

Glow

Victoria Barrowclough Gr.7 RLC Elementary

Suddenly the scream pierced the night. I leapt to my feet and stood totally motionless. All was silent... and then the scream came again, only this time it was closer to us.

"What was that?" Aimee shuddered, letting go of the pillow she was wrapped around and pausing the movie.

"It sounded like a scream... but from where?" I peered around, trying to see through the darkness in the room.

"Thanks Captain Obvious." Natalia rolled her eyes as she strode across the room to the light switch. She flicked it on and turned to us.

"Why did we decide to watch a horror movie on Halloween night?" Aimee whined, curled up on the couch.

" 'Cause this movie is *the* movie to see, and it's not like we have costumes to go trick-or-treating in." Haley shook her head at her sister's cowardice.

"Well... there's three ways this can go. One," Carmen started listing on her fingers, "we could split up and only one of us survives, two, we go look for the person who screamed together, with a chance of survival, or three, we stay here and find out *why* the person screamed." She stated coolly, glancing at each of us in turn.

"This isn't a movie." I sighed and closed my eyes. I heard scuffling, so I opened them again to see everyone huddled at the front door, pulling on shoes and

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looking expectantly at me. “Are we really doing this?” At no response, other than a few lifted eyebrows, I sighed again and shuffled towards the doors, taking the lead.

“Don’t forget a flashlight.” Natalia pointed out, donning her ashen gray sweater and onyx boots.

“Ugh.” I muttered another huff of breath as I meandered to the kitchen to pull out a flashlight and batteries from the drawer. “Anything else?” I inquired.

“... Can I borrow a hat...?” Aimee requested, twiddling with a loose thread on her shirt.

“Fine.” I glared icily at them, challenging them to ask me to get anything else. I trudged to my room and grabbed a maroon ball cap for Aimee and a pocket knife from my nightstand.

“Okay, let’s go then!” Carmen declared, zipping her thin periwinkle jacket closed as I passed the hat to Haley’s sister grumpily.

“Yea!” Haley grinned, tugging on a raven black slipover and opening the front door.

We trekked into the forest beside my house, figuring this was the most likely place the scream would have come from. We heard shrieks and hollers from the city, but none of them sounded the same as the pained howl we heard over the movie. The farther we got from the urban lights, the darker it got, until we

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eventually had to turn on the flashlight, causing a narrow beam into the woods ahead of us.

In the center of the forest was a clearing that was normally empty, but tonight there was a figure, hunched over. It growled when we approached it, a low rumble coming from it's throat.

"Wait," I mumbled, extending my arm to the side, preventing Carmen from walking in front of me.

The scrawny creature swiveled towards us, three glowing crimson orbs arranged in a triangle were what seemed like it's eyes. Long, jagged nails sprouted from it's elongated fingers. Other than those bright spheres, the thing was pure black, making it almost invisible if it weren't for the meager light our torch cast on it. The being uttered not a single sound as it stagnantly approached us, weaving around seemingly nothing, but perhaps it saw something we didn't.

I gradually crept backwards, trying not to scare the thing and signaling my companions to do so as well. We silently drifted in reverse, but this being was advancing, quicker with every step we took. A tap on my shoulder made my head angle towards Haley, but I kept my eyes on the beast. She jerked her thumb backwards, her eyes fixed on the animal as well. I turned slightly to see what she was pointing at, and realized It had backed us to the edge of the clearing.

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“RUN!” I bellowed, startling the creature but efficiently getting everybody out of the open and into the forest. “Meet back at my house!” Everybody scattered, perplexing the thing.

The shout didn't buy us much time, but enough to scatter throughout the growth. I dashed through the trees, shoving branches aside as I did so. After a few minutes, I heard that horrible scream again, but this time, I realized the screech wasn't pained, but that it was luring people into the woods. Branches snapped when I traveled over them, but I didn't have time to worry about that right then. I needed to get out of there, and fast. A sudden stinging on my leg provoked me to glance down. There was blood streaming down my leg, and I guess a twig scored it, but I couldn't stop now. The shrubbery and trees were beginning to thin, and I heard my friends calling out to me. Just as I began to see them waving frantically at me, I stumbled over a rock, inducing me to ram into a stump. The last thing I saw was it looming over me, snarling, before I was knocked out.

The Heavens

Our arrival didn't exactly go as we expected. Stepping down from the beam of light in the sky was exhilarating, it was my first time, but they had done it hundreds before. A teenage girl strolled by with her miniscule dog pulling her along. She stared in awe, quickly remembering her dog as he dragged her onto the pavement. We slowly descended onto the bumpy road, the morning air was frigid. The sun began to rise as we made way to our mortal home. Our first day here on Earth would be dramatic. We were taking on human form, and making an attempt at fitting in. I guess we weren't exactly the family you would've expected.

My 'family', was me, my brother, and my sister. In human form we all looked quite, special. My brother, Christopher, was a tall and broad man, he had short, blonde hair that washed over his slim face. Then my sister, Ella, she was quite short, and had light blonde locks that flowed down to the small of her back. Oh yes, then there was me. Bethany Smith, I wasn't like my brother and sister, I had long chestnut hair that just fell down to the arch of my back; I was smaller than both my siblings. But the weirdest thing about us all, was our skin, it was as pale as a ghost.

I walked up the creaky steps to my make do bedroom, it seemed as they knew I was coming. A rustic pink wallpaper covered three walls, while the other had a brick siding. The floor and ceiling had white wooden planks, and right beside the window was a big, clunky and metal heater. The bed was metal, and stood in the middle of the brick wall, with a wooden side table right beside it. I opened the closet doors to find my new school uniform. A light blue skirt, with a white shirt and grey button up cardigan. I pulled on my attire, and left the house for my journey to Bryan Edwards Private.

A curly haired girl walked up to me, with her associate beside her. She looked like the bounciest human I had ever seen, but I had not seen too many humans.

"Hi! You must be new! I'm Megan, and this is Sage!" the girl spoke with such elation, and waited for a response.

"Hi, I'm Bethany, and yeah, I'm new..." I spoke as quiet as a mouse, with my head down. I looked up to the sound of a powerful voice, was the voice talking to me?

"Hey, Bethany is it? I'm Grayson Reid, nice to meet you," the boy spoke with such confidence, and looked like a dream. I pinched myself to make sure I was woken, and let out a tiny yelp. The girl whose name I heard as Sage glanced over to me and released a giggle.

I turned to open my locker, and watched Megan and Sage walk away gossiping, but the boy remained.

"So your girlfriend seems nice, I think she wants to be my friend," I looked up to Grayson anxious for a reply.

"Wait, you think Megan is my girlfriend? No, not a chance, she's like my best friend," his face looked confused. He looked at me with a smirk, and I felt a knot twist in my stomach. I had never felt this way before, what was going on?

A month later, and Grayson was still trying to get me to go out with him, I knew it was against the rules for an Angel and a Mortal to have relations. I so badly wanted to accept his invitation, but knew the sins that were to come from Our Father.

My heart stopped, I looked over to see him walking down the corridor, his rugby team following close behind. Over the time I've been here, Megan and Sage and I have become our own little grouping. We sit alone at lunch, rather than the occasional visits from Grayson. Though he only comes to ask me out, it's still nice to talk to him. That night, I glanced to the clock to see it was already eight, I jumped out of bed and ran to my closet. I ended up picking a pair of high-waisted jean shorts, a white cropped long-sleeve, and a flannel that I put on as a jacket. I opened my narrow window, and jumped out, running at full

speed through the town. To put a long story short, tonight was the first time I have ever sinned. I have a mortal boyfriend, and he has no idea what I am. I've been happy for three months, and I've been here in Wonder Beach for four, I knew I loved him, and I knew the trouble I would get in. We shared everything with each other, except I have been keeping this great secret from him and he had no idea. I wanted to tell him, but the punishment from Him has never been seen, no one has ever done something like this, so I had a huge choice to make.

The first weekend of break, Megan and Sage planned a bonfire, and of course we were on the guest list. I knew that was the time to do it. Sunday rolled around, and I totally blanked on the fire. It wasn't until Grayson phoned that I remembered.

I quickly scrambled together some shorts, and a loose sweatshirt. I ran down to the freezing beach, and grabbed Grayson's hand, pulling him along. We made our way up the cliff, where no one was going to be. I found the perfect place and let go of my grip, he stopped where he was, but I kept going. I climbed to a slightly higher cliff, and readied myself. I could hear Grayson screaming at me to stop. I jumped, a burst of light came from me. Grayson slowly looked up. There they were, my wings.

It was the last day of school and I was so excited for the summer! Every summer I got to go to summer camp at a place called Water World. It is full of crazy water slides and enormous pools. My best friend Emma always goes with me. This year some other friends from my school are going to Water World too. We are all going to have so much fun together. Even more exciting though, is the new addition to the slides at Water World: the Doom Rider! The Doom Rider is the tallest water slide there. I couldn't wait to go on it with Emma, Talia, Amy, and Jasmine.

When I got home, I noticed my mom was looking at a flyer for an acting camp. I assumed it was for my younger sister, Ally, since she is the dramatic one in our house. But then my mom said something that was going to change my summer. "Lizzie, this year I decided to put you in acting camp. It sounds like something I think you will like." That was the moment I feared my summer was going to be the worst one in history!

Two days later at 9:00 a.m. I was sitting in the car and my mom was driving me to what I imagined would be the worst experience of my life while all my friends from school were probably getting ready to go to Water World. I didn't think there would be anyone I even knew or could talk to at acting camp.

When we arrived at the acting camp there was a friendly lady at the door greeting everyone. Her name tag said "Vivian, Head Manager". After my mom introduced us, she welcomed me and handed me a name tag that said "Actor in Training". It looked like

I was still feeling unsettled the next morning from my fight with Emma. Vivian was greeting "Actors in Training" again as I entered the room. I was relieved when I spotted Lauren waving me over. We spent most of the day working on small scripts together. Lauren had a great imagination and sense of humour. We had a lot of fun together and exchanged phone numbers so that we could continue working on our script after dinner.

When the phone rang I assumed it was Lauren but was surprised when Emma answered my "Hello". We both apologized and then spent the rest of the time putting down acting camp. The horrible thing was though, that I actually liked acting camp but was too ashamed to admit it after making such a fuss about missing out on Water World with everyone. I didn't think I could tell Emma about my new friend Lauren either or it would start another fight. For the second night in a row, I went to bed feeling upset and unsure of my friendship with Emma.

