

June Will Bring Rain

This story starts with a fortune cookie, a strange fortune cookie indeed. A fortune cookie with the words, 'June will bring rain.' This fortune cookie was given to a little eight year old girl by a young, male waiter with a sparkle in his eye.

FOUR YEARS LATER

"Takeout tonight!" Mrs. Mahn called up the stairs in hopes that all three kids of hers would hear. It had been a long day at work for Mrs. Mahn, and the last thing she wanted to do was cook dinner. First to come crashing out of her room and down the stairs was June, the twelve year old middle child. Her blonde, waist length hair was flying far behind her. Takeout was her favourite, ever since her little 'incident' four years ago.

The family had been out for dinner at June's older brothers favourite chinese restaurant, and at the time June hated chinese food. But that night, something changed. After she finished eating nothing but sweet and sour pork the waiter had brought an array of fortune cookies out on a plate. I believe 'choose wisely,' were his exact words. June picked the one right in the center, and as she cracked it open, out fell a slip of paper. The waiter suddenly got a sparkle in his eye and said, 'good luck little one,' before slinking away. The paper read 'June will bring rain,' and for some reason, June kept it. It was a moment she would never forget.

Soon enough the food arrived. June flew to the door, and opened it up wide. She quickly stumbled backwards. She didn't expect to see this. It was the waiter. The sparkly eyed waiter. The waiter who wished her good luck four years ago. It still puzzled June what he meant by good

luck. She quickly dug through her hoodie pockets, looking for the fortune. It wasn't there. She had to show him.

"Well...here's the food," he sounded puzzled at why June hadn't said anything.

"Oh...right," she replied, and handed him the money.

"Okay, well have a good night!" he exclaimed quickly, then started walking away.

"Wait!" she exclaimed. June needed to show him the piece of paper.

"Yes? Is there a problem?" he asked.

"Um, not exactly...could you...come in for a moment?"

"I'm not sure I can. I have other deliveries," he replied flatly and briefly.

"Please? It'll only be a moment!" June begged. Suddenly his eyes lit up with the same sparkle as she remembered.

"You're...you're June Mahn! I remember you! You have that fortune cookie don't you!" he blurted excitedly. Then his face darkened, "I can't help you." He turned back around and no matter how many times June called for him to wait he wouldn't answer. Eventually he drove off into the dark, winter night.

"What was that about?" the oldest sibling, Kyle asked, clearly confused. He was standing behind June with his arms crossed.

"Nothing," June replied in a flat tone. She swiftly brushed past him, heading for the kitchen. The rest of the family sat around the already set dinner table, waiting for June to put the food down.

Later that night June was downstairs watching television alone.

"What were you doing with the waiter?" Kyle asked sounding angry.

“None of your business.”

“Tell me.”

“No.”

“Why were you digging through your pockets?”

“You’re not going to go away, are you?” June sighed.

“Not until you tell me what’s going on.”

So June quickly explained about the fortune cookie and the waiter. She finished off with,

“Now stay out of it.”

Kyle sighed and agreed, then jogged back up the stairs. But June couldn’t get comfortable again, knowing that Kyle knew. And she wasn’t sure if she had made the right choice to tell him.

The End

Chipmunk's Mistake

by Rachel Mayrhofer
Grade 6
Arthur Hatton Elementary

One day Chipmunk and Squirrel were having a pleasant conversation when suddenly the doorbell rang. "Delivery for Squirrel Pinenut," said the mailman. Squirrel raced to the door to collect the letter.

"Hooray!" said Squirrel. "I've been invited to Rabbit's birthday celebration!" Chipmunk was feeling left out because he was just as close to Rabbit as Squirrel was but hadn't been invited. Squirrel proudly placed the birthday invitation on the mantlepiece then went into the kitchen. While Squirrel was in the kitchen Chipmunk expressed his anger by shredding the invitation into four quarters and threw them out the window.

A few minutes later Owl walked in with a letter in her hand. She too had been invited to Rabbit's party. She then announced that she had found a letter in the mailbox addressed to Chipmunk! Chipmunk immediately tore open the envelope and, to his surprise, he had after all been invited to Rabbit's birthday!

Chipmunk realized he had made a terrible mistake. He had ripped up Squirrel's invitation because he thought he hadn't been invited, which is a terrible thing to do. He then asked Owl if she had seen four pieces of paper. "I've just seen four tidy little mice carry them away. I suspect they're going to use them for their nests," she said.

"OH NO!" said Chipmunk.

"What's wrong?" asked Owl.

"No time to explain!" Chipmunk told Owl while he rushed out the door.

Chipmunk raced down the steps, ran through the prickly path, slid down the slippery

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mudslide, until he came up to the Mouse home in the old oak tree. He knocked on the door and heard four mousey voices from inside call out, "Hello?"

"May I please have the four pieces of paper you have?" Chipmunk asked.

"We don't want to give them back. We need this paper for our nests," they said. Just then Chipmunk remembered he had a big, round block of cheese.

"Wait here. I'll be right back!" Chipmunk told the mice. He climbed back up the mudslide, ran through the prickly path, and raced up the steps to his home. Chipmunk rushed through the door, heading straight to the kitchen. Squirrel asked him what was wrong. "No time to explain," Chipmunk said. He got out the big block of cheese, cut it into two halves, then into four quarters. He put the four quarters of cheese into a bag then went back to the mouse home.

Back at the big oak tree Chipmunk asked the mice if they would trade in the four pieces of the invitation for the four quarters of cheese and they said yes. When Chipmunk finally got home again he was exhausted and dirty and his shirt was torn! Squirrel and Owl were wondering what had happened to him.

Chipmunk explained all about him ripping up the invitation, all about the mice, and how he had to go through the prickly path and the mud to get to the mouse home. Squirrel and Owl were very disappointed in Chipmunk, but they were glad that he made everything right again.

After Squirrel and Owl worked together to clean up Chipmunk, they offered him some

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iced tea to rehydrate him and he drank it very quickly. Once Chipmunk was cleaned up, he apologized to Squirrel and then they all went to Rabbit's birthday party and had a great time together.

The End

You might have heard the scream, it was almost deafening. It sounded like a child being taken away from her parents- but oh wait, that was the reality.

Lisa Olsworth was shaken awake by her mother's soft hands, and was taken into the cold night air, where she was put into a much older woman's wrinkly arms. There was a pause, and then she heard it.

"Make sure she is safe, please don't give her to anyone else."

"What, like you?" the old woman said, in an *I told you so* voice.

"That's not fair, you know why I'm giving her to you, Mother."

"Why? Because you have to..." Bang!

The flash illuminated the sky like 1000 flashlights in a small dark cave. It wasn't a cave though, it was a bomb.

"Run! Run! Take her far away!" Lisa's mother yelled.

They got into a car and drove away. About twenty-five minutes later, the car thudded to a stop, and they were pulled from the car by Murros.

The Murros are the alien soldiers on Mars. In 2310 everyone had to evacuate Earth and move to Mars because of an apocalypse. But there was never peace after the move. When everyone got to Mars, there was a huge war and now it is 2320, and war is still ongoing.

Lisa Olsworth is five, and the only world she's known is Mars, but her parents once lived on Earth. Well, actually they're the ones who caused the apocalypse.

Kathleen Moore
RL Clemitson Elementary
GR. 6
Title: Plan Uranus Activated

She started to think. *This can't be right. They can defend themselves, they must be alive, this is probably just a hoax. I have to keep looking even if they are dead, I have to try.* Lisa wiped away the tears and stood up.

She walked outside and suddenly everything went dark. Lisa flew back, and hit the ground...hard. She heard ringing in her ears, and then she knew what happened.

There was an explosion. The war wasn't over, and all she knew was she needed to get out of there. Lisa ran faster than she had ever before, then she tripped and face planted into the gravel. Her face was cut up, and bruised. She sat up. *This is pointless, I'll never find them at this rate,* she thought to herself.

Lisa decided to just go knock on random doors, at every house getting the same answer, "I thought they were dead."

But at one house there were two guards standing outside the door, they didn't have the same response.

They said "Who are you?"

"I'm Lisa Olsworth, their daughter. Do you know if they are dead or alive?"

"They are dead," the tallest guard responded.

There was noise coming from inside. Two voices, a deep voice and a soft beautiful voice.

"Who's that?" Lisa asked.

Before he could respond the door opened, and the man at the door asked me my name.

"Lisa Olsworth."

Kathleen Moore
RL Clemitson Elementary
GR. 6
Title: Plan Uranus Activated

He turned around and started to whisper something quietly to the woman, then they both turned back to me and started to smile.

“We’ve been waiting for you. We knew you would come find us eventually. We’re your parents.”

After that none of them said anything. Lisa just jumped into her mom and dad's arms and started crying.

They all hugged for what felt like a millennium until Lisa stepped back and said, “Please don’t leave me again. Now, can we go on a family trip to Uranus?”

The End

Izabelle Morin
Grade 6
Barriere elementary school

Anti bully

When you are walking proud
Don't let anyone throw you down
When you're on stage
Don't let people's words make you rage
Don't think meaningless think confidence
Make someone else feels unique like they are a friend
And don't be a bully or you'll be a bully to the end

Izabelle Morin
Grade 6
Barriere elementary school

Trust

When you try some thing be yourself don't give up don't rely on someone else
Because when you believe
You will keep trying to exceed
But don't reinvent the wheel
My poem is to be true to people
And don't lie
Or wave trust goodbye

A day in 2406

I rolled over and stretched.

The screen across from my bed flickered to life and a scene of a tropical island came to life before my eyes. It was a video that I requested to see every morning.

Now that I lived in the city, I never went to the beaches any more.

A loud female voice filled my room, "Good morning Shellie, what may I get you for breakfast?" it asked.

"Bacon and eggs please" I said. "Coming right up", the voice replied.

My Multi Plus wallpaper shimmered in pale yellows and greens, illuminating my room with a faint glow.

I rolled out of bed touched my toes and reached up to touch the sky. I rolled my neck and it popped. I walked to my door, which slid open with a "swoosh" sound that I had programmed in.

That sound always reminded me of the stories Mom told me about when she was a kid.

I don't know why they fascinated me so much.

Mason Halls still hadn't won for the Green Party and mom always says the world was pretty screwed.

Sophia Pankratz
Grade 6
Lloyd George Elementary
A day in 2406

I can't imagine that everyone had to wear masks and couldn't drink water safely unless they put oxy powder in it.

I padded down the silent hall and stood on the stairs which carried me down to our main floor. My bacon and eggs steamed on the table next to my Mom's toast and jam. Dad wasn't there, which meant he probably was already at work.

My dad worked at Sedo Green Oil, a factory which made Petol Oil. He loved his job and I thought it was pretty cool too.

I mean Petol Oil saved the environment by saving our air from becoming polluted. I heard Mom on the stairs and sat down on a stool.

My mother came into view standing on the stairs.

"Good morning" she said.

My Mom was of medium height with brown hair and eyes. She came and sat down beside me.

"Have a good sleep?" she asked.

"Yeah, it was OK", I answered.

We continued eating our breakfast.

"Turn on the news please" Mom said.

The familiar voice of Julia Anderson filled the room. I half listened, eating my bacon quickly and then getting ready for my school day.

Basically, I gathered there was a guy trying to build a spaceship in his basement, one of the old ones with rockets and everything, and a terrorist attack in Chile.

Finally, I grabbed my packed school bag and left the house, calling a quick "see you later" to my Mom and stepping out onto the sidewalk.

Halls Cars whizzed along carrying passengers to their destinations. I waved one down and the door opened.

I threw my bag into the seat, clambered in after it, and settled into the faux-leather interior.

"Where would you like to go?" asked a voice.

"Madison Academy please", I said sitting back.

"Yes miss", said the robot; and the car pulled into the busy streets.

I looked out the window and watched the pedestrians walking by or riding on the moving carpet. Soon I arrived at my school, Madison academy.

