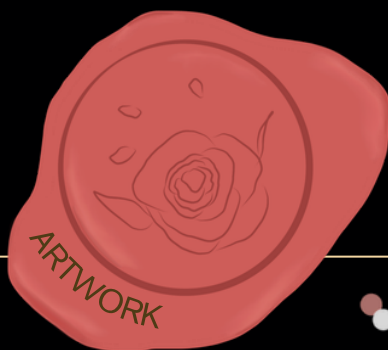
Graphic Illustration

JORD! STYLE

BY SAELE DELANCIVETT

GRADE 10

Panel Painting



BATCH FOUR: CARROT'S ESCAPE

BY CAMILLA BOUCHER
GRADE 10

Mountain waited in his hut, pacing around, hoping to hear a knock on his door.

A few seconds pass, when finally the knock he was waiting for comes.

Mountain: "Finally!"

Mountain exclaimed, opening the door to see in front of him, not only Eraser but as well as someone else, and it wasn't even anyone he recognized.

Mountain: "What the? Eraser! What did I tell you? Who even is this!"

He dragged the two of them inside, shutting the door frantically. He looked out his windows and closed the blinds.

Eraser: "What's the problem?"

Eraser questioned, and Mountain turned back to look at the two who stood behind him.

Mountain: "What's the- What's the problem?! The problem is-"

As Mountain speaks, he walks over to Eraser, whispering to her,

Mountain: "That you brought someone else with you when I said not to tell anyone else-"

Carrot: "I can hear you, you know. And by the way, we're basically the same person so she technically didn't tell anyone else."

Carrot told him, walking to the couch and hopping on it.

Mountain: "Don't play smart, and how does that even make sense? And where did you come from anyway..."

Eraser: "From me! Remember the accident with Asteroid?"



Eraser exclaims, the two thinking back about the crash with Asteroid realizing, "I landed on someone?" As he got up many little erasers came running out of the crater, leaving little of the Eraser's remains.

At that moment, Carrot had crawled out and snuck away while everyone was arguing. She hid behind Eraser's hut, watching everything go down and saw how Porage with a half-blue and orange crystal in the forehead had fixed her. Porage used that beautiful little crystal of his to fix the hole, while also pulling all of the mini erasers he could see to merge them, reversing the combustion that created them. Eraser popped out of the magic merge like normal.

Mountain and Eraser join Carrot by the couch, the three of them sitting with Eraser in the middle.

Mountain: "So- wait, but what if the Creators see you then?"

Carrot: "They won't."

Mountain: "What do you mean they won't?"

Carrot: "I just- won't go out when they're around."

... (This is an excerpt from the chronicles of Mountain, Eraser and Carrot.)

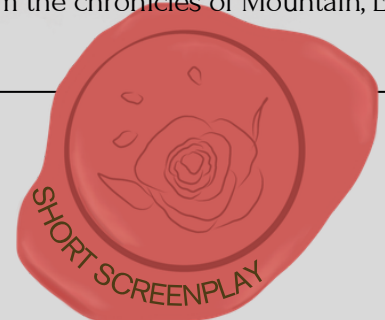


PHOTO BOOK



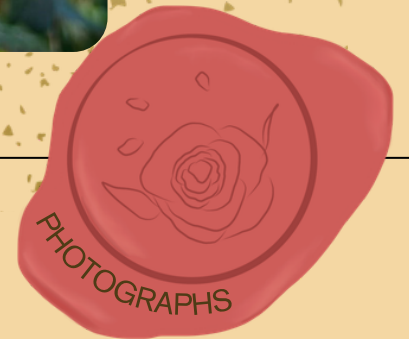
Sagebrush Mariposa Lily
By Nancy Holmes, Canadian writer

When I see it in early summer
rising like a fantasy out of last year's
grass, I feel my own flesh
unpeel from the stem of my bone,
become petalled,
muscle and skin
thinly scalpeled open, purple,
bruising, incarnate
in wind and sun.

Read more poems from *The Flicker Tree: Okanagan Poems* (2012)
and other works: <https://www.nancyholmes.ca/books>

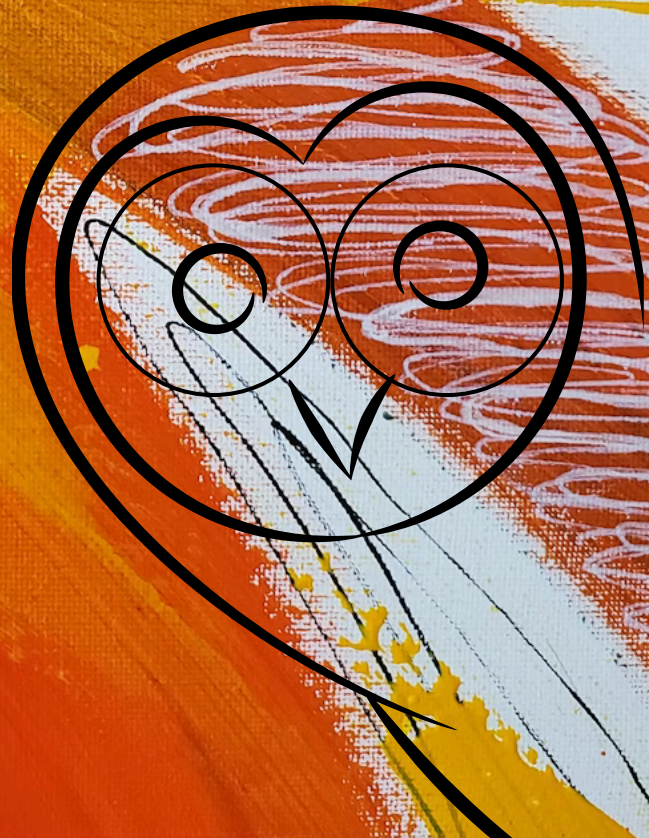


PHOTOGRAPHS BY VIBHAVARI KANDEKAR
GRADE 10





It is a monster of our own creation, and
it will end us all... - Wilson



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