

Reader's digest



MOST READ
MOST TRUSTED
MAY 2017

2017 TRUST POLL RESULTS

CLARA HUGHES: MAKING MENTAL HEALTH MATTER

PAGE 32

THE HIJACKING OF CANJET FLIGHT 918

PAGE 54

HOW TO PREVENT DIABETES

PAGE 40

THE POWER OF PING PONG

PAGE 84

INSIDE AN EPIC JEWEL HEIST

PAGE 92

RECOVERING YOUR SELF-ESTEEM

PAGE 80

MEET THE NEW ANNE OF GREEN GABLES 14

TIPS TO PRESERVE MUSCLE MASS 24

DEPARTMENT OF WIT 68

BRAINTEASERS 106





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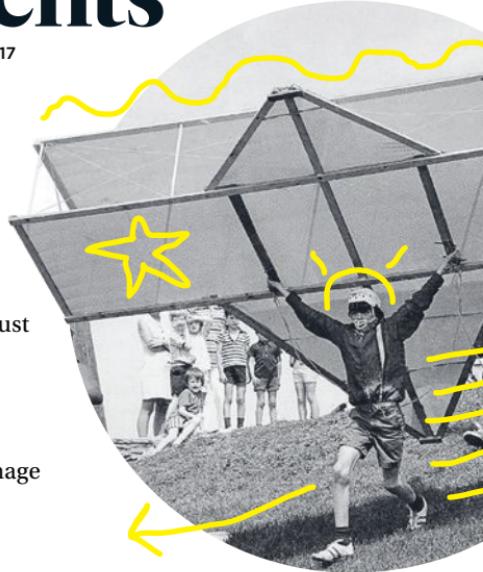

TOYOTA



Contents

MAY 2017

- Cover Story**
- 32 Gold Standard**
A conversation with Olympian and mental health-awareness advocate Clara Hughes, one of *Reader's Digest's* Most Trusted Influencers; plus our annual trust poll results. **LISA BRYN RUNDLE**
- Health**
- 40 Preventing Diabetes**
What you need to know to manage your risk. **ANNE MULLENS**
- RD Vault**
- 48 All About My Mother**
Three prominent Canadians reflect on lessons they learned from the women who raised them.
FROM READER'S DIGEST, MAY 2002
- Drama in Real Life**
- 54 CanJet Flight 918**
On a tarmac in Jamaica, an armed man takes a plane's crew and 159 passengers hostage. Now it's up to a pair of young flight attendants to save them all. **NICHOLAS HUNE-BROWN**
- Knowledge**
- 62 The Speckled Monster**
Tracking the legacy of smallpox.
CHRISTOPHER J. RUTTY FROM CANADA'S HISTORY
- Department of Wit**
- 68 Flight of Fantasy**
As **Terry Fallis** writes, sometimes you have to gamble with falling to be able to soar.



P. | **68**



PHOTOGRAPHY BY COLIN WAY



Vol. 190 | No. 1,139

MAY 2017

Heart

72 What Is Worth Singing About?

On falling in love with birds and discovering other lessons in insignificance. KYO MACLEAR

FROM *BIRDS ART LIFE*

Life Lesson

80 Boost Your Self-Esteem

The surprising link between confidence and compassion.

COURTNEY SHEA

Human Interest

84 Power of Pong

In the tiny town of Fort Providence, N.W.T., table tennis helps keep kids in shape and out of trouble.

ELAINE ANSELMI FROM *UP HERE*

Editors' Choice

92 Unusual Suspects

How a ragtag crew of aging criminals pulled off one of the most daring robberies in British history.

MARK SEAL FROM *VANITY FAIR*

4 Editor's Letter

6 Contributors

7 Letters

P. | **10**



READER FAVOURITES

13 @ Work

18 Points to Ponder

53 Laughter, the Best Medicine

71 As Kids See It

91 Life's Like That

106 Brainteasers

108 Trivia Quiz

109 Word Power

111 Sudoku

112 Quotes

ART OF LIVING

10 Safety Squad

BuddyUpTO founders Mita Hans and Kanwar Anit Singh Saini are using social media to make Toronto more secure—for everyone.

VIBHU GAIROLA

The RD Interview

14 Fresh Ginger

Amybeth McNulty, the new Anne of Green Gables, on red hair, gritty dramas and portraying CanLit's beloved heroine.

COURTNEY SHEA

Culture

16 RD Recommends

Our top picks in books, movies and TV.

SARAH LISS

Food

20 Pick Your Own

Local growers share tips on selecting the best produce.

CAITLIN AGNEW

Health

24 Staying Strong

How to preserve muscle mass.

SAMANTHA RIDEOUT

Health

28 Case History

A medical mystery resolved.

SYDNEY LONEY

Health

30 Protect Your Toenails

The facts about fungus.

LISA BENDALL

GET SMART!

104 13 Things Home Inspectors Won't Tell You

MICHELLE CROUCH ADDITIONAL RESEARCH BY ANDREA BENNETT



P. | 20



Editor's Letter

Earning Your Trust

CLARA HUGHES IS FORMIDABLE. She's a six-time Olympic medallist; she's one of the rare athletes to have achieved podium finishes at both the Summer and Winter Olympics; and she's been named to the Order of Manitoba and the Order of Canada.

This year, Hughes placed seventh among the country's most trusted influencers (see the full list on page 38) in our annual poll—the top-ranked woman for the second year in a row. Clearly her laudable accomplishments make Canadians proud, but I would argue that it's her integrity that makes us trust her.

In advocating for mental health and bravely sharing her struggles with depression, Hughes has placed courage before her own comfort. More often than not, courage is a labour of a million steps, rather than a single heroic act. We trust Hughes because we understand that she's invested a tremendous amount of time in finding her truth and doing the right thing. I hope you enjoy reading more about her in "Gold Standard" (page 32), an interview with journalist Lisa Bryn Rundle.

At *Reader's Digest*, we also put in the time for the things that matter. Over the past 70 years, we have earned readers' trust through consistently reliable storytelling—every piece of content is subjected to a rigorous fact-checking process by our team of researchers. These efforts have never seemed more essential than they do today. **R**

Dominique

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dominique@rd.ca





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Contributors

**TERRY FALLIS**

(Writer, "Flight of Fantasy," page 68)

Home base: Toronto. **Previously published in** *National Post* and *Canadian Geographic*. **When I was a kid**, I was fascinated by all sorts of aircraft. I think I was compelled by the utter freedom of flying. **I still toy with the idea of** taking a hang-gliding course, but my family has made it clear that the risk-benefit analysis does not fall in my favour.

**WENTING LI**

(Illustrator, "Boost Your Self-Esteem," page 80)

Home base: Markham, Ont. **Previously published in** *The New York Times* and *The Globe and Mail*. **Talking things over** with a friend is useful when my self-esteem is low. Taking a step back and considering the big picture also helps. **I'm most confident when** I'm wearing one of my excellent (although some would call them hideous) colourful sweaters.

**CHAD FRASER**

(Copy Editor)

Home base: Parry Sound, Ont. **Previously copy edited for** *Toronto Life* and *Sharp*. **People don't think of copy editing as exciting**, but it is! I like being the last line of defence—the one who catches an error that would otherwise have slipped through. **I'm powered by coffee**, and I like to listen to faint (almost imperceptible) jazz music when I work. Too much quiet makes me squirrely.

**COLIN WAY**

(Photographer, "Gold Standard," page 32)

Home base: Calgary. **Previously published in** *The New York Times* and *Sportsnet Magazine*. **With my photos of Clara Hughes**, I was hoping to show that she's a person who is wise beyond her years. She's someone with whom you'd want to sit down and have a coffee. **A good portrait should capture** the subject's personality, a moment in their life, their story.

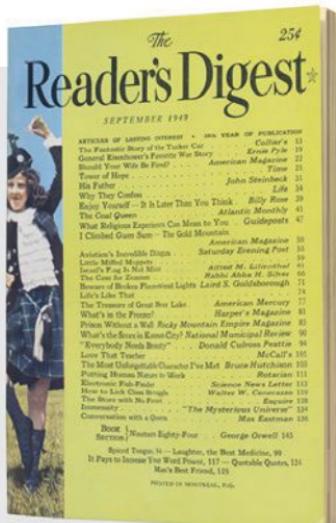


Letters

READERS COMMENT ON OUR RECENT ISSUES



In honour of our 70th anniversary, we reached out to readers to ask, "What does *Reader's Digest* mean to you?"



IN THE LOOP

I began reading *Reader's Digest* as a pre-teen in Belleville, Ont., in the 1940s. From the beginning, I was fascinated by stories of people doing kind things. I'm delighted that touching and inspirational articles are still being published today. I'm a crybaby and often find myself getting teary over things I read in the magazine. It's so moving to hear about people going out there and acting generously.

I'm also a fan of the humour pages. They keep seniors like me up to date on what younger people find funny. The jokes can link our generations. I look to *Reader's Digest* for education and entertainment—it keeps me sharp.

MOE WRIGHT, Kanata, Ont.

A COLOURFUL KINDNESS

I enjoyed the article "Petal Pusher" (March 2017). It brought back memories of growing up in the 1950s and '60s. Children at my Sunday school would bring baskets of produce and bouquets of flowers to church on Thanksgiving Sunday. After the service, these gifts would be distributed to seniors and other people in the community who were housebound or in hospital. I'm sure the blooms lifted the spirits of those recipients, as was the case for the elderly men and women mentioned in the article.

MIKE OGILVIE, Mississauga, Ont.

HELLO, OLD FRIEND

At a dinner party, my friends and I were bemoaning our aging bodies and minds. I mentioned that I felt like I was "losing my words" and remembered seeing the Word Power page in *Reader's Digest* years ago. Our host retrieved a copy of the magazine, and to my delight, I learned that Word Power is still a monthly feature. I now subscribe to *Reader's Digest* and read every issue from cover to cover. The articles are always inter-

esting and relevant. Thank you for producing such a high-quality Canadian magazine.

LUBA RADKE, Hamilton, Ont.

MISSING PIECE

I recently read "The Chosen Path" (December 2016), a memoir about a woman who converts to Judaism after discovering her Jewish roots. I just wanted to pass on one concern: the story didn't mention that non-Orthodox conversions are not always recognized in Orthodox settings. This may lead people who convert to believe they are becoming Jewish only to find out later that they, and their children, are not universally acknowledged as such.

AARON HOLTZMAN, Toronto

ERRATUM:

In the January/February 2017 issue, Trivia Quiz (page 123) was attributed to Paul Paquet. It should have been attributed to Beth Shillibeer. Reader's Digest apologizes for the error.

R

Published letters are edited for length and clarity.

We want to hear from you! Have something to say about an article you read in *Reader's Digest*? Send your letters to letters@rd.ca. Please include your full name and address.

Contribute Send us your funny jokes and anecdotes, and if we publish one in a print edition of *Reader's Digest*, we'll send you \$50. To submit, visit rd.ca/joke.

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Advertisement

ABOUT BINGE EATING DISORDER IN ADULTS



BINGING is a term
you may have heard before.



You may have seen it on the news.



People “binge watch” TV series.



People may even say they “binge on food.”



WHAT IS BINGE EATING DISORDER?

Binge Eating Disorder (BED) is more than just overeating; it's a distinct medical condition that can occur in adults.

In a survey of over 10,000 Canadian adults aged 18 years and over, 1.54% of the participants self-reported symptoms that were consistent with the DSM-5^{†‡} criteria for BED.^{‡§}

† Overall, experienced in the last 12 months.

‡ Initial and supplemental data collection took place between May–August 2016.



In a survey of 2,980 American adults, BINGE EATING DISORDER...

... was the **most common eating disorder** in adults, more common than anorexia and bulimia combined.^{¶††}



... affected more **men** than any other eating disorder.^{¶††}



¶ Based on lifetime prevalence estimates of anorexia nervosa, bulimia nervosa and Binge Eating Disorder among adults over the age of 18 years across the United States. Prevalence and correlates of eating disorders from the National Comorbidity Replication, a nationally representative face-to-face household survey [N=9,282], conducted in 2001–2003, were assessed using the DSM-IV-TR^{‡‡‡} diagnostic criteria of the WHO WMH-CIDI [World Mental Health – Composite International Diagnostic Interview]. Diagnoses were based on version 3.0 of the WHO-CIDI, a layadministered diagnostic interview that generates a diagnosis according to the DSM-IV-TR^{‡‡} criteria.

†† Binge Eating Disorder criteria defined in this study was based on the DSM-IV-TR^{‡‡} and the CIDI. Study criteria for Binge Eating Disorder was similar to that of the DSM-5^{‡‡}, with the following difference: individuals displaying more than 3 months, but less than 6 months, of regular binge eating would be classified as having binge eating disorder.

BED OCCURS IN INDIVIDUALS IN A RANGE OF SIZES.

So, have you heard of it?



Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders, Fifth Edition (DSM-5®)

Recently, the American Psychiatric Association recognized **BED** as a distinct disorder.

Because **BED** is a **recently recognized disorder**, some adults may not realize that their symptoms may be related to a **real medical condition**.

Reach out. Ask for help. Start the conversation.

[†] DSM and DSM-5 are registered trademarks of the American Psychiatric Association.

^{‡‡} DSM-IV is a registered trademark of the American Psychiatric Association.



CDA/NPRMCDA/NBU/16/0046

Date of preparation: November 2016



ART *of* LIVING

BuddyUpTO founders Mita Hans and Kanwar Anit Singh Saini are using social media to make Toronto more secure—for everyone

Safety Squad

BY VIBHU GAIROLA

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BROOKE WEDLOCK

CIN NOVEMBER 2015, soon after a series of coordinated terrorist attacks in Paris, a woman in a hijab was assaulted and robbed by two men outside an elementary school in a north Toronto neighbourhood. The hate crime shocked many, but its vicious nature was familiar to speech-language pathologist and artist Kanwar Anit Singh Saini, 35, who says, “I’ve faced my fair share of violence as a gay man in a turban.”

The next day, he posted a message on his Facebook page offering to run errands with people who’d felt the

bull’s eye on their back grow overnight: “If anyone needs a buddy... hijabi, turbaned or otherwise.”

Within moments of reading Saini’s status, his friend Mita Hans, a 50-year-old social services worker and also a Sikh, got a call from her sister in Mississauga, Ont., who would be accompanying their turbaned father to the bank because the family worried for his safety. Hans wondered how many others were feeling similarly vulnerable.

Inspired by Saini, she created BuddyUpTO, a Facebook group ➤



Kanwar Anit Singh Saini, Mita Hans and BuddyUpTO's 1,380 other members have helped nearly 100 Torontonians feel at home in their own city again.

that links people who feel unsafe venturing out alone with volunteers who join them on their day-to-day tasks. That first night, it was just Hans, Saini and a couple of friends. Within 12 hours, BuddyUpTO had grown to 50 members.

"By the end of the week, the number was 500, then it was 1,000," Hans recalls. The tally continued to climb as news of the group spread and new members began announcing their locations and availability. Some messaged each other directly to link up, while others reached out to Hans to be paired.

BuddyUpTO was conceived as a response to a hate crime, but it was never intended to combat Islamophobia specifically. Hans and Saini knew that while those wearing religious garb are often targeted first, LGBT (lesbian, gay, bisexual and transgender) people and sex workers are also regularly at risk of being harmed. The BuddyUpTO network is willing to tackle all kinds of situations: one young member reached out because her former abuser had begun taking her bus route to university. Another woman requested a ride to a railway station after a visit to the hospital and was matched with musician Suzy Richter.

"She was attending a support group," says Richter, 53. "We chatted, but we never spoke about why she was fearful of taking public transit

alone. I remember thinking, I don't need to know why. It wasn't just an opportunity for someone to get a ride from me—it was an opportunity for me to do something decent."

Activity in BuddyUpTO ebbs and flows, but Hans says there's always a surge in membership when events lead people to feel targeted. In February 2016, the group saw a spike in signups around the time of a rally for missing and murdered Indigenous women; during Pride, members link up to travel from event to event. On January 30 of this year, after a mass shooting in a Quebec City mosque, one member posted, "To all my brothers and sisters out there who feel unsafe, I will stand by you!"

"People wear those shirts that say 'Home Is Toronto,' but in reality, making Toronto inclusive and having people feel supported is up to all of us," says Saini. "It's not just home because we live here."

Hans, who's lived in Toronto since she was a young child, still remembers the racist gangs that hung around local movie theatres showing Indian films in the 1970s. Her family would travel as a group to avoid being attacked in the parking lots. "We went through this progression of making the neighbourhood safe," she says. And that's exactly what BuddyUpTO intends to keep doing. R



@ Work

WEEKEND ON THE BRAIN?



onsizzle.com

ONE FOR THE AGES

I work as a historical interpreter in a museum that depicts life in a gold-rush town during the early 1900s. To enhance visitors' experience, I often encourage them to play along and pretend they live in the era. Recently, I asked a customer if he was a new miner in town.

"No," he replied. "I'm 35."

KELLEIGH MARSHALL, *Wells, B.C.*

WHAT NOT TO WEAR

[Holding up two ties]

ME: "Which one? I have a big meeting today."

WIFE: "Both are nice."

[Later]

WIFE: "How did it go?"

ME: "Well, wearing two ties was a real disaster."

© @MURRMANN5

MESSAGE RECEIVED

I have 11 missed calls from my boss, and I can only assume it's because he's super excited to give me a raise.

© @NOTICABLYBACON

PREFERENTIAL TREATMENT

A nervous patient arrived at our dental clinic for root canal surgery. We brought him into the examination room and left him for a few moments. When the dentist arrived, he found the patient standing next to a tray of equipment.

"What are you doing?" the dentist asked.

The patient replied, "Removing the ones I don't like."

gcfl.net

SHOULD I STAY OR SHOULD I GO?

The line at our local post office was out the door. There was only one postal worker on duty, and the customers were getting testy. Hoping to hurry things along, a patron yelled out, "How can I help you go faster?" The postal worker yelled back, "You can go home!"

© SCARLETT BUZEK

Are you in need of some professional motivation? Send us a work anecdote, and you could receive \$50. To submit your stories, visit rd.ca/joke.



Amybeth McNulty, the new Anne of Green Gables, on red hair, gritty dramas and portraying CanLit's most beloved heroine

Fresh Ginger

BY COURTNEY SHEA

ILLUSTRATION BY AIMÉE VAN DRIMMELLEN

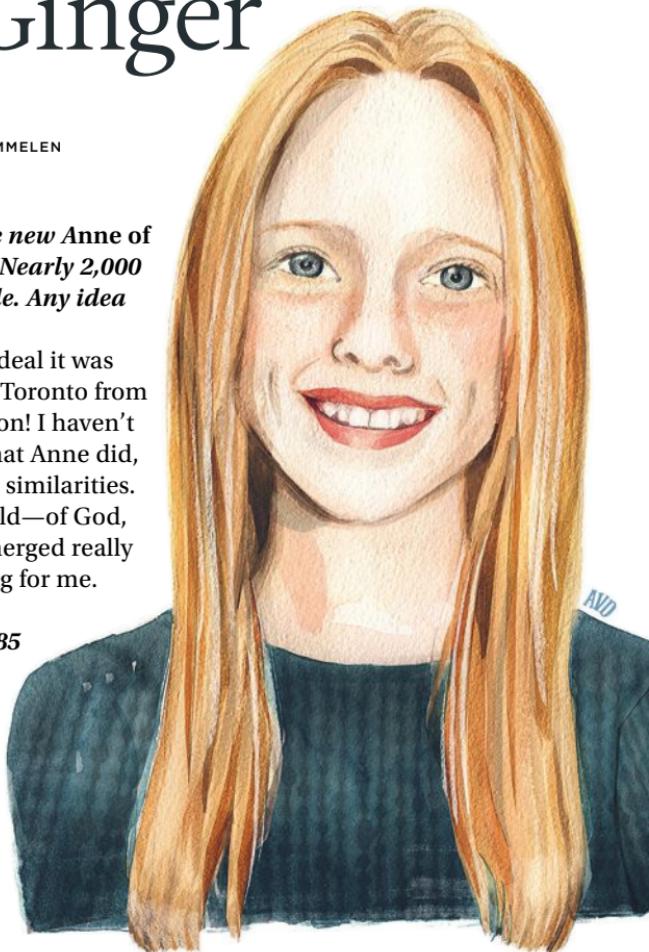
You're Anne Shirley in the new Anne of Green Gables miniseries. Nearly 2,000 actors tried out for the role. Any idea how you clinched it?