It was a large steel and glass building, built in a figure 8 with a courtyard in one loop of the "8". and the Overdrive Library in the other loop.

The Halls Car stopped and the door popped open.

I stepped out onto the sidewalk and ordered the Halls Car to depart. I walked up to the big glass double doors, and entered my school.

The halls were crowded and I had to push through the throng to get to my classroom. I entered and walked to my table. I opened my bag and took out my Scopad.

It was a new model, as most of my friends only had a iPad 17. I plugged it into my desk and it came to life.

"Hey Shellie", said a girl's voice standing behind me. I turned around and saw my best friend Rachel standing behind my desk.

"Hi Rach", I said smiling at her, "You good?" she asked.

"Yes, how about you?", "I'm good thanks" she responded.

Just then the bell rang to tell us to go to our seats. My teacher, Ms.Wright, entered the room. The morning went as usual.

We did math problems on our pads and practiced writing with a pencil. I never got why we had to learn how to do it. I mean when were we ever going to need it, but it was in the curriculum.

We had a quick break at 10:30 to eat something in the courtyard, or just talk and hang around.

Next we had geography. Rachel and I were partners and worked on a big screen, researching for our project on a foreign country.

We were doing it on Syria, as it had a interesting history, turning from a third world country into the first world country it was today.

We researched with the Internet and the Overdrive Library.

Soon it was lunch. I ate at a picnic table with Rachel, Sophie, and Sara. My house made good lunches, today it was spaghetti with cream, ham and pea sauce. After lunch I went back to my classroom for my next lesson.

"Did you have a good lunch?", asked Ms.Wright. There was a general agreement from my class of 14 kids.

"Today we are starting something new" she announced.

"We are going to write a piece about what we think the future might be like" she said. "Then we will enter them in a contest".

"What contest?", asked Mike Hill.

"it's called Young Authors" she said.

I thought about what I would write. What would the future hold? Would it be good or bad? Would we self destruct? Over populate? I decided we humans were good at heart, no matter how many wars we would survive. And so when I began my writing I knew my piece would be great.

A.E. Perry

By: Mataya Patterson grade 6

A Texting Disaster

Sometime about last week my friend Turtle and I were hanging out with each other. Like every tween girl we were gossiping and talking about boys. We had to start some kind of drama if you know what I am saying. But the drama I started felt like it was the death of me. The friendship that I had between me and one of my friends RussleBerry would be over for like five mins. She would get so mad at me I don't know about mad more like upset. Just because of this one simple word that was sent hey, I got a instant reply. I got scared but, Turtles told me to answer to his question. He asked who was i told him i was gigley twinkle toes. He was like da heck I told him I was just kidding and my name was Mataya. Immediately Jacob asked " How did you get my number and, how old are you?" I was to scared to tell him that I was browsing my instagram feed and his number popped up on my screen but, I told him anyways I also told him that I was 12. I started to make him feel weirded out because of the stuff i was saying. RussleBerry found out and got really mad at me a and she was all like "girl why you do dat."So she told me I should act normal and set things straight between me and Jacob. I was to scared that he would block me so I set things straight between me and Jacob. Now we good, we gucci but we haven't talked since wich makes me feel so weird for keeping his phone number.

I Wish It Were a Joke

Lolita Persad

Grade 6

St Ann's Academy

I was twelve and thought it was a joke. It was April 1st so when I heard the news (in the very crowded car) that houses were being washed off into the ocean, I laughed a little too much for everyone's liking. But you can't blame me. I come from a family of six, and we love a good laugh. Then I put down the window and kind of took back my laugh.

The blistering wind screamed and howled at me. I immediately put up the window and fell back panting like I had just finished a formidable thirty kilometre marathon. All my younger siblings laughed at me and stuck their tongues out. "Such immature little beings," I grumbled to no one but myself. I guess it wasn't just for me to hear though. I hoped Mom would give them a punishment for being so . . . annoying! My mom doesn't want me to even think that word because she believes it's unnecessary. Nevertheless, it felt so good just to think it (Sorry Mom, sometimes it's necessary).

Aside from my annoying siblings, I began to think and the more I thought, the more worried I got. Houses off into the ocean! That is preposterous, ridiculous, insane! Anything and everything you want to call it! But it *is* possible. We do live close to water. I mean, come on, we live in Vancouver - we are surrounded by an ocean! So I figured the soon-to-be disaster had to be a tsunami. But my dad says that there hasn't been a tsunami on the West Coast in about 400 years. According to Mom and Dad, a small tsunami only lasts for a few hours and they're pretty sure that's what type tsunami we'll have - if we have one. I asked them what they meant by 'if we have one' and they explained to me that some tsunamis are false.

I Wish It Were a Joke

Lolita Persad

Grade 6

St Ann's Academy

After the drive (that seemed to take hours but only took minutes), I had a quick shower that I hoped would wash away my worry. It did not. The fact that mom said that we would leave to my grandma and grandpa's house in the morning made me feel worse. My grandparents live in the U.S., but I forget which state they live in. One thing I admit I was excited about was my grandpa's candy stash. He keeps it away from my grandma, which is a wise idea because she is a bigger candy lover than he is!

I woke up at 5:00 a.m. because Mom said we had to get a move on. My stomach turned and did a backflip. I felt sick. I forgot about the maybe-tsunami (new nickname) while I slept but it wasn't long enough. I wasn't ready to leave my home and give it up like that. I whined to Mom and said innocently, "I feel sick. Do we have to travel today?"

She replied, "There are bags in the car and I'm not going to stay another day and take the risk of losing you." She kissed me on my forehead and rushed out of the room.

We did end up traveling that day. I relented. I don't have much of a say in anything. While we were driving, we turned on the radio news to get an update on the tsunami. We heard a reporter talk about the weather, but I couldn't understand a word he was saying. Everything that I felt, heard, and saw was times fifty. Dad said this was just the beginning of the tsunami and when the streets were flooded, we'd be begging God to make the water go away. Mom said that all we could do was pray for the people who had lost their homes. Of course my siblings started wailing after hearing how bad everything was. "Stop the waterworks," I complained. "You're a bunch of babies."

I Wish It Were a Joke

Lolita Persad

Grade 6

St Ann's Academy

"Rachel Josephine Irene Carroll!" my mother yelled. "Apologize to your siblings now!" It looked like my mom had finished a 75 kilometer marathon. She was 1 millimetre away from breathing fire. She literally scared me.

"Sorry!" I cried, frightened by my own mother. Hmmm, I guess that is normal.

Before I knew it we were at the halfway mark of our trip. Suddenly the radio almost blasted itself out of the car: "Everyone in Vancouver should evacuate immediately!"

My parents glanced at each other. "Thank goodness we're not there."

I cried, "My home will be gone!"

We stopped to get some gas and to calm me down. "Rachel, it's okay," my mother cooed. "Think about the people who can't evacuate. They may not survive."

Through tears I said, "You have a point but all our stuff is there. What will we do?"

"I don't know sweetie. I don't know."

We continued our trip just like nothing had happened. Dad put on his favourite music that I had memorized because of how many times I had to listen to it. Mom went back to hand sewing anything that needed to be hand sewn. Everything was normal except me. I was a mess. My hands were shaking, my heart was throbbing, and I was still sniffing because if you start crying you just can't stop. I felt like my siblings didn't get it; but they are only 3, 4, and 5 year olds. I don't think I've ever looked this bad in front of my siblings. I mean I have always had a smile that shone brighter than the sun; at least that's what Mom says.

After we had arrived, we put on our pyjamas and went to sleep - everyone except me. I decided to get the latest news of the storm. My hand moved through my bag until it found my

I Wish It Were a Joke

Lolita Persad

Grade 6

St Ann's Academy

iPad and headphones. I plugged in my headphones, turned the volume on low, and began to listen.

"We now go live to Christie Williams who will update us on this overwhelming news story."

"Thank you. Yes we have some astonishing news about the Vancouver tsunami. It is false. I repeat. The tsunami is false. The tsunami must have died down just before reaching our borders. Do expect some rain over the next few days though."

"Wow! That is amazing, Christie. So our listeners shouldn't worry. There is no more tsunami!" I let out a big sigh of relief and fell asleep before I knew it.

I woke up at around 8:30 because my grandma was listening to the radio like she does every morning. I sleepily managed to mumble, "Good morning Grandma," with a huge yawn. My mom and dad were sitting at the table with cups of coffee discussing something. As I stumbled over, they instantly stopped talking. "Mom, Dad," I gushed, "the tsunami warning is over!"

"Woah! Calm down sweetie," my dad replied.

"Okay" I said. "But I was listening to the news last night and they said the tsunami never developed . . ."

"That's good news" my mom interrupted. "But we've got some bad weather too."

Before she could explain, an urgent voice on my grandma's radio called out: "Everyone who lives in Salt Lake City, Utah should find shelter immediately. We are expecting a tornado within minutes."

"Oh no!" I gasped. "We're in Salt Lake City!" I didn't dare look outside.

Blue Fate

Grade 6 Lesley Pinksen

Raft River Elementary

"Sans? What are you doing lying around!?" Papyrus yelled at his lazy brother. "What is it Papyrus?" Sans asked just waking up. "You are supposed to be at your station!" Papyrus yelled at Sans again. "So I'm supposed to be STATIONary?!" Sans said laughing, "OH MY GOD SANS!?" Papyrus yelled with an angry expression on his face. "Yep you uh.....Pap....look Behi....OH GOD.....RUN!!!!!" Sans said pulling Papyrus "WOAH SANS SLOW DOWN!!!!" Papyrus yelled while being pulled behind Sans. "Pap run, this human has a knife,I'll keep them busy." Sans muttered, his left eye glowing blue. "Ok I'll call Alphys to evacuate everyone and Undyne to help you." Papyrus said running off to Undyne. "So Chara what do you want?" Sans asked looking Chara in the eyes. "To kill everyone inside Frisk's body so she can disappear and I can destroy EVERYTHING!" Chara said laughing. "Won't happen pip-squeak." Sans said using his Gaster Blaster. "Yeah punk!", Undyne said throwing one of her spears into the blast of the Gaster Blaster. "Pap told me Sans. I'll back you up." Undyne told Sans with an angry expression on her face. "Ok you ready Undyne?", Sans asked Undyne "Ready. Hey punk we'll dunk you so hard you won't come back!", Undyne feeling so confident in herself and in Sans "HAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!"

Sans and Undyne yelled in sync. Both attacking at the same time. "AGHHHHH YOU FOOLS, YOU'RE DESTROYING FRISK ALONG WITH ME!!!!" Chara Screaming while lying to Sans and Undyne. "No we aren't,you are,you little monster." Sans said while Undyne keeps throwing her spears. "I'll help too!!!" An unfamiliar voice said using a Gaster Blaster as well. "Huh? Pa....no you're not Papyrus you're as tall as him though....." Sans said using his special attack. "Well pip-squeak,we need the help thanks." Still using his special attack Undyne threw a spear right at Chara's soul freeing Frisk at the same time. "FRISK!!!!!!!!!" The trio said in unison. Saying nothing,Frisk in hand gestures says "Thank you for freeing Skelly and I from Chara

Blue Fate

Grade 6 Lesley Pinksen

Raft River Elementary

and Flowey." Sans called Alphys to let her know everyone can come back. "Wait Skelly, as in our sister Skelly?" Sans patiently asked Frisk. "Yes the hooded figure was Skelly. Only Flowey was using her and she isn't as tall as you thought." Frisk said in hand gestures. "S-Sans? I-Is that you?" A young voice asked pulling down her hood. "SKELLY!!" Sans and Papyrus yelled at once and hugged her. "SANS! PAPS! IT'S REALLY YOU!!!!!" Skelly said crying. From that day on Sans and Skelly were telling bad jokes. And Skelly and Papyrus were making Spaghetti. And they lived together as a big happy family! The End

Character Guide

Papyrus (Pap-Iris) The funny younger brother of Sans. He likes spaghetti.

