

Timeless 100

My name is Tyler Calls and this is the first day in 100 years.

Although this may not make sense it is very simple. Time had stopped for 100 years and this is the first day that the clock has ticked. No One got older, the season stayed the same and there was no night just the day. But now people can't remember anything from the past 100 years. So they can't remember what happened. They don't know why we are so over populated and how pollution got so bad. People kept having kids when no one died. I am the only person that knows that time had stopped and why everything is so different.

In class we wrote creative stories and sent them to a writing competition. I wrote mine about a town where time stopped. The teacher did not like the concept tho. She thought it was too fiction to be believable. Walking home from school I saw a news reporter talking to James about what he thought had happened she was asking almost everyone what they thought. I hoped she would not pick me so I ran behind the the camera hoping she would find it pointless to ask my opinion. " Hey young man could I interview you?" Said the reporter. I hesitated to answer because I could not tell them the truth they'd think I'm crazy, but if I said "no" people would question why. I had to think of something fast. " I don't know much" I said "No one does come on" she said. "Ok, I think that this was a mistake maybe we were over populated this whole time and people are just noticing now." I hoped that they would buy my lie, it seemed reasonable enough. Before I could wait on her response I left so she could not ask any more.

When I got home, I looked at my clock, the one that caused all of this. 100 years ago I bought a old hand clock from a pawn shop. It was 3:00 but my clock said 2:30 so I tried to change the dials to the correct time but it did not work. Instead the clock broke and time stopped. You see it is my fault this had happened, I have not told anyone because I was so freaked out about what had happened. I wish I could reverse that so I could go back, and play with the time on the clock. So that population and pollution won't be that big of a problem. I was so upset thinking about the clock that I threw it across the room. But something strange happened the clock started to glow and in a second I saw the past. I saw me with the clock 100 years ago after I had bought it. Soon

enough I figured out I was controlling what happened. So instead of trying to change the time on my cock I just sat there staring at it. Waiting for it to change from 2:30 to 2:31 and all of a sudden things went back to before time stopped. I was back in my bedroom and the radio was playing my favorite song. I saw James outside and asked him if he remembers anything about when the time has stopped and he just stood there laughing at me "time has never stopped" he said through his laughter. Then I ran back to my room and watched as the clock struck 2:32.

Figure Skating

The change room is full. I'm not sure if there is room on the bench for me, but I'll make room. All that matters is getting on the ice. Soon. I just get so excited, I love this sport so very much. As I'm lacing up my skates, some other girls come in. Obviously they don't say hi, I'm the new kid in the rink. But I have learned to put that aside and focus on my skating. Anyways, none of that really matters, all that does is me getting on the ice. As I get on, I do my usual warm up, two laps, just skating fast, around the rink. Then I do one lap where on the corners, I switch to backwards and do back crossovers. Once I'm finished that, I do some work on my edges, (inside and outside) down the rink. After that I do forward and back crossover figure eights on the circles, then I move on to jumps.

There are two different kind of jumps in skating; an edge jump and a toe jump. Edge jumps you obviously jump off an edge (most of the time you are backwards) then on toe jumps you turn backwards one foot, then stick your toe back and jump off of that. The simplest jump is a waltz jump. It is an edge jump where you basically jump from one foot to another, landing in your landing position (which is backwards on one foot). Then they get harder. After a waltz jump it goes: Salchow, Toe Loop, Flip, Loop then Lutz, those are the only jumps I know how to do, but there are so many others. Once I'm finished jumps it's time to work on spins! There are lot's of different kinds of spins, and

at the moment I can do only two; a two foot spin and a one foot spin. But I am so close to doing a sit spin! There is also a camel spin where you lift your back leg up behind you and spin, but I can't do that quite yet. When I'm done spinning I move on to spirals. A spiral is when you lift your back leg up behind you as far up as it can go, and glide on your other. In a competition, you would only get points for it if your back leg is higher than your hip and if you hold it for three seconds.

Last of all, enough with all the technical stuff, skating has really been an amazing adventure for me so far. I just love being on the ice so much, I find myself smiling the whole time. Especially when I accomplish a perfect jump, spin or spiral. When I'm on the ice I feel free, I feel like I can do anything, and everyday I am inspired by my fellow skaters, my coaches and myself. My coach is named Heather Ansley and just so happens to be my grandma, which is really fun. She helps me so much, and this year along with her help I have learned so much and have found a major passion for skating that I have never felt before. I did skate when I was really young, up to the when they told me that I didn't have to wear a helmet anymore, (which I don't right now) but for some reason I quit. I just came back to it this year and obviously, I'm thoroughly enjoying it.

Sadly, I am getting off the ice, my mom just flagged me down telling me it's time to go home. But that's okay, I will probably come again tomorrow. It was a successful hour, I accomplished so much. As I unlace my skates my grandma comes in and tells

me I did very well today and I should be proud. Which I most definitely am. I'm walking out of the double doors of McArthur Island sports center, I think about how much I can't wait for the next time I come back in again.

Every Chapter

Rhett had to admit, the alleys were never the best place to raise a child. The streets were loud. The nights were cold. The ground was hard. But Rhett knew not to complain. He knew his mom did her best to support him.

Rhett's mom worked at the library and she would always bring back a book for Rhett.

He didn't go to school because his mom couldn't afford it so Rhett didn't know how to read, but every night before bed Rhett's mom would read him one chapter of the book she had brought back. No more, no less.

Rhett cherished every sentence. His mom would fall asleep right after, but Rhett would stay awake, imagining himself being the main character. Rhett would think about what he'd do if he was them. Later, Rhett would fall asleep still thinking about it.

When Rhett would awake his mom would've already left for work. Rhett would wander the streets aimlessly, all that mattered was he was back in the alley by 7:00pm. When the day was nearing an end, he'd head back.

Rhett never took anything for granted, even if he didn't have much, he was still blessed to have what he had. Sometimes Rhett's mom would get back late, and Rhett would have to use every bit of energy not to fall asleep.

Rhett loved the stories. Most had a lesson at the end like: "Never give up," Rhett tried to use as many lessons in his life as possible. The books were big, some with over forty chapters, which would mean forty days!

Every Chapter

Rhett didn't mind being poor, as he had learnt from a book, things could've been worse.

One morning Rhett awoke. The air was bitter. His mom had already left for work. Rhett wandered the streets looking in shop windows.

At 6:45pm Rhett headed back towards the alley. When Rhett got back his mom wasn't there yet. He waited eagerly.

A few hours past. It was almost 10:00pm. Rhett struggled to keep his eyes open. He managed to stay awake until 2:00am. He was worried for his mother. He fell asleep shortly later.

Rhett woke up again at 7:00am, his mother was still nowhere to be found. Rhett waited all day, he searched the next day, and cried the day after that.

Weeks went by and even though Rhett searched, he never found his mom. Each day Rhett returned to the alley, and every night he held the book close to his heart.

With little food and no warmth, Rhett tossed and turned all night. As nights went by Rhett became ill. Coughs came in non-stop waves and he struggled to breathe.

Finally, Rhett decided to go to the hospital. Rhett didn't know what was wrong. With every raspy breath, his chest would hurt, he'd cough until he gagged, and couldn't breathe, then he'd suck in a small breath and the process would start over.

Every Chapter

After hours of waiting, a nurse came out and called his name. Rhett followed her down a maze of windy halls and corridors, until they reached a small room. The room smelled as though someone had tried a bit too hard to keep it sanitary. The walls were bare and plain. A few lonely paintings hung on the back wall.

The nurse sat down at the far end of the desk and asked Rhett to sit down. The nurse asked basic questions and ran a few tests. She took his heartbeat, while he took deep breaths. When finished, the nurse asked Rhett to wait.

Only Rhett was in the room. He felt alone and scared. He held his mother's book near. It was the only thing he had left. Just a beaten-up, old library book, but in that book, was the chapters to his life.

The nurse returned after a long hour's wait. She waved and gave a fake smile. Rhett could tell something was wrong.

"Hey, I got the results back." Her voice was soft and sad.

"And?" Rhett croaked.

Her eyes fell to the ground "It's... terminal cancer."

Rhett didn't know what to say, the nurse must've noticed and said,

"Don't worry, we'll take care of you."

She led him into a bedroom. She said goodnight and got up to leave.

Every Chapter

"Wait... can you do something... for me?"

Rhett held up the book. "One chapter, every night... that's all."

She promised she would, her name was Layla. Layla and Rhett became good friends. As days went on though, Rhett got sicker and sicker. Rhett slept most the day, but insisted Layla wake him up at 7:00pm for a chapter of the book. She always did, and never broke her promise.

One day Layla asked sadly "What happens when you die?"

Rhett gave a weak smile, "I'll be with my mom, but I'll miss you, maybe then I'll learn to read, so you won't have too."

Layla smiled, "Don't do that, it's my favourite part of the day."

"Mine too," whispered Rhett.