I didn't realize what a big deal it was until just before I came to Toronto from Ireland for the final audition! I haven't experienced the trauma that Anne did, but I've been told we have similarities. We share a love of the world—of God, humans and nature. We merged really well, so it wasn't just acting for me.

With the books and the 1985 CBC series, there's lots of material to draw on.

How did you prepare?

I didn't watch or read any versions of the story, other than our script, because I didn't want to be affected by them.



Anne has a real knack for landing in sticky situations. Do you share that quality?

Of course, I have my ways of getting into trouble. We all have times when we think, Oh my God, can the world please swallow me up and take me away from this? Everybody can relate to that—it's why Anne is so popular.

She especially appeals to young girls. Why do you believe that is?

It's the idea of Anne thinking that girls were no different from boys, her power and her struggles. She had a lot of challenges—feeling not good enough or not pretty, trying to get a boy to like her, growing annoyed by people—and her willpower makes you wish you were like her.

Anne famously had a love-hate relationship with her carrot top. How do you feel about your own mane?

I really like red hair. I think if you have brown hair, you want blond hair; if you have blond hair, you want blue hair. We always want what we don't have. It takes a while to admit, Hey, it's just part of me.

And how do you feel about puffed sleeves?

Oh, I love them. I love my Anne dresses, but when I see the other girls with their puffed-sleeve costumes, I know how she feels—that sense of longing.

Has it weighed on you playing a character who's so beloved?

I try to let it go. I'm not going to compare myself to Megan Follows [who played Anne in the 1985 series]. Other people will, and that's fine—she's *the* Anne—but my Anne is different and beautiful and unique.

Head writer Moira Walley-Beckett has described the new Anne as grittier than previous versions. How so?

It's more realistic, with flashbacks showing the abuse Anne has gone through. There are more layers.

Walley-Beckett won an Emmy for Breaking Bad, which is certainly gritty. Have you seen it?

My grandmother and I recently watched it on Netflix. I loved it. My grandmother did too—she went on a Netflix marathon for the first time.

Your mother was born in Calgary, but you're from Ireland. What's been your favourite discovery since you started filming here?

Maple syrup. It's basic, but so good.

And what's one thing you miss about home?

Your Dairy Milk chocolate tastes different. I think it must be the milk. My friend brought over some Irish chocolate and I was extremely happy. R

Anne airs on CBC until May 7.

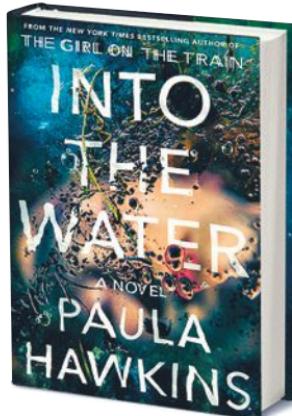




Our top picks in books, movies and TV

RD Recommends

BY SARAH LISS



1 **INTO THE WATER** Paula Hawkins

Getting to the bottom of this dark whodunit (or, dare we say, *what-dunit*) requires untangling a swirl of narrative threads smartly spun by Paula Hawkins, the mastermind behind the juggernaut *Girl on the Train*. *Into the Water* centres around Danielle Abbott, a single mom who, when she died, had been writing a book about her British town's so-called "Drowning Pool," the cursed body of water responsible for taking her life and that of myriad women dating back to the 1600s. The region's murky history—rife with internecine conflicts and allegations of witchcraft—forms a suitably gothic backdrop for this tortuous thriller. *May 2.*

DID YOU KNOW? Before she hit it big with *Girl on the Train*, Paula Hawkins wrote a quartet of goofy, critically panned romance novels under the pseudonym Amy Silver.



2 **BASEBALL LIFE ADVICE** Stacey May Fowles

For long-time fan Stacey May Fowles, baseball isn't just a sport—it's a metaphor for the endless challenges of everyday life. In this heartfelt essay collection, the Toronto writer digs into dynamics both on the field (bat flips, spring training) and off (mental health, domestic violence), using her passion for the game as a lens for sharp analysis. *April 11.*



3 THE LEAVERS

Lisa Ko

Given the American administration's attitude toward immigrants, Lisa Ko's debut is more than timely. *The Leavers* tells the story of a boy in the Bronx who's taken in by professors after his mother, an undocumented worker, fails to return from her job. Winner of the PEN/Bellwether Prize for Socially Engaged Fiction, it's a must-read for this moment in history. *May 2.*



4 THE LOVERS

A novel take on modern romance, this racy comedy stars Tracy Letts and Debra Winger as a couple whose marriage has gone cold. Both partners are enmeshed in affairs and vow to broach the topic of divorce—until the prospect of splitting up reignites their spark. Tender, funny performances amp up the charm factor of this unconventional love story. *May 5.*



5 TWIN PEAKS

More than 25 years have passed since the question of who killed Laura Palmer was settled, but *Twin Peaks'* influence on the television landscape has barely faded. And now the cult series returns—along with key members of its original cast, including Kyle MacLachlan as pie-loving FBI agent Dale Cooper and Sheryl Lee as doomed heroine Laura—to plunge viewers back into the world of a creepy-quirky logging town in the Pacific Northwest that only director David Lynch could have imagined. *May 21.*



Points to Ponder

BY CHRISTINA PALASSIO

If you see pressure as an opportunity, it can be a good thing.



*Toronto Blue Jays catcher
RUSSELL MARTIN*

I was striving for success in an outside world that was not meant for me. For me to be in public life, to be in white society, was very difficult.

FRED SASAKAMOOSE, who in the 1950s

became the first Indigenous person to play in the NHL

Learning to be your best leader self can be confusing when there are so few women role models to emulate.

Business executive and

TV host DENISE DONLON in her book,

Fearless as Possible (Under the Circumstances)

As I've gone in and out of prisons more and more, I've found there are very few people who pose a significant risk to public safety. If we could empty out our prisons and instead invest those resources in communities, we'd be far better off.

Senator KIM PATE, in The Globe and Mail

From the time I was a little girl putting plastic rockets together, I felt that something was going to happen to allow me to go into space. I had a lot of faith in technology ... and certainly a naïveté about what it would be like to be a Canadian trying to get into space.

ROBERTA BONDAR, *Canada's first*

female astronaut, on the 25th anniversary

of the *Discovery* space shuttle mission

Dear Canada. It has been the great honour of my life to play for you. Time to hang 'em up! Thank you!

Women's hockey trailblazer
HAYLEY WICKENHEISER, on Twitter,
after announcing her retirement



PHOTOS: (MARTIN) TORONTO BLUE JAYS; (WICKENHEISER) © SFU UNIVERSITY COMMUNICATIONS. QUOTES: (MARTIN) CANADIAN BUSINESS (SEPT. 16, 2016); (SASAKAMOOSE) THE GLOBE AND MAIL (DEC. 28, 2016); (DONLON) HOUSE OF COMMONS PRESS (NOV. 5, 2016); (PATE) JAN. 21, 2017; (BONDAR) CBC'S MANSBRIDGE ONE ON ONE (JAN. 13, 2017).

You can't compare yourself to other people. Compare yourself to yourself. Pay attention to your work and stop looking around.

Chef SUSUR LEE, in Canadian Business



He looked like this eastern European hairdresser. And I just remember looking at this massive man—my father—as this character and going, “Okay, this is not normal.” It absolutely makes me smile just thinking of him.

CHRIS CANDY, son of the late actor John Candy, on the first time he realized what his dad did for a living

In India, we don't have Mother's Day, but our family celebrates it. My sisters and I usually take my mom out for brunch; sometimes my brother joins us and we make a day of it. We talk and we reminisce. We spoil her and do whatever she wants to do.

ET Canada reporter SANGITA PATEL, in Chatelaine

Today, in this post-fact world of post-truth politics, reality TV, toxic attack ads, *abbreviated* everything and pernicious demagogues, more than ever we need thoughtful, inspired and brilliant writing and literature.

Business and technology expert DON TAPSCOTT, in a speech given at the Writers' Trust of Canada gala

When I left small-town Nunavut, I left for very personal, very angry reasons ... I moved away because I knew there was no other way to really cope with what was going on in my community. I found myself using my songs and sharing my story as a way to keep healing.



Musician SUSAN AGLUKARK, on CBC News **R**



Local growers share tips on how to select the best produce

Pick Your Own

BY CAITLIN AGNEW

MAY MARKS THE RETURN of seasonal fare to farmers' markets and grocery stores across the country. This handy guide will help you understand what to look for in local fruits and vegetables—and when your favourite varieties might show up on a shelf near you.

Spring

When wild leeks appear, the season has begun. Look for a firm bulb and a green leaf. "They're best bunched and standing in an inch or two of water for better preservation when travelling to market," says Sherry Patterson, owner of Chick-a-biddy

Leave a Lasting Gift for Child Amputees

Acres, a 72-acre farm near Peterborough, Ont. Since they grow in the wild, ask suppliers to confirm they're harvested sustainably.

By late May, you'll start to see asparagus, which should be a vivid green colour with stems that are firm yet bendable. Avoid specimens with tiny yellow flowers (which mean the plant has gone to seed) or dry, crispy tips (which suggest the vegetable has been improperly stored). There may still be a slight nip in the air, making locally produced greens zesty and flavourful. In June, those who use greenhouses to extend the season should have full salad mixes and English-style cucumbers on offer.



Summer

July brings onions, carrots, berries, zucchini and other summer squash. It's also time for tomatoes. Patterson recommends trying different heirloom varieties: "Some are tart, some sweet like candy, some meaty, some juicy." Each type has different indications of ripeness, but the goal is to select fruits that have hit the



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– Family member



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Reader's digest

SWEEEPSTAKES

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Let's clear the air. As the spokesperson for Reader's Digest Sweepstakes, I'm asked repeatedly if our Sweepstakes is real. That's understandable, given the problems some people have had with fly-by-night operators. We're different from the other guys. We've been in the business of making dreams happen since 1962. Here's why:

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Marisa Orsini,
Administrator,
Sweepstakes and Contests

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readersdigest.ca/sweepstakes

perfect sweet spot—not too firm and not too soft.

In August, expect potatoes, chard, turnips, celery and collard greens. When corn arrives at the end of the month, look for full, uniform kernels. The tuft on the end should be brown and dried out; this indicates it was left on the stalk long enough.



Fall

The first frosty nights benefit September harvests. When temperatures drop, vegetables such as Brussels sprouts convert their starch stores into sugar to keep the water in their cells from freezing—and they taste sweeter as a result. Patterson suggests buying sprouts on the stalk, so you can see how they've been grown and make sure the leaves aren't wilting.

When choosing underground vegetables, make sure they aren't split or dry, indications that they haven't been stored properly.

"There should be a firmness and a smell of earthiness," says Patterson. "Look for bruising or nicks that could cause rotting."

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How to preserve muscle mass

Staying Strong

BY SAMANTHA RIDEOUT

WHILE IT MAY HAPPEN so slowly that you don't notice, your muscles tend to shrink and weaken with age, starting as early as your 30s. If they decline too much over the decades, you can be diagnosed with sarcopenia, which refers to low muscle mass, low strength and poor physical performance. The consequences can include a less active lifestyle, disability, impaired coordination and an increased risk of falls and fractures. Rheumatoid arthritis sufferers are especially vulnerable to a loss of muscle mass and strength.

Drug companies are on the case, but they have yet to make any significant breakthroughs. That means adequate nutrition and exercise remain the main prevention strategies and the best treatments for



muscle decline. Not only can these two habits slow muscle shrinkage, but they can assist you in regaining some of the lost mass.

Protein is the most important building block for muscles. However, seniors' bodies don't typically use it as efficiently as they used to. "This is why many countries now recommend higher protein intake in older subjects than in younger ones," says Dr. Tommy Cederholm, a professor of clinical nutrition at Uppsala University in Sweden. Seniors should aim for at least one gram of protein daily per kilogram of body weight. Good sources include poultry, fish, dairy, beans, nuts and lentils. If you are finding it hard to eat enough of these foods, consider adding protein powder to a smoothie.

On the exercise side of the equation, combine aerobic activity with progressive resistance training, or PRT, which pits your muscles against an opposing force (a pull band or your body mass, for example) and gradually builds up to more repetitions and/or a stronger resistance.

While it might bring to mind images of bulky young men, PRT is

recommended for everyone regardless of sex or age. The best starting point depends on your current strength and endurance, but a typical beginner might dedicate 10 minutes three times a week to exercises that target a variety of major muscle groups. If you're in doubt, a qualified

personal trainer could give you a tailored program.

R

On average, muscle mass decreases by an annual rate of
1 to 2 %
after age 50.

News From the World of Medicine



Prolonged Painkiller Use Linked to Hearing Loss

Acetaminophen and NSAIDs such as ibuprofen are a great go-to for aches. However, they're now thought to affect the inner ear. A 55,850-subject observational study from the United States found that people who'd taken the painkillers frequently—twice per week for six years or more, compared to less than one year of use—had a nine to 10 per cent greater chance of noticeable hearing loss. If you rely heavily upon these medications, ask

your doctor if there are other options to manage your discomfort.

Self-Sabotage Influenced by Preferred Time of Day

"Self-handicapping" is when you try to protect your ego from failure by creating external reasons to perform poorly—staying out late before a job interview, for example, then blaming exhaustion and not ineptitude if you don't get an offer. Indiana University psychologists discovered that people who tend to self-handicap do it the

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most when they're operating at full capacity at their preferred time of day. It takes additional energy to create obstacles, so scheduling stressful tasks for off-peak times of day could be one way to avoid hindering yourself. A preferred fix would be to work in collaboration with a counsellor to overcome the tendency altogether.

Seniors Who Care for Grandkids May Live Longer

Older people who look after their grandchildren from time to time could reap health benefits. In a study of 500 people from Berlin over 70 years of age, the risk of death among these subjects was 37 per cent lower than the risk for other subjects of the same age who didn't spend time with their offspring's offspring. Grandparenting may give people a sense of purpose while keeping them physically and mentally active, the researchers speculated. ■



TEST YOUR MEDICAL IQ

The sinus node is the...

- A. group of cells that regulate the heartbeat.
- B. place where the sinuses connect to the nasal cavity.
- C. organ that produces mucus in the nose.
- D. topmost vertebra on the spine.

Answer: A. Also called the heart's natural pacemaker, the sinus node is a collection of cells in the right atrium that control the heart's rhythm by sending out electrical impulses. When the sinus node doesn't work properly, the pulse can become too fast, too slow or irregular.

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Case History

BY SYDNEY LONEY

ILLUSTRATION BY VICTOR WONG



THE PATIENT: Richard, a 37-year-old software developer

THE SYMPTOMS: A sore eye and reduced vision

THE DOCTOR: Dr. Martin Leyland, consultant ophthalmic surgeon at Royal Berkshire Hospital in Reading, U.K.

*W*ON HIS WAY HOME from work one Monday last September, Richard was distracted by a stinging pain in his right eye that had gradually worsened throughout the day. He initially thought some dust or dirt had gotten under his contact, but the sensation didn't diminish after he removed the lens. When his eye still hurt the following morning, he booked an appointment with his family doctor, who suspected a contact lens-related infection and sent him to the eye-casualty department at the Royal Berkshire Hospital.

An ophthalmologist identified a small corneal ulcer (a sore on the thin, clear surface of the eye), likely caused by bacteria trapped under Richard's contact lens. (He wore daily disposable contacts, but bacterial infections are still common with wearers of these lenses.) Because corneal ulcers can lead to vision loss, Richard was placed on an intensive course of antibiotic eye drops, to be administered hourly (including nighttime) for two days, then every hour during the day for two weeks.

The treatment initially helped, but by the end of the second week, the pain had returned with greater intensity. Richard also noticed that the vision in his right eye was deteriorating. To reduce inflammation, the ophthalmologist added steroids to Richard's next two-week round of drops, but the discomfort and vision loss only got worse. The ulcer was

also growing, and now there was a build-up of pus inside the eye.

By now, three weeks in, the agony was overwhelming, and Richard had become so sensitive to light that he couldn't keep his eyes open. He was no longer able to drive or work.

Three weeks after his ordeal had begun, Richard received a referral to Dr. Martin Leyland, who performed a corneal scrape to remove part of the ulcer for diagnostic purposes. The cells were sent to a lab to identify the organism causing the problem. "At this point, the patient was unable to read an eye chart and could only count fingers if I held my hand right in front of his face," Leyland says.

The results of the scrape came back: nothing had grown in the lab. This time, the patient was treated with both antibacterial and antifungal drops, as well as antifungal tablets (the latter, in part, because the antibiotics weren't helping). Though Richard started to show some improvement, it was short-lived, and the pain and vision loss in his eye progressed.

When a second corneal scrape two weeks later also failed to yield results, Leyland did a biopsy to remove a larger piece of the cornea. Eventually, a pathologist discovered a tiny filament of fungus. Two days later, a microbiologist identified it as a species (*Fusarium solani*) found in soil and plant debris all over the world.

Leyland consulted the national reference lab about treatment, only to discover that the fungus is resistant to all available antifungals.

Dr. Leyland performed a corneal transplant, hoping to save the patient's eye.

Leyland had never before encountered such a stubbornly resistant fungal infection. "Normally tears would wash the fungus away," he says. "But once it gets underneath a contact lens, it can grow quite happily and do some real damage."

By that point, it was nearly three months after the onset of the infection. Leyland performed an emergency corneal transplant with donor tissue in a last-ditch effort to save the patient's eye, flushing the infected area with antifungal fluids. Post-surgery, Richard began an intensive three-month treatment of oral and eye-drop antifungals. The inflammation had also caused a cataract to form, so he underwent a cataract operation to improve his vision.

Fortunately, the fungus has stayed away, and the corneal transplant has remained clear since the operation. Richard recovered well and may eventually regain up to 90 per cent of the vision in his eye. R



The facts about fungus

Protect Your Toenails

BY LISA BENDALL

IT AIN'T PRETTY—which is a common reason for treating toenail fungus. “People don’t like the way it looks,” says Brad Sonnema, a podiatric physician in Edmonton. Onychomycosis—as the condition is formally known—can be picked up pretty much anywhere you walk barefoot and grows inside or under the nail, causing it to thicken, crumble or turn yellow.

People with poor circulation or compromised immunity are at greater risk, as are older people. “Their defence mechanisms may not be as strong,” says Sonnema. “But most of the time, it’s just the result of a lifetime of use and abuse.” A damaged nail is more prone to developing fungus.

At least 50 per cent of North American seniors have fungus in at least one toenail. Those with diabetes are around twice as likely to



have the condition. In these patients, misshapen toenails from untreated fungus can irritate the skin, leading to sores and infection; toenail removal may even be necessary. For most people, though, the fungus stays isolated to the nail and surrounding skin, and it rarely causes internal issues.

Turn to a professional for diagnosis and treatment options—and to avoid ignoring a condition with similar symptoms, like psoriasis. It’s best to discuss your options with your doctor: some think all onychomycosis infections should be addressed, while others consider treatment a patient’s choice if their case is minor. Oral anti-fungal medications can negatively affect the liver and how it metabolizes other medications, inhibiting their effectiveness. Topical treatments are safer and must be applied diligently, sometimes for many months. **R**



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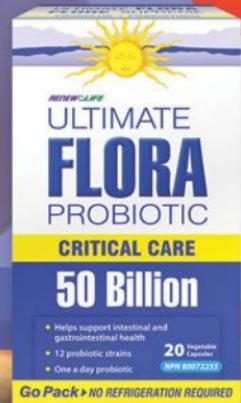
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Clara Hughes overcame a challenging childhood to become one of Canada's most decorated Olympians and a passionate advocate for mental health. This year, she's one of *Reader's Digest's* most trusted influencers.

GOLD STANDARD

BY LISA BRYN RUNDLE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY COLIN WAY



"USED TO SKATE IN CIRCLES and ride a bike pretty fast, now do all things slow." That's how Olympian Clara Hughes describes herself these days—at least that's what she says in her Twitter bio. It's an apt but incomplete description of a woman who makes every decision with enviable deliberation.

Since 1996, when she earned two bronze medals on her bike in the Atlanta Olympics, Canadians have cheered Hughes's athletic skill. She's brought home six Olympic medals in both cycling and speed skating, making her the only person ever to win multiple medals in both the Summer and Winter Games. But she's all too aware that life's a marathon, not a sprint. Since stepping off the podium for good in 2012, she has approached the next phase of her life with a determination to give back to the community and an unwavering commitment to honesty. She's shared her ongoing struggle with depression; she's talked openly about her difficult childhood, her own poor choices and the impact of a father who was verbally abusive and who struggled with alcoholism.

