

## WORLD INVASION

It all started in the year 2834 when other species started to invade our planet.

The Imusiac; an alien species that looks very similar to humans except for less knowledge and slightly green skin. The Kanavic; an alien species with dark purple skin and huge eyes, along with its additional five arms. There are many more alien species that came with the one soul purpose. That purpose? To wipe out the human race from the face of the earth.

It is now the year 3034 exactly two hundred years after the invasion started and there are around 50,000 people left on this earth, considering the 7.125 billion humans who lived on this planet about one thousand years ago. Along with the dozen alien species roaming earth.

I'm now currently in the Rebel Base Camp in abandoned Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada with around 2000 of the other remaining human beings on this green and blue planet. The camp still has the supply of filtered water from the ocean and food that we go out and scavenge from the ruins of stores and such. We also have weapons to defend ourselves and destroy our enemy.

It's a hard life honestly. I, along with everyone else, was raised like this. Hating the terrible creatures that slowly take over the world. Living off what we have and finding what we need, that's what we're best at.

"Jayden." My Aunt Hanna calls for me from our tent that we share with my best friend Kenzie and her family. "Come in here, there's been a Legezac sighting. Grab your brother and come in." The Legezac is a dominant alien species that honestly is

something you never want to come into contact with, destroying people with no mercy. I nod and grab my three year old brother and bring him to the tent where Kenzie's father is clutching his weapon tightly in his hands. Kenzie sits on her mat squeezing the hands of her sick mother. I bring my brother Leo to my aunt who's clutching the hand of her own thirteen year old son. My Uncle Kenneth comes out from who knows where with a quiver of arrows, a bow and a electrocuting gun, for electrocuting the aliens. Over the past two hundred years of surviving the aliens terrifying presence, us humans have been able to study them. We learned if we hit them with an arrow in the right spot in the head, that that would kill them. As with the electrocuting gun? We found out that if we electrocute them, the electricity would run through the body and destroy their body from the inside out. He hands me the quiver and bow and I sit on my mat with my bow setup.

My parents had disappeared two years ago out on scouting mission, when I was fifteen and my brother was one. After they didn't come back we went to live with my aunt and uncle. It was hard... really hard for me to pull myself together. I get a lump in my throat just thinking about it.

I come back into reality when a knock comes from outside. My uncle and Kenzie's father jump at the harsh sound. The adrenaline running through me makes my head pound with anticipation. A series of questions run through my brain. What will happen to us? Why do they do this? What will happen to me? How can this be happening to me? All of the questions I already know. We'll be gone. They want the world to their own. I'll be gone. This is happening to me whether I like it or not so suck it

up and protect the ones I love. Great pep talk, Inner-self, I think to myself dryly. What did we do to deserve this? We dealt with all the terrorist, racism, feminism and global warming problems that happened in the early 2000's. We reduced the amount of people on this earth and brought back many extinct animals. So someone please tell me why we deserve this!

A Legezac charges through the tent door and without hesitation Kenneth fires at it with the electrocuting gun. I let out a big breath of relief I was holding in.

**\*A FEW HOURS LATER\***

It turns out that there were only two Legezacs here. One in our tent and one in another tent across the bass camp. Fortunately, nobody was hurt, but it was the final straw for the council. Over the years we've been able to pin-point the location of the Alien Control Center, an alien base that consists of much needed information on them. So the Council is holding a meeting in the underground hideout. The Council has five members. All very experienced men and women with terrifying stories that'll keep you up at night.

"We know where it is and we need that information!" Declares an elderly woman holding a cat in her arms. The underground hideout is five feet below the earth's surface and isn't the cleanest nor the most welcoming place. But it's safe and out of reach from those treacherous beast.

"I say we send in some young'uns! Keep the old safe!" Cries an old man with one eye. He's always hated children. Lots of older folks nod there heads in agreement.

The council members go forth and converse this decision. My stomach rumbles with hunger. I groan. We usually get two meals a day, breakfast and dinner. "All in favour of sending some children?" A old women reluctantly asks. The majority of the people in the underground hideout raise their hands in agreement while some parents, stern and strict, shake their heads. Anxiety kicks in and I start to get nervous. I don't want to go. What if I get picked? The Council converses some more to discuss who will be going. The same woman council member stands up to speak. "We'll be sending seven of the bravest, most smartest and athletic teens." Knots started to twist themselves in my stomach. I've been told before that I'm one of the bravest, most smartest and athletic teen that the council has ever met. I really don't want to be picked. "Lexi Hamlem," a short black haired girl stands up and walks over to the lady. "Jake Windburn," My friend Jake goes pale and walks up beside Lexi. "Nico Rogers." A blonde haired boy smirks bravely and walks triumphantly up beside Jake. "Leonie Carson, Harry Jackson," My head starts pounding and I start to get dizzy. "Annie Lenx and Jayden Opal."

You remember when you were little and your parents tuck you in at night then turn off the lights? Do you remember that terrible feeling when you feel like there's something under your bed? You scream but nothing comes out of you mouth? Not a single sound escapes your lips? And then terror takes over your mind and you start freaking out? Well that, my friends, is the feeling you get when you're about to go on a life risking adventure.

# The Grey

Kendra Balogh  
Grade 6  
Rayleigh Elementary

15 year old Mya Haves was on the fast express Greyhound bus heading to Kamloops B.C., where her family lived. She was heading home from a three week vacation visiting her grandparents in Ottawa, with a pair of headphones on her head, but there was no music coming out of them since her phone had died more than an hour ago. She sat alone looking out the window wondering how much longer it was until she got to her destination, when she thought she saw a grey figure looking at her from behind a tree with glowing yellow eyes. She dismissed it as a trick of the light and turned her attention to the other passengers on board. Everyone looked normal other than one lady who was staring intently at her. Then to Mya's horror the lady **SMILED** at her, then gestured with her hands for Mya to come closer. Mya looked around in confusion then mouthed "me"? The old lady smiled again and walked towards Mya. The driver of the bus told the lady to sit down but she ignored him and stepped closer to Mya, then said something spine chilling. She said "it wants you", and smiled. Then the bus flipped over and Mya blacked out, but just before she did, Mya thought she saw a flash of grey out of the window.

Mya awoke to a ringing in her ears and sharp pain in her leg. As she looked down Mya noticed that none of the other passengers were moving, but then saw her leg and started to whimper, as there was a large shard of glass wedged deeply into her right thigh about halfway up above the knee. Then above the sound of the ringing in her ears she heard the sounds of an ambulance and knew that she had not been there for very long.

The next thing Mya remembered was being put in the back of the ambulance and seeing this huge dent in the side of the bus, then she turned to look at the other people from the bus. Just before the doors to the ambulance shut she saw the bus driver, he had a bite all the way to the bone on his shoulder.

The next thing that Mya remembered was waking up in a hospital bed in a room shared with three other people she did not know. Then turning her attention back to herself she noticed that where the glass had wedged into her leg there was now a series of stitches with massive bruises all around it. Mya also noticed she had a cast on her leg. As she was looking around the room some more she noticed a window and as she looked out she could've sworn she saw the gray bulky figure from before but then, in an instant, it was gone and the old lady's words replayed in her head, **IT WANTS YOU**. She was so freaked out that she accidentally hit the emergency button

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when struggling to sit up and a nurse came running in "What's wrong?" She asked with a worried expression. Mya just sat there sitting staring at the window and pointed a shaky hand at the window saying "It wants me, it wants me." She was cry talking, which was really hard for the nurse to translate and the other patients in the room looked startled. "It's ok" the nurse assured them and rolled Mya out into the hallway. "What's wrong hon, you look as if you've just seen a ghost" she said with a thick italian accent.

"It it it's after me I'm I'm sure of it" Mya cried.

"What's after you" the nurse urged sounding worried. She got another nurse and told her to phone the therapist, so the other nurse obeyed and left. Then the nurse focused her attention on Mya "Just wait here a moment" she said and left.

When she came back she said that the next day Mya would be visiting the therapist and brought her back to her spot in the room and closed the curtains.

Once it was dark outside Mya could not stop thinking about that grey figure, with those bright glowing eyes, staring through the window at her. Eventually sleep took over and brought her to a dream land.

After about half an hour of being asleep Mya awoke to the curtains around her being pulled aside. Her eyes wide she asked if anyone was there, then when she thought about it, no one was going to answer and she had only alerted them that she was awake Stupid, stupid, stupid, she cursed herself in her head. As she was about to press the emergency button the gray figure with glowing yellow eyes lunged out at her and took her away, and Mya was never seen or heard from again.

Teachers/The Bunny  
Grace Barrett  
Arthur Stevenson Elementary  
Grade 6

## Teachers

They are always there for the scraped knees and paper cuts.

Like a guiding hand to make kids big dreams reality.

Not just to guide them on the path to success, but to show them where it  
starts, and to be waiting at the end.

Because dreams are just the beginning of a successful career.

Teachers/The Bunny  
Grace Barrett  
Arthur Stevenson Elementary  
Grade 6

## The Bunny

Big white fluffy ears flopped  
as the harmless creature gracefully bounced  
across the peaceful meadows of tall thick green grass.

With beautiful black eyes  
that make you fall under a spell as you look into them,  
and a small brown spot  
just big enough to cover the one eye.

The nose oh so tiny and cute,  
with skinny grey whiskers  
sprouting from either side of the mouth.

A soft white body  
with light brown spots  
covering the back of the graceful animal.

With four strong legs  
that may carry them faster than the wind,  
and a gentle yet smooth touch  
on the sole of the foot.

And a white fluffy ball of fur that is the tail.

On the way home  
under a sunset of red, pink, purple, and orange.



*Emmali Benoit Grade 6 A.E Perry Elementary*

# Wonderful Day

“Everyday is so wonderful”  
“Full of beautiful mistakes”  
“With so many beautiful things”  
“No matter what we do”  
“You’re gonna reach the sky”  
“My beautiful child”  
“Full of beautiful mistakes”  
“I’m a challenge to your balance”  
“With so many beautiful things”  
“That words can’t bring me down”  
“And there’s nothing I can do”  
“And no matter what you say”  
“There is no better love”  
“My beautiful child”  
“Fly.....”  
“Far above the moon.....”  
“Fly.....”

Quotes by Emmali

Songs by “Space Oddity” , “Wonder” , “Beautiful Things” ,  
“Beautiful Child” , and “Beautiful”

By Emmali Benoit A.E Perry

# I Will Float

I will float

I will float for tomorrow

I will float for today

I will float in the sea

And I will float by the lonesome

Unless.....

You wish to float with me?

Brooke Blower  
Grade Six  
St. Ann's Academy

### The Case of the Missing Stuffy Bear

It was a sunny Monday morning, my dad was driving me to school, and I was excited to be bringing my new favorite teddy bear, Bella! I had just purchased her in Vancouver when I was visiting my cousins. We arrived in the school parking lot when I saw my best friend, Lizzie walking with her brother Will. "Hi Lizzie" I shouted as my dad pulled into the parking lot. "Hey Katie" Lizzie shouted back. I got out of the car with my backpack on my back and Bella in my hand. We walked into the school together and I began to tell Lizzie about my plans with Bella this coming Friday. I was looking forward to taking Bella to buy new clothes at the Stuffy Kingdom store in the mall. My dad said that I could bring two friends so I asked Lizzie if she and Shannon wanted to come with me. Lizzie got so excited she squealed telling me how her bear, Teddy, needed some new clothes too!

The morning in the classroom went quickly. It turned out Shannon was home sick that day but Lizzie and I were able to resume our conversation about Stuffy Kingdom at lunch. Our classmate Angela came over and overheard our conversation. She made some comment about clothes for stuffies being stupid and sulked away.