Rhett passed away after four weeks in hospital. Layla was the only one at his funeral. She stayed by his grave for a long time, but at 7:00pm she read.

As she finished the last chapter in the story she couldn't help but think that maybe it wasn't a coincidence Rhett had died just before the last chapter, now he will forever be able to come up with his own ending, the way he liked it.

Layla got in her car and drove off. When she got to her destination little bells chimed as

Every Chapter

she walked in the door. She chose her item carefully and put it on the counter and after she had paid she drove back to the cemetery. She walked over to Rhett's grave and opened the new book.

"Once upon a time..." she read. To this day Layla still reads to Rhett at 7:00pm each night, and at 7:00pm Rhett will listen, every night, to every chapter.

The Last Night

I had enough. Too much pain, hurt, and betrayal. Too many hopeless nights crying myself to sleep. I was leaving this nightmare. I gathered the strength in myself. I was weak and tired. I stepped out of bed and headed towards the corner of my room. The concrete there had always been stacked in a weird way. It was supposed to be some sort of desk or something, but no one ever used it. I climbed upon the shaky concrete, plastic, and metal structure, and leaned out of my window. It was low to the ground.

I pushed and wiggled until I fell onto the cold, hard earth. I've never been here when it was dark, it felt different. Like a completely new and still horrible place, which I was ditching. Then a thought popped into my head. Is the security different at night? Probably, I'd have to be extremely careful. I crawled through alleys, and corridors, in a complex labyrinth of a building. I knew the only exit would be to go over the fence, and to get to it, I'd have to pass every closely-guarded hallway there is.

I climbed through an air vent. It stunk like a dead creature was right under my nose. I checked, luckily it wasn't. I popped out by a guard, sipping a coffee. First major obstacle, he was sitting in a chair a few meters away from me and I was hiding behind a plant pot. I pulled back the leaves, took in a quick breath, and slunk by. He was reading something. I was lucky he didn't notice me. I crawled into another vent that led out to the fence. It was a lot taller than I remembered. I scaled across a metal sheet, and stood atop of the chain linked fence.

It was the middle of the night, and the thousands upon hundreds of stars gleamed above me. They spoke to me, encouraged me, encouraging me to jump. I was stiff with fright, this decision would be permanent. It hurt me. It hurt me down into the core of my sole. What

The Last Night

I woke up in my bed. My left leg seared in pain. A long cut went from my knee to my ankle. I failed to escape the orphanage. Anger seared inside of me, like a storm cloud breaking loose. Now I'll just dwell miserably here forever. Or will I? It was simple to escape the first time. I could do it more efficiently next time, climb down the fence instead of jumping it. Like a superhero, or a spy. Like the main character of my favourite book, The Hidden One. She was a superhero, Juliet, one who could scale walls, and climb mountains, and escape an orphanage. I wasn't that different from Juliet. We both had flame like red hair, and electric green eyes. We were both brave, and we both were orphans.

Yes, I would be my own Juliet. I would wait for my leg to heal, than escape, but this time for good. I would roam the streets at night, fighting crime, having adventures. I would take control of my life, have fun, and do what I want. I was my own main character. This was my story, and I want every page of it to be great. Even if I was a simple guinea pig, and even if the fence was merely my cage, and the guard was a toy, I didn't care. No matter my breed, species or size, I was capable of anything.

In memory of Clover,
August 2013 - March 18 2016
A great guinea pig, loved by all.

Stolen

Morgan Beatty

April 5th 1969

10:45 pm

A cold sharp wind blew thousands of tiny raindrops onto houses and buildings. Thunder roared across the fields and roads after a bright flash of lightning struck. In an orphanage a girl sat by the windowsill watching the storm. It was after curfew and all the kids were in bed. The girl never understood why the sisters were so protective at night.

She looked back at all the kids. Even the look of the bed made her back hurt. You could see the old rusty springs breaking out of the mis-coloured mattress. Suddenly a bright flash of lightning hit the ground right outside the window. She turned

sound of the engine was loud. He threw her into the back seat and slammed the door. He jumped in the front seat and stepped on the gas pedal as hard as he could, the car sped away into the dark of the night.

April 9th 1969

6:02am

Alayna's eyes shot open at the burning feeling in her wrists. She was in a small room with fluorescent lighting. Blood splattered across the floor and the walls. Her arms instantly felt tired. She looked up at her wrists which were tied with rope to the ceiling. She looked below her and saw that she was hanging two feet in the air. When the large metal door opened a tall guy walked in with clothes that were close to rags and looked at her sympathetically.

"What do you want from me?"

" She said.

“Thank you.....for wanting me.” She said between sobs.

January 16th 2000

4:20 pm

Alayna was never someone to wear black. Today she stood holding a single red rose and was in her black dress. Tears rolling down her face. She walked up to the open coffin and placed her rose down for the first time in 31 years she cried. “Goodbye, to the only person who ever wanted me.” Alayna said weakly and quietly.

Zariah

Have you ever wondered what it's like to feel sadness? It's like a sting in your heart that keeps reminding you every single day, moment, second, that it's not going to be okay. Everybody experiences a moment of sadness at some point in their life, and that's what happened to me. My name is Emma, and I will be sharing the worst memory of my life.

When I was 14 years old my mother told me I needed to earn money, I wasn't the smartest, prettiest, bubbly girl you would think of. I had no talent whatsoever.

"You know, if you want to earn some money maybe you should try babysitting," said my mother. I rolled my eyes and laughed, "Babysitting?" I continued "You really think I'm capable of babysitting, mom I can't even take care of myself". She scratched her head and looked up at me, "Then get a job, there are lots of places that are hiring around town!" She exclaimed.

"Mom I don't wanna work somewhere, I don't even want to get a job!" I replied. "Well, it's either babysitting or nothing" she growled. My fingers tapped and tapped on the counter top, "Fine, but only for you mom!" I answered. She started clapping her hands out and about, her arms wrapped around mine as tight as possible, what did I just get myself into.

After dinner, mom decides its best if we set up a little room for my new job. We lay out blankets, old toys, and a little crib from when I was younger. "Do you really think anyone is actually going to end up coming here?" I ask. Mom looks at me and puts her hand on my shoulder, "Actually, my friend from yoga class has a daughter who's eight and she is looking for a babysitter" she hinted. I smiled and laughed, "I guess that means you should call her up!" I sneered. Mom grabs her phone and walks out of the room, I quickly walk up to my bedroom and slip into my pajamas, I open up the blankets and hop into my bed, in an instant I fall asleep.

Grade 9 isn't so hard, I only take Math, Health and Career, Science, Socials, Woodwork, Drama, Art, Music, Language Arts, and French. Mrs. McBloom is doing her regular lecture about how technology is a con to our brain. I look around and see other classmates doing other things, sleeping, texting, drawing, and eating. Carefully I pull out my phone and slide to the home screen. TEXT FROM MOM: Guess what, you have your first kid coming today! Her name is Zariah, but remember I won't be home till 5! She's coming over at 3:15, good luck! The bell suddenly rings and everyone quickly rushes out of the class, even myself. I get onto bus A12 and find a spot in the back, my bag covers up the rest of the room on the seat, many people don't sit with me, so I find it's best if I just put something there.

The bus starts moving down the street, almost near mine, and finally, we come to a stop.

I sit on the couch staring at the time every five minutes, 3:00, 3:05, 3:10, and 3:15. Then there's the knock on the door, I walk up and quickly brush some the hair out of my face and open the door. "Hello, you must be Emma!" Exclaimed the mother, "Yes that's me" I say "And you must be Zariah?" I asked. She looks up at her mother and looks back at me; we make eye contact for a split second. "Anyways, here is a list of things that I just want you to be aware of," She says while handing me a piece of paper. "Okay, I have to head to work now, but you two girls have fun!" She stated. I say goodbye, and let Zariah into our home.

They day goes by fast; we play games, make dinner, watch tv, and read books.

Until I spot her bracelet, "I like your bracelet" I say, "Thank you, it's my favorite, it's my good luck bracelet, and everywhere I go it brings me the best of luck" she says. I smile and laugh, "What do you like to do in your free time?" Zariah asks, "Well, I love to sing, read, and draw" I answer. "What do you like to do?" I ask, "I like going to school, but I don't go that often," she says. I look up at her and squint, "Whys that?" I asked, but before you know it the doorbell rings. We both go up and answer it together "Mommy!" She yells, her mother picks her up and gives her a big hug. "Hi sweetie, how was it?" She exclaimed. "It was the best; we did so much fun stuff!" She said.