Sans (Sans) The lazy older brother of Papyrus. His favourite food is ketchup.

Chara (Char-a) A relentless killer. She will kill everyone in her way.

Undyne (Un-Dyne) A spear throwing fish. She will protect the ones she cares for.

Frisk (F-risk) The ever silent child. She like Butterscotch pie.

Skelly (Sk-elly) The middle sibling of Sans and Papyrus. She's so confident.

Alphys (Al-Fis) The uncomfortable scientist. She is super confident in Frisk.

Up there, in the pastel painted sky lies a story. A story so strong and powerful. One full of belief and will. A story which should be treasured. Because up there lies guidance. Up there lies hope.

An eight-year old boy sobs alone, freezing as the gust of winter icewind pounces. His teeth chatters a tune against the falling snow and identical green trees loom all around him. He was alone, in the darkest depths of the forest. No one was there to tell him 'it was okay' but instead the whisper of his hungry stomach was the only thing that spoke. He glanced up and saw the twilight of the milk-pink sky disintegrate as the wave of night dark-blue flooded in. Eerie shrieks of owls echoed throughout the moonlit forest, and now he was afraid, terrified, scared, as outbreaks of tears soaked his clothing and the pain of leaning up against the tree was numb. He was lost., hungry, cold, apprehensive and most of all, alone. He curled up closer to the trunk of the oak tree and he knew that the only thing he could do right now was close his eyes and sleep and await for a plan to come tomorrow. His body flinched as the cold wind hit him once again and the thoughts of wandering deeper and deeper into the forests' thick branches replayed throughout his mind. He had gotten himself lost and here he is now, being consumed by sleep until everything was dark.

In the morning he awoke to a grey ugly sky, sprinkling snowflakes and a misted path ahead of him. He stretched as another spasm of hunger hit his belly like someone punched his gut and groaned loudly as he pulled himself up from the forests snowy floor. Through narrowed, eyes he looked at his surroundings; teemingr wildlife was nowhere to be seen and the only thing that stood in his way was the grey blinding fog and the rows and rows of trees ahead. More tears ran down his face, and without the presence of his reassuring mom, he was desperate. But he had to try, that was his only chance. So,

using his knowledge of the times he went camping in here with his father, he trekked on through the blinding fog and twisted and turned around every tree. About forty-five minutes went by and his stomach screeched out wails, forcing him to stop. Now, snowflakes hurled against his face like a blizzard and tears of the icecold air touched his watering eyes. He had to stop. He could do no more. He would die if he kept this up. No... he had to keep going. But once when he took one step forward, another spasm hit him and there he was, clutching his stomach. He was despairing hungry and no animal was around for him to eat. All hope was lost to him as he sat down behind a rock that protected him from the angry snow and buried his face into his black gloves. There he sat, truly alone and scared as he prayed and prayed through whispers. There was no point, no one was listening and he would freeze to death surely.

Footsteps sounded ahead. About four hours of his face buried deep in his gloves went by and for the first time, he looked up. The sun was setting once again, casting its shadows among the trees. Still, the fog hadn't cleared but had become more intense. Someone was there, watching him and at that moment, he felt hope.

"Hello?" he called out in the thick mist.

No reply.

Everything fell eerily silent once again and the small spark of hope disappeared, being replaced by anguish. Alone once again. *Snow* went a twig. Looking up, he squinted his eyes, peering deeper into the mist and could make out an outline of something moving. Although he could barely move from the frost that soaked into his skin, he got up with all his might and called out, "Hello! Can you help me?"

Just then, a huge white shimmering wolf stepped out of the mysterious moisture and stared at him with stern blue eyes. The stars that now were dazzled in the sky reflected in the wolf's eyes and its hide sparkled a transparent white, a white which you could see through but still see the figure of the wolf. It was beautiful, not like any other wolves he had seen. Still dazed by what he had seen, the wolf stepped back into the fog until it engulfed its tail tip.

"W-wait!" the boy stammered as he raced after the creature.

As much as it hurt, he kept running. He needed to know who or what that was. Working his way through the thick trees, he came to an opening, and stopped to take a breath.

"I lost you..." he said in a sad tone.

But, out of the corner of his eye, he caught movement. The wolf. Racing after it he felt a surge of hope. It raced ahead him a couple tail lengths and then suddenly disappeared. Once again, he came to a screeching halt.

"Where'd you g-" he stopped mid-sentence only to see his house, a warm cozy house that casted out a yellow-orange light across the snow in front of him.

"I'm home! You led me home..." he whispered as he looked up at the sky.

"Thank you, wolf..."

Although he could not see it, he felt it there... The wolf deep within his heart.

I remember you, wolf. Your glowing white hide and your blue shining eyes. I remember you came to me when I was surely to die. For if it wasn't for you, I wouldn't be here today. I'll always believe in you because, wolf.. wherever you lie, there's always guidance. Wolf... wherever you lie, there'll always be hope.

Fallen

Yelp! Mother-dog ran over to find little Scamper pushed out of the pup-huddle and covered in snow. She picked him up and set him back in the huddle. "Poor little runt," she murmured under her breath before settling back to sleep. Scamper tried to move further into the pup-huddle but instead got kicked backwards by his squirming siblings. Mother-dog was awakened by another yelp just as Scamper slid off a ledge near the den. The last thing he heard was mother-dog howling in sorrow as he fell down, down, down...

Scamper awoke with a yelp and slowly became aware of his surroundings. He shivered just from the thought of his dream. Feeling something cold, he assumed he had gotten pushed away from his siblings. Then he heard it. The howl. Instantly, he recognized it as mother-dog's. He had heard it many times before but this time it sounded different. It sounded sad, mournful even. Then the thought hit him. Could the dream not be a dream after all? If so, how was he still alive? Slowly, he remembered more details from the dream and he shivered *it did happen* he thought. Then he realized he had to find shelter or he would freeze. Slowly, he pawed his way blindly through the snow hoping to find a nook or cranny to spend the night in. Suddenly, the ground beneath Scamper fell away revealing a deep gash in the earth! Luckily, one of Scamper's miniscule paws hooked onto the crumbling earth just as he fell into the seemingly endless gap. The shock of almost falling to his doom forced his eyes open early and his first sight was a chunk of ice and snow with a tiny paw clinging to it. Within a few seconds he realized it was his own. Then with a sudden burst of strength he heaved himself out of the pit and onto the snow, then everything went black...

Life & Death
Promise, Gr.6,
Dallas Elementary

Life

Loud, Colourful

Breathing, Laughing, Accelerating

Sunny, Bright, Darkness, Lifeless

decaying, Saddening, Depressing

Silence, Cold

Death

Love Haiku
Promise, Gr.6
Dallas Elementary

Love
Love, love is your soul
Weakens, Rots though it's magic
Love is the best gift

Death Haiku

Promise, Gr. 6

Dallas Elementary

Death

Death, your true escape

Cold and silence are your comfort

Hell will be your home

Winter Haiku

Promise, Gr.6

Dallas Elementary



Winter

snow falls around you

no sunshine shall hit your face

But it's beautiful

Imagine a place

By Emilie-Mae Quesnel March 8th 2016

Do this in Elementary, Gr. 6

Imagine a place where everyone is always happy and smiling. Imagine a place where the flowers smell like heaven and grow in meadows for miles. Imagine a place where there's no laws bad people and imagination is never too old for anyone. Imagine a place where anything is possible!

This place is a fantasy land. Chocolate castles are ruled by the princess and the prince of this fair land and they treat their subjects as their best friends. Unicorns and pegasi are friends and apple trees grow by the river owned by the mermaid. The mermaid was very beautiful. When she would jump out of the water her tail would sparkle like a diamond held up to the moonlight in the night sky. Minions would always hang out with the sour patch kids.

One time in this land all the unicorns, pegasi, minions, sour patch kids and the prince and princess saw a large shadowy figure in the far away part of their land. As this figure got closer it got bigger and bigger and bigger! As it got even closer, they saw that it was a monster! They were all in shock, but the princess noticed something weird about this monster, she noticed that the monster looked sad.

Once the prince was out of shock he commanded to get all the fighting gear they had so he could heroically fight off this monster. The princess tried to tell the prince to stop as she said, "stop this monster means no harm to our land and looks sad

Imagine a place

not viscous and mad “.The prince yelled to the princess, “stop’. Girls don't know anything about monsters and they don't have feelings. You have no right telling me how to do my job, so go paint your nails or something girly like that.”

As the prince finished his sentence it made the princess feel really unpowerful, but she knew that she could do anything princess or not. So, as the prince yelled CHARGE, the princess yelled STOP and everyone was in shock. The prince told her in a firm voice to come back and the princess did not even look.

The princess approached the monster that was crying and in fear. The princess in a loud nervous voice said, “are you okay” and the monster replied back in a fear filled voice,“ all I want is someone to play with, but because everyone thinks i'm big and scary no one wants to play with me.” The prince realized that girls could do the same things guys could do, but in this case he also realized that she helped the monster and her land without hurting it or the subjects in the land.

After the prince apologised to the princess for saying that girls could not do anything helpful or worthy he apologised to the monster for scaring him. After all the apologies were done he and the princess asked the monster if he wanted to play and he of course said yes.

Imagine a place

In the end the princess learned that she could do anything and that words do not state what people can or cannot do. The prince learned to always use kind words and they all lived happily ever after and so did the monster!

Spring Break

****RING!****

You would think when it's time for a vacation, everybody is running to the door, screaming, and you drop your books and everyone stomps on them, like the movies. Well if you are a real person, you would know that doesn't happen. In reality, everyone is cleaning out their lockers and opening report cards. It's only spring break, but still a much needed holiday.

"Mom, I'm home," I called down the hallway.

"Hi Cassie, in here," my mom called from the kitchen. I walked down the hallway past a picture of my dad. I still miss him sometimes.

"Hi honey, how was your last day of school? Let me see your report card," I hand her the brown envelope. "straight A's, good job! We'll have to go get ice cream later for that! I'm so proud of you!" I am always really proud of my grades, but school isn't that challenging to me. One time when I was sick, I did 3 days of homework in an hour and a half.

"I'm gonna go finish packing a few things, then we can go. I should be done by 3:30." I told mom. I run up the stairs to my bedroom past a picture of some ancient egyptian thing. My dad devoted most of his life looking for some ancient egyptian stolen artifacts. I always tried to get it, but it wasn't my thing. I do know he was looking for some golden bracelets, 38 in all, that went missing in around 1975. I finished packing for my Spring Break "Vacation," or, trip to grandma and grandpa's house, and headed downstairs.

" Let's go get ice cream and we'll be on our way!" Said my mom cheerily. We loaded my suitcase in the car and I climbed in the front seat. When we arrived I rang the doorbell.

" Hi Cassie! I'm so glad you're here! Come in, come in," said my grandma.

" Hello Cassie." Said grandpa from his rocking chair.

about a metre deep, and I hit something hard, but it sounded hollow. I bent down on my knees and started brushing the dirt off the big object. I had to dig around it with my shovel a bit more but finally pulled it out of the ground. I could not believe my eyes. Before me sat a beautiful treasure chest, made of wood and bits of metal. underneath the dirt, I could see carvings in the wood, but could not make out what they were. No, it couldn't be. Not what I think it is. I unfastened the metal buckle holding the contents from the human eye, and I fainted. What did you expect? You would do the same if you found out you're dad died looking for these stupid bracelets, and the whole time they were in his childhood backyard.