When the day was finally over, I was at my locker getting ready to go home when I really had to go to the bathroom. I hurried to the washroom leaving my locker open because I was in

## The Case of the Missing Stuffy

Brooke Blower

Grade Six

St. Ann's Academy

a rush. When I returned to my locker to pack up my things, Bella was gone! Instead of my stuffy bear, I noticed a polka dot pencil on the shelf where Bella had sat. I looked around the hallway to see if she had fallen on the ground but she was nowhere in sight! In fact, no one was around except a girl named Chloe. I asked her if she had seen my stuffy bear but disappointingly she said "no". As I continued to search the hallway, I noticed a sparkly key chain in the shape of an "A" near my locker. Thinking it might be a clue who might know where Bella could be, I put the keychain in my back pack. With no luck finding my stuffy, I walked to the parking lot with a lump in my throat to meet my dad.

When I got home after school I immediately called my friend Lizzie hoping she might know something about my missing stuffy. Lizzie was shocked to hear that Bella was missing and vowed to help me find her the next day. We made a plan to meet with our friend Shannon at first recess and try to figure out where Bella could be.

The next day at recess, Shannon, Lizzie and I met to discuss the mystery of my missing stuffy bear. I told the girls about the coincidences of finding the polka dot pencil and the "A" keychain. Immediately, Shannon suspected Alex might be guilty of taking Bella because of the keychain with the initial "A" She was suspicious of him because he was known for being mean to other students in the past. We marched over to where Alex was playing soccer and asked him

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if he knew where my stuffy bear was. Alex asked why we were asking him and said he didn't care about "some dumb stuffy bear!"

Back in class that afternoon our teacher gave us a writing assignment but all I could think about was getting Bella back. I was looking around the classroom when I noticed the pencil that Angela was using to do her work. It looked familiar, just like the polka dot one I had found in my locker!

After school, I rushed to tell Lizzie and Shannon what I had noticed. With this new clue, I realized that Alex wasn't the only one in our class who could own a keychain with the letter "A". There were also the twins Antonio and Annabelle, but I didn't have any reason to suspect them. Until now, I hadn't thought of Angela either. She had acted annoyed though when she heard me talking to Lizzie about Bella. She was now at the top of my list of suspects. I felt guilty for accusing Alex of taking my bear.

The rest of the week continued to pass without any more clues where Bella could be. By Friday I had almost given up finding her in time to take her to Stuffy Kingdom. At recess I decided to try talking to Angela about Bella and see what her reaction was when I showed her the clues I had found. She seemed surprised when I showed her the keychain and pencil and snatched them out of my hand asking me how I had gotten them and stormed off. There went my chance to get a confession out of her if she was guilty!

The Case of the Missing Stuffy

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Shannon and Lizzie came over after school with their stuffies Teddy and Panda as planned. I didn't want to cancel our trip to Stuffy Kingdom even though Bella wouldn't be coming with us. My friends were trying to help me decide on another stuffy to bring when the door bell rang. Angela was at the door. When I opened the door, Angela revealed Bella behind her back. "Sorry I took your bear" she apologized. She explained how she felt left out when Lizzie and I were talking about our play date to Stuffy Kingdom and then when she saw Bella sitting all alone in my locker she did something impulsive and wrong. I was so happy to have Bella back that I invited Angela to come with us!

# A Day at the Beach

By: Natalie Boersma

Pinantan Elementary

Grade 6

One morning when I woke up, my mom came in my room to tell me I would be going to the beach with Mary Kea, my moms close friend. And her granddaughter Simone. I got up and put my bathing suit on, then put a top and shorts over it. After getting my towel, sunscreen, and beach shoes, I proceeded to the kitchen for breakfast.

About 15 minutes later they pulled into our driveway, and I ran out the doorway to meet Simone. She had brown hair and brown eyes just like me, but something that was really cool was she came all the way from Quebec. When Simone and I got in the car we started communicating to each other in French, and she complimented on how well I was doing speaking French. Arriving at the beach, we had to race to find the perfect spot to set up our picnic supplies. Simone and I started talking in English while we were eating our lunch. I was amazed at how well she could speak fluent English.

When Simone and I finished eating lunch, we took off our cover ups and jumped in the lake together. As we swam out further and further, I just knew at any moment seaweed was going to touch my leg, Of course I was right. I felt it skim my leg and

# My Best Winter Day

By: Fyfer Brookes-Gillingham  
Pinantan Elementary  
Grade 6

My day started off at 5:30 in the morning when my mom said in a tired tone, "Time to get up and start getting ready." I let out a huge groan trying to tell mom, "I SHALL NOT WALK!" Then my brother Hayden let out an even bigger groan trying to tell mom the same thing. Clearly the message didn't get across, but then I realized, she wasn't talking about school, she was talking about the skiing field trip at Harper Mountain today.

I sprung out of bed, almost falling over my dog Abel who was sitting right outside my bedroom trying to conduct as much heat as he could from the heater.

We rushed as we got ready for Harper, having one piece of toast, dabbing our teeth with our toothbrushes, and shoving everything we needed in a hockey bag, and getting into the car.

Once at the school, we all relaxed as we picked up the two kids we had to drive to Harper Mountain, Carter and Jed, Hayden and I's best friends.

"Hey guys!" Hayden exclaimed. "Hi Fyf- oh, mean Hayden, sorry I can't really think today. I'm super excited, I heard the snow is perfect!" Carter said freaking out.

Once there, we pack everything into the lodge and got our helmets, gloves, and snow pants on.

Just socializing with other friends was super fun, but eventually we watched the



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By: Fyfer Brookes-Gillingham  
Pinantan Elementary  
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safety video, got outside, and into our skis.

“Where should we go first?” Jed asked. “How about Little Bend” I replied.

Little Bend is my favourite run. It's simple, but exhilarating at the same time. That is if it's not icy, but it wasn't icy today, in fact it absolutely perfect. slick, not slick as slush, but just enough to keep going on a flat area for a long time.

After a few runs on Little Bend, we headed back to the lodge to have lunch and meet up with mom. We all got poutine, hot chocolate, and a huge cinnamon bun.

“So, how was your day so far?” she said smiling, as she walked towards us with our plates of poutine. “Awesome, but things are going to get awesomely awesomer when the chair opens” Hayden replied. “What run should we go on first, Big Bend, Powder Highway.... or maybe Lift-?” Carter didn't get finish his sentence because Jed yelled, “WE COULD RACE DOWN LIFT LINE!”

We went down to the chair, got on, and waited 10 minutes to the top.

Once everyone was off the chair lift, we got into our starting places. Hayden looked terrified, Jed looked like a show off, mom looked like she was mediating, Carter looked like he was going to kill someone, and I was trying to find a route down the mountain so that I would not fall on my face.

Eventually, when we were all ready, mom started her slow count down, “One...

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Two... GO!" she yelled as we went zipping down the mountain.

Us kids sprung ahead of mom, but Carter and Jed sprung ahead of Hayden and I. While the two in front of us battled, Hayden and I played leap frog. Carter and Jed were so close together that they both hit the same bump and almost crashed, but instead slowing them down, giving Hayden and I an opportunity which we took like a gift. All us kids were fighting for the lead and mom was no were in sight, but that quickly change when mom came zooming past us like a Bald Eagle, just not as bald. For some reason Hayden saw this like a power up, hit a jump and took second place. I'm not a very fast skier, so when Hayden went ahead, Carter and Jed sped up to catch up, leaving me in last.

Mom was in first, Hayden was second, but as he passed the finish line he crashed and made a yard sale, Jed and Carter tied in third, while I got in last, but I cant complain as it was way too fun.

After a few more runs on the T-bar and the chair, we decided to leave and drop off Carter and Jed.

Once home Hayden and I sat down to play a game of slap jack, while mom made dinner. A few games later dad showed up, "Hey dad!" Hayden exclaimed. "Hi guys, how was you're day?" Dad asked. "Amazing!" Hayden replied, "We raced down Line Lift

# My Best Winter Day

By: Fyfer Brookes-Gillingham

Pinantan Elementary

Grade 6

and I got in second, but I did crash and yard sale.”

When mom finished cooking I realized she had made my dream dinner; her famous Tamale Pie (well to me anyways) and Cesar Salad.

It was a school night, so when dinner was done I had to go straight to bed. As I started closing my eyes, a big smile went across my face.

### Hunting For Trouble

Once upon a time there was a boy named Fred. He was about 14 years old and had a slim but muscled build with long, jet black hair. He was fairly tall, funny, and made friends with everyone he encountered. He lived in a small village in the hills. A couple miles east from the village was a thick, dense forest. People stayed clear of it. Anyone who went in, was never seen again. West of the village was the spine. It was a mountain range, and like the Uden Forest, anyone who went in, never came out. It was rumoured that in the forest, there was a strange creature that dabbled in black magic. Today, Fred was roaming around the village with his friends. "Hey, wanna go hunting?" suggested Joe quietly. Tim responded before anyone else could.

"Yeh! Then I can use my new bow and my new knife that I got at my birthday and then I can skin it and then I can ..."

"Okay, we get it!" interrupted Fred. "Let's go!"

After about 10 minutes everyone met back at John's house. They discussed who would go where. John would go directly north, Tim went in the forest near the Spine, Joe was going north-east and Fred went right next to Uden Forest. "Meet you back here in 2 hours with your catch!" shouted John, then he shot off towards the forest. Everyone else raced off towards their hunting spots. Fred began roaming the forest stealthily for deer. Soon, the trees became so thick he couldn't see the sky. Suddenly, he heard a twig crack off to his left. He quietly spun around and saw a deer. He drew an arrow from his quiver just as the deer ran away. He silently chased after it. He was so focused on tracking the deer that he didn't notice the change in the forest. It grew darker so he

couldn't see very well. He started to taste and feel the moisture in the air, and there was a weird odor in the air, like rotten meat. And the sound. Well, there was no sound. It was freakishly quiet. He stopped when he realised this. There was a rustle in the leaves behind him. He turned and saw a demon. The demon had scales, curved horns and was over 8 feet tall. Fred didn't even think. He just turned and ran. Except he couldn't turn. He couldn't run. He was stuck in place! The demon laughed behind him. "Now you can never escape me!

"Yes. I. Can." Grunted Fred. He pulled hunting knife from its sheath and threw it at the demon. The knife spun threw the air and bounced harmlessly off the demons hard chest scales. "Ha ha ha! That all you got puny mortal!?" Then Fred realized something. Something kinda cool, but really, really bad. This was the creature rumored to live in the forest, but it was no longer a rumor! Fred tried to run away again but was still stuck in place. "Looks like I'll have a good dinner tonight!" Exclaimed the demon. Then he brought Fred deeper in the forest to his lair.

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The demon took Fred deeper into the forest till they came to a thick wall of trees. The demon knocked three times, paused, then kicked the tree so hard the wall shuddered. There was a creak and a small crack appeared between the trees. The crack widened until a herd of ox could have fit through it. The demon's castle was both scary and amazing. It had four towers, one at each corner of the huge black wall that surrounded

the fifth spire. It towered above the others. Like the rest of the castle, it was made of black stone and looked to have at least 50 levels. There were guards at the second gate. As soon as they saw the demon they bowed and opened the doors. "We are pleased to see you back, your majesty." Said one of the creatures. His voice was raspy like sand paper. "Has everything been taken care of?" Asked the demon. "Yes, my lord. And may I ask, what is this mortal here for?"

"He managed to resist my spell long enough to throw a knife at me. Talking about knives, have the smiths add this metal to my sword." "Yes sir." "And you" the demon called to the other creature "Take this vermin to the dungeon." The creature led Fred over to a small building.