Her mother looks at me and smiles, "That's great, the car is opened if you wanna go in, okay?". Zariah quickly runs to the car and she yells "Thank you!" I smile; it gives me a fuzzy feeling inside. Her mother hands me thirty dollars, "Oh my gosh, thank you so much!" I exclaimed! "Your welcome, you know it must be trouble with her" She laughed. "What do you mean, she was great!" I announced. "Oh, well I don't think I told you, Zariah has Leukemia, she was diagnosed a couple months ago," she said quietly. My heart sank to the bottom of my stomach. "Oh my gosh, I am so sorry to hear that," I said. She smiled and sighed, "It's just hard you know, I'm trying to spend so much time with her before it's too late, but with work in the way, everything is just such a mess" she cried. I leaned in and hugged her, "It's going to be okay, if you need anything please call me, I'm always free," I said. "Thank you so much, do you think we could do this possibly every Monday?" She asked. "Of course, it would be great to get to know her better!" I exclaimed. "Great, I'll see you next Monday!" She squealed. I waved goodbye and closed the door. I couldn't wait till Monday came around.

Mom found me passed out on the couch; I was tired of playing with Zariah. "Kiddo, you okay?" She said, "I haven't seen you this tired since you ran that marathon?" She joked.

"Yeah, I'm fine, I'm just tired" I answer. "How was the babysitting?" She asked.

"It was great, we did so much fun stuff, but you never told me that she had Leukemia?" I said.

Mom closed her eyes and sighed, "I didn't want anything to be weird around your guys" she started, "I just wanted you to get to know her better". I looked down and sighed, "Yeah I guess, but she is a really sweet girl" I say. Mom smiles and nods, "Okay, well I'm going to bed now, goodnight" I say as I walk up the stairs. "Goodnight sweetie," mom said.

And just like that, I fell asleep.

Soon enough Monday came around, we went to the park this time, and had some ice cream, then next Monday came around, Zariah said she wanted to go see the new movie "Aliens And Pigs", turns out it wasn't that bad of a movie, but Zariah enjoyed it more than I did.

We created such a great bond over such a small period of time, she was my best friend. Even though we were six years apart, nothing could tear down our friendship. Until the one Monday, something came up.

TEXT FROM MOM: Hi sweetie, Zariah isn't able to make it today. She was in the hospital last night, the cancer is getting worse, I think it's best if you go visit her.

My heart sank below my chest, I grabbed my bag and ran to the hospital. The elevator doors swung open, I quickly punched in L4. My heart was beating faster than ever.

Soon enough I ran into her hospital room, and there she was, laying in her yellow hospital bed. "Mom, Emma's here!" She exclaimed. Her mom came up and gave me the biggest hug I have ever received.

"Thank you so much for coming, Zariah was hoping you would" she laughed I smiled and walk over to her bed, "How are you feeling?" I ask. "I guess I'm okay" she replied.

She grabs my hand and I squeeze it tight. There's a knock on the door a short lady walks in with the doctor, "Excuse me, visiting times are over now" she pointed to me. "Okay, I'll be back soon okay?" I say. Zariah nods and smiles. I exit the hospital and head to Toys R Us. The smell of the store is almost like

childhood, nature, candy, and freedom. My eyes spot the bright section of the store "ALIENS AND PIGS" what a perfect gift to give to Zariah.

I find the best-stuffed animal of an alien, it had a green shaped body, with one eyeball like the main character. My debit card swiped the machine, and quickly I'm on my way home.

"I'm home" I yell. Mom walks out the kitchen, "Already, you were gone for a half an hour?" She asked.

"The nurse said that visiting times were over, but after school tomorrow, I'll go visit," I say. "Honey, maybe you should just let her be with her mom for a while?" She lectured.

"Mom it's fine"

"No its not I think you should just let her be on her own"

"Mom, it's fine!"

"Honey, you're not going"

"Mom, why are you acting like this?" I yell

"Honey, do not give me that attitude right now" she huffed

"I'm going no matter what you say?"

"Since when did you become the boss?" She asks

"Mom, this could be the last time I will be with her!" I yell

Everything goes silent, tears are about to fall down my face, but I hold them in. I run upstairs to my room and begin to cry, I couldn't take it anymore.

My mom and I don't talk at all that day. I go to the 1st period which is math, but my brain is boggled on the same topic, Zariah. Every day I worry more and more about her, but finally, school is over and I run to the hospital. Once I get there, I walk to her room, she's there but this time, everything is worse.

"Emma!" She smiled. I smiled and gave her a hug, "Hi Zariah, how are you?" I ask. The smile suddenly

wipes off her face, "Not so good, I feel worse than that time we ate too much ice cream" she says. I

stroke her head and smile, "Oh I have something for you" I say while I'm pulling the alien out my

backpack. "Ta da! I present to you the alien!" I say in a deep voice. "Woah, thank you so much!" She

says. And suddenly the fuzzy feeling is back again. "I have something for you too" she added. She hands

me her good luck bracelet, "Zariah, you don't have to" I say. "I want you to have it, it brings me good

luck, and I want you to have the best of luck in your life," she says. She hugs the alien tight and places it

on her hospital bed. The smile on her face disappears again, she knows something is up. She starts

coughing, more and more, the nurses come in and push me out of the way. "We need the doctor right

away" She yells. They shut the door on me.

That was the last time I ever saw Zariah, she has inspired me to become a better person every day.

Even though I think about the times she and I had together, it brings the sting to my heart, but also, it bring the fuzzy feeling back.

Story By: Rebecca Blanchfield

Grade: 7

Class: Mrs. Simpson

Stolen

Chapter 1: An Everyday Day

Aria sighed. The downtown Starbucks in Vancouver took forever! How long did it take to make a vanilla bean frappuccino, she thought. Aria Perrier was just your every-day Vancouver teenager. She knew all the malls inside out and knew where the best Starbucks were and the perfect drinks to order from each.

All of Aria's pretty, popular friends were the same. Aria lived in West Vancouver with her kind mother Amberly and stylish younger sister Tia. They had a cuddly siamese cat named Winston.

The only reason Aria was at the slow but modern downtown Starbucks was because she was meeting her friends Livia and Anna at King Julian mall which was only a couple blocks away from the Starbucks she was at.

Finally after waiting another five minutes the cute blonde barista called, "Vanilla bean frappuccino for Aria!"

Aria flashed a winning smile, grabbed her drink and casually walked out. Outside the cafe the usual Saturday afternoon clogged the street. She could already see half of the neon mall sign, the other half covered by the leafy red and orange maple trees that lined the street.

On the road about two blocks ahead Aria saw the blue and red flashing lights that usually indicated there was a car crash. Aria thought nothing of it as the traffic in all parts of Vancouver created accident prone roads. As she neared the crash she also saw a firetruck and ambulance along with the normal police cars. Aria quickly decided she didn't want to walk by the

emergency vehicle infested car crash and ducked into a narrow hidden back road to avoid the chaos.

Then all of a sudden everything went black. Aria awoke with a pounding headache and instinctively reached for her purse for something to ward off the pain, but her hand hit metal when she tried to move it. She then heard the tell-tale growl of the engine, and she came to the conclusion that she was in a car. She had enough sense to know that she was stuffed away in trunk of a car. She was scared at first but that fear then turned to confusion and anger. She had scouted out a really cute top for herself and was planning to buy it on this shopping trip. After a while being squished uncomfortably she began contemplating why she had been kidnapped. She was just a normal girl in a normal family. Or at least so she thought.

Chapter 2: The Journey

Aria was tired of wearing designer clothes. She couldn't believe she was even thinking it, but her white and grey speckled Ralph Lauren sweater was getting really itchy and her beautiful brown brand name combat boots felt like they were leaving marks in her skin. Being stuffed in the trunk of a car without being able to move and even worse without her frappuccino was starting to get on Aria's nerves. And not only she didn't know where she was going, she didn't know who had kidnapped her or why. Overall Aria's day was not going as planned.

All of a sudden the car came to a jolting stop jerking her out of her thoughts. Outside a bored voice said, "Welcome to Carrier Transport, please declare any cargo."

Aria was elated to hear another human voice after hours of only hearing her own trying to reassure herself.

A gruff male voice interrupted her thoughts once again, “Special Agent Steve, official business, I have orders not to reveal my cargo to anyone.”

Surprisingly the first person sounded greatly excited by this declaration, and eagerly asked, “Where to, sir?”

The second man curtly answered, “Eclipse.” The man obviously did not want to give away too much information.

“Alright third road on the left.” the man who Aria thought was a toll booth operator replied.

She then felt the car speed off down a road she couldn’t see. The car twisted and turned down a windy pavement road. They only faltered at what she thought was the fork in the road the toll officer described earlier in their trip. Aria felt the car putter to a stop and soon heard the roar of a raging river.

She started to question what they were doing at a river bank of all places. Above the sounds of the river she heard little twinkling sounds. The longer she listened the more it sounded like little giggles not twinkling.

She heard the driver mutter “Just get it over with!” and knew by his tone that he didn’t like what was going to happen next.

Before she knew what was happening she felt the car lift off the pavement and float towards the sounds of the river. Aria was too terrified of the prospect of falling and drowning to be in awe of flying. Just when she thought her life was about to end, she felt the car plunk onto something solid.

