

## Dead Of Night

It was 2 AM.. dark, gloomy, dead silent. I was still awake staring blindly at the roof I could barely see in the pitch black room of mine. Outside the wind blew violently and hollering ear bleeding shrieks. I slipped out of bed; the freezing cold floor beneath my feet. I opened the window of my bedroom. I was gazing at the trees that were rapidly waving along with the wind. The wind blew harder, blowing my curtains back. A cold blast of wind blew onto my face creating goosebumps. Quickly I shut my eyes and closed the window. My heavy door creaked open revealing the dark hallway. Slowly I walked toward the bathroom. The hot water in the bathroom faucet felt nice on my cold dry hands. I looked up into the mirror staring into my icy blue eyes with two small dots the size of bread crumbs as pupils. I made my way out of the bathroom down to the front door with a flashlight in my hand. Opening the front door I could feel the frosty air meet with my skin. The hairs on my arms slowly raised up as I walked out the door. The wet grass squashed beneath my feet making swishing sounds. Suddenly I spotted something move at the corner of my eye. It was too fast for me to actually see what it was. It moved once again just in time for me to get a quick glimpse. My heart skipped a beat. The figure slowly approached me. Slowly losing my breath in horror I walked backwards. I realized the figure was a beast! A bear! He gained more speed, quickly catching up to me. I turned around running as fast as I could but I didn't stand a chance against the bear. My heart was racing; beating rapidly out of my chest. I felt as if my heart was about to burst out of me. The grass was slippery so I tried not to slip but clumsily tripped over my own feet causing me to hit the mushy grass. The beast pounced upon my body and large, gruesome, thick claws buried deep into my torso. An ear bleeding scream burst out of my mouth scaring the violent beast away. I scrunch

my face together in pain. Holding in my scream, I limped back to the house holding my torso that was now throbbing. It felt like the beast still had his large claws in me. Tears were running down my frozen cheeks as I entered the house. I took my nightgown off. It was supposed to be a cream color but instead was dark crimson from my gaping gash. The power went out a while ago and I unfortunately couldn't call an ambulance. Worriedly, I went back to my bedroom and grabbed out a needle from my sewing kit. I searched for some thread but the best I could find was white. I took the two items and headed into the bathroom. I sat in the bathtub with only my knickers on. I tied the thread onto the needle and took a deep breath. I counted to three... "1, 2, 3..." The needle pierced through the two flaps of skin covering the gash connecting them together with the thread. *I can't believe this!* I thought. *I'm sewing my torso together!* Just thinking about it made me shudder. After I found some bandages and wrapped it around where the stitches on my stomach were, I headed to my kitchen to make some calming tea and sat down. While the kettle was heating up, I went to the medicine cabinet and took some painkillers. It was a swallow only pill so once my tea was ready I plopped the pill in the cup and swallowed. I crawled back in bed. Lying there in pain, I thought to myself about how I possibly survived that. I've never known anybody who's been attacked by a bear let alone any animal. But again I lived alone and knew only a few people. After a while I fell asleep. I woke up in my front yard. The bear was standing far away. He slowly started walking over to me. I stood still. He plopped himself in front of me. This time he didn't attack. "You beast!" I yelled. "Get away or I-I'll..." The beast's big, black, glossy eyes stared deeply into mine. I walked slowly towards him. When suddenly he pounced, pulling my feet away. I rolled around tugging on the grass. That didn't help. I kicked and screamed and cried. I woke up in a cold sweat. My heart was racing. It was only a dream. Not a dream, more of a nightmare. I felt as if the night would never end. I glanced

out the window. It was still night time. I looked at my clock that sat on my bedside table. It read 2 AM. *Have I been dreaming about this all along?* That can't be possible. I looked down at my nightgown and this time it wasn't blood red. It was exactly how it was supposed to be. I lifted it up and looked at my torso. There was no bandage. *Weird!* I thought. I went downstairs and sat on my couch. *Am I going crazy?! No...yes?... No.* I couldn't quite make up my mind. The whole thing felt real. I worriedly rocked myself back and forth. After a while I got into the shower. The hot steam filled the room and I was calm again. I wrapped myself up in a towel and sat there looking in the mirror but something felt weird. A thread of my towel caught onto something on my torso. I pulled off the towel and took a closer look at my stomach. My face turned pale with fear. I froze like a deer and headlights. There it was. Stitches all over the red scars. Done in white thread...

I sat against a tree right outside my house staring at a couple of flower buds in front of me. I looked around me, breathing in the crisp early spring air. I saw the newborn trees, and I saw the last bit of snow clumps on the ground. This is really the first time I took a moment to take in my sights, since I have seen things in a new perspective ever since my sister drove off in the old red truck, since I have had a lot of time alone. When I think about that truck I feel sick to my stomach, like I want to scream, or cry, or even break something. My sister would always be able to help with feelings like these, my anger. Why did they have to take her to that residential school?

My mother told me a couple nights after my sister had been taken away when I was thinking about her, to watch the flower buds, so when they bloomed again she would be back. Yet that was springs ago. I still have hope though, so every spring I wait for them to bloom. "Honey, please come back inside," my mother says in a delicate tone. When she talks like that it makes me want to cry, like I get the burning in my throat, not because it upsets me, but because it gives me a sense of comfort, a comfort that has not been truly felt since my sister left. I ran and hugged my mother while she gave me a gentle kiss on the top of my head. I had run out of my house during dinner after my mother and father started talking about chores for this spring, they were talking about getting ready, like farming and canoeing. It wasn't anything out of the ordinary, it just hurt, because they were talking about their life like my sister wasn't a part of it, like she's gone, and we should move on. My mother hugged me tight but she didn't ask me about it, even though I knew she was curious about why I had run out of nowhere.

It has been two and a half winters since my sister was taken to the schools. I still stare at the flower buds waiting, hoping, overthinking about what might have happened to her. I was too young to go with her, which most would think is lucky, but without her, life is dreadful. I sat against the tree with the buds when I heard my mother screaming with joy in the faint distance, like it's coming from the front of my house. I don't move though, in fact I barely even look over. My mother has a personality where she gets excited over tiny things, like when her first flower bloomed last spring, she was so overjoyed she started crying.

I suddenly heard a voice. It wasn't a little girl, it sounded older like a teenager. Then it hit me. Whether it was my imagination or real life, I still can't tell til this day, but the bud in front of me had suddenly bloomed into a beautiful red rose. I had never ran faster in my life. There she was. I stood in place, frozen, paralyzed. I saw her, my sister, she looked so different. She was taller, skinnier, and she even had better posture than when I had last seen her. She looked over at me while she was in my mother's arms with tears in her eyes. She let go of my mother and turned her body to me and spread out her arms with a smile on her face. Everything about her had changed except for her smile. I ran towards her and squeezed her until she gasped for air. She had lost her scent. She smelled like she was a different person, but I didn't care, because I knew she was my sister. I took a deep breath of air and I could feel the oxygen running through my body for the first time in months. Right then my father yelled at me to come help him make dinner. I rubbed my eyes in confusion, and my smile faded as I realized I imagined her coming back, once again. But before she disappeared I was sitting at a tree with my fragile sister as she asked me something, "How are you today?" I stuttered, because even though she went through all this pain, she was still as selfless as a person could be, just like I remember. "I'm good, I'm really good."

My mother called me inside for dinner as the evening sky turned into a nice deep blue. I was confused why she only called me? I turned to my sister, "Will you be okay out here?" She turned to me looking patient but almost broken inside, "Take care of mom for me." I smiled at her for the last time as I walked inside my house, for I knew when I turned back around for one more glance she wouldn't be there anymore. I could finally accept that I would never see her again, and I could finally move on, and know that she will be around us at all times.

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**Mattias Stephenson**

**Savona Elementary**

**Grade 6**

**All Of Us Are Dead**  
**First Blood**

The sun has set and they are coming, coming for me and Devin. My blood turned to ice. I thought this would be the end, the end of me, the end of the world....

Five Weeks Earlier

“Hey Devin, do you want to come over?” I said. Devin and I have been best friends since kindergarten. We were always together. DING DONG !!!! “What's up Devin?”. We went upstairs and played games. Devin stayed for 3 nights. One day we went to the skatepark. When we got back we were tuckered and went to bed. The third night we played basketball. We asked for two more nights and were allowed. We stayed up all night playing games.

We were sad when Devin had to leave. We got ready and went downstairs. My mom was in the backyard with a rifle, we were confused. We went out to see what was going on. We opened the door and stepped out. Mom yelled “GET BACK NOW!!!!!!” We ran fast back into the house. We turned on the TV. The news said “There is a virus happening. It is very dangerous, stay

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**Mattias Stephenson**

**Savona Elementary**

**Grade 6**

**All Of Us Are Dead**

**First Blood**

indoors, board the doors! The symptoms are that veins will turn purple and pop out and eyes are bloodshot”.

Devin asked “Do you have any other guns besides that rifle?”. I laughed and went to my Mom and Dad's room to the biggest safe. We filled up some bags. We grabbed all of the guns and knives. We went downstairs and opened the door, wanting to help my mom. Her gun was on the ground. She was walking weirdly, her eyes bleeding, she looked dead but was still walking. “WATCH OUT!!!” Devin screamed. My mom jumped to bite me, I dodged her. We had no choice. I closed my eyes and BOOM!!!!!! She fell to the ground. When I opened my eyes I knew I had shot her, it had to be done. I had no words but before I could speak “CRASH!!!!” The gate flew open, filled with others like my mom. We ran inside. They were pushing on the door. We knew that the door would not hold. “The tunnel!!” Devin shouted. “Lets go” I said. We ran out the door and saw neighbors who had turned into zombies. We ran



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**Savona Elementary**

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into the forest and opened some concrete doors. We found the tunnel. “We need to separate but won’t be able to communicate?” I said. “Walkie talkies!” Devin whispered. “I will go left and you go right”. We went in and separated. I heard Devin scream, “ZOMBIE!!!!!!”. I rushed down Devin’s tunnel. “BOOM!! BOOM!! BOOM!!” The zombie fell to the ground. Devin quickly got up. “I think we should go in my tunnel,” I said. We did and we came to a forest. We built a survival fort.

Soon, it was dark, we set up camp. I looked around and saw a huge hoard of zombies coming toward us. I closed the door and grabbed some boards. I screwed locks in and boarded the door.

We put in lights and hooked up power. The next morning we got supplies. We found logs and carved them really sharp. We stuck them on the fort. We then got leaves, trees and logs to camouflage the fort. We went outside and saw some goats, they came running inside. We fed them and built a pen. After, we found a chicken and a rooster. We led them into our fort and built a pen. It was a long day so we went to bed.

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**Savona Elementary**

**Grade 6**

**All Of Us Are Dead**

**First Blood**

The next day we went out and scoped around. I heard crackling branches. I gave Devin the stop signal, we got into battle position. A zombie jumped on me and.. BOOM!! The zombie fell to the ground. We ran back to the fort.

A few days later we found ourselves running from zombies again. We were blazing at them but then we were out of ammo. Luckily, our fort was right there. We ran and then.. SLAM!! I shut the door just as Devin said "duck!!!" I ducked and then Swoosh!! The zombies fell to the ground. Devin grabbed the AK-47 and shot them. The zombies were trying hard to get in.

5 days later: We decided to go scavenging. "We will go through the higher level of the forest and scope out the store and see where the zombies are. Then we throw some grenades at the zombies and shoot them and place sticky bombs around town. When the zombies see us, I will trigger it, then they go BOOM!!!" Devin suggested we go at the coldest part of the day. The zombies would be hiding.

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**Savona Elementary**

**Grade 6**

**All Of Us Are Dead**

**First Blood**

“Alright Devin, you ready?” “Let's do it” Devin replied. We left the fort and headed north and we walked, and walked. We were up the mountain scoping out the zombies. There was nothing in the town. So we kept looking. We heard something. It wasn't happy but it wasn't bad, it was hungry. We looked behind us and saw that all of the people in our town were zombified and coming for us. “RUN!!!!” I shouted. We ran and ran. They would not stop. We needed to hide. Then we saw a tree with bushy branches, so we climbed it. They passed by but then one zombie stopped and looked at us. It screamed a bloody scream and the rest of the zombies turned around. My blood turned to ice. I thought this would be it, the end of me, the end of the world!

WAIT!!...I wasn't dead, I wasn't being eaten alive. I opened my eyes and heard a helicopter, it dropped a gate around us. The zombies tried to break through but couldn't. A rope hit me, I heard “Climb up”. It was a soldier. Devin went up. I looked around and saw many people that lost their lives. It was tragic. I climbed the rope. A soldier chucked me into the seat and we left. Soon we entered a secret door at a secret military base for survivors. We were saved. We had survived the end of the WORLD!!!