With a complicated series of knocks and kicks, the demon's minion opened the door. Inside was a single staircase that led down. Fred was taken down the stairs and into the dungeon. They passed row upon row of cells. They continued down deeper into the dungeon till the creature stopped at one of the cells and opened the door. "Get in." He said in his raspy voice. Fred stepped in the cell and the door got locked behind him. He sat down on the thin blanket in the corner of this cell and wondered what his friends were doing. They were probably back at the village, wondering where he was. Then he started worrying about his mom and dad. They probably thought that he was dead. Then the realization hit him. He had to get out of here. "But how?" He wondered. He was deep inside the forest, in a locked cell, and even if he could escape, how would he find his way through the forest? He'd starve before he made it out. "But I have to. If I

ever want to see my family again, I have to.” And with that thought, he began to make a plan.

Fred was in the prison for another week before he could begin his plan to escape. When the Rask (the name of the creature that had escorted him to his cell the first day of his imprisonment) came to give him his lunch he hid off to the side of the door. When the door was fully opened he sprang forward and tackled the Rask. They tumbled to the floor. The Rask ducked as Fred tried to hit him on the head. In return, he punched Fred in the chest. “Huugggh” grunted Fred, out of breath. He kicked his leg out and felt it hit something hard. The Rask tumbled to the floor, unconscious. Fred caught his breath, then he took the Rask’s cloak and keys. He donned the cloak and locked the Rask in the cell. Imitating the Rask, he crept up out of the dungeon. When he reached the surface he dashed out through the door when someone opened it to come in. Then he ran until he was out of breath and could run no more. He stopped and rested for a couple of minutes. Then he found a tall tree that he could climb to see which way his village was. Once he found a suitable tree, he climbed up and looked around. To the south there was a forest. To the north was a forest and to the east was a forest. But to the west he thought he could just make out houses. He climbed back down and continued in the general direction of the village. He’d jog for ten minutes, then walk for twenty and repeat that over and over again. Soon, it started getting dark and Fred started getting hungry. He then wished he had his trusted bow and knife to hunt. But since he couldn’t hunt, he set out to find wood and edible plants. Once he found enough wood he started a fire the old way; rubbing two sticks together. Once he had a fire going

he huddled around it and began eating the plants he had gathered. When he was full he curled up beside the fire and went to sleep. Fred woke up at dawn and continued on his way. He arrived at the outskirts of the village right before lunch. He quietly crept through the village. He wanted his parents to be the first ones to see him. When he arrived at their house he quietly slipped through the back door. In the living room his mom was weaving a basket. "Mom?" He whispered. She turned and looked at him, then groaned. "The ghosts have come back to haunt me. It's too good to be true."

"No. Mom. It's really me."

"Come give me a hug son."

Fred raced over to his mom and hugged her. When Fred's mom let go of him there was a big smile on her face. Fred was looking forward to going back to his ordinary village life. Little did he know how unordinary his life would be!

The End



*Callie Bull Grade 6 A.E Perry Elementary*

## A Busy Coffee Shop

Zoom, goes a speeding car out the window  
Splash, somebody spilling their coffee  
Clang, as the cash register closes  
'A medium double-double",yells someone at the counter  
Bang, as the door closes behind someone  
Rrrr, goes a machine from behind the counter  
Loud conversations,thank-yous and good-byes,  
Quietly I sit, looking out the window,  
As Ito all the sounds of  
A busy coffee shop.

Callie Bull  
A.E. Perry  
Grade 6

## My Sorrows

My sorrows  
are not my friends  
They are my enemies  
They bring me down  
When I am up  
And now they need  
To be punished  
I will drown my sorrows  
In a bucket of  
sadness.

Zoe Caller  
Grade Six  
R.L. Clemitson  
Blinded By Memories

## *Blinded By Memories*

Somewhere behind the beautiful eyes of a child, lost in wonder, with a sparkle in the blue milky way veins, is a life already filled with hope, dreams and imagination. My name is Willow Silversworth, and this is my story.

It all started when I was one or so, and I can remember it clearly.

I was laying in a basket that we used for carrying bread from the bakery. Mother and Father were arguing by the fireplace. They were fighting about whether they should go through with *it* or not. They fought all the time, from overpaying at the market, to a pair of mix matched socks.

We were very poor, mostly from my father paying too much on hopeless antiques we'll probably never use. That's why we lived in an old cabin with many problems, like leaks, that needed to be fixed.

"No! She's my daughter. I will not let her go, no matter what they will do," my father explained with displeasure.

Mother replied, "Well do I care, when they'll put us in prison for giving her that special potion?"

Zoe Caller  
Grade Six  
R.L Clemitson  
Blinded By Memories

I was born being an unusual child. Knowing that I would wiggle my toes whenever I smelled magnolia that my mother had picked from the forest trees, or that I would wrinkle my nose whenever Father would attempt to cook salmon. But something made me very extraordinary.

“No! Absolutely not! You’re insane to even think about it!” My father shouted, losing it.

“We don’t have a choice, if we keep her, we’ll be locked up forever and what kind of life will she have then? Huh? Having no good parents, being stuck with Mrs. Cringles, the elderly lady down the street, living in an old, dirty hut. Is that really what you want for her? I don’t think so. If you love her so much, then it’s better off to leave her now,” Mother had acknowledged, not knowing that I could understand what she was saying. At least they could’ve talked about that when my ears weren’t there to listen. Real bummer.

Maybe a few weeks after my birth, things started to change. My ears grew enormously and they became quite pointed at the top. My nails grew very long and they’re a tinted purple. Before you ask, no I did not paint them, it’s natural. My eyes became narrower and in a way, deeper. I don’t mean deeper as in the middle of an ocean kind of deep. I mean like, there’s a lot of emotion that they show, kind of deep. My parents don’t see it, but when I look now at my eyes in the hand mirror that my father had bought, I can see my whole life, from what I was, to what I am yet to be. Each year I see new emotions and new things that will happen. I am thirteen now, and I still see it all in my eyes. There you have it, I’m extraordinary.

Father gave up, “Fine! You win!”

“Good. We’ll leave in fifteen minutes,” Mother confirmed feeling gratified.

Zoe Caller  
Grade Six  
R.L. Clemitson  
Blinded By Memories

About thirty minutes after my parents argument, we all went for a stroll in the woods. Mother was carrying me in the bread basket. We walked unusually far, to a big open space, where all the trees were surrounding us. Then Mother and Father both started tearing up. They took me out of the basket, gave me a big hug, kissed me on the cheek, and then put me back in the basket. Father took me to the bush and placed me down.

“I’m so sorry,” Father said, giving me one last goodbye kiss. Off they went. They left me. I’d rather have spent the rest of my days with Mrs. Cringles, if I had to. But they left me.

I was scared, cold, and crying. I couldn’t walk at that age, so I was stuck. Scared, cold, and crying. To this day, July 14, those words still haunt me.

As I was crying, I heard a twig snap, coming from one of the eight pathways. Oh please let it be you father, to come back for me, oh please. I stopped crying, relieved to see a man coming for me. Oh thank you, why thank you. But as the man got closer, I saw it wasn’t my father, but another man. He looked a little heavier, shorter and cleaner than my father. Definitely not my father. He embraced me in his arms and cradled me closely. “It’s okay. It’s okay. You’ll live with me now,” the man said softly. He didn’t question anything, about my parents, why I was here, how I got here or if I was okay. I assumed he knew all those things, but now, I just think he was too smart to ask those questions to a one year old girl.

When we were walking to his cottage, I’ve never felt so comforted. I was looking behind him, afraid to look forward. I knew I was in good hands, so I fell asleep.

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Zoe Caller  
Grade Six  
R.L Clemitson  
Blinded By Memories

Twelve years ago, I never would've thought that my life would be like this. Loving, interesting, fun and bizarre. Mostly because I was only one. I live with that man and his beautiful wife, my new mom and dad. The Bakers. Funny enough, Dad works in a bakery, and his last name is Baker. Mr. and Mrs. Baker. That still cracks me up!

We live in a village far from my father and mother's home. I call the Bakers, Mom and Dad, and my biological parents Father and Mother. Because all that Father and Mother ever did, was give birth to me. And that's all I'll ever care about.

Some days, I sit on the windowsill thinking about where my mother and father might be. Maybe they're thinking of me too, wondering if I'm alive. Probably not, they left me to die, so why would they care? I try to picture them, to see if I can remember their faces. But something is blinding me from my memories.

## The Old Barn

Nancy lived in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. She loved living in Saskatoon, and she would play games and have playdates with her best friend Tanya. Everything was well until her father got a job transfer to Kamloops. Her parents bought a small farm in Cherry Creek. With the help of friends and family it only took a couple of weeks to get a buyer for the house and pack.

Nancy just finished putting her belongings in the van. When her friend Tanya arrived to say bye. Tanya gave her a lovely cherry shaped amulet. "It's for you to remember me by," said Tanya. "Thank you," said Nancy. "I will never forget you and I'll call you when I get there." Then Nancy got in the car .

### 48 hours later

"We're here," said Nancy's father. "Here is our new home." Nancy started to explore the yard then she spotted an old barn. She decided to go to check out the barn. When she got inside she saw a big pile of hay, some stalls for horses, some gardening tools, and other supplies for taking care of a horse. She thought that the hay would be a comfortable spot to have a nap. When she woke up she decided to go inside the house and call Tanya. Her parents had already unpacked everything from the van. She went to her room to call her friend, then she would unpack. When Nancy was on the phone she told Tanya about her 48 hour ride to Cherry Creek and about the old barn. Then Tanya shared with Nancy more information about the amulet. The amulet Tanya had given Nancy was a special amulet and if she found that the amulet started glowing it meant that the keyhole was close by. If she found the keyhole and put the amulet in the hole it would open a magic portal that would be her own world to do whatever she wanted. You are to keep it a secret no matter what. The keyhole is in the shape of a cherry because it was supposed to be at Nancy's new house in Cherry Creek.

After Nancy was done talking to Tanya she went to go explore the barn again. She was trying to find the hidden key hole, searching high and low then she finally found the keyhole under all the hay. The amulet started glowing. The keyhole was in a shape of a cherry, just like Tanya had said. Nancy put her amulet in the keyhole, and she saw a bright light. When she opened her eyes she saw an opening to another world. The other world was bright and had no sun nor moon. Instead of a sun or moon the plants had glowing fruit, seeds or the whole plant glowed. The plants were similar to the ones on earth in appearance. In the middle of the beautiful sight there was a breathtaking waterfall. Nancy thought it was the most

beautiful thing she had ever seen in her entire life. “Nancy,” her mother cried, “Time for dinner.” “Coming,” hollered Nancy. She pulled the amulet out of the key hole and covered it up, and she placed the amulet around her neck. Then she went to go have dinner. When she was done dinner she went to bed and fell asleep.

The next morning she woke up, had breakfast, and went outside towards the barn. She couldn't wait to find out more about the new world. She placed the amulet in the keyhole and the portal opened. Nancy took a deep breath and entered the other world. When she got through she explored the new place. She found out that the plants there were edible and some did some healing that no plants on earth could ever do, some even were enchanted and did some cool stuff, such as sound like instruments, shoot fireworks in the air, and some could dance. Then Nancy heard a voice saying hello. She went towards the waterfall and she saw a little blue bird. “Hello, my name is Sarah, what is yours?” asked the blue bird “Oh, my name is Nancy.” replied Nancy. The two had talked for a long time and the two became good friends. Soon enough the two agreed to meet each other again the next day and Nancy thought that moving and making new friends was a good thing.