Because she couldn't see anything she assumed they had set down on the other bank. Halfway through her sigh of relief the car lurched forward. Aria promptly screamed. The car pitched over a bump and tottered around a corner. Except the bumps didn't feel like bumps in a road...more like.... waves. And the realization hit her like one. She was on a boat. In a car. Going down a raging river. She was on a boat, in a car, going down a raging river! She screamed again.

To Be Continued...

The Secret of Rosie Brown

The day started like any other. I woke up to the feeling of a cold, hard, lumpy, mattress against my back. Humid air made the room feel like a tropical rain forest. My blanket felt more like a facecloth and barely covered the tips of my toes. As I sat up I realized I was, yet again, the last one to wake up. I rolled out of my bed and stood up on the cold concrete floor. The hard, raspy voice of my orphanage Counselor, Louise, drifted up the stairs

“Ladies! You have 5 minutes, or else!”

I ran over to my dresser and pulled out the greenish gray dress that we were supposed to wear each day. The scratchy wool tingled against my skin as I pulled it over my head and down my body. I yanked on some grey leggings then I grabbed my shoes and dashed out of the room and down the long, dark stairwell.

I burst into the dining room to find, for a change, that I was not the last one to arrive.

“Miss Brown?” Counselor Louise asked inquiringly.

“Yes, Madame Louise?” I answered, my voice quivering as I addressed her.

“On time today... I see,” She muttered.

“Yes, Madame Louise,” I said as I pulled on my last shoe.

“Are you properly dressed?”

“Yes, Madame Louise,” I answered with an even tone while trying to stop fidgeting with my shoe.

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"Good," She murmured slowly, eyeing me carefully the whole time.

I watched as the last few kids scampered sheepishly down the stairs and into the room. I glanced at the very old and very dusty grandfather clock in the corner. It read 6:25.a.m. *They're five minutes late, I thought to myself, they're going to be punished.* Usually I was the one punished for being late. I saw the stragglers slink into their seats around the rickety old table. I wondered what their punishment was and I hoped it was bad. That thought lasted until I saw my friend Callie scampering towards her seat. That's when Counselor Louise hinted at just how much trouble they were getting into.

Councillor Louise stood up and cleared her throat.

"Everyone who was late! Listen up! Meet me in my office at exactly 8:00 a.m! But this time... DON'T BE LATE!" She screamed at them.

"B-b-b-but won't we miss school...?" One kid whimpered.

"Yes, and you'll have to explain to your professor why you're late," She snapped back at him. I swear I felt the temperature in the room drop a few degrees. I even had goosebumps popping up on my arms and legs.

Most of the kids had a frightened look on their poor, innocent faces but a few of the troublemakers wore a smirk. As for Callie? Despite the fact that she is one of the toughest people I know, she looked like she was about to cry.

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I wanted to reach out and hug her. But I knew that I would get into big trouble. We weren't allowed to touch each other at the orphanage or, if and when you did, you would be severely punished. However, this is one of those times when you hear that little voice that lives inside your head, and you just can't stop your legs from pushing the chair out from under the table. Before I knew it I was over at Callie's side giving her the biggest bear hug I had ever given to anybody before.

Well that set off a stampede. Everyone seated at the table got up and rushed over to the kids who were in trouble. Then the hugs started. Every kid in the orphanage was hugging someone else. This went on for almost a full minute, accompanied by crying and comforting words. Suddenly, that very familiar voice rang out from the other side of the room.

"STOP!!"

Every single kid froze at the sharpness of Counselor Louise's voice. At first she must have been so stunned by the sudden hugging outburst that she was speechless. But now, her voice was back, and it was stronger than ever.

"Who is responsible for this?!" She screeched, seething with anger.

Everyone knows that if you don't want to get in trouble at the orphanage, you have to be able to swiftly blame things on others. That's exactly what happened. People pointed at me and started yelling things:

The Secret of Rosie Brown

"It was her!"

"It was Rosie!"

"Yeah! She ran over and gave the first hug!"

"Punish Rosie! Not us!"

"Yeah!"

I just stared at my feet the entire time. This WAS all my fault.

"Rosie, is this true?" Counselor Louise asked me. She was trying to calm herself down. I just kept staring at my feet hoping I could disappear.

"I repeat, Rosie, did you cause this?" When I glanced up at her, her stare made my blood turn ice cold.

"ROSELYN MARY BROWN!! ANSWER ME!! IS...THIS.. TRUE?!?!"

My head jerked up so fast that the back of my neck started to sting. She's never called anyone by their full name before. What's more bizarre is I've never told anyone my real name. I've only used Rosie Brown. The two people who actually KNEW my full name were my parents. But Counselor Louise said they had died in a car accident many years earlier.

Chapter 1 -- The Beginning

It all started in the deep countryside of British Columbia with an adventurous 13 year old girl named Maddie. Maddie was just a regular girl living in a farm house in Salmon Arm. She lived with her mom, who was a busy lawyer and never had any time for Maddie, and her dad, who was successful sales man travelling all around the world which she never got to see. Her favourite person was her grandma Eva. With her grandma passing last year she was heartbroken and the only things she had left of her were three photos, her alarm clock and a necklace that her grandma wore at all times. Maddie had few friends, two to be exact. Carla her best girlfriend and Ryan her best guy friend. Maddie had two pets she claimed to be the best on earth. Her male calico cat Tumbles and her female appaloosa horse Jasper. It all happened one day. Ryan and Carla were over, her mom working, and her dad in Dubai. They hung out all day and ten minutes after they both left she heard a thump coming from her jewelry box. She walked over and opened the first drawer which had her grandma's necklace in. She was missing her that day so she decided to put it on. Then from all the running around from that day she decided to take a short nap, but first she put an alarm on for thirty minutes at 1:00 so she didn't sleep too long. Once she was finally asleep, she woke up five minutes later. "Well this is hopeless" she said, rubbing her eyes. But as she looked up she screamed. She saw a girl that looked like an elf and a guy that had the body of a horse and from the waist up was a human. "Who the heck are you two and what are you doing in my room?" They looked at Maddie blankly. "Well", she said impatiently. "Hi, I am Tarin and this is Teela", said the centaur. "Who are you? Asked the elf. "Oh I am Maddie," she said shyly. "Tarin look," said the elf quickly. "What?" he said as if he was complaining. It was funny He kind of sounded like Ryan when he said that and she noticed he was staring at her with such content. But Ryan never stared at her like that though. "Look at her

neck, said the elf. “No that’s creepy,” Tarin said “Just do it! Teela said. All while this was happening Maddie was sitting there extremely confused. “Oh my god Teela it’s the necklace!” “What are they talking about?” wondered Maddie. “You mean my necklace? What’s so special?” “Legend told there is a necklace that allows humans to come to Mythicana. How else would you have got here? Certainly not with wings, explained Teela. Oh well this is strange....but in a weird way cool Maddie though. “You have to tuck it in your shirt at all times when you’re here ok?” said Tarin “Ok” Maddie said, “But why?” “Because if an evil creatures take it they will come to your world and that’s very bad. Do you understand?” said teela. “Yes”. Maddie’s head was racing and couldn’t stop. What was she going to do?” “It’s getting dark now,” said Maddie frantically. “Don’t worry the necklace takes you back after the alarm goes off “said Tarin. “What alarm clock?” Maddie asked. “The one you set to come here. You need the special necklace and an alarm set to come to Mythicana,” Tarin said. “Oh how long has it been?” said Maddie. “Twenty nine minutes,” said Tarin. “Oh the alarm is going to go soon. Ok one more thing. How do you know so much about this?” asked Maddie. “There is a whole book on it. Oh no it’s been thirty minutes. Come back tomorrow for two hours. I want to get to know you ok?”said Tarin “Ok,” Maddie said smiling filling up with excitement! Then just like that she was back home thinking about the best dream she ever had and wishing it was real because to tell the truth, she though Tarin was adorable in every way! Then she looked at the clock it was still 1:00.

Laura Clark,
Grade 7,
Aberdeen Elementary

THE BURDEN OF THE PAST

You do not know my story You have not walked my path,

My life is not as simple as science and math,

Although my past is mine,

And I hold it so very close,

Do not judge me by the things I awoke,

Because you do not truly know,

Even if you ask,you do not listen,

Even if you listen,you do not hear,

And even if you hear,

You do not feel at all,

Not one bit,

My past left a scar on me,

One that I fear,

If I could go back,

I would change it so dear,

Because in the end I know that I will die,

The only question is will I have truly lived?

Laura Clark,
Grade 7,
Aberdeen Elementary

YOU ARE LOVED

Escape,

Escape the voice in your head,telling you that you can't succeed,

Go for it,

Chase your dreams instead,even if you fall on your knees

Stop,

Beating yourself to the ground,

Stop getting lost,

Because you think you can't be found,

I believe you are heard,

I know you make a sound,

If it were up to me,

I would always see you around,

But you're not,

You have not escaped the voices in your head,

Telling you that you can't,

You were too scared that you would fall,

You were scared that nobody,

Laura Clark,
Grade 7,
Aberdeen Elementary

YOU ARE LOVED

Not one single person,
Would be there to catch you,
You were wrong,
You had an ocean,
But you were too scared,
Of drowning.