Through the leaves of a tree, a Sartillan outlaw watched the caravan below him. Zam and his crew had been hired to kill the Camaian King by the kingdom of Yonnon. Below him, the fat Camaian King sat on a leather blanket held up on either end by four Camaian monsters. The monsters were holding logs that the blanket had been wrapped around. The king was wealthy, so his caravan had to be full of valuables. At least, that was the thought.

The hard part was that the Camaian King was heavily guarded. There had to be at least eighty or more guards. The outlaws had been expecting less enemies, but they would make due. An elaborate plan had been laid out. In just a few seconds, the whole caravan would be dead. Zam saw several outlaws stringing their bows ready to kill. Zam knocked an arrow into his bow. With a flick of his long blue tail, he gave the outlaws permission to bombard the caravan with arrows. Anyone an arrow hit, died instantly. Several outlaws jumped out of trees finishing off the rest of the Camaian warriors.

“Gather the supplies quickly. We don’t want a beast showing up, do we?” said Zam.

“Um, Zam...” stammered an outlaw.

“Yes, Flesheater?” Zam asked.

“Um... a warrior escaped. Should we send someone to... ahh... kill him?” Flesheater asked nervously.

“No, he won’t survive an hour out here,” Zam chuckled.

Just then, a shrieking cry came from the forest.

Flesheater screamed, “A beast!”

“Grab as much stuff as you can and run!” Zam shouted.

Chaos broke out. Monsters were running around frantically, trying to grab as many things as they could. A shadow befell the group. Everyone went still. There was not a sound to be heard.

A blood curdling cry filled the air. A huge, four-headed hawk swooped down and scooped up the dead Camaian King.

"Run!" a voice shouted.

The group broke into chaos once again. Zam sprinted to a tree as he watched his fellow outlaws get scooped up and swallowed whole by the giant hawk. Two of the four heads were fighting over the dead king, slowly ripping him in half. Zam shut his eyes as he heard a disgusting rip. With a shriek, the hawk flew away. Zam fell back as the hawk left. Wind whipped around him from the hawk's wings.

*"I am going to be in so much trouble with Peg,"* Zam thought. Peg was the leader of the outlaws, and he did not accept failure. Zam might be killed today. Zam and the remaining outlaws returned home. Zam started to dread going back to Peg. As he walked into the hideout, his heart started to race faster and faster. When Zam entered the Commander's tent, he thought he might throw up.

"Zam!" shouted a voice. It was the bellowing cry of rage.

"Zam, my most trusted general," Peg yelled, "You have failed!"

"I'm sorry, but a beast came," Zam explained.

"Enough excuses! Zam, I hereby banish you from the outlaws. I shall not kill you, but you must leave. You have 24 hours or you die," Peg shouted.

"Ok," Zam replied sadly.

With that, Zam left, feeling crushed. The outlaws had been all he had since birth. *"Stupid me,"* thought Zam. When Zam entered his tent, he started to pack. He packed a cloak, a loaf of bread, his father's gutting knife, his bow, and his gauntlets. Zam opened his tent and left.

Hours later, a Camaian warrior crept out of his hiding spot. Gorman walked to the remains of his king. "I have failed to protect you," he whispered. Gorman grabbed his knife right as he heard a loud yawn. A giant sloth, larger than two elephants stacked on top of each other, lumbered out of the bushes. Gorman gasped, a little too loudly, and the giant sloth lazily turned its head; staring straight at him. The sloth let out another ear piercing yawn, causing Gorman to clap his hands over his ears without thinking. He felt a sudden pain on his right ear as the knife in his hand sliced his it. With a shriek, the sloth charged. Gorman rolled to the left, narrowly avoiding a deadly claw. He pulled out his sword and slashed at the sloth's arm. The sloth howled in pain and hit him with his left clawed hand. Gorman went flying into a tree.

He slouched down, armour broken, and saw green and blue colours flicker in his eyes. "*Don't lose consciousness,*" he thought to himself. Gorman thought he was hallucinating as he saw an arrow hit the sloth's back. As he regained his bearings, he saw another arrow strike the sloth. The sloth turned around with surprising speed, giving Gorman a better look at the arrow. "*Could it be?*" he wondered. The pattern on the arrow was the same as the arrows that bombarded his caravan.

Zam had heard a shrieking sound and had gone rushing through the forest. When he burst through the bushes, he saw a giant sloth about to strike down a stranger. He couldn't tell who he had saved or who he served because of the broken armour. As the stranger got up, his armour reconfigured, giving Zam a view of his Camaian symbol. "*Could it be? the Camaian survivor? I thought he would have died hours ago,*" Zam questioned to himself.

Just then, the sloth turned around so fast that Zam had no time to react. The sloth hit him into a tree. By then, the Camaian had gotten up and was charging straight for the sloth. As the Camaian warrior got closer, he took a swing at the sloth's long nasty toes, slicing three of them off. The sloth shrieked and bolted for the bushes, leaving a trail of dark red blood.

“Thanks, I’m Gorman” he choked.

“Hi, I am Zam, Zam replied.”

“Yikes, you are bleeding a lot,” Zam pointed out.

“I am?” Gorman asked. He was feeling tired, and he felt darkness closing in around his eyes. He slowly slouched to the ground.

Ace Morgan, Grade 6, Parkcrest  
Singbop AAAAAAH!

Singbop AAAAAAH!

I was walking down the path I take everyday to get to work just listening to music. I popped my umbrella up and I checked the time. "Dammit, I'm gonna be late." I had to get up earlier, I started speed walking down the sidewalk. *Da ding!* The sound of the corner stores doors opening

"Hey Bill," I said with a long breath.

"Hey Ruth, you're late again, but I won't count it. It's really raining out there," he said, taking off his apron and pointing with his head to the window.

"Yeah I know it would be hell walking without an umbrella," I responded, closing my umbrella.

"Here take this magazine while you wait for opening time." He handed me a *Taylor Swift's Top Ten Secrets and More*.

"Why would I read this?"

"Why would you not?" He let out a chuckle while going into the back I threw it across the counter and pulled out my apron and put it on.

"Ow," it got caught on my earring. I took my earring out and it wouldn't come out. I pulled on it a bit more. "Finally it's off." I went to put the apron on. Blood everywhere, I ran to the bathroom and locked it. I looked in the mirror and my ear was gushing blood. "Uhhhhhhh," I mumbled, shocked and looking for things to help my ear. "Tape!" I washed it off and quickly put on tape. "Perfect, okay let's get going." I walked back into the counter area, pulled out my phone and looked up some things to help me. *Ba ding!* Someone called me and it was my best friend Charlie. I picked up. She said, "There's a big party, a costume party at the big old house up the road where you live. Can you pleeeeeease come? I need a plus one and nobody likes me but you."



Ace Morgan, Grade 6, Parkcrest  
Singbop AAAAAAH!

"When is it?"

"It's tonight. I have someone who can cover work for you if that helps." Of course she wants me to come. Whatever chance she has she'll try to get me to meet people.

"But I don't have a costume." That was my excuse.

"Oh don't worry they're provided." Damn it I really didn't wanna go to this.

"Fine but I'll just be in the corner eating whatever food they have."

"Really! Oh Ruth, if I could hug you right now I would!"

"You're welcome." *Di ding*. "Oh no I have to go there's a customer," I said sarcastically while I hung up. "Welcome what can I help you with today," I said with a smile plastered on my face

"Nothing really, I'm just craving sweets."

"Well, sweets are in that box right there."

"Oh nice thanks," he said while looking at my ear and gave me a weird look.

"Bye, have a nice day!" *Ba ding*, another person walked in.

"Hey I'm here to cover for you," the guy said.

"Oh okay." I walked over to the old house down my road. "What time is it?" I whispered to myself. 5:46. The thing started at 5:45, one minute late. I showed up and Charlie was already there.

"Ruth!" she yelled in happiness while running to me to give me a hug.

"Hiieee hi Charlie," I tried to talk back but she was squeezing me too tight.

"Oh sorry!" she said while jumping back

"Can I have my costume?"

"Oh yeah!" She made me pick a piece of paper from a hat

"Innoc-"

"NO don't tell me," and then she walked me around the giant house and brought me into a room with a whole bunch of costumes.

Ace Morgan, Grade 6, Parkcrest  
Singbop AAAAAAH!

"Pick whichever one would work with whatever you got." I pick a mid dress, very old like something out of 1840. It looked cool. I put it on and walked out while putting my hair up to work with the dress. I made a small bun with a butterfly pin in it. It covered my ears. I walked out and there were so many people picking out of the hat. I asked what was going on and she said "Murder mystery." I sighed but I won't lie, the game's fun.

"OK EVERYONE GET INTO A SPOT TO HIDE," an automated voice said. I ran up the stairs. Some girls were pulling up their dresses to run around and people were taking it really seriously. I found an old room with sheets over everything and cobwebs. I coughed. The door wouldn't open because it was so stiff. My dress got caught on a loose nail but I didn't even notice. I got to a corner and hid there. I found some old books. *Anne of Green Gables* and *To Kill a Mockingbird*. I picked up *Anne of Green Gables* and that kept me entertained when a scream knocked me out of my trance, followed by another one. One guy and one girl. it seems they got found but the screams were further from me so I just kept reading my book. Another one, but way closer. Then, maybe 15 minutes later two more but one of those I recognised. "Charlie." I slipped out to go look for her. I passed so many rooms. I passed two bathrooms, four bedrooms, and three extra ones. Then a warmth crawled in my skin as I went to open one door. So many bad thoughts. I pulled a door open while looking away. I tried to make it as quiet as possible but the door was so old it couldn't be quiet. I turned to see to my horror, blood. Blood was everywhere. There were marks on the walls like a fight. I went to go see the blood and there she was. Charlie's lifeless body. I gasped. I was grabbing her hand to see if she was still there. I had blood all over me. It looked like I did it, then a loud boom hit so close to me - like right behind me, then a sharp pain in the back of my head, then blackness.

Some people call me 'lucky girl', some people call me 'Spoiled brat,' but I call myself Scarlett. Yeah, my *name*. Right now I'm in my room, with my best friend Piper. Well, she's *one* of my best friends. It's not *my* fault that I'm crazy rich. Because of that, it's *very* easy to make friends. "Scarlett, I have finished your homework." Piper says in her weird English accent. I look away from my diamond framed mirror and give her my best glare. It must have worked because she pretty much shrank on the spot. "So." I say "You don't have to tell me. Get over here and help me with my hair." She practically runs over here and I sit back on my fluffy pink chair. Piper is the kind of girl who follows her best friend around. Sometimes I think it's annoying. Piper grabs my smooth blonde hair and pulls it back into a perfect bun. I could ask my maids to do my hair, but I barely have time to see my friends anyway so I should enjoy the time I have with her. "SCARLETT! It's time for theater class!" My mom screams from the 4th floor. See? "*Whatever*. Come on." I sigh. Piper grabs my theater bag and follows me out of my room.

My house is *huge*. It has 6 floors. (There is also a mini house on the side for the maids.) When you come in, there is a huge staircase that goes to the 2nd floor. Behind the staircase is the kitchen and a bathroom. Oh, and a guest room. That's really all. Well, unless you count the library, but who *really* needs a library? On the second floor there is a bathroom, my dad's meating room, an art room, my homework room and a dining room. The third floor has my room and a movie room. The fourth floor has my mom's work room, my parents room, my pet room and the safe (but don't tell anyone). On the fifth floor there is my huge hangout room and a pool, oh, and also *all* the entertainment you can think of. On the sixth floor, there are a bunch of rooms with the things I have to practice, like my music room, or my fencing room, and you know, all the things us rich snobby people have. That's the problem, everyone thinks that if

you're rich and popular, you're snobby and mean. And so people treat you like you are. Then there's nothing to do but be one. I would probably be a nice little girl if I could. But nope, I'm not. "Soo, do you go to theater class a lot?" Piper asks. "*Yeah.* what do you think? I go every Wednesday and Friday." "What other classes do you go to?" Piper asks again. I roll my blue eyes and sigh. She's getting to be *very* annoying.

When we arrive, I head to the change room and tell Piper to wait in the waiting room. She doesn't do theater, she just, *follows* me around. When I got into class, everyone was already sitting. "Hello class." Mrs Kinley says. "Hello Mrs Kinley." We all chant in unison. "Today we will be working on a play." She pauses and we chatter away wondering what part we will get. "I have thought very hard about what part everyone will get and finally, I have decided who will be who. *But.*" She pauses again, getting our full attention. "I will tell you after class and maybe if you work extra hard, I will change my mind and give you a better role. Now, let's start our warm up."

