

## Life

At some point in life, you will realize that this is your only life that you will ever have.

And that someday, your life is going to end.

You won't feel anything.

You won't feel the pain of getting your heartbroken, or the excitement of getting a new pet.

The hardest, and simplest things.

Soon, young memories as a kid will fade. It will just become a blur in the back of your mind.

Photo's and videos will be the only thing to hold onto.

The beauty of someone's eyes will just become another object.

Live your life how you want to live it.

Go outside.

Experience life.

It's the only one you have.

You can't re-do it.

By Indigo Learie  
RL Clemitson Elementary  
Grade 7

## **Pink**

Pink perfume

Rosy flowers

Grapefruit beverages

Angel kiss lip-gloss

Pink frosted cakes

Wheelchair Boy  
Rhea Little  
Grade 7  
Desert Sands Community School

I am going to tell you a story, it's not a romance story, or an action, it's not even a comedy- it's just my story. My name is Preston. I am 15 years old: I am not your average teenager. No I don't have the world's biggest pimple on my face, but I am in a wheelchair.

I wasn't always in a wheel chair. It was an accident that happened when I was 5. My sister and I were at the playground and it was huge - I don't mean a lot of equipment I mean it was tall. My sister and I were playing tag. She was only 2 or 3 at the time so she was fairly short, so I thought if I climbed on the bars she wouldn't be able to tag me. As I was climbing my mom yelled "Preston get down.". This startled me and I fell. I tried to grab the bars on my way down by hooking my feet on the bars. I don't remember anything after that. My mom says in surgery the doctors accidentally hit a nerve and I was paralyzed from the waist down.

My wheelchair is a sweet 1960-rusted wheels-hole in the seat-2 mph-not-worth-a-penny-Janis wheelchair.

I have what is probably the weirdest group of friends by a longshot. There's the brains – Ralph. He has won 17 science fair awards, 6 math awards and an outstanding 3 loser awards.

Then there's Vince. He is pretty much an idiot-that is the only way to describe him. His hobbies include setting up fireworks in the park, trying to light a dumpster on fire (he was never able to do it) and burning ants with a magnifying glass.

Wheelchair Boy  
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Now that I have explained all the non-important stuff there is this girl named Lilly. Now I am not even going to try to describe her, so I will put it this way - imagine the prettiest girl possible; now times that by 100,000,000. Bam! That is Lilly. The only problem is she likes runners, which sucks for me. She also has a boyfriend named Daniel. Her boyfriend is the captain of the sprint team.

So now that I have explained everything let me tell you my story. It was an average day with P.E to start the day. Physical Education is not my favorite subject, the balls flying through the air, kids chasing after each other throwing balls at heads while screaming frantically. I usually sit in the change room reading a book at this time, so that's what I did today.

When P.E. was over, we went to math class. I am not as smart as Ralph, so he helps me with my work when he finishes his. At the end of the school day, I head home on the bus.

When I arrived home, I wheel through the door to see my sister watching Treehouse on our tiny television. My mom and dad were still at work and the babysitter was on the couch sleeping. I woke him up and told him to go home. I paid him \$20.00, even though it looked like he slept the whole time. I know that from the marks of crayons on the wall and the "I am a doo doo head" sticker on his forehead. I seriously need to talk to my parents about a new baby sitter.

Wheelchair Boy  
Rhea Little  
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Desert Sands Community School

My house is nothing fancy - 2 floored house with ramps and stairs. My mom usually comes home at 4:30 and my dad comes at about 7:00. I don't have to worry that much about taking care of my sister after school - she just sits there and watches the television.

I go to my room and struggle with my homework. None of it makes any sense so I put it through the paper shredder and tomorrow I will say my dog ate it even though I don't have a dog.

When I get home, my parents say that we are going out for supper. Right away I know something is up. We go to Red Robins nothing fancy but much better than our usual mac and cheese. We sit down and order. I get a double cheese burger with extra crispy fries and an Oreo milkshake. That's when they say it - "we are going to Disneyland."

My sister and I start freaking out. "When?" says my sister.

"Next week" says my Mom. "We will be staying in a 4 star Disney resort and we will eat at 5 star restaurants and have passes to the park for - brace your self - 2 weeks!" My sister and I are practically screaming at this point. "And the best part is you each get to bring one friend."

That sold it. I was so excited I passed out. When I woke up I was at home my mom and dad hovering over me. I didn't have my eyes open for long - I fell asleep.

Wheelchair Boy  
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At school the next week, we go to P.E. I decide to participate today because it is my last day before our vacation. When I wheel out of the change room I see Lilly and her boyfriend and immediately I try to turn around, but Daniel yells "Hey Wheels". I slowly turn around to face him and he laughs. "Ya you! Ha I just had a great idea. Let's race".

Before I had time to answer, one of his friends grabs my wheelchair and starts to push me towards what I think is the start line. Daniel points towards a piece of tape on the ground and says "that's the finish line - first person across wins".

One of Daniel's friends yells "1, 2, 3" and right before he can yell "go" I stand up.

Everyone gasps. I run faster than any kid in the school, breathing hard. I look to my right and Lilly yells "Go Preston!" But right before I cross the finish line, I wake up.

**Night in the Forest**

Rustling branches  
Accompany the sound of  
Owls chit-chatting.  
Shadows intimidate me  
While the wind whistles a tune.

**Yin and Yang**

Good is found in bad  
But is bad found in the good?  
We show equality  
Through the yin and yang symbol  
But do we in the real world?

**Winter**

A shimmering sheet  
Of beautiful, fresh, white snow  
Hides the muddy roads.  
Rosy cheeked kids play outside  
A winter wind blinds my eyes.

## Can Love?

Love is something we all strive for. Something we all see as the best destination. Something we all see as the one that can do anything. That If love keeps driving us forward, we can go into autopilot. If we let love consume us, it can become our shield. If we do really find love, it can love us back and forever.

But can it? Does this thing that can supposedly do the impossible, get us through the possible?

Can love catch us before we fall to our end? Turn into a parachute and float us back to safety? Can love become the umbrella you need through the storm? Can it consume you, hide you, shield you, and make you feel safe? Could this crazy, addictive, warming feeling really make us go beyond what we thought was possible? And reach the impossible.

Can love make it through the heartbreaks and the triumphs? The downfalls and uphill battles? Can it pull you up a steep mountain that you're just too tired to walk up on your own? Or make a rainy day seem like the rainbow that follows?

The funny thing is...

Yes, love can. This wonderful, beautiful feeling, can. Because love is something to cherish. Something you want to hold onto for dear life. Something that once you have, you will never let go of. Love is something that can do anything, without a doubt. So once you find that feeling that can do the impossible, keep it. Keep it and love it back forever. Because love is really the best destination.



All That's Left is Ashes

1907 May 1st

I remember the day. The day when my mom and sister were nowhere to be found, when fire surrounded my village, when every building was only ashes and smoke spiraling up into the red sky. I remember that it happened on my sister's birthday, when my father was supposed to come back home from the war but he never did. That day my whole village was destroyed and not a single thing was left but ashes that sat on the ground.

"Mom! Lily! Where are you!" There was no answer. It was no use. They weren't at the cottage. They were nowhere. I had never felt so worried and sad in my life. It was like there was a hole in me, like something was missing from me and I needed it back desperately, but I couldn't get it. All I remember is looking around the burnt village seeing no one in sight except for people fleeing. Piles and piles of ashes, smoke everywhere, red skies but no family.

I remember standing there as people rushed past me with scared faces, fleeing from the feared fire that was raging and growing higher and higher behind them. I stood there as the fire got closer to me and black soot and ashes covered my face. I didn't

All That's Left is Ashes

care. People yelled at me. "MOVE! GET OUT OF THE WAY KID!!!". I stood there and watched the fire rage on like nothing was happening. All of a sudden someone grabbed me and ran. I looked up but closed my eyes, not seeing the strangers face at all. I blacked out. All I saw was black. No thought, Just sleep. When I awoke I found myself on a boat to my aunties with other people also heading West. I still have not found the stranger who had saved me. All I saw before my vision blurred was a familiar looking hat I recall it looked like a torn and tattered soldier's cap. The only other memory of this person I have is a note he left me. "Caleb Moderay! I've known you for awhile now. You don't remember me but I've known your mother and father for quite awhile. I used to visit you everyday when you were a baby. Anyway, I've sent you on this boat to see your aunt as she used to be my childhood friend so I know you'll be in good hands. I've also this note to inform you on some news I've heard. When I sent you in the boat, I was told many people passed in the fire and I noticed you were not with your mother or sister or your father. I was notified half of the soldiers died in a bombing attack, including your father. The country we are at war with then attacked our country with fire, sending our population down with nothing with just ashes to live off of. As people were shipped off to a proper health care centre, I spotted two familiar faces lying on a stretcher being shipped off to a country across seas. It was your mother and sister,

All That's Left is Ashes

They were being shipped to Canada for more advanced health care. I suggest you stay with your aunt until any other news about your family had been brought to you! I wish you much luck Caleb, and I will see you soon.

-Mr. Howazaki"

I read the note with much heart, much hurt, and much surprise. My eyes were watering and I prayed for my mom and sister. I must hope they are ok because I won't see them for a long while and I miss them so much!

1907 May 6th

Hello! I have just arrived to my aunt's house. It was a long trip but it wasn't at all! All my hope and hard works is gone. My aunt's town was attacked. My mother and sister have not yet been heard from and I'm all alone in this wreck of a place! All the buildings were destroyed, The only thing you can see is the skeletons of the houses that still stand. I don't understand why they must attack us with bombings and fire rades! Across the seas I thought would be safe! I'm so mad I could throw everything and smash it into pieces! I'm not even sure where to go now! There are two options for me. Go to Canada and look for my mother and sister somehow or join a group of kids who are joining the

All That's Left is Ashes

army. Joining the army is the only way I would get to go to Canada without any money though! I suppose my third option would include going to Wellers Town and getting a job. which isn't the hardest thing to do if, say, you're 15 years old.....but if you're a 13 year old boy, by yourself, you're outta luck in such a big town area.

So I'll give the job thing shot and I'll check back on you.

May 9th

Hello! You can't even imagine how hungry I am right now! I can't get a job, which means no money. No money means no food and no going to search for my mom and sister. No matter how much I tell them about my hopeless situation, no one can help me. I think I hear gunshots coming from the north of me! I must run and I will see you again....

**\*BANG!\***

## Fire and Ice

By: Jady Michael Grade 7 Dallas Elementary

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"Hello young one."

"W-w-who goes there?" asked young Nero.

"It is I, Alpha Ajax," replied Alpha Ajax in a smooth tone, "may I ask who you are?"

"I'm Nero, Alpha Ajax," shaking Nero bowed his head, "come in."

"Thank you Nero, are your parents home?"

Emerging from the shadow came two dark figures stalked out. Sensing that they were hostile Nero spread his wings. As they approached closer Alpha Ajax stepped forward.

