

# "The Cook Who Won It All"

By Jacob Aie

Grade 6

Desert Sands Community School

Once upon a time there was a cook named Lee who lived in a small town named Nacholand. He was known as the best chef around. Lee's dream was to be one of the top chefs in the world then he wanted to open a chain of restaurants.

One day as Lee was perfecting his signature dish, he received a message he was invited to the World Chef television show to be held in Honolulu, Hawaii. The prize was ten million dollars! Lee packed up his aprons, whisks, chopsticks and kitchen equipment and was off to Hawaii.

When Lee arrives at the studio in Honolulu, he notices hundreds of chefs from around the world. He nervously waits for his turn at the desk. Once it is his turn, he is taken to a cooking suite to practice. Once he has settled in, he goes down to the studio where hundreds of chefs from around the world are getting ready to audition. One by one, the chefs are to try out, and then the judges eliminate until only ten remain. When it was Lee's turn, he demonstrated his dish "the Mango Supreme." The judges loved it and Lee was one of the final ten chefs!

Each chef came from a different part of the world. There were chefs from Russia, Germany, Scotland, Greece, Italy, France, United States, Canada, Japan, and Lee who was from China. The three judges were: the famous connoisseur Paul VanHugleshiemer, master chef Haggis McBagpipes, and the eccentric billionaire, Harry Hungry.

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It was announced that the competition would continue the next day at 8:00am sharp, and not to be late.

When Lee returned, he practiced making all sorts of original dishes until very late that night when he developed the perfect dish for the next round of the competition.

The next day, the show commenced. Lee's turn to perform was going to be later in the show, so he went into his room and watched the others compete on television. One by one, chefs were eliminated until it was Lee's turn. Once he was in the studio, he saw the two other chefs. One chef was from Germany and the other was from USA.

The announcer called them up, it was time to cook. The announcer told them that the theme of today's competition was stir fry, and they could only use ingredients that were provided in the kitchen. They needed to prepare the food in one hour.

The bell signals that the cook off was on. Lee was going to make a beef rice noodle stir fry with red peppers, special secret seasonings, and some bok choy. Once everything was in the frying pan, Lee got the plates ready and started to mix up his special sauce for the stir fry. When the stir fry looked ready, he put in his special sauce. The announcer said, "only 24 minutes remaining." Just then, Lee forgot that he hadn't added the beans yet. He quickly added the beans and started stirring quickly, hoping that the beef wouldn't burn. The announcer said "5 minutes left". Lee was just serving it when he remembered

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that he had to make another batch of his special sauce. As he quickly worked, the announcer said "30 seconds left." Lee quickly put the stir fry on the dishes and drizzled it with his special sauce. Then he heard a loud buzz. The time was up.

First, the judges tried the American chef's stir fry. Only one judge liked it. Then they tried the German chef's stir fry; two judges liked it. Then it was Lee's turn. The first judge said he liked the texture. The second judge said that she liked the blend of flavours. The third judge just stuffed the whole serving in his mouth with his thumb up. It was clear who won...it was Lee! He had won the round and the other two chefs were told to go home. The announcer said that the final round would be tomorrow.

The next morning, Lee thought about his final dish. When he arrived to the studio, the announcer said the theme would be a buffet. Lee would be competing with the other two winners from France and Scotland. For this round, they had two and a half hours to prepare the buffet. Lee already had an image of what he was going to make in his mind. He was going to prepare rice balls, fried rice, dry garlic ribs, half moon dumplings, and then a broccoli and beef concoction. The bell rang; time to start cooking. The first dish Lee made was broccoli and beef. Then Lee had to start the half moon dumplings because they needed to be steamed. For the rice balls, Lee had to cook sticky rice, put some sausage, shrimp, and nuts in and form balls with the dough, before they were steamed. Before Lee knew it the announcer said "5 minutes left." Lee quickly got the half moons

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and rice balls out of the steamer. He then put all the food on plates and put the plates on a cart just as the buzzer went off.

The time was up. Lee had cooked his heart and soul into his dishes.

Lee saw that the French chef had made snails. The Scottish cook had made haggis. Not one of the judges liked the Scottish chef's food. Only one judge liked the French chef's food. However, all three judges turned cartwheels over Lees food.

Lee was the chef who won it all!

## Silenced

Silenced, discriminated, terrorized, and feared. Her legs started to quiver as she walked down the hallway and students gawked at her when she strolled past them.

Being a Muslim was frightening in this country; no one looked liked her and no one at school followed any of her beliefs.

Tanisha was an eleven-year-old girl who had immigrated to America from Dhaka, the capital city of Bangladesh. She now lived in New York.

Tanisha had curly jet black hair, her skin tone was a dark tan colour and she had big, russet brown eyes. Tanisha usually wore a salwar kameez, which is a traditional type of dress in Bangladesh. Her favourite one was arctic blue with violet trim and silver sequins.

New York was a very overwhelming city and Tanisha was afraid to go out in public, but school was even more abominable.

Isolated and somber, she sat alone every lunch eating her chicken curry and admiring her other classmates playing; she wished she could join them.

Bad grades and stress stormed in her brain every day. The taunting children in the school would tease Tanisha about her outfits and religion. Flooded with worry, she could never focus on her school work which caused her to fail most of her tests.

"Get away from me you freak!" Aaron said harshly to Tanisha.

Aaron was one of Tanisha's many bullies, but he was the cruelest of them all.

"And why am I a freak?" Tanisha replied.

"Well...for one, your clothes look horrid. Two, your skin makes you look dirty, and three, you eat the weirdest things and you always stink."

Feeling embarrassed and ashamed, Tanisha stomped away.

\* \* \*

"OK class. Wednesday next week, we will have a test on the history of America."

Those were the most dreaded words that came from any of Tanisha's teachers.

*Why? Why so many tests?* Tanisha thought to herself.

When test day came, Tanisha struggled on the test just like always; the only things she could remember were the painful words of her fellow classmates.

When she got her results the following week, it wasn't a surprise. An "F" like always.

At home her parents started to notice Tanisha's bad grades and the sad expression on her face everyday after school. They became concerned about Tanisha and arranged a meeting with the school principal.

"Mr. Allam. Mrs. Allam. What seems to be the problem here?"

"Lately we have been noticing Tanisha getting F's; she was a straight A student back in Bangladesh. She's also been coming home in very bad moods, so we were wondering if anything was going on?" asked Mrs. Allam.

"Well, we haven't heard any problems from her teachers. She seems like a humble student who always shows up to class and never causes any trouble."

"OK, we'll have to talk to Tanisha about this. Thank you for your help." Mr. Allam was relieved to hear that nothing bad was going on at school.

The next day started like any other day for Tanisha...with a menacing shout from her biggest bully, Aaron.

"Hey freak. I got a B on my test. How 'bout you? Oh right, probably an F like always!!"

"JUST STOP IT!" Tanisha yelled.

"Why would I?" Aaron taunted.

"Because what if someone did that to you just because you looked different, just because you weren't the same and were from a different country! What if someone did to you what you do to me everyday! Imagine every time you walked alone down the hallways you were made fun of and teased for no reason. You have no idea what it's like to feel miserable and terrified everyday at school because of bullies like you. What if you were me going through all of this? How would you feel?"

By the time Tanisha finished speaking the whole school had gathered around her.

Aaron just stood there frozen, aghast, then stomped away without saying another word.

Tanisha felt something change inside her after her encounter with Aaron. *What did I just do? Wait... what DID I just do! I just beat the bully. This is the best feeling in the world.*

From that day forward, Tanisha started coming home happy and full of energy. Her parents stopped worrying about her and it seemed like they had completely forgotten about how depressed Tanisha used to be.

Back at school Tanisha's life started to get easier and less paralyzing. The bullies slowly started easing off and she was able to concentrate on her tests.

\* \* \*

"OK class, on Thursday we'll have a retest on the history of America."

*Well... this is my chance to get my first A in this school,* Tanisha thought to herself.

Thursday came and Tanisha felt prepared for the first time in her life; she didn't have a single worry. The best part was that there were no painful words of hate to remember and she could remember the facts: George Washington was the first

president of America, the country was founded in on July fourth, 1776, and that the capital is Washington, D.C.

A week later Tanisha got her test back...a B-!

When she got home, she ran to her mom and dad to tell them the good news.

"Mom! Dad! I just got a B- on my retest! That's the best I've done all year!"

"That's wonderful Tanisha. Good job." her mom said.

"Yes, that's fantastic!" shouted her dad.

For the first time ever Tanisha felt proud and happy with herself.

\* \* \*

*Many years later...*

Tanisha is now twenty-two years-old and a famous author. She'd written an award-winning autobiography and had started a successful organization dedicated to justice for Muslims. She is grateful for everything she had achieved and wanted to help as many people as she could.

Through Tanisha's journey, she had become a voice for muslims around the world.

That's all she ever wanted...to be heard!

## The Smart One

I sat comfortably in a chair while the female reporter began about my childhood.

“Growing up I remember getting thrashed in the head with a mighty hammer square in the cranium because my mother couldn’t pay back some debt, of some sort. I knew exactly then the perimeter of the face (of the hammer) and the amount of force it pressured against myself. I knew all those facts while nearly bleeding to death and having a dysfunctional eye that still barely blinks today. I didn’t live *through* poverty; more I *journeyed along* without a proper home. My mother didn’t care about us but protected us in the same sense. If I got a bullet she’d take the following one. If I found cooking materials, food, clothing, anything up for sale I’d get a fair portion. I never ate a lot, never was famished I suppose. If I ate a carrot it’d be my allotment for the day. I preferred only rice, beans, grilled chicken (most because it was tremendously filling for a homeless boy), noodles, and peas with corn. Chinese food is what you’d call it in classy modern times. Now, I said food, food keeps you running, therefore it was our lives. My male sibling, Tu, was very sentimental over his fortunes. When we’d cruise up more provided streets, we’d see television sets, grand feasts, short shorts, colorful robes, cell phones even, and he’d weep. Ask the lord, *why? Why so unfortunate? Why me, why my brother, why did my mother have us, not to mention where did our father go?*

I’m younger than Tu, and frankly, I wondered why as well. But Tu was mentally ill, to put it in reality, and had conditions. But I was intelligent, to put it briefly, more unique and perspicacious than he. Not until later did I find out that I was more clever than most. One night, my mum said she was going for a stroll downtown. I had, more a theory than a vision that trouble was to occur. I told her; her response? She viciously hit me with a baseball bat she found in a back alley. I remember it vividly, this cut,” I unbuttoned my shirt just by one and it showed a gnarly gash that was lacerated

in my neck, “is the evidence. That night, her *stroll* (*meaning* nightclub) had an attack or gunfire or mayhem et cetera. Well, my surviving mother was in critical condition. Beyond imaginable, beyond my neck or lower forehead. It was strenuous for my brother who took it sorely while I took it quite bitter. My mother, kinder now, felt horrible for mistaking me. From that incident forward, my instinct was the correct one, the only voice that mattered in our family, if one at all. After that occasion, I became quite certain of everything.