The rest of the week flew by and I hated to admit that I was sad when our final performance was over. During the week I managed to tell Lauren all about what was going on with Emma and how I always felt like I had to like the same things as the girls from school in order to be their friends. Lauren was so easy to talk to and I didn't feel like I had to pretend in order to be her friend. We made plans to get together and write another play the following week. Even though I had just met Lauren, I felt comfortable to be myself when I was around her and it felt like we had always been friends. The ironic thing was that it took "acting camp" for me to learn to be my real self!

The Real Monster

By: Natalie Boersma, Gr.7 Pinantan Elementary

For every child that is born, a monster is assigned to them. Some children can lose their monsters by the time they are 5, if they are scared every night. But there was one child in particular that caught the attention of the scariest monster of them all.

Each night the monsters assigned to her would come back terrified. After he had sent the second scariest monster to scare her, who had come back unable to speak, he knew that he had to go himself. That night he went under the little girl's bed and waited for the light in the hallway to go out.

Just as he was about to jump at her she went lower under her covers and whispered to the monster, "I'm not afraid of you." she kept her head under her covers and didn't move. The monster jumped back a little at what the girl said. The monster then asked the girl, "Why?"

Before he could find out he heard a loud crash coming from the hall. The light then flicked on and there was another crash. This one closer to the door and a yell came this time. The door to the girl's room flung open and man stood there with an empty bottle in his hand and the smell of alcohol radiating off of him.

The monster looked over at the girl and she went even deeper into her blanket. The girl was now shaking at the sound of the man breathing. "It's time for your beating you little brat!"

The man tightened his grip on the beer bottle in his hand. The monster was overcome with rage and grew into its form in front of the man, blocking him from the little girl. The monster towered over the man causing him to back up.

"W-what are you?" the man dropped his bottle with a loud crash.

"I'm your worst nightmare. Now that I've seen what you've done."

The monster grabbed the man by the collar and held him up. "If you ever come near this child again, I. Will. Kill. You."

The monster dropped the man on the ground then looked over at the girl. She had her head peeking out of her blanket at the monster who had saved her life. The man got up off the ground and ran out of the house with a few bangs and crashes. The monster walked in front of the little girl and kneeled down, "He will never hurt you again, I promise."

When the monster was about to leave the little girl grabbed onto his hand and said, "Thank you."

The monster was surprised and smiled at the little girl. "I'm nothing more than a monster who is supposed to scare young children. There is no need to thank me." The monster told her keeping his smile.

"You're not a monster! You're a superhero!" The little girl told him jumping out from her bed. The monster saw her bruised legs and arms now, and his smile vanished.

"A super hero would've been able to save you from getting hurt. I'm not a superhero because I wasn't able to save you." The monster then disappeared before the girl could say anything more.

Now tell me who you think the real monster is in this story, then tell me who the superhero is.

Anxious
Jennifer Lynn Boucher, Grade 7
Marion Schilling Elementary School

Everyone has anxiety and gets nervous. In many ways it prevents people from doing the wrong thing. For me it's different. It's always there, never really leaves. I carry it around like a weight. At some times the anxiety lightens, others times I can't carry it any more. Anxiety consumes me, devours my happy moments. It feeds on mistakes, regret and guilt. Worst of all, it feeds my fear.

Today I have to go in front of my 7th grade class and do a presentation. I have been preparing all week. I got this right? Once Michael is finished his speech it's my turn. My hands drip with sweat. I attempt to wipe them off on my pants...no luck. I can feel my heart race as he finishes and takes a seat. " Well I think that's everyone... oh, that's right, you still have to go" she lifted her arm and pointed her wrinkled index finger at me. "It's ok. Everyone else did it, you can too" Mrs. Mirza said with fake pity, I could tell from the flash of pleasure on her sagged face.

Somehow I muster up some courage and stand, picking up my paper and walk quickly to the front of the class. Already I could feel the eyes of 28 kids staring at me. My face burns with heat. As fast as I can, I spit out my speech. I stand there trembling with fear until the teacher tells me to take a seat. I rush to my seat and sit, relieved now the eyes have turned back to the teacher.

She locks eyes with each person in the class for a second while making her way to me. Finally she gets to me and her eyes pierce mine. I'm paralyzed. Then she finally looks away and starts talking. "Great job class, now that you all have finished your assignment. It's time to get a new one. This is what you should know. Take notes.... "

After what feels like forever, she is finally done. "Hope you listened because you have to do a presentation on what it would be like living in that time period. It is due in one week." Mrs. Mirza said happily. On cue the bell rings: 'BBEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEPP'. Everyone stands up and shuffles around collecting their stuff. "SLAM" the door hits the door jam. "The bell doesn't dismiss you, I do! Everyone sit" spits Mrs. Mirza. Moaning and grunting in disagreement, we take our seats. What's the point of the bell then? I thought to myself. By the angry look on my teacher's face, I wisely choose to keep that to myself. "Ok, now you're dismissed" she says finally.

Well that was pointless, I thought on the bus ride home. What do we have the bell for? To remind us the day is over? To tell the teachers their students can go? I have no idea. My bus snakes side to side; 'Thunk' we hit a pothole, and with my luck I was just drinking water and it spills all over my shirt and lap. I frantically look for my coat and throw it on before anyone notices.

'SKREEEEECH' the bus comes to a jerky stop. I stand up with 7 other kids and file off the bus. I head up the long hill to my house. It's hotter than I thought it would be. I take off my coat. The water stain has mostly dried so it does not look too bad. Finally, I'm at my house. It stands out from the others because of its yellowish walls and white trim around the windows. The other houses are different shades of white, gray and beige. As I'm about to open my backpack to get my house key, I realized that I left my backpack on the bus. Great, this sucks, now I'm locked out and I don't have my homework.

I sit on my doorstep for what seems like an hour, wondering how my day could get any worse, when I remember the back door is open, duh. I stomp over to my side gate and swing

it open, and continue marching up to the door and step inside. I take a seat at the table and pull out my laptop to start my homework.

Blank, my mind goes blank. All I can feel was how much I have failed, how scared I felt in front of the class. A single tear falls down my cheek, followed by another and another. Soon a wave of sorrow and tears washes over me. I'm drowning in a loop of pain and fear, not knowing what else to do but cry. Horrible thoughts cloud my mind. I try to reach for the phone beside me, to get help... someone, anyone. I have never had a panic attack alone. I try again to reach for the phone, my vision blocked by salty tears, and the tears keep coming. I reach again and my hand jerks in that direction, but it just knocks the phone off the table. More sorrow comes to me, just another thing I can't do.

After about an hour, my mind and body call a momentary truce and stop fighting. Now exhausted, I force my limbs to move to the couch. I take ten deep breaths so my breathing gets back to normal. I close my eyes and slip off into sleep.

"Honey, come on, wake up and help me with the groceries" my mom said in a gentle tone."

"I...I...can't...too much" I stammered.

"Why not?" my mom asked curiously.

"I...had a anxiety attack again" I explain.

"Oh, I'm sorry I was not here. What happened?" mom asks with concern.

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I explained my day, and how my anxiety attacked me. The way I felt when I presented my speech, how I forgot my backpack, got locked out the house, how stressed I've been. We talked for awhile until I found myself again. "Now, I'll help with those groceries" I finally replied.

When Winter Comes You Follow

I was running down the street hoping the baker had stopped chasing me but still, I didn't look back. I rounded a sharp corner that lead to Sun Valley Drive, a hole bunch of people yelled at me to slow down as I passed them. I didn't care what they thought, they were just a bunch of rich snobby low life's who cared about no one but themselves. When I turned down the next corner I ran into Jared who was heading toward our old abandon shelter. I grabbed him and we ran down Sky Avenue. Once we reached Orchard Ally I decided that we should take a break. We sat down on an old green dumpster that we found on the right side of the ally about part way down, so no one would see us. When we were hidden he asked me why I had been running and what was in the Safeway bag I had been carrying. I told him that I had found some stale bread in the dumpster by the bakery. When the baker saw me take it he got mad and I started running. Next we got up and walked down the alley to the old abandoned shoe store where we were camping out till winter was over. Being homeless wasn't easy but in my opinion it was better than being rich.

Tonight I will be sleeping on my orange towel that I had found yesterday near the park. It's where I find most of my belongings. It was cold tonight and we were expecting it to snow. Snitch proclaims that he can feel the snow coming. I mean it does sound crazy but who am I to tell him he's wrong, he might be telling the truth for all I know. The winters are hard for our clan, the only good news is that Janey will be coming back. She

leaves during the summer, says she has a job and at the first snowfall she comes back.

She always leaves during summer and never comes back before the first snowfall.

Janey never comes back with any money, but wherever she goes she always comes back.

This morning when I woke up I found myself laying on the ground shivering. The only thing over top of me, other than clothes, was my thin orange blanket. I was cold and my muscles were sore from the previous day. It took quite a bit of effort to sit up. Once I was up I looked around the store but I couldn't see Janey and it had already snowed! Slowly I started to get up to see if there were any signs to indicate that she might have stopped by. There was nothing, it was identical to the previous night. It was so bizarre, she always comes back the evening of the first snow fall, but she hadn't! I rapidly put on my jacket and grabbed some bread that I took yesterday, then ran out the door.

By the time I made it to Goldridge Park the sun was already out and shining in the sky. I wasn't a big fan of the cold so I was relieved that the sun had come out. When I got to the nearest empty park bench I sat on it and started to hum. I was worried about Janey. I had a sick feeling when I thought about it. I needed to find her to make sure she was alright. I sat there for a couple minutes trying to get as warm as I could. As I got up an old woman walked by, she had an old hat and cane and reminded me of my grandma.

I had nearly walked around the whole city and it was getting dark. I needed to find her before going home. I turned left at the next corner and walked past McDonald's. At

that moment I realized how hungry I was. I had barely eaten anything all day, but I continued going. It was a quiet night tonight, not to many people were on the street but one person did catch my eye. On the next street sitting against an old brick wall there was the outline of a girl, she was shivering. When I got about a meter away I asked her if she wanted to come with me to my shelter; to stay out of the cold but she didn't answer. I slowly reached down and placed my hand on her shoulder, her head slowly started to look up at me, her eyes looked so familiar. Suddenly I knew who it was, Janey! I started to sit down but she quickly grabbed my arm and brought me to an old building, where she explained everything.