"Who are you?" boomed Alpha Ajax.

"I am Scout and this is Apollo," replied Scout coldly."

That tone of voice sent shivers down Nero's spine. As he watched Alpha Ajax he realized that his eyes were changing colours. They were blue, then black, then green, as well as a piercing yellow. Watching in awe as Alpha Ajax defended him he realized that one of them were moving towards him. Snapping out of his amazement he sprang forward knocking down Apollo. As he realized what just happened, Nero leapt onto top of the Alpha. As Alpha Ajax talked to Scout and Apollo, Nero kept a watchful eye on them. As he could tell they were dragons from the Fire tribe, the most powerful and fierce tribe.

He was an Ice dragon, he was apart of the most peaceful and calm tribe.

No one was more proud to be apart of the tribe than him and his parents Piper and Ryan.

To us as humans this may be two very common names, but for dragons these are highly uncommon names. As he thought about this he remembered that he was being protected by Alpha Ajax.

“Nero,” whispered Alpha Ajax, “are you alright?”

“Yes Alpha Ajax,” Nero shrugged, “just a little shaken.”

“Good... that’s good.”

“Is something wrong Alpha Ajax?”

“Oh no there is nothing wrong...” Alpha Ajax’s voice trailed off.

“Are you sure?”

Watching Alpha Ajax, Nero began to feel uneasy. As far as he knew Alpha Ajax had never acted like this. Nero continued to wait for his parents with Alpha Ajax, when Piper came home she was alone. Stepping towards his mother he nuzzled her gently.

Slowly but surely his mother unfolded her wings revealing his father’s body. He was gone.

Nero sunk to the ground, letting grief wash over him. Nero was slightly confused as to who would want to kill his parents. As his mother spoke to Alpha Ajax, Nero tried to focus on them.

He just couldn’t, it was too overwhelming.

“He died saving me...,” that was all Nero caught from the conversation.

“What do you mean?” Nero quietly asked, “what do you mean ‘he died saving me’?”

“Nero your father and I were attacked and he took the death blow for me,” his mother looked ashamed that she was the cause of Ryan's death.

As he let this sink in he looked away. His mother was watching him. He was terrified. All he wanted all his life was peace and quiet, not having his parents hunted down and killed. He had been longing for peace since he was born. Nero heard that he was the cause of many deaths in the tribe, he was an outcast. As he thought harder about his life Nero realized something, he was dangerous. Dangerous to his family. Dangerous to his tribe and those around him. He would be the cause of many deaths. He didn't want that weight and grief on his shoulders. Noticing that his mother and Alpha Ajax, were looking at him he looked at them. His mother looked away as soon as he caught her eyes. They were full of grief and sorrow. Alpha Ajax looked at him and nodded slightly.

“Nero,” Alpha Ajax spoke softly and slowly, “you will be coming with me.”

“Why?” Nero looked at him, face contorted into grief and confusion.

“If you come with me you will soon find out,” these words as Alpha Ajax spoke them sounded threatening.

Looking terrified Nero gulped and looked at his mother. Nodding with approval his mother nudged him away, towards Alpha Ajax. Alpha Ajax gestured for Nero to follow him and together they flew through the mountains. He was being taken to Alpha Ajax's cave. No dragon was allowed there except the Alpha. This was either good or very bad.

# Nightmare Fragments

Stephanie Milos

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Grade 7

Pacific Way Elementary

I awoke in a startled mess, sweat streaming down my skin like tears. *It was just a dream, just a nightmare.* A lie I had told myself a thousand times so I could pretend it had never happened. But I couldn't lie to myself, I couldn't forget that it had happened, ever.

My surroundings suddenly became visible, like I awoke blinded by fear. The camps filthy scarlet tent I had been occupying for the past several weeks lingered over my face, only by a foot. It's swaying movements were hypnotizing yet still somehow taunted me, like watching the blood of my parent's dripping down the rocks by the creek... *Just a nightmare Theresa.* A large tear in the canvas eliminated any hope of creating insulation, so I lay still, chilled to the bone, soaked in the now melted snow beneath me.

Within five minutes the entire camp was alive. Boisterous children ran through the thin gaps between tents and parents carried small, rusty buckets towards the water pumps. Exhausted, I slipped on my tattered raincoat and emerged from the tent's opening.

Today was the day when I would leave the camp to look for my little brother Sam. I had been considering my options to escape unnoticed for nearly a month. Finally I had come to an agreement with myself. Tonight, concealed by darkness, I would sneak through a hole in the barbed wire behind the North water pump. One of the more empathetic guards told me that kids under the age of ten, without proper guardians, were sent to a refugee camp 8 km East of here. If Sam was alive, that's where he would be.



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Waiting for darkness left me simultaneously bored and anxious. Fifteen hours until I could leave to search for Sam. Fourteen. Thirteen. Twelve. Eleven. I wrapped all of my uneaten food into leftover tin foil. Ten. Nine. Eight. I was hydrated and my day pack was stuffed with water. Seven. Six. Hunting knife, check. Five. Four. Three. Sitting in my tent alone was pure torture. I was practically stultifying myself on purpose. Two. One. Go time.

Night was upon the camp, sombre was an understatement, we were in pitch darkness. Navigating myself to the North water pump was considerably more difficult than I had expected, although after ten energy depleting minutes I located my destination. It was so dark I almost strode right past the pump, fortunately I tripped over it instead.

The pump was a large painted white pipe, quarter shielded by a short, half- wall facing the fence. Getting to the pump was nearly as difficult as crawling through the fence. I could feel blood trickling down my arms, as the barbed wire ripped through my flesh. Gritted teeth, metal poles, barbed wire, and excruciating pain were all included in a trip out of a broken down refugee camp. Escaping the camp wasn't as eventful as I had anticipated; no gunfire, violent guards, or wrestling were involved.

At first, due to pure excitement, I broke out into a full blown sprint and stayed that way for the first kilometre. Not wanting to walk I slowed to a run, then a light jog and

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finished off walking a hellish hour along damp, muddy soil. When I slowed to a stop, my legs burned like there was fire in my veins.

Not having enough energy to continue, I slipped off my pack, gulped at my water and rested on a large, mud splattered boulder. My dry eyes struggled to remain open and my body was straining itself at simple tasks. I couldn't fall asleep, not now when I had to find my brother. Sweat streamed down my skin like tears. Everything fell into black oblivion, back into my worst nightmares.

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My dream continued at the creek near my parents' house. It's water source swerved rapidly between sharp rocks and propelled itself against small, colourful fish. My family was escaping. Soldiers were attacking, but something I should have already known was that there was no escaping. There was no hope.

While my parents kept pace at the front of our group, I volunteered to carry my terrified, wailing baby brother at the back. My handgun slapped against my thigh.

"Mommy," Sam screeched, "Daddy!" His eyes welled with tears, he bawled and my heart shattered.

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“Shhh, Sam. It’s okay. We’re safe, we’re safe now.” I urged him to calm, but he was hysterical.

“Theresa,” a tear slipped down his cheek and simultaneously a tear slipped down mine.

“Yea Sams.”

“I see them,” Sam whispered, “I see the bad men, in the bushes.”

*Bang!*

In horror I watched my mother collapse. My instincts kicked in, my fingers fumbled for my gun.

“Theresa,” my father's hard, deep voice roared over the ringing in my ears. “Run, take your brother go, go, run!” He spoke so fast I could hardly comprehend what he was saying. I stood for a moment, too shocked to move. My gun in-hand.

“What are you waiting for?” he bellowed.

*Bang!*

My father crumpled onto the creek’s rocky edge.

*Bang! Bang!*

Load. Reload. I was wasting ammunition. I was handed this gun and told, ‘use it.’ I shook uncontrollably. Sam wailed in my arms. Then suddenly, time nearly froze as I

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aimed my gun and pulled the trigger. I was unable to move, so I stood motionless as my bullet collided with another's forehead.

Sam bawled into my ringing ears. I was watching my parent's blood dripping down the rocks by the creek. I forgot about the other soldier.

*Bang!*

The edges of my vision went black from my pain, blood trickled down my back. Sam squirmed free of my arms as I fell into the grass. I watched, paralyzed as my baby brother ran away from the creek, without me. Then the pain slipped away, my vision eased into darkness and I floated in a warm, infinite ocean towards the refugee camp.

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I bolted upright, my head pounding. My heart painfully aching from grief.

Liesl Milovick, Marion Schilling, Grade 7

## Beating Me Up

A reflection in a dirty mirror

A phantom of the mind

A bruised and tainted perspective

A remorseless double side

A dark oblivion you thrust me

An abyss as sinister as hell

Running in blind circles I'm kept against my will

Like a scathing wound there's no escape

For you've caught me in your cataclysmic wake

Built walls now crumble

And assured thoughts now fumble

The fervor of wanting to live dwindles

As ice water shoots through my veins in malicious tendrils

You've captured and corrupted the most sacred of places \_\_\_\_\_

Scarring my mind and thoughts with your demonic traces

And you cannot be stopped

For you are my other half

## Memories Burned

A scar on the heart

Or a kiss on the mind

A bruise to the soul

Or a spark in your eye

A thorn in your finger

Or a whisper against your face

A shimmering tear

Or a warm embrace

Smeared with the penetrating crimson of a blush

Or coloured with the repelled sneer of disgust

Tainted with a sinister grimace of pain

Or plagued with the agonizing burn of restrain

Kept locked away, they're trapped in an iron cage

Screeching out in vain and utter rage

Unyielding and merciless they haunt

Flashing you back to crueler thoughts

As you lay hollow and empty inside

Just think of all the pleasant ones, they'll last you for all time

I inhale the salty and damp air. It will probably be the last time for a few years... unless of course orphanages were million dollar, ocean front mansions.

"Kay the lady from your new home is here," my mother yells from the porch. Even though she has put me through so much pain, anger, depression and anxiety I respond like a lost dog.

I grab my duffel bag from on the porch and walk towards the white van with a short, peculiar looking lady. Her course grey hair pulled back into a tight bun, not a hair out of place.

"Katelyn remember, your dad and I will always love you..." My mom says hesitantly. She knew he was in his room talking to another woman "We'd like to stay in contact with you when you get out.. no, when you're ready to leave," Don't make it sound like it is... a prison.

"Save it" I say and go to the van which has an over powering scent of rust.

"Katelyn Ridge?" The bun lady asks. I widen my eyes as if to say-don't remind me. "Well Katelyn, I'm Ms. Ms and I'm the owner of ' Ms. Ms's home for Unloved Children'" Ms. Ms says solemnly.

Handcuffs clank on the seat in front of me making me cringe. The drive is quiet other than that. As we enter a large field I see many kids chained to fences, poles or anything solid.

Ms. Ms jumps out and goes quickly to the building. The driver turns around and says

"Welcome to Hell. Trust no one. We all have a story... most not so good"

Ms. Ms runs in with two hooded figures and handcuffs them to the seats.

