

Lily Brown, Gr.8, Westsyde Secondary

Aurora Rose

There I lay asleep on the top of a hill all alone on a fluffy bed. A golden sword lay at my feet and a red rose in my hand. Even though I was asleep I could still sense, feel and see everything. There was fire everywhere, people lay on the ground showing no sign of life and there amidst the chaos I saw her, Maleficent, the evil being that had cursed me when I was just a babe.

I could still hear my fairy Godmother say to me "It is your destiny to defeat the Destroyer," when I turned back to face the woman, she had taken a new form. In the place of the wretched witch was a bloodthirsty dragon. She towered above me, growling and hissing as you picture a dragon would.

With a whispery voice she beckoned me closer and closer. So close I could feel her hot fiery breath on my face. My only thought was that I was going to die. "Help!" I shrieked. Suddenly, I woke up hot and sweaty with my 12 Godmothers hovering above me muttering things like, "Oh the poor dear!" and "It probably was just another nightmare." "Stop fussing over me", I said, "Today is my day because it is my 16th birthday!" Little did I know that the special birthday that I was so looking forward to would bring with it a prison that would hold me captive for the next one hundred years.

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Many people have heard my story up until now but what they don't know is that the prince didn't save me from the slumber I was condemned to after pricking my finger that unfortunate 16th birthday, for we hadn't even met. A prince breaking my spell with "true love's kiss" was only a bedtime story told to soothe young children. When I was born the jealous Maleficent cast a spell on my life, cursing me to prick my finger while picking a rose near the castle and fall instantly dead. Merryweather, one of my fairy Godmothers, tried in vain to revoke the spell. Her powers were not strong enough to remove it completely, but she was able to lighten the curse. So I would not die but rather sleep for one hundred years alongside all those in my kingdom. As long as I held the rose, my sleep would be broken when a century had passed.

100 YEARS LATER

Smoke! I smell smoke. Fire! I see fire. Wait. I could... I could see! I was awake! I could move my limbs! I could drop the cursed rose! I felt as if I could fly! Hold on... fire, smoke, thorns, people on the ground. This could not be the kingdom I once knew. What was going on? Maleficent!! She was behind all this.

I suddenly had an urge to go to the palace where I was born. I looked down at the rose I'd held so long. The magic of the spells had hardened its delicate petals into crystal and it shone with a golden brilliance. I placed it in my robe, grabbed a sword for protection and set off.

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As I crossed the grand entrance of the palace I saw a dark figure turn toward me and say ,“Oh how nice of you to show up! Now I finally get that perfect battle I've been planning.” It was Maleficent. “Why you...” I ,screamed. “You've been planning this ever since you knew I was born Right? You just wanted to get rid of the royal family so you could come in here and rule my kingdom. Well, I won't have it! I will avenge my kingdom if its the last thing I do!” “Oh but darling. It will be the last thing you do. Have you met me in my newest form?” said maleficent with glee!

A flash of green light shot from Maleficent's body. The next thing I saw sent shivers down my spine. It was just like in my dream. Maleficent had turned into a hideous dragon. I grabbed at my sword and stabbed it into the ground, “Aaahhhhhhhhh!!” Maleficent shrieked. The sword was jammed through her scaly foot. I yanked it out hard but as I did I watched in amazement as the wound instantly healed. My anger surged as I slashed wildly at any part of her within my reach. These gashes too closed almost as instantly as they'd been opened. “Honey, nothing you can do can kill meeee,” she hissed.

A thought then flashed through my mind, “if she put me into a spell, I can do the same to her. But instead of only for 100 years it will be forever!” This was my last chance to show Maleficent she had made a huge mistake in casting her spell on me. I threw the golden rose at her. Its tiny thorn pricking her scale-covered finger as it fell. “You fool!” she screamed in agony. “Do you know what this does? Magic reversed is nothing but a curse! It will kill meeeeeeeeeee!” Her giant form writhed, withered and shrunk until she lay dead before me in her regular form. Just an ugly wretched witch.

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I turned my head and saw my parents running toward me. "Oh darling is that you," My mother said on the verge of tears. "Yes, yes! Oh how I've missed you!" I said. We all embraced and I saw my 12 godmothers and a man standing behind them. "Oh honey, let me introduce prince John, he has been searching for you for 100 years." said my father. Well, I guess I was wrong about the prince and true loves' kiss being only a bedtime story. Maybe I do get a happy ending. Now that I've told my story I guess there's not much else to say except for "And we all lived happily ever after" .

The end.