We make heroes of our athletes, casting them as role models whether or not they prove themselves worthy of admiration outside of their sport. Few have risen to this challenge quite like Hughes. And it's perhaps this strength of character that has earned her the trust of Canadians from coast to coast to coast.

How does it feel to be one of the most trusted people in Canada?

It makes me kind of nervous! I try to just be myself. That's what I consider a trustworthy person, someone who is themselves—their whole being—in every circumstance.

Few would have pegged you as a Most Trusted candidate in your youth: you stole candy, forged notes, bought cigarettes as a minor. Is trust something you've had to work at over time?

Definitely. I'm pretty open about the stupid things I did as a young person. A lot of that comes out of having a dysfunctional family, internalizing guilt because of the breakup of that unit and expressing it in really delinquent ways.

What changed?

In 1988 I saw [Olympic speed skater] Gaétan Boucher race on TV. It was such a powerful, freeing act of giving oneself to something. I'd never seen somebody care so much. That's where my path as an athlete began. I was 16, and I was lucky that I fell into the hands of fantastic coaches who

taught me that I had to trust myself—to understand and know which of my limits could be pushed and which limits needed to be respected.

We trust people who tell the truth, even when it's hard, and you've been courageous on that front. After having been lauded for your fortitude, how did it feel when you started to speak publicly about things, like depression, that some might view as weakness?

I spent so many years just showing strength and joy. After two decades of that, I realized you're only half human if that's *all* you show. Having the opportunity to fully express myself was one of the most liberating—and terrifying and embarrassing—experiences, and I don't regret it. I've been sharing my inner struggles for seven years, and I've connected with hundreds of thousands of people, and that makes any naysayer or trash talker seem so small.

It can take Olympic-level strength to cope with mental illness, but it's not always seen that way. Do you think there's progress being made on the stigma?

I do. People's attitudes are changing, particularly those of young Canadians. I see a future when people look back on when there was a stigma—when no one would talk openly about mental illness—as an archaic, ridiculous time.

There can be an upside to struggling with something like depression when you're getting support: it can force you to understand your mind and confront your demons. Have you found that?

Yes. That's part of what's allowed me to trust myself. But my experience with mental health has been pretty easy compared to what most people encounter. I had access to support as an athlete; I can afford a psychologist.

You're saying that because accessing support, like psychotherapy, can be prohibitively expensive?

That's what I struggle with the most. Talking is good, sharing is great and listening is even better, but there needs to be action [on access to support], and it needs to come from government. It's moving so slowly that lives are lost. I know some of those lives. They're in my heart, and they compel me to try to push for change. We're better than this reality.

We're a country that prides itself on universal access to health care, but we focus on the physical, except in the most extreme cases.

It's the equivalent of a person with cancer being told, Wait until you're at stage four and absolutely desperate, then we'll get you on the waiting list.

Over the past few years, you've committed to revealing even the hardest



Hughes talks about mental health in Kingston, Ont., on Jan. 24, 2017.

truths. In your 2015 memoir, Open Heart, Open Mind, you admitted that early in your cycling career you tested positive for ephedrine, a stimulant found in cough and cold medicine. You weren't obligated to disclose that information, so why share it?

I had to. You can't just choose this truth and not that one.

You can—people do it all the time!

I felt I had no choice. If I was going to tell my story, it was an opportunity to liberate myself from something that had happened in my life that I still don't understand.

This was in 1994, but at the time, you were advised not to say anything, and the incident was kept quiet.

I could have made it easier on myself by saying I took cough medicine, but I [hadn't taken any]. And I can't make

up a mistruth to try to explain the situation away. So I just put it out there, and I thought, If this ruins me, there's nothing I can do.

You also write a pretty personal journal on your website. Why?

It's just a way of talking about how weird and wild life is, how I'm human and flawed, how I struggle and how sometimes I'm stoked about ridiculous things.

You recently posted a photo of yourself looking very serious and sad. Are you actively trying to show a counterpoint to the happier image of you that's out there?

Oh, yeah. I was bawling my eyes out and couldn't stop. I'd been crying for days, weeks, months. My knee was injured. I was sitting in my office and I thought, How many times do you

post nice pictures? Like, "Look at my hair today!" or "I'm so happy, I'm out running!" And I just thought, I want to share the here and the now, and if anybody else out there is feeling this way, I just want to let them know they're not alone. Over 1,000 people wrote comments on Facebook and Instagram, and I read every one. It helped me through that tough time. Sometimes being real with others also helps you be more real with yourself.

This was while you were waiting for knee surgery after an injury. How did you hurt yourself?

I was hiking on Haida Gwaii, on the West Coast, and wiped out on a very simple trail. My foot got jammed between a log and a rock, I fell with all my weight and I heard two huge pops. I thought I'd completely severed my ACL [anterior cruciate ligament], but the doctor told me it was just sprained, so for five months I pretended my knee was okay. When I finally got an MRI, there were only, like, two threads of it left. It was my first surgery, my first IV. My first painkillers!

What's the recovery been like? That's got to be a psychological challenge as well as a physical one.

I'm not used to things not working. As an athlete, you learn to love pain and metabolize it as energy, but when that sensation comes through injury and is chronic ... there's no comparison.

It's sensitized me to the struggle that so many people live with. I've had to learn to be patient. And I'm very grateful because I'll recover fully.

In this time of fake news and alternative facts, trust seems to be harder and harder to come by. Where do you put your trust these days?

I try to think critically, and I look to people whose opinions and morals I value. I try to avoid ingesting the toxins of so much social media, those mistruths that are perpetuated by the real fake news and alternative facts.

Many people are feeling demoralized about the state of the world right now. Are you able to maintain your optimism?

I have to be grounded and calm to find any goodness. More than optimism, I think it's, Can you keep your humanity during this time of uncertainty and unrest?

I did read that you communed with a chipmunk on the Appalachian Trail. That seems hopeful, if a bit unusual.

When I walked the trail in 2016, I lived outdoors. I'd touch a tree and feel its strength, and I'd say, "Hey, you're looking good, old guy!" Or I'd see a chipmunk and be like, "Hey, little brother!" Those experiences, with the self, with nature, with others—that's where meaning comes from. That's what I seek out. R

2017

TRUST POLL WINNERS

Our annual survey results

1. DAVID SUZUKI

At 81, the eco hero uses his own renewable resource—passion—to protect Earth from its most intelligent species.

2. CHRIS HADFIELD

The musical astronaut keeps his feet on the ground as he makes intergalactic enigmas a little less alien.

3. PETER MANSBRIDGE

After three decades anchoring CBC's *The National*, the journalist signs off with a love letter to Canada, delivering his final broadcast on July 1.



4. JUSTIN TRUDEAU

There's a chasm between hopeful promises made on the campaign trail and the reality of running a nation. Since he took office in November 2015, our 23rd prime minister has worked to negotiate that gap with aplomb—and a smile.

5. RICK MERCER

Infusing his biting commentary with goofy humour—and a willingness to

don a wetsuit—Mercer is one of Canada's most accessible political satirists.

6. MIKE HOLMES

Proving he builds community as well as houses, the home-reno guru helped Fort McMurray residents regroup after the devastation of last year's wildfires.

7. CLARA HUGHES

The erstwhile Olympian channels grit, determination and vulnerability into her work as a mental-health advocate.

8. CÉLINE DION

After the death of her husband, René Angélil, last year, the performer showed strength by grieving openly at a public memorial—a display of the emotional honesty that's her stock-in-trade.



9. LISA LAFLAMME

In an era of fake news, the *CTV National News* anchor reports on world events with insight and integrity.

10. GORD DOWNIE

The Tragically Hip frontman has always rooted his music in a love of this country. When he embarked on a farewell tour last year after being diagnosed with terminal brain cancer, Canadians came together to let Downie know just how much we love him back.



11. KEVIN O'LEARY

As a TV personality, he's known for his biting quips; as a candidate for the Conservative leadership, O'Leary is pitching himself as the smart business choice.

12. MARGARET ATWOOD

She may not be a soothsayer, but the CanLit stalwart uses her work to imagine possible futures—and to remind us to speak truth to power in the present.

13. DARBY ALLEN

The Fort McMurray fire chief, who retired in February, fought the blaze that forced 90,000 Albertans out of their homes. His even keel ensured no lives were lost, earning him the trust and gratitude of countless Canadians.



14. SOPHIE GRÉGOIRE TRUDEAU

Both a public figure and a down-to-earth role model, Grégoire Trudeau draws on her own struggles to advocate for feminism and mental health.

15. ROMÉO DALLAIRE

The former UN commander opened up about his experience with PTSD, shedding light on a battle fought by so many men and women in our military.



16. PENNY OLEKSIAK

Before the 2016 Games in Rio, the swimmer thought she'd never win gold; 52.72 seconds and 100 metres later, she became Canada's youngest-ever Olympic champion. And at 16, she's still growing—as a person and an athlete.



17. CRAIG KIELBURGER

The dynamo behind youth empowerment outfit WE is committed to using enterprise as a force for social change.

18. ELIZABETH MAY

As the leader of the Green Party, May looks out for the well-being of the citizens of Canada and the land we live on.

19. STUART MCLEAN

When the host of CBC's *Vinyl Café* died in February at 68, the airwaves flooded with stories about how much he'd meant to all those who'd been listening.



20. RONA AMBROSE

Ambrose is making her time as interim Conservative Party leader count. She's been a sharp critic of her opponents, leading some to dub her the best prime minister we will never have.

With the help of news monitoring and informal surveys, Reader's Digest selected a long list of 25 prominent Canadians from a variety of fields. The criteria for selection included holding important responsibilities and/or influence over public life and opinion. We then commissioned Ipsos Reid to conduct an independent poll of 1,200 English-speaking Canadians. Respondents were asked to choose the five people they trusted the most from the long list. Their answers were weighted to make the survey sample reflect Canada's current demographic makeup according to the latest census.

What you need to
know about the condition
that affects one in five Canadians—
and how to manage your own risk

PREVENTING DIABETES

BY ANNE MULLENS





"YOUR BLOOD SUGAR IS TOO HIGH. You have pre-diabetes." When Gail Tudor heard her doctor say that during a regular checkup in July 2015, the 55-year-old wedding videographer was shocked. How was that possible? Her body mass index was in the healthy range, and her diet was low in fat and high in fruit, vegetables and grains. Tudor, who lives in Wales, was also active—she skated, walked, kayaked and more. Since she already exercised often, her doctor said, it was unlikely she could reverse her path to type 2 diabetes. There's no singular cause of pre-diabetes, so pinpointing what led to her condition wasn't possible.

She was offered a treatment plan that included drugs, and learned she'd likely need to take them for the rest of her life. "I couldn't believe it," she says.

Tudor was determined to learn if there was anything else she could do to prevent diabetes without resorting to medication—she didn't want to depend on it permanently.

Retired engineer Frank Linnhoff, 69, who lives near Bordeaux, France, knew that his obesity and family history put him at high risk of type 2

diabetes. His father had died at 70 from kidney failure caused by the disease; his brother had a leg amputated at 45 because of it. Diagnosed with pre-diabetes 25 years earlier, Linnhoff had tried his best to follow his doctor's advice on diet and exercise, but still his weight climbed.



THE CONDITION IS ON THE RISE: DIABETES CANADA PREDICTS A 44 PER CENT INCREASE IN NATIONAL DIABETES INCIDENCE BY 2025.

In January 2015, he was feeling so fatigued that he went for a blood test. The results showed his fasting blood glucose was in the range of severe diabetes. "I stayed up all night, searching the Internet for treatment suggestions," he says. "My father and brother had failed to control their diabetes; I couldn't have the same fate."

In August 2015, at age 57, I, too, was told that my fasting blood

sugar was in the pre-diabetes range. Like Tudor, my BMI was also in the healthy range. I exercised three times a week, walked 10,000 steps each day, and I had maintained healthy eating habits for three decades. What more could I do?

I immediately started to research. Pre-diabetes, I learned, affects, on average, an alarming one in five Canadians. With almost 50 per cent of pre-diabetics expected to develop type 2 diabetes itself, Diabetes Canada projects a 44 per cent rise in national diabetes incidence by 2025.



PRE-DIABETES
IS REVERSIBLE WITH
LIFESTYLE CHANGES—
SOMETIMES YOU HAVE
TO MOVE BEYOND THE
OBVIOUS TECHNIQUES.

When a person develops pre-diabetes, an increasingly high amount of insulin—a hormone that moves sugar out of the blood and into cells for energy use or storage as fat—is churned out into the body, and the hormone becomes less effective. When too much sugar is left circulating in the body, blood-sugar levels rise, and if they stay high, there's a heightened risk that the person will develop type 2 diabetes.

If pre-diabetes progresses to type 2 diabetes, it can lead to heart disease, stroke, blindness, nerve damage, kidney damage and even limb amputations. What's more, harm to the body's tissues and blood vessels can start well before full-blown type 2 diabetes develops.

Still, there is some good news: pre-diabetes is reversible with lifestyle changes—sometimes you just have to move beyond the obvious techniques. In fact, Tudor, Linnhoff and I, along with thousands of others, have all taken control of our pre-diabetes since our 2015 diagnoses.

Here's what you need to know about the condition.

Who Is at Risk?

Being overweight or obese, inactive or from a family with a history of type 2 diabetes increases your risk of getting pre-diabetes. Women, like Tudor, who have had gestational diabetes (a type that affects women during pregnancy) are at much higher risk of eventually developing pre-diabetes or type 2 diabetes. So are women who have given birth to a baby weighing more than nine pounds—as I did 23 years ago.

I also had a related health issue that up to 10 per cent of women develop: a genetic, hormonal condition called polycystic ovary syndrome (PCOS), which causes lowered fertility, potential weight gain and other symptoms.

A key feature of PCOS, just like diabetes, is insulin resistance.

"Insulin's action is the key," notes Dr. Jason Fung, a Canadian nephrologist based in Scarborough, Ont. Fung's 2016 book, *The Obesity Code*, explains that insulin activity, insulin resistance and the stress hormone cortisol are major hormonal triggers to type 2 diabetes and obesity. To reverse them, you need to address those triggers, Fung says.



Weight Loss Is Key

It's long been known that dropping five to 10 per cent of your body weight can reverse pre-diabetes—for as long as it's kept off. But short-term dieting isn't the answer: most diets are hard to maintain, and regaining kilograms is common. With the weight gain usually comes the return of high blood-sugar readings.

But here is the new, somewhat controversial, approach: thousands

of people, like Tudor, Linnhoff and me, have lost weight and cut their risk of developing diabetes by phasing out sugar and refined or starchy carbohydrates (such as bread, potatoes, rice and cakes) and instead eating more healthy fat (found in foods like plain Greek yogourt, nuts, fish and eggs).

During digestion, all carbohydrates get turned into sugars, which cause the release of insulin. So, according to Fung, reducing carb intake to 100 grams a day or less lowers the amount of sugar in the blood—and the need for insulin to respond to it. Doing so ultimately helps resensitize us to insulin.

At the same time, compared to other food groups, fats have the lowest impact on insulin release. A 2016 study published in *The Lancet Diabetes & Endocrinology* journal also found that a high-fat Mediterranean diet (which includes fish, vegetables, cheese, nuts and olive oil) didn't lead to weight gain—in fact, men and women who were instructed to eat a higher-fat diet lost more weight and inches from their waists than their counterparts who were asked to stick to a low-fat one.

For almost a decade, Swedish GP Dr. Andreas Eenfeldt has been counselling his pre-diabetes, type 2 diabetes and obese patients to switch to a low-carb/high-fat (LCHF) diet. "In weeks and months, they got

better, their diabetes reversed and they could get off drugs," says Eenfeldt, who in 2007 started a non-commercial Swedish website, dietdoctor.com, which Tudor, Linnhoff and I have all used.

Tudor started the LCHF approach in July 2015; 10 months later, she had lost more than six kilograms, and her blood sugar had returned to healthy ranges. Today, she says she's in better health than ever before: her pre-diabetes is under control, and she's lost around five per cent of her body fat. Similarly, seven months after starting the diet in 2015, I had lost four kilograms and my blood glucose returned to normal. Linnhoff also saw results: while he is still pre-diabetic, he's lost more than nine kilograms, and his blood sugar has dropped closer to a healthy level. His dietary adjustments, along with the adoption of a more active lifestyle—Linnhoff enjoys cycling and dancing—has led to a sense of well-being. "I felt so bad in January 2015," he says. "I never thought that just a year later I would feel so wonderful."

LCHF isn't guaranteed to work for everyone. No long-term studies have yet been published, and most countries' diabetes associations are taking a wait-and-see approach. But medical experts and a growing body of research endorse the diet as safe and effective. In January 2015, for example, 26 international medical experts

advocated carbohydrate restriction as the first approach to managing diabetes and pre-diabetes in an article published in the journal *Nutrition*.



More Than Just Food

Nutrition isn't everything. Other lifestyle changes can help you maintain blood-glucose control, experts say.

Exercise is crucial, since our muscles absorb glucose in the blood. The more we move them, the more they soak up. It doesn't have to be training for a marathon. Tudor, who uses a home blood-glucose monitor, has noticed that all she needs to do is walk around her house or up and down her stairs to bring her blood-sugar levels down a few points. Most experts recommend 30 minutes of low-stress movement daily—try to fit in a brisk walk if you're unable to keep your body moving with other activities.

Getting more rest also helps. In recent years, the link between poor



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initiative led by:

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**DIABETES
CANADA**

sleep quality, insomnia and sleep deprivation have all emerged as risk factors for both weight gain and an increased risk of diabetes. Getting seven to eight hours of good-quality slumber reduces the risk.



**REDUCING STRESS
IS VITALLY IMPORTANT,
SAYS DR. JASON
FUNG. TRY MINDFULNESS
MEDITATION, YOGA
AND MASSAGE.**

Finally, make sure to find time to relax. Stress increases cortisol in the body, which can, in turn, raise blood-sugar levels. Over time, this may increase insulin resistance or lead to abdominal weight gain, heightening the risk of developing diabetes.

"Reducing stress is vitally important," notes Fung, who suggests mindfulness meditation, yoga and massage.

I was fortunate. I immediately comprehended the dangers of pre-diabetes and treated my diagnosis as a wake-up call. Since October 2015, I've focused on making lifestyle changes: restricting carbs and sugar in my diet, lifting weights, walking everywhere and getting a good night's sleep. While I went off LCHF for two months starting in December 2016 and gained back some of the weight I'd previously lost, I currently weigh five kilograms less than I did before I changed my diet. I bought a blood-glucose monitor and check my blood sugar regularly. I am now always in the healthy range. In fact, I actually feel lucky that I got that pre-diabetes scare: it has helped me avoid type 2 diabetes and has improved my health overall. R

* * *

MAN'S BEST FRIEND

I'd pay \$10,000 per ticket if, instead of people, the airplane was filled with dogs to play with.

@SORTABAD

I've got a magic dog. He's a Labracadabrador.

@THEPUNNINGMAN

"I'd better not eat that." —No dog ever

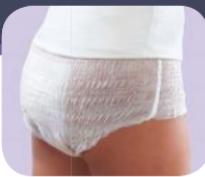
@DAVESHUMKA



“Less bulky bladder protection
means more dresses like this.”



Depend*



Always Discreet

Always Discreet with 360° FormFit™
is less bulky than Depend and drier too.*

*vs. Depend Fit-Flex Small/Medium, Maximum absorbency.
Depend is a trademark of Kimberly-Clark Worldwide.



Always Discreet.
For bladder leaks.

Three prominent Canadians reflect on
life-changing lessons they learned from
the women who raised them

All *about my* Mother

FROM READER'S DIGEST, MAY 2002

HAND LETTERING BY MARLENE SILVEIRA

Finding My Voice

Before we came to Canada in 1951, when I was three, my parents and I spent a year at a refugee camp in Austria. We had fled what was then called Czechoslovakia, where the Communists were expropriating everything. My parents had already lost their livelihood once, to the Nazis. Mummy was liberated out of Bergen-Belsen and spent the years after the war trying to find her family, only to discover she was the sole survivor. She met my father in a small town outside Prague. They married and had me in 1948.

When we arrived in Montreal, everything we owned was contained in an army trunk and a couple of army blankets. Mummy bought an old sewing machine and scraps of inexpensive material and, using patterns in magazines, taught herself to sew. Her hands were always going, making something. For pennies, she would look terrific. She learned English by singing along to the hit parade as she worked.