The End

By Breanne Campbell  
Mrs. Geoghegans  
Dufferin Elementary  
Grade 6



## The Shrouded Blade

To understand the life of this blade, one must truly understand that the blade was the soul of a long dead warrior. A soul torn from the body, a corrupted soul, a dead soul. That a soul torn from the body that lives is to be a soul trapped in eternal darkness. If you do not understand that you will never understand this story, the story of the shrouded blade. Before the blade was taken it was called Ayanos or hope in this tongue. Its body was a young man who had won many a battle with Ayanos they achieved many a legend as well. They had killed the mighty dragon, Bovine and battled the ogre Cronus and lived but they were not loved by all. The northern city, Ovanos had hated the young man after he dishonored their culture in a duel with their lord. One day the young man's king told him there was a goblin horde to the south, and asked him to eliminate it. Knowing that it was an easy task he said he would do it. It took him three days to reach the camp where the goblins were hiding but when he attacked he not only was fighting the goblins but the people of Ovanos attacked him to. That was the day that the soul lost it's body, and the day the body lost it's soul. When the young man, fell the metal inside the blade awakened. It felt like waking up out of a coma, only to be stabbed in the chest. The blade was aware before, but not fully aware. The blade started to shimmer and a human horder from Ovanos decided it would be a fine trophy. But when he picked it up, it corrupted him and he became greedy and arrogant but also he treated the sword better than anything else in his life. With greed like his he was no longer satisfied with his job so at night he assassinated his king and took the throne becoming the black king. But he wanted more, he wanted to be the only king. Ovanos

had been at war with the orcs but the black king wanted the young man's king dead so much, he went mad and signed a treaty with the orcs, planning to betray them after. When he did and declared war on the young man's king he feared there would that he would be met by an army of warriors. But when he attacked the king's city the king paled at the sight of Ayanos and surrendered his city. After the king surrendered his city he was executed in the city square by Ayanos and the sword was Ayanos no longer but was called the shrouded blade. The city was also named, it was named Junaso or misery but the black king now had a new enemy the orcs he had underestimated their chieftain's intelligence who long suspected betrayal and had prepared his army for attack, and while the king was sleeping the orcs raided both Ovanos and Junaso but could only capture Ovanos and kill the black king. The blade was found in the orc chieftain's chest and without their leader, the orcs gradually killed each other off. Eventually Ovanos was re-taken as a human city and a new king was established but the shrouded blade was still in an orc's house being defended by a descendant of the chieftain, the last orc and the only living thing that can return the shrouded blade to Ayanos. Now you understand that the shrouded blade was always, truly a lost soul.

# Blamed

"The accident wasn't her fault" My mother cried when the two police officers started to handcuff my sister Gwen and push her into the police car. Snowflakes started to cover Gwens hair. I just stood there in my pajamas trying to remember what happened. Well the night before Gwen my 16 year old sister went to Brandon Wynnes party and Brandon's parents came home and kicked everyone out. Then my sister snuck out to go to her best friend's party when my mother said not to. But what happened tonight? I was lost in thought. "Mama, why are they taking Gwen?" I asked. My mother just stood there with a look that made me not ask again. My father lead her to the living room and made a few calls.

"Davy" He said. "Come here a minute I need to tell you something" He sounded concerned. "What is it Papa?" I asked.

" Davy your sister has been accused of murder" Papa said getting teary eyed. I was taking aback.

"Wait who was murdered?" I asked.

"Your sister's best friend Michelle" He said.

"But why would they think Gwen would kill her best friend?" I asked surprised. My mother came in the room.

"Because police are jerks and always make stupid accusations" She said with a fierce look on her face.

"Now honey why don't you go to bed and we will sort this out tomorrow" Papa said.

"Ok see you tomorrow" Mama said going upstairs.

"To answer your question they think it's her because she was the last one with Michelle before she was found in her bed with a dagger that was laid beside her" Papa explained.

"But how do they know Gwen was the last one to see Michelle?" I asked. "I mean what if someone else was there" I said. I ran outside. The police car was pulling out of my driveway. "Wait!" I screamed. They stopped and a police stepped out of the police car.

"Hey what seems to be the problem?" He asked. I stopped to catch my breath.

"What if there was someone else in the room when Gwen left" I said.

"Son leave the accusations to the police" He said

in a gruff voice. I burst into tears and ran into the house. I ran upstairs and threw myself onto my bed. I buried my face into my pillow and cried for what seems for hours.

Suddenly I felt a hand on my back. "Gwen?" I asked wiping my tears away.

"No it's papa sorry" Papa said. I closed my eyes while he sang me the lullaby that he sung me when I was a baby.

I woke up with the sun shining in my eyes. I breathed out in relief. Wow that was an awful dream. I walked into my sisters room. Her bed was made and her favourite stuffed bear was laid on her bed. I went downstairs to get myself some breakfast. "Morning Gwen" I said. There was no response. I ran around the house calling Gwen's name. Then reality hit me in the face. Ohh that wasn't a dream last night. Gwen was actually gone. I went outside and headed to the garage. To my

surprise my father was was in the driveway in his car and starting it. "Papa what are you doing?" I asked.

"I'm heading to the police office to sort things out with all this silly nonsense" He answered.

"Wait I need to grab something then I will com with you" I said. I ran inside and grabbed Gwen's stuffed bear, a pillow and blankets, her cellphone, a photo of our family and a bag that I stuffed all her clothes in. I ran outside and jumped into the car with the stuff on my lap. I said nothing and papa backed out the driveway. A little while later the police station came into view. When papa found a parking spot I jumped out of the car and ran into the police station. "Hey kid stop where you are" The lady at the desk called. I stopped and waited for my father. My father came in and explained. She asked for ID then told us she was in cell A76 floor 3. I rode the elevator without waiting for my father. I burst past the other stalls until I saw Gwen sitting on the floor mopping. The guard opened the cell and I ran in and hugged her tight. "Hey Davy get into trouble lately?" She said without her usual chuckle. "Here I brought some stuff. She laid everything on her prison bed and thanked me. Behind me a curt voice said "Visiting time over". I knew better than to argue. I gave Gwen one last hug and ran outside to find papa sitting in the car. We said nothing on the drive back. "Your Mother isn't back yet how about we have your favourite meal, Spaghetti and Italian meatballs?".

"Sure that sounds good". I said sadly. I went and set the table. Once dinner was ready I devoured it. I did not realise I was so hungry. I asked for seconds and thirds. My father just laughed and said after my third meal, "It's time to go to bed go brush your teeth and we will see Gwen tomorrow. I nodded, my eyelids getting droopy. I headed down to my room and put my black and white pajamas Gwen had made me two Christmas' ago. I climbed under the covers and laid down my head. The world started to fade around me. The next morning I was awoken by someone slapping my cheeks. "CUT IT OUT!" I yelled.

"Geez I just came to tell you school's out because of the snow" A familiar voice said.

"I must still be dreaming yesterday was bright and sunny" I yawned and closed my eyes.

"Get up Davy Wavy" The voice said again. I turned around. There was my sister. "How did you get out of jail?" I asked.

"Must have been a crazy dream you had there" She said.

I have never felt so happy in my entire life.

### Field of Freedom

I know a man, who knows a man, who knows of a magnificent field. It is a rather *secret* field, for you must enter through a specific pair of weeping willow trees. The field stretches on for hundreds of yards. If you should happen to stumble upon it, perhaps while taking a pleasant ride in your car, you ought to be astonished. The field is filled with *so* many flowers you could fill a large castle! If you were to stroll for a short while you might envision a picnic, or a romantic duo elegantly waltzing through the colourful blossoms. You might feel the urge to run, even skip a little, for you are free. You are in the eyes of none but the heavens. Due to the enchanting silence, you may start to dream. You dream of someone finding this magical field where charm runs wild, and maybe they imagine it to be something else. An estate, perhaps. If that were to happen, this wonderful area would be ravaged.

A slight breeze will shake you out of your melancholy thoughts. It might make you chilly, so you hurry back to your car.

Once in the vehicle you may fancy a bit of peaceful music. Perhaps you find a calm Mozart composition, and drift off. When you wake, dusk is falling quickly, but the beauty of the crickets chirping and the sliver of pink sky fading under the horizon, is overwhelming, so you stay and soak up the beauty like a sponge. You wish you could stay forever, but you can't, so in this magical twilight, you sit in silence.

The End

I see warmth being passed along from one person to another. Like there is an invisible string, holding everyone together so no one will ever be alone. Sometimes there are people that may have more happiness than others but hopefully no one will ever have none. Happiness spreads across the world like a disease, but when you get it you feel warmth and tranquility instead of hatred and sorrow. The disease is a cure to grief and misery. I see families cherishing each other and passing along love and hope which is flowing through everyone's bodies like a rainbow of peace and of course, happiness. Happiness feels like you're soaring across the sky as free as a bird with no problems and no worries. Happiness is in everything. It's in the stars, it's in the sky, it's in the air, it's everywhere. It is like a song so gentle, yet strength surges through me. I see people welcoming happiness while people who aren't should all embrace happiness because we all need it. It is what I see and what I need. It fuels me, it fuels us all. It gives me power, it gives me hope and it gives me something to fight for. Why have war when we can have love, integrity, and happiness. I see a bright future with happiness. A wonderful fantastic world that has people giving without taking and committing random acts of kindness and as this happens the invisible string gets stronger and stronger. The future that I see needs people who encourage happiness, who see happiness and who believes in happiness. Join me and see the future. See happiness. We all need it, so why not? Why can't we make a difference in this world? Why can't we change our world for the better? Why sit and wait when we can be out spreading the gift of happiness so the future I hope for will become a reality, and not a dream? We can make that happen with happiness, and with love. I see kindness starting a chain reaction. Let's come



together to see the future, and let us all see happiness. I see that future. I see the perfect world and I truly see happiness.

Zoe Dimopoulos  
Grade 6  
Summit Elementary  
Pony For Sale  
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## Pony For Sale

I was having a pee, when all of a sudden my dad broke down the door and said, "Hey Jess, guess what, I just found this rare glass collectors unicorn for sale at a garage sale. It's really cool and I thought you might want to have it. I got it for a cheap price as well!"

Now if you want to know something about me, it is that I **LOVE** to collect miniature glass and porcelain animals. I have fifty cats in different sizes, twenty butterflies, ninety ladybugs and one hundred unicorns and horses. I really want some dogs but that is beside the point. Anyway this was great news, especially since I've been looking for this exact figure for over a year. It is a priceless artifact from Queen-Charlotte-Amalie. No she is not a real person, but instead someone from a book I read. The unicorn is used in the movie based on the book and it has been kicking around the country since then. I guess someone who, 1: had absolutely no idea how much it is worth and, 2: knew that it was cursed, got rid of it, and now it is in my hands. Yes you heard me right, this unicorn is cursed. Basically it will move to a different place each time you are not looking and as long as you don't touch it in the spot it moved to, it will go back to the spot you first had it. Anyway, back to earth, I screamed at my dad for barging in on me like that, and told him to wait for me outside the bathroom door and hold the unicorn preciously, and I mean **REALLY** careful in his hands while he waited for me to finish up. Once I was done in the bathroom, I went out and inspected the unicorn, you know, to see if it was real or not. It definitely was the real deal, so I took it to my room and put it in my case I was saving for it once I found it.

Zoe Dimopoulos  
Grade 6  
Summit Elementary  
Pony For Sale  
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Now this isn't your ordinary show case, this is a three inch thick bullet proof case with padding! So I put my unicorn, in its case up on my shelf and stared at it, wanting to see it move. I knew of course that wouldn't happen, because the curse states that it will only move if you aren't looking. After a while I went downstairs and had a snack, and when I came back up into my room the unicorn was on my desk. Yippee! Victory, it had moved! Suddenly I saw it change shape. It wasn't a rainbow unicorn anymore, it was a beige pony. That kind of creeped me out, the curse didn't say that the unicorn changed shape. Suddenly I realized what I was dealing with; a cursed unicorn that can move on its own and change shapes. Quickly I put the pony back on my shelf not thinking about the curse. It didn't matter anyway, this thing really creeped me out now. I ran downstairs but decided not to tell dad yet, I wanted to investigate further.