By: Olivia Corke
Grade 8
SKSS

A True Believer

Robbie awakens to blinding sunshine coming from the large window beside him. He's glad he'd forgotten to close the curtains the night before because that meant an earlier start to the fabulous day. As he sits up, he takes a deep breath, inhaling the scent of his mother's famous breakfast paninis. His tiny, soft feet gently dance their way through the maze of toys in his room like a fairy tiptoeing along the surface of water. Robbie arrives at the doorway of his room where his parents see him stretching and smiling. They scoop him off his feet and caress their 4 year old child. As soon as they put him down, he ambitiously takes off across the kitchen for the back deck. The tall, glass door stands in his way and he looks up to it, intimidated, but then decides to take on the challenge. He pulls and pulls at the door trying every possible position to yank it open, but to no avail. His mother comes over and opens the door with ease, and Robbie wonders how she does it. She appears to have super powers and he questions if he'll one day have them too. He asks his mother if he can go explore the wilderness in their backyard, and makes sure to do so politely because he knows that's how to get his way. She replies positively, but reminds him not to wander too far. You see, their backyard is an endless passage into the mountains – well, so his parents said. But for Robbie, it is an endless passage into his imagination.

He feels the sun warming his chubby body, the grass tickling his feet and the breeze encircling him like cool blankets. The birds are chirping what sounds to Robbie like, “Fly with-me, fly with-me.” Robbie begins to talk to them.

“You know, if I were smaller or you were bigger, we could fly together. You could take me on rides in the beautiful, clear sky and we could show all the neighbours my new cool race car pajamas.” The birds chirp back to him, as if agreeing with his ideas. The sunrays light up the leaves in Robbie’s favorite tree like lanterns. He feels the smooth bark as he climbs the tree up to his special branch. Lately, he’s been meeting new creatures there. Yesterday, it was maple bug and the day before, a robin. Today, he wasn’t too sure what he was going to meet, but he waits. His big, deep blue eyes are open to everything the world could possibly offer.

Suddenly, Robbie feels a tingle in his spine and he begins to look around. Down by his hand, a fairy is perched beside him. He blinks a couple of times in awe, but it’s still there.

“Wow! Are you a fairy?” Robbie asks with excitement rushing through him faster than bullets. The fairy just nods. She’s an elegant, tiny girl with a flower dress even more gorgeous than in the storybooks. “You must live here, in my favorite tree with all the other creatures. Do you have little homes and friends and jobs and magic like Tinkerbell?” She effortlessly hops off the branch and disappears. For a second, Robbie worries that she has fallen, but then he sees her fly around him with her tiny blue wings, and land on his shoulder. Now he not only sees the fairy, but he feels her warm, fragile body in her silky dress resting on him. The fairy smiles at Robbie and waves, and he smiles and delicately waves back, making sure not to knock her off. But he startles at the shaking of the branch as his mom sits down beside him.

“What are you up to?” she asks. Robbie looks to his shoulder and the fairy is no longer there.

“Um, just sitting,” he replies.

“Well breakfast is ready, so how about you come on in. I’ll help you down from the tree.”

“Ok,” says Robbie, not quite fully hearing her. He’s still in his own world, puzzled about where the fairy has gone. After much thinking, he concludes that he didn’t imagine her, but that maybe his mom could not see her. Not because his mom was an adult, but maybe she didn’t believe in such creatures - or even spirits.

The next morning, Robbie doesn’t waste one second getting out of bed or struggling with the door; he simply asks his mom to open it. He runs for his favorite tree and special branch in the sunlight as he had the previous morning. He sits down and patiently waits for the fairy to come. After what feels like 2 hours to a young boy, he’s still waiting. He starts to believe it was his imagination. Because he remembers being told to never give up, Robbie thinks he’ll take one last go at believing the encounter was real.

“Please fairy, I just want to know that you’re real, that you weren’t just in my imagination. I truly believe that there’s more to the world than just animals and insects and stuff.” He clenches his eyes and fists shut and hopes with all his might to be heard. Suddenly, Robbie feels a tingle in his spine and begins looking around. Down by his hand, once again, a fairy is perched beside him.

Colors

I awoke early on August 2nd, 1986; it was a hot summer day. I lay in my bed a moment, staring at the small slivers of dawn breaking through the blue curtains. I'm not sure how long I stayed that way, but before I knew it, my mother was pounding on the door to make sure I was up. "Are you awake?" she screeched through the door.

"Yeah." I replied in a tone, sounding more tired than I would have liked. I heard my mother's footsteps receding. Slowly, I sat up and pressed my feet firmly against the warm, cozy grey carpet. I shot up quickly and looked around my room. Today, I was going to my Grandmother's house in the Bahamas. I walked over to my closet, pulled out a suitcase, bright pink and almost as tall as me. Dragging it behind me, I went to my dresser and opened it. It took me a full hour to get packed and ready. I had a quick breakfast and then my mother took my nine-year-old brother, Tyrique, and I to the airport. We checked in and three hours later, departed. As we took off, I stared out the window, secretly saying goodbye to Victoria, my home.