Rebecca Fassler
Grade 7
Lloyd George
Mme Dumas
Allandia - Chapter 1

I can still remember the salty smell of sweat dripping off people's foreheads, the sound of screams and sirens and the dreadful feeling of fear everywhere. "Take my hand" yelled my mom through the shrieks. I grabbed it and even when everyone was pushing through, I still held on tight.

The sirens seemed to become quieter, then I heard a voice coming from the intercom, "Fellow Allandians, please calm yourselves and line up in single file while we exit Allandia for safety reasons". After all the panic I couldn't believe that they would not tell us why we are leaving the planet we have called home for centuries.

My mother pulled me to the side "Promise me you'll stay calm and through all of this you'll stay with me".

In response I anxiously said "I promise, but tell me one thing, will we be okay?"

"Of course dear", she replied.

The majority of people did follow the instructions of the woman on the intercom because of their fear of being punished. A few appeared to have gone mad, and were screaming at the officers. It was a dreadful experience how could they put us through this?

Two hours later our entire species was entering three different ships. The biggest one was assigned first class and was called Allador. Next was second class, the second biggest and was called Mellior. It was also the most packed and where we stayed.

Rebecca Fassler
Grade 7
Lloyd George
Mme Dumas
Allandia - Chapter 1

Finally third class had the most run down, wrecked ship you will ever see, Leor. Leor was the inferior ship of the three and by looking at it, I wondered if our leader had

completed it at all and if he wanted to purposely leave them behind. Our leader had no respect for third class, it had always been that way. He is selfish, cruel and malicious. Worst of all we are compelled to follow his every command, as result 3rd class was put in the dismantled ship.

Finally once we boarded our ships there were multiple people on intercoms, all speaking at once. Nearly 50 guards desperately trying to coordinate everyone and lead them to their bunkers. I still remember my bunker name, Number 274 D, where we were situated. There were two bunk beds, two drawers and one window. Usually when you walk into a room or a home you feel welcomed and like family, here it felt empty and cold. Not the type of cold that gives you shivers, the type that feels like a neverending void. I climbed to the top bunk and sat down, my mom came in after me with a suitcase filled with our stuff. With every step she took you could hear the emptiness in the room, it sounded like someone tapping on an hollow cardboard box.

After we got placed in our bunkers, each room got pamphlets telling us what our schedule was with stations that included what time to rest, eat, exercise and go to school. Each station is inside a glass cubicle with nature boxes. Each box contained flowers, trees, bushes and mosses from Allandia. These few things are necessary for the Allandians survival, without vibrant and spirited nature surrounding us, our race would

Rebecca Fassler
Grade 7
Lloyd George
Mme Dumas
Allandia - Chapter 1

vanish. All this seems pretty normal alongside the fact that there was hundreds of thousands of people on just our airship. As a result there are thousands of people in each station. Worst by far was the eating station, being there was like standing in the middle of a stampede of horses running from a gunshot. Imagine thousands of Allandian's running into the eating cubicle striving for their one meal of the day. Pure horror.

Sorrow cast upon all Allandian's, it was time to depart. Depart from the only place I've called or known as home my entire life. The place that holds all my memories. It has the key to all my laughs and smiles and has created every single one of them, so I give my home one last smile as they start the message on the intercom. "Fellow Allandian's, we hope you are well suited in your new homes and enjoy your brief stay on Mellior. Please wait patiently until we find a new home for all Allandian's. Excuse us for this brief transport for safety reasons. Thank you so much for your patience". At the end of the message there were two taps which meant return to what you're doing.

I couldn't believe they continuously refused to tell us these anything. What were these safety reason? When I heard them say this continuously I slammed my fist against the bed. Then I broke out into a rage and threw a book at the speaker which projected the lady on the intercom. The book fell back down and gave a knock against the hardwood floor, I picked up the book and read the title "The Mystery Garden". That book was my first gift from my dad, I broke out into tears and threw myself onto the my

Rebecca Fassler
Grade 7
Lloyd George
Mme Dumas
Allandia - Chapter 1

bed. I miss my dad, my friends and most of all I miss my home. My mother jumped onto the bed and started soothing me by humming. It was a gentle melody that made you

feel calm. All of a sudden her humming was interrupted by a roaring sound. Then I knew, it was the engine and we were finally fleeing the sole place I've ever loved, home.

I gazed upon Allandia as we vanished from our home planet. From the window you could see our pure blue waters, aquamarine woods and violet gravel scattered across the ground. Allandia had always been such a colourful and cheerful place, wherever you went you would get this magical like feeling. There is no way of truly explaining this feeling we call it *magica*, the feeling of pure bliss with a bit of magic. On this ship though there is no *magica*, just despair and anguish. Everything is so dull and dark, the nature boxes are the only thing keeping us from entering the *delenoi* stage. It shuts down your mind into horrible depressing thoughts, next your body, then the soul. Many people were surrounding the nature boxes, fearful of entering *delenoi*. When I entered the feeding area I just stood there, mortified. How could our leader make us feel so anxious over his so called "safety reasons". I targeted my anger towards him and the ship. My mother tried desperately to comfort me. the only reason I didn't was because I remembered I would always stay with her through all of this. I could never blame her since our dad abandoned us she has always been over anxious about her and my safety. I went to our bunker and fell asleep in my bed wishing this would all go away.

The Vacancy

“Well, here we are.” I looked around at the tall, crumbling building, the soaring oak trees, and the cracked side walk. Turning to my sister, I said,

“Are you sure this is the right place?”

“Positive,” she replied. “I doubled checked the address a hundred times at least. This is you’re new home.” She started up the cement stairs to the glass doors of the apartment. A panel on her right caught my eye. It’s used to ‘buzz’ the owners of the apartment to let you in, however it was hanging almost completely off the wall. But that wasn’t why I found it strange. All of the strips of paper that would usually display the apartment owners’ names were all blank. It was as if no one else lived here.

“Hey, Malory,” I said slowly. “Why do you think there are no names on this list?” She stopped struggling with the lock in the door and turned to face me.

“What?” she said impatiently. When she glanced where I was looking, she laughed. “Oh Zoe! There you go sleuthing again. They probably all peeled off. This is an old building after all.” She turned back to her struggle with the lock, and after a few seconds, she managed to open it. “Finally!” she exclaimed. “Come along ‘Nancy Drew’”. With another laugh she led the way into the building.

As I followed her into the elevator, I couldn’t stop thinking about the missing names and the other odd things about the building. For one thing, I hadn’t seen a single person since we arrived. Most apartment buildings that I had been to before had been bustling, even overflowing, with people. In this one, there was nobody in the lobby, on the elevator, or on the street. I shivered. The thought of living alone in such a huge building was not a nice one. I was now officially creeped out. The elevator doors opened at the top floor – the tenth – with a loud ‘BING!’ that startled me so much I nearly jumped three feet in the air.

“My, someone is certainly jumpy!” teased Mallory.

“Whatever.” I shrugged “You would be nervous if you were moving in to an abandoned apartment building.”

“Oh, you and you’re stories.” She said mockingly and began to skip down the hall. I snorted and followed her. After what seemed like ten minutes of walking, we reached apartment 202. The number didn’t make sense to me as we were on the tenth floor, but I brushed it off as a weird numbering system. Mallory had opened the door and walked in while I was pondering door numbers. I quickly followed, then stopped short.

“Oh my gosh.” I was speechless. We had just walked into the kitchen. The walls were pink. The floor was peach. The back-splash was yellow. In short, it was horrific. I ran out of the kitchen and through the rest of the apartment. The bathroom matched the kitchen, the living room carpet was green, and my

bedroom was... "Huh." I said out loud. The bedroom was fine. More than fine, it was beautiful and cozy. The walls were light blue, the curtains were gauzy and white, the floor was hardwood, the area rug was also white and there was an Eiffel tower lamp on the white bedside table. A beautiful oak desk sat across from the bed, and the outside of the closet door were mirrors.

"Wow!" Mallory said as she joined me at the door. "That is one great bedroom."

That night, I sat at my desk eating pizza and listening to the noise in the apartments around me. That is to say, the lack of noise. The whole building was completely silent, except for the sound of my chewing. It was eerie, being in such stillness. This place was utterly lifeless. I imagined some one looking at me, standing behind me, staring through my window. I turned around slowly and nearly jumped out of my skin. My heart jumped to my throat. And then I realized that what I thought was a person was just my sweater hanging from the door. Nevertheless, I was still scared. After a few more minutes, I couldn't stand it anymore. I closed the pizza box and crawled into bed, pulling the covers up over my ears. "Keep it together, Zoe." I whispered to myself "Keep it together."