The next morning when I woke up, the pony was on my nightstand, sitting in its case, seemingly staring at me. Out of nowhere its eyes flashed red and its mouth gaped wide showing millions of knife sharp teeth. That freaked me out so much I scooped up the case and pulled my unicorn out, ran down the stairs and out the door. I ended up at the children's playground and as a semi truck came roaring by, I chucked the unicorn/pony/demon under it's wheel, smashing it into millions of tiny pieces. I walked over to the swings, glad to have that thing out of my hands. No wonder everyone kept getting rid of it, and why dad found it for so cheap at a garage sale, it wasn't just cursed, it was possessed! Suddenly, out of the corner of my eye, I saw the thing piecing together slowly. I got up and tried to run but it was no use, my feet seemed to be glued to the ground. The thing started floating towards me with its gaping mouth drooling. I braced myself

Zoe Dimopoulos  
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to be tackled somehow by the glass creature but it just floated into my arms. I wasn't expecting that. The only thing I could think to do is to start yelling, my grasp tight on its glass. I yelled "Pony for sale, Pony for sale!" but no one was around to hear me. That's when I realized why the unicorn hadn't tackled me, it was slowly ... melting me? I screamed as loud as I could and tried to pry the unicorn from my hands, yelling pony for sale even louder now. It was no use, there wasn't a single person in sight. As I slowly melted into a puddle, I saw my last sight; a little girl yelling; 'Hey daddy, look, a little unicorn!' and scooping it up. My problems were done but hers were just starting.

### The Adventure of Lucy

Lucy is a 3 year old black and white St. Bernard. She is an abandoned little puppy, but she is managing on her own. Her job is to make people smile and be happy. Lucy is very friendly and sweet.

Lucy strided down a cold sidewalk late at night, looking for something tasty. She smelt the fresh air and something good caught her nose. It smelt like B.B.Q. Lucy's favourite. She followed the smell and she finally got something to eat. Lucy couldn't remember the last time she savoured her favourite dish.

After her meal, she made her way to find somewhere to rest her eyes. She hoped to find her favourite resting spot; near a waterfall near a big oak tree. Lucy made her way to the forest and almost stepped on a twig, she hates them.

She finally made it to the adventurous part of the forest. She is very playful and curious. She trotted playfully down the trail and then she heard something, something spooky. Lucy stopped in her tracks and looked back. A cougar has been following her. Lucy creped back and stepped on a twig. She yelped and tried her best to sprint away to find a safe place. She made her way to a rabbit hole and squeezed herself into it. She had absolutely no idea how she would make it to her rest area so she stayed in the rabbit hole till morning.

In the morning Lucy woke to a clap of thunder. She is horrified when there's thunder but she loves the rain. She waited out the storm and then continued down the trail. After walking a little bit, Lucy felt hungry, she looked all around and found this interesting berry. It tasted good but it wasn't a blackberry.

She ate more and made her way further down the path with a blue stain around her snout.

She made it to the waterfall in no time. She heard voices and ran to them There were people! Lucy ran to them and watched their faces brighten up. She felt so proud and happy. They noticed Lucy didn't have a tag or anything so a very kind and gentle lady took Lucy home to groom her a feed her and cherish her.

Lucy felt like the princess she always wanted to be since she was a puppy. Lucy beamed with a big puppy smile. She loved the nice lady's warm smile and gentle voice. It felt good to be in a nice home, away from the dark allies, and the crowded streets. Lucy felt like the luckiest dog in the whole wide world.

The Forgotten Forest

Ten year old Eva Benson looked out the car window. Eva was going camping at Sunnyside camp-site. Eva had long black hair in a braid and she wore a yellow pantsuit. She was shy, but energetic. Her mom was driving, and her dad was sleeping. He had been driving through the night. They were both wearing the same thing, jeans and a pullover. Eva's parents were strict but also fun.

Eva woke up slowly. She looked around and saw that they were at the campground. She saw the big Sunnyside sign. It had a message from most campers that had been there. Eva's mom poked her head in the car.

"Hey, we're here. Dad has dinner started which is in a half hour," Eva's mom said.

Eva yawned and stretched. She got out of the car and wandered to the sign. She found her note from the last time she visited which was four years ago. It said, 'I really want to come back.' She couldn't spell well then. She looked around and noticed 'the tree.' It was the tallest tree in the forest and every night a few workers went to the tree and looked for campers. If anyone got lost they went to the tree. Last time Eva wasn't allowed to go into the forest, but that was years ago and she believed she could go now.

Eva decided that twenty minutes would be enough time to explore. Eva took off into the forest. The smell of it reminded her of camping last summer with Jessica Peters. It was wonderful! She wished Jessica was here. She had been invited to come but she was busy. Eva looked up and gasped; she was lost! She groaned as she thought about how much trouble she would be in. She looked at her watch but the battery was dead. Eva had no idea how long she had been gone, five, ten minutes?!? She saw a shadow behind a bush and walked towards it. She

looked at it and gasped. It was a dead boy. She looked again and saw his chest slowly rising and falling and realized he WAS alive! She poked his arm. He groaned and slowly looked at her.

“Who are you?” he said sleepily.

“I’m Eva. Who are you?” Eva said.

“My name is Matt. What do you want?” Matt said rudely.

“I’m lost and was wondering if you knew how to get out of here?” Eva said.

“If I knew how to get out, I wouldn’t be here,” Matt said.

Eva tried not to cry, but was unsuccessful.

“Whoa, don’t cry. I could help you get to the tree and when the workers come, they can pick you up,” Matt said gently.

“Thank you! Why don’t you go to the tree so you can get out?”

“Let’s not talk about me. How old are you?” Matt said as he got up and started walking.

“I’m ten. How about you?” Eva said

“I think I’m twelve, maybe thirteen. I forget.” Matt said.

“You forgot your own age?” Eva mumbled under her breath.

They continued walking in silence until they came to a bush with a bunch of berries on it.

“Are you hungry? These are the sweetest blackberries you will ever try. Don’t have too many or you will get a stomach ache,” Matt said biting one.

Eva grabbed one and took a bite. Her eyes widened as the sweet juice dribbled over her tongue. She took a handful of the blackberries and shoved them in her bag.

“You don’t need to do that. There are berry bushes almost everywhere,” Matt said.

After they had their fill, they started walking again. Eva suddenly hunched over in pain.



"I'm so sorry," Eva said in a soft voice.

They continued in silence. They walked over to the tree and Eva sat down.

"It might be awhile before they come so you can rest," Matt said.

"Hey, you, wake up!" said a man peering worriedly into her eyes.

Eva looked around and saw that Matt was gone. The man helped her up and started guiding her away.

Eva sighed; it was obvious that Matt didn't want help. They walked out of the forest by the outhouses. Eva ran to her parents out on the bench. They looked very worried, and Eva felt terrible. They didn't say anything, but Eva could tell that she wasn't in trouble. She broke away and ran to the sign. She wrote her new message:

'FIND MATT!' She drew a small tree beside it.

She went back to her parents and together they walked to their tent.

Siobhan Harron

Photograph

Dallas Elementary Gr. 6

Wandering memories,  
captured in seconds.  
Lost complexions,  
staring at the same thing.

Wishing it was the same,  
but the past is behind us.  
Shivering under a tack,  
to sudden for the naked eye.

So much ink,  
being held in the same place forever.  
With crazy emotion in their faces,  
They manage to stay the same.

They looked so different then,  
yet in ways they haven't changed.  
It holds things we forget,  
but now we remember.

Siobhan Harron

After Midnight

Dallas

Elementary

I cannot move,  
cannot speak.

My lips are moving,  
but no words are born.

I am standing,  
frozen in terror.  
Even though my heart's still pounding,  
I am dead.

I stand alone,  
only twitching and trying to breath.  
My voice stutters,  
but is still lost.

I regain some feeling,  
but I cannot move.  
I open my eyes,  
I am awake.

I yawn as I open my eyes, and see that sunlight is pouring through my window. I smile to myself, before crawling out of my bed and opening the blinds. I stand up and stretch my limbs.

I trample my way down the carpeted staircase, the delectable smell of bacon and eggs on a Sunday morning luring me towards the kitchen. Eventually the stairs come to an end and I am left walking on a flat laminate floor leading me into the kitchen.

Before I reach the kitchen, I am knocked off my feet by a pounding headache. I fall to the ground with a large 'Thunk' and am left to lay on the floor breathless and tired, waiting for someone to notice. My mom enters the hallway humming a sweet tune, which is interrupted by her gasping.

She grabs my hand and helps me up, giving me that subtle look that I know oh so well. We are taking yet another trip to the hospital. Dread and fear flood my system notifying me of the horrors ahead.

"No please don't make me go mom, there is nothing but bad news ahead!" I plead as she unlocks her car.

"You are going to the hospital and that is that!" she shouts sternly.

I walk down the white corridor of the hospital. The smell of mildew is everywhere and looks of sorrow are worn on all faces, but none can compare to my sorrow.

The hospital has always been a place that I have dreaded ever since I was young and first learned I had stage one brain cancer. They treated it immediately but it returned and was once

again treated but now after a year and a half it may have returned once more. I shiver at the thought of it.

We sit down in the over-crowded waiting room, which is surprising for a quiet Sunday like today. I sit patiently and wait and wait and wait.

After what seems to be an hour a small, a frail nurse walks into the room. Smiling she says my name. I march down the bland hallway of the hospital. We finally arrive in the plain white room, I look around to see a doctor walk into the room.

“Hello Miss Crawford,” he said, looking at his notepad.

“Hello Dr. Jameson. How are you?” I ask the familiar doctor.

“I’m fine, but as I have heard, you are not”, he says while staring down at his notepad.

I stare up at him, looking for a sign that I would be okay but there is none whatsoever. He gently bites the end of his pencil’s eraser.

My mom taps her foot impatiently and the room escalates to a silence I hated. Her face is nervous as she holds my hot, sweaty hand. Finally after the silence ends he sighs and gestures for me to take a seat.

“Miss Crawford, I am afraid that you have a brain tumor and do not have much longer than a month to live. I am so sorry”

I feel dizzy and sick to my stomach. My mom starts to cry and grabs me, wrapping her long, slender arms round my waist. I am expecting to cry, but I am in such shock that I can’t even shed a tear about the fact that I am dying.

“If you’re like me and have so, so many bad experiences you put all those behind you and just take a day to love someone the best you can.”

“Ok Zach, I accept this. Let’s do this,” I say happily.

I spin around, my dress blowing in the wind and pull him closer, kissing him. He smiles at me and dips me closer to the ground. I gently giggle, no fear in mind, only love. I lean in to kiss him again but suddenly everything goes dark, my lungs burn and my heart slows.

Everything starts to hurt. Am I dying? I try to mutter something but I can’t. The only thing that comes out is:

“Tell my family I love them and you.....,” I say.

My eyes are heavy and my chest hurts I slowly let in a breath and release it.

**5 Words**

Airlie Henson

Lloyd George

Grade 6

My name is Skye Taylor, I am twelve years old and I live in Mayerthorpe, Alberta. My three weeks at Sun-Horse Riding Camp was **INSANE**, and I have **5 words**, to tell the story...

**Disappointing:** "So do you think we get to keep the horses we bond with?" asked one of my best friends Ivy. She has always been the curious red-head type person in our trio of friends. "Common sense says no, but I hope that yes we could," said Amber, my other best friend. Amber is the smart one, always has been and always will be, I think. "Well, if you two would speed up a bit so we could get there at some point, maybe we could find out!" Then there's me, my friends say I'm the creative one, but, as always, I have no idea who I really am. "Well, here we go to Novice Kids Riding level at Sun-Horse Riding Camp." says Ivy. "Wait, Novice? I thought we were going to Advanced!" I said. "Oh no, we aren't going to be in the same category?! Poo." said Ivy, she tends to say poo a lot when things are **disappointing**.