Nine hours later, we landed; thankful to be off the plane and very tired. All I wanted was to eat some proper food and take a nice long nap. We stumbled into the airport, and after a moment or two, noticed a man in a fancy black uniform holding a sign that said "Liliana and Tyrique Kratz." We went over to the man and without a word, he walked away, signaling for us to follow him. In front of the airport, there was a long limousine. The two of us were not surprised at any of this, though. We knew Grandma was very rich, at least compared to the rest of the island; she owned almost every business. Grandpa had bestowed his small empire of businesses and properties to her

Colors

upon his passing 8 years ago.

Once we reached Grandma's, she came running down the stairs to greet us. The driver followed with our bags. Grandma had deep brown skin, like mine, and silver grey hair. Her arms surrounded us in a hug and we all held each other tightly, exchanging kisses and smiles. For us it was only dinnertime, but for her it was almost midnight. We were given a quick snack and sent to bed.

I had forgotten how large the house was and got lost. In my wandering, I came across a staircase. I climbed up, hoping to find my room, but instead found the attic. I flicked a switch and the lights came on, spreading a dusty glow across the room. I saw porcelain dolls, antiques, and paintings but I was drawn to a mysterious chest, made of oak and covered in golden markings. The top and sides were embossed with beautiful jewels and fastened with a bright red ribbon. Entranced, I opened it; a blue light poured out, surrounding me and then pulling me in. A rainbow of colors swirled around me, twisting and turning as I was falling, falling, falling . . .

I awoke in a place that looked like home, except it was completely destroyed. I was terrified. I ran as fast as I could. Feeling confused, I suddenly found myself in a park . . . Hmmm, no, not a park; tombstones, I thought to myself. I did not remember a graveyard being here and it went for miles. I read some of the stones; saddened. I stopped at the name Sarafina Kratz... my Mom. Suddenly, I heard a strange siren, and saw a bunch of planes overhead with the Nazi symbol. Terrified, I ran for cover, hiding under a half burnt gazebo. Bullets whizzed by my head.

Colors

The siren screamed again and I ran from the gazebo. Guns drawn, soldiers surrounded me. With my hands up, one of them handcuffed me; they marched me toward their headquarters. They questioned me along the way, and I asked a few questions back, rarely getting answered.

Curiously I asked what year it was, and a few men laughed. The leader, said, "It is the year 1986, and we are in the middle of World War Three." I was shocked, could this really be happening? We reached our destination; nearby stood a man, he looked familiar playing with a young boy... Dad and Ty? From afar I watched. I stood by helpless as a soldier pulled out a gun and shot him. "Dad!" I screamed and ran to him. Blood was pouring through his uniform. "Liliana?" He gasped surprisingly, trying to breathe. Another shot; beside me another man fell, dead. I stayed with my father until he passed. Pain scoured through me like wildfire. Both my mother and father had died in this terrible place. This wasn't a dream, could it be an alternate universe? Another soldier approached holding a uniform. He threw it at me, and told me I had to fight or die.

The next two weeks were a fate worse than hell. I am not proud of it but I fought and I killed, all to survive. During a battle, I was shot in the stomach. My brother came to my side to hold my hand as the world faded away. I lay there looking into his eyes when suddenly his body was sprawled across mine; his blood, thick and heavy, flowed around me. He was shot in the back of the head. I closed my eyes, glad our suffering was over when suddenly I was once again swimming in a blur of colors.

I awoke on the attic floor. I must have fallen asleep. Dizzy, all I could remember was the

Colors

war, the other world. I bolted downstairs still confused. Everything looked the same as when I arrived. I ran to hug Grandma and Ty. SAFE! I found my room and as I pulled on my shirt, I noticed a large round scar, fresh and red, on my stomach.