She told me that the reason she never came back with money was because she was saving it to buy an apartment for their clan to live in. I was so excited I gave her a big hug and we ran inside the building together. We went to the elevator and she pressed the 3rd floor button. When we got to the floor we walked down a big long hallway and went to room 324, she grabbed a key from her back pocket and opened the door. The apartment was so big I couldn't believe it was my new home!

The Old Barn

Nancy lived in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. She loved living in Saskatoon, and she would play games and have playdates with her best friend Tanya. Everything was well until her father got a job transfer to Kamloops. Her parents bought a small farm in Cherry Creek. With the help of friends and family, it only took a couple of weeks to get a buyer for the house and pack.

Nancy just finished putting her belongings in the van. When her friend Tanya arrived to say good bye. Tanya gave her a lovely cherry shaped amulet. "It's for you to remember me by," said Tanya. "Thank you," said Nancy. "I will never forget you and I'll call you when I get there." Then Nancy got in the car.

48 hours later

"We're here," said Nancy's Father. "Here is our new home." Nancy started to explore the yard when she spotted an old barn. She decided to check out the barn. When she got inside, she saw a big pile of hay, some stalls for horses, some gardening tools, and other supplies for taking care of a horse. She thought that the hay would be a comfortable spot to have a nap. When she woke up, she decided to go inside the house and call Tanya. Her parents had already unpacked

everything from the van. In an attempt to avoid unpacking, she went to her room to call her friend Tanya.

During her conversation a mystery was revealed. The amulet Tanya had given Nancy was a special amulet and if she found that the amulet started glowing it meant that the keyhole was close by. The keyhole would open a magic portal. Tanya planned that the keyhole is in the shape of a cherry to symbolize Nancy's new house in Cherry Creek.

After Nancy was done talking to Tanya, she was inspired to explore the barn again. She was trying to find the hidden keyhole, searching high and low. Just as she was about to give up, she found the keyhole. It was under all the hay. The amulet started glowing. The keyhole was in the shape of a cherry, just like Tanya had said. Nancy put her amulet in the keyhole, and she saw a bright light. When she opened her eyes, she saw an opening to another world. She saw a brilliant brightness that beckoned her.

Instead of a sun or moon the plants had glowing fruit that smelled and looked unlike any other. The fragrance made Nancy want to lay down and sleep forever. In the middle of the beautiful sight there was a breathtaking waterfall that had water that was clearer than crystal and shone like a million stars. Nancy was mesmerized by the beauty.

“Nancy” her mother cried. “Time for dinner.” “Coming” hollered Nancy. She pulled the amulet out of the keyhole and covered it up, and she placed the amulet around her neck. She returned home with her new found secret.

The next morning, she woke up, had breakfast, and went outside towards the barn. She couldn't wait to find out more about the new world. She placed the amulet in the keyhole and the portal opened. Nancy took a deep breath and entered the other world. When she got through, she explored the new place. She found out that the plants there were edible. Some were even enchanted and did some cool stuff, such as sound like instruments, shoot fireworks in the air, and some could dance. Then Nancy heard a voice saying hello.

She went towards the waterfall and she saw a little blue bird. "Hello, my name is Sarah, what is yours?" asked the blue bird. "Oh, my name is Nancy." replied Nancy. The two had talked for a long time and the two became good friends. Soon enough, the two agreed to meet each other again the next day and Nancy thought that moving to a new place wasn't so bad after all, as long as you have a good friend or two.

Reunited

It happened during the second week after they abandoned me at the orphanage. I was outside, sitting alone under a weeping willow tree, due to lack of friends. I was reading a mystery novel. I was at one of those parts of the book where you can just hear suspenseful music getting louder and louder. You can hear faint screaming. You can probably see why I had no friends. A slight breeze caused the willow's vines to sway, and create a tiny gap. Through the gap, I saw a tall figure, dressed in billowing black robes with the hood up. I heard him laugh. It was a deep, manly laugh. I didn't get a glimpse at his face, because at that moment, the vines swayed once more, and the figure was gone. *'Don't freak out Laurel,'* I told myself. *'It's only your imagination'*. But then the world went black.

I woke up to blurriness and a throbbing head. When my vision cleared, I saw that it was already dark outside. I was in the backseat of a car, with a dim light on in the front. I immediately panicked. I didn't know how far away I was from my so-called home, or what was going to happen to me. I had just been kidnapped by a psycho and possible murderer! I looked around the car and was startled to see that there was another girl, who was either sleeping or unconscious. She had blonde hair in two braids and freckles sprinkled across her nose. I looked out the window into the darkness and saw a shadow dragging two other girls' silhouettes toward a towering building. That's when anger, fear, and hate took over me. I threw the car door open and sprinted to where I last saw the man. It was then that I realized my mistake. I could no longer see

the man. He was there somewhere, in the pitch black night, and I was standing alone and vulnerable.

"Hello, Laurel." I whipped around, hair sticking to my face, to see a silhouette standing right in front of me. Then I ran. I sprinted faster than ever before. When I didn't hear anyone following me, I slowed down for just a second, but in that second, someone grabbed me from behind and pulled me back. I felt a tingling sensation in my neck, and saw someone's shadow pulling a syringe out of it. My eyelids started to droop, and I fell to the ground on weak legs. I tried to pull myself along the cement to get away, but the figure dragged me back by my foot, skin ripping off my hands.

"Hey!" I heard someone shout from behind the attacker. I lifted my head a bit, and saw the girl from the car smack him on the head with a windshield wiper.

"Come on!" she cried, grabbing my arm. I stood up slowly, and staggered after her. She headed straight for the car, but I stopped her.

"There were others... two other girls he brought into the building." I told her sluggishly. "We have to save them."

"Fine," she replied, "you go look for them. I'm going to the car to see if there's a cell phone or something."

"Okay. Come find me when you're done." I told her.

"I'm Sadie, by the way." She said as she started toward the car.

"Laurel." I replied. I ran to the building, through the double doors, up a spiral staircase, and down a hallway, until I heard sobbing coming from a door on my left. I peeked through a little window in the door, and saw the two girls sitting against the far

wall. I tried to open the door, but it was locked. Just then, Sadie came tearing down the hall, with a set of keys jingling in one hand, and a wallet in the other.

"No phone, but I found the kidnapper's wallet. It has his name and picture." She handed me the wallet, while she started trying keys on the chain. I opened the wallet and stared at the photo in the little slot. *'No. It can't be.'* I thought.

"Are you okay? You look like you just saw a ghost." Sadie said.

"It's just that... never mind. I'm fine." Sadie tried one last key, and the door swung open. The two girls glanced up at us, obviously relieved that it wasn't the hooded man coming to finish them off. They stood up and quietly followed us back down the hallway. Sadie led us down the stairs, with me in the back. Just as I reached the bottom of the stairs, someone grabbed the back of my hoodie and pulled me back up. The girls tried to pull me back, but I told them as best I could with my choking voice, "Go! Run! Call the police!" They hesitated, but then ran outside, as I got pulled back down the hallway and thrown harshly into the small room. A few minutes later, I heard footsteps coming toward the door, and a key unlocking it. The now recognizable figure marched in and glowered at me.

"Hello Laurel." He said in a familiar, scratchy tone.

"Hello... Father."

Jayda Deol
Grade 7
Dufferin Elementary

A Single Word

A blanket of uneasy silence is spread across the never-ending road that lay in front of me. Standing on the dull cement, I try to urge my legs forward but they are frozen, glued to the sidewalk. Silently, I feel the cool autumn breeze creep up my spine sending a shiver throughout my body and goose-bumps on my bare arms. Quiet tears begin to form in my eyes and stream down my face, sending a tinge of colour to my lifeless cheeks. I look down and try to study the dense lines of the road under me as a distraction to the numbness that is slowly climbing up my body. The bright yellow of the lines sends warm thoughts of my mother to my mind and I feel a small smile spread across my face for a few seconds until it is ripped from my grasp when my mind once again turns to the painful reality that is my life. Slowly I once again try to move my legs forward hoping the feeling will return back to them, but instead I find them giving up on me and my knees slam against the hard cement, blood seeping through my jeans. I try gasping for air but it is almost as if all the air has disappeared from the world. I shut my eyes praying it will help to ease the pain but my prayers still have not been answered. I feel a tiny bit of hope enter my body as I realize that anywhere I go will be better than this nightmare. Suddenly, I feel my heart stop and using every ounce of strength I have left, a single word leaves my lips before I plummet into the darkness forever "Goodbye".

It was a warm September. The end of summer breeze lightly blew the small strands of my auburn hair away from my face. I walked through the tall, wispy trees along the dirt path that took me to my home. As I trudged slowly, my eyes met the smooth, grey rock placed carefully under the tallest tree. The rock was engraved with an "EJ" and a "K," standing for Emma-Jean, which was me, and Kathleen, my old best friend. I pondered the memories of Kathleen and I -- how we had spent every day that summer together, either hosting extremely fun slumber parties or enjoying a day at the lake, playing in the soft sand and wading in the cool water. However, all of that was in the past. Kathleen had moved away earlier that August to a small town on the coast. She had promised to call me every day but never did due to her excuse of being remarkably busy. As I was reminiscing, something caught my eye. It was not small and unnoticeable, but rather hefty. I left the path and gradually made my way to the mysterious object in the distance.

I began to feel a massive curiosity grow within me. Before long, the curiosity began to grow into regret. I had promised my family I would be home before dark, but as the sun set behind the smallest tree, I knew I could not turn back, not yet. I eventually arrived at the object which was really no "object" at all. It was a small, wooden cabin that looked as though it had not been taken care of in fifty years. It seemed to tilt a bit to the side as though it felt queasy and unsure of how to stand properly. There were only remains of a door and a small metal doorknob, fallen and still

on the dirt. The window had been shattered, yet there were no pieces to be seen on the ground. I decided to go in. I lightly pushed the door open which gave a loud squeak and disturbed the silence. As I looked inside, my heart skipped a beat. There, sitting on an old rocking chair, sat a man no younger than ninety. He had short, white wisps of hair that seemed to outline the shape of his round head. He wore moon-shaped glasses on the edge of his narrow nose. He was clothed in a dull coloured sweater and faded trousers. His crystal blue eyes had not yet noticed me. Maybe he had heard me and had chosen not to acknowledge me, or his old ears had not heard the piercing shriek of the door as it opened.