"Amelia, Luke... the hoods are coming off" Ms. Ms says. She pulls off the first and I see a slim faced girl with fiery red locks. The other is a boy with dark brown hair, a tan face and blue eyes.

"OH Luke, I missed you. I still love you!!" She screeches.

"You tried to bite the dogs ear off. I tried to bite you" The boys says calmly.

"I'm sorry!!! I love you!!!! Please" The girl balls.

"I'd like to be moved" The boy says and next thing I know he's sitting right beside me.

“What’s your name, princess,” he asks. I choke on my non-existent saliva as the girl in the cries out.

“I’m Kay”

“Luke”

I’m pushed out of the van into an ugly acreage.

“Luke and Katelyn, room 35, Floor 2” Ms. Ms says. We walk across the yard when Luke stops.

“You see these flower pots? All they need is daisies. You see this old hotel? All it needs is paint. You see this straw lawn? All it needs is water,” and then Luke walked on as if he hadn’t said a word.

Since I never got my duffel bag back, we head down to the old, brick dining hall. It’s old and looks as if it’s to collapse at any given time. The doors are old restaurant doors but are splattered with mud. The inside is no better. Every old, wooden chair is taken. The small white tables are rusted and all the kids are dressed in filthy rags for clothes. I feel guilty as I’m wearing Lulu Lemon workout pants with a Roxy tank top. I even feel bad about my Nike runners. I look at all the kids and I’m startled when I see one kid in a straight and metal muzzle.

“What did he do?” I ask Luke,

“Attempted cannibalism. He even has his mouth wired shut” Luke says. At that moment I was no longer hungry.

“Can we please leave?” I ask and Luke takes me to an old TV.

A boy who’s probably 12 looks at us from the door.

“Who is you?” He asks in Slavic accent pointing at me. But before I can answer Luke makes a gesture with his hands. A thumbs up with one hand and raises his thumb and pinky on the other.

“Yes” is all he says and Luke runs me down the hall. We run out the door and then Luke turns to me.

“I wasn’t even her for 3 hours, where are we going?” I ask.



“16 Is legal to live alone,” He says.

“How long have you been here” I ask demanding for the answer.

“3 years here and 3 years in Juvenile” Luke says awkwardly

In that moment I found out Luke had attempted murder and was about to try again

## Ghost Life

By Katrina Peterson, Grade 7, Juniper Ridge Elementary School

Have you ever heard one of those mushy gushy stories that all start with "*Once Upon a Time*" well this story's not like that, it starts out like this..

As I was running down the stairs for one of those school "Fire Drills" I could hear my friend down the hall yelling at me so I just ignored her because we were "in a fight" until I heard her scream. When I tell you she screams she SCREAMS even if it is only a minor problem. Her scream can be heard from my house and we live 1 block away from each other! As she screamed I flung myself around to see what was bugging her this time but she was gone. I ran up the stairs as fast as I could with all the people screaming at me to get out of the way. Once I got to the top floor my heart was pounding but I needed to find her so I ran into our classroom and saw that she was in there but not by herself! As I looked at her from the hallway, she was crying but that wasn't what was scaring me, it was the man in the black suit trying to push her out the window. Finally after about what had felt like 10 minutes, I had built up the courage to approach this man and help my friend (Cara). So I shoved the man with all of my might but I didn't think it all the way through because as I shoved him because Cara flew out of the window. As she flew I grabbed her hand and pulled her back in, but The man grabbed my collar and threw **ME** out of the window. "Run!" I yelled at Cara as I fell.

I suddenly woke up from the dream, I was living to see that my friend was not there, I kept questioning how I survived the fall but first I needed to find Cara. I ran down the school's stairs as fast as I ever had before. Once I got to the bottom of the stairs I was shocked to see MY BODY and I suddenly realized I was dead, after that all that I remember is that I started crying unstopably and I knew I was dead for sure. I walked back up the stairs because I couldn't take it much longer, and I had to find Cara so I went around the school looking for her. Once I got to the girls bathroom I went inside and found Cara crying so I said "What's the matter?", I got no reply. Cara looked up like something was there and said "Who's there?" I said "It's Lila your best friend" Cara screamed "Um Cara are you ok?" "I know you're here" said Cara. "Who's here? The Man in Black??" "Umm hello" I was shouting now and I was not ready to stop "Who do you think you are not talking to me?" Cara started looking around, I guess she heard me this time. Cara went to the sink and washed her face, suddenly I saw steam start to appear on the mirror so I wrote in hopes that Cara would see it "Get the principal to come see my body -Lila". Cara ran down the stairs so I followed her into the principal's office and heard her yell at the principal that I had been thrown out but he said "No she didn't she slipped while she was looking out the window!" "Oh yea come see her body" Cara said in a very mean voice "You have a very overactive imagination Miss.Teller, you should really get home to your family", " Fine but I will talk to you tomorrow and you WILL believe me!" I was startled to see an ambulance come outside to pick up my body, I suddenly felt a sensation that I had to follow. I started running, I ran as fast as I ever

had before, I can't even explain what it felt like to run that fast with so much energy, I felt so alive.

Once I reached the hospital I overheard people saying my name so I followed the voices. I suddenly felt a shot of happiness when I heard that I could survive because I was only in a coma. I ran to Cara who was just outside the school to tell her, I screamed and kicked her so she would follow me and she did, we ran to the schools bathroom as fast as we could. Once we got there I turned on the tap so steam appeared on the mirror and wrote "We need to find out who hurt me!". She nodded and ran outside, I followed her until I heard a sound coming from the band room, it was the man in black talking to what looked like a child, He said "We meet here tomorrow at 10:00am so we can kill the grade 1 teacher!". I ran as fast as I could so I could tell Cara what I heard and how to stop the man in black. Suddenly I found her outside with the police, I grabbed her hair and pulled her to the window of the school and I wrote in steam "The man in black is going to kill a teacher at 10:00, That is our chance to catch him." She nodded and smiled.

#### THE NEXT DAY

Cara and I went to school at 8:30 and had classes until 10 after we ran to the band room to catch the man, and we saw him as he walked in. Cara ran in and pulled his mask off, I was startled when I caught a glimpse of his face and I realized it was the school janitor. Cara grabbed his arm as she called the police, suddenly the police stormed into the school and arrested the janitor. Cara and I followed the police to the police station and heard them asking questions, the police officer said "Why did you kill

so many kids?" The janitor suddenly let out a short, quick answer "They were making too many messes that I had to clean up." Just as he had answered I blinked and awoke in a hospital room where nurses and doctors were cheering so I asked "What's so exciting?" My mother came to me and said "You woke up from your coma!!!" I leaped with joy and ran to find Cara, I found her outside the hospital room and hugged her but I needed to make sure she remembered so I said "Have you steamed any mirrors or windows lately?" I knew this was a good question because if she did not remember than she would be confused but she answered "Ya how bout you?" I winked and we ran to school together.

The End!!!

Once upon a time in kingdoms far away there lived two princes. Prince Alistair of Thays and Prince Theodore of Caderwen. Prince Alistair was the perfect prince, tall, muscular, brave and handsome. Every maiden's dream prince. Prince Theodore, on the other hand was the opposite, tall but skinny, a book worm and not very adventurous. But despite their differences the two princes were the best of friends.

As the two boys got older, Alistair's father tried to find a maiden to become Alistair's bride, but Alistair turned them all down saying that they weren't perfect. Theodore's father didn't push Theodore to find a bride, knowing that Theodore will one day find someone suitable for him. And he was right.

One day while Theodore was walking in the woods he became hopelessly lost. As nightfall came, Theodore was ambushed by bandits. The bandits were about to carry Theodore back to their house to hold him for ransom when somebody dressed in all black held a sword out and said, "Hand over the prince and no one will be harmed."

A bandit with an eyepatch replied, "The only person harmed today will be you, if you don't get out of our way."

Suddenly the person grabbed Theodore's hand and ran.

"You're not going to fight them or anything?" Theodore asked.

"We were out numbered about a dozen to two. I doubt we would have won. Anyway, we have a head start now and I know where to hide." At that the person pulled Theodore behind some bushes.

"*This* is your hiding place?" Theodore asked in a whisper.

"Be quiet!" the person whispered back.

Suddenly, the bandits ran past them. Theodore and the stranger both sighed.

"May I ask what my saviour's name is?" Theodore questioned.

The person took off the hood and out tumbled long brown hair, after the hood came the mask and Theodore saw piercing blue eyes.

“I’m Princess Lilac of Reannon.”

“You’re a girl?” Theodore exclaimed.

And that was the beginning of an unlikely friendship. Lilac brought out Theodore’s adventurous side by teaching him how to be a better swordsman and showing him her favourite places to explore. Theodore helped Lilac grow her love of books and enjoy the small things in life.

Soon that friendship bloomed into something else. A few years later Lilac and Theodore were wed. Theodore and Lilac then became the King and Queen when Theodore’s father passed away.

Everyone was happy for the two. Everyone except for Alistair who was becoming disheartened because he was not able to find a perfect wife. Every girl that came Alistair’s way was turned down because each didn’t fit Alistair’s mold of perfect wife. When Alistair saw Theodore with Lilac he became very jealous. No one noticed Alistair’s change in personality until it was too late. As the years came and went Alistair’s jealousy grew and grew.

Finally one day, Alistair, driven by his jealousy, kidnapped Lilac from Theodore’s castle. He threatened to poison Lilac if Theodore didn’t come to save her, Alistair thought that if he couldn’t have a perfect life then no one else should either. When Theodore reached Alistair’s castle, Alistair stayed silent. Finally, Theodore spoke.

“Alistair, I don’t want to fight with you. Please give Lilac back to me.”

Alistair gave Theodore a deadpan stare before saying, “If you tell me how you made your life so perfect I’ll let Lilac go.”

“What do you mean, perfect life?” Theodore asked, confused.

"You know what I mean!" Alistair shouted.

"I don't. My life isn't perfect, being King isn't easy," Theodore replied calmly.

"It is perfect though! You found the perfect girl, have a wealthy kingdom and everything you could ever want," a perplexed Alistair asked.

"My life is nothing close to perfect but I'm still happy," Theodore explained.

"Happy?" Alistair inquired.

"Yes, happy. Life isn't perfect but you can come close if you are happy, enjoy the small things in life and love people for not just their perfections but also their imperfections. Nobody is perfect, everyone has flaws. When I fell in love with Lilac I fell in love with all her flaws too. When I became friends with you I loved all your flaws," Theodore answered.

Alistair nodded, still surprised. "I'll have Lilac released, I'm sorry Theodore."

Theodore hugged Alistair, "Apology accepted."

Alistair kept his word and had Lilac released. Soon Lilac and Theodore were back home in their castle.

Soon after, Alistair was at a diner where he met a waitress. As he spoke to the waitress, both of them slowly fell in love and were married a couple of years later. That was when Alistair truly understood Theodore's words. *Life isn't perfect but you can come close if you are happy, enjoy the small things in life and love people for not just their perfections but also their imperfections.* And they all lived happily, ever after.