I was/am spectacular at mathematics, science, literature, decisions, everything mostly. I was beyond what was expected out of a street boy, beyond what an average man or woman learns in a lifetime. I was genius, more intellect, mighty brilliant. Of course no one gave a hoot I was school-smart not street-smart and that that was the only thing essential. But as Tu had his melancholia I had my disease as well. I still look like an eleven- year- old boy.

It’s Benjamin Buttons, Cloud Atlas, or Tuck Everlasting in reality. I sound eleven, look eleven, act more mature than my grandmother would’ve and yet I’m bloody twenty-eight. I can’t decide if its adolescence gone later or a hormonal dysfunction or a simply complex mystery, but I seem like an elementary boy do I not?”

My tone becomes a bit harsh and unsavory so I take a mellow breath in. “At the age of fourteen I realized two things. My name, Wun, meant *one*, my brother’s name, Tu meant, well you can guess it. *Two*. My mother couldn't think of two names for two boys that were her own. Shame, it truly was. I felt an overwhelming amount of antipathy towards her. What else did I notice while I was fourteen? I was a child. Greedy with our bare money, piggish about not eating (strangely enough), and boasting about my intellectual brilliance yet that’s when I didn’t see any alterations in myself physically. I was deprived, felt ashamed, and was too genius for what a homeless boy should be,

not a good color on me. I came to a conclusion (theory looking back now) that it was my teenage years. Yet with no caring (available) mother I was the only level-headed, sensible, person around.

Tu became an alcoholic. I remember how sad he'd become. For me *sad* wouldn't cover half a millimeter, not one, but I don't expect privileged people to understand."

The woman looked as though she'd speak (finally) but I waved her off.

"Please, hush. Pills, liquor, dirt was his water and celery. I manoeuvred away from him before his train rattled off the railway, over the cliff, and onto the rock bottom. It did sooner than I predicted (I've never been wrong with something like that) and he died from overdose only four... maybe three years ago. But you lose one you gain one. It turns out my mother had three other children. One in the gap between Tu and me. One that was thirteen at the time, (now I believe he's seventeen) and one born four months before Tu's passing. Their names were Sandoval and Kinkle."

She laughs but I give her a glare telling her that it was stubborn.

"I'd help Kinkle, the youngest, in any way possible. He's young, has a healthy life ahead, and isn't aware of poverty, drugs, or the fact his parents are homeless. Sandoval, on the other hand, is very weak. A liability; therefore I quote 'Kinkle, as little of a life he's had is better than Sandoval.'"

The woman chuckles and I let her

"So," she says, I hearing her finally, "how are you going to win the 'Smartest Human Alive Competition'?"

I go tense and serious, "With my brain."

### The Adventures of Samantha - The New World

Imagine you tripped and fell. Your eyes close as you trip and when you opened them again, you find yourself somewhere you've never seen before. This happened to Samantha.

It started when she woke up on a Tuesday morning. She got ready for school and left her best friend's basement suit that she was given because she had no family. When Samantha gets to school she sees new faces and her best friends Jordan, Louis, Liam, Angelina, and Isabella. The first bell rings and everyone lines up to go inside. When Samantha gets to her locker right beside Isabella's, Isabella gives her a drawing of some Pokémon. Isabella and Samantha go into class together since their desks are beside each other's, and just in front of Jordan's and Louis's, they decide to draw some Pokémon for each other. After lunch is socials and Samantha is excited because she gets to use a Chromebook. Makiah tells Samantha that she will get both hers and Samantha's Chromebooks. While Makiah does that Samantha gets her headphones. Everyone works. Samantha puts on her headphones and puts on music that she enjoys. When her music starts playing through her headphones she opens her essay and faster than you could say potatoes she writes 9 sentences.

After school Samantha likes to hang out with her friends that are still at school. Samantha starts walking to where Liam is. "Bye Shadow!!," Isabella yells to Samantha as she walks home. "Bye Avatar!! See you later!!" Samantha quickly replies loud enough so Isabella hears her. When Samantha gets to the basket ball court Liam is there waiting for her. Samantha notices something in Liam's hand. "What's in your hand?" Samantha curiously asks. "Nothing!!" Liam replies sounding scared and kinda nervous. Samantha walks very slowly closer to Liam so that she could possibly grab whatever is in Liam's hand, but instead of taking it she puts her hands in her

pockets. "What's in your hand Liam?" She asks suspiciously and curiosity. "NOTHING OK!!

"Liam replies instantly in nervousness and fear and with what seems like a hint of anger. "Why are you not telling me what's in your hand!?" Samantha asks with curiosity and determination. "

Fine. I'll tell you. It's for, um, well, you. "Liam answers nervously and his whole face turns red.

About an half hour later Samantha and Liam are playing a game and on Samantha's 4th turn she gets asked truth, dare, chase or skip. She replies in dare. Her dare was for her to hug someone

who has a crush on her. Then Liam gets his turn and he gets a dare. His dare is to chase

Samantha until she gets too tired to run anymore. Samantha runs as fast as she can. Liam is close behind her. Samantha runs and runs until she suddenly trips and falls. As she falls her eyes close

she falls down a hole for what seems like forever. When she opens her eyes she notices she's

somewhere she's never seen before and she gets up and starts walking. After walking around for about 20 minutes she encounters a monster. It's a froggit! Samantha can chose 4 things: Fight,

Act, Item, and Mercy. Samantha chooses Mercy. Later, after sparing 6 monsters, she encounters a ghost named Napstablook. She chooses Mercy again. The battle is over, Napstablook was

spared. Samantha finds a goat looking monster. "Oh, Hello, my child, what is your name?" The

goat monster asks. "I'm Samantha but you can call me Sam for short," Samantha replies. "Um,

if I can, could I ask who you are?" Samantha asks. "I'm Toriel, and. In case you were wandering we are in the ruins," Toriel replies with a very gently, caring, loving mom voice.

Sam stays with Toriel for 6 days then she sets off for Snowdin, where she plans to find

somewhere to eat real food. About 5 days later Samantha has become best friends with Papyrus

and Sans. "Nyeheh heh heh, Spaghetti is ready Human!" Papyrus happily shouts to Sam upstairs.

" Heh, see ya after dinner kiddo, " Sans says to Sam with a big smile on his face. " See you in about... 15 minutes, Ok Sans. " Sam responds. " OK kiddo, " Sans answers still smiling. After Sam is done dinner she goes back upstairs to hang out with Sans again. Sam notices a door that she didn't see before. " Hey Sans, what's through that door out there? " Sam asks. " I'm not sure, Paps would know. Anyways, kiddo, I was wondering if you..." " Wanted to go to grillby's. " Sam interrupts Sans. " Umm, actually, no, I was gonna ask if you wanted to do some battle practice? " Sans asks. " Why do you ask if I want to do battle practice? I mean why would I need to? I did choose Pacifist. I don't see why I would have to practice for battle?, " Sam asks in confusion." Undyne, " Sans replies. " Undyne? What do you mean by Undyne? " Sam asks with confusion. " Undyne is part of the royal guard and will stop at nothing to capture a human. She is also a blue fish, " Sans replies calmly. " Oh. Makes sense now that I know, " Sam responds calmly yet slightly shocked. So they practice for battle. Sans goes easy on Sam but when Sans notices the fire in Sam's eyes he practices with more effort. Sam and Sans practiced for hours. When they finished they have some ice cream and some of Toriel's homemade pumpkin pie. Sans and Sam love hanging out with each other. Sans and Sam decide to sit on the couch and watch TV. They both fall asleep while watching a live show. " I'm going to miss you when you leave, " Sans says to Sam when she wakes up. " I could bring you guys with me. " Sam replies with joy. " You can! " Sans shouts.

Weeks later Sam finds a way back to her own world and brings Sans, and all her other friends with her.

Autumn Araneda  
Grade 6  
Dufferin Elem.

## Almost a Miracle

I was nine when I found out that I was going to have a new baby cousin. I was so excited. My older cousin and I really wanted it to be a girl. The baby was a boy! He was born on January 19th, 2014. They named him Sawyer. He was the sweetest little boy I'd ever met! He was always smiling, especially for the camera... until he got sick. My aunty took him to the hospital after he was sick for about three weeks. The doctor said it was just a fever and it would go away fairly soon. However everyone believed it was way worse than just a small little fever. My aunt and uncle finally visited the right doctor. After they did some tests on my cousin, the doctors announced that Sawyer has been diagnosed with brain cancer.

When I found out about this I could not stop myself from crying. They had to fly him to the B.C children's hospital, in Vancouver right away. My aunty and uncle lived in the Ronald McDonald house for 6 months. Sawyer's brother and sister, Bayden and Paige stayed with my grandma in Kamloops. They visited their brother, mom, and dad every weekend. Sawyer went through six stages of chemo, to try to treat the brain tumor.

After

The sixth stage of chemo, the doctors had said that Sawyer just might live after a seventh round of chemo. But my aunt didn't want to let him go through all that pain.

My grandma told me that Sawyer was coming home, but only because we had to say goodbye to him. They had him hooked up to a small machine in his room, so that he could stay with us for a few more days. We always wanted to play with him, but he was always sleeping, at the time I didn't understand why. Sawyer passed away on March 28th 2016. Afterwards, my auntie felt guilty. She thought that if she let him go through the seventh stage then he would have lived. After Sawyer passed away, I felt that I should have played with him way more often. I don't even have ANY pictures of just him and me, absolutely none! I wish I could just talk to him and just see him one more time.

# A Short History Of A Girl And Her Horse

By: Elisa Armstrong, Pinantan Elementary, Gr.6

I was only a few months old when a sparkling, silver horse trailer pulled up in our driveway.

The big door swung open only to reveal a nine year old appaloosa quarter horse cross whose name was, and forever will be, Julius Caesar. Julius was meant to be my mother's horse, but over time he became mine. Over the years I've grown to be more confident on a horse's back, especially if it was Julius's. I used to ride Julius bareback with a rope and a halter, but after my Mom started an equestrian club and I took my first lesson Julius and I both adapted to riding in a saddle and bridle. When I was eight we started doing something called a Gymkhana- Gymkhana is like a rodeo only smaller and less competitive. With my lessons and participating in Gymkhana I've come to be quite a strong rider. I now go on trail rides alone or with friends, cantering in the wind, almost reaching a gallop, stopping at the lookout trail to look over the sea blue lake, watching the sunset go down at a steady pace.

As Julius grows older I feel as if I hurt him when I run him, even though I know he can handle it. When winter comes I don't ride a lot, I think it's our lazy season, but I always take some grains out of the rusty freezer we keep them in and walk through the crusty snow to reach him. As I feed him I rest my head against his and think about all the time that's gone by and regret not spending more of it with him. As I whisper in his ear, promising that I'll do more, I feel his cold breath battle mine. I give him the softest kiss as he starts to walk away to shoo the horses away from his beloved Maggie. He doesn't have to do much to get the horses moved. I watch his ears

inch back more and more, a sign that he's angry with the others, his chin goes down as he bites their butts. I'm now eleven and he's soon to be twenty; I realize he's not too old and has still got a lot of good times and rides left in him, but as I write out this I feel instead of describing our journey together, I should be living it.