For me, high school was a lonely time. My mother worried that I'd never



Hana Gartner: *"With her ferocious faith in me, Mummy had opened a door."*

come out of my shell, so she signed me up for classes at the Montreal Children's Theatre. That's where I found my voice. With her ferocious faith in me, Mummy had opened a door.

Although she was an educated woman, I never heard my mother say "This is what I gave up for you." She was always there for my younger brother and me. When I sat in the kitchen with her, I felt safe. When she made soup or sewed a ballet costume

for me, it was all a gift, a labour of love. She wanted to make us happy.

For a long time, I had a framed picture hanging in my kitchen that said: "Put your heart into it." I grew up with that phrase. Mummy taught that lesson by example, and it has become my own work ethic.

Hana Gartner was a host of CBC's *The Fifth Estate* until she retired in 2011. She is currently completing an interdisciplinary master's thesis at York University in Toronto on interspecies communication.

Embracing Risk

On my first day of high school, in Toronto in 1962, I discovered that you weren't allowed to enroll in both art and music—you had to choose one or the other. I complained to my parents, "This is terrible! I want to take art, and I'm really intrigued by music!"

My mother was indignant. She'd been an art teacher and had taught me to play the recorder. She marched up to the school. "My daughter is going to be an artist," she told the principal. "She needs to sign up for art *and* music!" Incredibly, the school bent its rules. And I learned from my mother that you have to fight for what you believe will be of lasting value.

My mother also taught me to take risks—to not fear the unknown. When I was 17, my family lived in San Miguel de Allende, Mexico, where my

father, on sabbatical from teaching, was completing a fine arts degree. I learned that I had been accepted into a master class with Julian Bream, one of the world's top guitarists.

But studying under Bream meant leaving my parents and going to live in Stratford, Ont. When she saw me off, my mother said, "Enjoy the experience, and learn as much as you can." Then she gave me a hug that relaxed the knot in my stomach and calmed my fears of being on my own.

In my early 20s, I set off to Paris to take private lessons. To raise the money, I gave guitar lessons and did some performances around my Toronto neighbourhood. My mother had taught me to be self-reliant—to never take handouts but to enjoy the satisfaction of feeling as though I had earned something. She also taught



Liona Boyd: "She gave me a hug that relaxed the knot in my stomach."

DON DIXON

me that I shouldn't always follow the trend. When I was invited to be the opening act for Gordon Lightfoot on one of his tours some years later, I didn't know whether I should. I was coming from the pure classical tradition, and this gig meant playing arenas in front of thousands. I knew that lots of people in the classical world would be horrified.

I called my mother from San Francisco. "What do I do?" I asked.

"Nothing ventured, nothing gained," she replied. So I decided it was worth the risk, and it proved to be a move that led to other concerts. Many people wrote to say that those performances helped them discover classical music.

Over the years, my mother accompanied me on many of my own tours abroad, and together, we would head out to get a feel for a country. In India, we spontaneously took a boat down the Ganges River and a rickshaw into the red-light district in Kolkata. My mother has an adventurous spirit, and I inherited that from her. Life is fleeting. You have to make every day count.

Liona Boyd is a world-famous classical guitarist. Her latest album shares a title with her forthcoming autobiography: *No Remedy for Love*. One song on the album, "Thank You for the Life You Gave to Me," is dedicated to her mother. She debuted it at a surprise party for her mother's 90th birthday in 2015.



Simon Whitfield: "After I won, she said, Now this is your opportunity. Use it."

Chasing Dreams

My mother has always been involved in early-childhood education. As I was growing up, I often watched in awe as she set the scene for children to experience the joy of physical activity, getting them excited and ready to learn.

Mum was so proud of me after I won the triathlon at the 2000 Olympics in Australia, but before the dust settled, she grabbed me and said: "Now this is your opportunity. Use it." She wasn't speaking from an economic standpoint; she was talking about the importance of my being a role model, encouraging kids to follow their dreams.

Since the 2000 Olympics, I have visited more than 100 schools. I talk to the kids about "living a life less ordinary," a concept passed on to

me by my parents—the idea of never being mediocre. I also touch on the need to set goals: short-term goals, such as doing well on a math test or perfecting a piece of music; and long-term goals, like becoming an elite athlete or being in a band. I tell them that what you believe, you will achieve.



AS I RAN BY A BIG
DUMP TRUCK, I SAW
MY MOTHER
STANDING ON ONE OF
ITS HUGE WHEELS,
CHEERING FOR ME.

When I played hockey and soccer as a kid in Kingston, Ont., my mother came to every game—not to pressure me but to support me. One of my favourite sports-related memories was when I was running in the Canadian Triathlon Championships in Winnipeg. As I ran by a big dump truck, I saw my mother standing on top of one

of its huge wheels, cheering for me. I find it sad when people say their parents have never seen them compete.

When I was at the University of New South Wales in Australia, I completed only one semester and then decided to drop out so I could race professionally full-time. Mum was the first person I called. It was a nervous moment. I wasn't sure how she would react.

I said: "Mum, I have this opportunity, and I think I'm going to take it. What do you think?"

She was as supportive as ever. If I thought that was the best thing for me to do, I should do it, she said. It turned out to be a good decision.

Supporting your children, trusting their decisions, giving well-thought-out advice—those are definitely important qualities.

Simon Whitfield is a four-time Olympian who was Canada's flag bearer at the 2012 Olympics in London. Now an advocate for sports and healthy living, Whitfield was inducted into the Canadian Triathlon Hall of Fame in 2014. **R**

* * *

HOLD THAT PUNCHLINE!

If you want your dreams to be as fascinating to other people as they are to you, don't mention it's a dream until the end of the story.

ALEXA KOCINSKI, writer



Laughter

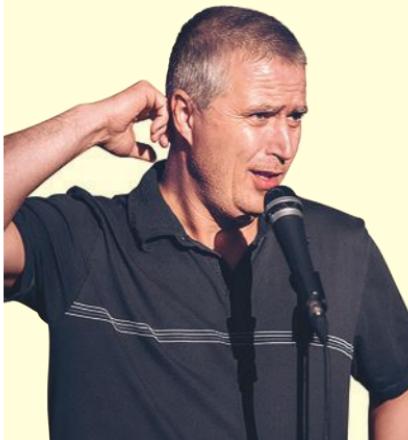
THE BEST MEDICINE



THE BEST JOKE I EVER TOLD BY TODD GRAHAM

Another term for camping should be “arguing outside.”

You can follow Toronto comedian Todd Graham on Instagram or Twitter @idiotgallant.



REGIONAL RULES

CANADIAN: Spell colour.

AMERICAN: No, you spell color.

CANADIAN: U.

AMERICAN: No U.

@FRO_VO

A GORILLA WALKS INTO a bar and orders a martini. Amazed, the bartender thinks, What the heck, I guess I might as well make the drink.

As he hands the martini over, the animal holds out a \$20 bill.

The bartender accepts the cash and decides to test his unusual customer's intellect. He only gives the ape a dollar in change.

The gorilla silently begins to sip his drink.

“You know,” the bartender says, “we don’t get too many gorillas in here.”

The gorilla replies, “At \$19 a drink, I’m not surprised.”

sunnyskyz.com

EYE OF THE BEHOLDER

Who is this Rorschach guy, and why did he paint so many pictures of my parents fighting?

Comedian ROB DENBLEYKER

I haven’t slept for 10 days, because that would be too long.

Comedian MITCH HEDBERG

Send us your original jokes! You could earn \$50 and be featured in the magazine. See page 8 or rd.ca/joke for details.



A stylized illustration of a flight attendant with long brown hair tied back, wearing a blue uniform. She is shown from the side, looking down at a silver revolver held in her right hand. Her expression is serious and focused. The background is dark and moody, with geometric shapes like triangles and rectangles in shades of grey, white, and red.

On a tarmac in Jamaica, an armed man takes a plane's crew and 159 passengers hostage. Now it's up to a pair of young flight attendants to save them all.

CANJET FLIGHT 918

BY NICHOLAS HUNE-BROWN
ILLUSTRATION BY STEVEN P. HUGHES

ON THE NIGHT of Sunday, April 19, 2009, Sangster International Airport was quiet. The flow of vacationers that pass through the busy portal to Jamaica's north coast had slowed to a trickle as passengers boarded the final flight out of Montego Bay.

CanJet flight 918 was a double-stop flight from Halifax, taking on and letting off passengers in Jamaica before continuing to Cuba, then heading back to Nova Scotia, where the now-defunct low-cost charter airline was based. Just after 10 p.m., as the last few passengers snaked toward the screening area, a lanky figure appeared among the tourists. Handsome and young, wearing shorts and loafers, the man looked like any other well-to-do Jamaican. When security guards asked him to walk through the metal detector, however, he refused. He hitched up his shirt to reveal a gleam of silver, then pulled out a .38 revolver and sprinted toward the gate where the Boeing 737 sat waiting.

Onboard, eight crew members and 159 unsuspecting passengers were already seated when the gunman entered. The pilot, Captain James Murphy, came out of the cockpit to investigate, and flight attendant Heidi Tofflemire and co-pilot Glenn Johnson locked the door behind him, sealing off the flight deck. When the man announced that he needed to leave Jamaica that night, Murphy lied and said the plane still needed to be refuelled. That's when the hijacker

placed the gun's muzzle against the pilot's throat. "I am God," he said. "I like to take lives."

CAROLINA SANTIZO ARRIOLA, 28, had been a flight attendant for just over six months, always taking same-day flights and returning home to Toronto each night to care for her seven-year-old son, Thomas. It was a tough job for a single mother, but Santizo Arriola always thought back to her first months in Canada, when she'd arrived from Guatemala as a six-year-old who didn't know a single word of English. If she could survive that, she told herself, she could survive anything. She'd never worked a red-eye before, but that week she agreed to cover a sick colleague's shift, leaving her son with her parents.

As the plane waited at Montego Bay, Santizo Arriola was mid-cabin handing out customs forms when she heard a commotion up front. A passenger came racing back, alarmed, and told her there was a man with a gun on board.

Santizo Arriola stared in stunned silence. It felt like something out of a movie. As she moved forward, however, she saw the cockpit was closed and a tall young man with a wild look in his eyes was holding a gun to Murphy's neck. She didn't know what to do, but she knew she couldn't leave her co-worker, a father and a husband, with the gunman.

As a flight attendant, Santizo Arriola had been taught to always smile. When a passenger is being difficult, smile. When you've dropped a tray of glasses on the floor, just beam and pretend everything's okay. And so, without fully realizing it, she broke out in her friendliest grin as she approached the gunman.



THE PETITE
26-YEAR-OLD WAS NOW
THE MOST SENIOR
CREW MEMBER IN THE
CABIN. SHE WARILY
STEPPED FORWARD.

The gunman smiled back. Later, she would learn he was Stephen Fray, the 21-year-old son of a respected Jamaican businessman. She would have time to wonder what had happened to the young man with such promise, a kid who had gone to good schools and run on the track team. Was he on drugs? Mentally ill? At the moment, all she saw was someone who was panicking. Her instincts told her that the best hope for everyone on board was to get Fray to calm down.

Fray told Santizo Arriola he wanted billions of dollars. He demanded the pilot fly him to the Middle East, then the United States, then Cuba. Before he could go anywhere, however, he

was convinced he needed to refuel the plane, and to get fuel he needed money. Seeing an opportunity, Santizo Arriola made a suggestion. "The passengers, they have a lot of money," she said to Fray, and suggested he release them in exchange for what they had in their wallets.

Fray agreed. "I like you," he told Santizo Arriola. Releasing Murphy, he made the flight attendant his new hostage, putting the gun to her head. Then he demanded the captain leave the plane to tell officials they needed fuel. Murphy lingered by the aircraft entrance, unwilling to disembark, so Fray fired his gun toward the door, the bullet just missing the pilot, who escaped down the ramp.

Santizo Arriola suddenly found herself in the role of chief negotiator with an armed hijacker. Worried that people were trying to escape through the rear door, Fray demanded she use the intercom to call the back of the plane. He wanted another flight attendant to come forward to tell him what the passengers were doing.

NICOLE ROGERS HAD become a flight attendant hoping for a life of excitement. The Nova Scotia native had always liked to travel, and the job promised cosmopolitan glamour. But her year and a half in the air had given her little chance to see the world. And after hundreds of trips, she'd never encountered anything more dramatic

than a peeved customer or a flight delay—until that night.

With the in-charge flight attendant and the co-pilot locked in the cockpit and the captain off the plane, that left Rogers, Santizo Arriola, a security contractor and two other flight attendants—Tony Bettencourt and Anu Goswami, a terrified young woman on her first shift. It also meant that Rogers, a petite 26-year-old, was now the most senior crew member in the cabin. When the phone rang and the request came to move to the front, Rogers warily stepped forward.



IF THE COMMANDOS WERE FORCED TO TAKE FRAY OUT, WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO THE PEOPLE ON BOARD THE PLANE?

As she approached, she made the same calculation as Santizo Arriola. They would do what flight attendants do: treat their difficult passenger calmly but firmly. They would take charge and get these people off the plane.

Rogers instructed the passengers to exit. "Leave everything behind," she yelled. "Grab your cash, put it in the bag and get off the plane!" The

travellers made their way forward, dropping cash into a bag proffered by Santizo Arriola, who still had the gun's muzzle pressed to her neck. The bag quickly became full, bills scattering across the floor.

Within an hour of the hijacker's arrival, the flight attendants had managed to get each of the 159 passengers out safely. Now, as Fray demanded they close the cabin door, the five remaining members of the crew were alone, locked on the plane with the man with the gun.

REVEREND COURTNEY WALTERS had just arrived home when his phone rang. A couple of years earlier, as part of an effort to boost security before the Cricket World Cup in Jamaica, the 49-year-old police chaplain and protestant minister had taken hostage training from a former FBI agent. Now the police determined that he was the best person in Montego Bay to talk down the gunman.

As Walters drove to the airport, he was nervous. He had done some simulations, but how would a real-life hostage taker react?

No hijacker had ever held up an airplane on Jamaican soil. The reverend was led to the air traffic control tower, where police and military officers had a command centre. The Jamaica Defence Force's counter-terrorism squad was flying in from Kingston to manage the situation.



In 2013, Carolina Santizo Arriola (left) and Nicole Foran—née Rogers—were awarded the Medal of Bravery and the Star of Courage, respectively, for their actions.

Police wheeled a ramp next to the plane and ran a microphone out from the intercom in the cockpit, the only direct line to the hijacker. Walters climbed up, ready to negotiate.

Fray wasn't interested. He swore at the reverend and vowed to kill crew members. Walters had been taught to make a connection with the hostage taker, but the more he spoke with the erratic young man, the more he worried that reasoning with him might not be possible. Fray had established that he wasn't afraid to open fire. If they were forced to take him out, what would happen to the people on board?

FRAY GATHERED THE remaining five hostages in the front of the plane. He sat behind Santizo Arriola, whom

he'd placed on a storage container facing the front row of seats, keeping his revolver trained on her.

If she could make the gunman see her humanity, Santizo Arriola reasoned, she would have a better chance of survival. And so, over the next eight hours, as Walters continued to try to negotiate, and the police and army devised a plan to storm the plane, she talked to him and asked him questions. At times, Fray opened up to her. His parents were divorced, he said, showing her a picture of himself as a kid with his father.

But as the night wore on, Fray grew agitated and angry. Frustrated that his demands for fuel kept being delayed, he instructed Santizo Arriola to open the cockpit door. She didn't know the security code, she told him.

"I'm a single mom," she said, hoping to draw on the bond they'd established. "If you do something to me, you're going to leave my son alone."

She felt the pistol against her head. "I don't care," said Fray. "I'll kill you, and then I'll find him and kill him, too."

BY 6:30 A.M., the police were losing the advantage that came with the cover of darkness. It was time for them to make a move.

From her seat, Rogers could see a shadowy figure moving across the tarmac. "Why aren't you storming the plane?" she thought. Growing paranoid, Fray demanded the crew shut the blinds and turn off the lights. Finally, he told each of them to take an article of clothing from a carry-on suitcase and put it over their heads.

Santizo Arriola's heart sunk. She'd been convinced that if he could see her face, he wouldn't be able to kill her. Now it felt as if he was preparing them for their execution.

Suddenly, the cabin phone rang. The co-pilot, Glenn Johnson, told Fray that the plane had finally been refuelled and was ready for takeoff. He just needed him to check out the window to see if the fuel truck was still attached.

Sitting in the dark with a skirt over her head, Rogers felt Fray squeeze past to get to the window, pressing the muzzle of the gun to her shoulder.

All through that interminable night, the flight attendant had fixated on one thought: how do I disarm this maniac? Could she clock him with the fire extinguisher? Hit him with luggage? Each time she'd dismissed the idea as too risky.

“

THE WOMEN SHARE
A UNIQUE BOND. TO
STAND BESIDE
SOMEONE IN SUCH DIRE
CIRCUMSTANCES WAS
TO TRULY KNOW THEM.

Now, as Fray brushed past, the skirt over her head drooped slightly. Counterterrorist commandos burst in through the door, guns lowered at Fray, who froze. Rogers seized her chance. She took hold of the pistol pressed against her, wrenched the gunman's wrist toward the ceiling and twisted the weapon out of his hand.

"Gun, gun, gun, gun, gun!" yelled Rogers, who reached across the aisle and passed off the firearm to Santizo Arriola. After hours of being threatened, Santizo Arriola needed more than anything to escape the cabin. She handed over the gun to a commando, then she and Rogers grabbed hands and, ignoring the men yelling for everyone to get down, rushed out of the plane.

A FEW MONTHS later, Stephen Fray was put on trial and Rogers flew to Jamaica to testify. "I wanted to show him I was fine, that what he did wasn't going to change my outlook," says Rogers, now married and going by Nicole Foran. "I wasn't afraid of him."

Fray's lawyer pleaded insanity. In the months leading to the hijacking, Fray's family said, he had been hearing voices and acting strangely. The attempted hijacking had been a result of paranoid schizophrenia, the voices in his head "programming" him. The court rejected the defence and sentenced Fray to roughly 20 years in jail.

In December 2013, four years after the most terrifying night of their lives, the two women went to Ottawa for a ceremony to celebrate their heroism. Governor General David Johnston awarded Santizo Arriola the Medal of Bravery for convincing the gunman to release the passengers; Foran was given the Star of Courage for disarming Fray.

The evening before the ceremony, the pair had dinner in an Ottawa

restaurant. Before that flight, they'd been strangers, but the traumatic experience had forged a unique bond. To stand beside someone in such a dire situation was to know them intimately. "We have a special place for each other in our hearts," says Foran. "If she ever needs me, I'm there; if I ever need her, she's there."

That night, each woman relived the hijacking with the one other person who could fully understand. Flight 918 was Foran's final trip as a flight attendant. Life in the sky had lost its lustre; she got engaged soon after and had two daughters. Santizo Arriola married, too, and her son now has a sister. She went to therapy for several years to work through her post-traumatic stress, though she acknowledges the feeling may never go away. "It's not constant," says Santizo Arriola. "But it's there."