When we finish class, Mrs Kinley tells us to sit in a circle. "This story is going to be about a poor family, who lives in a small village with a son, daughter, two parents and a dog." She starts. "Their mother is very sick and they are so desperate that the little girl decides to make a deal with a witch for some medicine. But to get the medicine she has to get a special jewel from far away. So she goes on this huge adventure and gets the jewel." I knew I was going to get the part of the witch, and everyone else knew, but I listened anyway. "Amy, you will be the mother, Conner, you will be the father." She kept on going, naming who would be who. But I noticed that she never mentioned the girl or the witch. I assumed she was waiting for the last moment. "Katy will be a mermaid and the witch. And Scarlett will be the girl." Instantly everyone was chattering. "Class, class, calm down! Go home, we will continue next class. Now

Kayla Walker  
Lloyd George  
Grade 6

Life as a spoiled brat

go, go!” We all head to the change room still talking. I get out as quickly as possible. “Are you excited that you are the girl? Do you think you’re ready? Did you want to be the witch?” Oh. It’s Piper. I forgot she was here. “Go home Piper. I don’t want to talk.”

The next time I go to theater class, everyone is silent. I think they know that when Mrs Kinley makes a decision, she stays with it. After months of practice, we were finally ready. “Tomorrow is the big day. I hope you are all ready!” Mrs Kinley said the day before the big show. Tomorrow. Tomorrow, Tomorrow, Tomorrow. That was the day that I was going to show everyone that I could be a cute good little girl. And let me get this clear, I. Do. *Not*. Want. To. Be. A. Cute. Little. Girl.

The next day...

I stepped on stage. Everybody had their eyes on me. (Well, maybe not that grandma over there that is looking at her grandchild. *But still*.) In and out. Breath. Time for them to see that I *can* be a goody two shoes. Not just what they raised me to be.

Anyways,

Rich Spoiled Brat →

I flick my light brown hair over my shoulders as I limp to the kitchen to get a sandwich. If you were to lift up my knee high navy blue dress with the funny white collar you would be able to see a large bruise that looks like it was made by a frying pan. And that's because it was. I grab four sandwiches and limp out the door. I walk past alleyways and streets until I come to a small shack. Once I'm inside I call out. " Rovy, Liam, Vida!" Three kids come out of the shadows.

Vida and Liam are the same age as me, 14. Rovy is 6. They're orphans. " What did ya bring? " Vida says, graving the sandwiches. We sit in silence, devouring the food. " Ariana. Can you tell us the story of how the Clusters came to be?" Rovy asked. I sigh. " Okay. A long time ago America was a crazy country. No rules, no laws, nothing. So one man, Calton, ran for president and he won. So he changed things here. He made 4 groups. The Larks, the Sashes, the Crates and the Tongues. He decided to call them Clusters. So each year when a child became 14, they got to choose what Clusters they wanted. And they would live in that Cluster forever." I said. " But what about us?" Liam asks. He was angry. I could tell.

"I, well... you can't have a Cluster because your parents died before you could choose them. So your Cluster- less." I say grimly. " I didn't actually want you to tell me that." Liam said, spitting on the ground. The others nodded. " Well... you could take us in when you choose your groups tomorrow. Those with Clusters can take the Cluster-less in, right?" Vida says slowly. I nod, just remembering that I will choose my Cluster tomorrow. Anxiety starts to bubble. "There is literally no way my mom would let me bring you in." I say. If only my dad hadn't died in a car crash, then this wouldn't be happening.

“ She’s been hurting you again. You know that you could report her to the police.” Liam says. “ And do they think they would believe a 14 year old girl?” I say mockingly.

“ They would if you had your own Cluster.” Vida piped in. “ What do you mean?” I ask with uncertainty. “If you were, to say... pick your own Cluster that wasn’t your moms.” She says. I grimace. “No. I can’t. She would be so angry... I’m scared of what she would do to me.” Liam shakes his head.

“She can’t hurt you in your own Cluster.” I look at him before replying. “ You don’t know what my mother is capable of.” With that I stalk out of the shack.

When I return back home my mother is waiting for me. “ Where were you?” She says angrily. “ I just went for a walk.” She looks at me then picks me up in her hand and mutters “ you’re lying.” She drops me to the ground then takes out her belt and brings it down on my back. Tears are running down my face when the final wipings stops. “Tomorrow cut off a piece of your hair and put it in the bowl for the Sashes' ' She grunts. I nod. This is why I can’t leave. Do you see what she can do? The pain she can cause?

The night before the ceremony I toss and turn unable to fall asleep. When day comes I am tired and look awful. It takes about 15 minutes just to get my hair flat. By the time I'm dressed and fed it is 11:56. 4 more minutes till the ceremony. My mother drives me there then leaves me at the town hall. No people over the age of 14 or under are allowed in the buildings during the ceremony. I'm shocked to see Liam and Vida in the building. “ What are you guys doing here?” I ask,confused.

“ We **are** 14 so we can be here to cheer you on.” Liam says simply. I know they are actually here to convince me to choose my own path and blah, blah, blah. I look at the

three bowls on the ground. One is full of ash for Tongues, rocks for Crates, rose petals for Larks, and paper for Sashes.

Sashes, my mothers and fathers Clusters, and soon to be mine. “ Let the ceremony begin!” I almost jumped at the sound of a man's voice booming through the room. It's chancellor Ellen. He always leads the ceremonies. “ As you know a name will be called and that person will step up, cut off a piece of their hair and drop it in the bowl that has the Cluster they desire. The Tongues are the ash, for sly and mischievous, the Crates are the rocks, for strong and fierce, the Larks are the rose petals for kind and gentle and the Sashes are the paper for perfectionist and hardworking. The first person is Micheal Troy.” Micheal comes up and takes the knife, cuts off a piece of hair and drops it in the bowl.

The ceremony goes on like this for a while, name, hair, bowl. “Ariana Fill.” I jolt with surprise at the mention of my name. It was time. I drag my feet up to the bowls and grab the knife. It is smooth and seems to fit perfectly in my hand. I cut off a piece of my hair and let it fall into my hand. Just then a little blue bird flew by. It seemed to be a sign. I knew what I had to do. Taking the hair I let it fall into the bowl with the rose petals, the Larks. I guess Vida, Liam and Rovy would have a home after all. And now I was free, as free as the little bird that flew above me. I was a free bird.

To be continued...



Nava McIntyre  
Grade 6  
Kamloops School of the Arts  
Death on the Shore

## Death on the Shore

Salmon, dead on the shore as they rot away and decay. I stand in horror watching the dead fish float. The smell is horrid and the eyeballs have been pried out. Its red scales are faded.

But at least the salmon is in one piece.

There are more lying on the shore. There is more to life than what it seems.

But at least the salmon is in one piece.

When the salmon dies a new one is born. The life cycle will go on and on. First are the eggs, small and innocent. Next are the alevin, never had a mother. Fry still left with no mother. Parr bigger than fry but, as you guessed, still motherless. Next, smolt depressed and still no mother.

But at least the salmon is in one piece

Nava McIntyre  
Grade 6  
Kamloops School of the Arts  
Death on the Shore

Now it's an ocean adult. She is old enough to understand that there is no mother left for her. Next is the migrating adult. It swims across the rapid rivers with its fins flapping wildly. As the spawner is a mother but yet dies motherless.

But at least the salmon is in one piece.

It washes up on to the shore. Its scales are now dimmed. Its eyeballs are ripped from their sockets. Their teeth are stained yellow.

But at least the salmon is in one piece.

Salmon motherless dead rotting and hopeless. Salmon die each day but it's ok because at least the salmon is in one piece.

Claire Cochrane  
Grade 6  
Kamloops School of the Arts  
Peace Grows Within Me

**Peace Grows Within Me**

Right now I feel at peace,

I feel calm,

Quiet.

My heart beat slows down.

I am one with the animals around me,

With nature,

With my surroundings.

The fresh air is crisp and cool.

As the sun hits my face,

I feel joy and happiness,

I feel safe.

The smells around me are

Warm and sweet.

A soft breeze blows

And bushes my dark hair

Across my face.

I am grateful

For the nature around me

For the animals

For life.

Peace grows within me.

### Running Hurdles

A track meet,

Wild,

Exciting.

My number is pinned to my shirt,

#003.

My first race is hurdles,

At the height of 68 cm.

This is not my first meet,

So I'm calm, but my heart beats a little faster than usual.

The announcer calls 30 minutes until my race.

I stretch and warm up with my friends

To get our muscles warm and ready for the race ahead.

We get up our energy,

Our excitement.

I go over to check in,

To find my lane.

*Lane four* I remember.

My stomach flutters with butterflies,

Sending chills through my body

Finally it is my turn,

Claire Cochrane  
Grade 6  
Kamloops School of the Arts  
Running Hurdles

My race.

The other track athletes and I get in practice,

Building up our energy and excitement.

My stomach flips and flops,

I'm excited,

Nervous.

The starter talks into the megaphone,

"Racers to your marks,"

I get into my crouching position,

Head down,

Hanging.

Adrenaline pulses through my veins.

"Set,"

My legs straighten,

Bang!

The gun fires and I explode off the starting line,

Pushing my body down the track.

My legs pump harder as I go,

And the first hurdle nears.

I get to the hurdle and I kick my left leg out,

Straightening it over the hurdle.

My back leg bends and I soar over ,

Claire Cochrane  
Grade 6  
Kamloops School of the Arts  
Running Hurdles

With ease,

With relief.

Now 7 more to go

The crowd in the stands Cheers,

As if just for me.

Beads of sweat drip down my face as I near the finish line,

Soaking my head.

My breathing is heavy,

So as the others around me.

I make it over the last hurdles.

There is one girl beside me,

Pushing me to work my legs harder.

I race past her.

With my last burst of energy,

I sprint to the finish line.

I lean to cross first and race through.

After I congratulate my friends,

We cool down.

Our legs are sore and tired,

We stretch again.

We wait for the results of the race.

I'm excited.

Claire Cochrane  
Grade 6  
Kamloops School of the Arts  
Running Hurdles

Racing hurdles makes me feel phenomenal,  
sensational.

Chapter 1,

Hello, my name is Stella Miller. I'm 15 years old and I live in New York City. My parents are *SUPER* rich. We live in the biggest penthouse in New York, It's at the tippity top of all of New York, with over 20 rooms including 5 butlers. We also have a room dedicated to talking on the phone, with soundproof walls for the most private and juicy conversations. Every room is filled with all of the coolest and fanciest things. I'm homeschooled, so we can have more time to travel in our private jet. My mom works for one of the biggest banks in New York, The Green Bills Bank. Also my dad works for a business company, which means he isn't home much. But, he always comes for our monthly vacations. I'm also an only child, so I don't have to share anything!

Speaking of monthly vacations, my mom has to go on a trip to visit some sort of bank in McBride, Canada? She is dragging me along with her. She keeps saying how it will be fun, and I will learn something... There's no malls, so it will probably be boring. We also will be visiting my Grandma Mary, and Pop Pop's house, because they happen to live in McBride. I have only 2 ½ weeks to pack. Me and my mom are going there for a month, which will probably feel like forever. I mean it can't be *THAT* bad... Right?

Chapter 2,

-2 ½ weeks later-

Today's the day, the big trip. It's super long, but in our private jet, it should be way faster. After around a 7 hour flight, we arrived in McBride, Canada. It was kinda pretty, to be honest. With all the orange and red leaves falling, and everybody looked so happy, even without



any electronics. I couldn't notice any kids, or really people my age. I did notice a crusty musty Hotel. It looked a little sketchy, so I probably won't be staying there. As we drove in a knock off "Uber" a little bit out of town, we arrived at my Grandma Mary and Pop Pop's house. It was so small! Like not even a second floor or anything...

We were about to unpack, when my grandma told me that I was just in time for church. As we hopped in her car, smaller than one of my suitcases, we started driving. It happened to be a little warm, so I decided to open a window. I asked Grandma where to do so, and she told me to crank the manual window roller. What is this a workout?? When we got to the church, my grandma showed me off for a good 20 minutes. And for the first time, I saw somebody around my age! She had long long blonde hair, with a long dress which looked like it just came out of one of those antique stores. I wanted to say hi, but we had to go inside.

Chapter 3,

We sang many songs, a lot of sitting, standing up, sitting, standing up again. Another workout! It was very boring, and I was very hungry. I noticed the same girl I saw before singing her heart out. How is she not embarrassed or something? Soon, it was over. After church, we went to another room for lunch. Everybody brought something and we each picked what we wanted. Doesn't seem very sanitary if you ask me...

Anyways, as I ate some of Aunt Carol's coleslaw, I decided to go talk to the girl I saw earlier. She seemed so friendly and very energetic, but when she saw me she became shy all of a sudden. I introduced myself to her, and she shook my hand, who does that anymore?