I stepped back and apologised, "I am incredibly sorry. I thought this was a bath-" He cut me off with a simple raise of his hand. He lifted his eyes to meet mine. They looked not alarming but soothing as they skimmed my baby blue dress, white sneakers, and my messy hair. He gestured for me to walk over to him. As I cautiously made my way over to the stranger, I saw him carefully grab a delicate, velvet case from his pocket. He then opened my hand and gracefully placed the item in my cold palm. The man closed my fingers on the case and touched his finger to his mouth motioning to keep the precious case a secret. He smiled as he watched me exit his quaint, little cabin.

head was spinning, and my feet hurt. I had so many questions that would never bleed into answers. The whole experience began to feel like a weird dream. I was incredibly confused. I dropped to the ground and began to cry. I would never know, never know who the man in the cabin was.

S.A.S

seat I find a small silver disk. I press down on it and a TV screen pops up in front of me. Leaning back in my seat, I click a button on the remote and begin to watch.

After roughly an hour, the car stops and the door opens. I squint as my eyes adjust to the light, and someone pulls me out of the car. They lead me into a tall building. It is eerily quiet inside, and there is no one in sight.

We end up in a room full tables piled high with fancy food. People are sitting at most of them. There are more men dressed in suits at the front of the room.

A

short lady with long black hair stands behind a podium. I sit at one of the tables and begin to fill the plate in front of me. There are ribs, burgers, ham, soup, fruit, sandwiches, and tons of other food. I put some berries, ham, and a sandwich on my plate. Then I get some dessert. Brownies, cupcakes, cookies and other treats fill the remainder of the table. A waiter comes along and brings me some coffee.

The lady at the front of the room taps the microphone and begins to speak. "Hello Ladies and Gentlemen, I hope you are feeling at home here. Most of you already know why we are gathered in this room, but I suspect that some of you don't. This building is home to some of the most inquisitive minds in the world. We all work together to form the S.A.S., or Secret Alliance Society. We have brought you here today because we believe that you have the capabilities to work with us to save the world. Your training begins tomorrow morning."

Great, I think, they want me for their 'secret alliance'. That's the last thing I need right now.

S.A.S

I walk down the damp concrete steps, lost in thought. I look to the street. Cars are zipping by, occasionally splashing through puddles and spraying people on the sidewalk with muddy water. Looking to my left, I see a tall man with a freshly shaved face and styled hair. He is wearing a crisp black suit and reflective sunglasses. A worn brown bag is slung over his shoulder. In his right hand is a cup of coffee. We lock eyes, neither one of us daring to look away. I stand frozen in place on the stairs as he quickens his pace. The man is walking right towards me.

He walks up to a car parked at the bottom of the stairs and opens the passenger door. Looking right at me, he waves his hand as if asking me to come join him. His beckoning pulls me as if from a trance, and I begin to sprint away. I run down the busy sidewalk, not caring that everyone has their eyes on me. Turning a corner, I end up at a quaint little coffee shop.

When I open the door, I realize it is already too late. Another tall man in a black suit is standing right in front of me, coffee in hand. I give up and follow him out of the coffee shop reluctantly. We walk back to the other man's black car. They push me inside, slamming the door after me. I look around. The seats are a grey leather, with black stitching. There is a cup holder next to my seat. In it are a bottle of water and a small bag of pretzels. The windows are darkly tinted so I can't see out. We begin to move, so I buckle myself in.

I unpackage the pretzels and eat a few, deciding it will be easier to just surrender. Taking sips of water, I start snooping around the compartment. Next to my

S.A.S

The S.A.S has been trying to recruit me for three years. I don't believe that they are trying to save the world. They have a personal agenda. I believe that they are using us smart people to get revenge on someone or something. I don't know who or why, but I do know that I don't want to be a part of it. I need to find a way to escape.

Today is our first day of training. We are all in a big room, wearing the plain white clothes that they gave us. The short woman is standing in front of us, her companions around her. She talks of strategy and skill, diligence, and agility, but I'm not paying attention. I am looking at the girl standing to my right. She has strawberry blond hair braided neatly down her back. It isn't her hair that catches my eye though, it's the fact that she's taking notes.

I lean closer to her and see that she isn't taking notes on what the lady is saying, but instead on how to escape. *So I'm not the only one trying to get out of here.* I tap her on the shoulder and ask what she is doing. She seems startled at first, but quickly leans over to whisper me her plan. *We're getting out of here,* I think with a smile.

The Happy Prince

Promise Dirkson, Dallas Elementary, Grade 7.

High above the town, on a tall white column, stands the magnificent statue of the Happy Prince. He was gilded all over with flakes of fine gold representing armour. He had a smooth face of gold with bright sapphires for eyes. Atop his handsome face is a pile of golden hair. In his left hand he held a sword with a dragon handle and a vibrant ruby at the hilt with a silver blade with the tip balanced on the pedestal between his feet. In his right hand he holds a golden shield with a intricate family crest on the face. The Happy Prince was completely gold, with the exception of the silver blade and the jewels.

The Happy Prince was much admired in the town. People would say things like "He is as beautiful as the rising sun." and other would say "He is more breathtaking than the setting sun." This was a common argument throughout the townspeople. What was the statue more beautiful than. Mothers would say "Why can't you be more like Happy Prince?" To their children who are crying and pulling towards a store filled with bright coloured candy, "Happy Prince would never cry over something as silly as candy!"

One night a little swallow flew over the town. The other swallows had all left for Egypt six weeks before but this swallow had stayed behind for he had fallen in love with a beautiful reed. He had flown past the river one day and seen her and stopped to talk to her. As the days past he flew around her touching his wing to the water as she bended and bowed in the wind. "It's a ridiculous attachment" the other swallows twittered to him. And when Autumn came the other swallows flew away. The little swallow became lonely without the other swallows around. So he went to the reed and asked her "Will you come away with me?" But the reed shook her head she was too attached to her home. "Well! I am off to the Pyramids! Good-Bye!" He cried and flew away on his soft feathered wings.

All day he flew and when it reached night he had arrived at the town of the Happy Prince. "Where shall I put up this evening?" He said, "I hope the town has made preparations."

The swallow approached the column on which the Happy Prince stood tall, "I shall stay here!" he cried "It's a fine position with plenty of fresh air.". He nestled in beneath the statue "I have a golden bedroom" he murmured to himself as he covered his head with his wing and fell asleep. Not much later a large drop of water fell down and landed on the little swallow. "What?" He murmured as he shook his wing dry and stood up. "There is not a cloud in the sky where did that water come from?" He looked up and saw the Happy Prince.

The Happy Prince

Promise Dirkson, Dallas Elementary, Grade 7.

The Happy Prince's eyes were filled with tears that glistened in the moon as they rolled down his golden face and onto the back of the Sparrow and the ground around him.

"Who are you?" The swallow asked to the beautiful golden statue.

"I am the Happy Prince" He was not looking at the sparrow but far off in the distance.

"If you are the *Happy* Prince then why are you weeping?" The Sparrow emphasized the word happy.

"Once I was alive, I had a heart," answered the statue, "I did not know what tears were, I lived in the Palace of Sans-Souci, where sorrow was not allowed to enter. In the day I played with my friends in the gardens, in the evening I led the dance at the Great Hall. There was a tall wall surrounding the gardens, but I never cared what lied beyond it, my life in the palace was pure happiness. I was nicknamed the Happy Prince for I was always so joyful. So, I lived, I died. And now that I'm dead they placed me up here where I can see all the sorrows and ugliness of my city, though my heart is made of lead all I can come to do is weep.

The swallow was silent as he waited to see if the statue would continue

"Far away," the statue continued in a low musical voice, "far away on a little street is a poor house. One of the windows is open and I can see a woman seated there. Her face is pale and thin and her hands are coarse and red, all pricked from the needle. She is a seamstress. She is embroidering passion-flowers on a satin gown for the Queen's good friend to wear at the next Court-Ball. In a bed in the corner of the room is a little boy who is ill. He has a fever and is asking for oranges but all his mother has to give him is water, he is crying. Swallow, swallow, little swallow, will you bring her the ruby from my sword hilt? My feet are fastened to this pedestal so I cannot move.

"I am waited for in Egypt," said the swallow, "My friends are flying up and down the Nile and talking to the lotus-flowers. Later they will rest with the great Kings in their painted coffins. They are wrapped in yellow linen, and embalmed with spices and herbs. Jewels lay on the floor around him.

"Swallow, swallow, little swallow," said the Prince, "will you not stay with me one more night and be my messenger? The boy is so thirsty and his mother so sad."

"I don't think I like little boys" the swallow replied, "The boys always try to hit me with stones..." his voice trailed off as he saw more tears roll down the Happy prince's golden face. "I will stay with you one more night and be your messenger."

The Happy Prince

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"Thank you, little swallow" The Prince whispered and his tears stopped.

The swallow pulled the great ruby from the sword and began to fly across the town. He flew past churches and houses and as he passed the palace a beautiful girl came out onto the balcony with a young man "My how beautiful the stars are" the man said to the woman "I hope my dress is ready for the ball" She answered, "I ordered passion flowers to be put on it but," she sighs, "seamstresses can be so lazy sometimes."

The swallow flew past them and watched the city turn from palaces to small houses and shacks. As he approached the little house he flew in through the window and placed the ruby next to the sleeping seamstress. He then flew around the boy a few times and fanned him and as the boy sunk into a deep sleep the Swallow flew back to the Happy Prince.

"I feel warm, even though it is so cold." He told the statue.

"It is because you did a good deed." The Prince said. And the swallow began to think, then he fell asleep, thinking always makes his sleepy.

When day came the swallow flew down to the river and took a bath. A passing professor saw the swallow "What a strange sight! A swallow in winter!" he then proceeded home and wrote a long letter to the newspaper. Everyone began to quote it, though very few words they understood.

"Tonight I am off to Egypt!" The swallow was in high spirits and he chirped this as he flew around the town. When night came the swallow flew back the statue of the Happy Prince. "Do you have any request from Egypt?" the swallow asked the Prince.

"Swallow, swallow, little swallow, will you not stay with me not stay with me one night longer?" The prince asked

"I am waited for in Egypt," said the Swallow. "Tomorrow my friends will fly down to the waterfalls. On a great Granite throne sits the God Memnon. All night long he watches the stars and when morning breaks he utters one cry of joy then he is silent once again.

"Swallow, swallow, little swallow, far across the city I see a young man in a bungalow, he is leaning over a desk full of papers, beside him is a bouquet of withered violets. The fireplace is empty, he is trying to finish a play for the theater but he is too cold to write any longer.

"I will wait one night longer, shall I take him another ruby?"