Meleah holm
Grade 8
April 8 2016

A nether world

Beattie school of the arts

In a world apart from ours, a world full of mythical creatures. The creatures we make up and to tell stories or to teach lessons from bad to good are real living in this other world. This world like ours had dragons, fairies, unicorns, mermaids, almost any creature ever thought of lives there in that world. This world has only mythical creatures, mythical creatures do not include zombies nor vampires, but it does include werewolves because they aren't all monsters there are some friendly werewolves here in this mythical world. The creatures do not eat or do anything to hurt each other. The dragons are especially kind to each other except when you come near their land. If anything steps foots, paw, or hoof on their land the dragons will yell at you unless you are the mail fairy and you come to deliver their mail. If you are anyone else they will yell at you, very rarely they will nicely tell you to get off their land. The dragons have a huge secret hidden on their land that is why they are protective about their land, It's because they have an enormous field of crops to feed their village. The dragons can't let anyone know about the crops they are growing because they promised the mythical world council that no one shall know, if they fail to do so their village will start to steal the food and start to be greedy. So the dragons be extra carefull. The dragons deliver the food every Bhànvà Sarah(Sunday) before the sunrise. The baby dragons job is to check if every creature is asleep, if there is someone still up it's the baby's job to put them to sleep. You know that baby dragons cant blow fire, instead their breath has a chemical that puts people and animals to sleep instally. That's the baby dragons part on feeding day. The rest of the week the dragons try to think of ideas to hide the crops from the villagers, Mushu, one of the dragons, suggested that they could try to put a blanket over it, but Saphira said "That will kill them," What will the villagers eat then?" "oh ok never mind, forget that idea." Mushu said embarrassed Everyone was deep in thought that no one even noticed his embarrassing comment. The dragons also did not see the unicorn even though she stood there for like twenty minutes in fear and astonishment to have finally found out where all her food comes from. It also explained why the dragons are protective of their land it was because they were hiding her villages food source. Isabel(the unicorn) stood there for like an hour without the dragons noticing at all. About thirty minutes later Isabel decided to walk further up to see how big the crops field actually was, when Isabel saw the entire field her jaw dropped and said "Holy smokes that's a big field" Isabel accidentally blurted out in front of all the dragons. All the dragons look at her in unison. As she realized that what she just said wasn't in her head, she froze thinking that the dragons would eat her, but all they did was stare at her. The dragons were very disappointed in themselves for letting this happen. While the dragons weren't paying attention Isabel ran to tell the others what she had learned. When Isabel got to the village called for a town meeting so she could tell the villagers that they could ask the dragons for a bit more food for next Bhànvà Sarah. A griffin named Thorn came to the dragons to ask for a little

A Nether World

more food for her family of six, her little griffings are constantly hungry because there isn't enough food for the entire week. The dragons were surprised when the villagers weren't stealing the food, but they ask for some more. When Bhànvàsarali came the villagers got either more or less food. For the rest of the year the mythical creatures got what they needed. The creatures won't be hungry again. The creatures live nice long, magical lives in the mythical world.

Maggie Jones

Grade 8

South Kamloops Secondary

I Have Read Too Many Books To Believe What I Am Told

An invisible wind swept through the books, the pages rustling like leaves and causing an soft golden glow to emanate from them. Tendrils began to extend from the light and drift over to the girl curled up in a nest of blankets on the bed. The tendrils merged together and cocooned the girl, and when they dissipated, the girl had vanished, leaving not one trace of her presence.

The girl, Althea, woke up slowly, feeling as though someone was beating a drum inside of her head, and as though that same someone had also replace her very bones with solid lead. She groaned, slowly pushing tangled hair out of her face, and took in her new surroundings. Instead of lying on her bed in her warm and cozy room, it appeared that she was now on the banks of an immense silver river, situated close to a dense forest that appeared to harbor all sorts of dangerous, wild animals.

Althea scrambled to her feet, her chest constricting as she looked for something, anything that provide her with a clue as to where she was, and exactly why she was there as well. She spun slowly in a circle, dread blooming inside of her as she saw nothing that could help her. To all appearances, she could of dropped out of the sky. Titling her head up to study that broad expanse, she noticed a dark shape approached with surprising velocity, causing her to leap out of the way in the nick of time.

A few meters away, she rolled to her feet and glanced over at the bundle. As she saw what lay sprawled across the earth, her heart missed a few beats as she realised that the dark shape was, in fact, a boy. A boy who had messy black hair, which was similar to the untamable mat situated on top of her head. Just at the moment when some vague recollection trickled in, the boy stirred and moaned. Althea

was brought back to her senses when she remembered that he had just fallen from who knew how high, and that he must be in terrible pain.

She rushed over to him, feeling as best she could for any bumps or other injuries while the boy groaned again and fuzzily blinked his eyes, revealing bright green irises. The boy slowly sat up, wincing at every movement that lightly jostled his ribs. "Are you okay?" she asked softly, not wanting to startle him into making any sudden movements. Taking a deep breath, she continued on, "I mean, do you know where we are, or are you like me?" Her own fears were resurfacing, and she found that she could not stop talking, her voice growing slowly in volume. "I saw you drop out of the sky, but do you kn -"

"Hey," he said, his voice both comforting and somehow familiar, "I don't know what's happening, but we're going to figure it out."