She said that her name was Beatrice, but to call her Bea for short. We were bonding, but then my grandma said we have to go home for dinner. It was spaghetti, and homemade sauce. It

was to die for! After dinner, we went to the campfire in my grandparents huge backyard, and made smores. Mine was pretty burnt, but oh well.

Chapter 4,

A few days later, my Uncle Chris came from who knows where, and asked me if I wanted to go on a trip with him. I was a little suspicious, but agreed. As we hopped in his truck filled with sawdust, and a tailgate, not the same color as the rest of the truck, we were off. My door wouldn't close properly, but after giving it a good slam we were good to go. His truck was very rattly, as if there was something not on right...

We drove for over an hour but soon all you could see was trees. Not to mention the bumpy road. My head almost hit the roof because it was so bumpy, not very safe! I also really had to go to the bathroom the whole time, but I was too scared... When the truck stopped, I got out and saw the beautiful view. It was breathtaking! We stayed for a while, as my uncle cut down some trees for firewood, I admired the beautiful view.

We drove our way back down the hill, with me almost getting a concussion from hitting my head on the roof so many times. When we got back home, I didn't even notice we were gone for over 3 hours! Crazy, I know.

My mom and I are supposed to leave today, before everything I saw, I'd probably be glad to leave. But I kinda want to stay here, I can probably get used to the window cranking stuff, and church because this place is so pretty, I don't wanna leave now. So in conclusion, I did stay in McBride, Canada with my Grandma Mary and Pop Pop. I guess you don't need electronics or fancy things, or money to be happy after all. Maybe family is enough.

# Aubrey Kietai'bl - Grade 5 - Arthur Stevenson

It was a normal day at work for all employees at "Hello Toys" Except for one thing . There was going to be a new employee . Mr.Karl was just getting out of an interview with the last candidate when a man burst in and said "Am I late?"The secretary Jake said

"No,you just made it." The man looked relieved but then worried again.

"Um,where do I wait?"Jake said

"Just right there is fine, he'll be out in just a minute ." The man made a face between relieved and disappointed as if he didn't want to wait but was glad he didn't have to go in right away . Just then Mr.Karl walked out, saw the man and said "Well hello , are you here for the job?"

The man said "Yes, my name is Mr. Davis."

Mr. Karl looked like he wanted to send Mr. Davis out the door, but he sighed and said, "Come in, come in, let's make this quick."

They walked into the office and shut the door behind them. Mr. Davis said, " This is my resume and my letters of recommendation are on the back," as he passed them to Mr. Karl.

The sudden realization that the office had no windows struck him. This fact made him wonder what type of person Mr. Karl was. As his curiosity won over, Mr. Davis asked, "Why are there no windows in your office?"

Mr. Karl looked like he was thinking about that for a second and then he said, "Erin, come in."

A small woman with red curly hair, freckles, and green eyes came in. Erin said, "Jake's on a break and no one wants to cover reception, what should we do."

Mr. Karl looked exasperated and said, "Erin will you please cover reception, just while Jake is away."

Erin looked disappointed and said “Fine but I expect to get paid overtime.” Before he could say anything she ran out of the room and said “No takesies backsies!” Mr. Karal sighed and said “They know that goes out of our budget, well I hope they do anyway.”

Mr. Davis spoke up and said “Have you looked at my resume?”

Mr. Karal said “Oh right , of course , well you’re definitely qualified. What makes you think you would be good at this job?” Mr. Davis looked like he was thinking about that for a moment and then he said “ As you can see I have a lot of experience with books and as a librarian I have had to count books and as an author I have to count words so I think I would be a perfect fit for an accountant .” Mr. Karal looked astonished and said

“Well I didn’t think there was that much counting in books but I guess you get the job.” Mr. Davis looked stunned and said “What , isn’t there anyone else that you considered ?”

Mr. Karal said “Everyone else can barely count to a hundred and this is their first job so of course I’m going to choose you.” Mr. Davis looked flustered and then said

“Well thank you , when can I start ?” Mr. Karal made a face like he wanted to say something but instead he managed a smile and said “I was hoping you could start today if you're okay with it .”

Mr. Davis looked so happy, like he wanted to burst into song, but instead said, “Thank you again. Where will I sit?”

Mr. Karl signaled for Mr. Davis to come out of the room with him. They walked to a clump of desks and Mr. Karl said, “Hello everyone, may I have your attention please.”

Everyone looked up from the work and said, “ Yes, Mr. Karl,” in unison.

Mr. Karl smiled and said, “Everyone, this is our new employee Mr. Davis.”

Everyone waited for further instructions and at last Mr. Karl said, "You may greet him now, but only for three seconds each."

Everyone got up and formed a line in front of Mr. Davis, shaking his hand and saying, "Hello, nice to meet you and good day."

It was all so robotish that Mr. Davis thought that they might be robots until one tripped on his shoelace and fell with a crash.

Mr Davis helped him up and realized that it was the man at reception. The man said, "Hi, my name is Jake. Nice to meet you. I hope you like it here."

Mr. Davis smiled and replied, "Nice to meet you too."

Jake took Mr. Davis to his desk. Once Mr. Davis was settled, he realized that the desk he was at had no work so he went to ask Jake.

While he was walking over, Mr. Karl came out of his office and made an announcement. "I bring grave news. Our branch is getting shut down unless we can improve our sales numbers by the end of the month." Mr. Karal slammed the door to his office and closed the blinds.

As soon as Mr. Karl disappeared Jake stood and said, "Okay everyone, let's divide and conquer. Sales, you need to get to more schools and daycares. I need my accountants coming up with ideas for new toys and bringing them to me. Everyone else, just do your job right." Jake looked at Mr. Davis, "You were an author? Go with the accountants."

The accountants welcome Mr. Davis into their group. "Do you have any ideas?" they asked.

Mr. Davis said, "I actually already have an idea of a new toy to sell." He told them all about the new book that he was writing and how he thought they could make the characters into toys and that they could sell the books so kids could act out the story and make it come to life.

The group thought that it was an amazing idea and even thought that they could charge more if they made the toys come with the books. Mr. Davis and his group walked up to Jake's desk and told him about their plan.

The CEO came in the next day. Mr. Davis told her all about the product, showed her the prototype and she even promised to read the book and by the end of the week they had sold one-hundred fifty toys and seventy books. It looked like their branch wasn't going to close for a long time and that was okay because Mr. Davis liked it there just

# Glory's Origin Story

By Hailey Chauncey In Grade 6 At Arthur Stevenson Elementary School

Once upon a time there was a dragonborn named Glory who lived on dragonborn island. Dragonborns look like a dragon that can stand on two feet and they speak draconic and the most common language. They can also breathe/spit fire, lightning, poison, acid and frost depending on their ancestors. Glory looked like most dragonborns that have green and blue scales. She wore a black dress with blue laces that her mother sewed. Her green scales give her the power to breathe a poisonous gas that could kill someone in an instant, if she was properly taught how to use it.

One day she went on a walk with her mother to pick some berries. Her mother had green, and black striped scales, spiky twisted black horns that looked like an elaborate twisted crown, and wore an electric green dress with black laces to go with her scales. They were both enjoying their walk but they soon lost track of time. Glory realized this and pointed it out to her mother. They started making their way home, but everything had been dimmed by the darkness of the night, with the only source of light being the moon and the twinkling stars. Glory had only one fear, but it was crippling: the darkness. She cried uncontrollably as her mother panicked, trying to calm her down because she realized where they were. This part of the forest was rumored to have an evil witch living there. Glory's mother breathed on a small branch creating a torch to help calm Glory. They walked for what felt like hours, when finally they saw a small glow up ahead. Glory's mother sighed with relief and comforted Glory by saying soothingly, "I see a light up ahead! Maybe it's our home or someone that can help us!"

Hearing that they might be minutes from home made Glory very happy. After 10 minutes of running they arrived at a small hut that looked warm and cozy. Glory's mother, thinking that it was safe, walked up to the door and knocked. There was no answer. Warily, her mother knocked again. A few moments later they both heard loud echoing footsteps coming towards the door. The footsteps sounded as if claws were stomping on hard-wood. The door opened with a loud bang. The woman who had opened it was the strangest person Glory had ever seen. She looked like a dragonborn mixed with a human. Glory could see she had a beautiful human face, neck, chest, arms and hands, and had a few scales here and there above her eyes and on her arms. She wore a long black dress with lots of mismatched jewelry weaved in her hair, horns, around her neck, wings, tail and about everywhere else on her body that she could place the jewels. She wore no footwear letting her massive dragon feet be visible. Despite all of her weirdness she was beautiful.

However, Glory saw a look of hatred on her face. She pulled on her mother's hand, hoping the strange lady didn't hear her, and whispered, "Let's go mommy, I don't like this." Her mother ignored her, which was strange. Glory was starting to get worried so she tugged her mother's arm harder and said a bit more urgently, "MOMMY, I don't like this! Something feels weird!"

Her mother still ignored her. It seemed as if she was in a trance of some sort. Glory pulled her mother's arm as hard as she could, putting all the strength she could muster into it. But still her mother didn't move. It was like she was frozen. Glory turned around towards the woman and screamed in fear and anger, "WHAT DID YOU DO TO MY MOMMY!?"



The woman smiled showing sharp twisted teeth. She shrieked in between cackles, "Your mother is in my control now! This is what you and your mother get for barging in on *my* territory, you little brat!"

Glory squealed and hugged her mother, shaking while trying to tug her mother away from the hut. The witch cackled and snorted sending a shiver down Glory's spine. She had never had such a feeling in her life; it felt like anger and sadness had taken over; like she would never be happy again. With all her might, strength and willpower, she screamed and charged at the witch. The witch stood there smiling, not concerned at all. She thought to herself, "*She's just a small child, she has no strength whatsoever!*"

All of the sudden, Glory's eyes turned red and her scales turned black letting off red smoke. The witch had no time to react and Glory blew her right through the walls of her small hut. The house blew apart as the witch shot through it. The witch struggled to stand up and screamed at Glory, "YOU MONSTER!! WHAT ARE YOU?! THIS IS MY REVENGE!!"

Glory was confused when she said, "This is my revenge." Suddenly her mother and the witch disappeared. Glory was shocked. She didn't know what to do. She started yelling as loud as she could, "MOMMY?! WHERE DID YOU GO?!" over and over until she didn't want to breathe. Out of nowhere her scales started disappearing, and within a few terrifying moments she had soon looked very different. She was now human from the waist up and the only thing that made her look somewhat like a dragonborn were her wings, tail, fangs and claws. Her father and half of the village came out from the forest shocked. Glory saw her father and ran to him in tears choking out the words, "MOMMY'S GONE!!"

Her father, instead of crying like she thought he would, turned red and started yelling at Glory, shrieking, "WHO ARE YOU? WHERE IS MY FAMILY?"

Glory tried to explain to everyone who she was and that there was a witch that turned her into what they were now looking at, but no one believed her. She was banished from the dragonborn island. She was considered a criminal at the age of 4 and fled on a ship heading to the continent Alledia and swore to return one day.

# The Stranger

About a year ago, I met this kind boy named Noah. I met him on a Caribbean cruise when we went to spread my little brother, Noah's ashes. We talked a lot and we found out we only live 24 minutes away from each other. During the cruise we hung out everyday and on the last day we got each other's numbers.

A month after the cruise, we continued to talk and we became closer friends. We decided to meet up. Noah suggested meeting at this little abandoned shed on Crimson Rd. The shed was over 85 years old.

As a kid me and my little brother would hangout there until he drowned in the river nearby. I didn't want to tell Noah about my brother. So I agreed to meet there.

It was kinda weird and I felt a little dizzy after arriving at the shed. While I was waiting for Noah, I heard a faint voice calling for help in the distance. I could be wrong but it sounded a lot like my little brother's sweet voice. I heard "Save me!" Then it hit me. It was my brother, it had to be.

I sprinted in the direction of the cries. I ran on and on. There was no one there. I fell to the ground and broke down in tears. Was I imagining this? I knew my little seven year old brother wasn't really there... I knew it. It had been 4 years but I could never forget my little brother, Noah. This made me cry harder.

After a few minutes of me sobbing, I felt a hand on my shoulder. Then I heard a voice ask, "What's wrong?"

It was my friend Noah. I pulled myself together. I told him I was fine and he said we should get out of here and get some food. I agreed. We went to Mcdonalds. After we found a

My parents rushed in when they heard me scream. My mom started to shed tears as she said, "My sweet little girl, it's ok. You're just imagining him."

"We all miss Noah!" my dad declared. "But he's gone, we have to accept that."

My eyes shut. I started telling myself, "He's gone!" over and over again. I repeated it about 30 times. I opened my eyes and all I saw were my two loving parents.

I finally said, "I think my sweet 7 year old brother is gone forever now."