Samarah-lee

The Door

Juniper Ridge Elementary

March 14 6/6

CHAPTER 1

Th Door

"Come on!" Lexie cried, "I need to show you something!" Lexie Jones is 12 years old and the third oldest of six. She has short red, curly hair, shiny blue eyes, and lots of freckles. "I'm coming!" John called. John Jones is the second oldest (by three minutes) is 12 and also has short red hair, but his eyes are green, and he doesn't have as many freckles. Once they got close to what Lexie wanted to show him, she told him to close his eyes. "No peeking" she warned him "ok...you can open them." As soon as he opened his eyes he was in shock to find himself standing in front of a big weeping willow tree. She brought him through it and then he saw it a big old wooden door with a golden knocker and light green ivy circling around the edge of it. "Where does it go?" asked John. "That's the thing..." Lexie said with a smile full of wonder, "I don't know." John looked at her with a look of confusion "What do you mean you don't know!?" "Take a look!" She said well opening the door. And once she opened it all he could see was just white. It looked just like smooth, soft, clear paper untouched. "What is that?" Asked John. "I told you, I don't know!?" yelled Lexie. "Well it has to be something, right?" John said that with such an unsure voice that he himself feared the answer of that one question. "Maybe we should find out" said Lexie in a mischievous voice. And before he knew it Lexie dived straight through the open door! "What is she thinking!" John thought to himself. As he slowly stepped in front of the door and peered into the white, empty space he dreaded that he will see his sister falling deep into nothing. But instead all he saw was his sister standing in the middle of the white space looking around. "What are you doing!" He yelled. "You don't have to yell" she said, "I'm not that far away!", "Ok ok, anyway what are you doing?" He asked. "I'm just seeing if there is any... wait!" And that's when she noticed that there was something floating in mid-air just a few meters away.

CHAPTER 2

The Door

John wondered what could be in there other than just his sister? "What is it?" Asked John. He tried to look in but was too afraid to go in he was too worried that he will fall into nothingness, even though he clearly saw Lexie standing and walking around. "It looks kind of like," she paused and walks just out of his sight off to the left, then he heard her yell, "it's a book!" She picked it up, then slowly brought it over to her brother and climbed out of "the space". Once she was out of "the space" she handed him the book. It was an old leather cover book with handwritten words on it that said, "To open this book is to write your own story." "What do you

Egyptian Underworld

by Tayler Sanford
Grade Six
Arthur Hatton Elementary

Once upon a time there were two girls about the age of twelve. One was named Gracie and the other was named Tayler. They both had hair the colour of chocolate. The girls were playing in the front yard when the mail came. It was 9:00 pm and the mail was not supposed to come until tomorrow. They were also surprised that it was not delivered by a mailman, but by a hooded figure. This hooded figure put the mail on the grass and disappeared!

Gracie picked up the letter and it was not in English! It was written in hieroglyphics. They went into the house to try to figure out the hieroglyphics. Gracie typed it into the computer and it was declined! They were shocked to see that it was declined. Nothing had ever been declined from the computer! They then started to become suspicious. Who was the hooded one and why did they bring the letter? The girls were shocked and confused at the same time. What did the letter mean? Why did they get it?

They hung the letter up on the wall. The years passed. The two girls were old enough to drive now and then they remembered the letter. Gracie had an idea. "We should go to Egypt to figure out the hieroglyphics! Tayler thought that was a great idea! The girls dug out all their money and bought two plane tickets for the next flight to Egypt. On the plane the girls thought about what they would do when they got to Egypt. They figured they would just go to the visitor's information centre and learn which pyramid was the one they needed. They were pretty sure they needed to go to the pyramids at Giza.

Egyptian Underworld

by Tayler Sanford
Grade Six
Arthur Hatton Elementary

A few hours later in Egypt, the girls arrived at Giza. There were three pyramids, but which one was the right pyramid? The girls went to the middle pyramid. They walked to the side of the pyramid and stopped. Two large statues made of sand were standing at the edge of the pyramid. As she took a step forward something grabbed Gracie's foot and dragged her into the pyramid. Tayler took the step of faith, but nothing happened. Relieved, she took one more step and suddenly she was pulled into the dark depths of the pyramid. Hair blowing in the wind, she suddenly dropped. She then passed out. When she woke up her friend Gracie was on the dusty sand floor. The girls both got up and looked around. They saw ... nothing. It was pitch black except for a few torches in the distance.

They walked a little farther into the pyramid. Gracie took a torch off the wall for light. As they took one more step they fell again, and they fell and fell until they finally saw ground and fell face first. When they got up off the ground they were in a tomb! They looked around and saw a sarcophagus made of gold. They walked to it and lifted the lid off and ... poof! A big shiny glowing circle appeared and the girls were sucked in. The two of them fell onto soft green grass. The girls were confused. Where did the grass come from? They looked up and saw a big cave. "Should we go in?" asked Tayler.

"Well, it's crazy but let's do it!" Gracie replied. They went into the cave and saw a big gold shining book. Tayler walked up to the book and opened it. There were English words in yellow shining gold instead of the hieroglyphics in the letter. It read, *You have achieved the greatest gift ever: true friendship.*

Egyptian Underworld

by Tayler Sanford
Grade Six
Arthur Hatton Elementary

“That's it?! We came all this way, fell into a tomb and got sucked into a magic portal for that?” she cried. Another magic portal came and before they knew it they woke up. So it was all a dream. Then the mail arrived!

want me to do with it ?" He asked with a slight bit of rudeness. " I don't know , just open it " she told him. It was very clear to him that she definitely did not want to open it herself, so he opened it. When he opened it he and Lexie just stared at it. The pages were completely blank. "Why is there a book in there just laying around with blank pages ?" John asked not expecting a real answer. But Lexie just stood there looking at it , then she blurted out " It's mine all mine !" " What ! No I want it !" John screamed . "I found it so I should keep it !" Lexie told her brother in a somewhat bossy way , " But I'm older!" John screeched back ! "By three minutes!" Lexie said in a furious manner , now you could tell that she was mad . And when she is mad , she always wins . So John did the only thing he could do and gave up.

Back home they both went to their room and started drawing , Lexie drew in the journal and John drew on some old paper he found under his bed. "I'm going to draw a pretty fairy." Lexie told John . " I don't care what you draw!" John mumbles . So an hour went by and it was finally time for them to go to bed. " Time for bed!" Screeched their mother . " Fine" grumbled Lexie and John. So Lexie put the book under her bed and they both put their pajamas on and climbed into bed . They were half way asleep when they started hearing a buzzing sound coming from under Lexie's bed . " What the heck is that?" Grumbled John , " It is coming from under your bed."

Tuesday, October 29.

You may think a pig's life is just eat, sleep, mud, eat, sleep, eat. But our lives have a little more to them than that. Well some days are like that. But not today.

The day started as usual, where I, Porky the pig, shoved down my own breakfast, and then stole everybody else's. When no humans were around, we had a mud diving contest. Of course Jimmy won, I didn't even try to beat him, because I don't like mud.

Everything was normal until, nasty farmer Joe came in and grabbed Kyle, Jimmy, Willis, Edger, and a bunch of my other friends.

"Ha, have fun having a bath," I honked at them. They grumbled at me and gave me dirty looks that made their filthy bodies look clean.

At the other end of the barn, Mikayla was telling stories about Austin Boomhamm, the legendary pig farmer. She's my best friend, although I'm always telling her though that Austin Boomhamm is never going to take us to live at his farm. This is where things start to go weird. I looked over and noticed farmer Joe wasn't taking the pigs to the house where we usually bathe, but rather to a little shack. I had always wondered what they do there. I thought I would ask them when they came out.

Six hours later, Mikayla and I went and investigated because the pigs hadn't come out. Mikayla joked, "Well, it's probably because those guys are so fat! It takes so long to clean them."

Tiell Scheiner
Grade 6
RLC
The Pig documentary

We are the smaller pigs in the bunch, though it's a mystery how I am because I eat so much, but this made it possible to slip through the fence easily. We scuttled along to the small building, just as the door swung open and we saw Willis on a plate. He seemed peculiar.

"Nice tan, Willis," I oinked.

Willis was carried into the big, blue, wooden, building. We stayed unseen on the hill by the building. The night smelled like it had just rained, and we could hear the crickets chirp. We could see through the window of the house that the tray Willis sat on was placed on a table. An apple was shoveled into his mouth.

Mikayla squealed.

"I know, right? Why does he get an apple and I don't?" Suddenly I realised that Willis was not Willis anymore, but a meal. Dead.

Mikayla and I went back to look at the shack where he had been and saw all of the other pigs hanging above our heads! Dead pigs.

Saturday, November 2.

Mikayla somehow convinced me that we were going to run to Austin Boomham's farm. We had no idea where we were going, just running through the corn fields. In Kansas, the corn fields seem to stretch on for miles.

Tlell Scheiner
Grade 6
RLC
The Pig documentary

Two nights ago, there was a big commotion and there were kids running through paths on our route that led us to who knows where. It was overwhelming because the sky started to spark fluorescent fire that made loud cracking noises, we got away as fast as we could. The next night we were careful so we wouldn't get trampled by small costumed humans.

Monday, November 4.

Last night was the most terrifying night of my life! We were tired and there was a pile of fallen corn on the ground. Mikayla and I started to eat it but fell asleep before we could finish. My ears could pick up the slight sounds of the wind shaking the corn. Then the corn really started to rustle. It was not the wind making the vibrations. I woke up. Mikayla was already awake. Our eyes had a conversation of their own. *Did you hear that? Yes. What was it? I don't know.* A howl sprung into the air and our little legs started sprinting.

Behind us I could see the faint outline of wolves. There were three of them! And they weren't far behind.

Their paws were thundering towards us, and in my mind I could see them drooling for pig. *Bacon!*

"They're gaining on us Mikayla," I panted, "faster!"

"Just follow me," she commanded.

Tiell Scheiner
Grade 6
RLC
The Pig documentary

One meter later, we dove into a hole. We were safe, but we started to quiver. It was small enough for us to fit in, but not the wolves.

Tuesday, November 5

Today was a day of a miracle. Yesterday, in the hole where we had hidden, we found it to be a home to rats. They chased us right out of their territory, which they claim is a linear mile from their hole. By the time we had been driven away, it was dark, so we slept in a nest we made. It wasn't much of a nest, but it was something. It was a pile of straw.

In the morning we continued our journey, to the Boomhamm farm, somewhere that would hopefully keep us safe. We couldn't see ahead since the corn is so tall. So we just looked down to keep the bugs out of our eyes. Then I ran into something. It was big and hard. A shoe! I was going to run away but the body attached to the shoe scooped Mikayla and I up with it's hands. It held us in a calm way, and made us calm. Suddenly I snapped out of the dreamy, hazy feeling. I started to squirm and kick but could not get free. Then I looked up. What I saw almost made me melt. Melt with surprise and happiness. I could have melted like wax for a candle because I felt so warm inside. There was Austin Boomhamm.

Flightless Soul 5

Madeleine slowly rose from her slumber; a tired little thing she was at that time. When she opened the creaky bedroom door, she remembered that she was going snowshoeing that day. “Mom?” she shouted from the top of the stairs. No reply came from her mother, who wasn't in the old cabin at the time. Madeleine suddenly remembered that her mother wasn't taking her snowshoeing. Her father was taking her to the trails near the Sunnyside Creek; a beautifully snow-covered creek with lots of fish which would roam the waters. “Dad?” she called. “Yes, honey?” her father replied. “Should I pack the rest of my stuff?” she called again. “Yes, Madeleine, you should,” answered her father.

Madeleine then packed her knapsack full of necessities for the long trip down the highway. In all her snowshoeing gear, she waddled to her father's rusty van. Climbing into the back seat, her father started the van.

Half an hour later, Madeleine fell asleep as if she weren't in an old van moving down the highway. Suddenly, her father told her that they were at their destination. She hopped out of the van to find herself at the beautiful, snow-covered creekside trail.

It was a long trip; a windy trip as well. Madeleine stopped halfway through to look at the beauty of Sunnyside Creek. In her head, her favourite song played. She stood there, staring. She brought her father to where she was standing. He was also gazing at the lovely sight. It felt good to look at the creek for a while.