Brooke Arnott  
Grade 6  
Desert Sands Community School  
"Bullied"

Hello. How are you? My name is Taylor and I am getting bullied at school, because my family is poor. I don't have the best of clothing, and I'm not into sports. Everyone makes fun of my clothes. Like why does that even matter? It doesn't reflect on my personality. I can't even do a real push up and I get beat up about that.

Last week I got punched in the face because of the way I dressed that day. I really don't get it. Why don't they like me? I'm, friendly, nice, and funny. To make things even worse my home life has not been the greatest, because my parents are going to get divorced. They've been yelling at each other non-stop, and now my dog has died. My crush is moving to Ohio, so I guess my day hasn't gone very well.

Since my mom and dad are getting divorced, I'm moving to the U.K with my grandparents, and my mom. I'm excited to go because my grandparents have more money, but I'm also kind of sad, because I will miss my dad and my baby sister Jessica. She is very sick, because my parents can't pay for any healthcare. Why do we have to pay so much for healthcare?

Brooke Arnott  
Grade 6  
Desert Sands Community School  
"Bullied"

In any case I really hope my new life will bring an end to this senseless bullying. It's really  
too much.

Abigail Biffert  
Grade 6  
Aberdeen Elementary  
The Ocean  
1

“Hello”

I am the ocean. I live all over the world and I can see almost everything. I am a home to many amazing creature, and plants, yet I do not have one friend. I have tried to talk to probably every creature in my waters but they do not listen, I have also tried to talk to the people on the beach but they are usually with their friends and don't understand me or they don't hear me. I can see any beach I want to but my favourite is Gillies Bay which is on Texada Island. There, it is very quiet and not a lot of people visit. I go to other places too but Gillies Bay keeps pulling me back. Usually people go to the beach with their friends, but every time I am at Gillies Bay there is a young girl who comes everyday. She will draw, throw stones, or go swimming; always alone. She seems like a very nice girl. She is tall, has long blond hair that reminds me of sand, and her eyes are as blue as my waters. She usually wears shorts and a tee-shirt or a bathing suit and has black flip flops with bright pink flowers all over them and a long braided ponytail. It seems like drawing and painting are her favourite things to do, and she reads a lot. I think she likes it here, I think it is a calming place for her. One day when she was here I decided to say hello.

“Hi,” I mumbled.

“What! Who said that,” she yelled sounding panicked and afraid.

“It's okay, don't worry. You don't know me and this may sound crazy...but... I am the ocean

Abigail Biffert  
Grade 6  
Aberdeen Elementary  
The Ocean  
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"No way! The ocean can't talk."

"Yes.. I can I just never do."

I tried to sound convincing but I couldn't tell if she believed me.

"No way, I don't believe you," she said.

"Well... take a look around, do you see any one?"

She paused, and looked around.

"No," she said after a while.

"I am the only one here, and I AM the Ocean."

"Prove it!" she yelled.

I picked up a shell with a tentacle shaped blob of water and set it in front of her. She looked amazed.

"Okay then, why haven't you talked to people before?"

"I am too shy and usually people come to the beach with their friends and don't notice me, but you came here alone so I thought I would say hi."

"Oh? So, you're just looking for a friend?"

"Yup" I said.

"I would love to be friends, if you want to be my friend?" she asked lovingly.

"Sure! What's your name?"

"Franny," she said.

"That's a wonderful name Franny."

Abigail Biffert  
Grade 6  
Aberdeen Elementary  
The Ocean  
3

After meeting Franny and getting to know her we became good friends. She told me she has an older sister and she goes to Gilles Bay middle school, and that she doesn't have any friends except for me. She would come every day to draw and talk to me. I liked having a friend. It made me feel less lonely. One day she introduced me to her new friend named Anna, they seemed to get along very well. In a way, I felt a little jealous, but I was happy for her.

"You helped me gain confidence to make a friend, you should try and make one too," said Franny.

"Okay," I said.

To be honest I was nervous. What if I couldn't make a friend and then I would be lonely again and I hated that feeling. The next day when we met she asked,

"Did you find a friend?"

"Yes!" I replied with joy.

"That's great, who is it?" she asked excitedly.

"She is a pink jellyfish named Heidi, she loves to play hide and seek, and lives here in Gillies Bay. Her family is very big with four brothers and sisters! Seaweed is her favourite food along with shrimp; I like having her as a friend, she is very kind. Thank you for helping me" I said.

"You are welcome" she nodded and said,

"Good bye Franny," I said.

Abigail Biffert  
Grade 6  
Aberdeen Elementary  
The Ocean  
4

I still see her when she comes swimming and sometimes she comes to say hi. Having her as a friend helped me to not be shy, I think we both helped each other find new friends. After having Franny as a friend, I have realized that life is full of chances. Some are good and some bad. Do not be shy, take the chances because you never know what will come out of it. If I had never taken a chance and said hello to Franny then I wouldn't be who I am now. I am brave, I talk to the creatures in my waters, I play with them. I try and visit a new beach every week so I can see new things and meet new people. I have lots of different kinds of friends now; dolphins, fish, whales, and even people. With Franny's help, I am happier and now look forward to the adventures of each new day. I hope I did the same for her.

*The Storm*  
By Emily Boone  
Grade 6 Kay Bingham

Monday, May 7th, 2004.

Little girl, big storm, stupid cat. Little girl, big storm, stupid cat. The words go through my head everyday ever since it happened. Sometimes I still wonder what would've happened if I'd gone out that night to get the cat.... It was a Sunday afternoon when we moved to our new house in a small town called Windbridge, during the year 1993. Mary my little sister was practically running up the stairs as soon as we got there so that she could pick her room. I simply just sat in the car with a look of disappointment. The house looked even older in person, and not just any kind of old: the old where the floors creak, when the paint is peeling off the walls, and when in the night you hear strange sounds throughout the house. Yes, that kind of old. At my old house we had many storms, but here practically every day there was a storm. Mary was terrified of storms, and every night that there was a storm she would tiptoe down the hallway and sleep in my room for the night. I knew that it would be no different here. A couple weeks after moving to Windbridge there was a storm like I'd never seen before; a storm that Windbridge had never seen before. Of course Mary was the only one tremendously afraid of it. We were both in the kitchen when Bertram our cat strolled through and out the cat door at the back. Mary shrieked with a frightened look on her face. "Lily! Please oh please go get Bertram." As always, I pretended like I never heard her and walked away. I walked up

*The Storm*  
By Emily Boone  
Grade 6 - Kay Bingham Elementary

the stairs and into my room to go to sleep. There was only one thing Mary could think of doing and that was to put her fear behind her, and to go get her cat. A couple minutes later my mom walked out of her bedroom and saw that both Mary's and my door were closed and the lights were out, so she assumed we were asleep. She went downstairs to lock all the doors and she went back upstairs to go to bed. Of course Mary didn't notice since she was too busy trying to find the cat. Mary must of heard something but she had gone to the side of the house to the big willow tree. Mary had climbed the tree to get Bertram, and of course she didn't think of the dangers that would come. The tree was struck by lightning moments after Mary grabbed ahold of Bertram. She wasn't found until the morning, and when she was, Mary was rushed to the hospital. Weeks past by and everyone of those days there was a storm,. just like the one that caused this accident. Then one day Mary let go of her life. Ever since that day, the storms in Windbridge stopped coming, and there was only sunshine. A night after Mary died I heard someone tiptoe down the hall, and slowly open my door-- a little girl who resembled my sister Mary, holding a cat. Years have past since it happened and I still think about what would've happened if I'd gone out to get Bertram. The thing was I didn't, so Now there nothing I can do about it. The girl resembling my sister, holding the cat never came back and the last thing I can remember about her was her saying goodbye. Was it fate that this happened? Was it destined to be? I'm not exactly sure

and I don't think I'll ever understand it, but it's one way for me to remember Mary. To this day the words still run through my head. Little girl, big storm, stupid cat. Little girl, big storm, stupid cat....

Kaitlynn Bryson  
Dufferin Elementary  
Grade.6

### Winter

In winter anything can happen.

The rooftops fill with snow.

Snow comes down like delicately laced diamonds;

everyone a different size,shape or pattern.

They look like tiny cobwebs.

Snowmen come to life with magic

As the day ends it snows softer;

Glistening in the moonlight.

Winter.

Kaitlynn Bryson  
Dufferin Elementary  
Grade.6

### The Ocean

The mighty ocean turns and tosses.

It has fun as it splishes and splashes.

The sand feels soft but gritty between my toes.

I can smell the salty air in my nose.

Playing in the water brings out the kid in everyone.

As i watch the water churn towards the beach.

I feel happy and at peace.

The Ocean

Maia Canonico  
Grade 6  
A.E. Perry Elementary  
Starting Over

September 17, 2017.

Why did we have to move to Kamloops? Unfortunately, my Dad decided to move here because of work. The only bright side to the situation is that my 17 year old brother, Zack, is struggling too. I have woken up for the last three days, only to see gloomy skies outside my window. I had to leave my hockey team and friends back in Vancouver. Zack plays hockey too, in fact he's the person who introduced me to hockey when I was 4. Honestly, this hasn't been the only night that I have stayed up until 11 at night. It was to think about what the next day had in store for me. I feel my eyes shut, as I escape from reality, scared of tomorrow.

In the morning, I rush to get ready and walk to my new high school. When I enter the school, I look around to see many, many people. It makes me feel as though I may never fit in and I realize how much I missed my hockey and school friends. I then remember that I need to go to the office because I'm a new student. As I'm leaving the office, I see the bulletin board and find a poster for the school's hockey tryouts. I decide to go, maybe I'll even make some new friends.

School went by fast and before I knew it, it was the end of the day. As soon as I enter my empty house, I immediately go on my phone. After hours on my phone, I check the time and decide that it's time to leave for tryouts. When I arrive, I instantly feel nervous. I walk in with my hockey bag and stick at my side, trying to look confident. There are lots of people trying out for the team. It's after tryouts and now I'm in the change room with my possible future teammates. We're all waiting for coach to tell us who made the team, it's nerve racking.

Maia Canonico  
Grade 6  
A.E. Perry Elementary  
Starting Over

It's time to find out the results. Coach barges through the door and his loud voice starts to announce many names, but the only one I care about is mine. I wipe my clammy hands on my leggings. It all feels as if it's in slow motion when I hear, "Maddison Benson, who is our first female to make the team." I feel a sense of pride, as I think about how proud my family will be. Instantly, I rush to say hi to my teammates, but instead I get a ginormous hug from them. I can't wait for this season, I get a feeling that it's going to be different from the others.

November 26, 2017.