# Dream Boy

## Prologue

That was so easy, he thought. All it was, was one push. So easy. She was right there. I couldn't resist. I didn't like her that much anyways. She was always saying, "Oh, I'm so excited for our date." and "I love you." There was just too much drama.

I was a perfect actor for her funeral though. I put eyedrops in my eyes and said, "Oh, Ms. Hawkins I'm so sorry for your loss." It was brilliant. I saw her sister there, she was so sad.

Hopefully my next girlfriend isn't so dramatic.

\*\*\*\*\*

"Hey, wait up!" Amanda Hawkins' best friend Jess Williams caught up. It was early fall and the leaves were crunchy. "Did you finish your math?" asked Jess.

"Barely, you?" asked Amanda, walking through the Mountainview High doors.

"Yeah." They were walking through the hallway, when suddenly Amanda bumped into someone.

"Oof!" said the guy. His books went all over the floor.

"Sorry," said Amanda, picking up his books.

"Um, thanks," he said as she gave him his books. She noticed his dark brown hair and brown eyes when he looked at her.

He continued down the hall when Amanda blurted out, "I'm Amanda by the way." He kept walking.

"I don't think he heard you," said Jess watching by her side the whole time. They kept walking down the hallway until they got to their lockers. "We're lucky our lockers are beside each other." said Jess fixing her lipstick.

"Yeah."

Jess was very pretty. She had long blond hair, with sparkling blue eyes. She wore a nice white sweater over a turquoise t-shirt, with fancy faded denim jeans.

The next day, Amanda was in the library, when Matt Davidson asked her out. She said yes. I'll just have to wait until tomorrow for Debbie, Amanda thought.

That night, Matt picked her up at the school and took her to a restaurant. They had a great time. He was grabbing some cash to pay for the meal, when his old license fell out. The name didn't say Matt Davidson, it said Sandy Whistler. Amanda saw it and recognized the name immediately. When he saw it on the counter, his eyes grew wide.

She ran out of the restaurant as fast as she could. She sprinted so far, she had to stop.

3 minutes later, he caught up with her in his car. He got out with a baseball bat. He ran towards her. She tripped him and grabbed the bat. Amanda hit him on the head as hard as she could and that knocked him out.

She phoned the police as fast as possible, not letting go of the bat.

She could see the police lights coming, when he woke up. He grabbed a knife from his pants and threw it before she knocked him out again.

She noticed the knife in her leg. When Jess and Jack came running.

"I phoned you 3 minutes ago, how are you already here?" asked Amanda.

Jess responded, "I heard Matt ask you out in the library, but I didn't trust him. As soon as school ended, me and Jack went to the police station to track you. Matt's car went to a restaurant and then went to a cliff.

"You said Debbie died off a cliff. So I got worried and we followed you."

A nurse pulled out the knife, then wrapped Amanda's leg.

"No more bets on guys," said Jack.

"Deal." said Amanda and Jess at the same time.

Matt Davidson, also known as Sandy Whistler was arrested for murder and attempted murder.

## The Tale of Ashley Cliffton

### Chapter 1. The Train Wreck

My name is Ashley Cliffton and this is my story. I was six when the most famous trainwreck "The Cargo" happened, everyone was shocked. Luckily my mother survived and she was the only survivor, my father died. My mother makes me forget him. I'm surprised they loved each other, that's how much she erased him. You may wonder where I was during all this, well I was sitting in my grandparents tree, it overlooked the station. I was excited, I had been at my grandparents for weeks, and my parents were coming home. I had been there for hours watching with my little binoculars. I wanted to be the first to greet my parents from their trip . Then I heard the train, and looked around with my binoculars. The Cargo was rushing towards the station, I called my grandparents overjoyed . That's when it crashed. My grandparents ran over with me trailing behind, as they searched for survivors I looked for mother and father. It took ten minutes till I found my mother. Twenty minutes later we found father...dead. My first funeral, being my fathers was devastating. Again I was only six.

### Chapter 2. Present day

Today's the ninth anniversary of the train crash, or my fathers death. I take a day off school every anniversary of the crash, mother doesn't understand why, I think its because shes with a dude who works at the fire department, they met at the crash and got together a month later, it was shocking she was a widow for a month, I think she wanted father dead. I don't want to focus on that theory about my mothers relationship, well anyways this dude who's with my mother thinks he owns my house, I hate him, I won't talk to him, he only knows stuff about me because my mother, I think this guy just likes my mom because her beauty and money, he doesn't

happening, tell me anything and I won't believe you or anyone. My only question now is "what happens next?" I mean at this point I wouldn't be surprised if I am gonna ride a unicorn across a rainbow... at least after everything I've seen I wouldn't be too surprised. Maybe my journey will continue. Time will only tell. Again could this be the end?

The end?



“Why am I here?” he released me from his arms with a worried look, my fathers look was contagious, in seconds I looked worried too. Full with fear I asked again, he started stuttering nonsense

“d-dad” I say looking at some substance oozing from under a far door  
“what's that”

#### Chapter 4. What!?!

The ooze crept closer and closer that's when my dad told me I was supposed to be the victim,

“I held it off for years by allowing myself to die, you see I didn't die of that train, I survived but let my soul be devoured before I was found” my heart sank, if it wasn't for me my father would be alive? I wanted answers but I was shoved out a door. I woke up on the attic floor beside the box, “you found it” my mother muttered from behind. Only one thought was in my head “mom knew about the box?!” I didn't know how to feel angry, sad, terrified, shocked? “My life is crazy” I mutter. My mother pulled my arm

“Come on Ashley” she said, “no” I respond “answers first” my mother glared back in shock, “Ashley” she said “don't talk like that, you shouldn't be in here anyways!” I was so annoyed I grabbed the box and left for my room “Ashley!” I heard from behind.

#### Chapter 5. The End?

Once in my room I opened the box and nothing happened! I waited till nightfall, nothing! I sit and wonder if my fathers soul was entirely devoured, but I knew for a fact I was in great danger, my life turned into a tv series with all these cliffhangers! “Is this the end?” I wonder “it just might be” . I hoped it wasn't the end. I hoped I would live long and free of fear. That is not

seem to like her personality at all. Now it's six A.M., my mom thinks im just waking up, I can't argue with that, only on this day very specific day (unlike others) i'm up at four cause I always hear someone talking to me, well at least since I was ten, each time I write it down, it seems to be a sentence I have heard it for four years but only have a slight bit written, ever since a year ago the words have been coming randomly i'm awaiting my message of the year and I think this year might be my last, my sentence is almost complete. I hear thumping downstairs, "mothers waiting"

### Chapter 3. Twelve A.M.

It's twelve a.m., I'm supposed to be asleep, I hear voices though. I started writing when I saw my sentence was complete! I silently read it under my lamp "Open the box in the attic" I quote. I grabbed my flashlight and crept in the hall, and there it was, the attic's entrance cord. I reluctantly pulled the cord, the ladder creaked downwards, I climbed up .

"Box, box, box." I say

"Why are there so many BOXES?" And then I saw it, it had to be it there's nothing else it could be, it had my family tree engraved. I crept closer and closer, the box became luminous. Once opened the attic fell away and I was transported to a beautiful marbled room with everything plated in gold. I looked at my hands, they were still there, I felt a table, I was still solid. That's when a man walked in, "dad?" I whisper, the man looked over confused, "Ashley?" he called "you came so soon" He dashed over and hugged me. Over tears I asked

# The Journey

Medina, Saudi Arabia, it's a blazing hot summer day. Today is June 4th, 1990, as the month goes on, the hotter it gets. I'm guessing our journey will take weeks but we have no clue. The camels are getting slower, I don't know if they will last. The dry, powdery, hot sand and the crunchy, uncomfortable gravel is flying into my face every step I take.

We have lost two. Iris was my one and only beloved wife. We were planning to have a better life but the scorching sun got to her. Her dearest brother, and my best friend, Irin, tried to save her, but he couldn't. We tried our best to tell him we needed to keep moving, but he wouldn't budge. Eventually, the heat ended his suffering. Now it's just me and my two sons left.

We are heading to Egypt. But we have to travel through Amman first. We are almost out of water. We will need to find a source soon. I HAVE to make sure everyone survives.

# DON'T STOP RUNNING

Hungry, tired, sweaty, and thirsty are just some of the things that I feel right now. We just ran away from the rebels bombing our village. Jakob and I have been running for what seems to be 24 hours now. It's a blazing hot day. We have no idea where we are, separated from our families and with nowhere to go. My heart is pounding. All I can think about right now is: DON'T STOP RUNNING!

Jakob and I are too tired to continue. I look over and his eyes light up as he spots a pond. Finally water, a way to cool off. My excitement fades as I see the long jump down. Jakob jumps in with no hesitation.

I am scared, heart pounding, hands shaking. I have never been able to swim before. How are we supposed to get out? Thoughts rush through my head.

Jakob is waiting for me shouting, "Come Down!" I peer down into the water. Jakob goes under but does not pop back up. Now I worry I have to jump. I pace the ground thinking of all the worst scenarios that could happen.

Before I know it, I jump...

Olivia Marlatt  
Grade 6  
Juniper Ridge Elementary  
Life in Paris

## Life In Paris

It was Friday night, I was off to the airport tomorrow. I was so excited to go to Paris. I ate dinner and headed off to bed.

Later in the night I heard a big clank. It made me jump, but it was my dog Ruby. She is an Australian Shepard. She looked at me and started to whine. I whispered "Don't worry you're coming with me!" I had to wake up at 5am to get to the airport at 6am. My mom was meeting me there to say goodbye. I was going for 6 months to see if I might move there. Ever since I was very young I've wanted to go to Paris so bad. Finally I can! I got up, made breakfast, fed Ruby and then got dressed. I grabbed my luggage, got in my car and sped to the airport. And of course got Ruby. Finally I made it to the airport. I grabbed all my stuff and went inside. I looked around for my mom, but just as I turned around she bumped into me. She didn't realize it was me so she kept repeating "Sorry, sorry, sorry." As she looked up she squealed, "Liv! I didn't realize it was you!" "Hi mom!" We hugged and she gave Ruby a big pat on the head. "Are you excited!?" "Yes, but I'll miss you so much!" As I was about to talk the announcements went on "We are boarding to Paris!" "I have to go!" I squealed. "Goodbye! Have fun! I'll miss you so much Liv!" We hugged as I grabbed my luggage. I started walking away but I kept looking back. Was I going to do this? Yes! I thought to myself. I can do this. I waved to my mom and boarded the plane.

Finally I looked out the window and it was Paris! I couldn't believe I was really here! I got out of the plane and Ruby was also amazed. We walked to the hotel. I asked for a room and

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he gave me a key. I headed up to my room and it was so big! “Whoa!” I gasped out. I sat down on my bed. It was so comfy. After I looked around the room I went to take Ruby for a walk. A couple walked up to me. “Bonjour!” They said in a happy voice. “Bonjour!” I said and Ruby barked. They chuckled. “Etes-vous nouveau ici?” They asked “Oui, Je suis ici pour visiter ce bel endroit.” I exclaimed. I almost forgot I had to speak French here. “Oh sympa! Profitez de votre séjour!” They said happily. “Merci!” They walked away and I continued my walk.

Ruby and I walked in front of the Eiffel Tower. I stopped. I couldn't find myself to move, I just stared at it with amazement. Just as I was going to leave a guy bumped into me. “Oh sorry!” I exclaimed. “No it's my fault,” I couldn't find myself to stop looking at him. He was gorgeous. He had deep brown wavy hair and eyes like emeralds, he had a strong jawline and broad shoulders. As I was lying on the cold pathway he put out his hand. I grabbed it and he pulled me up. “Are you ok?” I just stared at him for a second. “Yeah, you?” “I'm fine, I'm just glad you're ok.” He made me smirk. “Do you want me to buy you a coffee?” “No I'm fine” “I insist” He said looking at me with his emerald eyes. “Ok” I said.