"Yes Zoe, Keep it together." Said a deep, loud voice. It was not mine. I stiffened, paralysed with fear. My heart pounded loud and fast in my ears, and my breathing came short. Terrified, I lay there, waiting and listening. Finally, I lifted my head up a little, adrenaline coursing through my body. I swear my heart stopped dead. Standing at the foot of my bed was a shape. The dark form of a man. Or at least, a man-like thing, for the figure didn't seem human, at least not to my petrified eyes. "Hello." The creature said. Well, I thought it said, but it sounded more like it rumbled.

"Who are you?" I choked out. My throat felt too tight to speak.

"I am The Deceased" rumbled the creature.

"What do you want?" I thought.

"I want you."

The bedroom curtains are wide open, and sunlight is streaming in through the windows. A box of pizza lays on the desk. If you were there you would see. You would also see a mirror. You would see that mirror ripple like water and a hand reach through. You would hear a piercing scream resound through the apartment and into the outside world. You would see the hand be pulled back violently through the mirror. But you weren't there. Nobody was. Because nobody is ever there. If they are, they won't be for long.

The End

Empty

Name: Lauren Giesbrecht Grade:7 School: Dallas elementary

I stood in a crowd of protesters. I wasn't one of them but I kinda got squishy. A sigh escaped my mouth and my eyes glazed over the group only to stop on a boy I was oh so madly in love. I would have had a chance with him if I my

-Block also
swearing
on p. 12 last
paragraph

This particular man intrigued me. The way his mouth curled upwards to reveal the one dimple he had that rested high on his face, almost right under his left eye. His eyes are caramel with golden flecks, he has hair that is sandy blond, and tan skin that was sprinkled with golden freckles. He wasn't a good athlete but he was unbelievably smart. I could trust him with anything.

As you could probably tell I did the cliché thing and fell in love with my best friend. It was stupid and I hated it but at the same time it made me want to grin and giggle. Which was precisely why I hated it. I don't giggle. I also don't fall in love easily. Which is another reason why this frustrated me.

Moving on, these protesters (the ones that I'm pretty sure are using their bodies as a blender specificity made to pulverize me) were angry that no one was doing anything to stop a vicious virus that was claiming the lives of many people. Half of the world was already dead and suicide rates were spiking. My entire family has already passed and I've shown no signs of illness. I don't have the guts to commit suicide and I hoped that when I did get sick I would pass quickly. But of course, luck is never on my side.

I began to lose patience so I started to body check people out of my way. I stumbled out of the crowd and barreled right into the gorgeous man I mentioned earlier, Dave. He chuckled and suddenly ran in the other direction, dragging me.

"Dave! Chill and tell me what's going on!" I screamed desperately at his back, glaring hoping he could feel it.

"Don't worry dude. I have something I want to show you!" He responded turning his head to grin at me. He laughed noticing my glare.

I rolled my eyes now smiling too. God damn him and his infectious smile. I tried to stop smiling yet failing miserably as Dave continued to pull me through the trees and finally stopping after what I could swear was half an hour. We were positioned in a clearing that I glazed over not very impressed before I noticed what made my stomach drop.

Empty

Name: Lauren Giesbrecht Grade:7 School: Dallas elementary

And as I write this thousands of years later, floating in oblivion, I was right. This would last forever.

Overcoming Fear

In cold Tesla, Oklahoma, there was a house, not a log house like you would find in woodland areas, but a cozy modern home. Inside lived Kevin, a middle aged guy. He had burgundy hair, and greyish brown whiskers on his tanned face. He was a hunter, not a crazy trigger happy hunter like his psychopathic neighbour Marion. Kevin enjoyed simply getting a couple of grouse and possibly a white tail deer, if he was lucky. He had a best friend named Ripley, who didn't talk, nor walk on two legs; Ripley was a dog.

Ripley was an ordinary dog, in an ordinary neighbourhood. But mentally he wasn't ordinary. He had a rational fear of the outdoors. Crazy right? The best friend of a hunter, and bred for hunting, but he was scared of the outdoors? Though he had reason to be scared, he was left for dead in the wilderness as a puppy. Ripley was bred by abusive, heartless, dog breeders. They didn't want him. He wouldn't sell because of his small size. So instead of being responsible, the breeders drove off into the deep-woods. They threw him out of the ugly, green rusted truck, and didn't come back. The wilderness surrounded the dumbfounded pup, bears roaring in the distance, and crows cawing through the night. He was petrified, as he was just a wimpy, scrawny, puppy. He lay on the ground and began to squeal, but then the roar of a truck disrupted Ripley's pitiful screeches.

Overcoming Fear

The truck stopped, metres away from the pup. A man carrying heavy hunting equipment emerged. Ripley thought this was the moment he would die. He shut his eyes preparing for the worst. Then he felt a tug on his fluffy neck, could it be angels taking him to heaven? He opened his eyes to find a face, a man's face, scruffy, with dull whiskers. The man was gentle handling the pup. That man was Kevin. He chuckled and said, "Well ain't that special." As he wrapped Ripley (who wasn't yet named) in a blue, cotton blanket, and took the shivering little fuzz-ball home. Ever since, Ripley had a deep respect for Kevin, but Ripley has never gone outside since.

Ripley won't even go outside to do his business. Instead Kevin bought Ripley and Carlos a litter box. Carlos was Kevin's cat, and Ripley's good friend. Carlos was a deep grey siamese cat, with bright blue eyes. Carlos spoke very quickly, he was Spanish. Sometimes Ripley didn't understand a word Carlos said. But still, he listened.

After cooking for about an hour, Kevin's breakfast was ready, so he loaded up the truck. He backed the truck up into the maroon garage as far as possible. This made it easy for Ripley to get in the cab comfortably. Ripley enjoyed hunting, he just didn't go out of the truck. He stayed in and watched Kevin, and the scenery. They pulled out of the rocky driveway, and began to drive. The sky blue 1997 Chevy roared as they passed Marion's oak-wood house. Marion chuckled and sputtered, and he laughed his psychopathic

Overcoming Fear

laugh. Immediately Kevin sped up to get past Marion's house, shaking and muttering under his breath.

The rest of the day was good. Kevin wandered around in the long, yellow, frosty grass, enjoying himself. And of course, Ripley stayed in the truck. After about three hours, Kevin spotted an enormous brown bear! Ripley watched curiously. Kevin lined up his scope and had his finger on the trigger. Then suddenly the massive beast charged at Kevin. He pulled the trigger but the bullet missed, and clipped the bear's ear instead. Ripley was barking furiously, and he thought to himself, "This is why I don't like the outdoors." The bear pounced on Kevin; it began slamming its paws into Kevin's arms and legs. Cracking each bone, one by one. Ripley was petrified but, he could not let Kevin die! A life for a life, he had to save him.

Ripley was debating whether or not to save Kevin, would Ripley really jump out into the wilderness, or would he stay in the truck and suffer no harm? Before properly weighing the decision, he jumped out of the truck, and landed on the hard, crunchy gravel. He rushed to the scene. "What the heck am I doing?" he thought. But, by now, it wasn't up to him, his instincts had taken control.

He slammed his golden body into the bear. The bear let out a gut wrenching roar. Saliva flying everywhere! Kevin had suffered several deep cuts, and his kneecap turned

Overcoming Fear

one hundred eighty degrees. The bear began to thrash Ripley around like a rag doll, but dog fought back. He tore at the bears already damaged ear. It roared a blood curdling roar. And with one final leap, Ripley sunk his sharp teeth into the bear's left eyeball, piercing the cornea. He locked his jaw, and when the bear shook, it just caused it pain. Kevin hobbled to the truck in terror, blood oozing from his near stump leg. He reached for the hot silver handle of the truck. Then he threw himself onto the beige leather seat, grabbed his phone and dialed 911. Meanwhile, Ripley unlatched his jaw. And the bear limped away into the dark woods, without his eye. Ripley lied on the ground, panting hard.

In a matter of minutes the ambulances arrived. They were transported to the hospital safely. After two weeks at the hospital, and a week at the vet, Kevin and Ripley returned home. After the incident, Ripley wasn't so scared of the outdoors anymore. So Carlos finally got the litter box to himself.

Pax Job Gregory, Grade 7

Barriere Elementary School

I found a reindeer on my roof.

There was a house just out-side the dark inky waters of the Boston Harbour. The big glowing moon towered over the house where Johney Knouff was sleeping.

Johney woke up and he slowly opened his eyes to discover that his cat Pickles was sleeping on his freckled face. He turned his body to the left and groaned as his cat Pickles clawed his nose as she slipped to the right.

When he finally opened his eyes he looked at his clock, “two- o’clock in the morning” bellowed Johney. His bedroom door creaked as his Mom peeked through the crack of his door to make sure that he was okay.

“What’s wrong Johney”, said Mom in a very shallow voice.

