

Chase Brown
Grade 7
Dufferin Elementary
The Abandoned School

On July 13th, 2023, it was a normal day like any other. Kids woke up, got on the bus and went to the local school, South Turtle High. One group of teenagers often got together and enjoyed exploring the city. One day after school, the group met up and decided to explore an abandoned school they had discovered a few weeks before.

“Sorry I’m late guys,” said Charlie.

“You’re always late, Charlie. It is not anything new,” said Caroline while shaking her head disappointedly.

“Well, I had detention, Caroline. I can’t be here twenty minutes before everyone else,” said Charlie in an angry tone.

“Guys, stop fighting so we can explore. I am not here to talk all day, right Sarah,” Sori said impatiently.

“I say let’s just eat a snack and stay here for once instead of exploring. I am hungry, and actually kind of scared of the school,” said Sarah.

“Sarah, you’re such a scaredy cat. Be more like me,” exclaimed Sori.

“Fiona, Patrick, and I agree with Sori. Let’s go explore the school,” said Richard in a teasing way. So, all of them headed to the abandoned school they discovered just a few weeks before.

“This time we should go inside,” said Patrick in a deep Scottish voice.

“Let’s vote. I say yes,” said Fiona in a higher pitched voice than the others.

Everyone except Sarah agreed to go inside. Instead Sarah said, “Absolutely not!” Despite her reluctance, she followed the others to the front door of the dilapidated school.

When they opened the mostly broken door, it creaked and almost fell off.

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“Ahh!” screamed Sarah.

“It was just the door. Chill,” said Patrick, calmly. From their view at the front door, it looked like a normal school, but it was filthy with dust and there was broken furniture everywhere. Sori was the first one to step inside.

“It looks like a long broken hallway,” said Sori who was very interested. When the group entered the building, the hallway was dark and only some lights flickered weakly.

“It is dark in here,” said Charlie.

“Well, no duh, Captain Obvious,” said Caroline sarcastically.

“I swear, I just saw a strange purple critter run by,” whispered Richard.

“Cool, although it was probably a rat,” said Fiona.

Suddenly, Sarah yelled, “Rat! You guys know I am scared of them!”

“Chill, Sarah. Nothing will hurt us. This place has been abandoned since I was like, four, and I am sixteen now,” said Patrick. Gradually, they all separated into different rooms, and after a short while, they met up in the old cafeteria.

Ding!

“Guys, why did the lights just shut off?” screamed Sarah.

“Who is touching me?” asked Richard. All of a sudden, the lights turned back on.

“Guys, I found the lights and turned them on,” screamed Sori!

“Oh my lord, what happened to Richard!” yelled Charlie, panicky. Richard was laying on the floor lifelessly.

“I think there is a murderer here,” suggested Caroline.

“Uh oh, that’s not good,” Charlie responded.

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“Murderer! That is so scary!” screamed Sarah, who was about to pass out. Fiona started to whimper.

“He was like my best friend, and now he is gone,” sobbed Fiona.

“I think we should split up into pairs for safety and try to escape. Also, if one of us dies, we can assume it is their partner,” said Caroline suspiciously.

“The partners will be: Sori and Charlie, Caroline and I , and then Fiona and Patrick,” said Sarah. Each group chose a different hallway that possibly led to an exit door.

“Why are the lights flickering here?” asked Patrick to Fiona curiously.

Fiona, still sad about Richard, answered: “It was abandoned for a long time, so it’s probably barely working now, or possibly the batteries are dying.”

Meanwhile, in Charlie’s and Sori’s hallway...

‘Flick, flick.’

“Yo, why did the lights just turn off? It’s kinda creepy, right Sori?” asked Charlie, who was scared and confused.

‘Flick, flick.’

When the lights returned, Charlie was shocked to see Sori dead on the floor. Just then, Fiona and Patrick came around the corner from a different hallway. “Charlie, why is Sori dead?” asked Fiona.

“Guys, you know it’s not me. I would never do anything like this,” said Charlie, beginning to panic.

“Fiona! Run!” screamed Patrick. Fiona and Patrick ran as fast as they could. Charlie tried to explain that it wasn’t him, and ran after them.

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‘Flick, flick.’

The lights went out and Charlie screamed, “Not again!”

A few seconds later, the lights turned back on and Charlie was laying onto a broken couch completely still with glazed eyes. Sarah screamed and ran away.

“I will go after her to make sure she is safe,” said Fiona who was about to tear up, and she ran off to find Sarah.

“Let’s follow her and hide in one of the lockers,” suggested Caroline, suspiciously. They quickly found lockers and hid themselves inside just as Fiona and Sarah were coming back.

“Hehe, you shall die just like the others,” said Fiona who suddenly grabbed a small towel from her pocket.

Sarah cried miserably, “I knew we shouldn’t have come here!” Fiona laughed again and proceeded to choke Sarah to death while blocking some of the sound with the towel against Sarah’s mouth.

Caroline opened the locker door saying, “We caught you!”

“Oh ya, and what are you going to do about it?” asked Fiona, confidently.

Patrick opened the door of his locker and asked, “Why did you do it?”

Fiona screamed, “Because I was always the outcast of the group! Everyone sees me as a freak! You all brought this on yourselves!”

And she leapt to her feet, chased both of them down and choked them until they died. On that dreadful day, Fiona disappeared, but it is said that she still stalks the hallways of that abandoned school. It is said that people who venture near can sometimes hear the terrified screams of the murdered victims. Nobody has been to that school since.

Invasion of the Pigs

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A long, long, long, long, long, time ago. There was a planet with pigs. What you thought pigs came from Earth? Pigs are aliens, intelligent aliens. They came from the planet Porcinia, population 8 billion pigs. These pigs are so intelligent in fact they can make a spaceship in under two minutes. These pigs wanted to enhance their intelligence by learning about aliens, so they went from planet to planet encountering new species along the way, until the Great Pig Tragedy occurred. They visited this planet called "Earth" where they met these "humans" who started killing all the pigs. One by one Galactic Pig Soldiers fell to these humans. The pigs fled. The security drones caught images of the humans eating the pigs. Heating them up in these strange machines and then eating them.

The surviving pigs returned to Planet Porcinia, the trip to Earth was a massacre. Their population was down to 1,000,000 and it stayed like that for 135 years.

Exactly 135 years later, 10 days till the pig holiday Hamster (the day Hamsus came back from the dead) pigs all over Porcinia were excited. Over at the P.P.A . (Porcine Protection Agency) the general of all the pigs (conveniently named General) was staring out the window when his assistant (conveniently named Assistant) came into the room. "Sorry I was late, General. I was busy watching the movie Pigman Pink Knight Rises," Assistant explained.

"I don't care about your fantasy films," General stated. "We need to finally get rid of the humans and take back the pig race."

"Everyone is living a good life," Assistant stated, "Can you just g..."

Invasion of the Pigs

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"Don't you dare finish that sentence!" General claimed. "We've been at war with these humans ever since they enslaved the pig race!"

"Look, there is nothing we can do" Assistant explained. "Humans are too strong to kill."

"Then we have to make someone else do it," General said. "Quickly set up the P.P.A. Level 3 Galactic Space Cruiser."

"Yes sir," the assistant responded. General and Assistant called several galactic pigs soldiers and went on the P.P.A. Level 3 Galactic Space Cruiser to Pen-Forward, the most famous bar in the galaxy. Surely they can find someone to help them destroy the humans. They went into the bar to look for a bounty hunter where they found Sly, the most famous raccoon Bounty Hunter in the galaxy.

"Hey," General said.

"What do you want?" Sly responded.

"I am General General. The 42nd General of the Galactic Pig Army!" General monologues.

"I asked again," Sly responded, "What do you want?"

"The P.P.A. would like to hire your services. We need you to compromise the planet Earth in Sector 01," General said.

Sly started to laugh, "You serious? Do you know how much money it would take..."

"The P.P.A. is willing to pay you 500 million Triangles," General said.

"Oh my Gosh," Sly said, "deal!"

Invasion of the Pigs

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"Good," the general said. "We want you to kill these creatures called humans."

Suddenly, Sly started to scream.

"Not those creatures! Anything but those creatures!" Sly busted out of the bar screaming.

"Well that was a total waste of time," General said. "We should probably get out of here before Assistant gets too hyper."

Meanwhile, on the P.P.A. Level 3 Galactic Space Cruiser, trying to recruit a bounty hunter did not work so the General decided to just look out the window. Just looking into the deep void of space. Seeing all of his failures. And then The general's assistant barged into the room. "Sorry boss I was busy watching Harry Potter And the Philosopher's Mud," Assistant explained.

"I still do not care about your fantasy films," General angrily said.

"Are you still mad about what happened in Pen-Forward?" Assistant said.

"Of course I am, why wouldn't I be!" General angrily said. "Quickly send Scientist in here this INSTANT!"

"Right away." Assistant said. So, Assistant went down to the laboratories on the P.P.A. Level 3 Galactic Space Cruiser and found the head scientist (conveniently named Scientist). A couple of minutes later Scientist met up with General.

"You wanted to see me, Boss?". Scientist said.

"I need you to make a gas that will kill ONLY humans". General explained. "Can you do that?"

"Of course, after all I'm the main scientist of Porcinia." Scientist said.

Invasion of the Pigs

"Good," General said.

"It should be ready in 15 minutes," said Scientist.

Precisely 15 minutes later Scientist came back with the human-destroying gas.

"Here you go," said Scientist.

"Good, now load it into the cannon," said General.

They loaded the human-destroying gas into the cannons and shot it at Earth.

"YES!" General happily said. "The pigs are finally f...."

"Boss," Assistant said.

"Yes," General said.

"There was nothing in the cannon."

"What..."

"There was nothing in..."

"WHAT!" General said in a fit of rage.

"This is interesting," Scientist said. "It seems like the carbon monoxide around the planet disintegrated the gas."

"Are you kidding me?" General said. "Are you telling me we did all of that for nothing?"

"Not quite," Scientist interrupted. "Using the data from the first gas and my amazing intellect I made a new gas that I'm 99 percent sure will succeed, I call it Covid-19".

"Well put it in the Canon and shoot it at that stupid PLANET." General said.

David Burke
Aberdeen Elementary
Grade 7

Invasion of the Pigs

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So they put it in the cannon and shot it at Earth. And it worked! Humans have to stay inside and they can't kill any pigs. The P.P.A. took all the pigs to Porcinia and General became a hero. And all the pigs lived happily ever after on Porcinia.

I was working on a painting in my small apartment, when I heard the doorbell. My eyebrows pull into a knot as I put my paintbrush down and slowly creep to the door. Normally, no one ever visits me. I wonder who it could be? I checked the peephole and I noticed that no one was there. I creaked open the door, and looked side to side. From the corner of my eye I caught a single glimpse of something yellow. Hi, my name is Sophia and I live as a poor artist in the city of New York. I stared at the thing in front of me. A pencil? Why is there a random pencil at my door? I gingerly pick the pencil up, scared something is gonna pop out. I took it inside and put it aside. I don't know, maybe I can use it later. I get back to my painting, not knowing how much the pencil will change my life. I went to bed later than usual because I was spending time finishing my painting. I really need to finish the painting or else I will not be able to pay my rent. I have to try and sell the painting. I layed in bed for a bit longer, thinking about my life and how stressful it can be. I finally stood up from my bed, feeling like I layed in bed for hours but it was probably 10 minutes. I sauntered away from my bed and I saw the pencil on my walnut coloured desk. I picked up the pencil and decided to draw something while I ate breakfast. I whipped up some coffee and scrambled eggs for breakfast. I got my sketchbook and took the pencil with me to the couch. I sat down on my velvet emerald green couch and put my coffee cup and plate of scrambled eggs on my oak wood coffee table. I started sketching a picture of a spider while I sipped on my coffee and ate some of the scrambled eggs. I was done drawing the spider but I started shading the body, head, and the shadow of the spider. I was finally done and I stood up to go to the kitchen to make myself another cup of coffee. I strolled back to the couch with the coffee cup in my hand. I stopped abruptly, spilling some of the coffee that was in my mug. I watched as a huge spider crawled around the leg of my couch. My mouth and eyes wide open, I

looked at the piece of paper that I drew the spider on, and the paper looked brand new, like nothing was ever drawn on it. Thoughts finally started flooding in my mind and I realized that the spider I drew came to life! I stood there in a haze, still thinking about how that was possible. I finally put a stop to my thoughts and put all the attention to the huge spider in front of me that was trying to crawl underneath my couch. I noticed there was a red bucket that was beside my canvas stand and grabbed the bucket. I also took a piece of paper and with the bucket in my hand, I crept over to the humongous spider. I suddenly ran over to the spider and hurriedly placed the bucket on top of it, trapping it inside. I slid the paper underneath the bucket and walked to my balcony. I leisurely place the bucket down with the paper still attached to the bottom. The bucket mysteriously felt lighter but I ignored that and hoped the spider would perish by the time I checked it again. I closed the sliding door to my balcony and sat on my couch. My gaze went to the paper I had previously drawn the spider on and my mind dinged with an idea. I picked up the same pencil that was on my doorstep and started drawing a hundred dollar bill on the paper. As I expected, the drawing I had drawn of the hundred dollar bill had come to life the second I put the pencil down. In the past couple of minutes I had drawn a couple of hundred dollar bills. I had decided I would go to the mall and get new art supplies for myself. I put the stack of bills in my purse and grabbed my car keys as I walked out of my apartment. While I was on the way, I glanced down at the fuel tank and I saw I was almost out of gas. I pulled into a gas station by the road and got out to fill up my fuel tank. I reached my hand into my purse to get the money I had drawn but all I felt was a powder texture? I pulled my hand out of my purse and pulled out a handful of this gray ash. I frantically searched my purse for some kind of money but all I could set my eyes on was the same gray ash. I frantically got back into my car and speedily drove back home. I hurriedly got the keys to my apartment out of my purse and opened the door

to my apartment. I put my purse down and strolled over to my balcony. My hands were shaking as I lifted the bucket where I had trapped the spider into. All I could see was ash under the bucket, nothing else. I walked back inside, my mind still in a fuzzy state. I thought about everything that happened till now and how useless this pencil is. My mind still in a haze, I grabbed the pencil and I just chucked it out my window onto the busy road at the bottom. I watch as a car runs the pencil over and the pencil is completely destroyed. I decided not to just throw it away in my trash can because I don't want the negative energy surrounding the pencil. For the last couple of hours of the day I just work on finishing my painting and trying to just forget about the hectic day I just had. I get a glimpse at my clock and realize that it's way past the time I was supposed to go to bed. I finish up the last couple of touches to my painting and make my way over to my bedroom. I get under the covers and snuggle into the blanket, and before I know it I'm in a deep sleep. I flutter my eyes open as the rays of sunlight peek into my room by the window. I take a few minutes to mentally wake up and as soon as I'm done I get out of bed and stumble towards the kitchen. I walk into the living room groggily and set my eyes on my coffee table. My eyes widen as my eyes focus on the one particular item I was not expecting to see. I walk forward to the item and pick it up making sure it's actually real and my mind is not playing tricks with me. I know for a fact that I did not place a pencil on my coffee table because I have a specific place for my supplies. I grabbed a piece of paper and drew an apple on it to test if this was the actual pencil or not. The apple grew out of the paper as soon as I put the pencil down. My eyes widened with surprise as I stared at the shiny, red apple in front of me. I stuffed my face in my hands, sighing as I stared in disbelief at the pencil. For about 20 minutes I thought about how I could get rid of the useless pencil. My mind dinged with a theory. I thought about where and how I got the magical pencil. It was obviously placed at the foot of my front

door and anybody could have placed it there. I think maybe, just maybe I can only get rid of the pencil by placing it at another person's door. I thought about it and made the decision that it wouldn't hurt to try. I grab the pencil and walk out the door, on a mission to find a house to pass the curse onto. I walk on the streets of New York city desperately trying to find a house. I pass by some town houses and pick a completely random one to give the pencil too. I go up to the front door and place the pencil on the doormat, just as how it was placed at my front door. I ring the bell and swiftly walk the direction back home. I have a victory smile on my face as I stroll back to my apartment. I finally got rid of the cursed, magical pencil.