Today isn't just any regular day because my team, the Lightning are playing a game against the Tigers, who are our rivals. Everyone from our school is going to be there, counting on us to win. The whole team is feeling the pressure, including me. I'm thinking about how fantastic it would be to play in the NHL, when I should be paying attention to my coach's speech. Minutes later, we're on the ice warming up, when suddenly my best friend, Dylan, skates up to me and gives me a fist bump. Dylan and I always do that before a game. Both my team and our opponents are on the ice. I'm starting my team off at center, so I have to take the face off. The game starts and I immediately feel the tension throughout the arena. The crowd starts to chant "Let's Go Lightning Let's Go."

The game is fast paced and now it's the last period and it's tied 2 to 2, only 30 seconds left. I take the puck up the ice, dodging anyone in my way. I decide to take a shot and all the sudden our goal horn goes off. I scored! My teammates crowd me to celebrate as we win 3 to 2. To celebrate we go to my house and eat pizza. After 2 hours they leave and I'm left alone. It's been along night so I go to sleep, with not a worry in the world and a smile on my face.

Maia Canonico  
Grade 6  
A.E. Perry Elementary  
Starting Over

The next morning I am woken up by the phone. The caller better have an amazing explanation for waking me up on a Sunday morning. I pick up my phone and say a sleepy, "Hello." I immediately realize that its coach. Quickly after he says, "First off, I want to say that you did a magnificent job out there last night, also sorry for waking you up so early, but I have amazing news." "What's the amazing news?" I reply in an enthusiastic tone. "You have to come to the arena for me to tell you, it's a surprise," he says with laughter. "Okay, I'll be there in 5 minutes," I reply. I hang up and change clothes, so I can go to the arena.

At the arena, I get out of my car and run to the doors, excited to see what he was talking about. It seems empty at first, until my coach and team yell "SURPRISE." I smile and see them on either side of the arena entrance. Then Dylan, walks up to me and tells me truly amazing news. "Maddie, you have been chosen to play with the Olympic women next year". I embrace him into my arms, as I break out crying with tears of joy. The rest of my team hugs me as well, saying that they're proud of me. I guess the move to Kamloops turned out awesome after all.

I can't wait to see what my future will hold.

The End.

*Title: Hanged*

By: Ashley Ciardullo

School: Bert Edwards Science and Technology

Grade: 6

Standing in front of all of my former friends and loved ones, waiting for it to be over. It's almost hard to believe they betrayed us in such a way. Almost hard to believe that they let *Them* take us.

Chapter One (1 week ago)

I woke to the sound of someone's fist banging against the front door. I was forced to leave the warmth and comfort of my silk sheets and go see who was there. I opened the door to a strange looking man.

"They're coming!" he said with a slight French accent.

"Who's coming?" I asked with sincere concern. He looked around almost as if to see if someone was listening.

"*They* are!" he said and then ran off down the street. Then my older brother Jack came down the stairs. Just as he reached to turn on the TV, people in large black and red uniforms that looked like soldiers burst in with large guns pointed towards us. Is this who that guy was talking about? Is this them? My parents were pulled out of their room and we were all rushed out into a black van.

*Title: Hanged*

By: Ashley Ciardullo

School: Bert Edwards Science and Technology

Grade: 6

## Chapter Two

After what felt like an hour, the doors opened and a burst of sunlight flooded into the van. My eyes had just adjusted to the darkness so instantly I tried to shield them. I looked up at a large rustic looking building that had the letters DBH spread across the front entrance. I wondered what it stood for.

I guess I must have blacked out because when I got out of the van I had ropes restricting me from moving my arms. I tried to keep my head down but I had to see if Jack was okay, or at least here with me. I glanced towards him at the same time he looked at me. He gave me a half smile, I guess it was supposed to be comforting. But I could see behind his smile, I saw fear, fear greater than I've ever seen in him. It was almost like he was more scared than me, which I thought was impossible.

*Title: Hanged*

By: Ashley Ciardullo

School: Bert Edwards Science and Technology

Grade: 6

### Chapter Three

When we came into the old building the first thing I noticed was the windows. They had bars on them and the room was large with lots of doors. The doors were all different, except for a few. It looked like a prison. Was that what this was? A prison? Now I was really wondering what DBH meant.

I was being pushed towards a door that looked like something from an old movie, I wasn't sure I wanted to see what was behind it. As I looked at Jack I realized he was being pushed to a different place. It looked like the same door just on the other side of the room. I tried to struggle, and run towards him, run away from this horrible nightmare. I just wanted to wake up in my nice warm sheets and start the day again. I wanted to go back to school with my friends.

"Let me go!" I was just about to get away from the grasp of the woman holding me back, then, out of nowhere I blacked out.

*Title: Hanged*

By: Ashley Ciardullo

School: Bert Edwards Science and Technology

Grade: 6

## Chapter four

I woke up in a room that looked like a hospital wing. The room was much smaller than the other. I looked around and there was four other beds.

I stood up and wobbled a bit, then I started towards the window. It was a large window that looked out at an open field. The bars on it didn't block the view to much, not that there was much of a view. It was small with peeling white wall paper and a faint smell of paint. I don't mind the smell of paint, it's much better than the other room. It smelled of rusting metal, and sulfur. I started to turn back to the bed when the door to the right of the window opened. A woman in a black and red uniform entered the room. She looked more kind than the others.

"Did you sleep well?" she asked with a soft voice.

"Define well." I said. "What happened? Did I faint?"

"No, apparently you were fighting with one of the guards and they tased you." she said as if she hadn't a care in the world.

"They tased me? As in with a taser?" I asked, confused.

*Title: Hanged*

By: Ashley Ciardullo

School: Bert Edwards Science and Technology

Grade: 6

"Yes that's normally how it works." she said as she fluffed the pillows on the bed I woke up on.

"How long was I out?" I asked

"About an hour or two." she said while now refolding extra blankets. An hour? Two hours? I started wondering about what was going on in Jack's head. Was he scared out of his mind? Was he hurt? Was he dead?

I started freaking out and hyperventilating. The nice nurse lady came over and put her hand on my shoulder.

"Come sit, there are some side effects when you get tasered." I sat down and she brought me a small plastic cup filled with water.

"Do you know where my brother is? Is he okay? What is this place? Is it a prison? If so why am I here? What did I do? I'm not a criminal I promise." I said with more anxiety than ever.

"Don't worry, it's not about what you did, it's about what you're going to do, and your brother is fine. He's in his cell now." she said completely normal, like nothing was going on. What did she mean by what I'm going to do? Is she from the future or something?

Ha!

*Title: Hanged*

By: Ashley Ciardullo

School: Bert Edwards Science and Technology

Grade: 6

## Chapter 5

I was about to ask her what she meant but then a soldier looking person burst in.

"It's time." he said as he grabbed my arm and pulled me out, back into the van. When I got out, I saw my brother. I ran towards him and hugged him. Then we were urged into what looked like a courthouse.

When we got inside I realized it was, but it wasn't just a few people. It was everyone I've ever known including my parents and best friend. I looked towards the front of the room and saw two ropes and a stool underneath both. We were told to stand on the stools and put the ropes around our necks.

After we did I realized that I had seen this in before, in a dream maybe. Me looking upon my friends and family. They all had straight faces, no tears. Then, the dream ended. But this time, I don't think it's a dream.

To be Continued...

Gabriella Cooper, Grade 6, Logan Lake Secondary, "The Story"

## The Story

Hi my name is Ellie and I'm fourteen years old. I go to Lake Shore Middle School and I'm in grade 8. I'm not a big fan of school but I mean, it could be worse. My older brother Noah is 17. He is pretty cool and he taught me how to play video games. I'm the youngest in my family which can be cool at times. My mom and dad are the best and nicest parents you will ever meet. I have one friend his name is Zach he is my best friend, in fact probably my only friend.

Today I was walking to school when Zach came up to me "Hey Ellie do you want to come over tonight my mom is making her famous perogies".

"My mom said I could, your mom texted my mom last night" I said.

"Yeah" Zach squealed.

During the school day Zach and I were in Mr. Duggan's class "Zach the ground is shaking, do you feel it?" I said whispering.

"Yeah, a little bit Ellie" Zach said responding to my question.

"Mr.Duggan the ground is shaking." I said. "Mr.Duggan, THE GROUND IS SHAKING!" I yelled.

"EVERYONE UNDER YOUR DESK NOW!" Mr.Duggan yelled to the class. Everyone went under their desks.

"Zach are we going to die?" I asked, crying to Zach.

Gabriella Cooper, Grade 6, Logan Lake Secondary, "The Story"

The ground was shaking so hard that all the books fell off of the shelves and the teacher's mug fell and broke into a million peices.

Zach crawled to my desk, went under it, hugged me and said "Ellie it's okay it will be over soon."

As soon as it started, it was over. "Ellie are you okay, Ellie, ELLIE, Mr.Duggan, it's Ellie, I think she's hurt." Zach said with tears running down his face. All I could do was hear, I couldn't speak, see or move.

When I opened my eyes, I was not at school. I was in the hospital with the room filled with equipment. My mom and Noah were sitting right beside me. Mom's crying eyes filled with joy "Baby, you're awake." she said crying with joy.

"Mom how long have I been in here?" I asked.

"Four days. Zach also came and dropped off flowers and a teddy bear for you. I took them home with me when the doctor said I could not stay the night that you had surgery".

"Wait, what surgery?" I said with confusion.

"Honey, your leg, some bricks fell on you and broke your bone, so now you have a cast on it and stitches, until....hmm... wait one second, let me see my phone" she said while rummaging through her purse "Oh, here it says December twenty-eighth".

Gabriella Cooper, Grade 6, Logan Lake Secondary, "The Story"

We walked into the doctor's office and checked in and then it was our turn. The doctor called us into the room and asked us questions about my age, gender and what happened.

"What color would you like your new cast to be?" the doctor said.

"Purple please" I said, looking at my leg.

After the doctors I went home and layed on my couch waiting for Zach to come. It would be the first time I have talked to Zach in one month. He was at his grandparents for one month. His parents had to go to their aunt and uncle because Zach's Uncle is really sick and is in the hospital. A couple of hours passed and Zach finally came to my house.

"Zach I missed you so much" I said giving him a big awkward hug because of my crutches.

"Missed you too" Zach said squeezing me really tight. We talked and played with Yumi, we played video games with Noah and after two hours dinner was finally ready.

"Zach, Ellie, Noah, dinner is ready we are having mac and cheese. Oh and dad is working late so he isn't going to eat with us" mom yelled at us from down stairs.

"Coming!"we all said.

After we ate all our food it was time for bed. Me and my brother's bedrooms are in the basement we have the whole basement all to ourselves. My room is huge and it has a

Gabriella Cooper, Grade 6, Logan Lake Secondary, "The Story"

walk in closet but my parents room is huge. Before me and Zach went to bed we prank called Walmart, Costco and Superstore.