We walked down to the coffee shop and he bought me a coffee just like he said he would. I sipped my coffee and listened to what he had to say “So you're not from around here, am I right?” “Yes you're right I'm from NYC” “wow!” he exclaimed. “What is your name?” “Liv and you?” “Louis” “Well I better get going, it was fun meeting you, I hope we can get together again” I agreed. I got his number and we texted. I sent him heart emojis and he sent them back! We hung out so much we went to the beach, the Louvre Museum. After 3 months of being friends I wanted to be more than friends. Later at night we saw each other and I gave him a kiss on the cheek. We both left and I was in heaven. He was sweet, fun and he is the man for me! Late

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at night we planned to go to the Eiffel Tower. We went to the top and looked at each other. His green eyes were deep and romantic, he leaned in and we kissed. It was the night of my life! He wanted to take me to a party and so we planned to go to the party. The night of the party I got a fancy dress on to impress him and got fully ready. I met him there but he wasn't alone. "Ah Liv there you are!" I laughed awkwardly. He looked at me confused but then carried on. "This is my fiancé Marie." "Bonjour!" "Hi" I said. "Oh sorry, do you speak English?" "Yeah" I exclaimed. "I'm Marie and I hope you like it here" "Thanks" She walked away to get some punch. "You didn't tell me you had a fiancé!" "Well..." He sighed. "I don't like her the way I like you. "It was a forced marriage" I was shocked! I wanted him to continue but just then Marie stood beside him and handed him a glass of punch. "I'm getting tired so I'm going to leave" "Ok bye Marie!" She walked off and it was just me and Louis. "Tell me about this forced marriage." "My parents wanted me to marry someone that was rich and they set me up with Marie, and I never actually loved her but she loved me." "I don't want to be with her, I love you"

My name is Cassidy Beckett and I'm fifteen years old. My mother was a policewoman. It's been five months since she passed, it's really hard without her, especially for my dad. We needed to get away, so my dad booked us a cruise. We had no idea what an adventure our cruise would be.

My alarm went off at 8:30am. I raced down the stairs. "Ah! Dad! You scared me!" There he was, standing at the door, ready to go with his suitcase. "Are you almost ready? I've been waiting for an hour!" He said. I ran back upstairs, grabbed my bags and zoomed back downstairs. "You must be excited!" he said. "We should go, or we might miss the boat!" I jumped in the front seat.

When we arrived at the dock, I was in shock: "Thank you dad!" I squealed. "You're welcome. Now, come on!" We hurried onto the boat. I checked my watch, "exactly 9 o'clock. We just made it. I'm going to explore."

The ship was huge! It has a pool, a restaurant, and so much more. And the ocean is beautiful! I was walking on the deck, and I saw a staircase. It looked creepy, so of course I went down it. At the bottom, there was a giant safe. It wasn't that cool, so I went back upstairs. They should probably put that somewhere safer, I thought. When I got to my room, I decided to go to the pool with my dad. Surprisingly, we were the only people there. "I guess we get the entire pool to ourselves" he said.



We were having a lot of fun until an announcement came on: "Everyone please go back to their rooms." My dad looked confused. We walked back to our room quickly. We stayed there for the rest of the night. Turns out there was a robbery. I was scared but excited.

In the morning I made the decision that we should investigate the robbery. My dad and I discussed it and we decided that it would be a great way to honor my mother. We started by looking for the Captain.

While searching the ship, we ran into a kind lady who helped us find the Captains' suite. "Do you have any clues on who the thief is?" I asked the Captain. "Whoever it was is looking for expensive things. And they had long, brown hair, if that helps?" she said. "Yes thank you" my dad replied, "let's see if we can find suspects." At the end of the day we had over twenty.

A knock came at the door. My dad answered it. When he came back he said: "It was that lady from earlier. She was asking how we were doing, and if she could help. I said yes, is that ok?" "The more the merrier" I replied. " We should probably get to bed" my dad told me. "Yep, good night."

In the morning we met up with Hailey Simmons, the lady who helped us the day before. "Do you have any suspects?" Hailey asked. "We have a lot! We need to cross off people, but we don't know who" I said. "What clues?" She asked. "They have long

brown hair, and they are looking for expensive things” my dad said. “Let’s interview people.” Hailey told us.

We went around asking the same question: “Where were you two days ago?” Most of them said things that were nowhere near what we needed to hear. Then we interviewed a guy who said he was walking in the east wing when the announcement went off. “Thank you” my dad said. “I think we found our suspect” Hailey said. “First we need to find out more about him” I replied. “Let’s find the passenger records.”

We headed to the room, it was very hidden. “You know this boat well” I told Hailey. “I’ve been on it before” she said. When we entered the room, I asked, “how are we ever going to find it? We don’t even know his name.” “Here it is” Hailey said. I was surprised. She had a focused look on her face. “He does have a criminal record, but it was for something small.” “He could be going bigger” my dad replied. “We should go tell the Captain our plan” Hailey said. “We need to look closer before the security comes” I said. “No, we don’t.” Hailey replied fast. I was a little suspicious of her, but she’s on our side. We decided to spy on our suspect.

When we were watching him, Hailey disappeared. Then we heard a bang! We then saw one of the rescue boats leaving with a giant sack on it. One of the security people came running up, he said: “the safe is blown open and the money inside is gone! I knew in my gut it was Hailey. “She must’ve gone in that boat, we have to catch her!” I said. “Wait, Cassidy!” my dad yelled, “it’s too dangerous!” “I thought we were doing this

for mom?" I was so frustrated. I ran to a small boat and got in, my dad hopped on. "I'm sorry, I don't know what got into me" he said.

Security got on the boat with us. We were at full speed and almost alongside Hailey's boat, when our engine broke down. I jumped off the boat and swam as fast as I could until I reached out and pulled myself onto her boat. I tackled her to the ground. "I thought you were on our side?" I said as I handed her over to security. Hailey was taken to jail and the money was returned.

"I can't believe we caught her!" I said. "It was you who made me persevere. Mom would be proud" dad said.

A few weeks later the word caught on, and soon everybody was talking about us. We even got a plaque with our names in the police department, right next to my moms.

# Sailor

Dallas Elementary

Grade: 6

By: Esne Hough

This is the story of a young teenage girl named Ash and her amazing journey, so sit tight and keep reading if you're up for Ash's quest.

Ring, ring, ring! Ash's alarm clock screeches as she thinks to herself, just another day in misery.

As ash rolls out of her bed, her eyes burn as the sun hits them. The first words she hears when she is finally awake are,

"Get down here you brat or starve to death!" That was the infuriating voice of her aunt Everly, who she sadly had to live with, after her parents never came back from their adventure to find a lost island called Cavin.

Her parents were both adventurers that traveled the seas in search of new creatures and new possibilities. After their disappearance everybody just gave up hope they were ever coming home. Ash knows they probably did die, but she had a weird and strange feeling they were still out there.

"Are you coming down stairs or are you just gonna stay up there forever?!" Shrieked her uncle Calvin from down the stairs.

Ash slapped on a pair of blue rip genes and a t-shirt and flung herself down the stairs. Her aunt and uncle were sipping their morning coffee and glaring at her as she made herself a piece of toast.

"Well you're at it, make me one too!" Snapped her uncle

"yeah!" Her aunt added rudely. The only place she could be herself was at school. 1

# Sailor

Dallas Elementary

Grade: 6

By: Esne Hough

Her best friend Niomi was the only person who really cared about her. They did all sorts of fun stuff, they went to the carnival together, had sleepovers and they loved getting ice cream. Well Ash was daydreaming she lost track of time. She hoped upstairs to brush her teeth and raced out the door to catch the bus. When she arrived at school Niomi was waiting for her by the bike racks. 6 hours of school was hard, but they muscled through it.

When school was out she came home to a very unpleasant surprise. As soon as she opened the door her aunt and uncle were screaming at her for forgetting to do the dishes, not mopping the floors and blinking too much.

With a howl they sent her to her room. As she stomped up the stairs she thought, I hate my life. I wish my aunt and uncle never existed. She was so fed up with not being good enough for them. That night she snuck out of her window with a sack full of food, clean water, and other important stuff. Tonight she was going to sail the sea until she found her parents. She got all her stuff on a big sailboat and began to set off to island Cavin. She knew how to work this boat like the back of her hand and she had a map leading right to the island. Her parents gave it to her the day they left and told her to protect it, for she might need it someday. She sailed for six days straight and didn't stop. Nobody actually came back to tell the tale of this island, so she was kind of nervous. 2

# Sailor

Dallas Elementary

Grade: 6

By: Esne Hough

She stepped off the boat and started walking with her backpack on her shoulder. She was feeling braver than ever.

She camped the night there but in the morning she woke up to exotic wild animals surrounding her. Her heartbeat was still for a moment, there was a lion with a butterfly head, a zebra with a giraffe head and an elephant with a tiger head. They seemed pretty tame, there was no growling, grumbling, or attacking. The lion with the butterfly head approached her very gently. Ash reached her hand out and stroked its wings.

As she got to know these majestic creatures they led her to a mysterious looking cave. Ash stared down into the pitch black cave, and took a breath. She couldn't help but wonder what was down there. Before Ash could step inside she slipped, and slid down screaming

"Ahhhhhhhhhh!!!!!!" After a couple minutes of yelping she finally felt a thump. She scrambled to her feet out of breath, then looked around and realized she was at the base of the cave. Ash's back side hurt a bit but she was in some much shock she barely noticed. In front of her all she saw was rock, but behind her it was a whole new world. There was a cave full of blue, and purple crystals.

Ash slowly walked towards the tunnel and began investigating. When Ash finished looking around she set off into the magical crystal cave. Well she strolled under the 3

# Sailor

Dallas Elementary

Grade: 6

By: Esne Houghsparkly lights, she halted to a stop. The trail just ended. Ash was very confused until she heard a twig snap. Then two mysterious figures with clothes made from leaves and branches sprang out of the darkness and surrounded her. The two figures steadily inched toward her, and then quick as lightning they both started to dart around her with rope, and they tied her up snug so she couldn't escape. But suddenly they stopped tying and cautiously took their masks off. Their faces looked very similar to.....her parents.

There was silence and then the female figure said

“What is your name, young girl?”

“My name is Ash” She responded shakily. The two figures were still and then started to ask questions like

“When is your birthday?”

“How old are you?”

“What are your parents' names?”

“My parent's names are” she started “Grace and Allen” They both gasped and then tenderly whispered “I think she's found us”

“What do you mean?” Ash asked

“We mean, we think you are our daughter” They quickly unwrapped her, and stared at her for a long time. After that they both gave her a big hug.

“We have been trapped down here forever.”

"We missed you sweetheart."

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Avery Benoit-Macmillan  
Gr. 6  
Beattie Elementary  
Be Yourself, Unless You can be Someone Else. Right?

## Chapter1

### Move

It was Sunday, March 12, 2023. Hayley would be starting at Brock middle school tomorrow. She just recently moved from Washington to Kamloops, B.C.

As she walked out of her empty bedroom, she thought to herself "What if they don't like me? What if they treat me differently? I know it's probably not going to be that bad, but always be prepared."

My dad used to say, "focus on the positive side of life not the dark." He believed, if you're living on the dark side it will lead to bad things to come, but, on the positive side, it will lead to good things to come. This was before my dad passed away in a plane crash. There were only a few lucky survivors, unfortunately my dad wasn't one of them. Ever since he died, I have been trying to focus on the positive side of life, and for the most part it has worked. So maybe a new school would be a good chapter to my life but who knows.

"How's it going Hayley?" My mom said in an ever so sweet voice.

I replied, "Good, I guess. Trying to focus on the positive."

"Good," she said with a smile.

"I'm going to walk Ainsley, I'll be back shortly."

I said with a fake smile. I needed to clear my head.

I walked over to the door to grab Ainsley's leash.

Then I called her name, "Ainsley come here!" she came running over.

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Soon after that I connected her leash to collar and left. She had been my best friend for all my life. Even though she was a dog.

## Chapter 2

### New

The halls were purple, of any colour they could choose! Why purple, I mean it's not a bad colour at all, but for a school? Why, just why? They were all staring at me. Well, of course they were. I was the new kid. There was always that look, the what-is she-wearing kind of look! I don't really have the best sense of fashion, plaid pants, a black T-shirt, and a polka-dotted sweatshirt. One thing was for sure, I without a doubt did not blend in with the crowd at all. We didn't really have time to get new clothes, but if we did, I would have chosen a different style than what I have on now.

Home room I don't know why, but I really don't like home room. I plopped down in a desk and suddenly there was a hard tap on my shoulder.

"This is my desk. Move now!" I heard a voice say. I turned around fast to see a girl with scarlet red hair standing behind me.

"S-sorry, It's my first day, " I said in a shaky voice and got up quickly. She rolled her eyes, "Wow" I thought to myself, "I need to get some clothes like her!" I got up and asked the teacher where to sit.

He showed me and told me his name, "my name is Mr. Palms, I will be your home room teacher."

The rest of the day was uneventful. That one girl was in almost all my classes. Also in not spying on her, if that's what you thought In math, she was hanging out with

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some other girls. Lunch Finally! I watched as the one girl sat down with those same people. One other girl sat down with them. She was wearing a white T-shirt, jeans, and a leather jacket. She had brown hair, dark green eyes, and at that moment I knew, I had to be like her.

### Chapter 3

#### Mean

It has already been 2 months! I was going to ask her where she got her clothes from. It can't be that hard? Can it?

"Hey Madison," I said in a quiet voice, she did not hear me "Madison?" Still no. "MADISON!" I said louder than I anticipated.