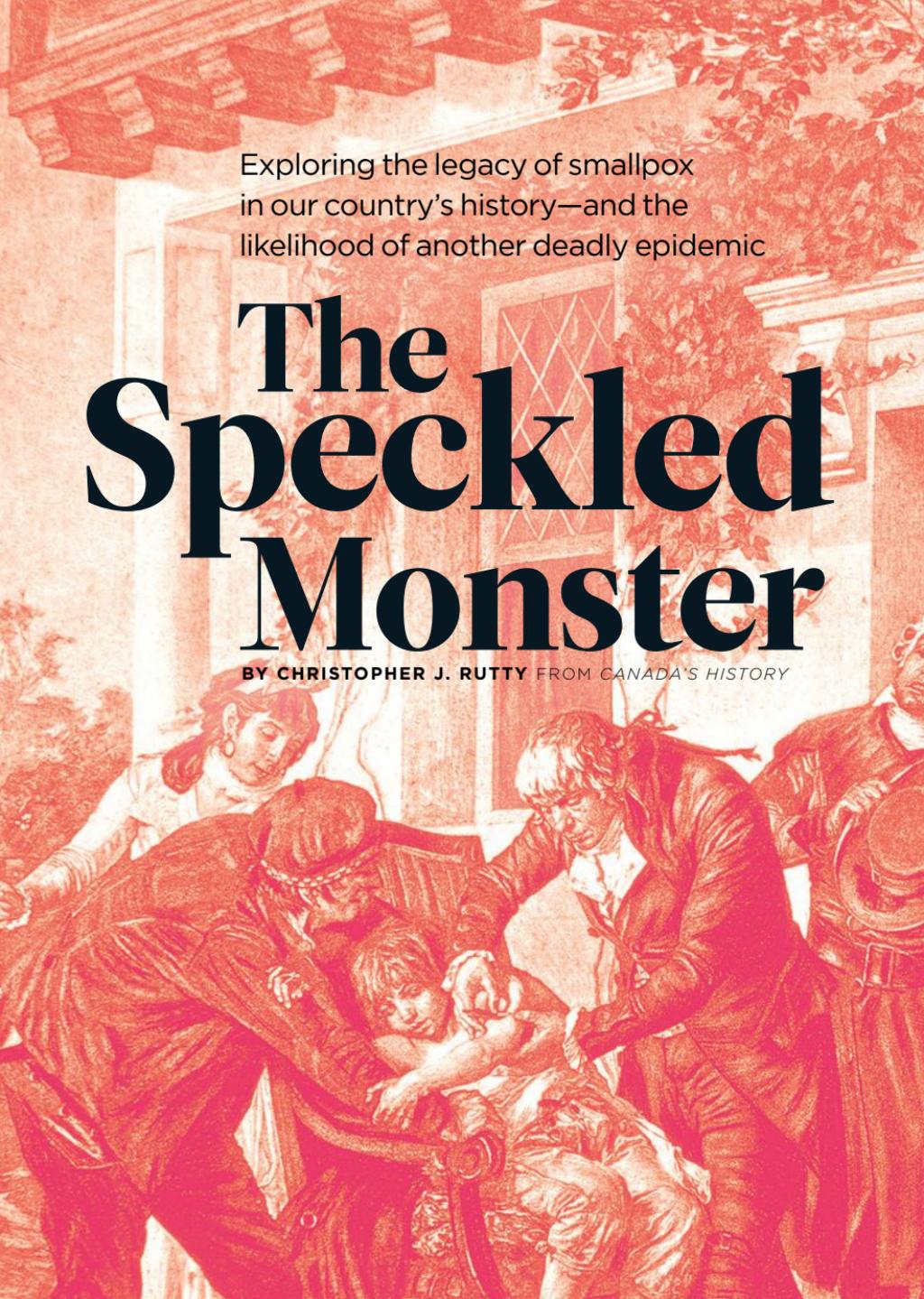
Even so, she still works as a flight attendant, smiling at passengers who have no idea that the woman pouring them tea is a hero—the rookie flight attendant who talked down a hijacker. R



MAKING CHANCES

Luck? I don't know anything about luck. I've never banked on it and I'm afraid of people who do. Luck to me is something else: hard work—and realizing what is opportunity and what isn't.

LUCILLE BALL



Exploring the legacy of smallpox
in our country's history—and the
likelihood of another deadly epidemic

The Speckled Monster

BY CHRISTOPHER J. RUTTY FROM CANADA'S HISTORY



IT'S BEEN MORE than nine decades since Canada had its last brush with a deadly smallpox epidemic. The dreaded disease broke out in southwestern Ontario's Windsor region in early 1924, killing nearly half of the 67 people infected. Canada had not seen such a serious smallpox outbreak since 1885, when the illness swept Montreal, causing more than 3,100 deaths.

"Today we have no conception of the meaning of the word 'smallpox,'" wrote Dr. John Heagerty, of Canada's Federal Public Health Service, in a booklet published shortly after the Windsor outbreak. "For us, the word has been robbed of its terrors, and we discuss the problem of smallpox in the community in a general and academic way."

Once doctors knew what they were dealing with, patients were quarantined. Within a week, most of the 70,000 people in the Windsor area were vaccinated, stopping the epidemic—which in pre-vaccine days often meant death—in its tracks.

Although eradicated in 1979, smallpox remains a threat today, either as a potential bioterrorist

A photogravure—based on an 1879 painting by Georges Gaston Melingue—of early vaccination against smallpox.

weapon or as a virus inadvertently resurrected. In recent years, scientists have even speculated that the virus could spread from a small Siberian village as global warming melts the permafrost and the frozen bodies of 18th-century victims of the disease begin to thaw.

CHARACTERIZED AS the “speckled monster,” smallpox emerged as a pandemic threat in ancient East Asia, then spread through the Middle East, India, Africa and Europe. It is caused by two virus types: variola major and the less severe variola minor, which are transmitted through infected droplets and contact with infectious rashes and blisters. It starts with flu-like symptoms and proceeds to rashes and blisters that appear first inside the mouth and then on the skin. The blisters rupture, spew pus and eventually crust over, leaving permanent scarring. Severe variola major cases can lead to complications such as blindness, and often death. The mortality rate ranges between 30 and 35 per cent but can be much higher, as it was in Windsor in 1924. Those who survive have lifelong immunity.

The earliest reported smallpox epidemic in the Western Hemisphere struck in the West Indies in 1507, likely introduced by Spanish sailors. The Spanish importation of African slaves who were infected with smallpox intensified the impact of the disease, as did the fact that the indigenous people of what today is known as Latin America tended to be concentrated in cities (unlike their

three million counterparts to the north, who were mostly nomadic and thinly dispersed).

French and British settlers brought the disease to the fledgling New France and New England colonies, followed by Dutch traders who would spread it north and west. Smallpox began to shape Canada's history in 1616, when the disease

struck the Aboriginal population living near the St. Lawrence River trading post of Tadoussac. From there, smallpox travelled to tribes in the Maritimes and near James Bay and the Great Lakes. During the 1630s, the disease had affected nearly every tribe in the Great Lakes region, and by 1636, the population of the Huron north of Lake Ontario had been reduced by half. At about the same time, smallpox arrived

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WITHOUT
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—————

with British settlers in the Boston Bay area, soon eliminating the majority of the Massachusetts tribes of the Algonquin nation—and clearing the way for settlement.

THE SPECKLED MONSTER would also play a major role in shaping the course and outcome of wars between the English and French for control of North America. In 1690, for example, New England troops and their First Nations allies were attempting to carry out a siege of Montreal and Quebec via Lake Champlain when smallpox outbreaks struck the forces.

Soon after the British conquest of New France in 1763, a new biological weapon emerged in the smallpox war. This weapon was known as smallpox variolation—a method of preventing the disease by exposing people to it in a controlled manner. If a person acquired the disease through a scratch, they appeared to develop a less severe variant than those who were orally infected.

Variolation was first used in British-held Quebec in 1765. By 1769, a concerted effort had been launched among the prominent English and French families in Montreal and Quebec and also most of the British troops. The Thirteen Colonies were much slower to take up variolation, widely restricting or banning the practice due to religious concerns and medical and scientific mistrust.



A Canadian smallpox case, circa 1909.

As a result, British troops and Canadian residents north of the St. Lawrence River were significantly more immune to smallpox than the revolutionaries to the south were. When General George Washington launched his attack on Quebec in July 1775, smallpox broke out among his troops. The disease played a major role in saving Canada for the British Empire. And, while Washington did eventually attempt to variolate his troops in the Boston area, the effort proved to be too little, too late.

SMALLPOX IMMUNIZATION through variolation would continue in British North America until the 1850s, although this method would be supplanted by smallpox immunization through vaccination, a more effective

approach developed by physician Edward Jenner in Britain in 1796.

The first British North American Aboriginals were vaccinated in 1803, travelling hundreds of kilometres for that purpose. In 1807, Jenner personally sent the Five Nations Indians at Fort George a formal gift of his book about vaccination to help explain how it worked.

Smallpox among First Nations was of considerable concern to the traders of the Hudson's Bay Company (HBC) as they expanded westward. A major epidemic swept across the West from 1780 to 1782, and HBC traders witnessed its devastating impact. In 1837, a second smallpox epidemic reached the Canadian prairies via the Missouri River. It was caused by the arrival of an Amer-

ican Fur Company steamboat at a major fur trade post on the present-day North Dakota-Montana border. A deckhand ill with smallpox left the ship, rapidly infecting nearby indigenous people who came to trade.

By September, word of the spread of "some bad disease" reached Dr. William Todd, a surgeon and the HBC chief factor of the Swan River district, near the present-day border of Manitoba and Saskatchewan.

Todd, who had recently received a supply of vaccine from England, guessed correctly that the disease was smallpox. He immediately inoculated 60 indigenous people, and he also taught them the technique of arm-to-arm vaccination—when material from one person's vaccination lesion is removed and used to vaccinate another person—so that they could immunize others.

Todd then sent vaccine to several HBC factors.

Over the next two years, the company launched a massive vaccination program with the goal of inoculating every person within its domain. HBC ended up serving as the de facto public health agency across Western Canada during the late 18th and early 19th centuries; its efforts would keep the

disease in check for several decades.

THERE WAS A certain amount of vaccine resistance in Canada during the mid- to late-19th century, but it was focused largely within the French-Canadian community in Quebec. Opposition was driven as much by tensions in English-French relations as by medical concerns. For instance, anglophone factory owners advocated compulsory vaccination



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for their French-Canadian workers, leading some francophones to view vaccination as a race weapon.

Further west, in the colonies of British Columbia and Vancouver Island, yet another scenario played out. In 1862–63, smallpox reached an area known as the northern encampment, where coastal First Nations had settled. Since they had had no previous exposure to smallpox, the illness spread rapidly. Colonists responded by pressing for measures designed to insulate themselves from the infected Native peoples. Many Victoria residents took advantage of the situation to clear the area, and the Tsimshian, Songhees, Stikenes and Haida people living in the northern encampments were evicted. Those who fled dispersed to their coastal homelands, spreading smallpox.

Nearly 14,000 people, most of them indigenous, died of smallpox on the coast alone.

Ultimately, as anthropologist and historian Robert Boyd has stressed in his book *The Coming of the Spirit of Pestilence*, smallpox “served as a final blow to the Native peoples of British Columbia and paved the way for the colonization of their lands by peoples of European descent.”

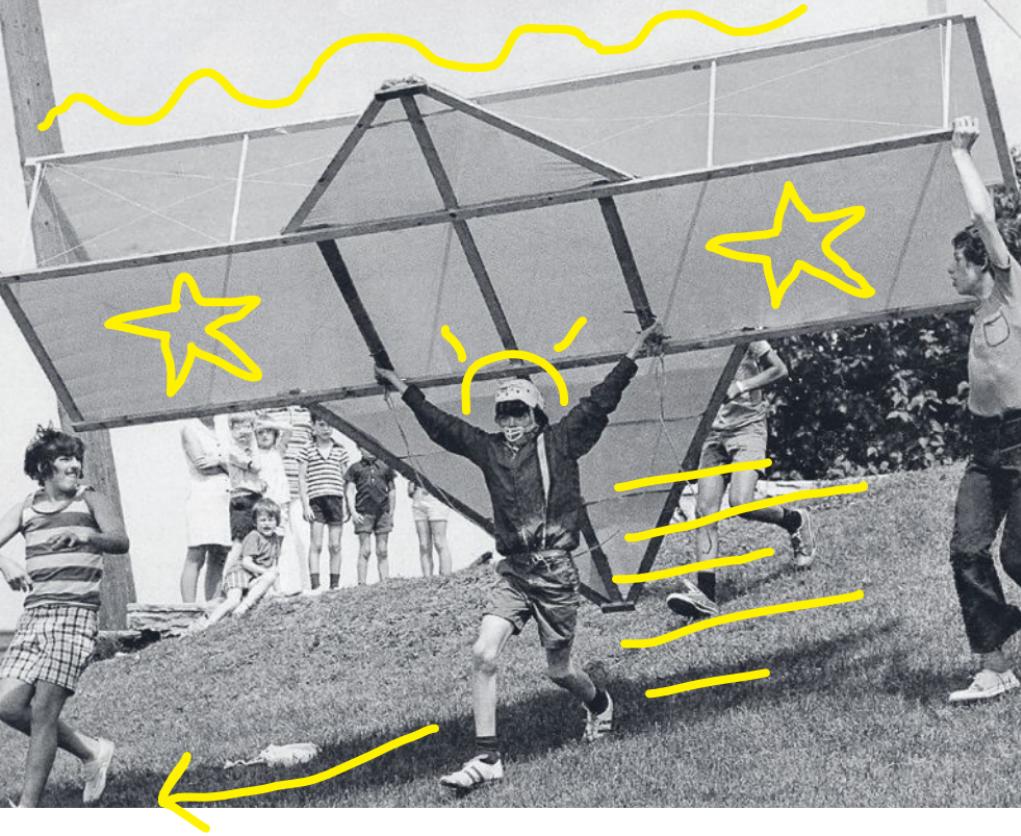
IN THE 20TH century, Canadian scientists played significant roles in the

World Health Organization’s campaign to eliminate the disease from the planet. It was officially declared eradicated in 1979.

With the end of smallpox came the end of mass smallpox vaccination programs. Connaught Laboratories in Toronto began the process of closing its smallpox vaccine production facility. A set of 15 vaccinia pulps, the primary ingredient for making the vaccine, was put in deep-freeze storage, along with the seed virus. A final shutdown was scheduled and included plans for the incineration of the remaining materials.

In September 1980, however, Connaught’s medical director, Dr. E.W. Pearson, recommended that the frozen pulps be saved, just in case. They went undisturbed for the next 21 years. Then came the terrorist attacks of September 11, 2001, which led to concerns about smallpox being used as a bioterrorist weapon.

Canada has used the stored pulps to create a new smallpox vaccine stockpile. The Canadian Public Health Agency has a contingency plan in place should a new outbreak occur. This is a good thing—since much of the world’s population is now as vulnerable to smallpox as Canada’s indigenous population was 400 years ago. R



AS A YOUNG BOY GROWING up in Toronto in the 1970s, I was obsessed with all things airborne. Frisbees, parachute-clad toy soldiers and those 69-cent balsa-wood gliders that pushed back the frontiers of fragility. They soared beautifully for about six minutes before disintegrating and returning permanently to the earth. My flight fixation ran deep: I wanted to soar like those gliders—but preferably without the in-flight disintegration part.

When I was 12, I started hanging out with an equally flight-obsessed

classmate, Geoff. As rumour had it, he'd tested a homemade parachute by leaping off the roof of his house (and it wasn't a bungalow). So Geoff and I decided to design and build our own hang-glider—and test-fly it, too.

Our collective knowledge of aerodynamics came exclusively from *Roger Ramjet* cartoons. To bone up, Geoff and I spent several minutes studiously researching gliders. We carefully noted the classics designed by the Wright brothers and their German competitor, Otto Lilienthal, in the late 19th century.



As one-time wannabe Wright brother **Terry Fallis** writes, you have to risk falling to be able to soar

Flight of Fantasy

We considered the modern models that dominated the sport of hang-gliding—and then we designed a hang-glider that bore absolutely no resemblance to any of them. We just thought ours looked better.

Next came the most important task: to come up with a cool name. We cycled through all the great soaring birds. The eagle? Too American. The condor? Too ugly up close. The turkey vulture? Um, no.

After a longer deliberation than we'd committed to designing the glider itself, we settled on the Falcon

series. Yes, series. An idea this good merited more than one model. We agreed to pool our babysitting money—\$21.34 between us—and rode the bus to the lumberyard. I'm sure history is rife with breakthroughs financed by babysitting gigs, but I just can't think of any right now. We returned home with glue, a box of screws and 100-plus feet of pine one-by-twos.

We built Falcon 1 in my backyard. At school, shop class wasn't exactly my strong suit, and neither Geoff nor I was familiar with the "measure

twice, cut once" maxim, so two more trips to the lumberyard were required before Falcon 1 took shape. My mother even chipped in, sewing blue rayon wing panels.

We introduced two significant innovations in our design. The first was ailerons, or wing flaps, so we could dip and bank in flight. They were activated by levers and string that passed through a maze of pulleys.

We were unconcerned that to operate the ailerons, we'd have to let go of the glider. We had a solution for that: the second innovation, a sling seat. Rather than hanging by our scrawny arms, we were to sit in a loop of rope located below the glider's wings. I wish I was making this up, but I'm not.

Several weeks later, Falcon 1 rested in our backyard. It was as aerodynamic as an anvil and slightly heavier, but to us, it looked like it would fly forever. We hadn't been shy about our little foray into aviation. The whole school knew about the test flight we'd scheduled in the park down the street. We'd even attracted the attention of the official photographer from the Board of Education (now the Toronto District School Board), who was there to record the momentous flight. Dozens

of students, a few teachers and my entire family headed to the launch site. I lost the toss and became the Falcon 1's inaugural test pilot. Geoff seemed relieved.

I donned my hockey helmet and mouthguard—safety first—and stood at the top of a steep hill. As I hyperventilated and hummed the theme from *Rocky*, six classmates strained to lift the contraption. Then I was

off and running, very nearly buckling under the weight of Falcon 1. When the wind caught the wings, I prepared to climb into the sky and bank to my right to give the photographer the perfect shot. But my feet simply wouldn't leave the ground, and I collapsed under the glider's weight.

Strangely enough, three more sprints

from the top yielded similar results. Through it all, the photographer happily snapped away, providing an incontrovertible record of Falcon 1's earthbound test "flights."

Geoff and I were bruised, but not discouraged. We went on to build Falcon 2 and 3, which, incidentally, were just as airworthy as Falcon 1. The only thing that ever took flight was the unfettered optimism of youth. And we loved every minute of it. R

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As Kids See It



"Don't think of it as learning. Think of it as a software upgrade."

AGES AND STAGES

My four-year-old grandson, Caleb, was telling me about his neighbour's new cat. The pet seemed like a kitten, based on his description of its antics.

"How old is the cat?" I asked.

My grandson replied, "Not very old, because it doesn't even go to school yet."

MARGARET PETERSON, White Rock, B.C.

I REALIZED THAT my five-year-old grandson had been watching too much reality TV the day we attended a relative's wedding.

As the four bridesmaids walked down the aisle toward the front of the church, he leaned in and asked, "Is this where the groom decides which one he wants to marry?"

gcfi.net

WEEKEND REST

"Sleeping in" as a parent is mostly just listening to your kids as they try to "whisper."

Twitter: @YENNIWHITE

WHEN I GET HOME from work, I like to read a magazine while having a bite to eat. My three-year-old granddaughter, Olive, will often come and sit on my lap while I do so. One day, my daughter saw us together and asked Olive what she was doing. The youngster answered, "I'm hanging out with your dad!"

LEONARD ADAMS, Red Deer, Alta.

Do you spend your day with hilarious children? Tell us about them! A story could earn you \$50. For details on how to submit an anecdote, see page 8 or visit rd.ca/joke.

On falling in love with birds
and discovering other
lessons in insignificance

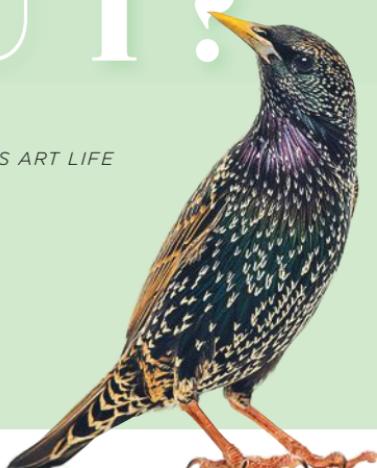
WHAT IS WORTH





SINGING ABOUT?

BY KYO MACLEAR ADAPTED FROM *BIRDS ART LIFE*



THE BIRDS WERE SUDDENLY EVERYWHERE. I could hear them in the trees and tucked in the eaves of our house: idle choirs chattering and trilling. A hawk perched high above the ice rink while I was skating with my two young sons one afternoon. I spied a flock of migrating geese through a skylight while I did the backstroke in a YMCA pool. It moved like a giant cursor across the white flatness of the sky.

One evening in early December 2012, I returned from visiting my father at the Toronto General Hospital, where he was recovering from a stroke, and curled up on the couch in my composer-husband's studio. My husband, David, played a track he had made for a documentary directed by Alan Zweig titled *15 Reasons to Live*, based on a book by Ray Robertson. The film was divided into 15 stories, loosely representing the chapters in the book, that tackle the question of what makes life worth living.

Halfway through, a 30-something Toronto musician who went by the name Jack Breakfast appeared in the segment titled "Meaning." After years of wallowing in creative depression, Jack had quit drinking and found peace by birding in the city. "I didn't even have to think about it. I just felt easier. I felt easy-hearted," he said.