"Hi do you have horses for sale or can I sell you a horses for 100,000 dollars".

It was so funny but then we had to go to bed.

Amy Davis  
Parkcrest Elementary  
Grade 6  
Time

## Time

You know how we all want super powers? Well, I can travel back in time. It all started when I bought a gold necklace with a pink stone in the middle from a store at the mall. The necklace was the first thing that I saw and I fell in love with it. When I put it on, I travel back in time. That sounds awesome but, I don't know what year, or place I'm going to.

My friend Amelia is coming over, to pick outfits for the school dance on Friday. I picked a short, light blue dress with silver heels. Amelia picked a long silver dress with silver flats. We're having fun picking out jewelry. Then Amelia says "what do you think?" I turn around and I see a gold necklace with pink stone in the middle. I run as fast I can and my hand hits the necklace at the last second. We were going back in time. It felt like we were spinning for hours. When we stopped we were in Egypt.

Amelia is nowhere to be found, I hear her yell. I turn and see her over by a temple. I run towards her and grab her hand. I pull her into the temple and tell her to be quiet. I must explain everything about the necklace.

"Why don't we put the necklace on and go back?" asked Amelia.

"It's not that easy."

I pull out the necklace.

**Amy Davis**  
**Parkcrest Elementary**  
**Grade 6**  
**Time**

"You see where the pink stone was? We have to find the stone and then we can go back" I told Amelia.

She nods. We look around and something moves. A small black cat runs by us. On its collar is a small pink stone, the one from the necklace. Amelia must've noticed, because she was looking at the cat too. A small boy came by to play with the cat. It was King Tut, the cat was King Tut's. Amelia saw the cat and ran towards it. Without thinking I ran for Amelia. Some of the town people saw Amelia try to grab the cat. They yelled for help. Suddenly some mad looking guards came and picked us up. They throw us into jail.

I walk around with my hand on the wall, there was some kind of writing. Amelia was put in a different jail. I was going through some plans in my head. Amelia yells "we need to get out of here!" I look closer at the writing on the wall it was Hieroglyphics. I remembered that in school we learned how to read Hieroglyphics. The writing explained how to escape. Apparently there was a way to open the door. I tried everything to open it. I even tried an egyptian dance that didn't work. I must've fallen asleep. When I woke up I was looking down a hallway. I saw a stone on the floor was pushed in. I must have rolled on the stone well sleeping. The door started to close so I quickly jumped through it. There was no light so I put my hands out and slowly walked forward. I walked for ten minutes when I saw light. I walked a bit faster. When I got to the end Amelia was standing at the exit. We ran towards each other.

" I'm so glad I found you!" I said out of breath.

**Amy Davis**  
**Parkcrest Elementary**  
**Grade 6**  
**Time**

"Me too," she said.

"How are we going to get out of here?" I ask.

"There is a hallway over here" said Amelia very proud.

The hallway was the same as the other one but it got hotter and hotter until we reached outside.

"We need to get the stone before we are found" I said trying to think of a plan.

We looked around for the cat. There were at least 20 black cats. We checked them all.

There was only one cat left. That cat was being watched by five strong men. I had a plan.

Amelia was the fastest runner in school. Amelia would run past the guards to get their attention, then I would run and get the the stone.

"Ready?"

"Yes" said Amelia with big breaths.

Amelia ran past the guards. I ran to the cat. I took the pink stone and started to run. I saw Amelia being carried to jail. Without thinking I ran into the guard holding Amelia. He let go of her. We ran and ran until we couldn't see the village. I took out the pink stone and asked Amelia for the necklace.

"What!" Amelia yelled "I thought you had it?"

"it must of fell off when we were put in the jail"

We had no choice but to go back to the village. We walked right into the temple.

Immediately a guard picked us up and didn't said anything until we got to the jail.

**Amy Davis**  
**Parkcrest Elementary**  
**Grade 6**  
**Time**

"The doors are being watched so you-" he started,

"I Didn't know the doors needed to be watched" Amelia said with sass.

"Amelia be quiet" I said under my breath.

It was too late, the man hit Amelia in the face. Amelia fell to the floor and looked surprised. She got up, kicked the guard in the leg and said

"Don't hit a girl!"

Then she flipped her hair and walked to the other side of the jail. The man walked away looking very sheepish and saying things under his breath. I turned to Amelia and said

"Wow. We need to find the necklace."

"Found it" said Amelia holding up a necklace.

We put the stone in the necklace and we started to spin.

I opened my eyes and we were back in my room. I heard my mom coming up the stairs.

"Quick," I told Amelia, "look for jewelry and don't tell my mom."

"Hello girls. Dinner will be ready in five minutes. Oh and I love your outfits."

"Thanks" we both say.

My mom left and we laughed. I turned to Amelia.

"Amelia please don't tell anyone about the necklace."

"Only if we never do that again."

"Deal. We should head down for dinner."

Amy Davis  
Parkcrest Elementary  
Grade 6  
Time

That's how Amelia found out about the necklace. Oh and if you are wondering, I picked a silver chain necklace and silver earring and Amelia picked a necklace with a light blue stone.

# Lucid Nightmares

Harry awoke to the sound of his heart heavily drumming... He was unspeakably terrified, and he couldn't close his eyes without seeing the ghastly horrors that had been born in his mind... his dreams... He feverishly sat up in his torn rag-like blankets, and looked over at his cracked, half working alarm clock. He was up early, just like all the others. Everyone was plagued with the same kind of nightmares, and wanted to get up as soon as possible to get their minds off the dream problem...

It all started about 2 months back: the day Satan walked the Earth as a living disease, spreading nightmares. He shuddered at the thought of the horrors that happened that day.

Just then his alarm clock rang, pulling him back into present reality. Harry got up and marched to the kitchen to get a decent breakfast in before heading to work. As he fried his eggs, the flame coming from the stove reminded him of his dreams of towns and villages burning to the ground. He trembled as he went over it in his mind, constantly reminding himself that it was only a dream, not reality... But then again, it could be... "Too much thinking," he scolded himself. He should have known better than to let his mind wander on subjects that he dare not speak of.

As he sat down and started to eat, his mind began to bring back horrors that he had isolated from his mind... His stomach began turning somersaults for no reason... Wait, there was a reason... "Oh no, it's happening again," he sickly said to himself as

his consciousness wavered. He collapsed on the floor and was pulled deeply into a dream of extreme pain and misery. His eyes went blank for a few moments, but it felt like hours, and then he saw fire...

Blue fire danced across the chained bones of what used to be an unhappy person. Very suddenly the skeletal remains began staggering towards Harry, but he could do nothing about it. His mind was frozen in place with complete panic, and fear, as was his limp excuse of a body. Harry could do nothing but watch himself be strangled by the skeleton's heavy chains. Suddenly he woke up and found that he had been sweating, while in his feverish state. Quickly he finished his morning affairs, and headed off to work.

As soon as Harry entered his work building, he was stopped by the police. He soon learned that someone had jumped off the top floor while being in the same dreadful dream state that had happened to Harry that morning.

The work day didn't seem long, because it was the same routine that he did every day. Look over the system, make sure it's going ok, replace old hard drives, restart the system, repeat. Before long, work was over, and he went home.

The moment he entered the door, a chill passed down his spine, as he realized what he would have to go through to see another day.

It was a quiet evening, and Harry enjoyed a nice dinner of pork chops and mashed potatoes. Food was one of the only pleasures remaining these days.

As night came, and darkness settled in, Harry yawned and slowly got ready for bed. He tried to mentally prepare himself for the horrific dreams that were sure to come. The young adult reluctantly climbed into bed, and within an hour, he was fast asleep...

Stuck in the nightmare realm... Harry heard the sound of a small girl crying, and the distant sound of a roaring fire. Harry got up, and asked the girl why she was crying.

"Mommy said I'm not allowed to talk to strangers," said the weeping child.

"Where are your parents?" Harry asked.

The girl finally looked up from her arms, and Harry instantly noticed that something was wrong... her eyes. They were pitch black. Harry stepped back, as he stared at the ghastly sight.

The little one began talking, "Mommy gone, Daddy gone, Brother gone, they're all gone, now it's just me and you." She took a small dagger from her pocket.

Harry was entranced by the devilish sight; he couldn't move. The girl threw the knife. Harry was ready to feel his skin tear open, but it never came, just darkness... swirling, spinning darkness...

All of a sudden he heard a loud noise waking him from the edge of oblivion, his half-working alarm clock. He got up, terrorized from his dream, and jumped in the shower to wash away the sweat and dread he was feeling. Then he flew out the door, off to work.

While at work, he thought about his otherworldly nightmare. It had never felt so real. He kept working, with the thought of the girl's soul piercing black eyes, forever trapped in his mind.

Suddenly he heard the fire alarm, and heard someone screaming. The screaming got closer, and he caught a glimpse of what appeared to be a fireball. He soon realized that “the fireball” was the melted remains of the source of the screaming. The person on fire started running towards him... Harry could feel the change in heat for every step closer the living flame got towards him. Finally the infernal being was within arms reach of Harry... It stretched out its flame riddled arm toward Harry and planted it on his chest. Harry let out a howl of pain, as the fire seared a hand on his chest...

All at once he awoke, and realized that he had dozed off at work, and that it was just another of his nightmares. Harry sat up in his chair, and noticed a slight pain on his chest. He didn't recall any chest injuries from the past. “Only in the dream,” he thought.

When Harry arrived back at home, he checked his chest, and sure enough, there was a slight burn on his skin...

He shuddered at the thought of it. Then he realized how illogical he was being. “Maybe I sat too close to the vent while I slept,” he thought, but then again, his burn looked kind-of like a hand... “Just a coincidence,” he said.

He saw himself in the mirror. Harry realized that he had changed a lot. He used to be a cheerful young man, with big blue eyes, and smooth, brown hair. Now he appeared almost zombie-like. His skin was pasty, and his eyes were blood-shot from lack of proper sleep. He also noticed that his face had thinned and his hair sat limply on his head. He quickly brushed his teeth and hopped into bed...

“Harry... I'm over here...” Harry turned to see a doctor in a white lab coat. He was twitching. “It's time for your surgery...” The strange doctor pulled out a giant

"With this," the man replied, as he held out a small blue crystal in his hand. "Take this, and save your world."

Harry awoke with a jolt. He rubbed a sore spot on the back of his head and began to sit up, when he realized he wasn't in his own bed.

"Take it easy," said a man dressed in a white medical gown.

"What happened?" Harry asked the man.

"You're alright now," the man reassured. "An insane man attacked you, and you got a nasty bump on the head, but you're going to be fine. Rest up, for the next couple days and you'll be back to normal in no time."

Harry left the building feeling quite calm. As he walked home, he savoured the feeling of the gentle wind on his face. He looked up and saw a streak of sunlight poking its way through the clouds.

When Harry arrived at home, he unlocked the door, and walked into the kitchen. As he sat down at the table, a sharp pain pierced his leg. Harry immediately jumped up, rubbing his leg tenderly.