## What I Like About Books

"Books". How insignificant this word must seem to less avid readers, yet they are so much more than just informative, entertaining objects. They are our friends in hard times, our leaders, or even something we have the privilege to look up to. They are there with you from beginning to end, from start to finish, never hastening you to pick up the pace or slow down. They shift and expand your vocabulary, your way of thinking, and your very perspective of life. The entire world would just not be as vibrant without the author's imagination shaped into words and printed out for all to see.

"Why should we read, anyway?", one might ask. Wouldn't you much rather just go on one device or another instead? T.V., a phone? Why not?! Books transform a little reading space into an alternate universe, a trek across a parched desert, or even a quest to save the world. Possibilities normally strung beyond imagination are experienced all on so little as the living room couch as you enter the author's mind into dreams your subconscious has not yet witnessed. This, intertwined with the fabrics of reality and creativity make for a riveting read.

In addition, the unexplained feeling of satisfaction you get when you befriend the characters as they take you on their journey has an even deeper complexity than someone you might meet in real life. To close a book is to say goodbye to a friend who gives you more to think about than when you first met them, and to open one is to greet a new companion who is loyal by your side. However, unable to keep them for as long as you had hoped, a teary goodbye is set in stone as you turn the last few pages of what once was.

Aberdeen Elementary  
Grade 7  
Heidi Reimer

So, I ask you, why are these truly brilliant inventions being replaced with the media and handheld devices polluting the population today? Have you ever felt connected to an automated screen, ever been able to develop a relationship as deep as my previous explanation? Sure, devices are helpful at times, yes, to the furthest extent. But they also take away a creativity developed in children while in our own imaginative movie theatre, conjuring up descriptions the way we want to see them, not the way movie producers want us to see them. Books can often help define a child's character, and their creativity. Perhaps these are the things children are being deprived of when presented with toys that we buy them instead of taking the time to sit down and read to them.

In conclusion, the message I hoped to leave you with is that objects you often take into account as simplistic may yet surprise you. People deprived of books may not get the privilege to escape to the world beyond their imaginations; therefore, depriving them of a circuit of childhood memories they may never want to forget. I hope this has given a better perspective of books than what image normally accompanies the word when you hear it aloud.

## The House

On the corner of my street there is a house. Every time I see it, it makes me wonder why I am so drawn to it. From the moldy cracks in the roof to the rust crusted door handles, the house is lifeless and unloved. Although the house is scary, I think it's beautiful. It has character, which our town needs.

Personally, my favourite part of the house is the roof. The mossy vines climb off the shingles and when the wind whistles they dance in the air. There are rumors that the chimney swallows souls and breathes fire like a dragon, but I don't see it that way. I think the creaky shingles and rickety chimney are sad, not scary. They were once beautiful and still are, you just have to look a little harder.

The fragile glass and rickety shutters look like one little gust of wind will send them floating down the street. The town's people say that a ghostly presence lurks behind the foggy, cracked windows, but I don't believe that. I think the crumbling shutters and dust coated door frames are sad and neglected because they continuously hang there, waiting for someone to help them, but no one ever has and I don't think anyone ever will.

Small animals squeeze their way through the broken door as the frame barely holds it up. The creeks and chatters of the door keep me up at night, worrying about the day when they break down and fall off. Some say a paranormal presence lies behind the door and kills trespassers one by one but that is all lies. I feel that behind

the cracked peep hole and beat up door handle, there could be a beautiful home.

Someday I wish to find out.

Sadly, one day the house will break and crumble to the ground. That will be a relief for lots of people in this town but for me, that will be a very upsetting day. I wish I could say this house would stay up forever but I know it won't. From the moldy cracks in the roof to the rust crusted door handles, this house is full of character and beauty. You might not think so, but it is. You just have to look a little harder.

By: Abby Sanderson  
Grade 7  
Dufferin Elementary  
March 17, 2016

## High School

Swinging open the doors on the first frightful day. I do not want that new chapter of my life to begin, quit yet. That scary place where your life tends to fall apart, and you become a typical teenager. This sacred place, that is supposed to be fun, is where I'm going in less than a year, High school.

Hi, I am Carrie Fields, the one and only, and I think I am very 'a-track-tive, but hay it's in my jeans'. Ha ha ha, sorry I might be a little 'corny'. Anyways, as I was saying I am going to the one place where being popular is key. Which is the total opposite of me. I may have friends but I would not call myself popular. Though the worst part is that I have less than a year to be ready for highschool and somehow become popular. Me being popular has never occurred in my life or never will. Besides what so great about being popular, so what if you have a lot of friends and everyone likes you, and you are never left out. Okay, maybe popular, isn't so bad for some people but for me, it would mean having to make decisions about everything so I could make everyone happy. No thanks! Well here it goes with my first time visiting Sahali.

The first time you walk into a high school you have sweaty palms and are nervous to what it will be like, and who will judge you, this was one of those times. As soon as we walk in we are refreshed with cool airconditioning after being outside in the scorching heat. Before we can get a good glimpse of the entrance, we are ushered into the music room. The speaker said "Hello," and I said "Cello." Here is where we learn the marvels of a high school band, which sounded pretty good except for the few off notes. Once they were finished playing we were split into groups where grade twelve students showed us around the school.

As we walked to our first room, the art room, my best friend Melody Pearl and I talked about the extravagant murals on the wall and doors, which brought colour and wonder to the hallways. I think what a great touch the school has added, since life is suppose to be colourful. There was doors painted like telephones, and lions, and a bunch of other stuff, trust me I ain't 'lion'. We didn't have to travel far before we arrived in the art room, which made the hallways look dull. This room is sprang to life and most artwork looked like you could almost touch it, because it is so 3D. Here is where we learned you don't have to be a good artist, you just have to love art and have enough passion. This spiked my interest right away, because 'my art don't work' but I still love art. As we were just leaving I tripped over my own feet and sent paint flying everywhere. What a disaster! Before we get in trouble we scurry down the hall to the next room, leaving the mess for the teachers to clean up.

In the next room, woodshop, before we even went in, I knew I was going to like the class. There was minions on the front door which made the environment feel safe and added some humor. This was not one of those classes where I would get 'board'.

(I 'wood cut' this out but that's just what I 'saw') In this classroom we got to experience students working on different projects, such as ping pong paddles, and jumping skiers, these made me jumping with joy over such an amusing class. Also this class made me think of what my dad did in woodshop in high school, he built stools and tables with drawers, all kind of stuff, which made me 'egde' forward more to take this class over the next five years. When we were also in this classroom we saw old students from Pacific Way, (my school), it showed me I 'wood' want to take this class because they make it look fun.

Some classrooms we did not get to visit, though just by peeking through the window, and the art on their front doors made me wonder how lively these classes could be and made a bigger impression on the school by making it less horrify. I'm not saying I want to come now, I'm just saying I may enjoy some classes, and that the school doesn't sound as bad as it did before.

Lastly we were allowed to go into the science room, where we saw grade twelves playing with fire, which made me feel like I was going to the Hunger Games and going to be 'That girl on fire' in the bad way, in conclusions this school did not seem like the right 'match'. Though once we figured out their experiment was setting a liquid on fire, it sure felt like a 'warm' welcome. The teacher Mr. Remez drew a seven for our grade and twenty-one for the year we graduate. The liquid bursted into flames starting at one end till the other which created a radiant fame with purple at the base and blue at the top. This was surely my favourite room, and got me 'sparked' into taking it in the years to come.

As we were making our way back to the entrance I realized my palms weren't sweaty anymore and I was more relaxed. This highschool thing may be easier then it sounds, what do I have to worry about, it'll be fun. This is when I concluded that high school is not about the popularity or any of that if you don't want it to be like that, High school is what you want it to be like and how you want to experience it. This is Carrie Fields a typical kid who is now prepared for high school. ( An almost typical kid because she's pun-tastic) Now when people ask what's the matter I won't say high school is in three month's, I'll say 'Gas, Liquid, Solid or Plasma.

She watched her mother pace back and forth, her cheeks were raw and stained red. The little girl was confused. Although she did not know much she knew enough that her father was in the war and would be fighting for awhile. She knew her mother misses him dearly, but... a piece of her brain nagged her that it was not, because she was just missing him.

"Mommy," the young female called to her mother. Her stuffed bear that was held near her chest gave her a surge of courage. Her stomach exploded with nerves, she was frightened with the answer. She watched her mother slide down the wall, Her mothers knees hid her face that was now covered with fresh tears. Her arms were wrapped tightly around her legs. Her mothers pressure against them only increased with every passing second as if all her distress would fade into an abyss, to never be seen again.

Her daughter took tiny steps towards the adult, the one who took care of her while she was beyond afraid he would be shot.

"Mommy, why are you crying?" her daughter's eyes trailed along her mothers trembling body. The small females blue emeralds soon scanned the empty lilac room. The dim light scattered across the chamber from the hallway, the room originally off-limits appeared to be very gloomy and dull. When you took a step into it, the temperature would drop, goosebumps would always rise.

The sound of her scared, cautious voice filled her parent's eardrums, the question itself fragmented her heart. Silence was the little girls response, tranquillity spread throughout the quiet

house. A hand, with a tender grip, caught a hold of her fragile arm. Fear coursed through her body and her veins, tears glazed her blue orbs, her lips twitched as she attempted to remain calm. Nonetheless, no other movement proceeded to it's motion. Her glaze persisted on her mother as she stared at her in despair. Her lungs lungs desired oxygen, that was filled with particles of dust, her brain commanded for her to breathe. She was completely and utterly paralysed. With each passing second her curiosity only grew more intense. It was too difficult for her to stop the twitching that had just commenced.

Her two pupils glanced at the gigantic hand, she stared intently as she analyzed the limb. Her eyes wandered upwards. The man wore the last outfit she saw her father in. However, she continued with her search. A warmth spread throughout her small arm, a comfort came with the heat, comfort that only one could bring her.

She stare into her father's dull eyes. Sorrow swarmed in his green emeralds, He gave a swift nod, with that simple action she understood what he was asking her to do.

A soft smile was faintly on her face, barely noticeable. Her gaze fell upon his left hand, once again. Her fear had died as she slid her compact hand in his own. He gave a small squeeze before proceeding to lead her to his wife.

She quickly took a glance at the windowsill, beams of the moonlight squeezed through a thin layer of



dust. When she stood in front of her sobbing mother, she knelt down and dropped her stuffy. With her, now, free hand she placed her palm on top of her mothers hand. Her head elevated, her blonde hair fell out of her face, revealing her broken state.

She repositioned herself to wrap her warm arms around her daughter. Her father's hand dropped while she hugged his wife, her mother.

"You know, your soul usually knows what to do to heal itself, the challenge is to silence the mind." Her daughters words shocked her, it was unexpected for a five-year-old to say something that wise.