"But - but what if we're stuck here forever?" Her voice was raising in pitch with every word she got out, and she could feel herself beginning to hyperventilate.

"We won't be."

"You don't know for certain though."

"I do."

Althea sat back on her haunches and and looked at the boy with a puzzled expression as her heart slowly calmed. He seemed so certain they would get out of wherever this place, but how could the boy know? "Um," she asked, seeing as she couldn't just call him the boy forever, "What's your name?" Much to her surprise, the boy tipped his head back and laughed.

"Althea, I went to the same school as you!"

"Jack?"

"The one and only, at your service."

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Jack groaned again as he twisted to see Althea still sitting perfectly still with a shocked expression seemingly frozen on her face. “Althea? I’m back.” he spoke softly, loathe to spook her. At his words however, she stirred, looking at him with wide eyes, then launched herself at his torso.

“I - I thought that I’d never see you again! Did you transfer back? How you found any new books that actually good? Why are you even back in the country? How did you -”

“Thea, you’re crushing me!”

“Oh! I’m so sorry! Are you okay though? I mean, you fell out of the sky and that’s bound to hurt.” Jack held up a hand, effectively stopping the deluge of words pouring from his friend’s mouth.

“Thea, I’m fine. Don’t worry, I don’t it was that far off a fall.”

“Are you sure? Because if I find out anything is broken or sprained, I will break you, Jack Taylor.” she spoke with quiet and deadly conviction, which had long since stopped scaring Jack.

Laughing slightly, he poked her in the side, and assured her, “I promise that I am not currently in any way, shape or form broken.”

“Good” she said, sighing in relief. Althea sprang to her feet and offered her hand to Jack, which he gladly took, and let his longtime friend hoist him up. “I thought that we could take a look around the area, although we’ll have to be quick, ‘cause it looks like the sun’s almost setting.”

Jack nodded in agreement, and said, “Looks we’re gallivanting off into the sunset after all, princess.”

~*~*~*~*~

Althea couldn’t stop smiling. When Jack had left to go oversea with his father, she had thought that she was never going to see him again. Just the fact that he was here, with her, seemed to make everything more bearable. “You okay?” he asked, “You look pretty upset.”

“Jack I’m fine, I promise. I’m just really happy that I got to see you again.”

“Good. That’s good then.”

Althea knew that somehow, someday, they'd get back to their world, but all that she could focus on right now was Jack. Jack, who was with her again, Jack, who would never leave. "We'll figure something out. Don't you worry Thea."

"I won't, so long as you don't go all superhero protector on me."

"It's a deal."

The Angel Life

My name is Emily. Today is my eighteenth birthday, the day my life will change for the better. I wake up to an annoying alarm that my brother must have set. He always does on my birthday. As I roll over I feel something soft; rushing to the mirror and see wings and a halo. I want them gone, but unlike dress-up costumes, that is not possible. As I think, I see my eyes turn grey instead of their usual brown.

Finally, I remember the words that my parents wrote on the wall, and how they told me to never forget them.

“Peace forever and always.” I whisper, and my wings and halo disappear.

“Mom! Dad!” I call. My parents come running up the stairs probably thinking something is wrong, like they always do.

“What’s wrong sweetie?” my dad asks.

“When I woke up I had wings and a halo,” I reply.

“I always knew this day would come,” I heard my mom whisper to my dad.

“ Well now we have to tell her,” my dad whispers to my mom. I wonder what they have to tell me.

“Tell me what?” I ask

“Nothing dear,” my mom tells me.

“No! Tell me,” I demand.

The Angel Life

I can feel my eyes change colour. I turn to my mirror to see what colour they are. Now they are red, so they must change colour with my mood. I turn to my parents who are having a quiet conversation and just stand there for a minute until they are done talking.

“Sweetie we need to talk to you,” my dad says.

“ Yeah you do,” I snap.

“Sweety, you are adopted. Well, not in the usual sense though. We found you on our doorstep with a note that said ‘Peace forever and always, she will need these words eventually,’” my dad tells me.

“So where am I from? Who are my real parents?” I ask. I can’t believe that they didn’t tell me that before; that they aren’t actually my biological parents. But then again I should have known, everyone in my family has brown hair except me. Well I am going to find my real parents, even though these people have been so nice to me. I will leave in a week, but right now we are going to celebrate my birthday. I go down stairs to see my brother icing a three layer cake.

After he is done we eat the amazing rainbow cake that tastes like strawberries. The icing is a nice light purple with light pink flowers around the edges of the cake with ‘Happy Birthday Emily’ written on it. There are eighteen candles around the writing.