“Pickles sat on my face and its two-o’clock in the morning”.

“Calm down Johney, replied Mom. Now go back to bed because you have your first school day back after winter break.”

“Alright Mom”, Johney said.

As he was slowly closing his eyes Johney heard what seemed to be hooves that made him curious.

Pax Job Gregory, Grade 7
Barriere Elementary School

I found a reindeer on my roof.

“Hi Johney,” said Santa what are you doing up here? Christmas is over. As Santa said Christmas is over, Johney fell off Jeff and was now falling from the sky. Johney was turning and swirling and falling and falling and falling as the air screamed past him when he was about to hit the ground, he heard his Mom’s voice calling from down stairs that his breakfast is ready and that he has school today.

The End

Mind Over Matter

Mind over matter, that's what people keep telling me. I sat here for three hours staring at a pencil and trying to get it to roll towards me.

"I can't do it! Why do people keep telling me mind over matter?"

"Maxine, you know why they keep telling you that." My sister said in an exasperated voice.

Well I guess she deserves to be upset, I've been trying to do this for months now. Just trying to get a stupid pencil to roll toward me. My sister can so much as think that she want's something to move and it moves. She can pour a bowl of cereal just by thinking, and I can't even move a pencil.

"Maybe I just don't have the power." I said.

"Yah. You don't have the power to move a pencil," my sister said even more exasperated than before!

I really didn't want to believe that I don't have the power, but I might not. I couldn't even get a pencil to flinch.

"Well, when the time comes you'll figure it out, I'm sure," my sister assured me.

"Yah. Right." I say.

The truth was, even mortals could move a pencil if they really wanted to. Mortals could move a pencil, while me, supposedly a telekinetic master, couldn't. I stood up and walked away from the table that I had been sitting at for three hours, and walked down the hall. My legs stiff from sitting for so long. I wandered down the hallway to my room. I reached under my bed for my box. My box that had everything that my telepathic ancestors had. I just sat there staring at it. There wasn't much in it except a few card's and a ring. I have never known what I was supposed to do with them but it had to come to me at some point in

Mind Over Matter

“Maxine! Wait!”

It was already too late; I ran headlong into any invisible barrier. The invisible force sent me flying backward, blood pounding in my ears, and all of the wind knocked out of me. I staggered to my feet.

“Okay there was definitely something there.” I said and looked at my sister.

“You think?” She said in a sarcastic drawl.

“How are we going to get it then?”

She looked at me as if the answer was right in front of me.

“Oh no, you know I can’t do that” I said.

“You could do it in your room. Why not now?”

“Be-because I just can’t.”

“What do you mean you just can’t? You have to!” She grabbed my shoulders and shook me gently.

“Maxine, no pressure but without you, this will all fall apart, without you this will be the end of the world as we know it. The key to unlock your powers is in that box. We have to get it back. If not for you, than for everyone else. Maxine, think of mom and dad. Think of all the lives that could be saved with this one box.”

“Okay. I’ll try.” I said more determined than ever.

I walked up to the barrier, put my hands on it, and hit it with all of the force I had.

The Balloon

Celeste Harlock
David Thompson Elementary
Grade. 7

Isaac and Hannah walked down the streets, tawdry carnival music blasting through the speakers. This week was the block party of the year, where people set up stands, selling things that they made. All the parents just abandoned their kids at the bouncy house and went off to do their own things. Marty, the block's tormenter, strode over to Isaac and Hannah, crossing his arms.

"Well well well." Marty smirked slyly, "What do we have here? Shorty, and Freckle Bottom." He laughed more than he needed to at that. Isaac snarled, glaring at Marty. "Well," Marty started again. Marty was known to say the word 'well' a lot. "Let me tell you a story." He prodded at one of Hannah's freckles, chuckling. "There's a clown at this block party. And I heard that if you go up to him and ask him for a balloon, he'll turn you into one!! And I want one of you two to ask for a balloon for me!" Hannah exchanged looks with Isaac, starting to laugh slightly.

"You really think we'll believe your story?" Isaac asked, pretending to wipe a tear of laughter away. Marty smiled, grabbing Hannah and Isaac both by their shoulders, dragging them out into the street.

"We're all friends, right? Well, I just want one itty-bitty-balloon, and I won't hurt you anymore. Capishe?" Hannah slightly nodded after thinking for a while,

"We'll do it!" Isaac sighed, agreeing with Hannah.

"Now, get me my balloon!" Marty tossed Hannah and Isaac towards the clown, And sat on a bench, watching them. They both stepped slowly up to the grinning clown who was sniggering to himself, saying to Hannah and Isaac,

"Don't be shy!!" The clown's face was pure white, with blood red face paint around his mouth and eyes. He had a smiling expression on his face, and his eyes looked as though they were screaming for help. His hair was a puffy rainbow afro, and his polka-dot clothes slumped low over his body. He had floppy clown shoes that came to points at the end, and he stooped over, peering around to give someone a balloon. Hannah got enough courage up to walk up to the clown, smiling courteously,

"May I have a dog shaped balloon?" She asked. The clown chortled, tilted his head to reach into his pocket, pulled out a purple balloon, expanded it, and started to blow air into it, acting ditzzy as he did so. Isaac laughed, and looked at Hannah,

"He's not so bad after all!" Hannah beamed back at Isaac, as they both looked at the clown, he chortled again,

"Have fun! Thanks for setting me free!" Isaac blinked,

"What do you mean by-" He was cut off as the balloon burst, and he closed his eyes, flinching. As Isaac opened his eyes, he looked at his hand. He was holding the same balloon that had just burst... But how? His gaze trailed down as he noticed he was wearing polka-dot clothes that hung low on himself, showing his jeans from underneath.. *How did this happen? Get me out of this!* Isaac thought, tugging at the clown clothes. They wouldn't come off! They were stuck like glue to his legs and arms! Isaac hobbled around, trying to pull the clown clothes off. The balloon he was holding

grew teeny dots on its surface.. *Freckles*. Thought Isaac. The clown didn't just morph Hannah into a balloon, it seized Isaac as the clown, and set the person free whoever was in the clown body before! He gazed across the street to see a fat man waddling away, waving to Isaac, smiling wide to himself. Now that Isaac was in the body, he would have to wait until somebody, anybody, came along and took a balloon from him. Until then, he was forever locked in these clothes, waiting to be set free. A small smirk grew on Isaac's face, as he gripped the balloon string. He giggled to himself as a small kid walked by, staring at him,

“Don't be shy. “ he smiled, as the kid smiled back, ambling up to him.

The Descent

Air. That was Aurora's first thought as she rose into consciousness. Her hands drifted toward her throat exploring it only to feel them come away covered with a warm and sticky liquid. She tried to call for help but already her vision was darkening at the edges as she fell back into the dark.

Just a few hours before, her entire family had flown to Ireland and Aurora had enjoyed the plane ride. She had always loved how you accelerated until finally you lifted off the ground and were in the air. After a rocky touchdown, they collected their baggage and then went to pick up their rental car. The rental car they got was a glistening white and it had so much sheen you could almost see your reflection in it. Everyone in Aurora's family was caught up in Ireland's atmosphere and wanted to waste no time getting to their hotel which was nestled between two rocky crags. The photos shown on the website pictured it as the perfect Irish getaway for vacationers.

Aurora and her family piled into the car and set off. The flight had been almost thirteen hours and they were ready to take a break and rest. Aurora's six year old brother Aiden was so tired that the second they entered the car he had curled up in his seat and promptly fell asleep. Aurora had plucked her earbuds out of her bag and placed them into her ears immersing herself in Bach's Toccata in D Minor. Faintly, over her music,

she could hear her parents arguing. Aurora sighed. Her parents had been arguing for months and this trip was supposed to help them and to assure their children that everything was alright. It had worked on innocent Aiden who was still fast asleep. Aurora had not been convinced though. She had seen right through her parents' act and could tell from the fighting that the trip wasn't working yet and she doubted that it would. Her parents had been fighting non-stop since the day her older brother had left for war. Him leaving had ripped a hole in her family and it had never been the same.

Aurora felt a jerk and looked up to see a lone badger crossing the street. Aurora was relieved until she heard her parents start fighting again so she reached for her ipod and turned her music up a few notches, hearing it swell in her ears and drown out the fighting that was ensuing in the front seat. She finally felt the car roar to life as they continued on their way to the hotel. Suddenly, she felt the car swerve and hit a bump, sending it flying.

Aurora ripped her earbuds out of her ears and was about to ask what had happened but then the car hit the ground and her ears filled with the sound of shattering glass. Her head was spinning and she felt woozy but she tried to stand only to blackout and collapse against the back of her seat. The next thing she knew her ears were filled with the sound of beeping machines and the feeling of something down her throat. She fluttered her eyes open and tried to remember what had taken place but all she could

The Descent by Rory Jakubec,
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Grade 7

her sight became of the seat in front of her and she could hear above her, "This is your captain speaking. We are about to land in Ireland." She looked around to see her brother sitting beside her playing on his tablet.