"Ah no.." a sad look crossed his shimmering eyes, "I have no ruby now, Only my eyes, they are rare sapphires, brought into India Thousands of years ago. Pluck out

The Happy Prince

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one of them and take it to him. He will sell it to the jeweler and buy food and firewood so he can finish his play.

"Dear prince, I can not do that." Tears started to prick his eyes. He couldn't dream of ever hurting the prince.

"Swallow, Swallow, little swallow, do as I command you."

So with a heavy heart the swallow plucked out the prince's eye and flew across the town. When he arrived at the Bungalow it was easy to get in through the hole in the roof. The young man had his head buried in his hand and did not hear the soft letter of The Sparrows wings but when he looked up he found the beautiful sapphire lying next to the withered violets.

"Finally i am being appreciated!" He cried, "I must have some great admirer." He cried out before returning to his play with a smile and happy heart.

Before long it was the next day and he flew throughout the town again yelling about going to Egypt.

"I have come to say good bye." The swallow said with a heavy heart.

"Will you not stay one night longer little swallow?" The Prince asked.

"It is winter" answered the swallow "and the chill snow will soon be here. In Egypt the sun is warm on the green palm trees and the crocodiles line in the mud. My companions are building nests in the temple of Baalbec. Dear Prince I must leave you but I will never forget you. Next spring I will bringing you back two beautiful jewels in the place of those you have given away. the ruby she'll be better than any rose ,and the sapphire will be as blue as the great sea."

"In the square below stands a little match girl. Her matches have fallen into the gutter and will no longer light. She is crying, her head and feet are bare. Give my other eye to her.

"I will stay with you one night longer," the swallow replied, "but I cannot pluck out your eye,you would be blind then."

" Swallow, swallow, little swallow, do as I command you."

Obeying the prince the swallow pulled the other sapphire from the prince's face and flew down to the square. He dropped the sapphire into her match box and watched as she ran home laughing, leaving the soiled matches behind. Again he felt warm despite the bitter cold.

"You are blind now, I will stay with you always." The swallow told the prince and landed on his shoulder.

"No swallow you must go to Egypt now!"

The Happy Prince

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"I will stay with you always." And the swallow fell asleep at the prince's feet.

The next day he told the prince everything he new about Egypt.

"Dear swallow," The prince said interrupting the swallows story. "You tell me a marvelous things, but , more marvelous than anything is the suffering of men and of women. There is no mystery so great as misery. Fly over my city swallow and tell me what you see there."

So that's One Flew Over the city and saw rich men making Berry and they're beautiful houses will the big Beggars were sitting at the gates he flew into dark alleys and saw the white faces of children looking out at the black streets. Out of the town, under the bridge two little boys were lying in eachother's arms trying to keep themselves warm. "You can't lie there!" shouted the Watchman and the boys were forced to wander out into the rain.

The swallow flew back to the Prince and told him what he had seen.

"I am covered in gold. You must pull it off and give it to my people."

Knowing better than to argue with the prince the swallow complied and watched the faces of the people light up with joy at the gold fell into their hands. When the swallow was done the prince was bare and sad to look at. Snow came, and so did frost. The swallow was cold and longed for the warmth of Egypt but he would not leave the prince. ONe day the swallow woke up bitter cold and found it hard to move he pumped his wings and moved around trying to keep warm.

" My dear prince, goodbye." The swallow said sadly, not allowing himself to cry for the tears would freeze his eyes shut. "Will you let me kiss your hand as a parting gift?"

"Ah little swallow!" The prince cried out in joy, "YOU are finally going to Egypt! Oh I'm so glad. You have stayed here far too long. And you may kiss me on the lips my friend."

"Dear prince, Egypt is not here I am going. BUt to the mansions of rest. Death is the brother of sleep is he not?" Using his last burst of strength the swallow flew up and kissed the statue before dropping dead at his feet.

Suddenly a large crack sounded from inside the statue as if something had broken. In fact,. it was the leaden heart that had cracked in two. "A hard Frost and must have been" The town people mumbled.

Early the next morning the Mayor was walking through town and was taken aback at the sight of the Happy Prince.

The Happy Prince

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"My word!" The Mayor exclaimed, "What has happened to the Happy Prince? The ruby has fallen from his sword, his eyes are gone and he is golden no more. MY, he looks little better than a beggar!"

"Little better than a beggar." The town council repeated the Mayor as the always did.

"There's actually a dead bird at his feet!" continued the mayor, " We was really issue a proclamation that birds are not to be allowed to die here." The town clerk made a note of the suggestion.

So they pull down the statue of the Happy Prince. "As he's no longer beautiful, he's no longer useful." the art professor explained to the towns folk.

Then they melted the statue in a furnace and the Mayor held a meeting of the council to decide what was to be done with the metal.

"We must have another statue of course." he said. "and it should be a statue of myself."

"Myself." said he should the town councillors and the began to fight. When I last heard of them they were quarreling still to this day!

"What are strange thing." said the overseer of the workmen at the foundry, " This broken lead heart will not melt in the furnace.". So they threw it into a dust pile with the dead swallow .

"Bring me the two most precious things in the city." said God to one of his angels.

The Angel brought him the lead heart and the dead bird.

" You have rightfully chosen." God said, "For my garden of paradise this little birds will sing forever more. And in my city of gold The Happy Prince will live once more.

How to be Annie

Just do it.

On weekdays, in the mornings, stride early to the bus stop while listening to your most desired playlist.

Anything cute and girly is always the top.

Fridays grab your fluffiest cozy blanket and watch The Next Step.

Get overly excited and start to shed tears.

Always act odd with your best friend because they're your best friend for a reason.

Believe you can do it and you will succeed.

Receive Starbucks at least once every two weeks.

Curly hair is like a crown, be generous and take care of it.

Take that inspiration and express it in your own way.

You must go on Adventures to explore the unseen.

Take photography to a new level.

In the car listen to your chosen song and picture you're in a music video while gazing out the window.

Always laugh even at your own laughter.

Always strive to wear shorts even if it's blustery out.

Hair bows, Comfy clothing, and sweaters are my thing.

Swim like a mermaid.

Dance to express feelings and lose yourself, because, what's better than that?

Bubbly. Energetic. Adventurous.

Take about 100 selfies even though the first one was perfect.

Dream every single night.

Dance in the spotlight.

Remind yourself that you have the strength to overcome anything.

Be yourself because you're you for a reason.

DANCE

Dance is my passion.

It creates a story through elegant and powerful movement.

Dance helps me escape from drama and reality.

When I hear a certain song the only thing that comes to my mind is to dance.

You don't have to be a professional to dance.

All you need is music.

People tell me I'm horrible at dance and I should take lessons.

I try not to let those feelings control me.

If they do I just dance them out.

Dance is a way to find yourself and lose yourself all at the same time.

This is a quote that explains what I've been saying by Martha Graham.

"Great dancers aren't great because of their technique, they are great because of their passion."

Dance is my passion.

?

Have you ever thought so deeply and asked yourself, is that even possible, or how?

Have you ever wondered how, did we become?

Are we all related?

Did the year start off at 1 and then traveled till 2017?

Who made up our language and how did earth even get its name?

Why does this seem all like a dream?

Is there life way out into the endless universe of wonders?

If we die, where do we go?

Were we alive in the pioneer age and then our life came back so quickly after we
passed away?

How was the universe created from the start?

How were dinosaurs made?

What is our purpose?

The Wild and I

I dig my fingers into the soft sand that is boiling on top and freezing just underneath. I look over to my scraggly mutt, Spud. He appears deep in thought. I think he is waiting to pounce on the small waves that lap on the shore of our secret beach. I gave my mom the coordinates not directions to the place. Surrounded by lush pine, spruce, and fir trees, the beach also has a single beech tree, that I call the Thinking Tree. Looking at its gnarled trunk, limbs, and roots makes me jump from thought to thought. The beach is nested in a little bay. I haven't brought anyone to this beautiful place that I call Spud's Beach. On one of our adventures, he found this amazing spot with calm water and no rocks at the bottom. After every storm, I sweep the bottom of the sea bare to protect my feet. So, I rarely get hurt in the cool and salty water.

"Come on," I say to Spud, "let's head home. Mom's making mashed potatoes." I laugh thinking about Spud eating the leftovers. It's almost cannibalism! I grab my backpack, and we get up and leave my beautiful safe haven. The light slowly changes from a bright yellow to a soft green as we enter the forest. The pines shrink when compared to the redwoods that grow deeper in the lush forest. I look to the right and catch a glimpse of the most majestic stag I have ever seen. He looks my way and then sprints off. Spud yelps excitedly. We keep moving into the magical forest following the path of small birdhouses that I carved to mark the way. Soon the forest breaks out into a large meadow of flowers. Colors pop out everywhere. I see daisies, heathers, violets, and morning glories. We stop at a fence. "Okay Spud - one, two, three, go!" We sprint across a field with grazing cows, avoiding their land mines - well, me anyways. Spud makes sure he steps in every one of them.

The Wild and I

"Hey!" yells an angry voice from across the field. "You kid get off my property! Stop bugging my cows!" That would be old Farmer Brown, the obnoxious cow farmer that hates my guts. I clamber over the wooden fence that keeps his cows away from the 'dangerous wild', as Farmer Brown says.

"You stink, Spud," I say. "What did I ever do to you?" We keep walking until we hit a path. I sit down on an old log and pull out a bottle of water. I take a gulp, reach into a compartment that I carved into the log, and put a dog bowl down. Spud laps at the cool drink I poured him. I reach into my bag again and get a dog lead.

"I know you don't like it, but it's the rule. If you get caught without a lead on, they will take you away to dog prison." I say fiercely. Spud whimpers but lets me put the lead on him anyway. We walk down the dusty path until we hit a sidewalk. It runs along an old road that is filled with potholes. I go to the nearest bike rack where my light blue bike is chained up. I open the lock combination and whiz down the street with Spud sprinting at my side. His pink tongue lolls at the side, and I think there is a trail of drool behind us.

We live in a small town called Woodburg. No one outside of this town has heard of it, because it is utterly boring. I only enjoy myself when I am in the forest, by the ocean, or with my mom. Finally, we come to the quiet street where I live. I turn down an ally until I see my mom on the porch of our cozy house. She is setting the table. I hop off my bike and unleash Spud. I open the gate and go to the large pine in our yard. I installed a shower head on the tree, so I could wash the cow stink off of Spud. I order him into the small basin among the roots of the tree and rinse him so there are no more cow patties in his fur. After he is clean, I go to my mom and give her a hug.