**Elegant:** "Since you are the only one in the Advanced Kids level, you get to choose from our six horses for this level," said my camp leader as we enter the stables. All six horses were beautiful, one was black with white socks, one was

**5 Words**

Airlie Henson

Lloyd George

Grade 6

all white, one was a black and white pinto, one was brown with white spots, and one was dark brown with a white tail and mane, but the one that caught my attention the most was a golden brown horse with a black mane, black tail, black socks and a white hourglass shaped marking on its forehead. "Can I ride this one?" I asked, indicating the golden brown horse. "Sure, she's a beauty!" said the camp leader. "What are you going to name her?" "I'm going to name her Zelda, the goddess of time because of the hourglass on her forehead," I say. "That's a beautiful and smart name, nice!" *Wow! This horse is beautiful! I can't wait to ride a horse so very elegant!*

**Harmony:** "Nice Skye! Do that again!" my camp leader yelled from outside the riding ring fence as I leap over a jump with Zelda. The first few days at camp have been really fun, my camp leader Joy (I only just figured that out) has been teaching me lots of new things that I can do with Zelda and it turns out, we do get to keep our horses! "Try the higher jump!" yelled Joy. "Already, but I've only been jumping for two days?!" I say. "Yes, but, you have great horsemanship, not only that, you and Zelda work really well together, there is something about your relationship that is very connected, like the two of you are... in **harmony**."



**5 Words**

Airlie Henson

Lloyd George

Grade 6

***Unexpected:*** It's the end of my second week at Sun-Horse Riding Camp and everything is going great, Zelda and I have bonded quite well, as riding partners and friends. We have had many good talks in the stables (actually just her coming in with her "humph" at just the right time) about mostly random topics like why can't people fly? What made a banana be called a banana? And so on, but today I'm wondering what it was like in the 1800's and 1900's. Zelda is ready for riding by the time we are only half done talking so I think about it while riding. *What did the people wear? (Jump) How did they act? (Turn) What did they eat? (Gallop) I love going fast, I wonder if they had horses.* All of a sudden, everything around me froze. Joy and her horse were in mid-stride, the birds were floating in mid-air without flapping their wings or gliding, the trees stopped swaying in the wind... everything just stopped. "What the heck?!" I say. Clearly Zelda is thinking the same thing because she is getting a bit skittish. Just as I was going to tell her to calm down, something else happened, everything seemed to be going back in time right in front of our eyes. When it stopped making time go in reverse, everything looked old, rusty, and worn out... like the

**5 Words**

Airlie Henson

Lloyd George

Grade 6

1800's to 1900's. "How did we get here?!" I say, but no one answers. "Hello?" no answer. *Huh. I wonder if they can hear us, here is a kind looking lady, maybe she can help us.* I walk right in front of the lady while holding on to Zelda's reins but she walks right through me! "Ah! What just happened?! This is scary. I want to go home, come on Zelda." I mount Zelda and trot into the forest. "Well that was **unexpected.**"

**Magical:** I have been sitting under an oak tree in the forest for thirty minutes and I still don't know what to do. "*If only Amber was here, she would know what to do.*" "Maybe I'll just go over what I did before the... time travel... I was in the stables talking to Zelda about the olden days, and then we went jumping, then racing, then BOOM everything went back in time." I think about it for a few more minutes until it hits me. *What if Zelda and I were thinking of the same time period and everything else goes to that time period?!* And at that, I hop onto Zelda and ride into the sunset while thinking about home. "Zelda, you're **magical!**"

Now most of you will be thinking, "Yeah well, it's just a cool story, that couldn't happen in real life." But really, have you never had an experience where

**5 Words**

Airlie Henson

Lloyd George

Grade 6

what you're memory tells you doesn't seem to fit with what other people  
believe?...

## Kaley Jones, grade six, Raft River Elementary. Blood Watch

### Chapter 1: Vampires

Kaley plopped herself down in her chair at her desk and sighed. “Stupid Vampires...” Ember spotted her and ran over. “Where have you been?! I've been looking all over for you!!” Kaley sighed and put her head down on her desk and said, “Well sorry to say but I'm really tired...” Ember put a hand on Kaley's shoulder and said, “Okay.... What's wrong? Even when you are tired you're never like this...” Kaley sighed and said, “Well.... for one... It's what you're doing for the vampires...” Ember looked around nervously. “U-Umm.... How'd you... know that...?” Kaley lifted her head up from her desk and said, “We all know.... Well the whole orphanage that is...” Ember pulled her chair over to Kaley's desk and said, “What's the other thing or things...?” “Well..... I know you'll think me stupid of it... but..... I'm training to kill vampires...!” Ember looked worriedly at her friend, probably more worried than ever and said, “Stop. It's no use..! You'll get killed..!” Two hooded vampires walked in. The one on the left said, “Don't move around too much or it will hurt more”. The vampires grinned then the one who had been talking stabbed a needle in Ember's arm. Kaley flinched at only the lone sight of the needle. She stood up and punched the one who wasn't holding a needle and pulled out a wooden stake with a cross carved into it and grinned. Kaley grinned wide as she aimed for the vampire's chest and laughed hysterically then said, “Ha Ha..! Die stupid vampires!!”, The vampire screamed as he was stabbed with almost perfect aim. The other vampire grabbed another needle from a tray and stabbed Kaley's arm like he had with Ember. “Squad captain 12 has just been stabbed and will need medical attention immediately.”, The vampire flashed a smile in Kaley's direction with his sharp white blood stained teeth and said, “You foolish humans never learn. This is your fifth attempt to harm one of us!”, Squad 20 calmly walked in but with a vampire with his hood off. All vampires were supposed to wear their

Kaley Jones, grade six, Raft River Elementary. Blood Watch

hoods unless of course they were a noble or if they were a sorceress. Ember scooted closer to Kaley and whispered, "Behave. That's Lord Rin Michaels!", Kaley moaned. The needle had hurt since it had been stabbed into her arm so harshly. Lord Rin glanced over at Kaley and chuckled. "So, You must be Kaley? Ember has been telling me lots about you! Ha!... You seem to dislike me and my kind, if I am correct?" Kaley tried to stand up and hit him but Ember pushed her back. Kaley sighed and said "Yes... If you want it straight... I HATE your kind!!" After Lord Rin left Kaley clenched her teeth and said, "What is he? Your father? I don't like you giving your blood to him like that..!!" Ember kept a smile and said, "No? Well If I let him drink my blood he gives me money! So I can buy the whole family good food!" Kaley sighed and stood up even though after their daily needle they weren't supposed to really move around much. "I'm sick of this!" "Sick of what?" asked Ember confused. "I'm sick of being livestock for those stupid vampire's!! I don't care if they 'Care' about us! I don't care if I'll get killed, but I'm going to train to become a vampire hunter!!" Ember jumped up and grabbed Kaley's arm without thinking. "Let go of me.", Kaley said sternly hitting Ember's hand off her shoulder. "I...I'm sorry....", Kaley ran out of the room with her head hanging low. Kaley ran all the way to her secret area of the orphanage school that still no one knew of, probably because you needed to be an alchemist or have at least a little alchemist power just to get in. No one knew of her being an alchemist yet. She entered and sat against the wall. She took off her left glove and rolled up the sleeve and sighed. "Wonder how I'll ever fix this without him...", But to be true she didn't even remember who "he" was. She took of her other glove and ran a finger up the shiny iron that was her arm. She sighed and fell into a doze, not noticing someone entering her hideout.

## Kaley Jones, grade six, Raft River Elementary. Blood Watch

### Character guide

(Kay-lee)

Kaley – Long coffee brown hair; Loves music and art; 16 years old, Birthday July 4th 2004, Hates

vampires; Born in Clearwater British Columbia; Alchemist; Old Blood, Grim Reaper

(Em-bur)

Ember – Short chocolate brown hair; Loves writing; Very smart, good with tech, 16 years old, Birthday

2004; Born in Canada Clearwater British Columbia; Half Blood

(Mak-a-lu)

Makalu– Short, Amery's brother, semi long black hair, 16 years old; Birthday October 4 2004, Born in

Calgary; always wears a cream brown and chocolate brown sweater; Alchemist

1. (Am-er-ee)

Amery– Short, Makalu's sister, semi long black hair, 14 years old, Birthday June 20 2006, Born in

Kaley Jones, grade six, Raft River Elementary. Blood Watch

Calgary, always wears a black sweater, Alchemist

(Finn-ee-an)

Finnian- Loves to garden; Short golden hair that is always messy; Loves reading books, hates

vampires, 16 years old; Birthday April 14 2004, Born in London, Alchemist

(Ay-dree-an)

Adrian- Mid back length white hair, hates Vampires, 17 years old; birthday 10/10/04, born in

Canada; Alchemist, Grim Reaper

(An-ya)

Anya-Long jet black hair, metallic Scarlet eyes; Vampire Hunter

The Dream

A young girl stood with long black hair stood slouched over against the birch wood wall. She was in a cream coloured silk nightgown. Suddenly looking up she jerking her head to the right showing bright glue eyes opened wide. She then started to stride across the white tiled floor with her bare feet. As she came to the winding wood stairs she took one careful step onto the first stair causing it to squeak as she put her weight onto that foot. Checking over her shoulder she hurried up the stairs. As the young girl climbed higher she could feel as if something was following her. She started to run, stumbling on each winding step. It felt as if the stairs would go on forever to her. A scratchy voice whispered in her ear "Hurry." The young girl knew it had all led up to this moment. She felt a searing pain in her back screamed knowing very well no one could hear her. Falling to the ground and hitting her jaw on the edge of the next stair she knew it was all over. As pain faded away everything went black.

I jerked up to a sit ripping open both my eyes, staring towards one of the empty white walls of my bedroom. I grasped the back of my neck in pain. As my eyes adjusted to the dim light I did a checklist in my head of everything. Blue bean bag chair, world globe, concert posters, red alarm



The Dream

clock, my older sister's bed and all of her stuff. It was all there. I tossed aside my purple bed sheets and leaped out of my wooden bed onto the carpet. I stood in front of the mirror and made sure everything was still the same. Bright green eyes, ginger hair. I pulled open my mouth. *Freakishly large teeth.* I thought to myself touching my braces. Before turning to the door I knew I still had more to check. I looked at the calendar to my right. September 20th, 2010. *I hope that's right.* I thought. *With my terrible memory I'm surprised I remember how to walk!* Grabbing the measuring stick, I leaned it against the wall to check my height. Five feet, seven inches. Good. As I turned check my weight I stopped myself. *What am I doing, it was a dream?* I thought. "Just one last thing to check." I mumbled to myself as I hurried towards the window. I heaved open the curtains and squinted as I found myself staring into a big ball of light. "Yep, the sun's still there." I told myself.

"Christie! Breakfast is on the table!" My mom called from in the kitchen down the hall.

"I'm coming!" I sang.

"Get in here or you'll be late for the bus!"

The Dream

“Alright!” I yelled. I opened the door and grabbed my backpack running down the hall into the kitchen grabbing a piece of toast before reaching for the handle on the front door.

“Just wait a minute young lady.” My mom says before I opened it. “Aren’t you forgetting something.”

I chuckled hugging her. “Better?”

“Anything else?”

“No, I didn’t forget-” I pause looking down to find my blue striped pajamas. “Anything.” I sighed. Dropping my black backpack I hurried back to my room and changed into a pair of blue jeans and my green “Be Yourself” t-shirt. Sliding on a hoodie just before I got into the kitchen. I said goodbye to my fifteen year old brother Luke and my sister Ariana who was seventeen. I was the youngest of the three at thirteen.