The Angel Life

After that I open presents. My brother got me a sketchbook, pencil crayons, pencils, and a few notebooks. From my mom are a charm bracelet, a heart locket, and diamonds earrings.

From my dad I get a \$100 pre-paid debit card.

It has been a week and I have packed everything that I think I will need. It's 12 A.M, so no one is up. I get a piece of paper and write:

'Thank you, for being here for me. I am going to find my real parents although I will still see you as family. I hope we can see each other again. -Yours truly Emily.'

When I am done the letter I place it on the island in the kitchen and head out the door.

"Peace forever and always," I say and my wings show again. I am excited, I feel my eyes change colour. I pull out my hand mirror to see my eyes are purple. I need to fly, but can I fly? I start to flap my wings, and as I lift off the ground slowly I start to flap them harder, then I lean forwards and go speeding off. I am going to London the City of Angels. I am in Vancouver, so I have ways to go.

Two days later at about 4:30 P.M. I land in London then I go to a store to get something to eat. Now that I'm here I don't know where to go or what to do. Was this just a wild goose chase? Then I remember that I have always been told that heaven is in the clouds. I go to a back alley then I fly. I just fly straight up. I land on a cloud and I see these huge cloud doors open. A man and woman come to me.

"We are your biological parents" they say. I can't believe I found my real parents!

A Dorkable

"I try not to think about what happens in my dreams compared to what's happening around me, but my dreams consume reality and I get stuck between what's real and what's imagined. But who's to say my dreams aren't reality or that reality isn't a dream? Reality is a word that could have been imagined. Who's to say I'm real or am I just a figment of someone else's imagination?", I scribbled into my journal, before I leave for school.

As I walk outside my house, my best friend Einstein (his real name is Nathan) ran toward me as if someone was chasing him and, of course, like every other day, someone was. It was always the same person; they had no idea what they were going to get from me today. I probably shouldn't have done it but I punched him, he looked shocked at the fact that a girl hit him because he had probably never been hit by a girl, but today he had. We left him to sit there shocked as we walked toward our school.

"School" I said as if questioning the idea of it, in which I was "What is school really about, Einstein?" I already new the answer, or did I? Was school just a place in which you learn about realistic things or was it a place where you learn about unrealistic things that were meant for the future? Maybe what they were teaching us didn't even exist.

"I don't know, maybe it's just a thing that "they" want us to do to occupy our time in the case of learning things that help us in our future." Einstein replying to my question.

As Einstein and I walk into the school, we finish our conversation about what school was really about. Leaving him, I rush to my locker hoping that there was another note,(today is Friday, a.k.a. Valentine's Day, and somebody has been leaving me notes on my locker all week.) There was, and I read it, it had

said to meet this person today after school in the field and of course me over thinking about what this meant, decided to go to find out what was really happening due to the notes. After I decided that I was going to meet the person, I grab my textbooks and ran off to my first class before the bell rang.

As I study trigonometry in my math class, Einstein walks in half way through the class.

"He's never late." I said to the girl sitting next to me. As Einstein walks in he grabs a chair and takes the empty spot next to me.

"Math, you're late for math, your favourite subject, really?" I said to Einstein. With a voice that sounded like I was mad, but I wasn't, or at least I didn't think I was.

"Yeah, your point is?" He replies back.

This isn't like him, he's never late to any class and he never acts this way, unless, no he couldn't be, is he keeping a secret for me?, That's the only time he acts like this.

After my two morning classes I walk back to my locker and grab my wallet so I can buy something to eat for lunch. However when I get there, there was another note. I read it, and it tells me it to meet my secret admirer in the field, at lunch! Being me, I had to think about when this person put the note on my locker and I thought and thought but I couldn't figure it out, so I decided I better go meet the "mystery" person. As I left my locker to go meet him, Einstein rushed over and said "where are you going?"

"To the field to meet someone, why?"

"I'll walk you."

"OK, but, never mind."

As we walked to the field we talk about life, school and everything in between. I started picking up my pace, seeing that I didn't want Einstein to follow me, but my trying only made things worse. He started picking up his pace to try to keep up to me. I started to get mad, like really, why is he following me? So I yell "go away I don't want you here, I'm supposed to meet someone, so go away!"

As I finish my last word, he looked at me in the way that made me feel clueless, and I was. All this time, Einstein being late to classes and hiding things from me, was it him?

"I have something to tell you," Einstein said as if he has committed a crime.

"What is it?"

"It's me, you're supposed to meet me. I'm the one who's been leaving you those notes, and I know you will never fall in love with the "nerd", of course you wouldn't, you're so beautiful, and I'm, well I'm me, so I understand if you want me to go away."