He had discovered his joy was bird-shaped.

I looked at Jack's avian photographs on his website. It was an extensive and odd collection. They were not the sorts of pictures you

would see on a greeting card or in a glossy bird calendar.

These specimens lived in gardens of steel, glass, concrete and electricity. There were birds on tacky stucco walls, rebar bundles, giant forged nails and wire fences. There was no doubt that they were of, rather than above, the mess and grit and trash of the world.

The message in the photos wasn't the usual one about environmental sins or planetary end times. The message, if it could be called that, was about love—a love for the imperfect and struggling. It was a love for the dirty, plain, beautiful, funny places many of us call home.

My heart beat a little faster looking at them, at the birds and the space around them.

I had grown solitary as the only child of two aging immigrants who had fled their homelands for a continent devoid of family, who sat on the land like two potted plants rather than trees in soil. I had grown solitary as a writer whose craft demanded my separation from others. Is that what

I saw in the space around the birds?
My own solitude?

I soon made contact with Jack and arranged to meet him for a bird walk. I wanted to be enraptured and feel that I was still inspirable. I did not see nature as my own personal Lourdes or healing wilderness.

Or maybe I did.

"HELLO?" JACK SAID, loping toward me with his heavy camera, a stout figure in layers of woolly brown. "Hello?" I replied. I was standing by a large duck pond in High Park on a cold but sunny morning later that month, exhaling cloudlets of breath. People walked by on the path with their dogs. Ducks waded past us on the water.

I had sudden misgivings. I felt shy. What had I been thinking?

Jack was a serious birder. I, however, belonged to the vast numbers who knew nothing about birds and thought of them mostly as a decorative motif. My house was a frivolous bazaar of nature-themed trinkets, from the prettiest handcrafted duck lamp to the usual menagerie of stuffed toys to our Anthropologie owl mugs. I lived in a state of unforgivable anthropomorphism. Anthropoapologetic. That's what I was feeling.

What did I know of the wild world, and what did it know of me?

I did not grow up picking berries by a river valley or clambering

through dark, dewy forests or observing tide pools. I had many adventures as a child, but they involved casinos, international airports and mammoth department stores.

My parents were devoutly metropolitan. My father was a London-born foreign correspondent and was stationed in Tokyo when he met my Japanese mother, a demure, long-haired sumi-e (ink painting) artist. Their courtship began at a Canadian Embassy party in a thick fog of cigarette smoke. He fell in love with her charm and prettiness. She fell in love with his worldliness and the promise of escape.

They married, and a couple of years later, work drew my parents to London, where I was born. And then another job drew them to Canada. An exotic cosmopolitan couple had suddenly landed in a quiet North Toronto neighbourhood.

My father dashed off somewhere for work, and my mother was left alone in a cold house. Quiet quiet, no noise except the birds outside, a choir on their way from or to elsewhere. All those notes held in the cold air, the migrant songs, were not a comfort to my mother. Having lived through hardscrabble war years in the Japanese countryside, she had no fondness for nature.

When spring came, she dug up the entire backyard and installed a traditional Japanese rock garden,

a carefully ordered and manicured landscape that she raked with monkish regularity. If she had to have nature, she would have it her way: soft, sprinkler-grown moss and pruned Japanese trees.

JACK EASED MY shyness by talking me through the ducks on the pond. "There," he said, "see those ducks landing on the water, the ones that look like clumsy seaplanes? Those are mallards. And over there, that funny

chatting up the ladies. He was a duck with charisma.

Did Jack have charisma?

A little.

Did Jack grow up feeling close to nature?

No.

Jack grew up in a city-bound family. He told me: "I started going on bird walks to get out of my studio and out of my head. I used to worry about being loved as an artist. I wanted to be significant! I wallowed



I WANTED TO ACHIEVE THE BENEVOLENT AND CAPACIOUS FOCUS THAT THE BIRD-LOVING MUSICIAN SHOWED THE WORLD.

cluster swimming in a tight circle in the middle of the pond—see? Eight, nine, 10, 11 of them churning food to the surface—those are northern shovellers." He pointed to a solitary duck that resembled a large turkey bobbing on the water, a cross between a farm duck and a mallard. Apparently his mate had died recently. She disappeared one day, and there were rumours of a carcass sighting.

Can a duck feel lonely? I wondered but I did not know.

The farm duck-mallard seemed to be enjoying himself. He was cruising around the various duck cliques,

in a state of insecurity most of the time. Now I spend hours trying to spot tiny, distant creatures that don't care if I see them or not. I spend most of my time loving something that won't ever love me back. Talk about a lesson in insignificance."

As we walked, I was thinking about something I had just read in *8: All True: Unbelievable*, a book by Amy Fusselman: "You would be surprised at how hard it is to be open to new and different good things. Being open to new things that are bad—disasters, say—is pretty easy.... But new good things are a challenge."

Part of being open, I decided, meant cultivating a better kind of attention. I wanted to achieve the benevolent and capacious focus that the bird-loving musician showed the world.

My usual (non-maternal) attention had three strains. There was the dogged attention I gave to my art, the boxed-in attention I gave to my devices and screens and the durational attention I sometimes gave to challenging books, art and films. All had something in common: they

was stepping forward, then stepping back. He was leaning to the side, then stepping forward, then stepping back. I crossed the street to see why.

Lying there was a pigeon with a bloody, severed tail. I unearthed a gym towel from my bag, and we encircled the bird and carried it gently to a sheltered doorway. I don't know if the bird took us in with its glazed eyes or if it felt indifference, but we stayed with the creature as it grew increasingly still.

RATIONALLY SPEAKING, I KNEW THE PIGEON WASN'T A MESSAGE, YET I HAVE A CERTAIN FAITH IN SERENDIPITY.

were on their way someplace. They sought a reward, a product purchase, a narrative connection.

What would it be like to give my expansive attention to the world, to the present moment, without any expectations or the promise of an obvious payoff?

Jack was oblivious to the thoughts moving through my head. He was too busy peering into shrubs, grandly and generously giving his attention to the birds.

A FEW DAYS later, I spied a young man moving strangely on the sidewalk. He

I had seen dead birds before, but I had never seen one die. Rationally speaking, I knew the pigeon wasn't a message. I am not a sign-seeker, yet over the years I have developed a certain faith in chance and serendipity. I began to feel that I was being told what to do next. I would learn about birds. I sent Jack a note and asked if I could follow him for a year.

He said yes.

HUSBAND: "WHAT ARE you writing about?"

Me: "Well ..."

My husband is far too loyal and

drowsy to doubt me. If I embark on an ill-conceived journey, I know he will be the guy throwing paper streamers in the air and hooting "Farewell! Farewell!"

This is what we do. We cheer each other on in our misadventures.

We did this for my father when he escaped from his hospital bed later that winter. He called us from a taxi, recounting his jailbreak as if he had just dug a tunnel to freedom using a spoon, when really he had rolled

That's what we were celebrating when we sat in my father's kitchen, eating the homecoming lunch my husband and I had brought. We were in a moment of repose. My father felt more alive and durable than he had felt in a long time.

So when my father asked what I was working on, I told him.

"I am thinking of writing a book about birds and art," I said.

I put on an open and trusting face, which was quite an effort because



I WANTED JACK TO SAY THAT BIRDS SING BECAUSE THEY MUST, BECAUSE IT IS PART OF THEIR VERY ESSENCE.

his walker to the elevator, travelled a few flights to the concourse and flagged a cab right outside the hospital doors. Breathless with excitement and emphysema, my father jokingly imagined an epic manhunt. For a moment he was a fugitive, not a patient.

When we cheered my father on, it wasn't because we were diminishing the medical ramifications of his escape but because we knew there was something bigger at stake.

There are moments in life when what we need is the power to style our own stories.

my father was now leaning back and looking at me blankly.

We sat there, at the table, having a silent conversation.

"Why?"

"Why not?"

"Couldn't you write something a little more useful? A bigger book?"

My father, who likes things distant and serious, thinks I write too close and peculiar. He is drawn to the largeness of things, the clash of civilizations. Birds are too compact and ordinary for him.

My husband, who had been staring at the ceiling while my father and

I had our first silent conversation, registering his desire to escape, glanced over at us as we softened into our second one.

"Pain?" I asked, wordlessly.

"Yes."

"Where?"

"Here. Here. Here."

My father's face was now ashen. I nodded at my husband: time to leave. My father needed to rest. While he struggled to stand, I had a moment of clarity: I had just told my father, a man who did not have time to waste, that I was writing a book on something obscure and indefinable.

At a certain stage, these matters within families don't get worked out, they just get half-heartedly poked at or ignored. I knew my father would choose to forget what I had said and ask me again at a later date: "So, what are you working on?"

I, in turn, would make something up, not because I am an admirable daughter but because I do not want

anyone deciding for me what is big and what is little.

WHAT IS WORTH singing about?

What if the song is too small? Books will tell you that birds sing for a number of reasons—to call to each other, to warn of predators, to navigate, to attract mates. But I wanted to know what Jack believed. Why do birds sing? So I asked. I wanted him to say they sing because they must, because it is part of their very essence.

"I don't want to get all whimsical," he said. "Anthropomorphism is a dangerous habit and a hard one to break."

I hesitated, because it was likely that my habits of anthropomorphism were unbreakable. "I promise I won't tell anyone."

Slowly Jack nodded. Finally, he said, "Okay. It's *possible* that birds may sing just for the joy of it."

I don't know why his response made me so happy, but it did. R

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BUDDY SYSTEMS

Love is blind; friendship tries not to notice.

OTTO VON BISMARCK, statesman

When a woman becomes her own best friend, life is easier.

DIANE VON FURSTENBERG, fashion designer

The surprising link between
confidence and compassion

Boost Your Self-Esteem

BY COURTNEY SHEA

ILLUSTRATION BY WENTING LI





IMAGINE A GOOD FRIEND accidentally switched the a.m. to p.m. on her alarm clock and missed a major appointment. Or that same friend lost the election for condo board president. You'd probably comfort this person and explain that setbacks and screw-ups are just part of life. Now imagine the person in need of a supportive shoulder was not your friend, but you.

"We tend to be so much harder on ourselves than we are on our friends," says Kristin Neff, a professor of educational psychology at the University of Texas and the founder of the emerging field of self-compassion. A cousin of self-esteem rooted in Buddhist practices, this approach focuses on developing a healthy sense of self based on viewing hardship and failure as reasons to be kinder to ourselves, instead of more critical.

In her popular TEDx Talk, "The Space Between Self-Esteem and Self-Compassion," Neff explains that we're tough on ourselves in part because we believe self-criticism is

what keeps us from being lazy and self-indulgent. In fact, the opposite is true. Over more than a million years of evolution, our brains have been programmed to attack any problems we encounter; this dates back to when threats to our success (i.e., basic survival) were physical in nature. Today, it's not our selves so much as our self-concept that's under siege; when we become overly critical, Neff explains, we act as "both the attacker and the attacked." This can increase stress and may trigger depression.

The good news is that, with a few simple techniques, adopting a self-compassionate attitude is well within our reach. "Most of us know how to be kind, caring, understanding people," says Neff. "We're just not used to treating ourselves that way."

TREAT YOURSELF WITH CARE

In her self-compassion seminars, Neff teaches how to become a good friend to yourself. Step one is simply taking notice of your behaviour:

how do you talk to yourself when things aren't going well? What words are you using? What tone have you adopted? For some, that means keeping a journal; others prefer to check in with themselves throughout the day.

Many attendees of Neff's workshops are aged 50 and up—representative of the number of people who have a tenuous grasp on their self-worth as they move into the so-called golden years, when validating factors like career advancement are in shorter supply. The good news, she notes, is that it's easier to adopt a warts-and-all appreciation of your situation at 60 than it is at 16: "After you've knocked around for long enough, you start to realize life is imperfect, and you've learned a lot from your failures, so why would you beat yourself up?"

In times of stress or self-doubt, Neff suggests touch as an effective technique for triggering compassion—giving yourself a gentle hug or putting your hand on your heart to feel the sensation of warmth. "It may seem awkward or embarrassing at first, but your body doesn't know that," she explains, noting that as mammals, we instinctively receive comfort via

physical contact. "Research indicates that touch soothes distress and calms cardiovascular strain."

GET INVOLVED; BOOST WELL-BEING

According to a 2014 Concordia University study, when self-esteem decreases in older adults struggling with sadness, anxiety or loneliness, the stress hormone cortisol increases. This can

lead to a host of medical issues, such as cardiovascular disease. But that same study also found that bolstering self-esteem in seniors may protect them from experiencing psychological distress and health problems.

According to Sarah Liu, a co-author of the study, volunteering can be a great way to boost feelings of use-

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TO IMPART
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SENIOR JOAN
JORDAN, A
LIFELONG
BOOKWORM,
FEEL VALUED.**

fulness and combat loneliness. She is an advocate of intergenerational programming, an initiative pairing seniors with adolescents—two vulnerable populations who can help each other.

Back in 2002, Joan Jordan was floundering, having suffered a spinal injury five years earlier, when she was 50, that left her feeling isolated and useless. Then one day, through the efforts of Toronto Intergenerational

Partnerships, she joined a dozen or so seniors and a group of Toronto high-school students for lunch, conversation and board games.

While playing Scrabble, Jordan recalls, her young opponents seemed stymied by some words. "I teased them about what they were teaching in school these days. We laughed, and I was able to explain what the words meant." Being able to impart wisdom made Jordan—a life-long bookworm—feel valued. She returned to the group the following week and, before long, joined Toronto Inter-generational Partnerships as a volunteer; eventually, she became a board member.

KINDNESS CAN SOW SUCCESS

In her practice as a self-esteem coach, Heather

Walter preaches the importance of taking responsibility for our own outcomes. "Our minds are conditioned to suss out strategies and options [to achieve the things we want]," says Walter. When we blame others and feel powerless, she adds, we feel we have no options. The Whitby, Ont., counsellor will have clients make a list of the things that bring them joy (gardening, for instance, or calling a friend) and schedule an activity they

like into each day. "There's a connection between our emotions and our thoughts," she says. In other words, if you're mired in negative feelings, you tend to view the things that happen to you through a negative lens.

Vancouver-based inspirational speaker Danielle LaPorte is also a proponent of actively managing our lives—and emotions. In her new book, *White Hot Truth*, she urges

her readers to focus on respecting themselves, rather than striving to please others. "I always say that most people should respond 'no' to 80 per cent of the requests they receive," she says, adding that this simple act of self-compassion provides an instant boost. Over time, clearing the deck lets us focus on accomplishing things that

THE
PHILOSOPHY
OF SELF-
COMPASSION
ASKS US TO
ACCEPT THAT
IMPERFECTION
IS PART OF
BEING HUMAN.

matter to us.

For Neff, the ability to embrace our failings is at the root of her philosophy, which asks us to acknowledge that imperfection is part of being human. With self-esteem, "we feel like we have to put others down to lift ourselves up," she says. Self-compassion, however, is about being good to ourselves because we *care*—when we fail or struggle, the path of personal nurturing is the best way forward. R

In the tiny northern town of Fort Providence, N.W.T, table tennis helps keep kids in shape and out of trouble

Power

BY ELAINE ANSELMI FROM UP HERE

*Two children playing ping pong
in Fort Providence, N.W.T.*



of Pong



ON THE SIDE OF the highway to Fort Providence, N.W.T., bison with massive heads and dwarfed back legs sit in clusters, paintbrush tails swishing.

It's October, and I'm riding along with Deh Gáh School principal Lois Philipp as she makes the three-hour drive south from Yellowknife. We left at 6 a.m. and we didn't stop to see the bison, or even to grab a coffee.

We roll past a truck stop just outside Fort Providence. Pinned up around the door are newspaper articles, event posters and advertisements: boat for sale, truck drivers wanted, floor hockey starting up at the gym. There's a missing person poster: a young man from Fort Providence hasn't been seen since April 2015. Like many communities in the North, this town of nearly 800 along the shore of the Mackenzie River is grappling with how to keep young people out of trouble.

There's been a spree of break-ins throughout the area in the last year. A community member launched a petition calling for the banishment of unruly youth, but the initiative thankfully lost steam. Fort Providence Chief Joachim Bonnetrouge has called the crimes a cry for help. He'd like to see an on-the-land camp established as an alternative to the justice system, with the aim of rehabilitating young people by connecting them to their traditional cultures—the vast majority

of the community is Dene and Métis. But the main question remains: how do you steer kids away from crime and keep them out of the crowds that breed it? This is a challenge for everyone, and especially for Philipp.

Part of the principal's strategy is to push for traditional programming. A week before I arrived, students—some as young as seven—had returned from 30 days in the bush with elders and leaders from the community, where they were trapping, harvesting wood and checking nets. There were no processed sugars, just berries they could pick if they wanted sweets. They hunted for their meat and ate a whole moose in eight days.

But Philipp knows young people need day-to-day support if the community wants to see substantial changes. "It's about creating opportunities and creating a safe space," she says. "A space where kids can be kids."

The Deh Gáh School has found an unlikely tool to help residents create that haven: table tennis.

I SEE THE plan in action soon after arriving in Fort Providence. A rope ladder is spread out across the school's gym floor. Students hop through, their knees lifted high. They move on to navigate brightly coloured cones spread evenly in a line, feet weaving to the left and right.

"Now do the same with a ping-pong ball," says Thorsten Gohl. And they do.

Standing well over six feet, with curly brown hair to his shoulders, the coach is easy to spot. He's dressed in shorts and running shoes, despite the temperature hovering just above zero.

For the past two years, Gohl—a professional table tennis player from Germany—has been drilling his students on the basics and the not-so-basics of the sport. Some are getting it: one boy is confident, tapping the ball over his shoulder as he brings his paddle behind him, sending it back over to the front. Others are uninterested, to say the least: a boy in a black cap walks into class late and kicks an orange cone, which lands near my feet, before he takes a seat on the bench. By the end of the day, shards of white plastic ping-pong balls are scattered across the gym like eggshells. But the kids keep playing until the doors are locked for the night.

It's a good place to be in a small town with few other things to do.

IN THE FALL of 2013, two faculty members from Deh Gáh School, then vice-principal Jim Snider and his colleague Jeremy Kielstra, travelled south for a table tennis coaching clinic.

Snider's father-in-law got him into the sport back in 2012, while he was on a visit from Fort Providence down to Burnaby, B.C. Upon returning home, Snider got Kielstra on board. Soon they were playing on old tables they found in storage at the school. They

recognized the physical benefits of the sport—it could help kids stay fit—and because the sport only required two to four players, it was much easier to organize in a community of fewer than 800 people than, say, a game of volleyball. They decided to sign up for a coaching course in Vancouver. That's where they first met Gohl.

A YOUNG STUDENT
SERVES DIAGONALLY
ACROSS THE TABLE
AND DEFTLY KNOCKS
A COLOURFUL TARGET
CLEAR OFF THE EDGE.

Previously, Gohl was employed as a photographer in Vancouver when he found his way to Table Tennis Canada, the sport's national organization. He started working with them as a marketer and then began hosting coaching clinics across the country, including the one Kielstra and Snider attended. With Philipp's support, the educators organized Gohl's first visit to the North shortly after their Vancouver coaching camp.

In order to get funding to bring Gohl up to Fort Providence and purchase supplies, like new tables and paddles, they had to apply for grants. It was only a year and a half after starting the program that they established

an official organization: Table Tennis North. They also had to host tryouts for the 2014 Arctic Winter Games—an international tournament held every two years for athletes from across the circumpolar world.



TO KEEP STUDENTS INTERESTED, ACTIVITIES NEED CONSISTENT LEADERSHIP. STABILITY IS A CHALLENGE IN THE TRANSIENT NORTH.

The Northwest Territories sent eight student athletes to compete in table tennis that year, but no one medalled. Nonetheless, the sport has been gaining momentum: 1,500 students came out to a tournament in Yellowknife in November, and seven communities were represented at the territorial championships this past January in Fort Providence. While Kielstra and Snider have moved on to the larger centres of Whitehorse and Yellowknife, Gohl is keeping the momentum going.

The coach has taken to the North, living in a blue trailer just off the main drag in Fort Providence. Bison wander into the swaths of grass between the homes at night, leaving behind dinner platter-sized piles of dung. Gohl spends most of his days at the school, coaching. He also manages

the Table Tennis North website and works on getting funding to take the sport across the territory. Up until recently, all the work was done strictly on a volunteer basis, and Gohl relied on his savings to pay bills. In December 2016, though, he received his permanent resident status in Canada and became a paid employee of the District Education Authority.