"Adelina, it's impossible to silence the mind," she said gently, while holding onto her daughter. Her quiet voice appeared again, "then, accept what happened or find distractions. Either way you're going to have to come to terms with what happened. And besides, those we love don't go away, they walk beside us everyday. Unseen, unheard but always near. Still loved. Still missed and very dear."

Her mother kissed her head before giving her a smile. "You're right, your father will always be near and loved." She closed her eyes and leaned into her mother's warmth, cherishing the positive out of the negative situation.

### Describing A Dragon

It's skin is layered with scales on top of scales. The scales protect it from fire and harm. The scales keep it well hidden in its own cave. The scales come in many colours. Some dragons be able to change color, for it could use magic. It's scales come in many different patterns, shapes and sizes too. The scales feel rough but yet smooth, pointed yet round, for they are dragon scales.

Its wings are big and delicate. It's wings fold against its body when it is not flying. They are strong wings to carry its body high above the clouds, their wings can shield it from harm. Its wings look so fragile and thin, look closer they are strong and thick. It's wings have curves and edges to help it turn in the air, for they are dragon wings.

It's fire is hot and mighty. It opens it's mouth wide if threatened and breaths burning, hot flames. The flames do not hurt them, for it is immune to fire on the inside. It's fire can be many different colours. The colour of the fire depends on the type dragon it is and the magic it uses. It breaths fire to protect it self, to defend it self, for it is dragon fire.

### Describing A Dragon

It's teeth are sharp and threaten whoever dares to come near. Its teeth are pointy sharp, curved like a dagger to protect itself. They are sharper in the front then get flatter near the back of it's mouth. Its teeth are the protection of this predator, for this predator may have other threats, for these are dragon teeth.

It's horns atop its head tall and majestic, so it can fight for dominance. Its horns are different for each one, they could be swirled or straight, curved or pointed. It also uses it's horns for burrowing deeper into the earth to make their nests. It's horns are perfect for carrying objects that it needs, or for getting rid of objects in it's way, for these are dragon horns.

Dragons are majestic mythical creatures don't you think?.

## Credo

Shouts of play ring out on the crisp fall afternoon. Children jump and run to their heart's content. One girl, Sapphire, unnoticed from the rest tries valiantly to join them.

"Hey, guys, can I join the game? I'm *really* good. Hello?" But none notice her pleas, and continue the game without her. For years she had tried, and now being almost a teenager, it seems too late. This day, she finally gives up and heads home, head low and shoulders inward. But under the shade of a golden maple tree, unknown to Sapphire, someone watches.

As she reaches her home, she tries to organize her thoughts, plan how to cope. But all Sapphire thinks about is the other girls, who make it seem so easy to fit in, purposefully pushing her away.

Her parents are still off at work, and knowing they won't be back for hours, she shakily makes herself a dinner of grilled cheese. She manages to eat it before she starts sobbing. She feels like she is behind a tinted window, with everyone else on the other side. She can see them, but they can't see her, can't hear her scream for them to listen. For the first time in her life, she wishes on a star. Wishes with all her heart. Wishes that it will get better. Wishes she'll find the hope she needs so terribly. That night, she cries herself to sleep.

Olivia Sjukvist

Grade Seven

St. Ann's Academy

Credo, page 2

Sapphire's consciousness prickles. Opening her eyes, she is swathed in bright, golden light. She winces at the sheer glory of it, compared to the darkness of her bedroom while she slept. As her eyes adjust, she sees where the light is emanating from. A glorious being is stepping towards her. The creature is robed in flowing satin, and large golden-tipped white wings sprout from its shoulder blades.

Then, the light fades and Sapphire sees that they are in a blooming garden surrounded by an array of flowers. The being lowers its wings so they drape gracefully along its back. They walk to a creek's edge and sit silently for a while. Sapphire studies the being. It is, quite simply, a girl. It looks as if only a child, at the start of teenage years, but its eyes are big and bright and clear, with wisdom telling it has lived millions of years, seen millions of things. It seems human, but its trailing wings and waterfall hair sparkle in the light of the bright sky. It seems to glow in heavenly fire.

"Who- and what- are you?" Sapphire asks meekly in an awed voice.

The creature speaks in a clear, melodic voice, "Ah, little one, what I am, that is not important. All you need to know is you may call me Credo. This is Latin for believe, trust, confide in. That is what you must do upon me. I have watched over you, kept you safe, since you began. Do not give up hope. There is hope for you yet. I understand you think of your problems as all-consuming, but there are more desperate things

Olivia Sjkqvist

Grade Seven

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Credo, page 3

in the world. Take my hand. Allow me to show you.”

As Sapphire takes her hand, a strange wind blows through the garden. Golden streaks of light blind Sapphire, and Credo opens up her wings, blocking her view. A seemingly endless whirling light show appears.

Credo lowers her mighty wings and Sapphire takes in her surroundings. She is in a dank street of dilapidated houses. Across the street, she sees three young children weeping at the steps of a bombed house. There is no parent for comfort. Sapphire feels her heart in her throat, and goes to console them. They look up as she arrives, their muddy faces bearing streaks of tears cutting through the dirt. She says, over and over, “It’s going to be all right. You’re okay. Have hope.” The children’s wall of indifference breaks and they crawl into Sapphire’s arms. One by one, she washes their faces with a torn edge of her shirt. She comforts them silently for a very long time. Then, Credo beckons for her.

Sapphire calls goodbye, then Credo reopens the colourful portal. Sapphire opens her eyes to a ratty tent by a rainy forest. She looks to Credo for guidance on what to do. Credo inclines her head towards the tent. Sapphire stoops down to enter and sees six sunken faces look up in surprise. Two adults, and four children, all of them starving. Sapphire knows what to do. She heads back into the rain. Grasping fistfuls of mint leaves, wild strawberries, raspberries, and thistle berries, she searches the

Olivia Sjukvist

Grade Seven

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ground. When she enters the tent again, they first shy away from the strange newcomer and her gifts, but when she eats a mint leaf herself, they tentatively taste the bounty she had collected. Soon, it is gone. The man thanks Sapphire in some language unknown to Sapphire, so she just nods warmly in response. She takes the family to where the berries and leaves are, to meet their future needs. Sapphire looks into Credo's ethereal eyes and nods strongly, so they depart from the forest's edge.

Distraught, back at the garden, Sapphire questions, "Why? Why did you show me these people? You know I can't truly help them."

"You did help them, child. I did it to help you too. To let you know just how blessed you are and to convince you to believe in yourself. You helped those children who were alone in the world find the hope to move on. You helped that family in the forest find the hope to survive. If you can help all those people find the hope they need, giving yourself hope should be easy. Don't give up, little one."

Sapphire nodded. "But Credo- is this all just a dream?"

"That's for you to decide. I must go, but I suppose I shall see you sooner than you expect. Allow me to send you home." For the final time, Credo lifts her glorious wings, gives a knowing smile, and sends Sapphire on her way. Home- that's where she's going. Sapphire knows that now.

Olivia Sjokvist  
Grade Seven  
St. Ann's Academy  
Credo, page 5

Sapphire opens her eyes lying twisted in her sheets, her alarm clock chirping noisily. Was all that a dream after all? She dresses for school with a bright smile on her face, eyes shining and wide with anticipation and hope for the day ahead.

At school, she sits expectantly in her desk, wondering what her first day with a new heart holds. Her teacher, Mrs. Goldridge, calls out the announcements, but today has a twist. "Today, we are welcoming a new student to our class." Sapphire's jaw drops. It is Credo, from her dream, standing right in front of her! "She is a transfer student for a year from- well, funny that, I can't seem to remember where." Credo smiles mischievously. " Anyway, why don't you show her around today, Sapphire?"



## **SUNSET IN LA PARVA**

As I reach the very summit of La Parva, Chile, I know that my journey to get here was worth it. The sun is just starting to meet the horizon and the scents, sounds, sights and feelings greet me in one big chorus. There may not be a lot of life up here, but I feel more alive than I have in months.

As the summit is now under my feet, El Ninô hits me in the face with a blast of cool, metallic smelling air. I can tell immediately by the volcanic smell that drifts into my nose that this was once a volcano. The energizing smell has a watery, springlike scent coming from the melting snow. The smell of my old spice is protecting me from the nauseating, overpowering smell of the goat poop that has been left behind to decompose. I can tell that these are the smells of the alpine rockies and a coming storm.

I feel chilled by the below zero air. I can tell it's just below zero because the air is quite cold but the snow is still quite moist. Happiness floods through me and I suddenly feel rejuvenated and energetic, even if it's seven in the evening. I can feel the rough, rocky surface through the tough soles of my boots. The sweat that has accumulated over the climb is running in mini streams down my back. My thirst has just been quenched by the ice-cold water in my pack and I had a small dinner during the hike. The climb has left me with a sense of accomplishment that is now racing through my veins. The snow is making the air very moist and humid, making it feel

2

colder than it really is. The sun that has been keeping me warm is now cooling off and I am starting to feel the chilly air that will get even colder over the night. If there is one thing that could sum up how I'm feeling right now, it would probably be ecstatic.

I can hear the faint sounds of a roaring avalanche and can just barely feel the vibrations through the rocks and snow under my feet. If I listen carefully, I can hear the smashing and cracking coming from small rockslides caused by the howling, biting wind that hurtles through the already cold air. I can just barely listen to the faint bird calls and splashing rivers coming from the misty valley below me. The trickling creek somewhere off to my right makes tonight feel almost timeless. As I have gotten used to the sounds of me and my friend trudging up the mountain, it almost feels extra quiet now that we have reached the summit.

As I gaze into the distance I can see a valley clogged with fog. I can tell by the hues of green and yellow that there is plenty of life in the valley, but I would have to save exploring down there for another day, as this one is almost over. As the sun is just touching the horizon, it explodes in a display of vibrant, fiery colors that shimmers in the air. The night is just beginning, but the sun seems set on finishing today in an explosion of warm colors that reflect off the thick clouds that have filled the sky since sunrise. My friend has decided to go even higher to witness this legendary, jaw-dropping sunset, realizing that he will have to ski down before twilight takes over the glowing sky.

3

The snow is frigid but will definitely get a lot colder over the night. It is currently colored orange and red by the sun but there are already hues of blues seeping in. As it rest on the frosty, volcanic rock, it seems extra bright but the rocks also make it look a lot colder than it really is. Apart from some small avalanches and the tracks that we left behind, the snow is undisturbed and windblown making it look like sculpted wet clay. The rich dark brown soil has long since turned into uneven black volcanic rock. They are jagged and sharp in most places, but some spots are smoothed and polished by small streams. The rocks are sometimes knocked loose from avalanches, howling winds or just time. There may be some small spots of lichen resting on the rocks, but often the only evidence of life up here is the poo from the mountain goats and the outer skeletons of beetles and flies. I may be able to see so much from up here, but I know that there is so much more to explore

The sun is now almost halfway set and I know that I will have to prepare to ski down before all the light is gone. The scene of the picturesque sunset will be forever imprinted in my mind and I can guarantee that I will never forget it. I can't wait to share this unbelievable experience with my friends and family back home and I can only wish that I can come back here again to witness it all once more.