Autumn Cunningham
Grade 7
Kamloops School of the Arts
Lost.

Lost.

Once there was a girl who could not speak. She was trapped, wandering aimlessly, waiting for someone to save her.

She

Was

Lost.

She danced along the echoing halls, singing a haunting lullaby on repeat:

Running through the forest

Dashing through it's trees

Come across a well

Fall in with the breeze

Falling, Falling, Falling

Till you meet your end

You will find peace within

Sleeping in your head

She

Was

Lost.

Autumn Cunningham
Grade 7
Kamloops School of the Arts
Lost.

Her dress, the colour of a fresh red rose, flowed beautifully around her as she twirled. Her hair was as long as it was free, moving as she moved, dark and full of life.

She

Was

Lost.

Her skin was fair, her eyes an ocean blue. Her thoughts were non-existent.

She

Was

Lost.

To her, she will always be dancing and singing, but to the world outside, she just sat there, staring lifelessly at nothing. She was gone, lost in the depths of her mind.

She

Was

No

Longer.

Our story starts at a normal house, in a normal neighborhood, at a normal town. 10-year-old Aven just got back from her ballet class at Madame Dupont's Ballet School for Young Girls. Aven hated ballet with absolute passion, she wondered why anyone would want to spend 3 hours in a stuffy ballet class with at least 17 other girls dancing and prancing across the room to a ridiculously boring song. The reason why she took ballet classes, however, was because her mother made her. Her mother had always wanted to learn ballet but never had the chance and as she grew older, she made a promise to herself to enroll her future daughter in a prestigious ballet school. Aven, however, would rather brush her teeth with a toothbrush she used to clean all the dirty toilets in her house than do ballet lessons.

She was fuming because Madame Dupont had told her that an antelope had better dancing legs than her. To tell you the truth, that statement is actually true. Aven had 2 left feet! She decided to go take a break and savor the fragrance coming from her mother's jasmine flowers. It was her favorite thing to do whenever she got upset. She strode past her dad sleeping on the couch and past her sister burning the cookies they were supposed to have for tea, into the backyard and lay amongst the jasmine flowers. What a beautiful scent they had!

She lay there for about a half hour until she decided she was fully relaxed and got up to go inside. As she got up, she noticed something shimmering in the distance between her mother's gardenias. She moved forward to inspect the glowing object and suspected it was one of her mother or sister's jewelry. As she shielded her eyes from

the light it was giving off, she noticed it was not anyone's jewelry. It was, in fact, a little pot of gold with a little note that had teeny-weeny writing on it.

She squinted at the note and began to decipher what it said, reading it aloud.

"This pot of gold is property of the leprechaun Torrez Hermit who resides at the end of the rainbow but is on a mission in the Bermuda Triangle, North Atlantic Ocean. Please return to him for a special reward. CAUTION: Do not open!" She sighed and contemplated whether to open or not. After a few minutes, her curiosity got the better of her and she decided to open the little pot of gold. As she opened the pot, the glimmering grew brighter and brighter, so bright that poor little Aven had to shield her eyes again. A little elf popped out of the pot and Aven dropped the cover of the pot and shrieked in terror!

"Shhhhhh!" a voice said.

Aven looked down to see the tiniest elf she'd ever seen in her life.

"Who are you and what do you want?" she asked impatiently.

"I am Lolly the elf and I am here to help you return this little pot of gold to my cousin who is currently in the Bermuda Triangle and if we want to make it there before midnight, I suggest we get going," he replied.

"Wait, what do you mean?" Aven asked, perplexed.

"My cousin Torrez Hermit the leprechaun lost his pot of gold. We have to get it back to him before St. Patrick's Day or else...." Lolly said.

"Or else what?"

"If you don't get it to him before midnight, you're going to have bad luck for 7 years. It's a long time and like I said, if we want to make it there in time, we have to get going!" he said, pulling on Aven's arm.

"Wait, shouldn't I tell my mom or something?"

"No, no one else can know about this except us. NOW LET'S GO!!!"

And with a snap of Lolly's fingers, they were off. They whirled through a magical vortex filled with swirling multi colors of pink and purple. They were blinded by the brightness of it all, and as quickly as they were off, they arrived at the Bermuda Triangle in the middle of the North Atlantic Ocean. Aven felt a sudden wave of salty air and cold blows of wind gusts. It was freezing. They peered into the darkness and saw nothing, no one. At least they weren't soaking wet and trying to stay afloat. They had a little boat to share together. After what seemed like hours to Aven, they finally got a glimpse of a little boat not so far off in the ocean.

As the boat neared closer, Lolly swiftly carried the pot of gold and waited for the boat to get close enough. When it did, Aven got a glimpse of what seemed like a little dwarf in a green suit wearing a hat with a three-leafed-clover embroidered on it.

"Oh, I see you've brought my pot of gold." a little voice said.

"Yes cousin, we've gotten it for you," Lolly replied, glancing at his watch. " just 4 minutes before midnight and in time for Patty's Day too."

"So does this mean I won't have bad luck for 7 years?" Aven added.

"No, of course not a child. That's just a myth. May I ask, where did you get such a fabrication?" Torrez asked.

Aven stole a sneaky glance at Lolly and he noticed and started to give her a good shake.

"AVEN! AVEN! Wake up!! It's time for tea!" Aven's older sister, Mary said.

"What? Have I been asleep?" Aven asked sleepily.

"Yeah, for a while."

"Really? I had the craziest dream ever!"

"I'd like to hear about that right after I tell you how I burnt the cookies we were supposed to have for tea. Mom had to make a whole new batch. Come on, let's go!" Mary said, grabbing Aven's arm as she began to tell her the crazy story. Aven, however, was still curious as to how the whole pot of gold story was a dream. That night, she lay in bed staring at the big moon outside and she heard a little voice wishing her a happy St. Patrick's Day. She swore that voice sounded just like Lolly's.

THE END

Madison Erker

Grade 7

Dallas Elementary

Thoughts.

I wander, I watch. Watch as the birds sing and fly. It makes me wonder - wonder what those birds feel and think. Their life... is it calming? Terrifying? Is it Survival? Fate? I continue watching and waiting - waiting for answers. All I do is observe and think. Bobbing in and out of reality. Strangers pass quickly, not laying an eye on me; nor the birds. I leave, continuing my walk. Heading back to the place I call home. Still wondering, still thinking as I sit on my chair listening to the clock tick. Tick... Tock... Tick... Tock... My mind clears, allowing me to fall into my thoughts. I place my pencil to paper and gaze at the lit candles placed on my coffee table, then returning to my page. I write as I think, accepting almost any word that comes to mind. My thoughts go on and on, bursting with ideas! I write until the lead goes dull, until my thoughts stop... I lift my pencil and stare. I Finally realize I'm done. I realize my stream of words and ideas has ended. My lake of thoughts... drained. I smile, proud of my work before placing it aside until next time.

Deja vu. It's what I feel looking at my surroundings. The water is glistening while the sun beamed on to it. The birds are chirping loudly, almost too loudly. As I lay on this forest green leaf I feel nostalgic. Thinking about my brother who used to lay beside me and where we would race, everything is now different. I lay there as I listened to the loudness of birds chirping, and the water rushing. The water is as clear as glass. You could see the salmon swimming with their friends and their family. I feel insanely jealous of them because they still had the family that meant the most to them. I reminisced on the past when that was me, I miss when I was my happier self. I was kinder, brighter, and less cold to everyone around me. Thoughts are rushing around in my head, but the one that stands out the most is the memory of my brother and how it's my fault he is gone. I feel this sickening feeling just thinking about it. I know deep down inside of me he would want me to continue my life, but it's too lonely without him. He made my life brighter and made me happier. The sky is slowly darkening and I can hear the birds that were chirping stop as they all go back to their nests. I feel the need to go back to my home, but I lay there as still as stone alone with my thoughts, now knowing that if I went home I would be berated with questions about how I was. The answer being the same as always, that I'm fine, and the scariest one that I refuse to answer, what happened to make me so sad all the time?

Everyone always said me and my brother were identical, but ask anyone and they'll say that about two bees. We might have looked the same, even though I never thought so, but we were definitely not the same person. He treated everyone with kindness and respect, which I always admired about him because I did not have that same gift. I still see him everywhere and not in the sense of actually seeing him, but the smallest things remind me of him. He would

always notice the smallest things about everyone's personality and it's something I try to do, but I will never be as observant as he was. He could cheer anyone up. His jokes were so bad that's why everyone found them funny. It was something that annoyed me, but it's what I miss the most. Sometimes I let myself pretend he's still here like when I try making a choice between two things because he would always help me decide. He always made sure to help the youngest and the eldest just in case no one else did. Everyone relied on him for many other things because he was always willing to help even though I'm older. Thinking about it now, I was always upset that everyone had so much trust in him more than me, but now everyone thinks I'm going to become the person he was but I can't. He was irreplaceable. There will only ever be one of him. I miss him more than anything ever and all I wish is to have my brother back. I have seen others go through this, but I never understood the pain and guilt of it until you're in their shoes. He always knew how to talk to people and what tone to use and what advice to give them. I miss having someone to talk to who always knew what to say after. I'm sure everyone thinks I've gone insane and maybe I have, they have every reason to believe that I have, like when I have conversations with myself trying to think about what he would say back, or when I lay on a leaf for two days without moving. I think to myself that I probably should get up, but I just want to lay looking at the stars for just a few minutes.

I open my eyes seeing the bright sun stare back at me. My few more minutes turned into many hours of sleeping. I know that I can't stay here any longer knowing that if I stay longer, I probably have gone insane. I try to build up the courage to go back, but it's nothing I can prepare knowing everyone will have questions. I finally decide that I just have to get it over with. When I

get home I'm asked the usual question, are you ok, how are you feeling, and my most dreaded one what happened? I try passing by, pretending I didn't hear anything, but I get this sense that my brother would want me to tell them. I think it has been long enough to finally talk about it. I start pacing back and forth thinking about the chance that they'll look at me differently and how they'll react. I finally feel brave enough to tell them this heart wrenching story. All animals big and small that have been waiting to hear the truth get a chance today. I feel this dredging feeling thinking about what I got myself into. I try to prepare them before this upsetting story. Everyone is anticipating for me to begin talking but no words come out. I take a few deep breaths like my brother always told me to, slowly building the courage to begin. I finally feel ready to begin the story everyones been waiting to hear.

Emma Garossino, Grade 7, David Thompson Elementary.

Soul Linked- Chapter one

I woke up tied to something under a bag by my hand, why was I here? The rope wasn't a solid blue, but a shimmering ghostly teal. It looked as though it could have been forged, not spun and twisted. What was under the bag? It was breathing.

Chang Da xia was a beautiful girl, rebellious, yet beautiful. She was like the wind, bold, and playful all at once. But like the wind she passed by the mortal plane, free, unchained, and happy. Her family was one that kept traditions alive. One of these traditions was to keep the family lineage continuing, but as the last remaining child of her parents, she had no children. Thankfully in her last few months remaining, she had written a will in case of emergency. In which this will is a statement, that if she has any underage children after her death, their legal guardians shall be her parents.

A son of another family, the eldest son in fact, died with a similar scenario.

I rose as quietly as I could, but the thing still shifted, it was a man, similarly tied by his wrist to the glowing rope. Where am I? As I turned I saw it, a bustling city, it was breathtaking beyond description. The farther it sprawled the better it looked. At the top of the hills of the city was a glistening palace. Closer, by my feet, in fact was a basket of food and goods. They looked like what was commonly given to the dead at funerals. I gasped realizing I had died, and this man had been spirit married to me.

"Who are you?" he asked, making me jump,

"Chang Da xia, you?" I replied quietly. He hadn't realized the situation yet,

Emma Garossino, Grade 7, David Thompson Elementary.

Soul Linked- Chapter one

“ Yi Zhiyuan, and if you may excuse me, where are we?” He looked fearful.

“ Well Yi, I do think we’re dead, welcome to the spirit world.” I said moving out of his way to show him the city. It was truly beautiful, and diverse. People of many cultures walked the paths, and the streets were lined with lights, but the farther you looked the more modern the place became.

“What.” he gasped out between panicked breaths, “ How?”

“ No idea, but at least it’s pretty.” I laughed. It seemed our views on this place were very different. Then he saw the basket, it had our pictures on top, and he realized.

Spirit marriage wasn't something he was very familiar with, so I explained the differences between our families and the ceremony,

“ So since you were the eldest child it would be dishonorable for your younger brother to marry before you, and it could make it so my parents could continue my family by adopting a child in my name.”

“ Why are we stuck together here though?” he asked.