"Did you enjoy your nap?" he asked her. "You were out almost the entire time" Aurora's brain slowly processed this information, as she realized that it had all just been a dream -- no, not a dream, a nightmare. She looked out her window and gave a happy sigh as the wheels of the aircraft touched down and they landed in Ireland.

The Blind Date

Faith Kennedy

Grade 7

Desert Sands Community School

Hi. My name is Isabelle and I finally found a date at age 22. The funny thing is it's a blind date. It's ironic because I am actually blind. My mom likes helping me find boyfriends because she can find me half-decent looking guys, even though I can't see them.

We finally find a date. The best part is he is going to the same college as me which is great because then I don't have to travel to see him. Obviously traveling isn't my strong suit because I can't see anything, and I get scared when someone honks their horn, because I don't know if we are in traffic or not. We are going to meet at Starbucks located in our school. His name is Mark, and he is 23 years old.

Now I am at the Starbucks waiting for Mark, not knowing if I should buy myself a drink, or wait for him to come and buy me one. I am waiting for him then I finally I hear the door open and I am really hoping that it's him. Then I hear a man's voice say "Isabelle?"

I scream "yes" because I am so excited to finally meet this guy but then I stop in embarrassment. Uh... I shouldn't have done that. We start talking. The first thing I say is "I apologize for screaming. I am just a bit excited." After talking for about an hour I am really starting to like this guy. Mark tells me all about his adventures, but every once and awhile he goes to say a name and stops. Then he changes the topic. It's a little weird, but I just met him so I can't question him, especially since I can't see his facial

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Desert Sands Community School

expressions. Finally at the end of the meeting he asks for a real date at his house. I am so excited! Thank god I didn't scream this time, that would have doubled the embarrassment.

We end the night with a quick hug then my mom comes inside to pick me up. We offer mark a ride home, but he quickly refuses the offer, which seems odd. I ask my mom and she says "boys will be boys. Don't worry about it, he probably just lives close by or brought his car"

It's finally the day of the date. I go shopping with my mom and she picks me out a dress. Before we depart she completes my makeup and hair. She nearly cried, repeating "my baby looks so grown up."

The reason she is reacting so much is because I didn't go to prom because I didn't have a date, so this is the first time she has seen me in a dress with makeup and hair done. My mom wanted to rent a limousine, but I told her that was taking it too far. I hope that she didn't take my look too far either.

My mom phones Mark to ask what his address is. We drive to 626 Palm Street when my mom yells "there he is." When we arrive my mom offers to walk me inside but he turns that down too.

He made a romantic dinner of spaghetti and it smells delicious. It's kind of hard to get the spaghetti on my fork, but once I get it the spaghetti tastes amazing.

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Desert Sands Community School

I put down my fork on my left side to scratch my arm, and when I go to pick it up again I accidentally touch his hand and it feels like there is a ring on his wedding finger! He quickly jolts his hand away and I hear a metal clinking sound on the ground. I start to question him but then his phone rings. He says "I have to take this " then quickly leaves the room. I go to use the washroom but walk down the wrong hallway; it's not like I can see where I am going.

I stop to turn around, but then I hear him say "No baby, I am all alone. Yes I miss you and can't wait to see you next week." I am so horrified I run out of the house while bumping into things and making a huge mess. When I get outside I phone my mom. I have her on speed dial so I don't have to type in her phone number. She arrives immediately after I phone her. It turns out she was parked around the block in case anything went wrong. I am horrified with her choice of a date, and let Mom know that. She apologizes to me and tells me Mark's wife shall hear about his cheating ways.

It's been 20 years and now I have an amazing husband, two beautiful kids and a great paying job, so everything turned out ok.

Death

Death is something many of us fear.

Although the fear is not just of death itself, but being forgotten. Though I may still be young, I do fear death and being forgotten. I find myself wondering what the meaning of life is when eventually all of our worlds will go dark either way.

Is there another life aside from this one? Will we leave this life and go to another?

People have funerals to mourn over their losses. I see funerals not as a tragic event, but as a celebration of what happened during their life here on earth.

Life may be pointless. Life may be a test, testing how long it takes us to crack under the pressure of it all. We may live life because we have something yet to learn.

Though even if our time here is pointless, death is not something to fear. It is just something that has to happen so that there is room for new life to be lived.

Death. Fear. When you fear death realize it is inevitable, yet being forgotten is not. The tests and lessons we learn through life are what make us unforgettable.

-Madison Kivi-

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Dufferin Elementary

Grade 7

Emma Lassi

Grade 7

Barriere Elementary

Road Trip

I stand with my hands pressed together above my head. Taking a deep breath, I slowly bring them down to in front of my chest. I take one last deep breath and step off my green yoga mat. Slowly, I roll up the mat and headed back to my room. Or my bunk area. For this year my family and I are going across America in our ginormous, luxurious RV. It's just my five-year-old sister Avery, my sixteen-year-old sister Lilyanna, my twenty two-year-old sister Danielle, my mom who would probably like to remain ageless and me. I hop up to the top bunk and open the secret compartments were I keep all my stuff like my wallet and phone. Once my mat is away I head back to the living room where Avery was sitting, trying to put together a puzzle while we were going over a particularly bumpy road. She gives up and heads to the den to watch TV. Traveling around the country is super amazing we've only been through half of Washington so not a lot of sight seeing has been done yet since the west coast was our starting point. I pick up my journal from the counter to write down my thoughts of the trip so far when our little dog, Gizmo runs over. He scuffles around at my feet until he realizes who I am. As you can tell he is not very bright. I scoop up the little cutie when Danielle calls over to me.

"Libby, I need you to help me with the sauce."

I set down Gizmo and stroll into the kitchen area.

“ So can you just add some pepper, then stir for a little bit?”

“ OK” I nod throwing some pepper into the bubbling pasta sauce.

Once the sauce is done we start to dish out lunch. My oldest sister loves to cook and bake so we have pretty extravagant meals. I bring the food to my mom who is just turning onto an off ramp. I nearly throw the spaghetti onto the window as I tumble into the passenger seat. Amazingly no noodles come off the plate. The sauce is a different story. There is now a big red splotch on the seat I’m currently sprawled across. I groan hand the plate to my mom and run to get a cloth. This is what most of our meals end like, a big stain on something around the RV. I toss the cloth to Lilyanna.

“ You and Avery are doing dishes.”

She crosses her arms and pulls out her phone to start texting in one swift motion. She is such a teenager. My work being done in the kitchen, I look around for something to do. When anybody hears that we are on a cross-country road trip he or she is all like,

“ Oh my gosh you are so lucky! Your going to have so much fun!”

They are so wrong. It is actually really boring. The only thing I can really do is watch TV, but I’m not that kind of person. So I have decided to write a journal about my experiences. I’ve also have my iPad so I am going to make a sort – of TV title movie. I don’t actually know what they are called. I’m going to make this so much fun we might just want to make a second trip around the country. Anyway, I head to the front of the RV where my mom is concentrating hard on the road.

“Hi.” I say, smiling.

“Hi sweetie.” Mom replies cheerfully.

“I want to check our route” I say pushing the button to lower the big screen.

Our RV has many secret TVs and screens. Once the screen is fully lowered I take the pen and draw out our route. It is the same every time I check it. All of a sudden, there is a loud POP sound and a huge bump. My mom quickly pulls over the vehicle and clambers out with Avery and I on her heels. We dart around until we find the culprit of the pop. The back left tire was flat.

“Oh no.” Murmurs Avery.

As we are inspecting the situation Lilyanna strolls around to where we are and leans against the RV, still texting. I stare at her. She continues texting. You could do anything; the only thing to get her away from her phone is shopping. Like I said, such a teenager.

“What are we going to do.” Says my mom.

I draw my attention back to the situation at hand.

“ I don’t know.” Says Avery shrugging. I notice Lilyanna roll her eyes and I see something I usually don’t see, Lilyanna puts her phone away.

“Hasn’t anyone ever learned how to change a dumb tire?” She asks looking around at our little group on the side of the highway.

Danielle, who has joined us, shakes her head. Mom just looks embarrassed.

“ Wow, ” says Lilyanna “ honestly, by the time you are fifteen you should really learn how to change a tire.” Continues my annoying sister.

She bends down and examines the problem.

“We just need to put the spare on and take this one off. Where is it?”

Mom opens the compartment and hauls out the spare. In a flash Lilyanna is on one knee, hopefully fixing the flat tire. Of course she might just be being her usual know – it – all. Then, before I can say anything, Lilyanna is up dusting off her knees. I’m pretty sure my eyes are as wide as basketballs. She smirks returning to her normal self and flicks her phone back open. I look around, shrug and climb back into the RV. So far, this outstanding adventure has taken some interesting and super awesome twists and turns.