A RECENT GRADUATE of Deh Gáh School, Mikaela Vandell spent the better part of the fall working with Gohl, coaching students in table tennis. Mikaela is tall for an 18-year-old, with long, dark hair piled on her head. She walks into the school gym before classes start, a pink travel mug in hand. The territorial championships are a month away, and there's work to do.

Mikaela's been playing for two years. She competed at the Arctic Winter Games in Fairbanks, Alaska, in 2014 and again in Nuuk, Greenland, in 2016. The games are the major event for circumpolar youth, with indoor sports such as hockey, basketball and volleyball, and outdoor ones such as as skiing, snowshoeing and dogsledding. In 2016, the N.W.T. won its first medal in table tennis: a silver in juvenile girls' doubles.

The improvement is exciting to Mikaela. "The first year was so bad. Everyone was so pro and we had just started out," she says. So she worked

on her serves, her returns and her fitness before and after school—she did a lot of jumping jacks. She's been through the wringer. Now she can help others through it.

These students are starting out younger than Mikaela did. Summer Bonnetrouge is nine and has been playing for two years already. Standing at one end of the table, she serves diagonally across and knocks a colourful target, sitting just at the edge of the table, clear off. She grins, giggles and serves again.

Another player, 17-year-old Neilsen Vandell—Mikaela's cousin—says he didn't initially take to table tennis. It was hard at first to get the spin right. With the paddle in his hand, he demonstrates how the ball can take an unpredictable path if your opponent puts a spin on it. You're best to return it, if you can, in the same manner. He flicks the paddle with his wrist, sending the imaginary ball spinning at me. At last year's table tennis championships, he won third place in the under-18 boys' division.

TO KEEP STUDENTS invested, activities need consistent leadership, says Philipp. That stability is a challenge in the transient North. There have been



Deh Gáh School graduate Mikaela Vandell at the 2016 Arctic Winter Games in Nuuk, Greenland.

teachers, similar to Snider and Kielstra, who have fostered an interest in certain sports in the past. But once they've moved on, that interest often wanes.

That's why someone like Gohl is so important. He interacts playfully with the kids. He misses his shot and jumps in the air yelling "No!" He stamps both his feet in turn, laughing as he does. He thinks his sense of humour is what draws the students to table tennis. "I'm a fun guy," he says, grinning.

For Mikaela, having a mentor has kept her interested and pushed her to improve. Leading up to the games, she and Gohl practised in the gym for an hour multiple times a week before school started.

She's grown up playing sports, but with most games requiring more than two players, she says gathering enough

people can be tough. In soccer, she always played on teams from other communities. Numbers are a challenge—a reason Table Tennis North is a territory-wide organization. It's not just about Fort Providence.

Gohl wants to bring the sport to youth across the territory. Whenever he can, he travels throughout the North, teaching students and teachers to become coaches. "I'm a dreamer and crazy sometimes," Gohl says. "I said when I came here, 'In a year's time, I want to do 20 communities.'" He made his move to Fort Providence in September 2015, and while 20 may have been a lofty goal, he's already hit 13.

WHEN THE SCHOOL day ends, some familiar faces return to the gym. The tables are still set up in a line in the middle of the room, and the pile of paddles sits on the floor.

"Is it open? Can we play?" asks a boy in a black hoodie as he walks into the gym. He and a kid in a flat-brimmed baseball cap begin to rally. The white ball travels from paddle to

table, over the net to the other side of the table and up to the opposing paddle. "He got served!" the boy in the cap calls out, flicking his wrist as the ball sails past his opponent. They laugh and start again.

Two girls grab paddles and take up another table. The first serve bounces off the green surface and carries straight through the air, hitting Gohl square on the forehead. "Nice shot," he jokes.

At the far end of the gym, a woman in an orange hoodie begins rallying with a young boy. She has a long, dark braid hanging under a baseball cap that matches her sweater. "That's her grandson," Gohl tells me. I'd seen her earlier that day, standing at the door of the gym with an apron on. Veronica Bonnetrouge is the school's cook, as well as the janitor. Her daughter, the young boy's mother, shows up and joins the match as well. The mother grins as her son's shot flies over her right shoulder. Here, all three generations are playing together. Table tennis is becoming more than just something to do. R

FROM "THE OTHER NORTHERN PADDLE SPORT," BY ELAINE ANSELMI, UP HERE (DECEMBER 2016), UPHERE.CA

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* *

UTMOST DEVOTION

Life is nothing if you're not obsessed.

JOHN WATERS, director and writer



Life's Like That



WHAT'S THE POINT?

I'd spent more than two hours in the salon getting my hair permed, cut and styled. Relieved to be done, I went to pay the receptionist.

"Good afternoon!" she said cheerfully. "Who's your appointment with today?"

reddit.com

FELINE FUNNIES

"Someday this will all be yours," I tell my cat, waving my arms wildly at a few Amazon boxes by the front door.

✉ @CLOUDYPIANOS

It's so sad that curiosity led to so many life-changing inventions but is still mostly remembered for killing that one cat.

✉ @SIXTHFORMPOET

WHEN I RETURNED HOME from college for spring break, I noticed a note on the refrigerator door. It listed some goals my dad had set for himself: help wife more; lose weight; be more productive at work. I promptly added: "Send Michelle money every month."

A few days later, my brother wrote: "Make payments on car for Jason." My boyfriend joined in with: "Buy Tom a Jeep." Finally, my father added a new goal to his amended list: "Wean kids."

ajokeaday.com

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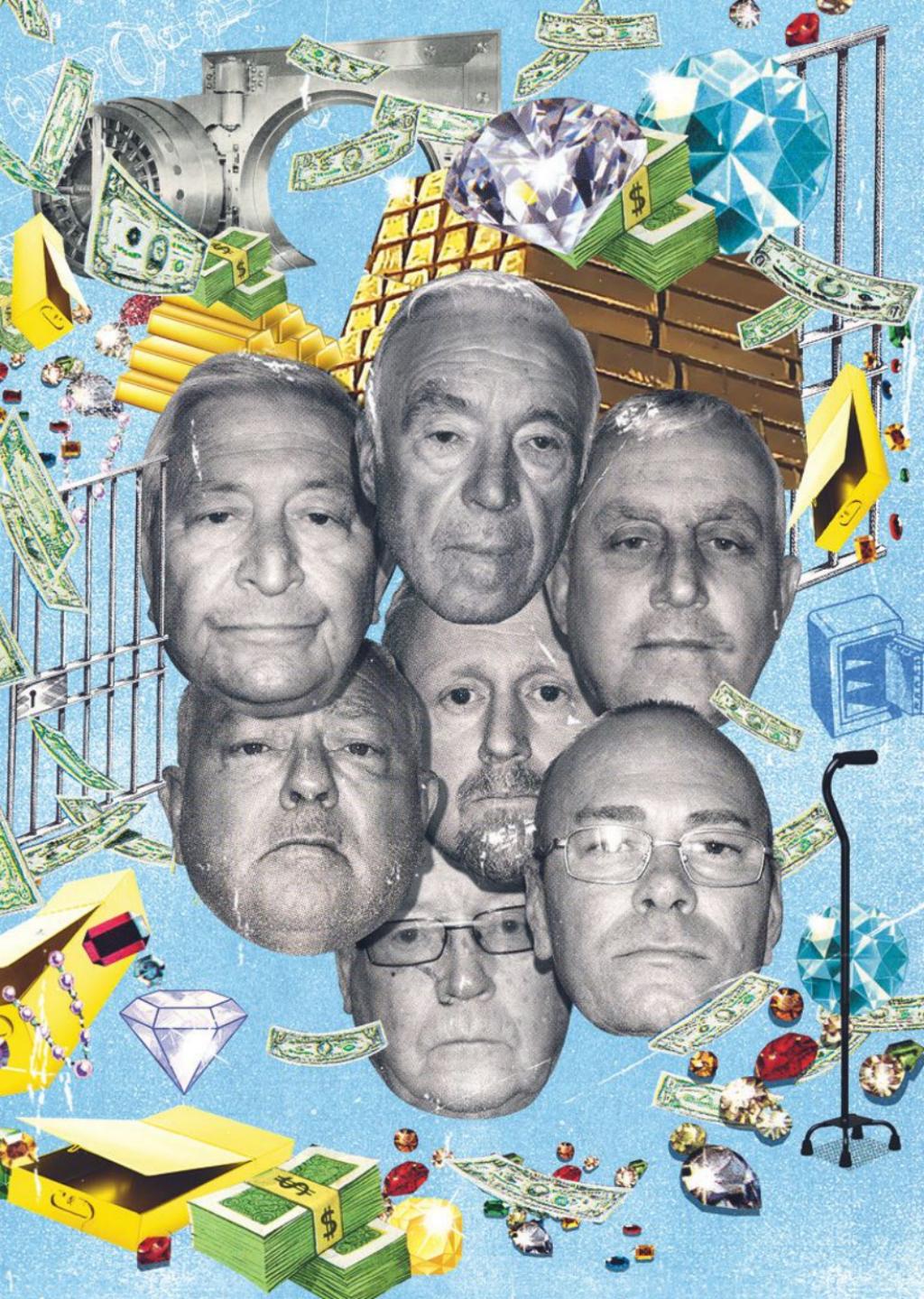
How a ragtag crew of aging criminals pulled off one of the most daring robberies in British history

UNUSUAL SUSPECTS

BY MARK SEAL FROM VANITY FAIR

ILLUSTRATION BY MATTHEW BILLINGTON

(Top row) Terry Perkins, Brian Reader and Daniel Jones; (centre) Hugh Doyle; (bottom row) William Lincoln, John "Kenny" Collins and Carl Wood.



THE AUDACIOUS APRIL 2015 RANSACKING of safe-deposit boxes in Hatton Garden, London's jewellery district, was epic. So much cash, jewellery and other valuables had been taken that the loot needed to be hauled away in giant trash containers on wheels. The newspapers were filled with artists' renderings of the heist, featuring hard-bodied burglars in black turtlenecks doing prodigious things. Experts insisted that the crime was the work of a foreign team of Navy SEAL-like professionals, likely from the infamous Pink Panthers, an international gang of master jewellery thieves.

But when arrests were made the following month, a collective gasp rippled through Great Britain.

The Hatton Garden heist, it turned out, had been the work of a group of superannuated criminals. "Run? They can barely walk," one of the felons, Danny Jones, wrote to a reporter after he was arrested. "One is 76 and has cancer; another, a heart condition, 68; another, 75, can't remember his name; and one is a 60-year-old with two new hips and knees."

Yet they had defied age, infirmities, burglar alarms and even Scotland Yard to power their way through walls of concrete and solid steel and haul away an impressive prize estimated at more than £14 million (almost C\$23 million), at least £10.3 million of which is still missing.

RETIREMENT IS A DRAG. Your wife has passed away; most of your mates are in exile, prison or the grave. You

skulk around your rundown mansion in the suburbs of London, infuriating your neighbours by running a used-car dealership out of your home.

This was the life of 76-year-old Brian Reader.

And yet for decades, he had exasperated Scotland Yard. He was first arrested for breaking and entering at age 11; as a young man, he was allegedly part of the "Millionaire Moles" gang, which burrowed underground to loot safe-deposit boxes in a Lloyds bank vault in London in 1971.

Reader had usually managed to walk away—that is, until the Brink's Mat robbery in 1983, involving the theft of what today would be worth more than £83 million (C\$135.5 million) in gold bullion from the high-security warehouse at Heathrow Airport. Reader was a "soldier" on that job, moving the gold between a "fence" (a middleman) and dealers. He was found guilty of conspiracy for



*The vault was
in the basement
of this building
located at 88-90
Hatton Garden.*

handling stolen goods and sentenced to nine years.

When he got out of prison, it seemed he had put his life of crime behind him. But two decades later, suffering from prostate cancer and other ailments, he decided to get back into the game with his biggest caper yet—the Hatton Garden heist.

His number two was Terry Perkins, 67, who suffered from diabetes and other health issues and lived in a little house in the London borough of Enfield. He was a ghost to the neighbours, who had no idea that in 1983 he had been a ringleader in the largest cash robbery in British history at that time: the Security Express job, in which a gang raided

a cash depot in East London and stole cash equivalent to £19 million (C\$31 million) today. Perkins was sentenced to 22 years.

Extraordinarily fit, Jones, 58, was, according to a friend, a “Walter Mitty” type, who read palms and ran marathons when he wasn’t in prison. His passions were for the army and crime, and his rap sheet was filled with convictions.

Carl Wood, 58, another member of the team, was sentenced to four years in prison in 2002, after he and his accomplices were recorded planning to torture a money launderer who owed them £600,000 (C\$980,000). Having no trade, Wood would testify that he dabbled in “a bit of painting

and decorating." In debt at the time of the Hatton Garden heist, Wood claimed to have been living on disability payments after being diagnosed with Crohn's disease.

Driver and lookout man John "Kenny" Collins, 74, had a rap sheet stretching back to the 1950s that included convictions for robbery and burglary. Diabetes had sent him into semi-retirement.

Two peripheral members of the team, Hugh Doyle, 48, and William

burglar-proof door—operated by a combination that has to be worked by at least two people—opened up a labyrinth of safes.

The wooden main door to the building and a glass entryway behind it—both left unlocked during the day—lead to an unstaffed lobby. The elevator in the lobby is set up so it can't descend lower than the ground floor. Beside the elevator is a door that leads to a flight of stairs to the basement. This is also

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THE VAULT'S IMPENETRABLE BOMB-AND-BURGLAR-PROOF DOOR OPENED UP A LABYRINTH OF SAFES.

Lincoln, 59, stored and helped move the stolen treasure.

One unidentified member of the team still at large is Basil, as he was called by the other thieves and the police. He is believed to be the inside man, who knew the building, disarmed the alarms and let the others in.

THE VAULT, BELONGING to Hatton Garden Safe Deposit Ltd. (HGSD), was located in the basement at 88–90 Hatton Garden. The building is seven storeys tall and has around 60 tenants, most of them jewellers. The vault's impenetrable bomb-and-

unlocked during business hours. At the bottom of the stairs is another wooden door, behind which is a sliding iron gate that forms an air lock with a second sliding gate. To enter the first gate, you need a four-digit security code; a security guard opens the second gate to let you out the other side. Inside the air lock are locked shutters, behind which are the doors, no longer used, to the elevator shaft.

There is a much easier way to access the vault area: a street-level fire exit with an outside lock on Greenville Street, from which iron stairs

go down to a courtyard adjoining 88–90's basement. From the inside, the Greville Street door is barred merely with a hand-operated bolt. The Hatton Garden basement is accessed from the courtyard by a door with two sliding-bolt locks, and that door leads to the HGSD basement foyer. At the far side of the basement foyer is a white door, behind which is the HGSD air lock.

At 9:19 p.m. on Thursday, April 2, the staff secured the vault for the

neglected to disable two CCTV cameras: one in the fire-exit passage and another on the second floor.

Shortly after Basil appeared, a CCTV camera in the street showed a white van pulling up to the building's fire-escape entrance and several men unloading tools, bags and two wheelie bins. These men—Reader, Perkins and Jones—were disguised as municipal workers, wearing reflective yellow vests, hard hats and white surgical masks.

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MINUTES LATER, A THIN MAN WEARING A BLUE JACKET, A RED WIG AND A FLAT CAP PASSED IN FRONT OF THE CAMERA.

Easter long weekend. The owners were apparently so confident of the vault's construction that they gave their guards weekends off.

Minutes later, a thin man wearing a blue jacket, a red wig and a flat cap passed in front of a closed-circuit television (CCTV) camera on Greville Street. A black bag on his shoulder hid his face. This was Basil. He evidently had keys, which he used to enter 88–90 through the front door and made his way to the basement fire door. He disabled the alarms and cameras inside the building but made one crucial mistake: he

Basil opened the fire-escape door, and the men unloaded their gear. Kenny Collins entered an office building across the street, where he would serve as a lookout.

It was to be a three-day job, during which they planned to loot all 996 safe-deposit boxes in the vault.

Once inside the 88–90 fire-door corridor, the men evidently couldn't breach the white door that led to the HGSD basement foyer. But they had planned a more ingenious way to get in—one that presupposed inside knowledge of the building's layout. They walked up to the second floor



Surveillance video from the robbery that was later shown in court.

and called the elevator, which they disabled, then returned to the ground floor and pried open the elevator doors to the open shaft. Then one or more of them dropped down the four metres to the basement, pried open the flimsy steel shutter covering the disused basement elevator door and entered the air lock.

They cut the telephone cable and broke off the GPS aerial so that the alarm's signal range was compromised—but not quite compromised enough. A short time later, a text alert was sent to the monitoring company, which contacted HGSD co-owner Alok Bavishi.

Kelvin Stockwell, chief custodian guard of the vault, arrived shortly

after 1 a.m. to find no sign of forced entry on the front door to the building or the fire exit. Nothing seemed amiss. "It's all locked up," Stockwell told Bavishi.

The police also dismissed the incident.

Meanwhile, the team pulled the second air lock gate open. They were in.

The safe-deposit boxes lay within a Chubb safe embedded in a half-metre-thick concrete wall. Anchoring a 35-kilogram diamond-tipped coring drill to the floor and wall, and connecting it to a water hose for cooling and reducing the amount of dust, the team began boring through the concrete. The drill made only a quiet hum as it breached the wall.

Within two and a half hours, three overlapping circular holes had been cut through the concrete. The thieves stared through the holes not into the diamond-filled vault but at a wall of solid steel: the rear of a cabinet of safe-deposit boxes. It was unmovable—bolted to the ceiling and the floor.

They had a pump and hose with a 10-ton hydraulic ram, strong enough to force the doors off of almost anything. But the pump broke, and the steel cabinet stood firm.

Perkins, Basil and Jones anchored the new pump and hose to the wall opposite the vault, and 10 tons of pressure went to work.

Eventually Perkins exclaimed, “We’re in! We’re in!” They could see the bounty beckoning. Jones and Basil busted open the old but sturdy metal deposit boxes with sledgehammers, crowbars and angle grinders. Since they were now two men short, they were able to ransack only 73 of the 996 boxes, but it was enough, a

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THE JOB WAS DONE—AND THERE WAS NO DNA EVIDENCE, THANKS TO THE STUDY OF FORENSICS FOR DUMMIES.

Around 8 a.m. on Friday, April 3, the men temporarily surrendered, leaving the vault. In a move that shocked the others, Reader, the ring-leader, decided to leave for good. He was convinced that to return would mean certain capture.

Jones and Collins didn’t walk away, though. Instead, they went shopping for another pump ram and hose.

They returned around 10 p.m. on April 4. Finding the fire-escape door locked, Carl Wood followed Reader’s lead and quit. After Basil finally let them in again, Collins returned to his post as lookout. Back at the vault,

vast array of loose diamonds and other stones, jewellery and cash. There was also gold and platinum bullion.

The burglars felt they were stealing from the rich, including the Hatton Garden jewellers who, Perkins later said, had ripped off his daughter by using a fake stone in her engagement ring.

Around 5:45 a.m. on Easter Sunday, April 5, the job was done: empty metal boxes were strewn across the floor, along with the drill and broken jack, but no DNA evidence, thanks to the thieves’ careful study of *Forensics for Dummies*.

Within 36 hours, they'd divided the loot among them.

"I THINK WE'VE been burgled," Kelvin Stockwell recalled being told by his associate guard on Tuesday morning, when he arrived at work.

"I went downstairs and saw that the top lock of the door was missing," Stockwell told me. "I called the police. Fifteen, 20 minutes later they turned up. We went inside. It was like a bomb had hit the place."

rooting for the daring, still-at-large thieves. And for six weeks after the heist, the burglars revelled in their rewards and relived their crime. Old age and infirmities be damned—they were full-on thieves again.

THE FLYING SQUAD, the elite investigative unit within London's Metropolitan Police Service, was formed in 1919 and named for its ability to "fly" across London without regard to districts. They have solved some

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DRIVING THE TRACEABLE MERCEDES WAS A MAJOR SCREW-UP. SO WAS USING THEIR OWN CELLPHONES.

By 10 a.m. the street in front of the vault was filled with box holders, who were barred from entering the building. The media soon arrived, along with insurance adjusters. Then came the excruciating wait as the police sorted through the rubble. The calls from police to the emotional victims began on Thursday.