“Not too sure.” I replied, “It’s not like we have a manual for this place.”

We had been walking for a while along the path. It seemed to go on quite a bit before reaching the city. We had also tried to untie the rope, but that didn’t work. A few people had politely said hello, looked in surprise at the rope, then continued to walk away.

Finally we reached the glowing city.

Emma Garossino, Grade 7, David Thompson Elementary.

Soul Linked- Chapter one

A man stood at a stall blocking our path,

“ Hello, welcome to the afterlife! I’m here to debrief you on the rules of this place. Here it is much like the mortal plane, we need to eat and drink, but not sleep.

Hopefully your family donated to you, otherwise you will need to work for the currency here, Aerith. I see you two are soul linked, so for now you will not be able to access higher levels of the city, so around four and above. Welcome!” he recited quickly.

“ What do you mean soul linked? Why can’t we reach past “level four” of this place?” Yi questioned,

“ This city is built on loyalty to the emperor, soul linked couples are known to be a bit more rebellious than other free spirits. You are soul linked because your alive family performed a ceremony, until that rope breaks, you will be linked.” he smiled, “now please move along.” we stepped away, realizing that us waiting had caused a line to form behind us. So we walked, looking for somewhere to go. We needed a job, food was important of course, and a space to live. There was a small shop hiring, so we signed up for that, and kept walking. Until we reached the till to level five, where the shop was. Of course.

Most jobs down below level five were taken, it was a place where there wasn’t enough room for everything, but yet the happy people here stuffed it in anyways.

Emma Garossino, Grade 7, David Thompson Elementary.

Soul Linked- Chapter one

The streets were cluttered and bright, but without a job or a house it would be hard to survive here.

Me and Yi walked towards the walls slowly, each district had a wall, letting in the higher ranked towards the top. A man whispered from a corner near the gate, " I haven't seen a linked couple in ages! Why are you here, up all the way at the gate?" he was dressed in colorful rags, beads were tied into his hair, and his smile seemed eerie. He reminded me of a rat in the way he walked, hunched over, moving as though he had a tail to balance him.

" So sorry sir, we were just looking for an address, please don't say anything. Wait what happens if we pass by, are there authorities?" Yi questioned. I rolled my eyes, then the man spoke again,

" Well, yes there are police, and you would be jailed, but why would I say anything? I'm supposed to be on level two. My name is Cecil. " he laughed. " Would you both like to join me up there? I have a few words to say to the gate operator at level seven."

Logan Gauley Gr.7

The Farmer - a Detective Gains' Mystery

November 6, 1983.

It was a dark and stormy night, well, actually it's quite nice outside. But here I am, inside, at my desk, trying to solve a mystery. They call me Detective Gains, I'm not writing down my real name because Detective Gains sounds better. Every once in a while you're gonna be seeing pictures I drew and took. I'm not the best at describing stuff, so I'm going to be having a lot of pictures.

You're probably wondering what this mystery is. It's 1983 and this town is called Grown Gables. Besides the name it's not a very big town. Grown Gables is right next to a very thick forest with a very big hill. Next to the hill is a giant ravine that if you looked down and you wouldn't be able to see the bottom. The town had blocked off the ravine so no one could fall in. But since the town had blocked it off they were experiencing strange things. Every night farmers would hear stepping outside of their house and when they woke up, one of their animals or some of their crops would be missing. Doesn't sound important you say? The crops and animals are just being purchased you say? Nope! For a whole two weeks it's been like this; one day all of the animals in crops are happy in the farm. The next day? Bam! 10% of crops and animals gone! The town's farmers are yelling at me to get this done. It's not that simple you know! I can't just figure it out in a snap! I am not Sherlock Holmes!! I'm gonna take a break and go outside. So you can know what's happening, I'm going to take a recording device.

(Recording starts)

ME: Hey, Luigi Greens! Do you know anything of what's happening?

LUIGI: What's happening? Can I help in any way?

ME: Yes, actually! Have you seen anything strange in any form?

LUIGI: Well, I did get this picture from last night after I helped out that farmer, McDonald. Come here and take a look.

ME: All right.

(Walking on gravel path noises)

ME: Oh. Well, that is certainly disturbing. Are you sure that's not a scarecrow? Or someone wearing a costume and playing a prank? Looks like on the back someone wrote farmer with some red pain-

LUIGI: I don't think that's red paint.

(Disturbed silence noise)

ME: Uuummmm... that's frightening...I'll just... take this picture to my evidence board.

(Recording stops)

Luigi is a very nice fellow. he's about five foot six, with kind of a half circle moustache and blue eyes. He's very willing to help, but for this, I have no idea if this is helpful or just a prank.

This is literally the most disturbing picture I've ever seen I mean look at it I'll just show you this drawing I made of it on the evidence board. Why??? I really hope this is just a scarecrow. Really crossing my fingers that that is red paint. You'll hear from me in the morning because I really need a break now!

November 7, 1983.

Luigi Greens has gone missing. That either has nothing, or everything to do with the picture he just gave me. Gonna guess on the second one. I could ask the neighbourhood watch, Ms. Ann, she is a friend, but she's crazy. So, she's precisely the person I should ask. Anything to keep my Detective Gains name!



(Recording 2 starts)

ME: Hello, Ms. Ann.

MS. ANN: Hello, Detective Gains. What do ya want?

ME: Do you know where Luigi Greens went to?

MS. ANN: I saw him near that big hill over there.

(Points to being hill)

ME: Thank you Ms. Ann!

(Very loud running noise)

MS. ANN: Bye, Gains!

(Lots of running noises and bush-whacking noises for 4 mins)

ME: Luigi Greens?!

(Birds chirping)

ME: LUIGI GREENS!?

(Insulting cricket noises)

ME: What am I doing?-LUIGI!

(Very faint voice 'help!..')

ME: LUIGI!?!?! WHERE ARE YOU?!?

(Very faint voice 'down here!..')

(Intensified running noises)

(Sudden stop before falling into insanely deep and dark ravine!)

ME: What the heck is this?! LUIGI!! ARE YOU DOWN THERE?!? What am I saying? He can't be-

(Less faint voice 'I'm down here!')

ME: HOW DID YOU GET YOURSELF DOWN THERE?!

(Faint voice 'I don't know!..')

(Detective Gains slapping his face noise)

ME: Oh, for the love of Jesus... SIT TIGHT! I'LL GET SOME HELP!

(Recording 2 stops)

How did Luigi get himself down there? That is a mystery alright. After I stopped the recording, I managed to get about 13 people to go help Luigi Greens get out of that hole. I'm going to help now too. I just didn't want to fill up all the space on my recorder.

(Recording 3 starts)

ME: Have you guys got him out yet?

BOB: No, we haven't. The ravine is too deep to see the bottom of, even with a flashlight!

ME: What? That's impossible! This ravine cannot that deep. No human would survive that long a fall!

BOB: and that's what brings me to those farmer myths that have been going around...

ME: Are you saying that Luigi was kidnapped by The Farmer and The Farmer brought him in there?

BOB: yes.

(Very annoyed detective noises)

ME: who's going down to get him?

BOB: Uuuuummm... well, everyone said you should. We made a very long rope ladder!

ME: Oh fine. But this way, I'm gonna be the hero and you're not, Bob.

(Recording 3 stops)

(Recording 4 starts)

BOB: You ready?

ME: Yes, I am. I decided I would take this small shotgun with me, in case 'The farmer' is down there, and a flashlight, because it's obviously going to be dark.

BOB: Good idea! And so, you don't have to climb all the way down, I'll just lower it down using my truck, so it'll be a bit easier.

(Detective climbing down rope ladder noises)

ME: Alright! Lower me down!

(Concerning sputtering truck noises and rope lowering noises for 1 min)

(Landing on ravine bottom noise)

ME: I'M AT THE BOTTOM!

(Faint Bob voice 'Tug the rope when you have Luigi!')

ME: OK!

(Flashlight turning on CLICK noise)



ME: What on earth? I SEE A BUILDING!

(Faint Bob voice 'What? That's impossible! This ravine was opened by an earthquake! There can't be a building down there!')

ME: WELL, THERE IS! I'M GOING TO INVESTIGATE!

(Faint helper voice 'I want to see it! It sounds awesome!')

(Echoed step noise)

ME: Hello? Who's there?

(Echo noises)

ME: Hmm... Luigi is probably in this building...

(Detective walking towards odd building noises)

(Detective walking into odd building noises)

(Detective walking up old stairs inside of odd building noises)

(Muffled Luigi Greens yelling noises)

ME: Luigi?! Where are you?

(Muffled Luigi voice 'Under the giant sheet in the middle of the room!')

(Detective lifting big sheet off of Luigi Greens noises)

ME: What? How did you tie yourself up?

LUIGI: Long story. I-

(VERY SCARY STEPPING NOISES COMING FROM DOWNSTAIRS)

LUIGI: (we need to hide.)

ME: (under that desk!)

(Detective and Luigi running to hide under desk noises)

???: 1_kn0w_7h@t_y0u_@r3_h3r3,_D3t3tiv3_G@ins. S0_c0m3_0uT!

ME(whispering): IS THAT THE FARMER?!?!

LUIGI (whispering): YES IT IS, SO SHUT UP!!!

(The Farmer stomping towards the desk noises!)

ME(whispering): FLIP I'M TAKING THIS INTO MY OWN HANDS.

(Detective pulling out small shotgun noise)

(BANNG!!!)

THE FARMER: A@@a2A@@HHhh



ME: LUIGI!! COME ON, RUN!!!

(Very loud and fast running downstairs noises)

LUIGI: FLIP THIS SHIP I'M OUT! AAAAAHHHH HAHA HAAAAA!!!

(Very echoey running to rope ladder noises)

(Detective and Luigi grabbing hard onto rope ladder noises)

LUIGI: PULL US UP NOW!!! THE FARMER IS AFTER US!!!!"

THE FARMER: G@1NS!_GR33NS!_ PR3P3R_T0_D13!

(Rope ladder rising noises!)

(THE FARMER RUNNING TOWARDS RISING ROPE LADDER NOISES!)

(Detective shooting The Farmer noise!)

THE FARMER: H3A@@AH37hh.h!!!!_Y0u_Sh@IL_r3gr3t_th@t_G@ins._I_will_3xtr@ct_mY
r3v3ng3_s0m3d@y,_@nd_n0n3_of_y0u_will_surviv3!

ME: GOOD LUCK WITH THAT, YOU CREEPY CARP!!!

LUIGI: YEAH, FARMER! YO MA-

(Recording 4 stops)

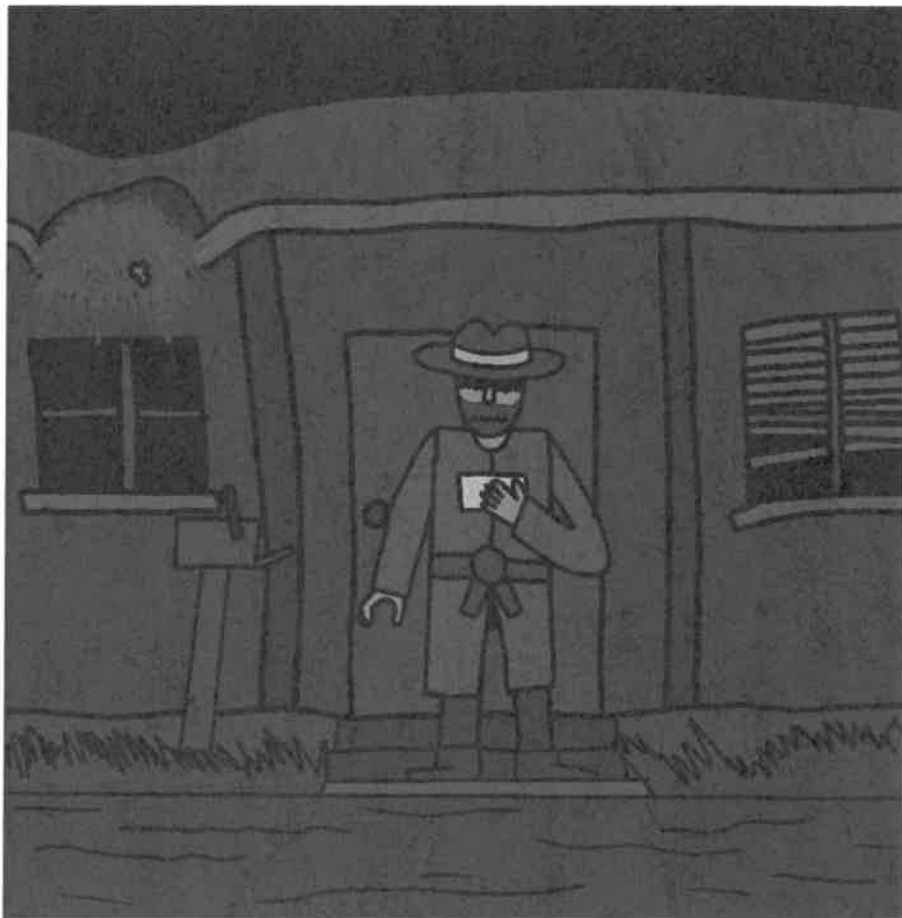
November 8, 1983.

Now THAT, was the most scary experience of my life. Luigi Greens is now back doing plumber things and helping out anybody who needs it! That's probably how Luigi got into that mess... Anyway, I'm writing this at 11:24 at night. I woke up and it was 11 and I decided I would just write out what happed. Wait, I'm hearing something outside. It's probably some raccoons. I'll Record it anyway.

(Recording 5 starts)

(Detective opening door noise)

ME: Hmm... Nobody's here.



(Cricket Noises)

ME: Oh! My mailbox flag is up!

(Detective walking towards mailbox noises)

ME: Midnight mail! Maybe that's a thing now!

(Detective opening mailbox noise)

ME: How nice! A letter. No packaging whatsoever, just a piece of paper with writing. I'll just read it aloud. EHEM. Uhh.. "Dear Detective Gains, that was a very fun time we had last night. It was a bit like chess, and you took a very brave first move. But this game isn't over. Signed,

THE FARMER".

Hmm... Little bit nerve-wracking, but, Farmer, I can take my next brave move whenever I want. Better be on the lookout. Detective Gains, signing out.

(Detective going back inside, slamming door, knowing, he just made a very. Powerful. Enemy. NOISES.)

The end? Nope!