Madeleine and her father climbed back into the van and started it up. The young girl decided to lie down in the back seat. She felt like a bird in a cage; a soul trapped in a bottle. She couldn't figure

Flightless Soul 5

out whether her soul could fly, or if it was completely flightless. Maybe I can, she thought, maybe I can't fly like I'm supposed to...

Fifteen minutes later, a loud CRASH was heard. Poor Madeleine was on her way to the hospital. Her father was sitting beside her in the ambulance. When they arrived at the hospital, she was put in a bed.

The test results for the girl came in. These test results were the soul test results. "Flightless Soul 5" is how they described Madeleine's unhappy soul. She woke up and muttered, "Where am I? Dad? Mom?" A nurse came in and said in a soothing voice, "It's okay, Madeleine. It'll be fine." When the nurse said this, Madeleine's eyes closed and she was gone from our world into a heavenly land filled with what looked like ghosts but were actually souls. Her soul appeared to be flying like the other souls.

The girl woke up. It was all a dream. She never felt anything like it before. She had gotten out of bed and wondered, What was that telling me? She told her mom and dad about her dream on their way to the river. She asked her mom, "I have a feeling it was telling me something. If it was, what was it telling me?" Her mom replied, "Honey, it's complicated. It means that someday you and your soul will fly, just like Grandmother." "But, does that mean my soul can't fly yet?" Madeleine asked. "Yes." was the simple, yet stunning, answer from the mother.

I never knew all this, she thought as she ate her meal in silence. I never knew that Grandmother flew with her soul. She lay in bed, wondering why she couldn't fly with her soul yet. Madeleine was scared- terrified almost- to talk herself to sleep. If she did, she would be talking about souls. Or at

Flightless Soul 5

least she thought she would.

She fell asleep after two hours and was in the dreaming world again. Madeleine had a dream that she was drowning and nobody was there to save her. She was swallowed by a sea dragon and never came back.

Madeleine then woke up again but was stuck in bed this time. She couldn't move. She felt as if she were stuck there forever. The poor girl couldn't even turn to lay on her side. Her mom came into the room and said, "I'm sorry. The planet is exploding. Wake up. Wake up."

The planet then exploded and all that was left was the girl. Just Madeleine, nobody else. She was lonely but then after one minute, everything seemed to fade away. Another dream, maybe.

She woke up, finally. A series of dreams, perhaps? Her thoughts were not happy and cheerful. She flew down the stairs and told her mother and father about the dreams. Her parents said it would be fine if she just didn't think about it.

After that, her day went fine until she fell and broke her arm. Madeleine was in a hospital bed and was not happy at all. When she lay there, in that hospital bed, a curse was muttered aloud. The bone, once broken, will release the soul; one day a fall, a flight next dawn.

The bone, once broken, will release the soul; one day a fall, a flight next dawn. These words released Madeleine's soul and the poor, young girl was gone. She was finally free to fly with her soul.

Goodbye

I woke up with a start the nightmare had come back.

I was talking to my best friend Abby and we were playing cat's cradle, I accidentally dropped it so I bent over to pick it up and that's when I heard the shot. I saw her fall and then I don't really remember much. I know that my best friend, three other students and a teacher were shot and killed.

I could feel the cold night air on my cheeks where tears had rolled down. I had just awoken from my nightmare and I was cold and scared. I sat up; I was a mess. I slid out from under my covers and onto the floor. I was miserable, tired, and hungry. I fought my way off the floor. It was pitch black great the hallway light isn't on I thought. I walked out of my room stairs where are the stairs? I was walking slowly when I tripped down the stairs making really loud banging noises. I lay there groaning on the ground when I heard the familiar creak of my mom's door.

"Oh, Holly, are you okay?"

"Yeah, I think I'll live." I responded quietly. "Mom"

"Yes hun ?" said my mother in a very concerned voice.

"Can I sleep in your room tonight?"

"Sure honey" she said through a yawn.

Goodbye

I pushed off the floor and limped into my mother's room collapsing onto her bed. I woke up slowly after another restless sleep. Thank God, it's Saturday. Even though it's Saturday, I still have to eat. So I quietly got up making sure not to wake up my mom. Once I was in the kitchen I put on some water for porridge and coffee. While I was waiting for the water to boil I poured a tall glass of orange juice for myself. When I hear the shrill whistle of the kettle, I then silently made coffee for my mom and porridge for myself. I shovelled down the tasteless stuff; it made a line of warmth down to my stomach. Then I heard the voice of my mother.

"You should probably get dressed and stop staring at that empty bowl." said my mom

I didn't respond, I got up and put the bowl in the sink and walked out of the room and up the stairs. My room was the only place in the house I liked. This place was not my real room it was the attic and it's almost like Abby is still there. The scarf she made for me, her favourite book and some of her favourite clothes were still there.

The next thing I knew, I was in the car. I was very confused. I looked down I was wearing a purple shirt and jeans. Purple was Abby's favourite colour

"OK we are here," said my mother from the front of the car. I didn't respond, I hadn't talked for days, it was better that way. I got out of the car and walked to the front door of the place and entered the waiting room. We waited for about fifteen minutes. Then a woman with fuzzy hair walked out of an office door and called out "Waters." That is my last name. I stood up and walked through the large door I discovered two small chairs. I sat down and found out the chair was surprisingly comfortable.

Goodbye

“Thank you,” I said to the lady then for the first time I looked at the ladies name tag. It said Lidia.

That’s a pretty name I say to myself.

When we left my mom said we were going to get a dog. We went to the shelter. When we got there I jumped from the car and entered the shelter. We walked to the front desk.

“Hi, how can I help you?” said the lady at the front desk. She had greying hair and tired eyes.

“Hi, we’re looking for a dog.”

“Okay, right this way.”

The lady led us down a long hall to a room when she opened the door inside the room, there were big cages with puppies in them yipping and barking. They were so cute. Right away I saw a really small puppy at the very back.

“I want him,” I said pointing.

“OK, I’ll grab him for you.”

With the puppy in my arms, we were set off for home. That night he slept in my bed and I didn’t have my nightmare in the morning I realized I was ready to say goodbye.

Ember Simms-Godwin, Grade six, Raft River Elementary School. **Rebounding**

Prologue

Fifteen-year-old Umbyr stared out the car window. Pale pastel houses, green, pink, yellow, and the occasional purple, passed outside.

“Hey Umbyr, we’re stopping to get some snacks,” her mother said.

“A-okay.” They stopped at an old timber inn.

“Whoa,” Umbyr said. At that moment it looked really interesting. She stood up, and her cell phone fell from her lap. She heard it hit the ground, and dived to retrieve it. It fell under a thorn bush. Umbyr reached under, and started as a thorn poked her finger.

“Gotcha!” She secured the cell phone, and stood up. The world seemed different for a second, gray skies and houses in disrepair. She blinks, and it’s all the same again. Blue skies, pastel houses, and a feeling someone’s watching her.

Chapter one

“Umbyr! Don’t you dare leave your room with that cough, young lady!” I cough again.

This insane cold feels more like a lifelong sickness. Two. Years. Sick in. Bed. God, I’ve wondered if I have a cancer somewhere. I don’t. I’m just...sick.

“C’mon Mrs. S. Just a sec.” I hear Jake’s persuasive voice sliding up the stairs. “Okay...but don’t get too close. I don’t want to have to cart you home sick.”

“I brought a mask,” Jake says, and then I hear the creaky steps as he climbs the stairs. My hand throbs. Huh? Hand? I look. The black pinprick that came from that *stupid thorn. Stupid, stupid, thorn.* The doorknob turns, and Jake enters, a surgeon’s mask on the lower half of his face.

“Hello,” I say hoarsely. “And how art thou?” Jake enquires, using his Elizabethan accent.

“Ak-hack-hack,” I cough.

“Dear me, how utterly terrible. When do you th-” “A “sec” has passed!” My mom calls up. “Toodles,” Jake says. He leaves. Five minutes later, Mom comes in. “I’ve booked an appointment with Dr. Sacle. Get some sleep, okay?” “ ‘Kay.”

* * *

“Umbyr! Get up!” My mom yells from the bottom of the stairs. I get up and rub my eyes groggily. Putting on my clothes quickly. “Hey. Planning to walk barefoot?” I grin and pull on socks. We walk down to the clinic. We step into the waiting room. “Hi, Dr. Sacle.” “Umbyr. Very nithe to thee you. Very nithe indeed.” Sacle speaks with a lisp, so he says “th” instead of “s”. “Nice to see you as well,” I say. “Umbyr, I’ll be waiting for you out here.” I close the door. “Tho, what ithe it that ailth you?” “Well, it appears to be a cold, excluding the fact that I’ve had it for four years.” Sacle looks worried. “Four yearth? Dear, dear...” “And this *stupid* thorn wound from the same time.” “Thorn? Black, long thorn? Thmall bush?” “Yeah.” “That ith wolf’ th bane!” “Uh huh...” I’m disinterested, that is, until he pokes me with a needle filled with an obsidian-colored liquid. The world sways, and for a second I wonder if he killed me, for a *second*. “Ssorry, but it would have gotten you anyways.” I pay no mind, until I realize that he’s speaking normally! “Hey, what happened to your lisp?” I ask.

Ember Simms-Godwin, Grade six, Raft River Elementary School. **Rebounding**

“Good question. It is my pleasure to finally make your acquaintance. I am Arbeleen Scale, Umbyr NightWalker.” “Huh?!” I cry, surprised and indignant as only a kidnapped nineteen year old girl talking to a somewhat insulting person can be. “Oh, sorry. To put it simply, you’re now in an alternate dimension. Alternate. And now you’re stuck here. For-e-v-e-r! So go make so friends, or you’re gonna r-e-g-r-e-t it! Eat or be eaten!” His insane, and cheerful attitude starts to creep me out. I shiver, and notice a rune on my wrist that was NOT there before... Then I open the door. *It’s the same as four years ago.* The cold wind blows through broken-down houses, a mockery to the pastel world I know. A small crowd has gathered outside the doors. “NightWalker...” I hear the word echoed again and again.

What am I?

Ember Simms-Godwin, Grade six, Raft River Elementary School. Rebounding

Tien

I see her. A small build, yet strong. Black hair. Blue eyes, the color of lakewater. He told me, again and again, *Don't ever get attached. Life's cruel, it'll take all you have. Wake up.*

I shiver as I recall his note.

Sebastien, ~~they're~~ it's here. She's gone over, and you need to WAKE UP. Umbyr's been "Retrieved" and you're the only one left. WAKE UP Tien. For God's sake, WAKE UP.

Jakob

I can't...think...my...mind's being...stabbed...Gods, it...hurts...the world...has it...always...been so bright...green? Umbyr...help...I...can't...let go...everything's...going...black...

I promised him...

Chapter two

I look around. “Tien! Come meet your new roommate!” *Roommate?* A boy with short, messy red-brown hair bounces over. “I’m Tien.” He smiles like an anime character, eyes closed, smile wide. He holds out his hand. I shake it, slowly and uncertainly. I’m not a hand-shaker. I just wave. Normally. But if this is my “roommate”, may as well be friendly. He opens his eyes, and they’re a deep, mysterious green, with a mischievous gleam in them. “C’mon, I’ll show you our place!” He grabs my wrist, not hard, but not soft either. *He actually looks familiar...* Distantly, but *I know him*. Well, I’ll figure out that later... “I’m Umbyr. Nice to meet you.” But, boy, this is some kind of *deja vu*. I could have sworn I had met Tien two years ago.

But that boy’s name was Sebastien....not Tien.

TO BE CONTINUED....

The Balsilks Battle!

So it all started when I was out looking for deals on antiques that one day and I found that typewriter on sale. I mean thirty bucks; I can't turn that down. But now here I am in the middle of an inter-universal war and with the feeling that I somehow started it all. But anyways, I should probably explain how it happened.