"How was your day?" she asks.

The Wild and I

"Well, school was boring, but Spud and I had a nice walk in the woods." I leave out the part about Farmer Brown. I don't need her to worry.

We eat a great supper of mashed potatoes and pork roast - my favorite. I sneak up to my room while mom cleans the dishes. In my room, I put my bag on the dresser and open up the window. Our house is small, and the ceiling in my room is slanted. I step out onto the roof and reach for the ladder. Up I climb into the tree house that I built with my dad's help. The tree house is tiny, but the giant opening on one side is perfect for watching the sun sink into the mountains on the other side of town. The sky slowly turns from blue to purple and then to midnight blue. I go back to my room, tuck into bed, and drift into dreams of the Wild and I.

Elliot

She had long, flowy hair the color of a raven. When the sun shone it looked more like a deep violet. It was naturally straight, halfway down her back. Her eyes were a soft sky blue. They would pierce into your own eyes making you shiver. Her lips were the color of pink cotton candy. Her name was Autumn Silver.

Autumn Silver was a nice girl, but didn't realize it herself. She hadn't yet broken the mean shell that covered her personality. She didn't like warm hugs or heartwarming movies. She used to love all those things, but not anymore. Not since the car accident, when she watched her dad die. After that she felt alone and broken. Autumn only had her mom, who made just enough money to get them through each month. Her mom missed her happy go lucky daughter that always put a smile on her face. To try and get that girl back, Autumn's mom got her out of the house. She would tell Autumn to get the groceries or go to the local cafe. One day, she was at the cafe and she saw a boy about her age sitting in the corner sipping his drink. His dirty blond hair was all over the place. As he sat soundly deep in thought Autumn grabbed her own drink and went over to him. The first thing she noticed was his eyes. They were bright hazel and they looked exactly like her dad's. Autumn sat next to him and started a conversation. It was awkward and uncomfortable at first, but then they just clicked. They talked for almost two hours before Autumn's mom needed her home. They made plans to meet again the next day. As Autumn left the cafe all she could think about was the boy's name, Elliot. It was the same as her dad's. When Autumn got home her mom noticed it was the happiest she had been since her dad died. Autumn right away told her mom about Elliot. She was pleased that Autumn had made a new friend. The next day Autumn was nervous to see Elliot again. What if he didn't show up? He did though.

They talked for so long it felt as if they had been old friends. After a couple weeks of talking, Autumn decided to tell Elliot about her dad. She took him to the graveyard where he was buried and showed him the tombstone. Silent tears ran down her face. Elliot gently wiped the tears. He sat down and talked to the tombstone as if Autumn's dad was sitting in front of him.

It was the next week on Autumn's sixteenth birthday when Elliot asked. He took her to the cafe where they met, and sat down in the same table. "I have a special birthday present for you," he said after Autumn sat down. He asked her to be his girlfriend, and, with a happy grin on her face, of course Autumn said yes. They were the perfect couple; always there for each other and also best friends. Autumn's mom loved Elliot like her own son, and Elliot's parents adored Autumn. They saw each other almost every day. If they were not able to meet in person they would talk for hours on the phone. Like every other couple they did fight, but only small things. They would be over silly things like whether the egg or chicken came first. It would last for an hour at the most, and then they would just laugh over it together. Elliot made Autumn happy. He reminded her of her dad, in a happy way. After meeting Elliot, Autumn began to like warm hugs and heartwarming movies again. It took a couple tries, but Elliot knocked down the mean shell that covered her personality. The shell would come back at times, but Elliot was always there to knock it down again.

Five years later it was Autumn's birthday again. She was turning twenty-one, and Elliot was still right by her side. For her birthday, Elliot was taking her back to the cafe where they met. He took her in and sat her down before grabbing them each a drink.

"I have a special birthday present for you." He said. This time after five years he wasn't sitting. He was on one knee with a ring in his hand. Autumn gasped softly. She started crying as

she nodded her head yes. She was overwhelmed with joy. Elliot was in complete bliss. They would be getting married in that same cafe. The date? The same day as Autumn's father's birthday. They thought it would be a nice gesture knowing that he wouldn't be there to walk Autumn down the aisle. It was a small wedding with only a few people. They loved it, and wanted nothing more. They lived in a small apartment near both their jobs. They had thirteen cats, and wanted more. Autumn was a growing writer. Her first book was getting recognized, and people loved it. No one except Elliot knew that it was the story of her life. Elliot was a very well known lawyer. He won most cases and everyone liked him. The two of them would always be in love. 'Till death do you part,' was said at their wedding. That wasn't true. Even after one died they would still love one another. They were both happy and wouldn't want life any other way.

The New Family

Milena put down the phone angrily!

She stared out the window. It was raining. It was her day off but she was called into work anyway. Apparently it was an emergency. Her secretary, Elaine, let her know that a little girl had been dropped off by the RCMP officers. The RCMP officers had said she was the daughter of one of her clients who had been in jail for the past week and would be there for the next fifteen years.

“What kind of place is a lawyer’s office for a child!” she yelled.

“What did you say?” Peter called out from the shower.

Milena ignored him and ran out the door.

Meanwhile Peter was still yelling, “What did you say?” He jumped out of the shower dripping wet only to notice her car was gone.

When Milena arrived at her work, she saw a little girl sitting at her desk.

What a surprise.

She took off her wet raincoat and handed it to Elaine to dry.

Milena spotted an arm reaching toward her whiteboard in her office. She sneakily crept into her office, trying not to scare the little girl.

“Good morning.” she said in a soft voice.

“Oh, how are you?” answered the little girl, as she spun around in her chair to face Milena.

“I know your mom. I helped her last month.” Milena said, not wanting to give the details, knowing she wouldn’t understand anyway.

The little girl ignored her and continued drawing.

Milena wasn’t sure what to do next.

“What is your name?” she asked.

The little girl began to write “Minni” on the whiteboard.

That was Melina’s nickname when she was young. She was intrigued.

Could Minni’s full name be the same as hers?”

Elaine came in. “The RCMP would like to speak with you in the meeting room.”

“Okay, let them know I’ll be right with them. Minni, I will come back in just a few minutes.”

There was no reply.

Milena noticed that Minni had curled up in the chair and was fast asleep. Milena quietly left her office.

“Would you like a coffee?” Elaine asked nervously.

Milena was surprised because Elaine had never offered her coffee before.

“No, that’s fine.”

Elaine scurried away back to her desk.

Now Milena was starting to feel a little uncertain, because Elaine never acted this way.

Constable Roderick suggested, “Why don’t we sit down. My name is Constable Roderick and this is Constable Joseph. You are probably wondering why we brought Minni here. Has Elaine told you anything?”

“Why, is there a problem?” asked Milena

“Well, it’s not really a problem, it’s just that...hmmm. She did not ask you before signing the papers?”

“What papers?” she asked with a puzzled look.

A moment of silence passed through the room until there was a knock at the door.

Constable Roderick opened the door.

“I’m hungry.” said Minni.

Elaine got up quickly. “What can I get you?”

“I’m starving! Can we go to get a hamburger?” asked Minni.

“Of course, let me grab my coat,” Elaine said.

“Not so fast,” said Constable Roderick.

Elaine turned around with a weird look.

“Why doesn’t Milena take Minni to get lunch?” Constable Roderick suggested, staring right toward Elaine.

“It’s quite alright, Milena is busy. I am happy to take her.”

“I don’t care who takes me, I just want a hamburger!” said Minni.

Constable Roderick answered, “Just wait five minutes.”

“Come with me, Minni,” Elaine said, “I might have a granola bar or something.”

Constable Roderick explained to Milena that since Minni’s mother was in jail, she needed someone to take care of her. “Would you be her legal guardian?” asked Constable Roderick.

“Is that legal? Isn’t there a family member to take care of her?” asked Milena.

“There are no family members that we know of. There’s you or an orphanage. Elaine has already filled out the papers.”

“Why didn’t anyone tell me earlier! Let me get Elaine.”

Elaine, who was listening at the door, came into the room. “Here are the papers,” she said nervously.

“Thank you, Elaine. I will look these over later. But right now, why don’t I grab Minni and take her for lunch. That way I also have a chance to phone Peter.”

Once they arrived at the Hamburger Club, both Minni and Milena ordered.

"Minni, I will be back in a few minutes. I want to call Peter, my husband."

"Hi Peter."

"Where are you!" yelled Peter.

"I'm sorry, my phone was off. But you will never believe what happened.

Do you remember a few weeks ago when we said we might..."

"Might what?" Peter asked worried.

"Well...we might adopt."

"And why is this important now?" asked Peter.

Peter and Milena's conversation was long and complicated.

"Minni, I'm back. I'm sorry it took so long."

"Are you all done?" asked the waiter.

"Yes, thank you."

"Minni, you know your mom will be away for a while?"

"Yah, Mom said that."

"Ok, well you will need someone to stay with. Peter and I were wondering if you would like to stay with us?"

"Do you have a dog?" Minni's eyes widened.

"No, but we were thinking of getting one at the end of the summer."

"Can we name the dog, Pepper?"

“Of course we can! That was the name of my dog when I was little.”

“I love the name Pepper,” said Minni.

“We should head back to the office. There are a few things I have to do.”

When they got back to the office, Milena signed the papers. Minni was now part of their family.

The Haunting that Wouldn't be Forgotten
Danika Gauthier , Grade 7
Marion Schilling Elementary School

There once was a girl named Jen. She lived in no ordinary world. She lived in a world plagued with 'the incident'. 'The incident' started one hundred years ago. That was when the first lurker was spotted. A lurker is a ghost looking for its belonging, which is the object that it loved. Our job is to kill the ghosts and contain the belonging. That was our job one year ago.

One year earlier...

It was a hot summer afternoon when Carla, my best friend and I got a knock on the front door of our house.

"Who do you think it is, Jen? It's Saturday," Carla asked. "I don't know, but I'll get it," I said. I went downstairs, opened the door and was greeted by a man in a suit.

"Come in! You must be boiling!" I said.

"Thank you!" The man said, wiping sweat off his brow. "I'm Mr. Cornelius. I have some important business to talk to you and Miss Parkinson about."

"Ok, one second." I went up the stairs and said, "Carla, there's someone who wants to talk to us!"

"Ok, I'm coming!" she said as she came downstairs. When we got downstairs, Mr. Cornelius had sat in a recliner.