He felt a strange rock in his pocket. "I don't recall picking up a rock," he thought to himself. He reached into his pocket, and pulled out a pointy, little, blue rock that was shaped like a rain drop. He suddenly realized that he had seen this before, but where? He felt a strong sense of *deja vu*. He traced his thoughts to find an explanation for the unexpected arrival of this rock.

Harry realized that he was quite tired. "I need to rest," he thought, as he curled up in bed, with his Tolkien novel. Harry only read a few pages, before drifting off...

"Hello, Harry," said a voice.

"I know your voice..." Harry realized. "Where did I meet you?"

"You don't remember?..." the voice spoke gently. "You met me in your dreams..."

It all came back to him. "I remember now," Harry told the man.

"I see that you have received the stone," laughed the man.

"It was quite an unpleasant surprise," Harry exclaimed, as he recalled the pain that had pierced his leg.

"You must remember, the true secret is within the stone," the robed man said solemnly. "You realize, don't you," the man began.

"Realize what?" Harry blurted out in confusion.

"Harry, when you were slammed to the floor, you hit your head really hard," replied the man in a gentle voice. "You are very lucky."

"How can anyone be lucky by being tossed to the ground and nearly cracking their head open," Harry blurted angrily.

"Calm yourself, my child. It's more of a gift than it seems," the man reassured. "When you hit your head, something was altered in your brain. You are now immune."

"To what?" Harry asked.

"The nightmares..."

RING!! RING!! Harry awoke to the ear splitting sound of his alarm clock. He sat up, and started thinking about his dream. "I can't believe it... I'm immune to the nightmares!" He thought of all the horrifying nightmares that had occurred in the past. It felt as if he had escaped a death camp. He was exceedingly happy.

He started pulling himself out of bed, when he noticed something dazzling on his counter. It was the blue stone.

“Oh, no,” he thought to himself, as he realized that he had forgotten to ask the strange man about it. “I’ll just have to figure this out on my own,” he thought to himself. He began running his fingers over the smooth crystalline structure of the stone. “What mysteries do you have in store for me?”

“The true secret is within the stone,” he recalled the man saying. Harry knew what he had to do. He went to his tool cupboard, and grabbed a hammer. He lay the stone on the cold hard floor and readied his hammer. After a deep breath, he yelled and struck the stone with all his might.

It shattered into millions of crystal pieces. All of a sudden the pieces started swirling in the air. Then they grouped into one big floating pile, and began spinning, till it resembled a spiral. It kept spinning, harder and faster.

Harry stared in amazement at the flying crystal fragments. He could see other worlds through the spiralling crystals, and they kept changing. The crystals gradually began to slow down, until they stopped moving altogether.

Harry could clearly see an image of what appeared to be the underworld. Harry was speechless. He reached one arm into the spinning image, and it disappeared like water vapor. He felt a great tug, and then he was pulled right into the image. He could see strange shades of colours. Then he saw nothing at all...

## The Incident

She was running as fast as she could, pulling away from the rest of the group. Until she fell. She couldn't get up. The pain was running through her body faster than she had ran. The other racers past her; her was heart beating a thousand times a second. The ambulance came. Her mom was sitting beside her on the track, her sister too. Her leg was bent in an awkward way, her foot closer to her than usually. But what had she fallen on?

Anastasia woke up the morning after the race in a hospital bed with no memory of what had happened. All she knew was that she could feel pain in her toes but nothing above that. Her sister, Willow, was sitting next to her when she awoke. She was sleeping peacefully in the small, comfy chair next to the old hospital bed that Anastasia was laying on. Just then a doctor came into the room and gave the worst news to an athlete, he told her that she would never be able to do track ever again.

Anastasia wasn't the type of girl to just give up if she wasn't allowed to do something, she would try until she could, but this time was different. This time she didn't think she could. Willow woke up a little while later to find her sister sitting up in the hospital bed crying, Willow already knew, she just thought that her sister would take it as a challenge not as a set back. Just then Willow told her sister to try, to become an athlete again, to be her sister.

A couple days later Anastasia went to her first physical therapy class, she wasn't planning on walking again, she was planning on winning the gold. Her instructor told her that the probability of winning a gold medal was very low for her, but she still had to try.

again. The test made it clear that Anastasia had no possibility of winning another race ever again.

Anastasia was almost in tears, she wanted to run. She wanted to hold a gold medal in her hands. Willow came into the room and gave her sister a loving embrace, trying to make her feel better. Anastasia whispered in her sister's ear, " it's your turn, it's your turn to win the gold medal in track, i'm going to train you". Willow was in complete shock, she knew she was fast, she just didn't think she would be known for running. Willow was excited for her sister to coach her, but she was worried that she would end up like her sister laying hopelessly on the ground.

The next three weeks Willow was think if she wanted to compete, although the competition was in two days. After school she decided that she wanted to run, she wanted to be like her older sister. She ran home as fast as she could, ran up to her sister's room and ran right through to door. She almost yelled out loud when she told her sister she wanted to race, her sister got a huge smile that could have litten up the whole room. Anastasia got out of her bed, grabbed her crutches and pulled her sister all the way to the track, they practiced for the next two days, until Anastasia knew her sister was ready.

The track meet was in a little town just outside of where they lived. When they got to the track Willow rushed over to the table that had the registrations, got her tag and rushed out to her race that was starting in seven minutes. When they called up Willows group Anastasia got a strange feeling that something was going to happen, something she wasn't ready for. The race started, Willow was in the lead by a long shot,

to far for anyone to catch up and then as she turned the corner Anastasia got worried, her sister was in first and she was happy, but Anastasia got up and yelled at her sister to watch out. Willow couldn't hear her sister and tripped over a big dent in the ground, Anastasia woke up in complete tears, she was in her room but something felt different like she was in a different time.

## The Secret Portal

One sunny bright afternoon a few kids met up in a forest to play mantracker. Kaden, Cohen, and Talen played all day until Cohen saw something that started to glow. Cohen called to Kaden and Talen. Talen was there before Kaden a second after that came Kaden running as fast as he could. Talen fell into the glowing light! Ahhhhh! "Kaden why were you running your fastest?," asked Cohen. "Because you called for us and I was curious." "Well, you pushed Talen into that mysterious light! Now we need to have a sleepover and plan how we're gonna get Talen out." Meanwhile Talen was having so much fun through the portal. He flew in a jet pack all night and when it became morning he was still having the time of his life. Cohen and Kaden decided to tie ropes to trees so they had a way out. So they jumped in but Talen was nowhere in sight! Instead they saw a city. The boys went to get longer ropes and when they got back the portal was glowing. They thought that meant Talen was close to the portal so they quickly tied the ropes to a tree and jumped through the portal again. They landed in the city and began to walk around. There was one building that was one hundred ten stories high. They went up and down in the elevator for Kaden because he was convinced with how fast it went. It went 300 KMH ! so Kaden was jumping up and down in the elevator. After that, they went to a store where everything in it was free. so they got one of everything. Then they remembered that a jet pack that actually worked and they saw those from a distance." That is were he probably is," cohen said. They went to check and they saw him on a jetpack, flying through the air. When he got down he had a huge smile on his face. Cohen and Kaden approach and he told them what he did then he taught them

how to fly a jetpack. After that they went to where the ropes were but they were gone!

"How are we gonna get out now?" Talen said. There was no place to get rope so they

bought a jetpack for each of them. And started to fly to their destination. On the other

side of the world. First they flew to Alberta to grab some food and juice boxes and then

they tried to fly non-stop to Russia where they could find the ropes they needed. They

flew through blizzards where they couldn't see where they were going and they almost

ran into an iceberg! They just made it out alive. At the end of the storm they were in the

arctic. They swerved through icebergs until their jetpacks ran out of gas. Without their

jetpacks they had to swim to the closest land where they could find a boat or a jetpack.

Suddenly they found themselves in Ontario. They went to the store that had three

jetpacks for the cheapest price and then they carried on to russia.They made it with no

more problems and returned to the portal with their ropes to "invent" the jetpack they

had discovered in the portal city and the became the richest people in the world.

Patrick Gu

Grade 6

Summit Elementary

The Great Tree

It was a dark and stormy night. Bolts of electricity crashed, obliterating everything in its path. Flames spread despite the rain and added to the already great destruction. Pounding rain and thunder slamming down created a canopy of sound.

Glancing up, Robert saw the storm coming in the distance. He was reading underneath the Great Tree. Storms were common where he lived, so he was used to this happening. That's why he loved this tree so much; it could protect against all sorts of weather, be it rain, sun, snow, hail, or wind. It could always provide him shelter and let him stay at the park. It could always make him happy. He loved the Great Tree.

Robert continued with his book. There was a really good part and he just kept going, ignoring the surrounding rain. It didn't matter to him. He was safe and dry under the Great Tree.

The clouds kept on pouring out water, becoming a torrent. It wasn't just raining anymore; there was lightning. For the city, it was still usual, but people started to look uneasy as they left the soaked park. Robert didn't budge.

The storm was harsher than usual, but he trusted the tree. It had bailed him out many times before. There really was no chance to run back now, anyways.

Eventually, his faith in the capabilities of the tree to shelter him started to falter. Rain leaked through the tightly interwoven branches. The landscape was drowning in a

layer of water, turning the area into a river of dirty water. "What am I going to do?" thought Robert. "I can't walk, and there's no shelter nearby. My best hope is the crack. The Great- "He saw an incredibly bright flash of light, followed by an ear-shattering crack. The smell of smoke lingered behind him. Spinning around quickly, he saw what had happened. The tree had been burnt to a crisp.

He cried into the night, and through the next day. Nothing could solve the problem. Nothing fixed it. The Great Tree was gone.

Robert calmed down a bit, but he was still sad. Going to the site of the wreck, he saw that the Great Tree was not much more than a smoldering pile of burnt wood. Nothing could bring it back. He gathered some flowers to put on the ashes. It wasn't much, but it was a way Robert could remember the tree. Maybe someday, a patch of beautiful flowers would grow there as a reminder of what used to be.

Robert took in the scene. The grass was uprooted. Trees swayed gently. Flowers were open, despite being torn out of the ground. Mud caked the paths. After the destruction of the day before, it was a beautiful day. A cloudless sky and bright sun created a warm environment in the city. The promise of a new day brought everybody outside, having fun, playing games, and enjoying the sun. All except Robert.

Summer slowly moved by. Greenfair Park gradually reverted back to its old self, a large public park with stone paths, the city's greenest grass, gorgeous scented flowers, and large trees perfect for relaxing in and under.

He visited it again. The park looked even better than before the great flood. Prettier flowers, greener grass, and nicer paths were part of the mix. One thing they didn't improve were the trees. They all stayed the same. He noticed that people had cleared away his flowers and the charred remains of the Great Tree, too. It made him angry for a moment, but then he decided that the destroyed pieces of wood and dead flowers couldn't be left there. It was a day with few clouds. There was a gentle breeze. Robert stayed until sunset, reading in the same spot as usual, although the Great Tree was gone.