I typed 'dog' on the typewriter to see if it worked (at this point I was so happy with the deal that I wanted to make sure it wasn't a scam) and a dog appeared at my feet. I was extremely puzzled, and tried again. I typed cucumber and, sure enough, I got hit on the top of the head with a cucumber. I figured out right away that whatever I typed appeared right in front of me and boy was I happy, at least for the next few days.

The next few days were amazing; I mean not having to buy anything. Until Thursday I was the happiest guy alive until around 2:00 when I heard a knock on the door and I saw a group of armed creatures of some sort. They were very skinny, blue fellows with huge heads and long, flat ears that were fixed over their cheeks like a helmet. They had three arms, one on each side and one sticking out their chests. They had big belts that went all the way around their bodies with three holsters on each of them. I could count four of the creatures. Their weapons were fat barreled with rings around them. I don't know what they shot but somehow I knew I was going to find out.

One spoke and sounded like a dying frog crossed with a bad orchestra. And guess what, he demanded the typewriter! I immediately gave it up not knowing what

they would do to me if I didn't. They took it and seemed to drag it across the ground without touching it. It was at this moment that I noticed the big, circular, yellow ship in the driveway (let's just say my car is now non-existent). The creatures put the typewriter in a tub that gave off what appeared to be abnormally white smoke. The tub sputtered and steamed as the typewriter went in and as they shut the huge lid. At this point I realized that I may have underestimated the typewriter's value. The creatures lifted off in their ship and disappeared within seconds in a big flash of smoke and green light.

In between then and now I have learned that the typewriter contained a Balsilk, an extremely rare orange gem that is only found in the deep caverns of a planet called Basilika. Basilika is home to basilisks, very large and venomous snakes that guard the seven Balsilks. Every Balsilk contains one power usable only by the owner. If one being collects and owns all Balsilks at once, they can do anything imaginable. The Balsilks are of course spread all over the galaxy therefore very difficult to obtain. There is one power that owning all Balsilks cannot give you, and that is immortality.

Back on the battlefield, I was on the planet Martiska. A red planet similar to Mars. The lifeforms there weren't exactly friendly though and right now me and my friends were battling a group of adult space worms. There were three of them and five of us but it still wasn't easy to get the upper hand with our metal staffs and stun pistols. Of course the bad guys always get the cooler (and more dangerous) weapons. They were fighting with venomous fangs and sharp tails! Suddenly one of the long, fat, white worms attacked me directly. He did that thing that rattlesnakes do -- hiss and bring the end of

their tail to the side of your head. My friends involuntarily protected me and one of them got snuck up on. Raaaaaaarrhhhgggg! Goodbye Jeremy. After that we immediately retreated into our ship and as we fired up the engines and propellers, we could say a proper goodbye to Jeremy who was currently being thrown around victoriously by the worms.

While we were flying back to Hallix, the galactic capital, we spotted a huge battleship in orbit around earth. It was a band of Alenias (The race that stole the typewriter from me in the beginning). They were beginning to power a super-laser on their ship that looked like it was meant to destroy Earth. All but Fred froze in shock while he powered the comlink and called the commanders of all human ships to the position. It was just our luck that the humongous battleship, four times the size of the Alenia's, with three super-lasers, was in a battle and couldn't come.

When the rest of us came to, the army of ships all had converted into battle position and had their shields up. Unfortunately, the Alenias jammed some ships' guns so we lost about a third of our fleet. The rest of us opened fire while the battleship continued to power its laser. It was about halfway done but they were losing pieces of ship. They started firing back with Taser weapons and lots of our ships went spinning out of control or exploded. The fight was equal at this point. Just then the huge battleship from our side appeared out of light space. I guess it won its battle because it looked untouched. It put all power into one of its super-lasers and blew up the Alenias in one shot. You aren't gonna believe this but six Balsilks flew out of their ship into the

The Balsilks Battle!

By Ben Sinclair, Grade 6, Aberdeen Elementary

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bridge of ours. We have all seven Balsilks now since the battleship got one in its other
battle. WE WON!

Page 1

Kenzie Sinclair
Grade 6
Dufferin Elementary School
Tranquille Sanatorium

Tranquille Sanatorium

One Misty October night a group of five teenagers Adam, Tyler, McKayla, Alex and Ashley thought it would be fun to break into the tranquille sanatorium just outside of Kamloops, but it wasn't as fun as they thought it would be. Ashley knew about this place she had read about the building and its inhabitants but she didn't say anything because she didn't want anyone to think she was scared.

They knew they could be arrested for breaking in but there was no one else there or so they thought. After they had picked the locks they went inside they felt an immediate rush of cold. Somehow it was colder inside than it was outside.

They spotted something bright at the other end of the hallway. It cast an eerie glow on the hallway. They were hesitant to go near it but they wanted to see what it was. Most of them had flashlights but as they drew closer to the orb there flashlights stopped working. The orb started to move down the hallway. They followed it down a narrow staircase into a tunnel. They followed it down to the end of the tunnel. Suddenly the orb vanished leaving them in the dark.

They were trapped in the tunnel and they didn't know which way to go. They heard a squeaking sound, it was coming closer. Very slowly a hospital bed that was used to transport patients that had died was coming close to them. They were trapped between the dead end and the hospital bed that was coming towards them. They decided to run around the hospital bed. They kept running until they got back to the main floor, but upstairs wasn't much better.

They heard someone moaning in a room down the hall. They didn't know what it was so they went to check it out. When they entered the room it wasn't what they had expected. There were sudden flashes of children that came into vision and then

Page 2

Kenzie Sinclair
Grade 6
Dufferin Elementary School
Tranquille Sanatorium

vanished. One of them touched Ashley's shoulder she fell and started shivering uncontrollably. When Ashley got up they all ran outside and drove home.

For almost 2 months none of those teenagers talked about what happened that night. When they did tell people what happened no one believed them. They thought they were just trying to get attention, but they knew what they saw. What happened that night was not their minds playing tricks on them it was paranormal activity. So the next time you think it would be fun to break into an old abandoned sanatorium think again because you are not alone. No building is ever truly abandoned.

Return With Honour

I'm running faster and faster after my prey. I need this kill, it's important; tonight's the night I prove how much I've learnt. A rush of adrenaline fills my body as it stops, out of breath; convinced that it's safe. There's just me and it. I hunch my back and slowly start to creep forward, keeping all my weight on my hindquarters. I'm just preparing to spring when there's a rustle to my left, and the hare becomes aware of my scent and scampers. I turn around, full of rage to see what has ruined my hunt, and Ash swaggers out grinning from head to toe! He's got dark gray fur sprinkled with little specks of silver, long alert ears, sky blue eyes, big strong paws, powerful shoulders, and white teeth as sharp as a human sword.

"Ash! What in the name of a caribou's antlers did you do that for?" I ask harshly. He gives me a sad little whimper, then turns away pretending to sulk, though I know he is really hiding a grin, and mutters "Sorry". I groan, "I needed that! You know it's only my mother's position that's stopping them from chucking me out of the pack to become a loner!" I give him an

annoyed look, trying to cover up the worry in my voice. He glances at me, and his look makes me think that I didn't quite cover up the worry in me. It's alright for him, he's top in each and every class. And with his good looks, parent's influence, and own personal skills, he is destined to become the pack leader. He shook his big, beautiful head and sighed. Life in the wild is hard for wolves such as us.

We are the alpha pack, and rule the grand valley we call "Wolves' Den." The qualified warriors are always going out to combat attacking packs, while the pups, pregnant she-wolves, and apprentices stay in camp. When our training periods are over (once the four seasons have passed,) we must accomplish many different quests to become a true warrior. I've already accomplished two tests with fairly high marks, but those were rather pathetic little tasks even if I say so myself! Ash offers to help collect more kill, but I refuse, knowing the leaders would be furious to discover that I had help with such a little task. I had to collect enough kill for the rest of the pack before the full moon rises. I hope nobody sees us I'm in enough

trouble as it is with mum gone out on her mission, there's nobody left to fight for my spot in the pack.

Later once I've returned to my den, Feather and Mud swagger in front of me. "How did the kill go Elena?" "Did you catch enough prey or are you finally going to be seen for the disappointment you are?" It takes all of my willpower and the fact that I'm digging my claws into the earth, to stop from leaping onto her! I know that she's trying to provoke me into attacking her (which is against pack law without declaring an official match in the training clearing) so I will lose points and she always loves to stir up trouble! "Eat dirt Feather I howl before storming off to sleep!" That night I have a peculiar dream; I'm racing along a ravine running from something, I can't be caught or it will be the end of me! It's gaining on me a but just as I turn to face it, I wake up heart racing. Feather's drooling on Minx, who gives her a quick hard nip that makes her wake up and yap with pain. Since Feather's yowl woke everybody else up we decide to get up.

I'm trotting out of my den sniffing the light breeze, and gather by the smell that it rained last night. Great now the pregnant she-wolves will be complaining about how their pups will get cold when their bellies are wet. Guess who will probably get the pleasure of cleaning and drying the beds. "Elena" a deep voice growls; it's Max (part of the council and head of defense against other packs.) Come with me please the council would like to see you...

Sofia Stilwell
Grade 6
RLC
Amy Stare

:1 **Amy Stare...**

We had her for about 7 months...

At first I thought she was nothing special; just a horse that Mum and Sarah would ride every now and then. But then I realized that she was more than that. She was my best friend. My only one, and I loved my new, happy life; the life of fourteen year old Emily Stare...

Saturday, April 12

.....

"Amy's not looking so good!" I called to my mother. She walked into the kitchen. Her hair was in a messy bun and she had no makeup on.

"Really?" peering over the window, Mother had a good look.

Amy stood in her paddock, her head down, eyes droopy and standing still.

Normally, the Arabian was prancing in the field itching to let the wind whistle through her dark brown coat.

"Maybe I should cheer her up!" I said to my sister, Sarah, when she came in and picked up her cellphone.

"Yeah, maybe," she replied, combing her blonde hair. My sister was sixteen. All she cared about was family and her boyfriend, Tyler. That's it.

Putting on my boots, I ran outside into the fresh April air. Soon, a breeze picked up the long, brown braid down my back, and threw it carelessly around. I loved the wind! And so did Amy... well, not that day.

Sofia Stilwell
Grade 6
RLC
Amy Stare

:2

When I reached her paddock, she trudged over the the fence. I stroked her beautiful face and soothed her.

“Hey girl! Why so sad?” she shook her head and reached back to her belly with her teeth; itchy.

But then she did it again. And again... Something was wrong.

I hopped over the fence and checked Amy by running my fingers down her neck first, then her chest, and finally her barrel. Her barrel! That's what was wrong. It was tight and rough.

A sudden thought of horror reached my mind but I pushed it away. Amy was *NOT* getting colic!

The front door opened and Mum and Sarah stepped out of our modern wooden home.

“Anything strange?” Sarah inquired.

“I don't know,” was my response, “her flank seems tighter, like she's sucking her core in.”

Mum's green eyes filled with fear, “let's call Dr. Stan.”

Dr. Robert Stan was our vet, but he had become a good friend after Dad died. He was tall and muscular, with short blonde hair and brown eyes. His dog, Daniel, was super sweet to Amy, not letting one bark leave his mouth in case he frightened our mare. Daniel was a small pug, but Dr. Stan treated him with as much respect as he did his wife!

“I agree,” Sarah replied to Mum, “he'll know what to do.”

.....

Sofia Stilwell
Grade 6
RLC
Amy Stare

:3

Dr. Stan began to inspect my horse thoroughly. But suddenly something was wrong, "Christina, I need you to walk her," he ordered Mum, "and Sarah, get me a pail of water."

They both rushed to work.

My heart stopped. 'What's happening! Oh Amy!' I thought with fear.