"Well, let's get straight down to business. You two are going to go to the house that has been affected by lurkers. Here are your business cards," he said. He showed them the cards, and put them back into his briefcase. "For equipment you will each get a slasher, which is a ghost sword; a suit, which is a dress with a utility belt, a holder for your slasher and finally-" he stood up, and threw an orange powder at us.

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"Uuuuugh!!! Why did you throw that at us?" I asked.

"That powder will reveal your power. And you will not be able to use power until it is night, so I must stay here until then. The powers that are most useful are hearing and sight. The others are the power to conjure ghosts with their thoughts, telekinesis and the power to feel the emotions of the ghosts," he finished. This was getting weird.

Three hour later...

We were in a house, five kilometers away from where we lived. Mr. Cornelius told us it was the most haunted houses in our city. He said it was full of lurkers and had multiple belongings. The belonging could be anything from a book to a piece of jewelry.

As we went into the house, Carla said, "I can talk to the house with my mind. Maybe... Mr. Cornelius? What power do you think I have?" Carla asked.

Mr. Cornelius turned to face her. "From what you say, it seems that you have telekinesis." he said calmly.

"Cool!" Carla said.

"Let's see what powers I have." I said.

"Ok" Carla said. I concentrated, though not closing my eyes or focusing on anything in particular. I started walking into a room and almost had to squint because it was so bright.

"Is this death-plasma? And this'll sound weird, but I can hear whispers everywhere. I can't make out what they're saying but I can definitely tell they're there."

The Haunting that Wouldn't be Forgotten
Danika Gauthier, Grade 7
Marion Schilling Elementary

"My, my! It seems that you have the powers of hearing and sight! You'll grow up to be a very strong ghost hunter!" he said.

I saw Carla look really happy for me. "The death-plasma and the whispering get stronger when we go this way," I said, getting their attention. "Everyone be quiet. I'm getting something here. It is saying... 'we will return in the room of red, we will stand again in the room of red'. What the heck is the room of red? I don't get it...oh! I bet it's the place where all the belongings are! Come on! What are we waiting for! Let's go find that room!"

"We don't need to," Carla said.

"What are you talking about?" I asked, very confused.

"Because I've already found it." She said. I walked up behind her to look through the door to see what she meant. Dried blood covered the wall entirely, books and jewelry littered the floor, and death-plasma shifted through the room like a thick greenish-yellow sheet. I pulled Carla down to the ground to avoid being touched by one of the many ghosts that lay beyond the iron door frame that keeps them in the room.

"Wait a minute. This building is really old, but it has iron framing. That's only on the newer houses. Someone must have tampered with this room before we came, because this room looks too new for this old house," I said to Carla.

She nodded thoughtfully and said, "There's only one person that could have been here before us. And I think he's been with us the whole time."

The Haunting that Wouldn't be Forgotten
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"Mr. Cornelius," I said, "And look over here. It's new iron laced wall plaster. It was only made about a month ago. And he said this building is one hundred years old!" I said.

"And look. He didn't even do a good job to make it look real." Carla said flatly.

"Well I did a good job getting you girls to go to this building for me without complaint," said Mr. Cornelius. "When I go and lock the door, there will be no way out," And he bolted down the stairs, with us on his tail. When he got to the door, he was quick to lock it. And he looked through the window then ran into his car and drove away.

"Well now we have to find a way out of here. Wait, I've got it! We can smash through the window!" I said. I took ten steps back and then ran at top speed and smashed through the window. With cut arms I helped Carla through the gap in the window that I had made. We ran to my car and jumped in, and started to drive home.

"Well. I'm glad that's over," I said.

Light in the Darkness

As I opened my eyes, I faintly saw a castle looming in the distance. And I thought 'What the heck?!' I went to bed thinking about homework and school tomorrow. Why am I here? I'm still wearing my normal clothes. Am I back in time somehow? I had no idea. But I decided that away from the castle was my best bet. This way seemed safer considering the castle is black and covered in weaponry. So off I went. Before long the grassland I had woken up in had turned into a forest. But I kept going, too wrapped up in my thoughts to notice the thickening forest, the tendrils of mist, and the gleaming eyes behind the trees. The path grew more narrow, and twistier, but still I didn't notice. I just walked along, oblivious to the world. What did eventually open my eyes to the world around me was the dripping sound, and a snarl accompanying it. I suddenly noticed that I was in a pitch black forest, surrounded by gleaming eyes. I was also suddenly very, very scared.

I began running. I ran as hard as I could away from the eyes, but more kept appearing around me. Suddenly I slipped and fell into a sort of hollow, about ten feet deep. The walls were made of sandy, loose substance, and were very steep. When I turned around there was a funny little troll standing there. It was about 3 feet tall.

"What are you?" it asked. "I've never seen a brown-haired, green-eyed pink-fleshed, uhh, I dunno." it said. "I'm a human," I ventured carefully. "Well, I've never seen a brown-haired, green-eyed pink-fleshed human before!" It yelled. "I've never seen a troll before." I said. "My names Isaac." It yelled "Isaac! What kind of a name is Isaac?! My name's Jimbob!" All of a sudden an arrow flew from the tunnel across from me. It hit

Light in the Darkness

my newfound friend in the neck. He was dead instantly. Behind him were four objects on the ground, all of which I could use to avenge poor little Jimbob. I went to the items on the ground. One was a large, heavy knife, about the weight of a hatchet. Two were identical throwing knives, and one was a scabbard to hold them all. I picked them all up, and went into the tunnel.

It was very dark inside, and just inside, in the shadows, stood a silent figure. I warily asked it what it was doing but it just stood there in silence. As I began to walk around it I noticed it had an arrow stuck in it's back. I tried to stay calm but I couldn't help but notice that the area around the wound was slowly forming ice crystals. I looked back outside. Jimbob's wound was growing ice as well. That terrified me. As I began to run back down the stairs I came across a figure. It stood, motionless, staring at me, it's eyes like black pits of burning ice.

As soon as I noticed him he pulled back an arrow and fired and I hit the ground just in time. I drew my heavier knife and threw it, splitting his bow in half, with a lucky shot. He too drew a knife and I realized I was about to fight for my life. I drew my own two, tiny throwing knives to defend myself. The demon lunged at me but this time I was prepared. I defended his cuts by crossing my knives in an "X". It was at this point I knew I was fighting a losing battle. He was already thrusting and slicing at me again, and my "X" barely held up, but I managed. I thought, if I can get him in a lock I can slide one knife out and throw it. So that's what I did. I waited for an overhand cut and got in a lock, pushing as hard as I could to keep him stuck. Then I slowly eased one of my knives into

Light in the Darkness

position and threw it underhand, striking him in the heart. As he fell to the ground, dying he told me this. "You have made a grave mista..." I soon realized my mistake.

After vanquishing the demon I continued down the hallway, deeper into the blackness. Numerous times I fell down stairs I couldn't see, tripped on uneven floors invisible to the naked eye, and slipped on ice patches that had formed in the cold tunnel. Finally I saw a small gleam of light, way down the tunnel. I began running, and soon reached the source of the steady, yellow glow, emanating from beneath a door. I opened the door, and what I saw inside completely shocked me... nothing. It was an empty room. There wasn't even a light source. The strange glow came from everywhere and nowhere. And, as I watched the light seemed to grow stronger, and more evil. Then, it all came together in the middle of the room, and I remembered something from mythology, as I watched the light form a figure. This was really, really bad. That figure I was watching was the malicious spirit Malikon, and the demon I had killed was Vilkar, who made sure the light did not escape. As the figure rushed toward me and the door, I knew this was the end.

I slowly creaked my eyes open, thinking of the horrible nightmare I had just had. Castles, trolls, malicious spirits. Me watching death, before dying myself. As I splashed cold water on my face in the bathroom I couldn't get the dream out of my head, wondering if it was real. But when I glanced up something I saw answered this question. My pupils glowed with a steady, golden light.

The Living Six

Chapter 1

It was a cool, brisk fall day when my whole life came crashing down on me like a load of bricks. I can still remember every small detail of that awful day. It was November 12 at 2:30 in the afternoon, I was out with my seven-year-old brother Isaac watching him play on the playground. He looked so happy as he laughed and ran around. That's when the first round of bombs came falling from the sky like black rain. I tried to run to Isaac but as soon as I got into 15 feet of his reach a bomb hit the ground between us throwing us both back. I felt a sharp awful pain in my thigh as a hit the ground, but all that I can think about is Isaac and if he is ok. I scream his name hoping and praying for an answer, I get up slowly but surely I scream for my little brother once more before seeing his lifeless body a few meters away. Seeing him makes me fall to the ground screaming in agony, but after 5 minutes of me sobbing on the ground another round of bombs hit. One landing feet away causing my vision to blur and the world around

me to go blank. I can only mumble one thing "... Isaac.." Then I pass out on the cold, broken ground.

Chapter 2

I wake up to a hot, bright light shining above me. I sit up and feel as if someone has hit me in the head with a hammer. I look around to see that I am in what appears to be a hospital room with a large glass door, white cupboards and walls. I'm hooked up to an IV and a heart monitor. There are trays and trolleys around the room with syringes, medical tools, and cloths soaked in blood. Something is telling me not to get of the bed I'm on, but I ignored it. I tear the IV and heart monitor off and swing my legs over the side of the bed and suddenly remember the pain I had felt in my left leg earlier, it was gone like it had never happened? How could that be I felt something break or tear.

I shoved that thought away and continue to stand up. As soon as I stand up I realize I was in an outfit of all white, a white V-neck t-shirt and white cargo

pants that cut off a few inches above the ankle. The smooth tiled floor beneath my bare feet was cold. I walked around the room when my eyes were drawn to a gun like object it had a sharp silver needle on the end and a round glass shape with what appears to be the remains of a light blue substance on the other.

I pick up the gun and look at it in my hands, I don't know what it is but something about it is off. "Patient #21104," I look up in shock to see a tall, muscular, middle aged man standing in the doorway, "it is nice to see that you are awake, but I ask you to follow me. Now." I follow him down a long hallway till I finally speak up. "Where am I and why am I here?" He doesn't answer so I ask again a little louder, "Where am I and why am I here!?" He kept walking obviously ignoring my question. "At least tell me your name?" There was a long silence till he finally spoke up and said "It's Wrenn, but to you I'm Sergeant Maxwell ," he paused and stopped walking and turned around, "you are at the National Army Base of the US, you are here because when out on patrol we found you on the ground bloody and mumbling."

I looked at him wondering why this happened, why all the bombs were dropped and who or what dropped them? “Is there any more questions?”