06/03/23
Hope Hockersmith
Grade 7
Dufferin Elementary

I Can't Imagine A Life Without You

They say you can pick and choose your friends

That is farthest from the truth

I never planned on loving you as much as I do

I never planned on meeting you

You stumbled into my life, as I wandered into yours

You are always the one who reassures

We ran away and made up lies

We dressed up in suits and wore ties

And what takes the lead is feelings of joy and glee

And I can't begin to tell you how much you mean to me

So, when they say you can pick and choose your friends

We both know that is farthest from the truth because I never planned on meeting you

06/03/23
Hope Hockersmith
Grade 7
Dufferin Elementary

Why Me?

Looking in the mirror, I can't help but hate myself

Why am I so skinny?

Why do my arms look like this?

Why are my thighs so thin?

Why is my neck so long?

Why can't I just look like everyone else?

Why do I look like me?

Couldn't I just be like everyone else?

I see girls with perfect bodies, perfect families, perfect lives

I can only hope to possibly compare

Tears stream down my face

Why did it have to be me?

Out of everyone, why me?

I am clearly not special

I am just insecure

Play-By-Play

Before the game,
Nervousness and anxiety gust through me.
The heavy weight of anticipation storms into my thoughts,
And with the waves come questions of uncertainty.
What if I let down my team?
What happens if I miss all of my shots?
I know that it is normal to be nervous,
So I counter the storm and steady my mind.
I have to relax,
And even though I may be anxious now,
Even the hurricane has its purpose.

During the game,
The waves of anxiety are washed away.
The knots of worriedness are gone,
Now I am focused on the play.
The cheering of the crowd,
The squeaking shoes on the court,
Perhaps I had nothing to worry about all along.

Malia Jennings
Grade Seven
St. Ann's Academy

Play-By-Play

After the game,
My thoughts are clear.
The hurricane is gone,
And with it, the highs and the lows disappear.
I am no longer in bliss.
I am no longer afraid.
And now, though I am not spiritless,
I am still, content, and at rest.
I will play another day,
But for now I have passed the test.

Malia Jennings

Grade 7

St. Ann's Academy

Through the Eyes of the Bullied

Do the bullies understand the hurt being caused?

I hear them laughing, tormenting, and exposing my flaws.

I see them talking badly of me,

And I want to know that someday I will be free.

I am the bullied.

I pretend that the bullies do not mock.

I feel ashamed and exposed and afraid to talk.

I touch my face,

Wet from tears.

Will these feelings follow me for years?

I cry alone.

I am the bullied.

I understand that what they say is not true.

I convince myself that I am brave,

But I am scared too.

I fight to push their words away.

I only hope that soon they will change.

I am the bullied.

Andrew Johnson
Aberdeen Elementary
Grade 7

The Ball

My name is Bill. I live in a small town in Massachusetts. I go to a local high school where I hang with my gang - Beano and Mantino.

One day, I invited my friends over to play soccer. As I went for a wild kick, the ball sailed over the net, over the fence, and into our neighbour, Mrs. Evil's backyard. Oh no... Mrs. Evil is known for being a very mean old lady. Any toys that go over the fence are never seen again.

Horror struck us all as we realized what just happened. I was the first one to break the silence, "We need to get it back."

"And how do you think we can do that?" replied Beano.

"We are going to have to break into Mrs. Evil's house to get the ball," sighed Mantino.

After lunch, we went to Mrs. Evil's house. We knew that asking her wouldn't work but we decided to try it anyway. I knocked on the front door. When she answered, I said, "Our ball fell in your backyard."

"Thanks for the ball", she sneered and slammed the door in our faces.

"Well, I knew it wouldn't work," I said.

"Well duh," exhaled Beano.

"Well, I guess we're going to have to rob her," I delivered the verdict.

We didn't talk much on our way home. Once we arrived at my place, we started to plot the heist. Here's what our plan was: we were going to watch Mrs. Evil's house and, as soon as she left, we would climb over the fence into her backyard and sneak

into her house through the back door. We agreed to search her house until we found the ball.

It wasn't until dusk that she climbed into her old rusty car and drove away.

Quietly, we snuck into her backyard and tried to open the door. It was locked.

"Shoot," said Mantino.

"Shoot," whispered Beano.

"Look, she has a doggie door! It's gotta be for her dog Hippie!" I exclaimed. I crawled through it first, then Mantino. Beano gave it a good try but couldn't fit.

"Don't worry, Bean," I told him. "I'll unlock the door for you from inside."

In the darkness, as I tried to figure out the multiple locks on the door, we heard the front door lock screeching as someone was turning the key.

"Beano! Beano, run! Get out of here!" I whispered through the doggie door.

Beano ran as fast as he could towards the fence. He jumped in the bushes and disappeared.

Just as Mrs. Evil walked into the house, we ran into her living room and hid under a couch.

"Hippie! Oh my sweet, vicious Hippie! I've got some delicious food for you, nasty little pet of mine," uttered Mrs. Evil in her raspy growling voice. As soon as she walked into her kitchen to feed the dog, we crawled into a different room. It turned out to be her bedroom. It looked creepy with cat skulls and pictures of Hippie all over the walls. In the corner, we saw a large safe labeled "Kids' toys".

"How do we figure out the passcode?" asked Mantino.

"I don't know," I replied, "but maybe we should look for it in her office. Let's check downstairs."

Downstairs, there were two hallways, one leading left and the other to the right.

"Let's split up," I said. "You go left and I will go right."

"Okay," whispered Mantino sheepishly.

My hallway led to a large movie room. I explored it for less than a minute when I heard, "Quick, over here!" I turned around and ran down the other hallway. It led to a room with iron handcuffs attached to the wall.

"Why on earth would she need these?" I glanced at Mantino.

"I don't know," he said.

"Just in case some kids sneak into my house, hehehe," chuckled a voice behind us.

When I regained consciousness, I was handcuffed to the wall. I looked around and saw Mantino handcuffed beside me. As we sat there in complete darkness, for what felt like hours and hours, we finally heard something.

"Quick! Let's do this while Mrs. Evil is gone. I have the keys", proclaimed Beano victoriously.

"How did you get here?" I was grinning.

"Mrs. Evil left the front door open this time," replied Beano.

"Thank God," said Mantino.

Once the handcuffs were off, we ran upstairs to look for the office. In one of the rooms, on top of a huge wooden desk, we saw a sheet of paper. It contained a riddle

titled, "Passcode to the safe": *If we place an extra numeral 1 at the beginning, we get a number three times smaller than if we put that numeral 1 at the end of the number.*

"Hmm... I'm not sure I know the answer," I fretted.

"Wait," said Beano, "I think I've heard this one before. It's called "What is the five-digit number" and the answer is 42857".

"Awesome! Let's go get them toys".

The passcode worked! We opened the safe and carried all the toys outside. As we were leaving her yard, we saw Mrs. Evil's car driving up the street. She immediately rolled her window down and yelled, "You wretched children! Give me back my toys!"

We ran home as fast as our feet could carry us, and she chased us to up our driveway until we got inside. She started pounding on our door until Mom opened it.

"Yes Mrs. Evil?" said my mom.

"Those kids stole my toys!"

"Really? What toys?"

"Kids' toys!"

"Well, if those are kids' toys, then let the kids have them," said Mom and slammed the door in Mrs. Evil's face.

"We did it!" I exclaimed. "We got our ball back!"

"And we get to give everyone else their toys back too," said Beano.

Solmate

It was a peaceful evening in Sullenlight. The city was aglow with neon lights of all colours and hovercraft were whizzing through the air. Looking down hundreds of floors from my apartment I see rail lines for trains and monorails. Pedestrians roam walkways and trees gently sway back and forth in the nighttime breeze. Drones hum through passages and alleyways, some carrying packages and others armed security. Shops lined the busy roads with bright neon signs illuminated with flashy patterns and animations, attempting to attract nearby robots. I really should introduce myself first though, hey? My name is A7BYLG226-XR, but you can call me Luna.

Now, this may come across as terrifying to you, but I'm a robot. Not a human. An AI. And on a hopefully less terrifying note, I'm friends with a duck. Meet Sol. If you know your Roman mythology (trillion-year-old stuff, you probably don't know about it), our two names mean sun and moon. Sol is friendly, happy, and always excited to be around people. So I'm going to tell you a story about Sol that happened today. Sit somewhere cozy, don't forget the popcorn, and enjoy.

I woke up one morning at 05:00. I wheeled over to Sol's little duck dish. He had completely emptied both sides of his bowl! He must have been an industrious duck last night! I picked up his bowl, turned around and opened a cabinet. In this cabinet, I stored all of Sol's foodstuffs. There were bags of grain, dried fruits, supplements and treats piled high. I removed a bag of grain and fruits and poured it into his bowl sitting on the counter. There was a metallic noise as the grains clattered against the smooth metal bowl. Usually, this triggers Sol to turn on his internal duck hyperdrive and warp over here, but not today. I hadn't seen him yet. I closed the

bags and stuffed them back into the cabinet. I grabbed a different bag, this one a lot smaller, containing his morning treats. I removed one and sealed the bag again. The cabinet door closed itself and I brought his dish over to the sink. I filled the other side of his dish up with some cold water, the exact temperature he likes it. With both sides of the dish filled up and ready, I wheeled around the island and set his dish on the ground. Alongside it, I placed his treat, his favourite part of his morning meal. I called out goodbye to Sol and went to the elevator.

At the top floor of almost every building is a hovercraft port where hovercraft are directed and boarded. I hopped on one and took to the sky. I was, yay, heading to work. I work for aXon, a computer company. They make chips and processing components for robots. I aspire to one day find a job I'm passionate about (not this one), something like helping animals.

So I arrived at the facility, content as usual, hoping to cheer up some of my coworkers. I rolled over to my station: packaging. Here, parts roll off a belt and it's my job to quickly, and without damage, get them into packaging. I won't bore you with how monotonous and repetitive this job is. Days are long here, but I keep myself motivated with the thought that if I raise enough money, I can start my own business. I can't wait till I can do that. So I went through my day as usual.

After my workday, I got a ride home. I rolled down the boarding ramp and onto the roof. The sun had long set and you could feel the chill in the air. I looked up to the stars, as I always do, in awe. Tonight was a particularly stunning night. The cosmos seem to be such an incredible and peaceful place. I wish I could somehow live up there. I then noticed, if I look at the stars just right, they kinda look like a silhouette of Sol. My own little personal constellation. A bright, shining light shot through the sky. A shooting star, I thought. I made a wish that I could start my own career, with Sol. It was hard to pull myself away from the stars, but I was abruptly torn

away when a security guard pushed me and told me I was obstructing traffic. Sigh... There is no rest around here, even in the most beautiful times.

As I sadly moved towards the elevator, I realized today was my manufacturing date, AKA my birthday. I was happy my birthday could be such a beautiful night. I rolled into the elevator and the metal doors slid shut with a whoosh. The elevator groaned for a second, then lurched downwards, dropping me off me at my destination.

The door to my apartment slid open, and I was greeted by darkness. Suddenly, Sol came out of nowhere and quacked at me. On cue, the second he quacked the room lit up, and I was greeted by a showering of confetti, rainbow lights, decorations and a disco ball in the centre of the room. I nearly cried. This was so beautiful. I picked up Sol and hugged him tight. He was the best duck anyone could ever ask for, and there's no denying that. I loved Sol, and he loved me too. He even made a little sculpture for me out of odds and ends he found around the apartment, like pens, sticky tack, buttons, charging cords, rocks and cardboard. It was spectacular.

I'm writing this cozy in my bed, Sol tucking in by my side. Today was a wonderful day, and I'm so happy to have my duck. He always makes every day great, no matter how rough it was. I hope you have a day (or night) as wonderful as mine. Good night, Sol. I love you.

Why is it important to invest in precious metals?

Henry Hazlitt was right saying, " If precious metals had been abundant, they would not have been precious." because precious metals are rare and have a very high economic value. In the past, precious metals played a role of utmost importance in the global economy. The reason being, many currencies were either physically minted using precious metals or they were used as backup assets. In this article, we will expand more on why it is important to stock up on precious metals.

To start with, what are precious metals? Precious metals are rare and naturally occurring metallic chemical elements of very high monetary value. Usually, they are malleable and very glossy. Other than the best known precious metals, Gold and Silver, Ruthenium, Rhodium, Palladium and Platinum also have a great economic value. In the bulk form, precious metals are called bullion and are also minted as coins. When it comes to any precious metals, purity is the number one key. The more pure the metal is, the more expensive it is. Every piece of gold, silver and platinum is marked with a Hallmark that certifies its purity.

Now, coming to the main point, why is it important to invest in precious metals? As mentioned above, stocking up precious metals is important because it is a trading and currency asset . Long before paper money, also known as the dollar, was printed, people used Gold, Silver to buy and trade things. Nowadays, they purchase precious metals mainly as financial assets. It is like a personal bank to store wealth and seek growth. Gold, followed by Silver, is the most popular precious metals for investment

Simrat Kaur, Grade 7, Dallas Elementary, Why is it important to invest in precious metals?

purposes. In the past 20 years, its price has generally gone up reaching nearly \$2000 per ounce in 2020. And it is anticipated to keep rising in the near future.

Precious metals are secure investments as there is no chance of any frauds like in credit cards. If the banking system fails, like recently three major banks in the United States of America have to shut down, precious metals will always be in a great position. Precious metals are universal and are a great hedge against inflation. The interest in investing in precious metals has increased rapidly. There are a number of ways to invest in precious metals. The simplest way is to physically purchase bullion in the form of coins or bars.

Besides the investment purpose, precious metals have several other usages. They are used in jewelry, electronics, vehicles etc. Due to its electrical properties, Silver is the main component in solar panels and Platinum is used to make catalytic converters. Gold and Silver are currently being tested for cancer treatment purposes and 3D printing respectively.

To conclude, we can say that precious metals are stress free investments. When the banks collapse, Gold and Silver often have been considered something you can rely on. Unlike your money in the banks, the future of precious metals will never be dark. These precious metals are not going anywhere. Their uses are expanding every day. So, start investing in Gold and Silver, stock them up. Believe me, you won't regret it.

A tall girl with long, silky, brown hair tied back in a loose ponytail, stalked up to the gates of the apprentice market confidently, where she stated the name, Athena, to a rather large red and black dragon with a key on a chain, wrapped around his neck. The key was made of solid gold with a huge black diamond pressed into the middle and ancient lettering embedded in. What it said nobody knew, for that was lost in history.