"What's wrong with her?" I questioned to Dr. Stan.

He didn't reply immediately.

"Amy has a severe case of colic."

.....

The whole day, all we did was feed Amy little sips of water and walk her around our muddy property. She made progress, but we kept our work and hope going, just in case.

Dr. Stan stayed at our farm until eleven that night. Luckily, Amy was improving.

"Keep a hawk's eye on her. I'll be back tomorrow. Have a good night every one!"

He waved, disappeared into his black minivan, and drove until the dark car was out of sight.

Mum and Sarah went back inside, but I stayed out to watch our sick mare and take advantage the extra minutes before bed.

Her face seemed a little less sad, but her posture remained sloppy. My poor girl!

Rubbing her forehead, I said, "in the morning we can walk you again and you'll be fine. See you tomorrow, Amy!"

I climbed up the small hill to our house and stepped inside. Mum hugged me in an instant.

Sofia Stilwell
Grade 6
RLC
Amy Stare

:4

“Oh, Emily! She'll be okay, don't worry!”

I hugged back, “I know Mum,”

I don't know how long we stayed like that, but I was comforted.

Sunday, April 13

The next morning at five, I ran down to the barn. The sunlight was filtering through and illuminating the trees, but as soon as I got to the barn, Amy was lying dead on the ground.

“NO!!!!!!” I wailed. Sarah called from the balcony, “stop it, Emily.... Wait, why is she lying down?”

I didn't respond. All I did was weep by Amy's side, burying my face into her soft coat.

“Why is she lyi- OH MY GOD!” Sarah ran down to the barn, sobbing.

She got to Amy's stall and knelt down, stroking the dead horse.

“What- I d-don't understand? She was improving s-so much last night...” Sarah choked.

“Oh, Amy!!!!” I cried into her neck and whispered, “I love you...”

.....

Dr. Stan came at six to bury Amy's body. He too, was sad, but not nearly as much as me. I honestly thought she would get better.

Her funeral was at our house down by the creek, right beside Dad's grave. ‘The two of them were both in heaven now,’ I thought to myself, ‘I just wish they were here’

Sofia Stilwell
Grade 6
RLC
Amy Stare

:5

Of course, at the funeral I was sad and felt lost in misery. Amy was the closest thing to Dad that we had ever had. I felt miserable and hopeless, but suddenly something occurred to me; Yes, Amy was our saviour... She helped me, Mum and Sarah through hard times when Dad died in November. And as much as I miss them, I know they died in good hands.

They died in Cristina, Sarah and Jamie Stare's hands. The best hands they could get.

The Farm Girl

"Skyler, come down stairs. Dad and I are ready to leave?"

Skyler still wasn't in love with the word "move" yet but her mom told her that they were moving to an acreage that has enough room for horses and equipment. They were moving to Texas, which is really far away. It was over 6 hours from where they lived already. Skyler was SO nervous. She was leaving her school, friends, house, everything she had ever known or accomplished! The one thing she was allowed to bring was her little brother, Colton; her dog, Shakira; her horse, Bella, and her valuable belongings. Her little brother is 5 and has a little miniature dark brown pony named, Cookie! Of course he chose that name because that was the first thing that popped into his head as soon as he saw her! Also, his favourite snack are cookies. The family took a walk around the house to make sure they have everything out of all the rooms. They were moving because Skyler's mom had too many clients that wanted her to fix their horses. Her mom specializes in horse behaviour and training. She was beginning to be too popular in the area. They didn't have enough

property to work with extra horses and their house was too small for them. They decided to move to Texas because the area is known to as HORSE WORLD!

"Well we have a long drive ahead of us, so we should get going!" Dad said.

"Yes, we do...oh and kids, thanks for being so positive about this we know you are just going to love your new house! There is so much room for you to run around and ride your horses and just live in the beautiful countryside with the fresh mountain air," mom said.

"Yeah...uh, yeah No problem," chuckled Skylar. Colton and I walked over and got into the truck and waited while mom and dad walked over to the barn to make sure they grabbed everything.

"Colton, are you as nervous as I am"?

"Yes, but i'm just as excited as nervous, besides dad told me that Cookie and Bella won't be in stalls anymore. They will be in a paddock with a shelter and lots of space to run around," Colton replied.

"Yeah, I guess you're right," I said back to him.

Mom and Dad got into truck and we drove away. Colton and I both had little tears running down the side of our faces.

"This is the starting of our new journey," mom said as if she was going to cry.

"Yup, here is to new beginnings on the way to our new home in Texas"! Dad said with joy.

Colton and I both fell asleep pretty much the whole way to Texas because the night before we had a goodbye party at my old best-friend Ella's ranch. We were up till midnight that night so we were all pretty tired. At about 3 quarters of arriving at our new house we stopped and checked on the horses to make sure that they were traveling fine and weren't spooked at anything and were still tied up to the inside of the trailer. Then they fell back asleep for the last quarter of the way there.

It was 3:00 in the afternoon and they had finally arrived to their new house! This is amazing they had bought 15 acres of land and that all included a barn, 2 story house, lots of paddocks, a tack shed and three big grassy fields.

"Come on...I want to go check it out," Colton said as he was jumping up and down, "Skylar come with me. Come with me please, please, please."

"Oh fine, what the heck." They ran to the the front steps of their brand new house that was just renovated last fall! They got inside and was shown around their 2 story house!Skylar had a bedroom that had a aunsweet bathroom and a walk in closet.Skylar's room is like a second master bedroom.

After the tour of the ranch,they went out to the barn and made sure that the horses were settling in and all liking their paddocks. After they were done outside , Skylar and Colton came inside and helped with dinner but there was nothing to help with because we didn't have any dishes to eat our food on,so Mom and Dad decided to pick up a pizza.

"So, what are we doing tomorrow"?Skylar asked her parents!" Were Unpacking all morning then were unloading 1000 square bales in the afternoon!"But,you will be unpacking your stuff in your bedrooms first and then help us with the rest of our belongings" we have a neighbor coming over and helping us with the hay "!mom said

***as she was clearing off the table." what's his name"? His name is Ty!
"oh, and how old is he" "14" mom replied! "Oh yeah he has been in a
lot of rodeos" His mom and I met over the fence this afternoon and I
saw Ty and his sister riding when we were talking place until we buy
some new ones for you," mom continued, "but we just moved and I
haven't even thought on what I'm doing this summer because it is
only spring!"***

***The next morning her mom told her that she had to come out
and help them with the hay. The good thing is is that my room is
finished and cleaned up and she helped Colton with his room!***

***"Suppertime," Mom called up the stairs, "Oh and Ty is staying
for dinner". "Guess what Skylar? You are are starting school this
Monday and you are in the same school that Ty goes too!"***

That is definitely NOT what Skylar wanted to hear today!

Audrey

Jaida Tarlit

Grade 6 Arthur Stevenson Elementary School

The day seemed like every other day, I went to school to work. I was in eighth grade of highschool and I didn't know anyone very well. I didn't socialize with any friends because I didn't have any. It wasn't that everybody didn't want to talk to me, I chose not to talk to anyone unless it was about academics. I'm an only child and my parents have always been busy with their jobs, so I don't really talk to anyone when I'm home either. The only other hobby outside of doing my school work is drawing. On lunch breaks, I don't sit with other people, but instead I grab one of my sketchbooks and just start drawing little monster-like critters. I usually base the characters off of my emotions so most of them are drawn looking quite happy. It may not seem like it, but I am always in a great mood.

I stepped outside after all my classes were finished, and the bright sunlight touched my hazel eyes covered by my black glasses. I squinted my eyes and shaded the sun from reaching my face. The faint breeze blew through my long, dark hair. I tucked the strand of hair that escaped the clip in my hair behind my ear, and headed for the bench I always went to, to sketch my characters. As I neared the bench, sitting under the small oak tree, I saw a boy who looked around my age sitting at the bench. He had medium brown hair and glasses almost like mine. It looked like he was writing in a journal labeled "Jasper." I assumed that was his name, and sat down on the opposite side of the bench from him because I had no interest in talking to him. I just wanted to sketch. We both glanced at each other at the same time, and we both immediately went back to doing our own things like nothing happened.

Audrey

Jaida Tarlit

Grade 6 Arthur Stevenson Elementary School

After a few minutes, I had already come close to finishing two cute, furry-looking monsters dancing away. I saw Jasper looking over at my sketch and I looked at him.

“U-Um, N-Nice drawing!” Jasper blurted out.

“Thank, I guess,” I said back. I hadn’t really had a normal conversation with someone in a while so it felt awkward.

“My name’s Jasper,” he reached out his hand to shake mine.

There was a hesitation, “Audrey,” I replied quickly and shook his hand. “So, what are you working on?”

Jasper flipped through the pages of his journal. “Well, I get nervous talking around people, as you can probably tell,” Jasper chuckled, “so I write stories as a way to express myself. How about you? Are those drawings part of an assignment?”

I looked back at sketches I had done previously, “Well, it’s kind of a situation like yours. I don’t talk to anyone so it’s a way to show how I feel. In fact, you’re the first person I’ve had an actual conversation with in awhile.”

“Oh, same with you. Whenever I try to talk to someone, they get bored of me and it just gets awkward from there,” Jaspers sighed.

“I think it’s cool that you write. Do you think I could hear something of yours? It’s alright if you don’t want me to, but you seem like the kind of person who is really good at writing,” I said a little nervously.

Audrey

Jaida Tarlit

Grade 6 Arthur Stevenson Elementary School

“S-Sure! Um, I’ll read some of them to you,” Jasper said as he flipped through his journal. He started to read these amazing stories about different feelings and they almost seemed to be the same as my sketches, except they were written.

We both spent the lunch break talking and showing each other the different things we had done. Jasper even had a little adventure story. When the lunch break was over, we promised each other to meet at the bench again.

The next day, as we promised, Jasper and I met at the bench. Jasper had his concentration set on his journal until I sat down.

“Hey,” I smiled. I sat down and put my sketchbook and pen on the bench.

“I have a question to ask you,” Jasper said as he clicked his pen.

“Yea? What’s up?”

“I was wondering if we could, maybe, work together. For just something to do in our free-time. I could write stories and you could illustrate the pictures.”

I was shocked, but I thought it sounded like a great idea. “Sure! That would be awesome!” I said excitedly.

“Great! I have a story we could start with.” Jasper took out his journal and handed me the story. As we read through it together, we started to get ideas for what I should draw.

Every lunch break, we would meet up and work on ideas and sketches for our little stories. Over time, other people started noticing and they actually talked to us.

Audrey

Jaida Tarlit

Grade 6 Arthur Stevenson Elementary School

We met another girl, her name was Ashley, and she had the same interests as Jasper and I, so she became part of our little group.

Once people started recognizing us for our stories, we started to make a lot more friends. Jasper and I got over our fears of talking to others, but Ashley was always the one to be talking away about everything to everyone. My parents noticed that I'd been busier sketching than ever, so they took the time to read some of the stories we'd completed. Jasper had even started to teach me how to write stories like him.

"You know, it's crazy how everything changed so fast. I've never actually had people *want* to talk to me before," Jasper said as he placed his journal on his lap.

I placed a sketch I had just ripped from my sketchbook on top of Jasper's journal. It was the sketch I had completed when Jasper and I had first met. "You're right, Jasper. But nothing could be better."

Brennan Tolman
Grade 6
Summit Elementary
Lost in the Rainforest
Page 1 of 4

The rainforest. A treacherous environment full of huge trees, and dangerous animals. No one would want to live in this place.

John, a 36-year-old man from New York City, New York was on a flight to the U.K. to see his cousin Mike.

"Man, I haven't seen Mike for so long. I wonder how he's doing." John thought. Meanwhile, in the cockpit, strange things were happening to the dials and lights.

"Uh, what are the dials doing?" Asked the pilot.

