



School District No. 73 (Kamloops / Thompson)

2018 Young Authors' Conference

Marg van Duesen Award Recipients & Honorable Mentions

ELEMENTARY WINNERS - Recipients of the Marg van Duesen Award

Shaelynn Jones, Gr. 5 Rayleigh Elementary: "Death Leaves a Heartache No One Can Heal"

Alexandra Rudge, Gr. 7 RL Clemitson Elementary: "Winter's Ember"

Honorable Mentions

Evangeline Middleton, Gr. 4 Beattie Elementary: "The Other Real Story of Goldilocks"

Kiara Aldana, Gr. 5 Kamloops Christian School: "A Journey to Heaven"

Maggie Sinclair, Gr. 6 Aberdeen Elementary: "Geometry" and "Snowflakes"

Gemma Hughes, Gr. 7 Dallas Elementary: "Society" and "Bullying"

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#### *SECONDARY WINNERS - Recipients of the Marg van Duesen Award*

*Vivian McLean, Gr. 10 Desert Sands Community School: "A Poem for Chocolate" and*

*"Today, on the Streets of Vancouver"*

*MacKenzie Sewell, Gr. 12 South Kamloops Secondary: "Groceries"*

#### *Honorable Mentions*

*Fyfer Brookes-Gillingham, Gr. 8 Brock Middle School: "Valerie"*

*Marysia Drozd, Gr. 9 St. Ann's Academy: "Growing Up" and "Rain"*

*Alia Sandeman-Allen, Gr. 10 South Kamloops Secondary: "Exhaustion" and "Good days"*

*Jaida Barker, Gr. 11 South Kamloops Secondary: "Fallen Stars"*

*Kaila Hindle, Gr. 12 NorKam Secondary: "Perfection"*

Death Leaves A Heartache No One Can Heal

Shaelynn Jones

I sighed, running a hand through my messy, ginger hair. I slouched upon the sofa, clutching the flowers in my hand as if my life depended on it. Today was the day. 4 years after her death. 7 years after our marriage. Tears dripped slowly down my face, like the starting of a trickling waterfall, slowly getting faster and faster as it went. *Why did you go? Didn't you know you were loved? Why did you do it?* I still remember that day clearly, the memory burned into the back of my mind forever.

You, hanging by your neck, stool behind you, soft brown hair tangled and messy, once bright and filled with life green eyes, now dull and glassy, empty and clouded. I had fallen to the ground in tears, sobbing, too heartbroken to move. Out of the corner of my eye I had seen a rolled up sheet of paper tucked into the breast pocket of your long, red plaid shirt and had retrieved it, shaking as I had known full well what it was. I had opened it, reading out the neatly written note you had left behind.

*Noah,*

*As I suspected, you found this. You always did have sharp eyes, heh. I'm sorry for what I had to do, and I know you'll blame yourself. That is the one thing that you must NOT do. I know you will be grieving, but you need to move on from me. I will always be watching you. The last thing I want is for you to have to go through what I did with the struggles of depression too. You need to meet new people. Try new things. Live a happy life. I'm not telling you to forget about me, but you must move on. There are so many reasons why I love you, and you need to remember that I will*

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*always be here. My final wish is that you may look through everything in our house I left behind, but never look under the left floorboard until 4 years from now. I love you so incredibly much, Noah, and you must never forget that. I'll be waiting for you on the other side, and remember; love leaves a memory no one can steal. Let no one take my memory away from you.*

*Chi Leritu Ekrive*

I read over your last two sentences, remembering what I had always said after reading it. *Love leaves a memory no one can steal, death leaves a heartache no one can heal.* I decided it was time, gripping the flowers, as if for support, and walked into the bedroom. I placed the flowers on your old side of the bed, like I did every year and holiday. After placing the flowers, I headed to the doorway and pulled up the left floorboard, it being surprisingly easy to pull up. I gasped at what I saw.

There, on the old wood, lay a rusted silver locked case. I remembered the glinting silver key you had given me 4 years ago, the day before your death. I pulled it from my pocket, unlocking the case. Inside the case lay a locket the same glittering shade as the case and key. With shaking fingers, I gently pried it open to reveal a small piece of paper stuck inside with a web address written on it. Quickly unlocking my phone, I typed the address into the location bar and was sent to the website it was for. My hand flew to my mouth as I scrolled through the website, hardly daring to breathe. It was full of pictures of you and the two of us.

Tears threatened to spill from my eyes as I scrolled to the bottom of the page, revealing something curious.