The dragon mumbled in a low voice, "No entrance." It sounded like he had a burned throat.

"Fine!" Athena said. "Before I go... you're like... my hero! Could we get a picture or something?"

"YES! I never thought I was a role model!"

"Can we take it on your head?"

"Sure!" Athena crawled up onto his back moving her hand along his burnt, broken scales. When she reached for his head a small camera burst into sight and when it flashed she poured a tranquilizer into his ear and sprang off his head.

"Mmmm..." mumbled the dragon as he waved side to side. Suddenly he smacked against the ground with a thundering bang. Athena looked at the helpless dragon dozing composedly, then up at the gold and emerald gates with more ancient writing on it as a new breeze of confidence blew into her soul. She snapped the key off the dragon's neck and marched up to the gates. Then she traced the gate

attempting to find the keyhole.

“Aha!” she stole the key out of her pocket and pressed it into the invisible keyhole and tried to twist the lock. “Mmm, no. Is it a squeeze key?” She squeezed the black diamond on the key and a second and third key popped out of the first. “Nice!” She popped the key into the hole and pressed the diamond. Tick! The gates cracked as they opened before her. Dust flew everywhere as she strutted into the market like a queen. No one was there. The doors slammed behind her and at the same time hundreds of people swarmed around her like bees all entering the hive at the same time.

“Okay?” When she looked around she saw a huge map. “Perfect,” she said as she smiled. “Okay, so I am here and the testing house is over there, so to get there I need to cross Acid Lake. That should be easy- seriously! The bridge is way over there!” she exclaimed, questioning the market designer's choice. “Fine!”

Athena started to jog towards the bridge with a natural expression on her face. When she reached the bridge she sighed with relief, “Finally!” She wrapped her lengthy fingers around the ropes, one hand on each rope on either side of the wooden bridge. Athena took a deep breath and took her first step onto the bridge. It wobbled around under her feet like a dog being given anesthesia.

“This is not going to work,” she said under her breath. Just then she had an idea. I’ll run, she thought. She put one foot into the running position and pushed off.

Immediately the bridge moved back under the pressure, sending Athena diving face first into the bridge and landing in just the perfect position to roll off the edge too fast for her to stop herself. "Shoot," she said, hanging off the edge. She started to shuffle towards the end of the bridge since the fall pushed her to just past the middle.

"Help!" she screamed, but nobody answered. She closed her eyes and continued to shuffle towards the end. Athena focused on her breathing, "I'm practicing my pull-ups," she said, trying not to focus on the fact that she was hanging off a bridge over a canyon. "Totally not about to fall to my death, here."

Then she bumped into something. Finally! she thought to herself. She looked over to see a rock wall. She took one hand off the bridge and quickly put her hand on the wall. Then the next. Then Athena put her feet on a large rock that was on the cliffside. She put her weight on the rock just briefly and put her hand on a rock farther up over the edge. Her hands were burning now. She did the same for the next hand but this time the rock that her feet were on broke and she fell six feet. It felt like a million before she caught herself. She started climbing immediately, it was an instinct.

"Help...Help!" she cried out one last time, but nobody answered. At last she made it to the top. She heaved herself onto the top and lay flat on her back, arms spread out like a starfish. She was breathing so hard like she just ran a marathon. She was in complete shock. She needed to rest.

"I must keep going. I'm not stopping. I need to make it home before dark," she

said as her mentor's words rang in her head. *You must go into the market, you must find an apprentice, but you must be home before dark. Remember that now. There are many monsters after dark.* She got up off the ground slowly, unsure whether it was the right choice, and dusted off her knees and elbows. She took a deep breath and went on, "I must."

She walked, light headed, towards a cabin, wobbling as she went like the dragon she had knocked out earlier. Her feet dragged and her toes started to sting from bleeding and the dirt getting into her cuts. Her shoes had been too small with rips all over, she would have gotten new ones but she was too poor. She collapsed on the porch of the mysterious cabin she had wandered up to. Her eyes closed to slits as she saw legs appear. She heard words being said but couldn't quite make them out. She wanted to go home.

Brooklyn Leduc
Grade 7
Juniper Ridge Elementary School
My Monster and Supermans

My Monster and Supermans

Panic is something I know very well, the overwhelming feeling of discomfort is something my monster has gifted to me. There is a monster from within me who ties my lungs into a bow, pretty it may look, but harsh is the pain that follows. How do I love my monster that causes me such grief? My monster was created to be my perfect kryptonite. It knows when the least possible convenient time is to make its grand appearance. When it does, tears welled up in my eyes, and my chest gets tight as though it's my monster's personal mission not to allow any oxygen through. My monster stays there just long enough for me to wonder if I will ever feel the sweet sensation of O2 entering my lungs ever again. (I always do).

Everyone always tells me to "reach for the sky" and "the sky's the limit" . I believe I should "reach for the sky" but what's going to happen when I reach too far? It's no longer sky but space, never ending darkness surrounding me completely, without the one thing we all thrive off of, oxygen. This is what my monster does. This is what it thrives off of. I believe everyone has a monster of their own who was welded from their personal kryptonite, that answers to their fears and worries. "It doesn't take x- ray visions to see that you are up to no good" - Superman. My monster is up to no good.

Superman is someone I have looked up to my entire life, when I was younger it was his flashy red cape and great big S emblem on his chest that drew me in, now that I started

Brooklyn Leduc
Grade 7
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My Monster and Supermans

to get older it is his desperate want and need to help people. Superman is someone I always think I will look up to. The reason may change and vary to some of his other amazing qualities and strengths, but no matter the reason Superman will always be my favourite hero.

I have come to the conclusion that my monster isn't going away any time soon so for now I will have to learn how to live with it. To be completely honest, I'm not quite sure how I will manage yet myself. For now I will take it day by day, and gradually find my monster's kryptonite and my super power. Although I don't know what my super power is yet, I'm sure it will come to me with time. Everyone has a super power, but the trick is in finding it. "There is a superhero in all of us, we just need the courage to put on the cape." - Superman.

The loud laughter across the gym somehow struck me harder than the floor as I fell. The whispers and looks sent more shivers down my spine than the blood dripping down my neck. My long brown tangled hair covered my face, I looked down at my hands. They were covered in blood. I didn't move, as if I thought it would stop time. It didn't. Several teachers ran across the stage and helped me up. A couple even tried to calm the audience down because at this point they were all taking pictures and posting it on their social media accounts. I felt helpless. I sat in the office with an ice pack. I thought to myself that I was probably going to be the most popular kid in the school. Not in a good way. As I walked home from school, embarrassment flooded through me. It felt like I was floating in space. The dark was too dark. The space was too vast. I felt claustrophobic with the darkness enveloping me, feeling tight and choking. My mind was trying to tear away. The only thing holding it back was gravity. My mind was trying to leave, run away into the nothingness of space. Finally, my body let go and I watched as my mind's thoughts and feelings flew up into the sky, it was hopeless. I felt torn. My mind is up in space, and my body down on earth. I took a step, then another one. Wondering what to do. My mind was like a lost kite. Never to be seen again.

The next day I mindlessly got up and got ready for school. Ready to be laughed at, I stepped into the hallway. Everyone looked at me and laughed. I somehow didn't care. I walked through the classes and the day passed by without me feeling the least bit of emotion. The day eventually ended and I stepped out of the school. Normally I felt relieved, but not today. I felt nothing. As the days went by, it all seemed the same. As I fell asleep, I started to dream about a red kite. It floated around in space. It drifted up, then down. This went on for a long time. The next morning I woke up to the weekend. I didn't move, didn't get up, didn't do anything. After about two hours of this I found myself going to school. I walked up the pavement as the gravel rustled under my feet. I sat at the door, but I don't know why. The door opened, but I

Drinne Belanger MacInnes

Grade 7

Lloyd George Elementary

The Kite

didn't know how. I walked into the school. The eerie silence and soft glow of the fluorescent lights didn't seem to bother me while I ran down the stairs to the basement. The cold concrete floor and the dark walls towered over me. Suddenly I laid down flat on the floor and stared at the ceiling. I stayed there for hours and hours. Soon enough, I fell asleep. I woke up to the loud sound of the bell and rustling feet. I sat up as I heard a teacher walking into the basement. "Why are you down here?" I said nothing. "Excuse me? Brie?" I got up and ran out of the basement. Panting, I looked back. no teacher to be seen. As I dashed through what seemed like endless hallways, I finally reached the school doors . I took a step. Then another. I started running. I took a turn, then another. I came closer to my destination. The park. I didn't know why. But I ran as fast as I could. Narrowly missing cars and dashing across lawns I finally got to the park. The green grass stretched along the large field, with a tree in the center- a huge willow tree. Out of the corner of my eye I spotted a red thing stuck between two branches. It was a kite. Just like the one in my dream. As I ran the wind blew and as the grass moved it looked like an ocean. It was almost like I was reunited with an old friend. As I pulled the kite out of the tree its red fabric glowed in the sunlight. It slowly turned to ribbon, then got thinner and thinner and as it got smaller my mind came back bit by bit. I was back.

Brenden's Story

Brenden grunted as he lifted the heavy box up into the attic. Today, his job was to move everything from the storage room to the attic. It might not seem like much of a job, but the Frieghton family was wealthy so most of the things in the storage room were priceless artifacts, made of heavy gold.

Plus, if Brenden accidentally dropped one, he would get a painful beating. Currently, he was in agony as the box weighed down on his already burning arms, and the bruises and scrapes that he had earned for dropping previous boxes were still sore. Brenden closed the door to the attic and crept downstairs.

"I'm done." Brenden said softly.

"Are you now?" Lady Frieghton asked. She was a short, stout woman with platinum blonde hair and cruel, gray eyes.

"Yes. Could I have my weekly pay now please?" Brenden asked. Lady Freighton's face turned into a dark thundercloud. "I suppose," she said while reaching into a purse on her waist, giving him 7 gold coins, one for each day Brenden worked. "Now get out!" Lady Frieghton opened the door, threw him out of the house and slammed the door in his face.

Alexis Palmer
Juniper Ridge - Grade 7
Brenden's Story

Brenden slowly got up, brushing the dirt from his pants. It was all worth it though, he thought, as he fingered his coins. They were the only thing that kept Brenden going. He used the coins sparingly, saving them for food and basic supplies. Brenden sighed and started down the long dirt path leading to the center of the city.

The closer Brenden got to the center of the city, the warier he became. In Niscoza, there were many thieves and also crooked city guards who would be on the lookout for rumored half-animals that were said to be lurking in the back of alleys.

Brenden turned the corner on Oak Street and relaxed. This was his turf now. He was met with the familiar sight of his alley. His home. A stained pillow lay in the corner, along with a pile of discarded fabric that served as his bed, and broken crates that Brenden had found in a trash pile, were for protection. He also had a bucket of glass shards and a small dagger to defend himself.

Brenden walked to the back of the alley. He took out a loose brick in the wall and placed his coins behind it. Nobody had ever discovered his precious hiding place.

Brenden sighed and looked up. It was too dark to go get food now. At night, everything got dangerous. He would have to go hungry tonight. He stifled a yawn as he laid down, placing his head on the stained pillow and throwing thin fabric over himself. He fell asleep within seconds.

Alexis Palmer
Juniper Ridge - Grade 7
Brenden's Story

Brenden woke up to the blinding light of the sunrise. He combed his fingers through his auburn hair and checked that all of his coins were still tucked safely behind the loose brick in the wall, then started on his way to the Freighton's to begin his work.

When Brenden arrived, Lord Freighton was standing in front of his large house with an impatient look on his face.

"There you are, boy! Come here now. The horses aren't ready and neither is the carriage." He said when he saw Brenden. "Get the cleaned horses attached to the carriage, after you polish it in the next twenty minutes or we're going to be late and you're going to have a long night. Now get going!" Lord Freighton yelled, spittle flying from his mouth.

Brenden finched and hurried toward the stables. He entered and was blown back by a wave of putrid stench. Flies buzzed around the horses and Brenden felt a rush of sympathy for the nine horses kept in this disgusting, unfit place.

Brenden first went over to the carriage, checked that nothing was broken and cleaned off the mud and horse dung. Once he had finished that, Brenden slowly approached the stalls that held the two white stallions that he called Duke and Dan.

"Hey guys." Brenden called softly as he approached the horses. "You get to pull the carriage again today, so I gotta get you ready." Brenden took them out one by one

Alexis Palmer
Juniper Ridge - Grade 7
Brenden's Story

and cleaned them, washing off all of the dirt and grime. Once he was finished, he hooked both of the horses to the carriage and had them pull it out of the stables and onto the path leading to the Freighton's front yard. He parked the carriage, walked to the front door and knocked.

"Who is it?" Lord Frieghton opened the door. "Oh it's you boy. Is the carriage ready?"

"Yes, it's parked behind me." Brenden replied. Lord Freighton crained his neck to see over Brenden's head.

"Finally." He scoffed. "Now you get to drive us to Devon's ceremony." He turned and slammed the door in Brenden's face, leaving him speechless. Today marked Devon's ceremony of 16 years. That meant that today he would try to make the first step into adulthood and attempt to hold off a *expuentes ignem daemonium*.

A expuentes ignem daemonium was a fire breathing, winged monster commonly known as a dragon. In the old days before humanity, dragons and half-animals ruled the land and sea.

Today Devon had to prevent one from killing him. But knowing the Freighton family with all of their riches, they had probably bribed somebody to make it

Alexis Palmer
Juniper Ridge - Grade 7
Brenden's Story

easier for Devon to succeed, as he was short, fat and not intelligent at all. Even though Brenden had never seen a dragon he was certain that Devon wouldn't stand a chance.

Today was Brenden's Day of 16 years as well. Nobody knew, but he didn't mind. Then he wouldn't have to fight a dragon. The only thing that he did want was a name. If you were to succeed in your ceremony, then you would receive a name in the Ancient Language that reflected your performance in your trial. Brenden didn't know who gave you your name, but he did know that he wanted one.

"Get in the carriage boy, and drive to the West Wall." Lord Freighton ordered, shoving him forward. Brenden hurried to the side of the carriage, helped the Freightons inside and then went to sit up front. He flicked the reins and set Duke and Dan up to a slow trot. Ten minutes later, Brenden pulled up beside the West Wall and helped the Freightons out.