Summer transitioned into autumn. The grass had yellowed, and only a hint of green was showing. The flowers had disappeared; some dried-up plants had taken their place. The trees shed their leaves, creating mounds of fire-coloured foliage. They drifted down slowly, making a constantly shifting blanket of red, orange, and yellow. Robert remembered the days when leaves from the Great Tree would construct a crown of leaves on his head.

Drifting patches of blue moved in the cloud cover. A strong gale was blowing. Many children flew kites, but not Robert. He just kept plowing through his books.

Autumn disappeared to make way for winter. It brought heavy blankets of snow, created from delicate crystals dancing their way down to the ice-infused ground. The snow dusted the branches of the giant trees, occasionally releasing a snowflake. The sky was a solid grey, with much of the city enveloped in darkness.

He was reminded of the days of the Great Tree. It never let a single snowflake through its wintery branches. It was the only one that could do this.

The snow melted, allowing life in Greenfair Park to continue. Flowers bloomed again, grass became dark green. Trees grew leaves, except one, the one that would never again acquire that bright green.

A light wind blew on the partly cloudy day. The sun shined brightly. Happiness spread, but not to Robert.

Summer rolled around again. The weather was even better than last year, but not for Robert. They were so much worse than a year back for him, without the Great Tree in his life.

One day, an old man saw Robert sitting where the tree used to be. The old man told him, "Ah, I loved that tree, so it hurts me so much that it is gone." Robert shed a few tears. "Don't cry; there will be a new sprout. It will be the next coming of the Great Tree. Just wait and see. It will come back."

Patrick Gu

Grade 6

Summit Elementary

The Great Tree

This inspired hope in his heart. Robert waited for the day it would come back...

Jaylin

Taytum  
Grant  
Dallas  
66

Young Authors

Cinquain

Chewbacca

Furry

Big and strong

loving , killing , growling

He rips off imperials arms

Lethal

Tatooine

Sunny

Hot and burning

Killing, hurting, dying

Mos Eisley Cantina is the coolest place

Planet

Acrostic

Food

Food is great

Outdoor meals

Outstanding cooks

Dinner is the best

## Couplets

Oh no, oh my I took the pie  
When they catch me I will die.

My agenda must be filled out  
Or else I will start to pout

Trees sway in the wind  
Rustling silently  
In the nice breeze

Some clouds are floating  
Raining down on the grass and homes.  
Clouding up the night

### The Wanted Father

I rolled over, glancing at my alarm clock. In bright green printing, just like the colour of Mountain Dew, it read 9:00 AM.

"Ugh! Slept in. Again!" I muttered, getting out of bed.

"Emily, come down here!" my mother screeched.

"Why didn't you wake me up?"

"Emily Wilfred! It is not my fault you always sleep in. There is a contraption on your nightstand called an alarm clock. Use it!"

Grumbling, I dressed myself and brushed my dirty-blonde hair. I went down the flight of stairs quickly, brushing my teeth as I went.

Up ahead, when I got to the foot of the stairs, I saw my mother in the kitchen, wearing a pink polka-dot dress and the same dirty-blonde hair as me.

"Teenagers. What did I ever do to deserve this torture? Here, I made you some toast," she mumbled, pushing a plate of buttered toast towards me.

While eating the meal quickly, I realised it was my day to do laundry. Muttering something about child abuse, I unwillingly obeyed the chore chart.

I walked downstairs, grabbing the laundry bin as I went. I went to Mom's room, and looked for her bin. I guess she must have left her bin in her closet. I grabbed the handle and turned it. It slowly popped open, and I walked in. The small room mostly had clothes in it, but strangely enough, on all the shelves, there would be at least one or two photographs. The photographs were filled of pictures of Dad and Mom, and a couple with me in the

photo when I was a baby. But for the majority, there were photos of Dad. *Dad*. Tears flooded my eyes, and made everything around me a total blur.

So that's what this closet was for. A small keepsake for Mom from when our life was okay. Great, even.

But now, it's not. Dad left us when I was 14; one day he was at work, came home, hung out with me, and the next, his suitcase was gone, with all his belongings, and so was he.

I snatched up the photo closest to me and hurled it at the wall, sobbing uncontrollably and muttered, "I wish you were home... but you're never coming back, are you? You left Mom... and you left *me*... and it's all thanks to you that my life is in pieces!"

I couldn't even look behind me, let alone sweep up the the broken photo I had hurled at the wall, so I slammed the door on my father's makeshift memorial.

My father had been everything to me. He made me laugh, he made me feel happy, he made me feel unconditionally loved. But... now, he's left me. And I have none of those things that he once made me feel; loved and wanted. For the past week, it's just been my mother and me. She is always too busy to hang out with me and the house feels strange and lonely without Dad.

My decision was made as fast as lightning. I walked back to my room, taking my backpack with me. I packed two changes of clothes, an extra hoodie, my toiletries, my phone, and all my life's savings. All I could think about was getting out as fast as I can to set things right for not just me, but the whole Wilfred family.

I now have one main goal: finding my wanted father, bring him home, and heal my broken life.

I looked out the taxi window, hoping that I would find him. No, that I **will** find him. I had to. It was the only way I could ever get my life back.

## **It's all a dream**

It's Thursday, March 10th, 1996. Liam and I are sitting in chairs in the waiting room of the hospital. We got called to the office at school because we both had a message. Mom is going to have a baby.

Mom has been having difficulty doing things around the house. We're glad to hear that she can finally give birth so she doesn't have to carry the weight of the baby. Liam and I are really excited about having a new sibling.

We can hear the sound of the nurse's voice trying to get mom to push harder. Then there is a scream and the sound of a baby wailing. Liam and I look at each other and then burst down the hall. Dad already has the door half open before we enter the room. When we look around the room we see mom lying in a bed with people running around fiddling with the weird machines placed everywhere around the room.

We stand by the door for a second to take in the scene and then go and take both of our mom's hands to comfort her. That's when I realize that the machine beside her is not beeping rhythmically like it should. Its making a loud extended buzz.

Doctors and nurses are rushing around the room and pushing us out the door. I'm crying. I don't think Liam knows what is happening. Dad's trying to get back in the room. And then I start to think. Why is mom dead? We're in the hospital for a reason. Mom was having a baby. I feel hate start to bubble up inside me. The baby killed my mother. Instantly I feel guilty for thinking it.

"Sophia! Help me with dad! He's going to hurt himself" Liam yells over the commotion that's starting in the hallway. Dad is now punching the door, trying to get in the room where mom is now lying, still and pale.

I run over to help Liam calm dad down. He keeps punching the door, though not hard enough to hurt himself. He then pushes himself against the wall and slides down to the floor. He puts his head in his hands and starts to cry. Liam is by his side pulling him into a hug.

I then remember that nobody has seen or heard anything about the baby. As if right on cue, a doctor comes up to dad, whispers something in his ear and tells us to follow him. Dad jumps to his feet, maybe just remembering about the baby.

## It's all a dream

We all follow the doctor to another room. When we walk inside, I spot the baby in a bed with tubes all around him. Liam and I exchange a glance. With all the commotion about our mother dying, no one even thought about the baby.

“What are we going to name him?” I say. Dad is slow in answering. I think he’s a little bit surprised that the baby survived the birth considering he was born under the pressure of a dying mother.

“I think we’re going to name him Halyn. It’s what your mother would’ve wanted” he finally answers after what felt like hours. Halyn. His name is Halyn. Mom must’ve known he was going to be a special baby because the name sounds unique and unusual.

I hadn’t realized that the doctor had started talking until Liam shakes my arm, which pulls me out of my thoughts.

“...has coronary artery disease. Coronary artery disease is a common heart disease that affects blood flow to the heart. It’s not very serious, in this case”, I hear the doctor say. Dad turns to us while the doctor is talking. “Go wait outside in the hall”, he says, then turns back to the doctor.

Liam and I go wait out in the hall as we’re told. Liam sits down on the floor and curls up into a ball. I sit down beside him. He’s shaking. All of a sudden he turns around and punches the wall. He cries out in pain. I grab him and hold him as he cries into my shoulder.

We sit there unmoving as we wait for our dad to come out of the room. Liam finally stops crying but doesn’t lean away. He’s cradling his hand as if it was his own baby. After a while, Dad comes out of the room looking grave. He looks like he’s been crying. He starts to talk as I keep studying him. I only catch the last part of what he’s saying. “...going to be staying here tonight. The doctor I was talking to is going to bring stuff for us to sleep in the room with Halyn”.

\* \* \* \* \*

It’s the second day we’ve been at the hospital. We’re all tired from the day before. Today we sat around the hospital room the whole day, except for when we needed to eat.

Dad is asleep. We each have small cots to lay in. Halyn is sleeping, but the doctor is still leaving the tubes in him. Liam is sleeping in the cot beside me. I start to doze off when I hear

## It's all a dream

Liam say something. I make a grunting sound. He takes that as an indication to repeat what he said.

“Sophia? What are we going to do now that mom is...?”, he stops talking. He doesn't have to finish. I know what he's going to say. He asking the question I've been asking myself since mom...died. I'm silent for to long which makes him feel the need to take my hand. In a way I'm glad to know that someone's there. I sit up, turn around and face him. He's already sitting up.

I lean forward and pull him into a tight embrace. I feel his body shaking in my arms, so I instinctively bring him closer to my body to try and calm him. Liam is always the person to comfort other people but now he looks so weak and fragile that it's hard to think that he's the one who is usually the stronger one of us all.

I let go and tell him to go to sleep, dodging the question from earlier. As he turns over in his bed and closes his eyes, I watch to make sure he's asleep before I curl up under my covers and lose consciousness.

*Everything's blurry. I can't make out anything. Then I hear a voice. A soft, beautiful and kind voice. One I haven't heard since she died. I step closer and finally I can see her. I see my mother for a moment. She's pale as a ghost, but then she disappears.*

I'm awake in a comfy bed in a dark room. As my eyes adjust to the darkness, I can start to makeout some details of the room. After a moment, I recognize it as my bedroom. How am I in my house when I was just in the hospital room?

My mind starts racing through all the non-questionable answers. The only reasonable answer that came up is that the birth, mom's death and the voice was all a dream. But mom is still pregnant, I remember. She hasn't had her baby yet which means she's still alive and well.. But what if my terrifying dream comes to life?

Andrew Harris

Grade 6

Barriere Elementary School

Spring & Autumn

Spring

Warm,cheerful

Picking fruit,planting food,biking

Fishing in the lake,jumping in leaf piles

Playing in leaves,dirt biking,hunting

Coldish,dark

autumn

Andrew Harris

Grade 6

Barriere Elementary School

Football

Football is awesome

Optimistic for the win

On a 120 yard field

Teamwork is used often

Brain damage may occur

A lot of injuries

Lots of players

Lots of fans

# The Haunting of Kamloops Park

A.E. Perry Elementary

Isabella Harvey Gr. 6

## The Haunting of Kamloops Park

A crisp sweet smell filled the air. It was a warm fall day. On that warm fall day five friends were at a local park by their house. Issy, Aiden, Cassy, Logan and Aj. As they were playing the swing began to move. "Hey do you see that" said Logan. "Yeah weird" commented Aiden. "The wind is blowing very softly and the swing is very heavy" said Issy. "Who knows let's get back to our game" said Cassy.