**Title: Not Your Average Knight's Tale**  
**By: Jack Snoddy**  
**Grade 7**  
**Brocklehurst Middle School**

Once upon a time there was a grand kingdom; in that grand kingdom, there was a great king. That great king had a son, who was a brave knight, and that knight's little brother was Eustace, Eustace Ungavard to be exact. Eustace was never the strongest of children, but what he lacked in brawn he made up in brains. He had a very happy life: he was never picked on by the other children because they all loved his mind-boggling riddles. Eustace's life couldn't have been better. Well, at least until his 14th birthday, then it all went downhill, very steeply downhill. More like everything got tossed off a huge cliff.

"Eustace it is your 14th birthday and that means you must start your training to become a knight," said Eustace's father.

"Ok, very well," said Eustace absent-mindedly.

"I am sending you on a quest to defeat the mighty red dragon of the west and retrieve the gold from under his mountain. On your return, and if you return, you will be knighted for your deeds."

"That sounds very nice father," said Eustace.

"You will depart tomorrow," finished his father as he walked out of Eustace's study.

Eustace awoke the next morning, got dressed and walked outside to the sound of blaring trumpets.

"Hear ye! Hear ye!" shouted the town's crier, silencing the trumpets and gossiping townspeople.

"Your king, Edward Ungavard of Canae, has gathered you here on this day to announce that Prince Eustace Ungavard of Canae shall go on a quest to defeat the evil red dragon of the west. He will also retrieve his gold and save the fair Princess Gertrude of Yale from the deep bowels of the dragon's cave. Upon his return, Prince Eustace will marry the Princess of Yale, uniting Canae

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and Yale in holy matrimony for the rest of the Prince and Princess's prosperous lives," finished the crier.

By now, Eustace had uncomfortably stood upon the stage and the king was handing Eustace his sword. "My son," started the King "this sword has been passed on through the generations of kings and it is with great honour that I now pass it on to you to defeat the red dragon and bring prosperity and peace to our land!"

"I am greatly honoured that you have given this sword to me and feel me worthy of this daring quest" Eustace started carefully, "But I do not wish to be remembered for waving my sword in the faces of dragons. I want to be remembered for inventing wonder-"

"Now, now, don't be silly," interrupted the king, "You will go on this quest, defeat the dragon and live happily ever after."

Before he knew it, he was on his horse riding out of the kingdom and into a new chapter of his life, whether it was for the better or the worst. He rode until nightfall where he stopped near a river to rest. The next morning he awoke and went to see where he could cross the river and after walking along for awhile he came across a stone bridge. The only problem was that there was a repulsive bridge troll on the other side.

"WHO GOES THERE!" bellowed the troll, "YOU'LL NEVER CROSS, YOU BLOODY WITTLE MAGGOT. I'LL STRING YOU UP UNDER MY BRIDGE LIKE ALL THE OTHER VISITORS, I CAUGHT."

"Ok, ok!" said Eustace, "But, at least, be a bit more quiet, you're shaking the entire bridge."

"Ok, I'll be quieter," whispered the troll, before trapping Eustace in his tight grasp.

"You can tie me up, but first I have to ask you a question," said Eustace breathlessly.

"What is it, little person?" asked the troll.

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A few seconds later, the dragon's head cleared to find the scrawny young boy holding a sword to his throat. "You are not like the dragons I have read about in my books, you are much smaller," said the boy.

"You are not like other dragon slayers, you are much smarter," said the dragon "almost too smart".

"Well," the boy said "I'm not a dragon slayer, I am an inventor. My father has sent me on this silly quest and I had no opinion on it, whatsoever. You don't seem like the type of dragon to sit on your gold all day, capture maidens and wait for some knight to come along to fight you."

"I want to leave and start my own business," replied the dragon "but I never make it very far, without a knight wanting to fight me or a hoard of towns people attacking me and sending me right back to my cave. As for the Fair Gertrude of Yale, I wanted her to leave, I even asked politely, but she refuses to leave until "a brave prince comes to save her"."

"I can help you start a business in my town, if I can be your business partner." said Eustace.

"That sounds splendid!" said the dragon, "My name is *Escaliberithreildor*, but I call myself 'Red'".

"Nice to meet you Red, my name is Eustace." They started walking back to the cave, not as a fierce dragon and a brave knight, but as entrepreneurs. Not as unknown enemies, but as true friends.

### **Epilogue**

Eustace and Red never went back to Canae; they traveled to a distant land where they were accepted. Eustace never married Gertrude; he married a nice girl by the name of Ruth, who he met on his travels. Their business was a little shop that sold Eustace's inventions. Red and Eustace grew old, but their friendship stayed as bright as when they first met. I guess you could say, they all lived happily ever after.

## The Conversation

It was a cool day in London, 1881. I was walking down the boulevard when I had seen my good friend, Charles. So naturally, I had approached the lad.

"Well, good day ol' chap! I do say, I haven't seen you in quite a while," I say, catching him by surprise.

"Hiya, mate," Charles replies, blue eyes twinkling, "How have you been?"

"Jolly good, I might say. How about you?" I question, trying to carry a conversation out of both interest and friendliness.

"Rather swell. How has your family been doing? I hear your profits have gone up, and can tell by the dashing suit." He said.

"My business has been getting more and more popular by the hour," I said, "and my family has been just swell with all the extra money."

"Speaking of family, I saw your sister yesterday. She is quite the devil," he pondered, clearly recapping the memory.

"She is a charmer," I replied.

"No, I meant she is literally the devil."

"What have I told you about comparing my sister to the devil."

"That it is an offence to the devil."

I close my eyes, take a deep breath, and calm down. Now I remember why I haven't been in touch with Charles. He always had something against my sister **for**

whatever reason. He kept talking, and I remembered that he had always been obnoxious. I need to find some way out of this conversation. Then I get an idea.

“Blimey, would you look at the time!” I said, flashing a quick glance to my (bare) wrist,” I am very sorry, but I must go. I am about to be late for an, um... appointment.

Yes, my

appointment for, um... a check-up. I really must go. Nicespeakingtoyouok Bye!” I yell as I run down the road, not waiting for a response. I hail a taxi, tell him my address, and rush off.

...

Later that evening, I was sitting, drinking tea and reading one of my favourite stories, Macbeth, when it just occurred to me how absolutely beastly I had been earlier today. I had been so nasty as to completely blow off a friend who was just trying to be nice, that took the biscuit.

I had a complete realization of my rudeness.

I immediately called Charles, and apologised to him for leaving so suddenly. I was absolutely flabbergasted when he said he would forgive me. I thanked him for accepting my apology, and invited him for tea the next day.

...



I awoke the next day, feeling rather tired, for I had lost count of the time while reading. I had managed to stay up till far later than I should have, and very well didn't get any sleep whatsoever. So I got up early -despite my slightly lazy habits of sleeping in- and made a cup of tea and a muffin. I got dressed out of my housecoat and into a pair of trousers and a new white shirt. Nothing much happened before the afternoon came, just the paper, which I had read thoroughly.

It was becoming late day, and I was wondering when my friend was going to come for tea and a conversation. I heard a commotion, and saw that a speeding car had come around the corner. A person was lying on the street. There was blood.

I raced from my apartment, down the stairs, and onto the street. Charles had told me he would be walking. My heart's pace grew, and I yelled for people to back up. I moved forward, into the crushing grip of the crowd, and I thought, *it couldn't be Charles, he is probably late, as usual. He is fine.*

Little did I know, he was not fine. He was anything but fine. As I saw Charles's body laying on the cemented road, I felt bile rising in my throat, stinging as I pushed it down.

"Get out of the way, He's my friend," I shouted.

"Move, I'm a medic," I heard a voice say, as a twenty-something man walked through the crowd and offered his assistance. He placed a gentle hand on Charles's throat, and said, "He's gone. You said you knew this man?"

It took a moment to decypher that he was talking to me. "Why, yes, I do know him. He is actually a good friend of mine."

"I'm sorry," He said, sincerity in his voice, "I deeply apologize, for the loss of a friend. I know what it feels like." His deep brown eyes were calming and soulful, and I suddenly felt at ease. This man had been through more than anyone had known, and more than what he wanted to share.

The police came and cleared out the crowd. They took reports on what had happened. The man driving the car had been quivering and started crying. He said it was so fast he didn't see Charles till it was too late. He was shaking like a fool, and crying like an infant when the police took him into a private room to ask him what had happened so he didn't make a fool of himself. I gave my report, and left quickly, feeling rattled about the incident. If Charles had been half a minute early, or late, he would have lived.

I sat down in my living room. And thought. And thought, and thought and thought. It had- out of all my years- just occurred to me how quickly one's soul could leave his

body. It scared me. I had never done anything worth-while in my life, and just like that, I could die. I needed to start living the life of adventure I wanted to lead, and not just sit on my armchair and work all day. I need to start living.

And it all started with a conversation.

### **The Audition**

I stood in line forever,  
my stomach filled with nervousness.  
What if...?  
I just don't know.

Questions occupied my mind.  
I walked towards the building.  
I stepped in,  
onto the dance floor.  
A sip of water.  
Deep, heavy breaths.  
Deeper.

Five people went at a time, forty kids in the room.  
It was my turn to give it my all.  
But what was my all?  
I danced for eight counts of eight, sixty-four seconds.

My adventure was over.  
My family rushed towards me.  
Was I chosen?  
“[...]”

### **Imagery**

Wiser than the ocean,  
More poetic than the sea,  
More texture than a shell,  
That I feel here with me.

Silent like the golden sand,  
Slimy like a fish tail,  
Wetter than the waves I see,  
Louder than hear to ear.

I listen as I wait –  
For someone I await.

Come hither come hither,  
To my castle that I lead,  
For the people that I love,  
I keep dear indeed.

For the sun to move south,  
And the moon to go right,  
That's all that I have,  
I give you tonight.

**Pain**

Raindrops run down my cheeks

creating a pool of tears.

My mind fills with memories

that remind me of horror.

I try to relax.

I take a deep breath,

hoping that the air my lips touch

is magic and will take my pain away.

Could they do this?

I can't even stomach the thought.

I try my best to stay calm.

## **Glorious in War**

### **Prologue**

#### **Silence is the Loudest Scream**

White. Everything is white. It's been this way forever. There is only me here and I only remember my name. I'm not even sure there is anything else to remember. I hate this place.

This place with its never changing scenery, white walls, ceiling, and what seems to be more of an abyss than a floor - though I have never found myself falling.

I wish I could stand or speak out loud. I've tried standing before, but every time I try to move even an inch I find myself in excruciating pain. The farthest I've reached was to my knees before I collapsed back into my straight back position. I'm not even allowed to cry out in pain.