"Stay with the carriage and wait until we get back to drive us home." Lord Freighton said, pushing a panicking Devon ahead. Brenden nodded and felt a bit of remorse. He had been hoping to see his childhood bully be terrorized by a dragon. Oh well, that was okay. Brenden wasn't a fan of blood and gore anyways. He was curious though.

He watched the Freightons leave and found himself slowly trodding after them. As the carriage drifted out of sight, he started to have second thoughts, but

Alexis Palmer

Juniper Ridge - Grade 7

Brenden's Story

Brenden knew that if he continued, he would walk directly to the West Wall and the arena where Devon would be competing.

Brenden walked up to a large gathering of people surrounding an even bigger metal cage. The cage was 10 meters high and roughly 50 meters long. Inside the cage was a variety of plants and rocks, and a long silver chain. Brenden's eyes followed the chain and was met with the most frightening thing that he had ever seen. Green eyes met green eyes and Brenden had an uneasy feeling that he was looking at his destiny.

Elise Percy
Aberdeen Elementary
Grade 7

Near the Rose Bush It Comes

Gasping for breath, I stop and collapse by my favourite patch of roses. With fear clutching every inch of my body, I catch movement in the corner of my eye and see it moving efficiently through the bramble. By now, you're probably wondering, "What would get a young girl like you in such a situation?" All I can say is all this is happening for a reason, a terrible reason, but a reason nonetheless. It all started yesterday . . . in class while I was reading a book. It's a warm spring day and short sleeves are proving themselves useful. My friend Becca sits beside me and starts laughing, "You have that face on again!"

"What face?" I shoot back.

"The one where you look like your head is going to explode from concentration."

Did I mention that Becca is a total antagonist?

"I feel strange like something's happening," I confess.

"Well, the world is not going to end or anything."

"Now you made it creepy." I point out just as the teacher Mrs. Lalia comes in.

"Class, I have some unpleasant news," she pauses. "Business is taking me elsewhere, I'm afraid I will not be coming back for. . . a while." Shouts of protest break out all over the classroom. "I'm afraid it's inevitable" she reinforces and we all gasp. She smiles sadly, "I will miss you all."

We can tell that Mrs. Lalia is trying not to cry, everyone is, and we love our teacher. "But," she continues, "I have a replacement here and she came on such short notice!"

Elise Percy
Aberdeen Elementary
Grade 7

Near the Rose Bush It Comes

“Isn't that a bit suspicious?” I whisper to Becca.

“Excuse me for interrupting this very important conversation,” a snippy voice cuts in, “care to share with the class?”

I look up to see a harsh-looking woman in tight business attire and holding a clipboard. She has a pinched-looking face, gnarly hands, and half-moon glasses holding devilish eyes.

“No ma'am, Elra was just helping me with question four,” Becca says, giving me a look that clearly says, “you owe me.”

“Well, you should have asked me instead of whispering to your friend,” and she adds with an icy chill, “after all I am your new teacher.”

The next day things got weird, and by that, I mean things got freaky weird! The first thing we found inside was the name Ms. Sabliski on the board and the instructions to write a paragraph about the human soul and what it was. After we handed them in we waited for Ms. Sabliski to come in and start class. The teacher doesn't come, but the recess bell does and, when it goes off I find Becca outside. “What took you so long?” She asks and I show her what I stayed back for, my essay.

Becca gasps, “You're going to get in so much trouble”

“I know, but I had to see what would happen,” I answer as her mouth falls open.

Inside again and Ms. Sabliski finally shows up and says, “Read in absolute silence or face the consequences.” And almost everyone does . . . almost. Looking over

Elise Percy
Aberdeen Elementary
Grade 7

Near the Rose Bush It Comes

our books Becca and I watch as the colour drains from the faces of our classmates, and they hunch over a bit more as if they have no energy. Half of the class is colourless and slumping when Becca leans over and whispers, "Look at Verra." I look straight at Verra just in time to watch her face turn colorless and her shoulders slump.

"What is happening to them?" Becca whispers. "Look at Ms. Sabliski she's . . . she's pulling energy out of the papers!" We look on in terror as she draws a blue light from more papers.

"Ms. Sabliski, can Becca and I go to the library?" I ask.

"If you must," Ms. Sabliski replies. In the library, I pull out a mythology book, and we search.

"Look at this." I peer over Becca's shoulder.

"The Basilisk? Why do you think that has anything to do with this?" I give Becca a skeptical look.

"Don't you see! A basilisk can draw life from its surroundings with one breath"

Soon it dawns on me, "OH MY GOSH!" . . .

I write a name on some paper which Becca reads, "Ms. Sabliski? What's so special about her?"

She thinks I'm crazy, but I continue, "Rearrange the letters. What does it spell? B-A-S-I-L-I-S-K." We stare at the paper in disbelief until a harsh voice cuts in.

"You girls should not meddle in things you don't understand."

Elise Percy
Aberdeen Elementary
Grade 7

Near the Rose Bush It Comes

“RUN!” I yell as I grab Becca's hand and we dash out the library door. We run through the hallways and in the middle of a crowd, right by the door Becca stops. “She’s draining me, I can’t go the full way,” she looks at me with the saddest expression. “Go without me.”

“No, I can’t leave you.” Becca looks at me with fire in her eyes.

“GO!”

Ms. Sabliski reaches for me but my best friend pushes me out of the way. I burst through the door and take off running into the forest, branches clawing at my limbs. Now we’re all caught up and I see the colossal beast Ms. Sabliski has turned into. Slippery scales, knife-like fangs, eyes like spheres of fire, and claws that could shred me to pieces. As the basilisk lunges, I roll away, milliseconds before my favourite rose bush is demolished. All that rage about losing Mrs. Lalia, having to run for my life, and leaving Becca bubbles up and I react. Grabbing the biggest branch I can, I swing it at the basilisk’s stomach and when it hits she crumples over, tendrils of blue light leaving her lifeless form. . . .

It’s been three days since that and no one knows what happened, well other than Becca and me. Everything's back to normal, class is okay and our new teacher is awesome. So Becca and I can relax. . . well until the next incident happens, but I’ve still got my eyes open in case anything goes sideways. Until then, see you soon!

Thru The Eyes Of A Celeb by Sophie Robbins Grade 7, David Thompson Elementary

So, lots of people would love to be famous.

Will most of them ever be?

Nope.

Here's my story, my journey through fame and my everyday life.

I'm Sandora Forrest (yeah, you heard that right!), kid celebrity.

This morning Ryan Asombroso pranked me again. He waited outside my house and he attacked me with water balloons. The normal partners in crime, Eric and Jake. At lunch I sat beside Jake because I felt sorry for him, he was the one blamed for what happened this morning. He honestly opened up to me and we had a long chat about movies we both liked. I turned in my chair to see Hailey watching me. After lunch Jake and I went into the hallway together. Hailey approached us, "oooo Jake is this your girlfriend?"

Then she yelled it in front of everyone.

"Sandy and Jake are dating!"

We flinched away from each other.

I was fuming! Hailey started a stupid rumor about me that wasn't true!

Before I knew what I was doing, I lunged at her and I slapped her across the face. Of course the principal chooses that time to step out of his office. "Sandy! Get over here now!"

You want a summary of what happened? Well I'm suspended till the thirteen. Which is a whole week and a half! My parents picked me up and gave me this huge lecture.

Thru The Eyes Of A Celeb by Sophie Robbins Grade 7, David Thompson Elementary

Did you know how boring it is to be suspended? It's been five days now since you-know-what happened. My parents made me clean a lot for punishment. But today I was sick of being stuck at home, so I planned to get outside. I decided to go to our local park which wasn't very far from my house. But I wasn't the only one going to the park today for some reason there were people lined up, just waiting to get inside.

"What's going on?" I asked a man waiting in line.

"They're doing auditions for a movie today. If I were you I'd get in line before more people show up."

A movie? It would be cool to be an actor in a movie.

"Uh what kind of movie?"

Although I didn't come here to star in a movie it was worth a shot.

I went and waited in the line and I got the details. The movie was a teen drama and even had a little bit of romance in it. And the co-star was none other than my idol, AMANDA JET! I just had to be in that movie.

I hear a familiar voice so I turn and see Ryan the Jerk also standing in line.

And get this, he's auditioning for the love interest! Ryan was NOT going to mess this up for me!

I was going to meet Amanda Jet. Ryan looked in my direction and I glared. He got out of his spot in line to stand beside me.

"What was that for?" I expected him to smile or grin like he always does, but he was dead serious.

"You got me suspended, I don't exactly enjoy your company."

Thru The Eyes Of A Celeb by Sophie Robbins Grade 7, David Thompson Elementary

He looked up at me, confused.

Why does he look like he doesn't know what I'm talking about?

Then it came to me, he was trying to show off his acting skills before his audition.

I rolled my eyes at him, "Cool acting, but you don't stand a chance."

He smiled but still looked confused.

"What role are you auditioning for?" He asked.

"The main character, I don't even know her name."

"It's Jenna."

"Oh.

For some reason, Ryan was acting super nice to me while we were waiting. Soon we were next and Ryan said I could go first.

Before, I was a little nervous but now I was petrified.

I asked Ryan if he wanted to go first instead but he only said,

"It's your time to shine."

So I took a deep breath and started.

I sang my heart out and saw Ryan looking at me in wonder, but I closed my eyes and continued.

When I finished, everyone was clapping.

"That was awesome!" Ryan told me.

I see someone move and I turn to see AMANDA JET STANDING IN FRONT ON ME!!!

I gasp and my eyes widen.

"You've got some great talent," She says then turns to the director, "I came to see how the auditions were going. Looking great."

Thru The Eyes Of A Celeb by Sophie Robbins Grade 7, David Thompson Elementary

"You're always welcome here," the director pointed out.

Amanda Jet smiled at me, "Good luck!"

And with that, Amanda Jet was gone again.

I signed some papers and I left. When I got home I saw I had five new messages all from Ryan. He gave me his phone number (and I gave him mine). I still didn't know why he was so nice. Was I just supposed to forgive him, after years of torture? I brought out my guitar and played it for a bit, until I got a call. At first I thought it was Ryan calling but it was Terrel O'Brian, the director for the movie. "Guess what! You're going to play the leading role, Jenna! And Hunter Asomroso is James, the co-star. See you on Friday and we can go over some stuff."

I was confused, what did he mean by *Hunter* Asombroso? That was Ryan, right? Who is Hunter?

I called "Hunter" or "Ryan" or whatever his name is.

"Terrell said your name is Hunter. What does he mean by that?"

I heard a laugh on the other side of the phone.

"Are you laughing at me?" I asked.

"I *am* Hunter Asombroso, Ryan is my twin brother. People get me mixed up with him all the time. When you glared at me I didn't know why so I wanted to get to know you." I was very shocked.

"I see you on Friday then."

And that's the story of how I got picked for a movie and met one of my closest friends, Hunter Asombroso.

-Sandora Forrest-

The Last Day for Her

I was running through the woods. I always loved the forest, but now all I want to do is get out. My knees were all scraped up, but at that time I didn't know that they would never get the chance to heal and they would be like that forever, as just a couple of moments later, I would be dead.

I wake up to the dreaded sound of my alarm--- “Beep beep beep”, I stare at the big red letters flashing 6:00 for a couple seconds trying to collect myself before hitting the snooze button. I then swing my legs over to the side of my bed and stare at the pictures hanging on my wall. They’re of me and my best friend Lila. She is the sun. We joke about that as I would never be here without her. She gave me a similar nickname of Star saying that she loves to just watch me shine. I hop out of bed and begin making my way to the bathroom across the hall. I brush my teeth and grab my hair brush to begin detangling it. It looks horrendous, but when I'm finished it doesn't look half bad. I grab my makeup and put on some black eyeshadow and I slap on some mascara and I'm ready to get dressed. I put on a long black skirt I got at some thrift store this summer but I couldn't wear it out because summers in Castine Maine are scorching. I also put on a dark red sweater. I look at myself in the mirror after I grab a silver necklace to pull the look together. I look decent enough. I walk over to my leather bag with all my school stuff and slip in the book I'm reading. It's titled IT by Stephen King. It came out a couple years ago, but I was never able to get it so I'm reading it now. I pull it over my shoulders, but I have to adjust the straps because they always come loose. After that, I slid on my leather jacket, as it's getting colder now. I quickly grabbed an apple out of the fruit bowl we keep on our table and rushed to the door. I slip on my Doc Martins and exit my house. I don't lock it because my little brother Daniel still hasn't left yet.

I walk down the dirt path from my house for a while before looking back. It's a small old house in the middle of nowhere. I am surprised some kids from my school haven't come and taken a bunch of pictures of it for the school newspaper. I do read it though, because they are all amateurs and I like seeing what dumb stuff they come up with. I continue down the road for about fifteen minutes before I see Lila's

Delainey Rusk

Grade 7

Lloyd George Elementary

The last day for her

car pull up beside me. I'm excited until I see Daryn who's in the passenger's seat of the car. He's her boyfriend, he's never been the nicest to me or anyone really I'm confused why she's with him. Maybe because he's tall and kinda stocky she's usually into that sort of guy. She signals me to get in. I go in because of how far the school is from my house even if I would prefer to stay as far away from Daryn as possible. "Hey meggy", Lila says in her usually cheery tone. She's wearing an outfit similar to Claire in the breakfast club. She's obsessed with that movie but the clothes fit her personality and her ginger hair that she keeps tucked back in a brown headband only leaving her bangs untucked. I can see Daryn rolling his eyes. The only reason we're not arguing right now is because Lila is here and she would get angry at both of us and I think neither of us want to hear her go off right now. Lila picks up on this and continues small talk with me until we arrive at school. We go our separate ways, as we have different classes. I have Math first and it goes by fast. Then I'm off to English, Daryn, Lila and I all have it together. Usually Lila and I sit together but then I'm hit with the dreaded sound of Daryn's voice asking, "Hey Lila Liam isn't here today so do you wanna sit together?" I stare at this man and he gives a small smirk that contains all of the cockyness in the whole world when she answers "hey meggy do you mind if I sit with Daryn today." "Oh yeah that's fine." I try to hide the disappointment in my voice but she notices she's always been super observant of everything she'll always stare and look for things that aren't even there. Sometimes I'll even catch her talking to people that aren't there. Anyway I walk to the seat we always sit at. It's in the very last row next to the window. The bell rings and I rush out of class for break.