Some couldn't say with certainty what was in their box, and others wouldn't say. Did their boxes contain stolen goods and cash that hadn't been declared to the tax authorities?

As the heist dominated the British media, the public seemed to be

of the biggest and most famous cases in Britain.

Paul Johnson, 54, a tall, chiselled Clint Eastwood type, and his bright and intense deputy, Jamie Day, 43, both wore business suits and ties bearing the squad's descending-eagle logo. Day, 20 years a London cop, seven on the Flying Squad, was the first detective through the vault's door on the morning the burglary was discovered.

The team on the Hatton Garden heist consisted of most of the 50 or so officers in the Flying Squad's western unit. Overseeing the whole was Scotland



Detective Chief Inspector Paul Johnson addresses the media on April 9, 2015.

Yard commander Peter Spindler, who, like the thieves, was approaching retirement. Working around the clock, officers and detectives deciphered more than 350 pieces of evidence. Most important, Spindler said, they “trawled” through days of CCTV footage collected from the 120-plus cameras in and around Hatton Garden.

Early on in the investigation, a young member of the CCTV team spotted the Flying Squad’s first big lead: a white Mercedes E200 with a black roof and alloy rims had passed through Hatton Garden multiple times prior to the Easter weekend.

The vehicle belonged to an ex-con: Kenny Collins.

USING THE EASILY traceable Mercedes was a major screw-up. Through automatic licence-plate recognition, the police tracked the car’s movements from Collins’s home to the store where the replacement hydraulic pump was purchased.

Just as foolhardy, the burglars, though equipped with walkie-talkies during the actual heist, used their own cellphones before and after the burglary. “By researching cellphones and using call-data analysis, we started building a picture,” recalled Spindler. It was more than enough to get special approval to plant listening devices in Collins’s Mercedes and Perkins’s Citroën Saxo.

The thieves were trailed by detectives, observed by lip-readers, bugged in their cars and videotaped in their favourite bars. The Flying Squad was astounded by what they heard. "The biggest robbery in the world ... we was on," said Perkins in just one of many endlessly incriminating statements.

One evening in May, a month after the heist, the Flying Squad dispatched an operative with a hidden video camera to the pub where Reader sat

Their mistake was allowing the increasingly careless Collins handle the logistics. The day after the burglary, Collins gave most of his loot for safekeeping to "Billy the Fish" Lincoln, the brother of Collins's long-time girlfriend.

At 60, Lincoln suffered from incontinence, sleep apnea and a recent double hip replacement. He had convictions for attempted theft, burglary and battery. He duped a family member into storing three

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BY THIS TIME, PEOPLE WERE TALKING. IT WAS IMPERATIVE THAT THE THIEVES SELL EVERYTHING OFF FAST.

drinking with Perkins and Collins. Perkins pantomimed for Reader the moment that Jones and his 10-ton hydraulic pump knocked over the massive wall of safe-deposit boxes.

Damning as the recordings were, the police needed more to arrest. They had to catch the men with the goods.

ONCE THE HEAT died down, the thieves planned to trade their haul for cash, provide for family members and fund their pensions. But by this time, people were talking. It was imperative that they consolidate everything and sell it off fast.

bags of the stolen goods at his house and transporting them to a handover point. Even more reckless was Collins's choice of the handover point: a pub parking lot in Enfield that was under CCTV surveillance.

At 9:44 a.m. on Tuesday, May 19, in full view of the CCTV camera and with the Flying Squad monitoring their every move, the burglars transferred three canvas duffel bags filled with jewels to Collins's Mercedes. The police already knew the location because Perkins and Jones had previously revealed the address in conversations recorded in their cars.

ALMOST SIX WEEKS after the heist, the Flying Squad was ready to descend. Just after 10 a.m., they stormed 12 addresses simultaneously. From Enfield to Bethnal Green, in East London, to the suburb of Dartford, more than 200 officers, some in riot gear, battered through doors and dragged out the suspected burglars and their accomplices. Lincoln was stopped in his car. Reader was escorted from his old mansion “a little unsteady on his legs and clutching his heart,” said a neighbour.

At the home of Terry Perkins’s daughter, Danny Jones, Kenny Collins and Perkins were at the dining room table, on which a smelter had been set up to melt millions of British pounds’ worth of precious metals, when officers burst through the front door wearing riot helmets and flame-proof overalls.

“Jones tried to run out the back door but only made it a few yards into the garden,” recalled deputy Jamie Day.

Presented with the recordings, the CCTV footage and other digital evidence, Reader, Perkins, Jones and

Collins felt they had no choice but to plead guilty. The others charged in the heist—Carl Wood, Hugh Doyle and William Lincoln—were found guilty at trial in January 2016.

In March 2016, the seven were sentenced to a total of 34 years in prison, most receiving between six and seven years (with the exception of Doyle, who was handed a suspended sentence).

Hatton Garden Safe Deposit Ltd. went into liquidation in September 2015, unable to recover from its damaged reputation.

The mysterious Basil is still at large, as is more than two-thirds of the haul.

The thieves had disabled and stolen the hard drives of the CCTV cameras inside the actual building and its basement vault. “What they forgot, or didn’t know,” said the prosecutor, “was that one little camera in that walkway outside the back of one jeweller was still working and recording what they were doing.”

Said Spindler, “They were analog criminals in a digital world, and no match for digital detectives.” **R**

FROM VANITY FAIR (MARCH 2016). © 2016 BY MARK SEAL, VANITYFAIR.COM

* * *

CAVEAT EMPTOR

If you want a guarantee, buy a toaster.

CLINT EASTWOOD



GET SMART!



13 Things Home Inspectors Won't Tell You



BY MICHELLE CROUCH

ADDITIONAL RESEARCH
BY ANDREA BENNETT

1 Don't choose a home inspector through your real estate agent, says Steve Maxwell, a home improvement coach based in Manitoulin Island, Ont. Instead, hire a certified, independent inspector.

2 It should take between two and four hours to check a house. "Any inspection that takes less than that is a warning," says Maxwell. A small home with no basement might take less time.

3 Inspectors can't tell you not to buy a home—they're not supposed to give real estate advice. But they should outline major issues such as foundation damage.

4 Sellers: prepare your house for an inspection the same way you would for a showing. Julie Peck, of Peck Home Inspections,

also suggests taking care of smaller repairs, like loose doorknobs, before the inspector arrives.

5 Ask for a sample report before you hire someone, says Graham Clarke, president of the Canadian Association of Home and Property Inspectors. Are there pictures? Recommendations for how to address any defects discovered? Be sure you can understand the document.

6 Even newly built homes should be inspected. There's a lot that can go wrong during construction, from poor roofing design to electrical issues, says Mike Holmes, Jr., of Mike Holmes Inspections. "There are builders making homes one after another," he says. "They're flipping them out like hotcakes. It's not quality."

7 Read the full report, not just the summary. Inspectors use the summary to outline high-priority issues, but your concerns might extend beyond that.

8 Look for a home inspector who tests air quality—specifically checking for mould and testing for radon, a naturally occurring gas that is the number one cause of lung cancer in non-smokers. "These tests are fairly inexpensive," says Holmes, "but if there are issues, the fixes can often be costly."

9 Have your house inspected before you put it on the market. You can inform the buyer of any issues upfront—and avoid a renegotiation—or you can complete necessary renovations or repairs with a trusted contractor yourself.

10 Pay special attention to your roof and foundation—issues with either can stop a sale in its tracks. Peck suggests trimming large tree limbs to prevent damage to your roof. To preserve your foundation, keep your downspouts draining away from the home.

11 Ask to accompany your inspector during their evaluation. "This is your chance to get to know your new home," says Peck. "I encourage the buyer to take an active role."

12 Most homeowners are honest, but some aim for a cover-up, says Clarke. Is the basement empty except for a cluster of boxes pushed against a foundational wall? Has one wall received a fresh coat of paint? These clues might indicate a hastily concealed defect.

13 When it comes to DIY homes, be cautious. Some DIYers don't do repairs the way a professional would. Bad fixes could lead to unsafe electrical systems or leaks in basements, Clarke says. R



Brainteasers

Challenge yourself by solving these puzzles and mind stretchers, then check your answers on page 111.

FIGURE SKETCHES (Difficult)

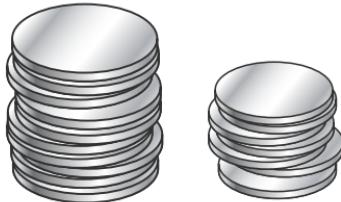
The artist Mathias Wizzini is showing his latest masterpieces. Five of his works are displayed here in *Reader's Digest*, and we have a sneak peek at the title of a sixth. Logically, what should 26 look like?



CHANGE COUNTER

(Moderately difficult)

Priya's coin collection contains only nickels and dimes, and she has 10 nickels for every seven dimes. If her coins all add up to a value between \$9.00 and \$10.50, what is that precise value?



MAGIC SQUARE

(Moderately difficult)

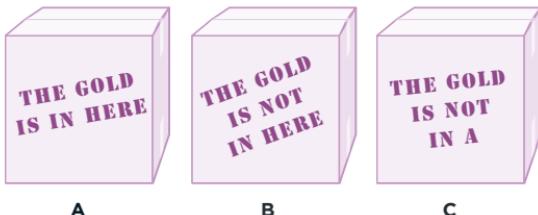
Place a number from 1 to 9 in each empty cell of this square so that each row, each column and both main diagonals add up to the same sum. (You must determine this sum.) The same number can appear more than once.

2	?	?
?	3	?
4	?	?

NUGGET OF TRUTH

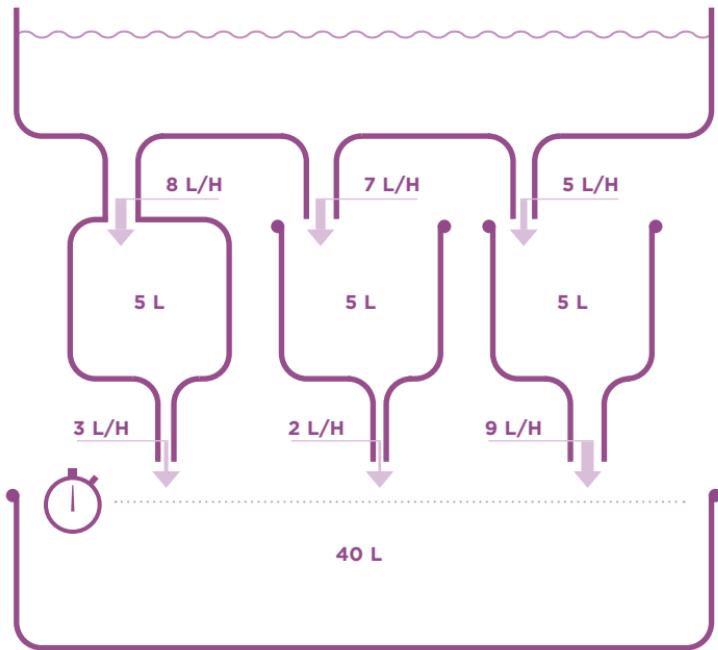
(Easy)

A gold nugget is in one of these three boxes.
Can you locate it if only
one of the inscriptions
is true?



BRAIN DRAIN (Moderately Difficult)

The reservoir at the top of the diagram contains a virtually endless supply of water, and there's a system of three five-litre tanks, two open and one not. (Water can overflow out of the open tanks and land in the reservoir at the bottom.) There are also pipes, labelled with the rate at which water can flow through them. How much time will it take to fill the 40-litre reservoir at the bottom? (We can ignore the time it takes for the pipes to fill up.)



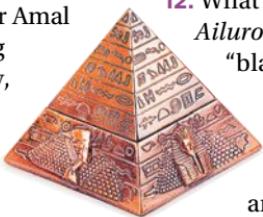


Trivia Quiz

BY PAUL PAQUET



- 1.** In 1971, Alan Shepard struck a golf ball that went for “miles and miles and miles.” Where was he?
- 2.** According to legend, orange carrots were first bred to honour the independence of which European country?
- 3.** What movie’s soundtrack was the bestselling album worldwide in 2014?
- 4.** Which organ makes up only two per cent of your body’s weight but requires a fifth of its energy?
- 5.** Who was the first person to fly solo non-stop across the Atlantic?
- 6.** The human-rights lawyer Amal Clooney is known for being married to George Clooney, but also for representing which former Ukrainian prime minister?
- 7.** Which country’s Qassim University hosted a 2012 conference about women in society—with no women in sight?
- 8.** Despite gaining fame for writing about Ireland, what author never set foot in that country again after age 30?
- 9.** What website redesigned its logo in 2012 to look like a “mountain bluebird with a dash of hummingbird”?
- 10.** Who turned out to be wrong when she predicted, “Later on, neither I nor anyone else will be interested in the musings of a 13-year-old schoolgirl”?
- 11.** The Brick Testament is a website that illustrates the Bible (gore, sex and all) in what unusual medium?
- 12.** What animal’s scientific name, *Ailuropoda melanoleuca*, means “black-and-white cat foot?”
- 13.** What actor received Oscar nominations for both *American Hustle* and *American Sniper*?
- 14.** Which Roman emperor won an Olympic chariot race even though he fell out of the chariot?
- 15.** *Which structure was erected closer to the time of Cleopatra: the Great Pyramid of Giza or the pyramid-shaped Luxor casino-hotel in Las Vegas?*



ANSWERS: 1. On the moon. 2. The Netherlands. 3. Frozen. 4. The brain. 5. Charles Lindbergh. 6. Yulia Tymoshenko. 7. Saudi Arabia. 8. James Joyce. 9. Twitter. 10. Anne Frank. 11. Lego blocks. 12. The giant panda. 13. Bradley Cooper. 14. Nero. 15. The casino-hotel.



Word Power

Things aren't always as they seem. That's the theme of this month's quiz, which tests your knowledge of terms for curious and unseen facets of human experience. Mysterious, devious or preposterous? You be the judge.

BY ROB LUTES

1. Aesopian—A: holding special meaning for those in an underground movement. B: of mythical animals. C: ghostly.

2. peculation—A: identity theft. B: activation of spiritual powers. C: embezzlement.

3. ulterior—A: beyond what is openly revealed. B: buried in a pit. C: in fine print.

4. camouflage—A: forged document. B: disguise that blends with the surroundings. C: escape tunnel.

5. clairaudience—A: faculty of hearing what is inaudible. B: sound believed to emanate from stars. C: speaking in tongues.

6. steganography—A: art of making nonsense seem reasonable. B: communication using scent. C: hiding a message within another message.

7. ambuscade—A: hidden passage-way. B: elaborate lie. C: ambush.

8. incognito—A: with one's identity concealed. B: silently. C: happening at night.

9. sleight—A: use of a foreign language. B: use of dexterity and cunning. C: use of hypnosis to gain information.

10. illuminati—A: people claiming to have special enlightenment. B: spies. C: flashlight signals.

11. xenology—A: study of invisible particles. B: study of extraterrestrial life. C: study of the occult.

12. equivocal—A: cursed. B: ambiguous. C: malevolent.

13. surreptitious—A: done secretly. B: hidden underwater. C: spoken sweetly to conceal malicious intent.

14. apport—A: material object produced at a seance. B: ghost ship. C: doorway to another dimension.

15. argot—A: confidential report. B: decoder ring. C: vocabulary of a particular group.

Answers

- 1. Aesopian**—[A] holding special meaning for those in an underground movement; as, Arnoldo's greeting was actually an *Aesopian* warning to his resistance cell that danger was near.
- 2. peculation**—[C] embezzlement; as, Discovered with thousands of dollars in client funds, Suzanne was found guilty of *peculation*.
- 3. ulterior**—[A] beyond what is openly revealed; as, Pat's fawning demeanour concealed her *ulterior* motive, which was to break up her friend's marriage.
- 4. camouflage**—[B] disguise that blends with the surroundings; as, The leaves served as *camouflage* for the hideout.
- 5. clairaudience**—[A] faculty of hearing what is inaudible; as, Bilal claimed his *clairaudience* allowed him to listen to far-off conversations.
- 6. steganography**—[C] hiding a message within another message; as, Using the first letter of each sentence to spell her location, Alicia's email was a good example of *steganography*.
- 7. ambuscade**—[C] ambush; as, The rebels' *ambuscade* at the palace put government forces on high alert.
- 8. incognito**—[A] with one's identity concealed; as, Tired of attention, the prince always travelled *incognito*.

- 9. sleight**—[B] use of dexterity and cunning; as, It was hard to detect Salma's *sleight* of hand; she was a good magician.
- 10. illuminati**—[A] people claiming to have special enlightenment; as, Members of the *illuminati* arrived for the ritual with solemn expressions.
- 11. xenology**—[B] study of extra-terrestrial life; as, Fortner's novel was about an expert in *xenology* who travelled around the galaxy classifying alien cultures.
- 12. equivocal**—[B] ambiguous; as, Khalid's responses were *equivocal*, so that no one knew whether he liked his birthday gift or not.
- 13. surreptitious**—[A] done secretly; as, Fabien remained aware of his mother's decline through *surreptitious* phone calls from his brother.
- 14. apport**—[A] material object produced at a seance; as, Madame JoJo raised her hands and waited for the appearance of an *apport*.
- 15. argot**—[C] vocabulary of a particular group; as, The cabbie couldn't understand the *argot* used by the college students in her taxi.

VOCABULARY RATINGS

- 7-10:** fair
11-12: good
13-15: excellent

Brainteasers:

Answers

(from page 106)

FIGURE SKETCHES



In each title, the first digit represents the outer shape and the second digit represents the shape of the inner notches. 1 = square, 2 = pentagon, 3 = hexagon, 4 = axe head, 5 = diamond, 6 = triangle and 7 = circle.

CHANGE COUNTER

\$9.60. One "set" of 10 nickels and seven dimes totals \$1.20. Seven times \$1.20 = \$8.40 (too low), and nine times \$1.20 = \$10.80 (too high), so there must be eight sets.

MAGIC SQUARE

2	5	2
3	3	3
4	1	4

NUGGET OF TRUTH

B.

BRAIN DRAIN

3 HOURS. The system in the middle will drain two litres in the first hour and seven in each following hour. The system to the left will always drain three litres an hour, and the system to the right will always drain five. Therefore, in the first hour, 10 litres will drain. In each of the next two hours, 15 litres will drain.

Sudoku

BY IAN RIENSCHE

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

TO SOLVE THIS PUZZLE...

You have to put a number from 1 to 9 in each square so that:

- every horizontal row and vertical column contains all nine numerals (1-9) without repeating any of them;
- each of the 3 x 3 boxes has all nine numerals, none repeated.

SOLUTION

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



Quotes

BY CHRISTINA PALASSIO

CANADA HAS THE MOST SUPERFICIAL DISCOURSE ON INNOVATION I'VE SEEN, HAVING DONE BUSINESS IN SOME 135 COUNTRIES.

JIM BALSILLIE



I SUPPOSE THAT A CANADIAN IS SOMEONE WHO HAS A LOGICAL REASON TO THINK HE IS ONE.

MAVIS GALLANT

There is something inherently fascinating about seeing time and its effects on people. **DON MCKELLAR**

My grandparents endured the tortures of the damned, and I'm born with a silver spoon in my mouth. With philanthropy, I am just saying thank you, thank you, thank you.

CHARLES BRONFMAN

I can use my phone to change the temperature in my house from half a world away, but it still thinks I want to write "st" when I mean "at."

BEN MULRONEY



YOU SOMETIMES WRITE THE HAPPIEST SONGS WHEN YOU'RE DOWN.

TOM COCHRANE

PHOTOS: (GALLANT) GETTY IMAGES; (MULRONEY) CC CFC PHOTO SAM SANTOS / GEORGE PIMENTEL PHOTOGRAPHY; (COCHRANE) TOMCOCHRANEARCHIVES.COM; QUOTES: (BALSILLIE) CANADIAN BUSINESS (OCT. 7, 2016); (GALLANT) CANADIAN SCHOLARS' PRESS (1997); (DON MCKELLAR) CBC RADIO'S Q (JAN. 13, 2017); (BRONFMAN) TORONTO LIFE (NOV. 4, 2016); (MULRONEY) TWITTER (JAN. 8, 2017); (COCHRANE) CBC RADIO'S Q (DEC. 7, 2016).

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TOYOTA



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KNOW WHY DAVID KEEPS HIS SOCKS ON.
THERE ARE EFFECTIVE PRESCRIPTION
TREATMENTS. **TALK TO YOUR DOCTOR.**



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