"Shut up, you're awesome, and I like you too, and you could totally get any girl you wanted!"

"But you're the only girl for me, WAIT, you like me?"

"Yes, are you stupid? of course I do. You're the only one who puts up with me so I had to eventually fall for you, and I did, but why me Einstein, why me?"

"Because you're the girl I've been in love with since the eighth grade, and I know this is our last year together before we graduate and we might be going to different colleges. I know that you hate it when I do dorky things, but I know you find it a bit a dorkable, so I just have to ask, will you be mine Ashley, will you?"

Alexis Lippert
Brock Middle School
Grade 8
P. 4

"Nathan, of course, I will go with you, but don't think it's out of pity because I would never pity you. I could never pity you, I have to go back to class, bye Nathan."

"I'll see you later Ashley." Nathan beamed, as he leaned in planting a kiss on my cheek.

Mary Pinette

Grade 8

South Kamloops Secondary School

Escape

As I kneeled on the frozen ground, I watched the charred, broken pillars of my home slowly erode. Bits of grey ash lifted and danced in the wind, catching the sunlight in fiery bursts of light before settling on the ground in a blanket of snow. There was no sound. No sound as my tears slid down my face, freezing halfway down. No sound until the policemen arrived, and dragged me behind bars.

.....

I looked up as a taller man entered my cell. He had a thick beard, and a shiny bald head. He wore a luxurious blue suit, overly decorated with silver embroidery all along the sleeves. He walked in briskly, barely sparing me a glance as he unlocked his briefcase and started rummaging through his papers.

“My name is Henry Klavis,” He told me without turning around, “and I will be your lawyer today.” He picked up one of the various folders in his briefcase. “Ah! Here it is.” He started flicking through the folder. “So, you are charged with the first degree murder of Mr. and Mrs. Fallenwerth.”

“I didn't do it,” I told him, glaring at the floor.

“I don't care,” he told me, “I'm only doing this for the money. I just came too make sure you show up in court at 9 a.m. tomorrow morning.” And with one final click he snapped his briefcase shut, picked it up, and walked out the door.

Miserable, I stared at the wall. There's no way I'll be able to get out of this now. My only hope was a good lawyer, and now that's out the window. I started to hyperventilating. I knew what would happen now. They're sure to give me the death sentence, and despite what I've been through I didn't want to die. There were tears sliding down my cheeks now. I guess it's funny that despite everything

Mary Pinette

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Escape

towards the direction of the forest, knowing that with the police and his organization after me, it would be the only place I could hide.

The Worst Day Ever

Fear, heartache, sadness, and emptiness. That was everything I was feeling while my father drove my brother and me to the hospital to see my brain-dead mother.

I tried my hardest to not cry in the truck. I didn't want them to hear me snifle. There was a lump in my throat screaming to let me cry. A tear left my eye, followed by a few more. My brother didn't hold anything back and was crying so hard he couldn't see. My dad was trying to stay strong for us, and didn't cry.

As soon as we got to the doors of the ER I jumped out of the truck and looked around for my mother. I saw her purse and shoes in a plastic bag. A nurse came up to me and put an arm around my shoulder and walked me towards my mom. I looked at my mom with fear. My hands were shaking while I put them over my mouth, tears streaming from my eyes. I cried uncontrollably, realizing my mother was gone. "No" I screamed, as loud as I could. My brother walked in. He was a mess. My father followed him and dropped on his knees. The nurse tried to calm me down but I continued screaming, "No! No! No! This isn't real. This is not my mother! This never happened! This is not my parent laying on this table!" I couldn't breathe.

A woman walked into the room. It was my grandma. She sobbed as I walked over and hugged her. I could hear her heart beat. Looking around, I saw my brother holding my

The Worst Day Ever

mom's hand. I walked back over to mom and caressed her beautiful face. My dad stood up, went to my brother's side and held mom's hand while looking at her lifeless face. Gran came to me while looking at her daughter. We all fell into silence.

The nurse said something I didn't want to hear. "Sir, can I talk to you about organ donation?" I looked at my dad then turned around and glared at the nurse.

"This is my MOTHER! We know she's dead and never coming back! Let us grieve! She's never going to be there at my graduation or at my brother's. She's never going to be at our weddings or meet her grandchildren. We need to figure out a whole new way of living without our mother." I cried even more, uncontrollably.

She turned around and walked away. I looked back at Mom and kissed her forehead. "Who would do this to you? Who would hit you so hard and take you away from me?" I looked at her and felt numb with grief.