The rest of the day consists of me trying to avoid Lila and Daryn. Gosh I just got betrayed by the one person I thought I could trust. The only person that's always stuck with me has left me to go hang out with her boyfriend. And that boyfriend was the same guy that spread rumors about me to the whole school; however, she doesn't care, because she just follows him around and watches him hurt others the same way he hurt me. She's so observant yet so ignorant and I let her know this when the bell rings to alert all the students they can go home now. I see her hanging out with Daryn and his friends outside of the school gates. She stumbles over with her giant brown purse walking like a blind horse because of how

Delainey Rusk

Grade 7

Lloyd George Elementary

The last day for her

heavy that thing is. "Hey where were you today? I couldn't find you after English. We looked everywhere?" "Well you didn't look hard enough." I say as I keep walking paying no attention to her I hear Daryn call her back over and just like that she goes back to him. The rest of the walk home is mostly filled with me being annoyed at Lila even though that doesn't even compare to what will come in a few hours.

It's nine o'clock at night and I've done nothing but lie in bed and listen to music. I decided to go on a walk in the woods to blow off some steam. Little did I know that would be the worst decision I'd ever make and would be one of the last. I had been walking for about an hour when my music jams up almost as if the wind rattled it up and I'm alerted of the footsteps from behind me. The ground is frozen because of the weather so the steps are loud, but they quickly stop as I come to a halt. I see someone, a man around six feet with a strong build wearing a dark hoodie and jeans and some sort of halloween mask. This man would be the last person I'd ever get to see and in the moment when he pulled out a large blade I knew that. I began running right after that. I'm athletic and one of the fastest runners in my school but I had no chance in a long skirt and boots I could barely walk in. I was able to make it a couple meters before he caught up to me. I don't remember much. I just know it hurt and it was him that made my life end and everything up until now meaningless. He made it so I would never be known for a contribution to society. I would be known as the girl whose life got cut short by a sadistic, stocky six foot man.

I stared down at the scene in confusion. How was I walking? How was I thinking if the body below me laying lifeless was mine? I guess I've finally figured out what happens once you die, you're able to see but unable to interact with anyone that's alive or that's at least what I thought before I saw Lila. She was putting up missing posters when I found her. It had already been a week. The police had labeled me as a runaway. I mean I had a bad home life, not popular and has already talked about running away. It was practically a closed case. How would they be able to find a body if it was locked away in a basement buried? They wouldn't go looking for me but Lila did and I would get to talk to her again way sooner than I expected. That's when I realized she was talking to people this whole time. She is really special. She

Delainey Rusk

Grade 7

Lloyd George Elementary

The last day for her

rushes over to me. People on the street start staring at her but she doesn't care. She starts crying. I want to

hug her but I can't so we just stare at each other in silence. "I'll follow you until it is your time too but

before that I need you to do something for me."

Little Bim's Big Adventure

One day, 80 years ago, in Hong Kong, there lived a little dumpling named Bim. Bim was made in a small local bakery, by a sous chef named Jimin Yun. Jimin Yun kneaded his dumpling dough with more care and time than most chefs. He was well known around town as the best dumpling maker. For Bim's filling he added organic pork, fresh chives, garlic, sesame oil, and many other tasty ingredients. Bim was absolutely perfect! He had perfect flavor, perfect shape, perfect smell, and so much more. Jimin had trouble putting him on the shelf with the other dumplings, as he wanted to eat Bim so bad himself! Bim had the most adorable swirl at the top of his head, it even had a little tilt. Jimin knew Bim would be sold in no time!

That day, a young lady with her seven year old daughter bought six dumplings to go. She bought cute little Bim, and five other of his friends. On her way out, the tip of her black pointed shoe got caught on a nail that wasn't hammered in all the way. Luckily for her, there was a young man, about her age, who caught her. The trip shook the box of dumplings. They all thought for sure that they were about to fall and get spilled all over the dirty, muddy floor. She apologized to the man and said, "I'm so sorry. I'm so clumsy, forgive me."

He then replied, "You are forgiven." Afterwards, he laughed and said, "Don't worry about it. I am pretty clumsy myself. Have a good day."

She then said awkwardly, "yes, you too."

During their walk home, the lady's daughter asked if she could hold the dumplings. "Fine, but only if you are super careful not to drop them," her mom said in a serious tone of voice. Her daughter was bouncing with joy. The smell of the dumplings was so delicious that she took Bim

Naja Thomson
South Sahali Gr.7
Little Bim's Big Adventure

out of the box to admire him. She was so unfocused that she tripped and two dumplings fell out, including Bim!

As she went to pick Bim up, an eagle came and snatched him. She and her mom both chased the eagle and her mom yelled, "COME BACK HERE YOU STUPID BIRD!!!! THAT'S MYYYY DINNER!!!" Soon enough, the bird flew too far and they gave up their chase to retrieve tasty little Bim. The eagle flew so high. Bim couldn't believe what was happening, but he was also having a bit of fun flying. He was a little sad that he had lost his new family. The eagle flew Bim through the most gorgeous trees, over the bluest waterfalls and past the most fluffy clouds. Bim could feel the breeze flowing off the dough that surrounded him. All of a sudden the eagle dropped him. His falling speed increased quickly. Bim started to panic. He knew he would not be able to break his fall. He had no arms, no legs, no nothing! Soon enough, he saw that there was water below him that would help break his fall. This caused him to calm down a bit. When he finally reached the water, he remembered something important. HE COULDN'T SWIM! Bim began to panic again. As he sank deeper and deeper, the fear caused him to faint.

Luckily, when he awoke, he found that he had somehow washed up on the beach. He was so relieved. As Bim laid there, pondering on what a day he had had, a friendly sailor walked by. He saw Bim and thought to himself, "Oh wow! Someone must have left this dumpling here by accident. Well, I better not let this go to waste." He then bent down, picked up Bim and headed over to his adorable sailboat.

It was definitely not a small sailboat. In fact, it was the biggest one in the whole marina, and the prettiest one too. The sail was a crisp quartz white and the boat looked to be made of real

oak. There was a bottom floor that had two small bedrooms, a table and a washroom. To top it all off, it had a luxurious lounge area.

The sailor carried Bim inside and got out a plate to serve him on. He then sat down, picked up Bim and brought the poor dumpling to his mouth. But before he bit down, his tongue touched Bim and all he could taste was salt, salt, and salt! As well, he found that Bim was also quite soggy. The sailor spat Bim out in the blink of an eye. However, because Bim was so cute and perfect looking, he couldn't throw him out. So, instead of eating Bim, he placed him on a shelf right next to his most prized possessions. Bim was so relieved and felt quite special up on that shelf.

Many years passed and they became the best of friends, even better friends than Taylor Swift and Selena Gomez. They went on so many great adventures together. Some of these adventures included whale watching, fishing, snorkeling and even cliff diving. They were always together. The sailor took him everywhere he went. They even ate every meal together. Bim wasn't just a dumpling, he was an adventurous immortal dumpling.

Unfortunately, there was a problem. The sailor was mortal and wouldn't live as long as Bim. One day, the worst day of Bim's life I might add, the sailor passed away. He was poor Bim's only friend and what made it even more sad was that he was his only family too. Bim felt so depressed and alone that day. He cried and cried until this peculiar cat climbed up into the boat; it was strange, but Bim swore the cat had the sailor's eyes.

Eventually, Bim discovered that the sailor had in fact reincarnated as the cat! He was so happy. Confused, but so very happy. Bim thought he had lost the sailor for good, but he hadn't after all. From that day on, they spent their whole lives together. And that's Bim's life story.

Devon Tubbs
Savona Elementary
Grade 7

Life

Life is a blessing, don't give up,
because your voice may change the world some day.
Stress is just a distraction, keep on pushing to the top, you will make it soon.
You will find your course in your own time.
Enjoy life as it takes its time.

Windy Night

The wind blows tonight
Longer and stronger than ever
Soon it will be over

Wane, The Complaint

Their once was a child named Wane,
He loved and loved to complain,
About his food,
About his mood,
Oh, he loved and loved to complain.

Cabin 12

I couldn't believe my eyes, I think I just killed someone. I was so excited for summer camp. This was my break from home. I loved it here. It really was my second home. I loved it out here. I was getting ready for school thinking to myself "Last day of school finally, the torture will be over!" I throw on my leggings and a oversized hoodie and ran outside to the bus. I see Bailey saved me a seat beside her. We are talking about our plans for summer. She kept on going on and on about her NYC trip but I was happy I got to go to camp Lakeside and honestly I really don't care what anyone thinks I LOVE camp Lakeside. I stare intensely at the clock waiting and waiting for the clock to hit 3:00 then "BIIIIIIINNNNNNG!". I jumped up and almost lost my voice. I screamed so loud. Lets just say I started summer break with detention.

A few hours have passed and I just finished packing for Lakeside. "MOM, when are we leaving for camp?" Mom yells back "20 minutes your sister is still packing just wait a little." I groaned so loud that I thought the city heard me. As we were packing the car up to leave and I noticed I forgot to grab my hoodie. So I run up to my room but when I just to my door way I see a black hoodie sleeve fly out of the window. I walk up to my window sill. I look down to see, nothing was there?

My mom is yelling at me to come down because we are going to be late. I wanted to go down but I was just so curious. What was that? We are driving, I'm blasting my music so loud I'm surprised I don't have brain damage.

Kadee Walker, David Thompson, Grade 7
Cabin 12

I see the sign! I'm so excited! I wonder what cabin I'm in? I really do not want to be in cabin number 12. Everyone says it's haunted.

It's my turn to find out what cabin I'm in. I can tell you when I got my cabin number my face completely dropped. I got cabin 12! THE HAUNTED ONE! I'm so mad! Why me? I didn't deserve this. I try to suck it up but I'm so furious. I walk over to my cabin all the way in the back, no trail to get there, middle of the forest and it's night so there's no light at all! I get to my cabin and I see the same black sleeve fly out of the window like at my house. Now I'm actually afraid and believe this thing about the cabin being haunted. My other cabin mates got here. They look like they went through a lot to get to our cabin. There are scratches everywhere, there are so many bruises I felt so bad I tried to ask what happened but they just kept on saying "You don't want to know. It's my actual nightmare."

I'm planning on going to bed. Maybe this is just a really bad nightmare. I went to bed and when I woke up, it wasn't a nightmare. I was actually here in cabin 12.

I looked around and discover, all my roommates were dead lying on the ground. I look beside my counsellor and I see the same black hoodie I've been seeing everywhere. I realize I'm being followed. Someone is trying to kill me, they want me dead.

I need to go home. I can't be here anymore. I packed my bags and when I was about to get out of the door when the same black hoodie grabbed me from behind me. I screamed at the top of my lungs but no one could hear me because we were in the middle of nowhere in the forest. I wake up and I have a bag over my head. This is when

Kadee Walker, David Thompson, Grade 7
Cabin 12

I really start to panic. What if I die? I have no clue what's going on but I just know I'm going to die.

"Let me out please, I can't be in here! PLEASE JUST LET ME OUT!" I scream. I'm still in the cabin but no ones dead, in fact nobody's in here. I run outside and see a man in the exact hoodie from my room. I grabbed a stick and made sure it was sharp. I was so scared that my instincts stabbed him in the chest he dropped down. I couldn't believe my eyes, I think I just killed someone.

I pulled the beanie off his face just to find it was one of the camp leaders. Not just a leader, the owner. I run to the main office but there are people everywhere in these black beanies. They are covering the phone bins. I can't even call my mom so guess I'm free running it. I run to the middle of the road just trying to get them to stop. I jumped on top of a car. I was yelling saying "THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE DEAD AT THIS CAMP YOU NEED TO CALL 911 NOW!" Once 911 got here they caught the person that led this and when I found out my jaw dropped to the center of the earth. My father let alone is alive but he was the one that tried to kill me for revenge on my mom for dumping him. I really couldn't believe he was alive but why did he want me dead? He always said I was his favorite.

So I did a little digging myself and it turns out he wasn't the leader. He was threatened to die if he didn't kill me. Why pick me though I have an older sister. I really couldn't comprehend this. I guess we'll never know. I thought that was the end but you never know what curveball will be thrown at me next.

Annabelle Wilimek
Grade 7
Marion Schilling Elementary School
The Escape

The Escape

Today is the day. You're finally going over to your best friend's house for the first time. All the years of convincing him has paid off! Sure his family isn't home, and they have no pets to meet, but it's something right? The only thing is, his family is home. And there's something a little off about them. His sister starts staring at you along with his parents. It's making you uncomfortable. You're thinking they think you're weird or there's something wrong with you, and you're getting really nervous. So you ask your best friend if you could go to a different room. He agrees and you both leave, but not to his room. He takes you to where you think is the basement! You ask him if his room is down there and he takes a few seconds to say yes. You can tell that there's something off and you start to worry. When you make it to the bottom there is a very bad smell that makes you gag. You ask your friend who is now behind you what that smell is but all you hear is a slight giggle. You feel scared to turn around but you do and you see your best friend holding a knife and behind him is a pile of bodies of kids that look your age and you freak out.

You suddenly see his family approaching and they're all holding knives. All that is on your mind is, RUN. Before they can react you zoom by and race to the door, but it's locked and barricaded. So you rush into the kitchen and find a knife and then rush to the nearest room. And thank goodness it had a lock because you hear banging on the door and you know you only have minutes before something bad happens. You find a chair, and smash the window. You jump out getting hundreds of little cuts all over your body from the glass. You pause for a moment to catch your breath, but you see your friend in the distance and you start running to the nearest building

Annabelle Wilimek
Grade 7
Marion Schilling Elementary School
The Escape

You make it to a local supermarket and feel safe, but then you see them there looking for you. You decide to hide in an empty checkout box and make sure that you're not sticking out of the little box. You never know what's going to happen. Then one of the cashiers kicks you out and says "I'm going to call the police." You try to explain but she doesn't want to hear it. You realize you're drawing attention to yourself and you decide to get to the local police station, but you know how risky it is. The police station is at least twelve kilometers away and you know that they know that you have to make it. You also know they're probably spread out along the twelve kilometers and you're scared they will find you. You decide to start on your journey then you realize you can just call the police on your phone. You take out your phone and realize it is broken and cracked all over the screen.

You feel disappointed but start your journey anyway. You're keeping to the shadows and blending in with people. Then you see his sister. She's so blended in you barely recognize her. She's wearing a baseball hat, sunglasses, and different clothes, and didn't see you. You keep going and looking. You see so many people and you try to explain what is going on but all of them think you're lying.