I grabbed my bag picking up the newspaper outside the front door rushing to the school bus as it pulled up to the house. My mom stood out on the front step with dad and Julie our black cat cradled in her arms. She called

The Dream

out as I took a step up onto the bus. “Don’t forget to grab all your stuff from school!”

“I will, don’t worry!” I replied.

“Oh, and pack up your stuff when you get home the movers are coming at 6:00!”

“Mom! I know!” I got into the bus and sat in the front seat to the right side of the aisle as I shoved the newspaper in my backpack. Waving to my mom, the bus left for school.

When we arrived at school I got out of the bus and looked for the last time at the big letters on the front of the building “Willowpine Middle School” as I walked in pushing open the large blue doors. I caught a glimpse of my friend Kendra in the hall. Kendra’s tall. Well, at least way taller than I am. Her two brunette ponytails bobbed up and down with every step she took. She was wearing a rainbow skirt and an animal face hoodie as always. Today that animal being a cow. She stumbled against the lockers with her books in one hand feeling for the wall with the other. Squinting her eyes and grabbing the shoulder of a very confused looking boy, found her way towards me. Kendra has a pair of glasses, she just refuses to use them because she says they cover her “beautiful” eyes.

The Dream

“Christie?” she asked.

“That’s my name, don’t wear it out.” I replied. She grabbed me and squeezed.

“You know what? Nothing’s going to be the same without you.”  
Kendra said.

“Awww. Really?” I asked sarcastically.

“In a good way.” She joked making both of us burst out in laughter.  
“Well, see yah. I’ve got to get to class.” I chuckled as she tried to find her way.

After school I decided to walk home instead of taking the school bus. Finding the newspaper in my backpack I picked up before I left for school I pulled it out. I started to read while walking down the block. On the front in big, bold letters it said.

**Girl Found Dead on Staircase**

*To be continued...*

# Daydream

By Olivia Jones  
*Juniper Elementary, 6 r. 6*

## Chapter one

### *Of course*

It was late summer in the year of 2000. Me Stella a 16 year old girl, was going to the Boocalou ( boo-ca-loo) beach in Haloolo (Ha-loo-loo). It had crystal clear water and powdery white sand. It also has few dangers. I planned to meet my best friend Christyn there. It was a hot day with a not a cloud in site. Not many people went to the beach that I had to cross. It had murky water and a high risk for shark attack.

I was walking on the side of the beach when a big wave approached me. Of course being me I did not care in fact I thought it would be funny if the wave did any real damage to me. Then I looked at it again. It looked as if it was on me and 20 stories high. Well maybe I was exaggerating but I was kind a freaking out.

Then it was really was on me and it came down with a loud thundering crash . The water rushed down my face like the tears did when my first boyfriend dumped me. My scarlet hair wrapped around my neck and arms as if vines. My legs thrashed against the current. Then head decided to introduce itself to a rock. That was it.

## Chapter two

### *Great*

I don't quite know what happened after that but somehow I ended up on a island. I check to make sure I was in one piece. I realised that was on Macoona (Ma-Coon-a) island, in the middle of the Flallae (fal-ayl-y) ocean. "Great!" I yelled at the ocean. "Just great". My bathing suit was ruined by the gross water and my hair was a mess. Then something totally weird happened.

"Who yelled that." Then a boy with sandy brown hair came into the clear.

"Who are you," he asked.

"Ummm.... layla," I lied.

"Who are you" I asked.

" Neacone" he said.

"Why are you here".

“Well..... I asked the same question” I yelled. He motioned me to follow him. I hesitated for a second then followed. I was totally stunned after that.

“I built it myself,” He said as I gazed around. There were lots of beautiful exotic flowers and lots shells. He had a big old blanket that he used as a shelter and old dirty dishes scattered around.

“Wow,” I said as I look farther passed the trees. He stepped in front of me

“You really mean it,” he questioned. I looked into his eyes they were deep sea green and looked as if they went on forever.

“Of course” I answered. He look about my age about my age, tall and strong. A regular 16 year old boy.

“So” I asked “Why are *you* here.”

He spun around to face me, then turned around quickly.

“I don’t know why” He whispered

“Ever since I was ten I can’t remember anything from the pass.”

“Oh... well do you know any way off of here,” I asked. He look at me puzzled.

“If I knew a way off of here, do you think I’d still be here,” he snapped.

“Well good thing I know how to make a raff,” I said pretending I never heard what he said.

I went to go see if i could go find some good wood. As I headed down a cleared path I heard a hiss. I spun around to find a crocodile right in my path. I froze in fear, then screamed at the top of my lungs.



## Chapter 3

### *Nice*

Neacone ran up behind me and hit the crocodile straight square on the head with a stick.

“Thanks,” I said

“You really shouldn't go anywhere without me being around,” he said. I looked up at the starry sky and yawn.

“I guess it's getting late, oh shoot where will I sleep,” I said worried.

“you can sleep in my tent,” Neacone offered

“No that won't be necessary, I'll build my own shelter to night,” I said. So I set out to find something I could use to build a shelter. Something caught my eye.

“My bag!!!!” I yelled. I looked through it. There was my clothes all in one piece and then there was my cellphone

“Darnet, it won't turn on,” I said stumped. I through my cellphone down and looked some more. There was nothing else there so I went back to camp.

“Guess what Neacone I found my clothes!!” I yelled as I walked in. Then I thought about the shelter. I looked around. I found some wood and put it together with some mud clay. I got in and soon fell fast asleep.

The next morning I found myself in Neacone's shelter I got up and went outside. Everything was soaking wet. I

looked over to where my shelter was. All the wood was in a pile and the clay was washed away.

“Hmm.... well now what,” I said to myself. I started to make a fire which failed then I realised that Neacone was not there.

“NEACONE!!!!!!!,” I yelled. I heard no reply.

“Well maybe I should look for him,” I thought out loud.

Then I thought about what he said last night *no I shouldn't go. Half of me wants to but the other half is super clear on the thought no.... I won't go.* So I went back in the shelter and dozed off again. Then all of a sudden I found myself exploring the island. I turned around to find four crocodiles walking toward me. Suddenly hundreds of spiders started to crawl all over me. I went to go scream “Neacone!!!!” but I couldn't the spiders started to crawl into my mouth.

## Chapter 4

### *Just a dream*

I woke up to find Neacone by my side.

“Neacone!!!” I yelled. To my surprise he kissed me on the top of my head, but I didn’t care. I hugged him hard

“Neacone,”

“Yes layla,”

“I need to tell you something. My real name is stella,” I blurted out

“Stella, I like that, But there something I need to tell you,” Neacone said.

“My real name is Eric, also you are the most beautiful person I ever met even when you built that ridicules shelter ” Eric said. I laughed

“ Thats perfect,” I said and with that Eric gave me a kiss... square on the lips.

## Chapter 5

### *Escape*

The next day me and Eric got to work finding wood for the raft. Carrying a big stick so I could find wood by myself. Thank god we were on a island with trees. Two years ago there was a Typhoon, so there was some dead trees on the ground. It was not that hard to drag the trees away with two people at work. By sun down we collected five logs. I was exhausted that it took less than four seconds to fall asleep.

In the morning Eric was gone again. I got my stick and went to collect vines to tie the log together. As I walked I thought Eric. He seemed nice enough. I didn't have a boyfriend of any kind back home. I collected what i thought was plenty. Then my stomach rumbled. I decided that it was breakfast time. I saw the nearest fruit tree and walked over to it. I carefully put my foot on a narrow branch and the other on a rock about three feet away. I was just about to grab a piece of fruit when something came rushing out of the bush. I lost my balance and the tree branch snapped and I fell. Right into Eric's arms. " Eric! What if you didn't catch me," I asked as he put me down.

" Then that would've been bad for you," he answered

“ It was a rhetorical question” I said as I went to pick up the vines. We walked back and talk about the different animals on the island. When we got back, we started to make the raft. By the time it was time to eat supper we built  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the raft. I sat down down by a log that was right next to the fire. Eric had a pot of something on the fire that smelled delicious.

“ Your parents are probably worried about you” Eric said as he stird the stew thing.

“Nah, my parents probably think I’m at a friends or something,” I stared at the fire.

“ We’ll be able to get off the island tomorrow,” Eric pointed out as he gave me a bowl of whatever. I finished my stew fast and left to collect what we would need tomorrow. If we left the next morning we would probably get there in the evening. We would need lunch. I gathered some fruit, my bathing suit, some strips of fabric and put it in my bag. I slept in Eric's hut for the last time and good thing too because I’m starting to see the stars at night.

## Chapter 6

### *Home sweet home*

I got up that morning and found that Eric finished the raft and loaded all the stuff up. All that was left was to do was get a board.

“ Good morning!” I said with a smile on my face.

“Good morning to you too. Ready to set sail!”

“Yes indeed,” I replied. Eric took a knife out which I didn’t know he had and cut the rope which kept us on the island.

“And we’re off,” I yelled off into the sea.

For the rest of the day I explained to him what it’s like in Haloolo. Then Eric pointed out that we were really close to land. After ten minutes we hit land I climb off and looked around.

“That’s it, we’re done,” Eric said taking in the scenery. I spun around to face him.

“Oh no! We’re just getting started!”

## Way Back When

"Paige get up!" "No." I regretted disobeying Mr. Kenlay, I got a sharp kick in the back seconds later. "Fine. I guess I'll just say you're a dirty little rat and don't want to come out, I'm sure Ryan will be perfectly fine with adopting a much better kid." At that point of time I scooted out of my old battered bed and ran straight to the front desk. Ryan had dark brown eyes with dirty blonde hair, he was a very tall man, skinny as well unlike Mr. Kenlay. While Ryan was signing the papers, Mr. Kenlay farted. Ryan and I both started chuckling until Mr. Kenlay threw a book at me, "GROW UP YA LITTLE RAT, HAVE SOME RESPECT!" Kenlay had been infuriated, he never liked it when he made kids laugh, I guess he thought of it as an insult. That's was when Ryan had told me to wait outside. God knows what went on in there, all I know is that Ryan must of gotten a book threw at him too because he came out rubbing his shoulder.

We got in his truck and it was a long ride from there, I didn't know where we were going until Ryan said "Welcome to Wyoming Paige! Our ranch is still a few hours down the road want anything to eat?" "No, I'm good thanks...I got a hard cover for the road." We didn't talk much after that, and I guess I must've dozed off because next thing I knew we were parked in front of a barn. The barn wasn't red and white like the stories, nor was it the same shape. It was a vase white barn with some flakes of fading paint. The walls seemed to go up forever, his house was different, it was two stoprys with a basement underneath, Ryan had showed me to my room but I noticed as I walked down the hall that he must of had a lot of relatives because there were pictures of people everywhere. I had gotten settled in, that's when my chores had started. Feeding the

horses, filling the water troughs collecting eggs and washing dishes. It was all going well until my seventeenth birthday, Ryan had had a heart attack the day after my birthday. I had done everything in my power but it had been too late, I arranged his funeral the week after. That was a sad year, but I realised that I had to keep his ranch alive and I did so, I had hired hands and got a job, the bills were trouble at first but other than that all was fine. The ranch was strong and alive within the next year or so, I had put my close friends daughter into my will so this ranch you live for years on end. Sarah's daughter and i were great friends, she loves my ranch so I thought it was only appropriate. I was seventy-two when i died and that was when Elizabeth took on the ranch. We always had this joke about yelling "GET OFF MA LAWN" at unexpected people. Elizabeth had long brown hair with green eyes, her spouse was blonde with blue eyes his name was Jeremy. Elizabeth's maiden name was Banks but once Jeremy and her had married, they took Jeremy's name, Shlepi.