The day at the park kept getting weirder and scarier. A muffled whisper echoed throughout the park. "Hey did you say something Logan" asked Cassy? "No" answered Logan. Issy and Aiden both wanted to know what was happening. Curiously Aiden looked around. "I want know more on this park" said Issy to Aiden in a whisper. "Yeah do you want to have a sleepover we can watch the park, do research on the park and eat snacks all at once" asked Aiden? "Oh my goodness"! That's the best idea ever" said Issy.

That night at Aiden's house they began to research the park. "Aiden, hey I found something you are going to want to see" said Issy. "Coming" called Aiden. "The park is super haunted and quite well known to be the gateway to evil or disappearance" said Issy. "Should we let the others know" asked Aiden? "No not yet but don't let them go to it at all". "Issy keep researching on the park okay" said Aiden. "Okay" said Issy.

Twenty minutes later, "Aiden" yelled Issy. "Look there is a back story on the park. There used to be an old house that mysteriously burnt down on July 1954 and the only survivor was a seven year old boy. Ten years later they cleaned up the place and then turned it into a

## **The Haunting of Kamloops Park**

A.E. Perry Elementary

Isabella Harvey Gr. 6

park. The park is haunted by the people who disappeared” said Issy. “Scary” said Aiden. All of a sudden the power went out and the books flew across the room and the windows started slamming. “Aiden let’s get out of here!” said Issy to Aiden.

The next day Issy walked to Aj and Cassy’s house. Issy banged on the door and called for Aj. “Yes” said Cassy. “I need to talk to Aj” said Issy. “She’s not here she’s at the park” said Cassy. “Ok, thanks” said Issy. Thoughts flew around Issy’s head. They could be dead or worse possessed.

Issy ran super fast to the park. Aiden was playing with Aj at the park. “Aiden come here” called Issy. “What do you want I’m busy” yelled Aiden. “Wow, you forgot that we had to stay away from this park” said Issy. “No we are supposed to come to this park all day every day” said Aiden. “No what has happened to you” said Issy. At that very moment Issy’s world went black and gone. The end is only the beginning.

THE END

## Stronger Soul

I wish I could know what it feels like to be sick so I would be able to know how my grandma feels. It would take a lot of bravery to be able to handle that kind of news. People with cancer fight until they are free of the sickness.

Once she found out, she started on chemo treatments which also make her hair fall out. It made her look different. None of the family had seen her with no hair. One of my cousins who is only four didn't recognize her a whole lot. All he could remember was her voice and that was enough for him to know that it was still grandma even though she had no hair.

By this time, she started on medication. Pills, liquid, powder and still more pills. It was rough for the family but we tried our best to stay strong around our grandma and she tried to stay strong around us also.

It started to get cold outside so she visited the cancer clinic to get her wig and fuzzy hats to wear on her head. Since she had no hair, her head was one of the coldest parts of her body. When she came home with it, she looked beautiful. I remembered what she looked like with hair. She didn't wear her wig often though because it was itchy on her ears. When she came to pick us up after school she wouldn't get out the car because it was cold outside and also because she was embarrassed about her having no hair. When she saw one of her friends that she hadn't seen in awhile she would have to say her last name because they wouldn't recognise her. That didn't mean we didn't know her or love her.

Since my Papa had quit his job to take care of my grandma, they didn't have as much to spend on Christmas but all the grand kids were fine with that because all we wanted was to spend another Christmas at least with her and Papa.

We took grandma to multiple treatments and we tried to spend as much time together as a family. We didn't know how much time we had left to spend with her. I tried to keep these thoughts outside of my mind, even though I knew I couldn't. Every day went by as slow as I could possibly imagine.

When Christmas finally arrived, we cherished our time together. Every year we would celebrate on the 24th and when that day arrived it was normal and we visited our grandmas house. I was so happy to see her. We exchanged small gifts and what I gave her was priceless. I made her a small gingerbread house ornament to hang on her short tree that she will hang up every year.

Spring came, it was the month we did lots of things together as a whole family. We went on walks together downtown and through the farmers market. When we got flowers for my grandma, it represented how far she has come through such a long journey. My grandma had a scavenger hunt for me and my sister. My grandparents hid ten rainbow coloured eggs and two gold ones. While we were hunting around for the hidden colourful eggs we shook them and heard a jingle that sounded like coins. We opened the hidden objects and found toonies in each of the eggs that we collected. We thanked my grandma and then my papa. This was special to my sister and I because that meant she wanted to give a little more just to make our days great. We made sure

that we did not argue about finding the eggs, as this was a time we were supposed to have fun.

As months went by my Grandma was slowly getting better. A year has past and now we were waiting for the results to tell us if she is cancer-free or not. That day we waited patiently. Our mother told us the wonderful news. She was cancer-free. My face lit up and my sister smiled brightly. My grandma worked through a long journey and was strong enough to fight for her life. My grandmother is a person who I will look up to for the rest of my life.

“So are you nervous?!” Winnie asked “For?” I replied back to Winnie on the phone “uh duh for the first day of the last year of school” “I don’t know am I supposed to be?” I said to Winnie confusingly “Well ya kinda” Winnie replied. “Well maybe I haven't really put much thought into it” I said “you don't your stomach just gets a weird feeling, like butterflies basically” “anyways” I said “I gotta go my dad’s calling me down for dinner” “Hey April hows your dad doing after the accident with your mom?” Winnie quietly asked “umm he's okay I guess I don't really know he doesn't really say much about it” “But anyways i gotta go” “Okay well I’ll see you tomorrow I guess” Winnie said back “ya, bye” I hung up the phone and went downstairs when I heard my dad call me down for dinner. My dad had set the table and had already gotten me a plate. I quickly ate and then asked my dad if he needed help cleaning up but he insisted on doing it himself. I went upstairs, brushed my teeth and I got ready for bed. The next morning I woke up to the sound of my alarm going off at six o’clock in the morning. I got up, got dressed, brushed my teeth, brushed my hair and went downstairs. “There's waffles on the table if you want” my dad said “oh it’s okay Winnie is going to be here right away to pick me up and take me to school” “well alright then have a good day I love you” dad said back “ya bye love you too dad” we got to school and Eric came up to us. “Hey April how are you doing I haven't seen you for like 2 months” “umm good I guess, you?” I said back “Oh you know the usual” Eric said. “Anyways I’m gonna head to class” Winnie said to us “oh wait for me” I said to Winnie. Winnie and I were sitting at a table eating lunch and Eric came up to us “hey mind if I join you guys?” “Ya of course” Winnie answered while winking at me. What was she meaning? “So uh how

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were your guys' first two classes of the day?" "Umm they were okay" I answered "Oh they were great and how were yours?" asked Winnie, "they were pretty good, thanks" "of course". Why was she acting so weird? After lunch winnie and I were walking down the hall together because we had the next class together. "Hey Winnie" Hey April" Why did you wink at me at lunch when Eric asked to sit?" "Ah dah because he likes you" What?" I asked shocked "yeah obviously, he's had a crush on you since like the day you guys became friends in grade two". We got to class and as I was sitting at my desk I couldn't stop thinking about what winnie said about Eric. "Am I right April?" "Huh what? Um ya". I didn't even know what Mr. CoffMan was talking about. I got out of school and my dad was waiting outside in the car for me. I got in the car and pulled my phone out of my pocket and there was a message from eric asking if I could hang out with him on Friday at Don's Cafe I obviously said yes. "What do you want for dinner?" my dad asked "oh I won't be home for dinner I'm going to Don's cafe with Eric" "do you need a ride?" "No Eric's going to be here in a few minutes" "oh well alright i'll talk to you later tonight then?" "Ya I'll be back at like seven". The drive to Don's cafe was pretty quiet the whole way there. While we were at Don's cafe he basically just asked what I did all summer and I answered with nothing really and then I would ask him what he did all summer and he told me everything he did. But then he said that him and his family were moving to Australia next month. "Wait what?" "I know I know it's far away and we just started school i don't even know why my moms making me go to school" he laughed. The rest of the night I couldn't stop thinking about what Winnie said and what Eric said. On monday there was a note in my locker it read "April, movies on Wednesday? -Eric." Did he mean as a date? Now that Winnie said I couldn't stop thinking about it and I couldn't stop thinking about how Eric's moving next month. I had my dad drive me

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to the movies and I just met Eric there. The movie we were watching was "Sunday's night killing". The movie was weird but I guess it was okay. "So I was wondering if you wanted to maybe go to dinner on thursday like a date?" "Oh um Eric I ah" "oh it's okay I understand you didn't want to go on exactly a date" "no it's not that". "No really it's fine, do you need a ride home?" "No my dad should be here soon". "Okay well see you tomorrow then" "ya bye" I said back. The next day or the next day I didn't see eric at school. On Friday Winnie said that he wasn't at school because he was finishing packing and then they were leaving to Australia. I didn't realize how it was already May cause he just told like three weeks ago that he's moving next month now I realize that he told me that near the end of the month. Wait if he's finishing packing today and then moving does that mean he's moving tomorrow? That night I went to his house to say goodbye but when I got to his house his grandma was there and said they were getting on their plane and she gave me a note and said it was for me from Eric. I read the note and it was basically saying goodbye and I love you. I couldn't believe it I love Eric. I knew I just had to say goodbye so I texted my dad saying I wouldn't be home till later tonight and I took the bus to the airport I got there I asked the person there if the plane to Australia already left and she said it was leaving right now. I ran to the gate but it had already left. I got home and I went straight to bed I didn't want to think about Eric and how I would never see him again unless he came down to visit but still I would see him like once a year. The next morning my dad said he got a call from Eric's grandma saying the plane him and his family were on crashed. As he was speaking tears were running down my face he said that his parents survived "and him?" I asked "I'm sorry April" my dad answered back "NOOOO" I said while crying right then and there I broke down in tears i couldn't believe what I was hearing now I would never ever see him again.

Chelsea Jones  
Grade 6  
Lloyd George

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I spent the rest of the day in my bed staring at the ceiling not knowing what to do or even think. Three weeks later was his funeral I obviously had to go, while I was there I just wanted to crawl into a hole and never come out. At the end of the ceremony his parents came to me and said how they knew we were close and all that kind of stuff, and I decided to go to the cemetery twice a week after school and just basically tell Eric how I guess I was doing and how my day was. I started to not feel afraid and want to cry every time I thought of him I started to talk about him and I guess I was okay now. Even though I would do anything just to spend one more day with him I was better now and knew I would just get even better.

The End!