"I'm going to talk to that nurse about organ donation," my dad said. He pulled my gran aside and whispered something into her ear and she nodded as he walked away.

The Worst Day Ever

"Dad let me come," I said. Gran blocked my exit so I walked over to my brother.

"H-how could this happen?" He said hugging me.

"I don't know. All I know is it's a twisted world out there." I hugged him again and just stared at mom.

He removed himself from the hug, "I'm a fifteen year old boy, I can't live without my mom." He paused,

"Akela your birthday is in a week and mom doesn't get to see you turn fourteen...." he said trailing off. I collapsed onto my knees.

Another nurse came into the room and asked if we wanted to know how she died. I said "Yes". The word barely even came out as I remained focused on my mom.

"A witness said, your mother was driving while singing a song, with her windows down. Then, a drunk driver hit her side of the car at 180 km/h. The witness called 911. The driver is alive and over in the next room." I looked at her.

The Worst Day Ever

"So you're saying the driver who caused my family all this pain and heartache is alive and gets to live." My hands clenched tightly. I was a wreck. In the next room I saw a man with a broken leg, his family talking with him. I got up and went into his room. He looked at me and I exploded.

"I hope you realize that because you were careless and you drove while being intoxicated, you took my mother's life." My brother came in and stood behind me.

"You took the life of a perfectly healthy mother, daughter, wife, sister and friend!"

The driver's family looked at him in bewilderment and sadness. He opened his mouth to say something but I interrupted.

"No, I'm not finished. I hope you realize that you have to live with this. You took the life of a mother... My mother. I'm only thirteen years old and now I have no mother. Thank you for taking the one thing that I had that was the best thing in the world."

I walked out of the room and ran to my mother's side. I kissed her head, and laid with her one last time.

"I love you mommy," I whispered.

The Worst Day Ever

Gently, my brother said, "Open your eyes Akela...." I opened my eyes, and I looked around.... and everything was a dream.

Crystal Stobbart
YAC
Grade 8 South Kamloops Secondary
April 4th 2016

Wanderer

Thoughts and feelings half strung together ;

Letters come and go

swept away in windy weather.

Her mind was a compass ,

nobody could find.

She couldn't take two steps

without trailing far behind.

She left herself in pockets

ran through soapy water.

Never could quite think straight,

despite what you taught her.

She danced along the edges

Of cliffs so deep, profound.

That when she fell,

you had to stay awhile

to hear her hit the ground.

She saw her feelings fade away

in the rising steam of a cup,

and with her pen in hand , she wrote

of how she never would give up.

She told tall tales of stumbling

because that was all that she had known,

and in her words her scars become beautiful
staining every line of the poem.

She knew too well the sensation
of what it was like to fall,
and so with fear in her back pocket,
she always answered the call.

She wasn't close to normal,
she danced between fearless and insane,
Running through the puddles
when there wasn't any rain.

They never could define her ;
the way she traced her eyeliner
into wings so wild they gave life to her smile.

Her teeth curled into madness,
you could never read her sadness,
Unless it was written out.

In all the things she'd done
she never gave a shout,
but more a gentle whisper ;
The one you leaned in close to hear.
If you were lucky enough,
it would tickle the tip of your ear

She was not for the rushed
people wandering in busyness
because it took you time to figure out

the methods to her dizziness.

People thought her a lunatic,

but she knew what she was doing.

Like tea, you must be so patient

to enjoy the laboured brewing.

She jotted down her thoughts

and wrote them into being

her mind was a compass

you could only find,

if you took to careful seeing.

- C.S

Crystal Stobbart
Grade 8 South Kamloops Secondary
April 7th 2016

CONTRADICTION

She was a walking contradiction.

She was both fantasy and fiction.

Between endless rows of self help books,
her mind was a garden.

Convinced herself that an open heart
was something she had to to harden

She closed her eyes and wept,
for her thoughts dug a cave within her

She was told to become like the spring,
when her roots were bred for winter.

She drew inside the jagged lines
that told her soul to come out.

Sought to live in the desert,
while she held the key to the drought.

She never knew the secret,
that she was hiding inside
Every time somebody asked her,
she thought it best to lie.
Her smile was a gateway
to the brightest of invention,
But every time a new thought formed
she staged an intervention.
She spent so much time
keeping in what came out.
Wasn't able to to take three steps,
without crawling back in doubt.
She sat atop the mountain,
hoping to find a valley.
She lived above the brightest hills,
oh how she craved the alley.
Her soul went on for miles,
yet she was told she'd run out of gas.
So she sat with her engine on idle
thinking of how it'll never last.

Crystal Stobbart
YAC
April 4th 2016
6r.8, SKSS

Wanderer

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