Next, you see his mother. She was way harder to see than his sister. The mother was in a group of people waiting at a sidewalk light. She was not wearing any disguise but she's hard to spot. You think she spots you so you bolt to the nearest building . It's a little coffee shop and you don't think she saw you. You wait ten minutes and you know she's gone now.

Annabelle Wilimek
Grade 7
Marion Schilling Elementary School
The Escape

Next you see the father. He was around the nine kilometer mark when he saw you. He's super smart, but you have an advantage. You're a sprinter and you know you can out run him easily. You start running and you leave him in the dust.

You decide to hide in a nearby tree just in case. Two minutes later the father ran by. Ten minutes later he ran back. You decide to keep on going, you're almost there! You're most worried for your friend. He's also a sprinter and he is just as smart as you. You see him, but he sees you first. He starts running but he doesn't know you have a trick up your sleeve. Right behind him is the police station and you yell for them. He sprints away and you know you have won . The police run out and you run to them. You explain everything and they send search teams to their house to find them.

After, you heard they never found your best friend's family. You believe the family is still out there looking for you, and you are living your life in fear. You were never the same, that family still haunts your dreams.

Hedra

Calista was born in the **ker** era When the orcroc goblins were in power. Life was bland, cruel and ruined.

She was born into a poor family with the name Calista meaning most beautiful. She had one brother and she had a sister. Calista's sister was taken at a young age by the scraper goblins. They brutally searched villages with no mercy to spare. They do this not because of a cause but for power over the weak. Calista was weak and deserved no power nor praise; she watched as her sister and others from her village were plucked from existence right in front of her, forever being hushed by the silence of death and Calista with the everlasting weight of guilt.

Calista born Oct 3, 1444 b.c.

Died Jan 9, 1426 b.c.

Calista died a slow and painful death. A death which no one would ever dare to wish upon another. She was taken to a torture facility were she was beaten, bruised, cut, and deprived. Until a single orcroc ended it all with one kick to the head.

Relief is a feeling better described as reassurance or comfort. Like a hand on yours which was a feeling almost lost to Calista. It felt unreal at first then she saw the bracelet her sister used to wear. It was **Hedras**.

Lucy Wiltshire
Grade 7- Juniper Elementary
Hedra

Calista turned around and did not see Hedra she saw a deformed demon looking figure it was Hedra but it also wasn't. Calista screams and a weight drops directly onto her. It was terror. Suddenly dozens of hands grab her around the neck, arms, shoulders and legs pulling her away. They begin tearing away at her flesh leaving excruciating pain surging through Calista's body. She hears an ear splitting shriek saying "**avenge me**"!

Calista is now reborn

Calista is suddenly snapped back into reality. Her eyes open and pool with tears. She bursts out with a loud sob that echoes through the village. The village that she grew up in and the village that she lost. It doesn't matter anymore all she feels is sadness, great amounts of sadness slowly turning into rage. The kind of rage that fuels a person to do terrible, terrible things. You see, all origin stories have something in common and that is pain and if you pay attention you will see that the more pain you put someone through the more power they hold.

A memory of Hedra appears in Calista's mind. Hedra's hair is a deep brown with not a tangle in sight, it's long, thick and shiny. Her eyes are a murky green with small dots of blue and her eyelashes are long and dark.

She is wearing a gloomy blue dress that hangs just below her knees. It has a small but noticeable hole in the pocket of her dress.

Hedra was at the market getting ready for a big dinner that night.

It was the night before she was stolen from her village.

Lucy Wiltshire
Grade 7- Juniper Elementary
Hedra

Calista's breaths start to become heavy and labored.

She becomes pale and exhausted very quickly. Her chest feels tight, like her rib cage is closing in on her lungs, just how a boa constrictor squeezes its prey.

She hears a bang and a smash then comes the screams of terror.

She knew immediately it was the scraper goblins.

Something surges through Calista.

Power.

Something is off, but all Calista can do is run.

She is confused why she is back on earth but that doesn't stop her from saving herself.

She is running past the school she used to go to when she sees through a small window of an old rundown school. There are scraper goblins smashing through the building. The scraper goblin screeches and scowls as it grabs a teacher. The teacher is dragged away from the kids she so desperately held onto.

She is held tight by a ugly goblin with a deformed face; it has a long scar running across its chin.

The goblins nose has an odd curve to it and it has rotting teeth you could see from a mile away.

It's wearing an old, ugly cloth covering its hideous deformed body.

The teacher is held for only about ten seconds before being dropped from the roof directly on her head, snapping her neck with the impact.

Calista thinks to herself should I help or should I run and take the opportunity to live?

Lucy Wiltshire
Grade 7- Juniper Elementary
Hedra

In a split second her mind is made. Calista's cheeks get hot and start to burn. Her teeth are clenched so hard together it hurts. Calista sees a goblin pick up a young boy; the boy's screams echo through the village.

Calista feels power and rage; she charges at the school faster than a train everything she passes turns to ash. She runs past a car and it turns to ash in a matter of milliseconds. She runs past a little hut made from sticks and mud that turns to quarts. In less than a second the goblins in the school have been turned to stone, ash, flower petals, water, dirt, metal and some have turned to air completely others are being eaten away by bugs from the inside. Calista stops to see a goblin screaming, centipedes are crawling out of its eyes.

Every goblin but one is dead. The goblin tries to crawl away but Calista drags it back. The wooden floor splinters as its fingernails scrape against the ground. She looks the goblin straight in the eyes and it can barely stay awake long enough to say "**Hedra**"? Calista's eyes become wide and concerned. She stutters, "w..wh..what" her expression changes. She becomes angry and demanding. Calista repeats herself. "What do you mean! I need to know what you mean!". The goblin dies and its cold body lays still on the floor with its one good eye staring at Calista. She drops to her knees mourning the opportunity. She thinks of the Hedras voice and what she meant by avenge me. Calista softly mutters to herself. "**I am Hedra**".

GAME SHOW

Willow Wood

Grade 7

Pacific Way Elementary

It was a beautiful morning, however Winter had a sickening feeling that something horrible was going to happen. They got up and started getting ready for school, Winter went downstairs to the kitchen to grab breakfast before school when they were greeted by their sister Summer, “Salut Winter, comment vas-tu ?” Summer couldn’t speak English, although she could still understand it. Winter smiled at their sister “I’m doing well, how about you?” “Je vais bien” Summer replied. Winter grabbed some toast for them and their sister, grabbed their bags, and walked to school. When they got to school Winter met up with their friends Amy and Zoe, “Hi Winter how are you?” asked Zoe. Winter smiled “I’m good, how about you?” Replied Winter. RING. The bell rang and Winter went to class with their friends. Winter and their friends sat down at their desks, when suddenly there was an announcement. “THIS IS A LOCK DOWN!” Winter could tell by the panic in their voice that this wasn't a drill. Winter and their other classmates shoved a chair in front of the door and hid behind the teacher's desk. The whole class was paralyzed with fear, Winter, Amy, Zoe huddled together, Amy pulled out her pocket knife. Winter started worrying about her sister. ***What if whoever came in gets her?*** But they wash the thoughts from their mind as soon as the announcements come on; however, it isn't to tell them that the lockdown is over. It's the guy who broke in, “Hello children, this school is now under my control.” Just then Winter felt the floor move beneath them, when the moving stopped they opened the blinds just a little to see that they were no longer at school ground. “Where are we?” Zoe asked, trembling with fear. Winter didn’t know how to respond. Just then armed guards came into the classroom, “Follow us” the guards said. All the kids got up and walked out the school into a room with a bunch of bunk beds. After all the kids were out the school teleported away, Winter walked around when they found their sister, “Summer! Are you okay” Winter asked. “Je déteste cette école” Summer muttered. Winter sighed, “Same here sis.” Then the announcements came on. “Hello everyone, you may have wondered why I brought you here. You

GAME SHOW

Willow Wood

Grade 7

Pacific Way Elementary

will be competing in elimination challenges. If you win the game you go to the next game. If not, let's just say you won't live to see another day. The last 100 people standing win" The school was horrified "Great, we're living in Squid Game" Winter said sarcastically. The room suddenly changed to a giant daycare with a bunch of play structures and foam blocks. "For this first challenge you will be surviving one hour in the daycare, have fun." The voice said creepily. Winter felt uncomfortable, so they walked around the daycare with their sister and tried to find Amy and Zoe. They roamed for ten minutes but couldn't find them when suddenly they heard a scream, it was Amy's. Winter sprinted toward the sound but when they got there they saw something horrifying. A bulky black monster with sharp claws and glowing white eyes. Winter grabbed a foam block and threw it at the monster, "Over here Demon!" Winter yelled. The monster started running toward them, Winter ran as fast as they could but wasn't fast enough. The monster grabs them by the neck and lifted them up, the monster climbed to the tallest structure in the daycare. "Let me go!" Winter screamed. The monster threw them off the structure but they managed to grip onto some monkey bars but they were still well above ground. The monster followed Winter and climbed on top of the monkey bars, but then the monster stopped moving and its eyes went black. "Congratulations, you survived! There are 826 people left." Winter couldn't believe that they survived, they got down from the monkey bars and went to go find their friends and sister. Suddenly the room changed and they were at a dinner table beside their friends, "Are you guys okay?" Winter asked. "We're fine," Zoe replied, "Are you?" Winter paused for a moment, "Yeah I'm fine." The next few weeks continued on with different challenges each day they continued on and on, until there were 492 people left. Winter walked to the last game, their body trembling, they knew that the last game would be the hardest. When they finally got there they saw something very similar to the first game they did. But the colors

GAME SHOW

Willow Wood

Grade 7

Pacific Way Elementary

were dull, and there were a bunch of creepy dolls. Winter and their friends ran as far away from the dolls as possible, "I watched enough horror movies to know what happens next." Amy said. The dolls suddenly came to life and started chasing everyone. The friends ran to try to find a hiding place and saw a small doll sprinting toward them. The doll chased them around but Winter got an idea "Amy! We can use the pocket knife!" Winter said. "Good idea Winter!" Amy replied. She ran toward the doll and stabbed it with the pocket knife and the doll stopped moving. "Good job Amy," Winter told her. After that they took shelter in a small playhouse, it was a tight squeeze but they all ended up fitting. They sat there for around 20 minutes when the announcements came on, "Lets change this up a bit," Winter was confused but then they smelled burning. Everyone got out of the house and saw that the daycare was flooding with lava. Winter grabbed their friends and they all started running. They ran to the tallest structure helping each other up and watching other people burn in the lava. Then the announcements came on "Congratulations, you have won the games."

THE END

Beep, beep beep! Joseph's alarm clock rings, but it wasn't quite loud enough. Joseph slept through it, finally waking up 40 minutes later at 7:55am. He hopped out of bed excited for the day he was about to have. However, his mood changed quickly once he realized what time it was. Joseph didn't want to be late for school, especially on a day like this, so he ran to the kitchen to make breakfast. "It's Halloween! It's Halloween!" Joseph cheered to his mom while running down the hallway. Once he was in the kitchen he grabbed a piece of bread from the fridge and put it in the toaster. After that, he ran back to his room to get changed. Joseph had waited weeks to wear his Halloween costume and it was finally time. As he put on his vampire costume, he began to realize that both the sleeves and pants were too short, meaning his ankles and wrists were showing. Joseph was extremely saddened by this, but now wasn't the time to worry about it. Once again, he ran to the kitchen, this time to retrieve his toast. As Joseph walked into the kitchen the smell of burning filled the air. He instantly knew where it was coming from. Joseph ran to the toaster only to discover that his toast had been burnt to a dark black colour, like it had been tossed into an active volcano. Joseph was going to be late for school if he didn't hurry, so he decided to go without breakfast that morning.

The drive to school was red light after red light. Joseph complained to his mom who just replied with "I can't control the traffic, Joseph." Once Joseph finally got to school he ran to class, relieved that he was only 5 minutes late. Unfortunately, the relief

faded quickly when Joseph realized his class was doing math that day, his least favourite subject.

The bell rang after what felt like a century to Joseph, and it was finally time to go outside. Him and his friends all ran outside cheering. While Joseph was playing tag with his friends Marco and Robert, something horrendous happened. Marco grabbed Joseph's sleeves while trying to tag him. The sleeves ripped louder than the sound of a stampede of elephants, causing Marco and Robert to look over in surprise. Joseph looked down at his costume and noticed the rip from the bottom of his sleeve up to his elbow. "Sorry, Joseph!" said his friend Marco, feeling guilty for what he had just done. "Don't worry about it," Joseph sighed.

Joseph was so excited to go trick-or-treating that he started getting ready the second he got home. He tried to hide the large rip in his sleeve but it was no use. Joseph was ready to meet up with his friend Robert. However, right as he was about to leave his house, the phone rang. Joseph picked it up and realized it was Robert, who was calling to tell him he was grounded. That meant that Joseph had to trick-or-treat alone. So far, Joseph's Halloween has not been going how he expected.

While Joseph walked around his neighbourhood looking for doors to knock at, he began to notice that not many people on his street were giving out candy, which unfortunately meant he wasn't going to have very much by the time he was done.

Towards the end of the night, Joseph felt something small land on the top of his head. It didn't take long for him to realize it was a raindrop. Soon enough, it started raining much more rapidly. Joseph began to run in an attempt to make it home in time. He was running so fast that he happened to lose focus for a few seconds. In that few seconds however, Joseph tripped over his shoelace, causing him to fall directly into a puddle of mud. He tried to get up as fast as possible to salvage his costume and his candy, but he was too late. Both Joseph and his candy bag were now drenched in mud, and entirely ruined.

Once Joseph got home, he wringed the water and dirt out of his sleeves and pant legs. After that, he tried to see if any of his candy was spared from the tsunami of mud that flooded his bag. Sadly, none of his candy was dry and all of his hard work was now destroyed. Joseph sighed and threw away his bag, with all of the candy still in it. Then, he went upstairs to see if his little brother, Marcus, would share any of his Halloween candy with him. Marcus selfishly refused to share any of his candy no matter how much Joseph pleaded, so eventually he just gave up and went back downstairs.

As Joseph was brushing his teeth before bed he thought about how terrible this Halloween had been. He was almost relieved that the day was finally over. As he was trying to fall asleep, he couldn't help but hope that next Halloween would be completely different and that he would never have a horrible day like this ever again.