I have never slept in this place. I've never even felt tired, and the only emotions I experience here are anger, boredom, fear and the the occasional excitement when I can move my toe or finger for a second without it hurting.

The only time I have seen myself is when I try to move. I know that my skin is pale and part of me is covered in a sort of white fabric that I can't feel. To be honest, I can't feel anything except for pain.

Sometimes I forget my name and become scared because it's the only thing I know is true. When I forget, I try moving to stifle the pain of forgetting or to jog my memory. As soon as I remember, I go over it again and again in my head hoping that I won't forget but I do, I always do. I remember the first time I forgot my name: that was the first time I tried to stand or move at all. It hurt, and I tried to scream, but that hurt even more. I didn't give up until I saw my hands. Burned into the backs of them were the words *Glorious In War*. Then I remembered and let the abyss pull me back into its horrible clutches.

...

*"Hello?"*

The sound frightens me and I twitch. Then, try I to scream, which makes it worse.

*"Hello?"*



There it is again, but it's not just a noise: I recognize it from somewhere, somewhere beyond the abyss. A voice.

Something prods me from behind. It urges me to stand and I will myself to. Ignoring the pain, I make it to a crouch. Then I muster my strength and push myself higher. Slowly and painfully I stand, and it feels as though iron brands are burning through me straight to the bone. I look down and see a strand of something white fall down in front of my face. *Hair*. The abyss starts pulling me down . I find my hands, the burns still there, and my legs begin to buckle. As I look to my feet I see something glimmer.

*Water.*

Why is there water in the abyss? It's crystal clear and as I am forced into a crouch by some invisible force the word *dive* surfaces in my mind. In no time at all I have decided the pain can't get worse. I take the plunge.

Gone. Just like that the pain is gone. I pause and wait before I start moving again. What if this is just a dirty trick played by the abyss and the water isn't real?

What if I imagined the voice and I will stay here forever? No, I have to believe it was real. I move my arm and prepare for the pain that doesn't come. I smile and I recognize a new emotion: the word *happy* floats in my mind. I roll over and swim deeper - my smile widens with every stroke.

After a while I hear another noise: a hum. I turn towards this new sound and the deeper I go the louder it gets. Only one thought goes through my mind: I must make it to that hum.

I swim for a while longer when I hear a voice different than the one before.

*"Here she comes."*

The hum becomes louder, and my ears start to hurt; they aren't used to even the softest of noises after the quiet abyss.

All of a sudden the humming stops and so do I. Panic starts to set in. I try to move, and the pain comes back, I try to scream and that makes it all worse. Then everything goes dark.

### **1. Darkness**

The shock of black after seeing nothing but white for so long is tremendous. It's as if a bag has been put over my head and I've been thrown into a river, for not only am I in the dark, but I seem to be floating. It's not like the water in the abyss, but a thinner liquid that is nearly impossible to feel. I also feel something over my eyes as well as covering my body. I lay in my watery place for what feels like weeks, straining to hear any sound and feeling nothing but the warm air and the gentle pull of liquid on my hair and covering.

After what seems like forever, a click sounds above me and I feel cold air rush in to take the place of the warm. I then feel hands tighten around my limbs and middle; I am hoisted from the water into the cold and placed down roughly onto a stiff, scratchy surface. Once the hands have released I am lifted into the air once more.

I feel the jostle of movement as I'm taken around corners and through doors. All of a sudden the movement stops and once again hands wrap around me and lift me into the air. This time I am lowered onto what feels like a very soft mattress. A piece of fabric is draped over me, and then I am alone.

# The Door

It all started when I moved. The door, it was in the attic, hidden behind the wallpaper.

"Why do we do the things we do? Because we like to do them." Here I am, stuck in another boring auction. "But it's not always the best thing for us." *But it's not always the best thing for us*, is this the only thing that he can say? I thought this was a house auction not a presentation, he was supposed to be showing us the houses by now. "Now to the houses." Ok finally. "First up. This house was built in 1892 and has been for sale for quite a long time." Maybe I should just buy this house so I can go.

Well that's what ended up happening. I bought the house and didn't think much of it until I actually started moving in. I would notice that my stuff would start disappearing from boxes and if I am not mistaken, that isn't normal. So one day I started investigating, setting up cameras by my boxes, leaving stuff opened on purpose. I reviewed my footage from the cameras and saw nothing, so I called my friend and asked her to come over and look at the footage with me. As we were talking I suddenly heard a sound, as if something that was made out of glass was breaking in my kitchen. I was startled but yet continued to get up and look at what had happened, and that's

when I saw it, sitting there, looking at me, smiling. I was paralyzed with fear it was only when Zoey came in the kitchen after me that I was able to move again, she saw it too, but this time it was a little less friendly, with a blank look on its face it crawled over to us and sat down, looked at Zoey's leg then proceeded to scratch her.

After visiting the emergency room we returned home, only to find out that everything else was destroyed. All of my personal belongings from home, everything that I have ever had. I looked around, devastated, all that I wanted to do now was cry. Zoey came over and comforted me, then that's when we heard it... again. A growl, a snuffle, then a howl, then silence. We were terrified, not knowing what to do, we sat there and waited, until it jumped out at us, we screamed at the top of our lungs trying to escape this creature, then a noise so faint that I myself could barely hear it, stopped the animal in its tracks then turned and disappeared. At this point I found it best to stay at a hotel for the night, then to investigate in the morning.

I woke up, still terrified that the creature was going to be there, then my phone rang and I picked it up. "Hello?" I said "Catherine! Come over right now!" Zoey had basically screamed in my ear then hung up. I got ready to go then checked out of the room. On my way to Zoey's house I had stopped for some breakfast and saw someone, this person did not look like a normal person, they hid their face and moved in a very

small, agile, almost cat like way. When they saw me they freaked out, ran out of the restaurant as fast as they could, I had figured that they just mistook me for someone else. I left the restaurant and continued driving, when I got to Zoey's house, she practically carried me in she looked rushed like she hadn't slept in weeks, but that didn't stop her from frantically pulling out all of these old newspapers, loading all these tabs on her computer. "Zoey what is this." I said. "Evidence!" She replied with. I didn't want to question her anymore, so I went along with it. In these newspapers, there were articles about the house, MY house. 'Mysterious things happen in 2334 Chestnut drive.' 'Mad scientist's house found bobytrapped. The inside was too terrifying to even go inside.' I was speechless, my house, where I live, where I have lived for only a week. "See Catherine, this is what the big deal was about on the phone. We have to investigate!" Zoey is always right, so I agreed with her and we started investigating the next day.

"Where do we start Zoey?" "The attic!" She yelled out. "If you were a mad scientist, would you make your contraption somewhere where it would be seen? Nope!" I agreed so we headed up to the attic, and there was nothing. "See Zoey, nothing." But as I was just about to leave, Zoey spotted something in the wall paper, a door like shape. She peeled back the wallpaper and there it was, the door. Just big enough that I could fit in it, we looked at each other, shocked I opened the door and saw nothing. "What! That's it!" Yelled Zoey. "Yep I guess so." Then I walked back downstairs. "Zoey, we can investigate again tonight." "But what if there is nothing? What if this was all just a

big waste of time?" I shrugged, what else could I do, we didn't know anything else about this house. "Catherine, what do we do now? All of our work just for nothing, just to find out that the door, isn't actually a door at all."

So as the night time approached, we got ready to investigate, went upstairs to the door and saw a light coming out from underneath the crack. Zoey and I looked at each other then proceeded to open the door. That's when we saw it, a parallel universe, it looked like my house's attic, but that was impossible, because we were in the attic. And as scared as we were, we still walked in the door, then it closed behind us. We walked a little bit more until we reached the exit door. We opened it, the we saw my house, well maybe not my house at the time because we seemed to have been transported back in time, we looked over the stair railing and saw a man, he looked awful dirty like something had exploded in his face. Then Zoey and I had both looked at each other "The scientist!" We both whispered. Then he saw us.



Dear Precious Friend

My dear precious friend,

Why do you do that to yourself?

You are so special,

You are so unique,

There is nobody else like you,

Why do you hurt yourself?

Why do you care?

About the other people's opinions,

About the way they stare,

You are amazing,

You are beautiful,

You are so incredible,

Why do you hurt yourself?

Why do you care?

Please don't hurt yourself,

You are precious to me,

You are such an important person,

Why do you think nobody cares about you?

You are wrong,  
So incredibly wrong,  
I care about you,  
I need you there,  
I need you in my life,

Please don't hurt yourself,  
Throw away your razor,  
Wipe away those tears,  
Take a good look in the mirror,  
You are an amazing person,  
Remember, I care,

I Remember...

I remember the day we met

I didn't like you right away

But as time passed we grew closer

That day I'll never forget

I remember the day we became friends

There sitting on the grass

That's when you became my friend

That day I'll never forget

I remember the day I almost lost you

I was so worried you would leave me

So worried you would go

That day I'll never forget

I remember the day you came home

How overjoyed I was

That we would have a future

That day I'll never forget

I don't remember the day I lost you

I hope I never will

Jana Steyn, Gr. 7

I Remember...

St. Ann's Academy

I hope you stay forever

I hope you never go

"Ella? Ella are you awake?" I faintly heard my mom say. "Ella you need to get up!" She screamed. I opened my eyes just slightly but enough to catch the glare of what I thought was just the sun but it was too bright, too big to be the sun. "Ella!" She screamed again. I opened my eyes once more to see her but she was gone. Everything was gone. I was floating, but where? Was I dreaming? Or was this real? Suddenly the room, again wherever, turned black, then purple, blue, green, yellow, and then the slightly too bright orange again. After that everything was red. Not a bright happy red that you would expect but the kind of red that is angry, the kind that is the colour of blood.

Loud beeps began to sound, the non-gravity effect in the room slowly began to wear off and before I knew it, I was lying on the ground. A tremendous pain blanketed my arm and shoulder. "Ella Stevens, you are one of the lucky ones." A man who looked about mid-thirties hovered over me. I tried to ask where I was but he told me not to talk and put a needle in my arm. I closed my eyes after that and tried to dream of my mom and sister but something told me not to as if it were something bad. I had expected a normal Monday but I guess that wasn't in store for me. The only thing I want to know is where I am and what's going on. What did he mean by "I'm a lucky one." I tried to give it more thought but the only thing that had crossed my mind was sleep. I felt like I needed it, but why? Wasn't it morning when my mom attempted to wake me up?

Eventually I gave up and fell asleep completely. It was a fairly dreamless sleep with a few glimpses of my mom and sister in there but not much. Just blackness. Many people would think it's frightening to dream in black and prefer to dream in another colour like purple or yellow. Not me! I enjoy the silky darkness of black. It relaxes me. Whenever I'm feeling

frustrated and sad, I take a black thick sharpie or normal marker and draw with it.