"What do you want Hayley!?" she said in a mad voice, "Can't you see I'm talking! Well since you're here now what was it that you wanted to ask me!"

"Where do you get your clothes from?" I said.

"Are you serious!? That's what you wanted to ask me? God! You interrupted my conversation, to ask me that!?" she said, sounding really mad.

"UMM... yeah" I said kinda quietly

"I got them from Ardene. Also, so you know you've made a total fool of yourself." That was the day I found out that girls can be really mean.

The next day I came to school with a brand-new wardrobe. I felt pretty proud with my new clothes. Lizzy walked up to me and took a photo of me. It was pinned #New Girl TRYING to be cool#FAIL! She put it on Instagram, so the whole school could see it.

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Out of nowhere, they just came, hot tears running down my face as soon as I saw her post. I tried not to let it bother me, but it really did.

## Chapter 4

### Friend

TWO WEEKS LATER. Lizzy and Maddie had not stopped the bullying. I went to school that day wearing my normal clothes hoping that the bullying would stop.

Maddison walked up to me and said laughing, "Oh wow back to your normal clothes. You're so weird. Now I see why you have no friends."

There they came again the tears, but then out of the corner of my eye I saw someone yelling, "GET AWAY FROM HER! I HAVE HAD ENOUGH OF LISTING TO YOU BE SO MEAN!!" the person screamed.

Wow! I thought no one had ever stood up for me before.

"Thank you." I said with tears.

"Come on, let's go," the girl said. "My name is Kiera. I'm sorry, I kinda snapped at her. I was just so done with her attitude and now you have a friend." she said.

"It's ok, thank you." I smiled. At that moment I knew that I could be myself and I had a friend for life.

Seva Parmar  
Grade 6  
Beattie Elementary  
Sophia's Hidden Adventures

### **Sopia's Hidden Adventures**

BING, BING, BING goes Sophia's alarm, just as she was about to get to the best part of her dream. She sighed as she rolled over to snooze her alarm. Today is Sophia's first day of 7th grade and she is starting at West Valley Middle School where she knows absolutely no one. Sophia is dreading going to school but knows that she should start getting ready, otherwise she will be late and she does not want to give people the wrong first impression. Once she is all ready, her mom decides to take her out for breakfast at the Pancake Palace. Sophia orders chocolate chip pancakes and her mom decides to get scrambled eggs and bacon; which Sophia thought was a really weird decision for a pancake restaurant. When Sophia checked the time she realized they would have to hurry if they wanted to be at school on time.

Sophia got to school 2 minutes early and had just enough time to make it to the auditorium for the beginning of the year assembly. She took a seat in front so she could see most of what was happening. It was quite an interesting assembly because they told everyone where everything was; when the lunch break was, what extracurriculars you could sign up for, and alot more. It was really hard to keep track of everything, so Sophia took notes in her notebook. Once it was over, everyone had ten minutes to get to class.

Sophia's first class was Science, with Ms. Taylor, in room 209, on the second floor. Ms. Taylor started off by doing attendance. Sophia had to sit by Rachel who seemed nice but actually was just one of the popular girls that only talked to the other

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### **Sopia's Hidden Adventures**

popular kids. They didn't actually do any Science work but instead just went over basic rules, what their assignments would be, and what experiments they would do during the year. The rest of her classes were structured basically the same way. The only things they did was go over the rules, talk about what they would be doing this year, and hand out textbooks. Her math teacher, Mr. Brown, gave everybody two sheets of math homework, but that was about it. By the time it was the end of the day her backpack was so heavy with all her textbooks and newsletters that the teachers handed out.

When Sophia got home, exhausted, she finished her homework as fast as she could and then went down for dinner. She ate quickly and then went to bed.

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I was a lot more excited to go to school today than yesterday because I had art as my first class today. I hurried out of the house as fast as I could to get to school because yesterday Ms. Johnson said they would be doing a fun project. When I got to class, Ms. Johnson quickly did attendance and told everyone where to sit. Jessica with Mathew, Madison with Sophia, Harper with Lila, Clara with Noah, and so on. Ms. Johnson gave everybody a canvas because she said we are going to try to express ourselves using shapes and designs. I sat beside Madison who is really nice and so good at art. Ms. Johnson told us all to try and use the layering technique and then she placed water-filled cups with paintbrushes on the desk beside me, along with more

Seva Parmar  
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Beattie Elementary  
Sophia's Hidden Adventures

### **Sopia's Hidden Adventures**

paint. Madison reaches over to grab a cup of water and accidentally drops it and it spills all over my sweater.

"Hey!" I exclaimed. "This is a brand new sweater!"

"I'm so sorry, let me get some paper towels to clean this up."

"Thanks Madison."

"No problem, most of my friends call me Maddie, and I was wondering if maybe we could be friends?"

"Actually, I'd really like that," I said. "I don't have any friends here so far, I just moved from California."

"That's so cool!" Maddie exclaimed.

"Thank You." "Do you have any of the rare California crystals?" Maddie asked.

"Yeah, I do actually but they're still in boxes because I haven't unpacked much yet."

"That is so cool, I've always wanted to see one!" "Why don't you come over after school, I could show you all my crystals. My mom is picking me up and she would be more than happy for me to have a friend over."

"I would love to come over, really, but I already have plans to go to my friend Gabbie's house."

"Wait, Gabriella Quinn?" I asked.

"Yeah, Do you know her?"

"Yes, no, kind of I guess. She's in my Science class."

"Oh, that's cool! Wait, I have an idea!"

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"What is it?" I hesitated to ask.

"I could bring Gabbie to your house with me."

"That sounds great!" hoping I didn't make a huge mistake.

Maddie pulled out her phone to text Gabbie and got a quick response.

"She said yes!" "I'm so excited, we're going to have so much fun."

The rest of the day passed by really quickly because I was so excited.

By the time mom came to pick me up, I was basically running to the car. Maddie and Gabbie were going to meet me at home. Maddie and Gabbie got there just after I did and we went straight to the basement to look for the crystals. We found some Amethysts and Benitoite. Maddie found another box and Gabbie went up to grab some snacks. Maddie and I found a paper that said *TO SEEK MABLE'S TREASURE, YOU MUST KNOW HER SECRET!*

When Gabbie came down the stairs she almost dropped her plate and yelled, "On the back, that's a picture of my grandmother!"

"How is that possible? That can't be!" Sophia exclaimed.

Gebbie said, "Trust me, it is! This is my grandmother's handwriting." The ink looked fairly fresh. Gabbie looked so unsettled, and surprised. Then shocked us all.

"My grandmother has been missing for over 20 years!"

## TO BE CONTINUED...



Dani Lane  
Grade 6  
Beattie Elementary  
The Fires

## The Fires

Late on a Friday night, a young girl named Paisley Peterson's is the only one awake in her house. Just minutes before disaster, Paisley is quietly reading her book with just the sound of her record player in the background and the candle quietly flickering in the corner. She hops off the cushy couch and blows the candle out as the wax ripples in the small glass jar. She tiptoes down the hallway as her family pictures on the wall stare back at her.

Once she gets in her bedroom, she steps out on the balcony, her long blonde hair flows in the breeze like grass dancing in the wind. To clear her head she decides to go for a walk in her neighborhood; the best decision of her life. Well out on her walk she hears the blaring sirens of firetrucks in the distance.

Paisley, in her plaid pajama pants and sweatshirt, turns to see her house being engulfed in flames. She runs as fast as she can in the direction of her house but is stopped by neighbors. As the firemen run into the burning house in an attempt to save her family. The powerful fire hoses pop the flames like bubbles.

Shortly after the police show up, she gets the worst news she will ever hear. Everyone in the house was sadly killed in the horrible fire. The one part of her house untouched is the garage, almost like it was planned. The police don't have much in the house to investigate but they decide to search the garage as it is very suspicious. After looking, they see a red rose and a small piece of lined paper that looked like it had been

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### The Fires

ripped out of a notebook. On the paper it read, " Sorry about the fire just had to tie up some loose ends, Goodbye Petersons." Police now know the fire wasn't an accident.

If we fast forward a year, Paisley is now going into ninth grade and lives with her strict Aunt Bella and her cousin Gracie. She goes to the prestigious Evergreen High School and plays on the volleyball team. Every night Paisley tosses and turns wondering if she had done something differently would her family have survived?

As she starts ninth grade her crush, a boy named Noah, is in all her classes. He was the only person there for her after the fire and they have known each other since they were in 5th grade. Today, after school, is volleyball practice, the last one before the most important game Paisley has ever played. It's also the second anniversary of the horrible fire. While at school, Paisley gets paged to the office. The announcement came on the loudspeaker and said, "Paisley Peterson come to the office please, it's urgent." Everyone in her class "oooooohs" thinking she's in trouble.

Paisley rushed to the office to find police officers standing around the principal's desk. They tell her more horrible news on an already bad day. Her aunt's house had been lit on fire. There in the principal's office paisley breaks down in tears. The police tell her that's not all the bad news. A note, yet again, left with a red rose was left at the scene. The note read. " I see you escaped my grasp twice... I'm coming for you Paisley Peterson."

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### The Fires

Paisley knows she doesn't have any family left. Her last choice was to live in a group home. She runs back to her class to grab her bag trying not to let a tear roll down her face. Her best friend, Noah, knows something is wrong and rushes toward her. She tells him everything and all that he does is smile, hug her and say, "I have an idea". He rushes to the principal's office and tells the police his ideas, they agree on both of them.

Paisley decides to take a week off of school. With that, Noah puts his plan into action. First, he asked his mom if Paisley could live with them instead of the group home and Noah's mom agreed. Next, he asks the principal to call an assembly. At the assembly, Noah gets on stage and announces a fundraiser to help with the fire investigation and to buy Paisley some new clothes.

Finally after 2 years, the police picked up the investigation of the original fire. With the new evidence of a note and a rose, police search for leads and they get one anonymous tip. The tip said, "What could Paisley know or have that they want?" That was simply all. After police get this information they rush to Noah's house to get in contact with Paisley.

When they see her they ask, "What's something you have that didn't get burned?" She replied, " My journal was the only thing that survived both fires." Investigators ask to have a look at the small leather journal. Paisley clings it close to her chest because her grandmother gave it to her. She agrees but only if they don't read the pages. Inside the journal was a small hidden compartment. Paisley opens it and a worn piece of paper falls out. On the paper was a map with a small red X on it. They now

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### The Fires

know what the person was trying to destroy or get. Paisley and Noah decide to follow the map and search for the person who started the fires. Later, Paisley writes a book on how the fires changed herself and her life.

To be continued...

Ella Brown  
Dallas Elementary  
Grade 6  
How I Ran From War

## How I Ran From War

This is the story about how me and Janice had walked away from war. It had felt like we had been walking for miles, and miles until we got to somewhere that had food. We were running from a war, halfway to our destination we were stopped. Men in different shades of green stopped us and told us we were no longer allowed to have my husband with us, he had to fight in the war. He had been separated from me and our daughter Janice. We were at a gas station that was very small and smelled of cigarettes. The line up to the gas station was about fifty people long and we were starving. We needed at least a sip of water. A girl with her son walked near us and she had her arms filled with food. Before she walked by I held out a hand and mumbled a few words that said "Please I am so hungry," the words had just stumbled out of my mouth because I was starving. "We need food like you do, I am sorry," she said and started to walk away and I reached for her arm and looked at her with plead in my eyes. She tugged her arm away and an apple fell out of her arms. She quickly picked it up and stumbled away. I couldn't hold on for long because she was strong after having a few bites of food and guzzles of water while I had barely eaten in the past day and a half because it was exactly twelve o'clock PM. My face must have turned pale because someone noticed. They walked past me and said "Here take this, you look like you need it," and passed me a sandwich in saran wrap, an apple and a bottle of water.

"Thank you," I mumbled but she heard me and smiled. I didn't want to get out of line because it wasn't enough food for us two. I then brought out my phone and texted

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my husband. We texted about being safe while fighting in the war without training and to text me to make sure he is alive. Janice lay over my shoulder trying to fall asleep but she couldn't because she was ghost pale and scared. I wouldn't blame her because I was scared too.

Around two hours later we reached the front of the line and we walked into the gas station store and nothing was left on the shelves except some containers of porridge. All the canned food was gone. We bought some stuff including a blanket and a large stuffed animal for Janice because she deserved them. I layed on the side of the gas station to get some sleep when I saw two army men carrying a man away from his wife. They were both in tears balling while the man was struggling and shoving to get away from the men and back to his wife. His wife then started whimpering as he was shoved into the vehicle that the men came in. Then four crinkled sheets of paper slid out from his pocket. I butt-scooched toward it. I read it and it was a bunch of forms and plane tickets. Two of the plane tickets were to India and two were to Canada. I looked at them and knew where I was going to go. I had my backpack with me and quickly tugged it toward me. I rummaged through all our valuable stuff and important things that were in there. Water Bottle which was empty, wallet, phone, photos, wedding ring, jewelry and there it was our passports. I found mine and Janices but I did not want to look at my husbands. I then grasped the tickets in my hands. I put the ones to Canada and the ones to India at the bottom of my bag. "Canada here we come," I say and then try to make myself comfy on the side of the building, which was quite impossible.