It was my time to come back down to earth. I was to be an infant yet again, but, I will not remember all the good times me and Ryan had, I will be with a new family, new friends, new memories. It will all be lost.

After I was done crying, I saw my new family for the first time. The nurse handed me to my mother, She had brown hair with green eyes, and my father, had blonde hair with sky blue eyes. I only saw a glimpse of him through my half opened eyes but it was enough to detail his every feature. They stared at me for minutes in silence until the man said "Welcome Kate" my name. It all seemed so familiar, I just never knew how.



Paige Judiesch  
Dufferin Elementary, gr. 6

#### What Am I?

I'm brave, courageous, strong and lonely  
Beyond the eye I'm an explorer, a creation of God  
Friendly and quick, dangerous and sorry  
I mean no harm as I race past your feet  
For I dance and sparkle in the moonlight  
And run from the ones that I fear  
It's no mistake that I'm cold and wet  
But on the inside I'm really quite warm

#### Limerick

My favourite toy is a ball  
Then one day I got a call  
Which is so rare  
All I could do was stare  
So now I play with a doll

Paige Judiesch  
Grade 6  
Dufferin Elementary

Skrill, CavesFerd Academy

Laura Karsten

Grade 6

McGowan Elementary

Long ago two winged wolves had a pup named Skril... but because of her parent's different appearances, Skril looked... different. She was brown, unlike the silvery gray of her parents and the other wolves of the pack. Her wings were... irregular. It looked as if some wolf glued angel wing feathers to her dragon wings but... she had been born like that.

Her father home schooled Skril, but when Skril was just 4 years old, her mother became ill and her mom passed 2 days later. Her father became determined to keep Skril safe and make the right choices. Skril's father decided that he would home school Skril until she was 12, then send her to Cavesferd Academy.

When Skril turned 11, her father had arranged a meeting to enroll Skril in Cavesferd Academy for the next year starting on the full moon of her birthday. When Skril's father was having a meeting, Skril overheard her dad became worried. She hid her worry and pretended not to hear anything. On Skril's birthday her father came to her quarters.

"Skril, may I talk to you in my office please?" asked her father.

"Skril, I decided to enroll you in CavesFerd Academy," said her father.

Skrill, CaveFerd Academy

Laura Karsten

Grade 6

McGowan Elementary

“What!” exclaimed Skril “And you didn’t bother to ask me first!” yelled Skril.

“Skril!” yelled her father, barring his teeth, “Don’t yell at me.”

“But how could you not talk to me first?” said Skril.

“I just did,” answered her father. “Skril, you need to trust me, I’m doing what’s best for you.”

“How.. how are you doing what’s best for me?” grumbled Skril.

“Skril... Trust me, besides, it’ll teach you things I can’t,” said her father calmly, “you start tomorrow morning,” said her father.

“Ok,” sighed Skril.

The next morning, Skril’s father came and woke her up early to head to CavesFerd Academy.

When she arrived, it was nothing like she thought. The wolves at this Academy, none of them were brown. None of them had wings like hers. Skril felt odd, like she was different from everyone else.

“Hey,” called an unknown shewolf, “you certainly aren’t normal ! What’s your name, Newbie?”

“Ma name’s Skril...” stammered Skril “what’s..y..yours?”

“Ma names Jorga,” answered Jorga.

Skrill, CaveFerd Academy

Laura Karsten

Grade 6

McGowan Elementary

"Why do you look so weird?" teased Jorga.

"I..don't ..think..I look weird," stammered Skrill, confused.

"Awww, are you confused? Are you gonna cry?" joked and teased Jorga. Then another shewolf joined in and the school began to point and giggle at Skrill.

"Well, that's just sad not noticing how weird you are," teased Jorga and the other shewolf.

"Everyone be quiet!!!" yelled a third shewolf from across the gym field.

Everyone stopped to stare at the shewolf and the Academy fell into a deep silence.

"Don't judge a wolf by how she looks," the shewolf said sternly. The third shewolf spread her wings widely so the light could shine through them, casting magnificent designs on the ground.

All the students gasped...

"What's going on?" whispered Skrill looking at the strange shewolf.

"Come on," said the shewolf, "oh, by the way, my name's Cinder."

"Your wings are really awesome!" exclaimed Skrill.

"Really? Thanks," blushed Cinder.

"Hey Cinder why did you stop them?" asked Skrill.

"Because that's what friends are for," said Cinder.

Skrill, CaveFerd Academy

Laura Karsten

Grade 6

McGowan Elementary

"Why did they all stop and stare at you when you spread your wings? I know they're awesome, but I didn't think it would make them stare." asked Skril.

"Well it helps that I'm Royal blood, but I prefer not to be noticed too often," explained Cinder

"You're royalty?!" Skril exclaimed, bowing.

"You don't need to bow. I just want to live a normal life." said Cinder.

As Skril and Cinder studied together, Jorga became annoyed that Skill had royalty as a best friend, so Jorga and Kyley began spreading rumors about Skril, in a last effort to make her friendship with Cinder go down in ashes before Summer break. The most hurtful rumor was that Skril had a venomous bite that would make one decay from the inside out.

The last day before summer break, they were doing physical combat, and they were allowed biting in physical combat. Skril was in the last battle of the day.

"For our last battle of the year we'll be seeing Skril vs Jackub. Let the battle COMMENCE!" announced the coach.

During the battle Skril pinned Jackub down and did the final bite to win the match, which drew blood on Jackub's neck.

Jackub came bursting out, "I'M GOING TO DIE! SHE BIT ME ON MY NECK WITH HER VENOMOUS FANGS, NOOO I'M GOING TO DECAY FROM THE INSIDE OUT, NOOO I DON'T WANNA DIE!" yelled Jackub in a screeching, raw howl.

Skrill, CaveFerd Academy

Laura Karsten

Grade 6

McGowan Elementary

"Venomous fangs?" said the coach and Skrill together looking at each other "I don't have venom or.. venomous fangs" said Skrill.

"Where did you ever hear that Skrill had venom or venomous fangs?" questioned the coach.

"Um...I..I..I heard it from Jorga and Kyley, who had seen the venom dripping from her fangs," explained Jackub.

"And you listened to them?! They are just lies," reassured Cinder from the crowd. "They are something called rumors something spread by some wolf who doesn't like some wolf else in an attempt to ruin that wolf's life."

"Jorga, Kyley, I'd like to see you two after school today"

"Hmmp..Fine." sighed Jorga and Kyley.

"Hey Cinder, thanks," Skrill said gratefully while gathering her books.

"What are you thanking me for?" asked Cinder.

"For being my friend for the entire year with all the rumors and bullying. You always stayed on my side through it all," said Skrill.

"I'll happily be friends with you for rest of my life," said Cinder happily.

"It's nice to have a friend through a year of bullying," whispered Skrill to herself.

“Once in a dungeon there lived an old man. He had a long white beard, and long white hair. His clothes were torn and faded.” said Miss Johnston. “For home work you will finish the story.”

Miss Johnston was the sixth grade teacher. She was not a married woman. She had short blond hair. She was not very tall, and she liked to wear jeans and really high boots.

“The bell will go any time now class, don’t forget about your stories!” said Miss Johnston.

“Miss Johnston, the work sounds so fun!” said Harper

Harper Seymour was a pretty girl, but she has, one friend that is not in Harpers class so she never gets to see her. Harper had a sister named Shea and a brother named Tyler. The three of them had brown hair. They were triplets!

“Oh my gosh Harper, no one cares.” Said Tyler.

“Tyler!” said Shea.

“I have to go to the library, see you in a sec.”

Says Harper.

“nerd” whispered Tyler

“**I HEARD THAT!**” yelled Harper from down the hall. Earning herself a shush from a couple teachers.

## The Key

Sutton Langevin

Lloyd George

Grade 6

When Harper got to the library, she was surprised to see no one there. It was like the library was closed, but she would have been told, right? So Harper slowly went to the back of the library where the books that she needed to get were and found something strange. She found a key!

This was no ordinary key, this key shimmered. It was a magic key! But, Harper had no clue where this key led to. Harper had ideas where the key could lead to but they were not possible.

Harper was a little happy and a little scared at the same time. She had to tell her siblings about this, or should she keep it a secret? She could not keep this a secret; she thought about telling Shea and Tyler everything. Well, every thing they deserved to know.

"The teachers were starting to get suspicious. Could you have been any longer, Harper?" said Shea and Tyler in almost unison.

"Um," said Harper "the library was um, ah, busy! Yeah apparently there is a book fair going on that I was not aware of, so it took a while to check out my books."

"liar!" yelled Tyler "of all the people in the world to *not* know about something going on with books it should *not* be **you**."



## The key

Sutton Langevin

Lloyd George

Grade 6

“Hey guy so, ahhh!” screamed Tyler. Shea was holding the glowing key! For Tyler that is unusual and weird, maybe even a little scary. “No, no, no, no, no. This can’t happen.” Said Harper “who knows what will happen!” Harper learned to late that her siblings were both holding the key, so when she went to grab it from them the three of them disappeared!

P.1

**Just Another Day in Middle School by Sophie Lovett Grade 6 Dufferin**

Dear Diary,

Today was an extreme day, I got an F on my French test and I think I have no more friends. It all started when the bell rang. My friend Annie was talking and talking (she reminds me of my crazy sister, London). By the way, London's my younger sister and she's a brat. So as I walked into homeroom and I sat in my seat between Annie and Peyton. My home room teacher is awesome, he taught me the values of life. I think he is one of the few teachers I actually pay attention to. The bell rang for second period which was French. When I walked into French everyone was quiet because that is how our French teacher likes it. During class, my friend Jen passed me a note saying, "Paris, I'm going to the mall after school, want to come?" My teacher caught me reading it and said, "Paris, viennent ici avec cette note et de le lire à tout le monde", which means, "Paris, come here with that note and read it to everyone." So I read it to the class. Everyone laughed at me and Jen. After class Jen got so angry at me she looked like she was almost crying. At lunch I sat by myself at my own table with everyone pointing and laughing at me. Finally, Annie and Peyton came and sat by me. They had no idea what was going on. They were talking about some sort of Math project. That was good, at least they didn't know. I thought the rest of the day was going to be fine but by third period Annie and Peyton had found out. I said to them, "What's the big deal?" But the girls just put an "L" on their heads and walked away. For the rest of the day I did not feel

P.2

Just Another Day in Middle School by Sophie Lovett Grade 6 Dufferin Elementary

like talking because what's the point if everyone is going to make a big deal about nothing. That is what middle school is like. At the end of school, Jen came up to me and said sorry that she had passed me the note. Then she asked me if I wanted to go to the mall and I said sure. So we went to the mall and hung out with everyone. I guess I have a pretty good group of friends after all!

Author: Jayda Luce  
Summit Elementary  
Grade Six  
May's Delight  
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# May's Delight

The spring season fills the air with delight,  
As family and friends have fun in the bright.  
Animals come out to enjoy the spring air,  
While flowers bloom without despair

There are no clouds in the bright blue sky,  
As birds are singing and flying high.  
The voices of people are everywhere,  
Voices of fun is lots to share.

Colours swarm around every corner,  
You cannot see a single mourner.  
The special season brings delight,  
As Winter is finally out of sight.

Author: Jayda Luce  
Summit Elementary  
Grade Six  
October's Gift  
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## October's Gift

Waving in the autumn wind,  
Falling with a twist and spin.  
The trees are losing their beautiful cover,  
Leaves are many shapes like no other.

The tree has no leaves in the moon's shadow,  
The sap feeds roots for winter's sleep in the meadow.  
Grass frosts around the shivering trees,  
The plants will die of winter's freeze.

Orange, red, yellow and green,  
All of the colours that can be seen.  
October tells animals to go into hibernation,  
To protect them from the cold and cruel starvation.