I was feeling most uncomfortable at this moment though because I had just woken up and, again, I had no idea where I was. I was in a room with four white walls covered in shelves full of medications. At first I thought I was in a hospital, but the machines and equipment were way to complicated and modern for a normal hospital. Was this some kind of military facility? As if on cue, a military officer came into my room and introduced himself as Officer M. Reilly. Or, as he wanted me to call him, Mark. "What's going on?" I asked him. He never answered but did grab me by my bandaged arm and take me into a hallway. "I will take you to see him but you promise to stay brave when he tells you okay?" "Okay." I respond.

He took me into a room with a scruffy looking deep voiced man sitting in a chair . "What do you want to know?" He asked me. "Oh, well, uh," I replied, "I just wanted to know what's going on?" He looked at me and sat up in his chair, " Well, If you must know, Awhile ago, I had heard about a day when all of the human race would go extinct. A day that everyone would have no idea what was happening. A day where everyone would be begging for life. Only the people who weren't afraid would live. You were sleeping so you didn't know, yet if your mom had woken you up you would not be here with us right now. Same goes for Mark. If I had never told him, He, His wife and their new baby wouldn't be here to help us. The others were like you, sleeping and unaware. There are four others not including Marks wife and baby. I think you should meet them.

Mark escorted me to the lunchroom. There was a little girl with blonde hair, a boy my age with slick black hair and dark skin, a teen girl who looked about fifteen and an older man who fell asleep on the bench. Everyone was eating sandwiches and tortilla chips with orange

juice. "Welcome to your new paradise!"

After that the deep voiced man explained to everyone what had happened, some started to cry while the little girl screamed, "I WANT MY MOMMY!!!" I simply sat down next to the boy who was my age. He was wiping away tears with a blue handkerchief. "My mom raised me by herself," he started. "I tried to tell her to be calm but she kept crying in fear." "My mom was the same way, she tried to wake me up but I was too tired." Even though I didn't know him, we hugged, We cried and talked a bit more. He told me his name was Jack and I said mine was Ella. Everything was okay and kind of nice. Suddenly the deep voiced man entered and yelled, "WE NEED TO LEAVE NOW! GET YOUR THINGS AND HURRY!" We rushed like man men, gathering our belongings they gave us and packed into a car. Once we were outside I smiled at the sight of the sun, then I stopped smiling. There were now houses or buildings left. Just rubble that you would find in an old abandoned town. There were visibly no survivors except us. Something caught my eye in the distance and I knew what it was right away. A meteor was speeding towards us from above. Everything went white. No colours. Than death.

Knock, knock, knock. "Come and get your mail!" a voice said through the door.

Ok, ok, don't rush me." the other replied.

Thump, thump, thump, down the stairs. The second person ran to the key holder and grabbed a set of dangling keys with mail patterns on them. Walking through the door and down the old cobblestone path a dog barked wildly through a chain link fence. The key holder opened the locked mailbox and took out a box. "Now who would send me a package at this time of year? It is not my birthday or Christmas so, it must be the wrong address. So what, it is at my mailbox, has my address, probably my electricity bill." the key holder said to no one in particular.

They start to open the box, but then they notice a card. "To whomever receives this package, do not open this unless you do live at the house numbered 0945. There are instructions to what the item(s) are for, in the box. Have a great day!"

"Wow, I wonder what is in this box that is so important for it to get to me?" the box holder said.

As they opened it another package started to fall out of the mailbox. They reached out for it. Nearly tripped, but caught it. "How about I just take you two inside so you won't fall into something nasty" the person said to the packages.

Of course, they couldn't wait to open the box and started ripping the tape off. Stopped just outside the doorway to open the cardboard flaps, another note came swirling out in the wind. It whipped and rolled through the air. Just before they could catch it, it barrel rolled into a puddle. "Oh no! It is ruined."

They pick up the half soaked note. "Dear Alexis, here are a new, special pair of black skates for a routine I have for you. Meet me at the To-"



The rest of the note was washed out. "What, I am retired from competition skating. Who could this be from?" Alexis thought.

With that on her mind she walked back into the house.

It was mid afternoon when she decided to open the package fully. With careful hands she opened one cardboard flap, then another, another, and the last one came with a gasp. Not a bad gasp, but a surprise gasp, one the can bring a spark into someone's eyes. Alexis lifted out the magical item. It was a black skirt, tank top, tights, and a black tiara with a beautiful piece of blue topaz surrounded by orange topaz. It was fit for royalty.

"I can't accept this! It must of cost thousands. I need to find out what the rest of the letter said," Alexis whispered with determination. "Judging by the first two letters of the meeting place it will start with T and O. What place in town starts with To? Town! Town what? There is the Town Square, Town Hall, Town Library, and Town Church. Judging by what there is, I would say, Town Library would be my best bet. Off I go!"

That was a whole conversation to herself, and the start of a great adventure.

Naomi Willms  
Grade 7  
Lloyd George Elementary School  
Cowboy The Unicorn

# COWBOY THE UNICORN

A unicorn he is. Descended from the heavens to help me along in life. A unicorn with a troubled mind, who needed two of the best unicorns and a young girls help. And what has he done? This wild unicorn has soothed many deep wounds and become my best friend.

This unicorn is a 14 year old red roan and white paint gelding who answers to my voice, my heart and my body. He is Cowboy, a stubborn movie star princess that loves to jump and make me laugh.

At the auction, April 10th 2015, I spotted him and fell in love. He was sweaty and scared, but what did I do? I trusted him, I got up, no stirrups, no helmet, just me on his back. As they started calling horses in, I asked my parents if we could get him.

Cowboy was horse number 7, so we had to decide quickly. As we entered our bid, I held my breath. But there was no need. Nobody else seemed to think he was special because there was only one other feeble bid. But to me, I felt I had found my lifelong partner. Because like Ed Sheeran once said: "People fall in love in mysterious ways. Maybe just the touch of a hand. Well, me, I fall in love with you every single day." And it's true because I fall in love with my unicorn everyday.

Naomi Willms  
Grade 7  
Lloyd George Elementary School  
Cowboy The Unicorn

Two days after bringing him home, Allison Miller, my mum and I wandered up to our neighbors arena. Anything ever possible that could go wrong, did. Not to Cowboy, but to the area around us. Wind howling, horses spazzing and my new horse kept his poop in a group.

The next week, I officially began training with my new instructor, Jodi Daburger. It was not easy at first. Although the work of keeping him in control has eased, it's still not easy, but eventually he came together, minus a couple wrong leads, spazes and shoulder bulging. And he finally figured out that he wasn't a giraffe! But it all seemed to be perfect at one of the Pine Tree Riding Club shows. It was after a long hot day of showing and I wanted to give him a chance to roll as a reward. But instead, when I let him go, he followed me. Walking when I did, stopping when I stopped. And when I jogged away, he stood in the middle of the arena and called me. I returned to his side. My reward was that we had finally learned to speak each others' language.

Then five months after buying him, Cowboy and I and my family suffered the hardship of loosing my two wise unicorns, Prince Charming and Two To Tango. As they flew away to the Unicorn Kingdom, Cowboy was my shoulder to lean on, to cry on, and I his. Because he loved them too, he missed them and they made him the unicorn he is today.

Naomi Willms  
Grade 7  
Lloyd George Elementary School  
Cowboy The Unicorn

And now we ride for them. Wind in our faces, we fly the jumps and prance through shows.

He smells of wind, dust and tack. He has a spot of short mane that he rubbed off trying to get gross.

He bows for me to get treats.

He is my peace, my light and my silver lining on a dark day.

He makes me laugh and he loves me.

And I love him.

And together, we fly, my unicorn and I.

"Cowboy, take me away."

Anthony Wiseman  
Grade 7  
South Sahali Elementary

## **Unspoiled B.C.**

Hello, my name is Ewen Cameron and throughout these few paragraphs I will share with you my experience in "Unspoiled B.C.". This essay is based on the Cassiar Mountain Range found in the north-west of British Columbia. It is beautiful up here with the sun fully out but slightly covered by clouds. The landscape is a sight for sore eyes with all green trees spreading across the whole range.

Here in British Columbia's north-west there is a lot to listen too. Here are a few sounds to start off with; I can hear the smooth water trickling down the soft bedded river coming down the Cassiar Mountain Range. A thing that I love about the open range is that you can hear the wind flowing through the shrubs and trees making a sharp, rustling sound. Since I am standing in a forested mountain range there are trees and shrubs everywhere, and when there are trees there are birds. What I hear from one particular bird is a loud, obnoxious chirping coming from a distance. I can also hear a wide range of birds, for example, crows making irritating squawking sounds. As well I can hear the triumphant cry of an eagle scavenging for food to feed its young and starving eaglets. With the difficulties of getting to the summit of the mountain I brought my quarter-draft mix horse to assist me with the hike. Therefore, I also hear him devouring the shrubs that lie on the soil making cracking and crunching sounds. It makes me happy when I hear the soft whinnie of my horse Bob when he finishes eating.

## **Unspoiled B.C.**

First of all when you're out in the wild it's easy to hear sounds but it is very difficult to concentrate on smells. Where I am, I can smell the earthy scent of the wind brushing past me as a warm summer breeze. Coming with that breeze I can smell small pieces of leaves that have been picked up from the ground. As soon as the wind goes past me I start to get a sense of fresh air. Even as I am up high in the mountains I still can smell the damp dirt under the shrubs and trees. The dirt releases a very pungent, dingy smell that is neither good nor bad. Though there isn't much to smell what I do smell is amazing except for when Bob does his business.

While in the mountains you get the feeling of tranquility. To me it is breathtaking how amazing sunlight could be. The feeling of light on my body is warm and inviting. However, having sticks break under my feet isn't the best feeling. I can also feel my horse move under its saddle and feel how smooth the leather is. On my horse I can feel his hair; it is smooth, short and a little bit prickly.

Now I will bestow on you what I examine with my eyes! The first thing I see in the distance is the light blue river flowing through the mountains. Continuing with the landscape, I have to say one thing that I always notice is the clouds. The clouds that I see

## **Unspoiled B.C.**

are fluffy and inviting as well as looking immensely soft! Right behind the river I can see the mountains covered with trees, as well as the occasional brown spot. The trees that are on the mountains are dark green with spots of orange indicating that the seasons are changing. In addition to the forest and trees I can see shrubs of orange and yellow colours. To finish off, I see Bob, my blonde haired quarter horse draft horse mix. Bob is wearing a rustic brown, leather saddle and has a rope tying him to a tree. Bob also has a long mane with short hair on his back and has a couple of brown spots on his right hip.

The peaceful sounds of nature, and the natural smells of the forest and the sights around me make this the place where I would want to go to get away from a stressful day. So what do you think, would you come up here? If you do, I recommend just sitting and enjoying the incredible views! Well until next time I am Ewen Cameron and thank you for reading Unspoiled B.C.. [I am also known as Anthony Wiseman shhhhhh!]