"I don't know, this is my first flight." said the co-pilot, as the plane experienced a sudden drop in altitude.

"Put the seatbelt light on!"

"Oh, better put my seatbelt on." John thought, like nothing bad would happen.

"This is the captain speaking, uh, we are experiencing a big drop in altitude, and-" the captain was cut off.

BOOM! The left wing exploded, rocking the plane to the right and doing a barrel roll.

"Oh no! Oh no! Oh no! Oh no!" John thought.

The plane started to fall towards the tall trees of the rainforest below. As the plane crashed through the trees, the wings were ripped off the body and the plane experienced severe damage.

"I- I can't believe I'm alive! How did I survive that?" John asked himself.

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John climbed out of a hole in the plane, "Oh no, the rainforest?" I'm never going to survive here!"

John walked away from the plane and well, walked and walked and walked. Not knowing where he was going, and not looking either, he walked into a tree.

"Ow, that kinda hurt." said John, grabbing onto a vine.

Except, it wasn't a vine. It was a snake. A deadly snake. It started to wrap itself around his arm and squeeze.

"AAUGH! Get off! Get off! Help! HELP!"

Something cut through the bushes beside John and with a quick slash, the snake fell off John's arm.

"Hey, who are you?" asked John.

"I'm Jack. I can get you out of here. But only if you trust me and do what I do. Understand?"

John nodded his head.

"Good. Now c'mon." said Jack.

"So, are there any uh tigers in the rainforest?" John asked.

"Oh yeah. But if one attacks us, we won't kill it, because they're an endangered species."

"Oh oka- LOOK OUT!!" John yelled as a tiger leaped out of the bushes and onto Jack.

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"ARGH!!" Jack yelled, while wrestling with the tiger.

"What do I do?"

"Get my bow and arrow!"

John picked up the bow and arrow, and aimed it at the tiger. The tiger stopped attacking Jack and fell.

"You said we wouldn't kill it!" John yelled.

"You didn't. It will just put him asleep for awhile. Wait, what's that sound?"

"It sounds like a car."

"The rest of my team! I knew they'd find me!" Jack shouted with excitement.

"Do they know the way out of this place?" John asked.

"Yeah. There's an airport somewhere near this jungle."

"Hey, we came here because of the plane crash, are you a survivor? The driver asked John.

"Yeah, I'm not hurt though. I'm fine."

"Good. We can bring you with us. Hop in guys!"

A few days later John was in his cousin's house telling him about his day in the rainforest.

"So after I met that guy, a big tiger came out of the bushes and attacked him! But I got his bow and arrow and shot the tiger!"

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"Why did you kill it?! They're an endangered species!" asked Mike.

"Oh, it only put it to sleep." John answered.

"Oh, well that's good to hear. Well, I should make some dinner."

"Good, I'm getting kinda hungry..."

The End...

Just a Boy

Kasha Vitoratos

St. Ann's

Grade 6

I was a normal boy at some point. That original boy sitting on the couch doing nothing but playing video games. I had absolutely no reason to live. No reason to live. Those words sounded through my head every single day. Until it hit me. You would think I mean something I thought about. No, I mean a car. I was walking to my no good school when all of a sudden something hit me so hard that it put me into a coma. I wasn't put into a normal coma, though. I had the chance to change my life.

My name is Peter Fleming, and I don't know how it happened, but somehow, when I fell into the coma, I lived three peoples lives. All of a sudden, I woke up in a weird bed and I was really freaked out, but when I got up I saw that I was wearing silk pyjamas, had a golden watch on my wrist, and was Prince William. I was so crazy excited that I ran out of the bedroom, onto the porch, and saw an incredible garden filled with beautiful flowers of every colour, exotic trees, a stable filled with royal horses, and a water fountain as big as the public pool! I couldn't imagine anything as amazing as this was. So I ran off of the porch to go see more of this ginormous castle. The first thing I went to see was my closet. There was so much clothing! I couldn't imagine anything more beautiful in my life! There were so many colours, patterns, shoes, and ties. Then I got to the satchel area of the closet, and I almost fainted. There was so much beautiful leather. That closet was literally overflowing with so much stuff. After that, I was taken to the breakfast area where I had a very delectable eggs benny, as they called it, got dressed, and was ready to start the day. The only thing I did all day was sign papers and stamp things, sign

papers, stamp things, sign papers, and stamp things! At one point, I didn't even know what I was signing. I quickly came to realize it was not easy to be a prince. The last thing I remember being a prince, was the sound of a siren and continuous screaming and crying. I don't know what happened, but the next day was something else. I guess that was the end of being Prince William.

The next morning I woke up to the sound of waves crashing, and sea birds honking. I had no idea where I was and was sort of crying inside. I decided to get out of bed and look in the mirror. I looked just like those surfer bums you see in the movies. Tan skin, ruffly hair, and sun burns every where. I wanted to go outside to see what all the sound was. I think I was in Maui, or Florida, but I wasn't sure. There was a beautiful white beach, clear water and blazing sunshine spilling through every open window. It was just like paradise. I was really hungry so I went into the kitchen to get something to eat. I decided on toast with butter and orange juice. With a full belly, I went up stairs to get changed, when something caught my eye. There was a calendar marked that said I had a surf competition today. I didn't know a single thing about surfing, but I grabbed the surf board laying on the ground, put a swim trunk on, and ran toward the crowd of people on the beach. I gave surfing a try, but was extremely bad at it, and decided to paddle out toward the horizon, until I couldn't see the bottom anymore. As I made my way deeper and deeper, into the water, I realized I was extremely deep, with no one around me. All of a sudden the people on shore started screaming, "GET OUT OF THE WATER!" The last thing I remember was seeing a dorsal fin and sharp teeth.

The next day I woke up in New York, on the streets. I wasn't walking the streets, I was begging for money on them. I quickly realized I had taken the body of a homeless hungry boy. My clothes were ripped and I felt like I hadn't eaten in days. I was so cold that my teeth were shivering together non stop. The worst part was, nobody was acknowledging me at all. It felt like no one even knew I was there. So got up and walked the streets alone for a good four hours. As night grew darker, I grew colder and colder. At one point I

couldn't even feel myself. The last thing I could remember was the sound of the cold wind, and I was down.

When I woke up, I was finally myself, again. I was laying in the hospital bed surrounded by my entire family. My mom and dad were crying at the sight of me with my eyes open. I was so happy to be back to normal. That's when I realized the news playing on my hospital TV. Prince William had suddenly fainted at the court, there was a shark attack in Florida, and a homeless boy had died of hypothermia ,on the streets of New York. Thats when it hit me ,not a car, though ,a thought. I lived every one of those lives for a single day. From then on, I changed. I started giving up my time to the soup kitchen, stopped playing video games, and started to read books. I also started to try in school because I realized how important the gift of education was. On that single day, I realized that there was a purpose to live, for if you don't try, your life could be over in the blink of an eye.

Captain Rainbow Beard

By James Waterman, grade six, Beattie School of The Arts.

One time there was a pirate named Captain Red Beard. He was a vicious, mean pirate and everybody liked him. He had a brother named Rainbow beard. Rainbow Beard wasn't mean or vicious like his brother, or his dad, Bad beard, or his mom, Big Cheddar. He was even outclassed by his little sister, Baby beard. In fact, Rainbow beard didn't even have a beard. He was more like Rainbow stubble. He was the LAMEST pirate ever. He never looked for buried treasure, or pillaged ships. He didn't know how to swing a cutlass or fire a musket, and his only "boat" was a raft with bedsheets for sails. His mom had tried to turn him into a pirate but she never succeeded. She had enrolled him in Junior Pirate Sea Scouts, but he failed miserably. She had put him in pirate school, where he learned things like 1 dubloon plus 2 dubloon equals 3 dubloon, but Rainbow beard refused.

One day Big cheddar decided to take action. She kicked him out of the house to go make a living. Rainbow beard complained. "But Ma, where am I going to get a ship? And a crew?" He whined. "Shuddup! I already got yer crew, and a ship. Now go get some loot!" Rainbow beard went to the docks to meet his crew on his first crusade. It was a bunch of old guys with false teeth and potbellies. "Uh, I'm your Captain... make sail and...aargh, and stuff." The crew grumbled but did what they were told. Once Rainbow beard got on the ship, he felt like a REAL PIRATE. He had even bought himself a parrot.

After a few days at sea, they spotted their first victim. It looked like a merchant ship. "Prepare to board, um, scurvy scalawags...aye aye!" The crew half-heartedly gave him his lame cheer. They lowered the gangplank and stampeded onto the other ship. On the deck was a dozen or so people with HUGE BEARDS dancing around. "There is no loot! only beards!" Said a wide-eyed man next to Rainbow beard, sporting an unusual blue beard. Around him lay crates that had: FRAGILE-BEARDS. emblazoned on them. "We practice the art of Beard Fu! That is why we have beard-zillas!" Said Blue beard. Okaaay. Rainbow beard said to his crew; "Uh, you can go now. I'm pretty sure these things - I mean guys - aren't unusual. Almost." So the crew warily went back over the gangplank and on to their own ship. Rainbow beard watched them sail away, until he turned around to the beard men. "So." Rainbow beard said, trying to put on a tough guy impression. "Why do you...uh, have beards?" He said in a wobbly voice. "Well, first things first. We have beards. You do not. So, let's go find the perfect beard for you!" Said a man next to him with a bright orange beard that smelled faintly of fish. The beard people pulled him down into the bowels of the ship, to a room that was lighted only by candles. Inside was like beard-topia.

Captain Rainbow Beard looked at hundreds of beards in colours from yellow to silver to purple to turquoise and every other vague colour of beard you can imagine. A plaque in the center of the room displayed a magnificent RAINBOW BEARD! Rainbow Beard put it on. Now he really was Rainbow Beard! He squealed in delight, and looked up at the beard people. "What now?" asked the newly crowned Rainbow Beard. "Well,

now we go to the captain." Said a grinning man in a turquoise beard. They stamped up a wooden staircase like a giant bearded amoeba.

Finally they reached the Captain's quarters. Lanterns swung overhead, flickering faintly. Oil paintings of people in wigs, who didn't look remotely like pirates, sat on the walls with ornate golden frames. In the center of the room, sitting on a swivel chair that looked like a throne, was the captain. He had a pure white beard that blanketed the floor like a carpet, with a hat that looked like a bird nesting on his head. He spoke. "So this is the Rainbow one that flopped onto deck, eh? To be a real beard man, you must master the art of Beard Fu." His eyes narrowed. "We must act quickly, for Captain Red Beard will be arriving soon." He said. "He hates us! Always stealing beards and blowing things up. "Enough talk. Come. Let's have beard biscuits." He said.

Later, Rainbow Beard stood on deck in front of a wooden figure that had targets sloppily painted on its chest. He wondered aloud, "Why the heck am I doing this?" "Use your beard to wreck the target! Concentrate!" Yelled the captain from starboard. Rainbow Beard closed his eyes. Beard... target... destroy. Suddenly the target exploded with force that could stop a hyena from scoring a field goal! (Figuratively). Rainbow beard looked over the deck to see what had caused the explosion. It was... Captain Red Beard. Surprise!

The Captain of Beards screamed and ran below deck. Rainbow Beard was on his own. Suddenly he had an idea, not a good idea, but the best idea. Rainbow Beard ran toward the cannons, dodging cannonballs from Red Beard. Brave Rainbow Beard leaped into a cannon and lit the fuse. 3...2...1... KA-BOOM! The next thing he knew, he

was flying toward Red Beard and blew a hole in his ship. As the ship was sinking, Rainbow Beard faced his brother and noticed a suspicious strap on the side of his head. He took a cutlass and ripped the fake beard off Red beard's head. He looked pretty pathetic without it. Rainbow beard threw the beard off port side and jumped back to his own ship where the beard people were cheering his name, and the other ship had almost sunk.

Rainbow Beard really was a real pirate now!