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Dallas Elementary  
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In the morning I woke up Janice at eight o'clock and we walked into the gas station. We filled up the empty water bottle at the fountain and got as much stuff as we could. I then paid for it and we walked to the nearest airport which was 20km away from us. We were in a small village right now but the airport was on the very edge of it. "Mom... I am thirsty," Janice said she was not the most polite seven year old but at least I got her to sleep last night.

"I know I will bring out the water once we get there. It is only about another twenty minutes away, you can do it,"

"Ok, I will try but I also have to pee really bad,"

"Yes ok can you hold it?"

"I think,"

"You can do it Janice and I know your legs are probably sore too,"

"They are!"

"We have fifteen minutes now!"

Janice softly cried and made little moaning sounds and then I thought about how lucky we were to even see these plane tickets fall out of his pocket and how we were lucky his wife did not see them.

When we arrived at the airport Janice went pee and we chugged our water and then refilled it at the fountain. I was so excited to be in Canada. We then started boarding the plane and in fifteen hours we were there. I wasn't sure what to do with the

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tickets to India when I found them, so I left them at the side of the gas station in hopes of someone finding them. Then about a year later we found a small apartment and it was perfect for both me and Janice. Janice loves her new life and so do I. I text my husband every day to make sure he is safe. That is the story of how I ran away from war.



## **World War Dodgeball**

World War Dodgeball, 20 acre field, 2019

Aliens have found Earth and declared war on us in a massive dodgeball war. That was the way *they* settled wars - a dodgeball war.

This field has suffered a lot of bombardment because the dodgeballs they have are actual BOMBS! Actually, they still have dodgeballs, but they sort of have grenades in them. We have recreated it, but we need to pull the pin before it actually gets thrown.

Even though I'm 20, the war is still hard and sad. I've made many friends. All the women and kids are hiding in bunkers, away from harm. The way I see it is all soldiers are men and very few nurses are women. Most are actually boy doctors.

I still think of life before the war. That was a year ago in 2018, I was only 19 then.

Fighter jets are usually filled with dodgeballs that are getting dropped onto the alien side. We also have A.Rs filled with regular bullets but they are sort of foam with bullets inside. Here, I'll put it more straight...they are regular bullets coated with foam and then coated with red paint to look like dodge-bullets. It's ok, I guess.

World War Dodgeball, 20 acre field, 2019

We've been given time at the start of the war to dig trenches and get dodgeballs situated because the aliens are that way. We don't know why.

The trenches the aliens built are so high tech and their technology is like see through and holographic! We've been able to steal a few things like maps and coordinates for an alien base somewhere in space but we can't send any spaceships up there to destroy it. We're working on it too, but I can't tell you how yet.

Dodgeball War, 20 acre field, 2019

Although I'm using a typewriter to type my story of this war, it's hard because of the bombs going off outside the trench.

The plan to get to space and blow up the enemy ships is on track. I should also tell you the plan. The military is working on a spaceship and a missile to go up and destroy it. The military is also going and finding people who are fighting their best. I don't want to go. I want to stay.

Space, Alien Ship, 2019

Well, I'm here, aren't I? After a while I wanted to go to space and I'm here now. We placed the coordinates on the alien ship and we're figuring out what would happen if the spaceship blew up.

Dodgeball War, 20 acre field, 2019

We are back and all of the aliens are dead. The 'aliens' are destroyed. They were actually robots. Now, Earth is safe again.

The End

Emma Barwise  
Grade 6  
David Thompson

## The Phantom

Some people say that ghosts aren't real. This story is about to prove them wrong. This event happened in 1936. It was a dreary mellow day, everything was quiet when all of a sudden the sailor heard a splash. He whirled around to see a beautiful woman standing there with long silky blond hair. She had a dress that looked like it was made of pure gold. She walked along the water to the boat. When she got there her sea green eyes stared at him with hard concentration. She leaned in to whisper to him and said just one simple but alarming word "Mori". Mori means to die in Latin. The word sent a chill down the sailors back.

When he got back to town he decided to go to the bar to tell his friends what he saw. He got there and opened the door to find his friends sitting together chatting. He went over to them and told them what he saw. They all laughed at him and gave him pats on the back telling him it was a good joke. When he was about to walk out the door a man in a shadowy black coat stepped in front of him and said " do you know what type of monster you are talking about? She lures you in with her beauty and then whispers something in your ear. Then the next day you will be dead. But if you're lucky then you will get pneumonia." " Her name is Isla" Quickly the sailor pushed past the mysterious man and made an exit for the door. When he got home he started to feel dizzy. He

thought it might be because he was drunk but it felt more agonizing than that. He forced himself to go up the stairs and to the bathroom. He compelled himself to vomit but nothing came up. After that he went to bed and fell into a cavernous sleep. The next morning he lay there lost in his sleep forever in his bed. That day one of his superior friends went to his house to see if he wanted to go sailing, when there was no answer his friend knocked again and again. Quickly and quietly he opened the door knob and snuck upstairs to see where his friend was. When he got to his room he found him lying on his bed with water pouring out of his dead friend's eyes.

This never happened again for when he found his friend he went to tell the other sailors what tragic thing had happened. People found out that the man in the black coat was right. That's when sailors started burning their boats to make sure that no one ever died of that cause again. It was exactly two decades later when some tourists came by and decided to go out sailing for a romantic adventure.

Emma Barwise

Grade 6

David Thompson

## The Phantom

Twenty years later two tourists came to explore the island. Their names were Alice and Henry. They have been married for three days and decided to come here for a honeymoon. Henry offered Alice a romantic boat ride at the lake. Of course she said yes so they both packed the cooler and headed for the lake. When they got there, there was a boat on the shore already. As they loaded their cooler onto the boat they both heard a piercing scream. They looked around but saw nothing, But Henry heard something else that Alice didn't. It sounded like sweet singing but ocean waves as well. But then the piercing screaming came back again. All that time while they were loading the boat Henry heard singing and screaming. Finally when they pushed off shore all that screaming stopped. They let the boat drift down the frigid lake. They were about to get their sandwiches out when they heard a splash close to their boat. They both spun around to see a beautiful lady walking on the water, her dress looked like it was made

of gold and her hair was so blond it matched the sun. But most of all her eyes looked like pure glass that was tinted green. she walked closer to their boat while Alice got nervous but Henry was aw struck. Alice reached into the sandwich cooler and pulled out a knife. It glinted in the sun and was so sharp it hurt to touch. Alice hid it behind her back and stood a distance from the lady. As she walked her golden dress dragged behind her as if it were a cape, when she got to the boat she leaned in to whisper something to him he looked into her eyes and looked enchanted by her beauty. As she was about to say something Alice took the knife from behind her back and stabbed it into the lady's back. She let out a probing scream. She fell back into the water with a splash and sank to the bottom. Later when they got back to land they saw a man in a black jacket staring at them but he must have seen them looking because after a quick second He disappeared into the forest again. They decided to go to the police station to tell the chief what happened. The chief told them that it has happened many times before and acted like he wasn't surprised.

One month later they had decided to live on the island. Alice wrote a book about the ghost lady and the book went worldwide. They made lots of money and became rich. But Henry still wasn't happy. He was depressed that his wife had killed the most beautiful women in the world. He decided to go to the beach to think. When he got there he saw someone down by the water then he heard an airy voice speak to him and it

Emma Barwise

David Thompson

Grade 6

said " I will never forgive your wife for what she's done. But if you kiss me then I might let her live. "Of course he said yes but once he kissed her he felt life get sucked out of him. When she pulled away she let him drop dead to the ground. No one ever heard from him again

Alex Walker, Grade 6, David Thompson Elementary

## The Bombing Of Ukraine:Chapter 1

The day it started was May 21, 2021, when Russia declared war by exploding our capital. I am Bruce, a twelve year old kid, with blond hair and green eyes. There is also my little sister Alice, she's seven and lastly my Mom who has been protecting both of our souls. So now we need to get to the real story. It was a weird day, everyone hearing stories about Russia and other rumors. My sister, Mom and I were walking in town square like always every day. Then right at that moment, boom! Then suddenly a building falls and Alice screams, "Ahh! Mom, what's happening?" Then we see the plane that bombed us, it is almost right over us. I suddenly look at my Mom, she looks pale but when she looks at us, she gets a jolt of realization then Mom shouted loudly "Run!" So we did exactly what she says I run as fast as I can with my sister and her stuffy bear and our mom. My sister looks back at the plane and see's the plane drop something out of the bottom. Then it touches the ground, boom! Then it was like someone pushed us really hard and we went about two meters afar. Then everything went black. Then I wake up grudging and then I say "What happened?" Trying to cover my ears to stop the ringing in my ears then I look to see Alice and Mom beside me.

## The Bombing Of Ukraine:Chapter 2

Beside me is Alice and my Mom. I think they are both unconscious but to see if they are I yell "Alice, Mom!" I scramble to them "Alice, Mom are you awake!" Then right at that moment Alice stood up, confused of what happened and surprisingly still was holding her Stuffed Bear. Almost like her morning voice Alice says



Alex Walker, Grade 6, David Thompson Elementary

“What happened Bruce and is Mom okay?” Then at that moment a bolt goes through me. Mom! I think. I go to her and tap my finger on her pulse near her neck. “No pulse, it had no pulse!” I thought in my head. Then I quickly put my chest on her  
“Nothing there’s nothing,” I admitted to my little sister. I look up at her and I can see her small tears turn into big tears. I look up seeing all the crippled buildings and markets, there’s also unconscious people on the ground. I say in a sad voice “We should get out of here,” “Okay,” she says but in a disappointed voice. My teacher taught us our north, and west and also the countries around us and which north and west they are and the best option was Poland. We headed in that direction and every boom we heard always made us jump and look around in fear. Also the more we walked the more we saw people ahead and then we were on a bridge, then suddenly.

### The Bombing Of Ukraine:Chapter 3

The motor of a plane was heard in the sky and immediately everyone around me and also me and my sister turned around. To see two planes and we knew what was going to happen, so did everyone else. A man ahead saw the planes and yelled “Run!” and at that moment I felt an urge of realization that the man who said run reminded me of my Mom telling us to run. After the man yelled to run, just like our Mom said,we ran. Running as fast we could before the bomb hit the bridge then at that moment, boom! The force of the bomb made us get knocked down to feel the hard ground. Surprisingly we were both able to get back up and when we were about to run Alice said

Alex Walker, Grade 6, David Thompson Elementary

"Oh no! Mr Teddy fell back!" That teddy bear was important to Alice not because she loved it so much but because Mom gave it to her. So without a thought I ran and got the Teddy Bear. The cracks started to come closer so I ran grabbing Alice while still holding Mr Teddy. When we finally got to the edge we looked back to the bridge crippling and breaking. When Alice looked behind us she tugged on me saying "Bruce look behind us!" Looking back, it was the most beautiful thing we have seen so far. There was a very majestic lake. It was a big lake and I noticed it would probably take longer to go around but luckily right at the tip of the shore was a boat, a bit rusty but looks like it could work. To my left Alice said "Bruce look a boat maybe we could try if it works," I said back to her,

"It's not that easy we need keys to make it work but unfortunately it looks like there is none, but I do have a solution," when I was younger, like three years old, my dad was a electrician and taught me how to make a car start with the wires but it was a year before my parents went their ways. So we went down and connected the wires. I remembered which went to each other then, vroom! It started and being the big brother I am, I went to the steering wheel and started to drive. We went slow but the more and more we drove the more I got used to it. Then right there was the border. I yelled to my sister "Alice there's the border!" Then right at that moment, like always, something bad happens when something good happens. The same plane which bombed the bridge flew over . Pew pew pew! The air came out to me and a bullet came right through me. Stepping back trying to realize what happened I fell into the water. I plunged. My sister yelled

Alex Walker, Grade 6, David Thompson Elementary

"Bruce!" I felt cold, then warm. I want to move but I can't. I feel sore and tired. I just can't move.

The Bombing of Ukraine: Chapter 4: 10 Years later

I'm Alice Luzan. I just turned seven-teen. You might think I would be happy but today I'm at the graveyard staring at my brother's grave, Bruce Luzan. He was a hero to me. I placed down the bouquet of lilies. You might ask how I escaped. Well after he fell off. I jumped in the water and ten minutes later, I was saved by a group of strangers. Now At the grave of my brother. R.I.P Bruce Luzan.