Wrenn asked with a stern voice, “Yes, did you ... find my brother, he was the little boy a few meters away.” I could feel the tears begin to blur my vision but I looked away before he could see them. “No, there was no one with you when we found you, I’m sorry.”

Wrenn turned swiftly and began to walk, I followed behind. “How was Isaac not with me I saw him there, he couldn’t have just disappeared?” I left the thought and continued to walk behind Wrenn. After what seemed like forever till we finally came to a door marked #2078. He opened the door and lead me in and sat me down in a chair and told me to wait. The room was what I would imagine the police interrogate people in, it had all metal furniture, cement walls with a one-way window. I tried to look through it but I couldn’t get enough time to before another lady entered dressed in a uniform from the army. Something about her wasn’t right and I began to worry.

Chapter 3

"I am Elena Forbes, 17 years old and everyone in my family was killed in the bombing," I had repeated myself for the fifth time, "look I don't know what happened, why it happened or who did it, so please just let me leave." In the last half hour all I had managed to find out is that the lady's name is Alex Dann, or how she says it *Sergeant Dan*. I've only met two people and I have been ordered to call them Sergeant. "Miss. Forbs can you tell me what happened to your family?" My family is the last thing I want to discuss right now but anything to get me out of here,

"My brother was 7 before he died, we were at the park and a bomb hit... killing him, and my parents I assumed are dead." I hadn't thought of them since before Isaac and I left for the park, "There are no other connections in your life?", "There is my friends Katie, Beck, Nolan, Luke and my best friend Jack." I wondered if they were alive? Where they ok, if so are they thinking of me? Sergeant Dan opened her mouth to talk but I interrupted her saying, "Tell me you know where they are please I beg you," I stand up slamming my hands on the table with hot, angry tears streaming down my cheeks screaming now, "JUST TELL ME!!, Tell me where they are and if they are here or I swear I will..." At that moment I trail off and break down collapsing to the floor screaming and crying, and all I can mumble is

“please I tried to save Isaac but it was... to...late.” then as fast as I fell to the ground I slipped into darkness and fell asleep.

I have now passed out or fell asleep for the second time today, I think I don't know what time it is. I figure I should get up and find Sergeant Wrenn and find out if my friends or family are here, but I'm no longer in the hospital room nor room #2078. It appears to be a dorm of some sort, it has bunk beds and one dresser beside the door. Something was telling me to go find Wrenn but I ignored, again. I got up still in the plain white clothes from earlier and no shoes, I decide that I should walk around and try and find anything that can help me find out what happened. The door is on the other side of the room it's made of smooth shiny metal, “Comforting” I said out loud with an eyeroll. I walked over to the door it had a small window, I looked out the window there thankfully where no guard. I reached for the doorknob and twisted it, it was locked. I looked around the room to see if there is any other way for me to get out when my eyes focus in on a table side lamp, I walk over to it and pick it up. “You can't be serious,” I say to myself out loud, “You can hardly take down your own... father.” I'm still

talking out loud, it's a terrible habit. After I'm done talking to myself I decide to smash the window, but not with the lamp they will totally know if I used it, that would mean they would take away my only *weapon*. I was right though I can't do this, but I have no choice. I walked over to the window mentally and physically preparing myself for what I was about to do. "You got this, you got this," I mumbled to myself and walked over to the small window. I raised my arms as if I was about to punch someone, "Do it!" I yelled harshly at myself this time. "1,2..." I hesitated for just a second before yelling "3!" Before I knew it the window was in a million pieces on the floor, I had punched the window! I look down at the pieces noticing there was blood covering the pieces, mine, obviously. At that note I feel the sharp pain on my right fist, my knuckles where bleeding because of the glass I had broken. "Fix it later," I thought to myself, "come on reach through and unlock the door." I knew it would cause more bleeding but I need to get out. As soon as I reached through and dropped my arm down to reach the lock a piece of glass pierced my forearm sending a wave of pain through me, but I had to unlock the door! My hand can't find the lock but I'm determined to find it, I don't know why I must escape something in me is just telling me this isn't right. Finally, my fingers glide over the smooth metal of the lock,

my hand tries to grasp it but my fingers can't seem to grab it. "Damn it Elena," I swear under my breath, "Just grab the damn lock!" My hand still isn't close enough. I push my arm down farther sending the glass deeper into my arm but I don't care because I finally unlocked the door, thank God. I push the door open and walk out, I look down at my arm, "Ah! That's bad!" I scream. I take my shirt and thankfully I have my own sports bra on, taking the shirt I wrap my arm in it hoping that will stop the bleeding. The halls here are long and seem endless, my door ends up being in the middle of two halls one goes right the other left. I have nowhere to go, so I choose to go left. My mind was already racing with questions to ask and scenarios that could occur while I'm out here, what if I run into a guard and get in trouble. I'm not going back to that room! Will I have to fight, run, cry for forgiveness? I've never been the one to fight, how will I win against a guard in the army?! "She went down this way, there is a trail of blood." A guard... How do they know it was my blood? Did they see the glass? An unfamiliar voice yelled, "Miss. Forbs stop we are here to help!" , "Elena! He said stop!" Now that has a voice I knew, Wrenn. How did he already know my name? I look back to where the voices came from and see Wrenn and a middle aged woman running towards me.

Siobhan Harron Gr.7
Dallas Elementary, Mrs.Mangell

Rain Drops

A drop from darkness,
a tear from the sky.
Millions fall to the ground,
flying past towering mountains and crystal snow.
Faster and faster they fall,
Smaller and smaller are the moon and stars.
Slowly,
they glide towards their fate.
As they slide down windows and knock on doors,
their journey comes to an end.
Now they rest,
puddled together acting as earth's mirrors.

Siobhan Harron Gr.7
Dallas Elementary, Mrs.Mangell

One Bird and the Other

One bird has a broken wing,
it hides in darkness.

The other bird flies over the sun and through the valleys,
Not an obstacle in sight.

One bird stays beneath the trees,
through the fog among the predators.
The other lives in the warmth the light,
following the clouds.

One bird lies broken in the shadows,
Being rained and snowed on.

The other bird lives an easy life,
throwing the one bird into endless suffering.

One bird wants to fly away and be free,
the other holds the one bird down,
and never lets go.

Airlie Henson

Grade 7

Join Her

Lloyd George

The silver moonlight is shining on my body. Reflecting off of my long black hair, my bright blue eyes, and even the silver tree shaped pendant dangling loosely from my neck. I come here to relax, to think, and even to remember my happy days. The days when Olivia and I would come here to complain about school, eat mango flavoured popsicles (our favourite), talk about boys and to laugh so hard our stomachs would hurt too much to continue, but now all that's gone. The laughter in my life, the smiles we shared, the conversations we had. All destroyed by one man. The insane person that thought it would be a great idea to drive down the roads of our neighbourhood like a maniac, running over everything in sight, cars, trash cans... and my best friend...

I don't feel like living anymore, not without her. She was my only friend. The only person that would help pick up my pencils when someone would knock them off my desk. But I'm all alone now. I feel empty inside, and the only way I will ever become full again is if I'm with her, and there's only one way to do that.

The air feels cold up here. Like a warm winter day even though it's the middle of August. Our roof is long and wide, with worn black shingles and an amazing view of the little pond near my house and the oak tree that hangs over it. Olivia and I would spend hours on end in that tree... Just the thought of her makes me want to leave this world

Airlie Henson

Grade 7

Join Her

Lloyd George

and join hers. I walk to the edge of the roof that overlooks the tree, all the dark shingles crunching under my feet, all the forest-like scents going by in the wind. I take the last step off my roof, lean over the three story home I spent thirteen years in... and fall.

I wake with a jolt to a strong whiff of bacon outside the door of my old room, everything else exactly the same as it was seven years ago. I jump out of my bed to look in the mirror and almost scream. I am, somehow, in my six year old body! "Oh my god!" I gasp. *I met Olivia when we were six, she's probably still alive!* I think. I rush out of my awfully pink room almost tripping over my door frame, not remembering how completely awkward it is to run in a six year old's body, all the way out the backdoor and straight toward the place we first met.

My eyes almost well up in tears at the sight of her. Her shoulder length dirty blonde hair dancing in the wind, her tanned skin radiating heat off her petite body, her small button nose and her huge curious hazel eyes that are never unkind. I sprint the fastest my long chubby legs can take me, around the pond, thinking back to more and more memories with every new step I take toward her. She turns to me with a worried and curious look on her face, just as I slam her into a huge hug. But when we break apart she doesn't seem relieved to see my face again. Only terribly confused and

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strangely happy.

"Hi! My name is Olivia! I just moved here. Who are you?" she says happily. *She doesn't remember me. She doesn't know me at all, where am I if she doesn't know me? Is this a dream or something?... Well even if it isn't... if I get another seven years, and a chance to save her from that car by starting our story over again, then I'm going to do it. I think.*

"My name is Skye and I live in that big house over there." I say in the best six year old tone I can.

"Oh cool! I live in apartment 1-5-6, let's be friends!" she exclaims.

"Ok! Race you to the top!" I challenge, as I rush over to the tree. I start climbing as fast as I can, but she has always been more athletic than me. She will beat me to the top no matter what. She is going too fast though, her foot slips on a branch near the top, and she falls. "Olivia!" I yell but it's too late. Her body smashes into the ground with impossible force and everything goes pitch black.

I wake up again on a hospital bed. I try to open my eyes but it's almost as if they are glued together. I pry them open, but all I can see are blurry shapes of people. There is a slender figure with short black hair, (my mom) and a tall broad figure with sandy brown hair (my dad). *I guess it was all a dream then. If I'm alive, thirteen again and in*

Airlie Henson

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Join Her

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a hospital room with my parents.

"Mo-" I start until what feels like sandpaper rubs against my throat.

"She's awake! She's awake!" my mom yells as she shakes my father.

"Doctor Wilms." yells my dad. "Doctor Wilms, she's awake!"

I see the shape of a short, lady in a white doctor's robe hurry into the room to check on me. *I feel like some sort of mummy.* I think, as I lift my head just enough to catch a glimpse of my broken body, but then I hear a familiar voice screaming down the hallway.

"WHERE IS SHE?! TELL ME LADY! WHERE IS SKYE MARIE GALLAND?!"

"O-Oli-livia?" I struggle to say

Olivia runs into the room as fast as her casted leg will let her, right into my arms.

"Skye..." she says, beyond relief

"Olivia..." I say as she crushes my injured body with a hug... *She's **ALIVE**...*