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In tiny font at the bottom, there was a weird file name. It was named 'clemus.vsq', a file format I had never heard of before. I looked up what programs opened '.vsq' files, and found they were run by a program named 'VOCALOID2', which I conveniently had. I turned up the volume on my phone, ran the file, and listened.

*“♪Now that I am gone, I want you to listen to my top speed farewell song.*

*When I was young I was alone but then I met you you broke me out of my shell no longer alone forever, united♪”*

Your voice poured from the speakers at an incredible speed and high pitch as tears rolled down my cheeks and splashed lightly on my phone screen. *This is where you were...*

*“♪When I heard your voice I was entranced seeing you for the first time felt like I would burst open truly happy for the first time my heart, eternal♪*

*♪You showed me the way no longer broken or alone can you hear me can you see me can you feel what I am trying to say forever, here♪*

*♪Only when I leave will you be able to feel to hear to see to smell to touch to taste the cold reality of life but you're never, alone♪*

*♪I will always be here you may not hear see or feel me but I am here always here believe in life, eternal.♪”*

The song continued to break my heart, the lyrics representing clearly how I felt after her death. By the end of it, my shirt and the top of my jeans were soaked with the tears still pouring from my eyes. I finally broke and slumped to the ground, crying freely as I was no longer trying to hold them in. I got up the strength to pull myself into a ball and sat there, quivering with panging sadness. No matter how much she told me it wasn't my fault, I couldn't help it.

## Death Leaves A Heartache No One Can Heal

Because it was my fault.

I should have been there for her when she needed me the most. I made mistakes. Mistakes are what make life interesting.

Those mistakes were what cost Chi her life.

### *WINTER'S EMBER*

A mare's tail floating above a fluffy, gloomy cloud that stayed in the same position every year, never moving, never turning gray and ghastly, or pouring out droplets of rain. There sat, on this silky cluster of fog, four beings. Entities that could never leave that small sheep-looking cloud. There was a golden wolf, radiant as the sun with bright, feathered wings. A small, green bunny with bright flowers wrapping her limbs and floppy ears. A purple and brown being, with pointed ears and a stumpy tail. He looked stitched as if sewn by a crafter's hand. And a black deer with no legs, and ghoulish, hollow eyes, that floated like a black scarf in the wind.

Today, Winter, the black deer, arrived for his first day on the job. His cold, heartless job. He despised his job with all that his icy heart could care. All the animals hated him for bringing starvation and snow. It wasn't his choice to have this miserable job. Summer, the yellow, leader-like wolf she was, gestured below for Winter, and he ducked, skinning off their cloud and fell to the forest below. He could already hear the shouts and hollers of the angry animals as Winter sent down the snow.

Soon, the dried, yellow grass and barren, naked trees were filled with piles of flurried snow, footprints already tracked in the white powder, beside Winter's. He flitters above the ground, like a toxic phantom, though he was nothing like one. He was considerate and loving, and he needed the animals below to love him, but it wasn't on their list.

It had only been evening time when Winter had stopped to take a break from spreading the shimmering snow and blowing wispy, icy breaths. It had been dark out when he heard a joyful cry. Something a little girl would yowl if her mother decided to get her a sparkly, pink

dress that glimmered like a disco ball. Though, an animal made that sound. No human dared enter this forest.

Winter cowered, but he crept forward, uneasy. He whispered secrets to himself, secrets of comfort and warmth. Like a mother's arm curling over his back and telling him pleasant lies, just to make him feel okay. Winter peered behind a tree with his white eyes, with no iris, no pupil, no life. He looked at what made the noise, that horrid noise, though it was gleeful. It felt unreal and odd, like kissing in a dream.

It was another deer, a doe. A beautiful doe. She had limber, long legs and a graceful face. She had a rounded, bunny-like tail and dark eyes that held emotions so wonderful it was almost complete bliss just to look at them. Winter felt like he could just dive into those wonderful eyes, like it was a lake of beauty and wishes. She was enjoying herself, in the winter snow. She *loved* the snow, in fact. She, that beautiful doe with a bunny tail and dark eyes, loved the snow. It was the first time Winter had seen her, and he knew he had to have her.

Winter spent his days chasing and trailing after this wonderful doe, and she glanced at him sometimes, flicking her long ears and then hopping along after her friends, and Winter followed. He loved her, but he couldn't have her. When she slept, curled up like a dog and resting in a soft slumber, Winter was there, protecting her. No one would hurt a doe of such beauty.

His time came to an end. It was time for Spring, but Winter refused. Once he came back next year, the doe, *his* doe, would be gone. Winter stayed longer, as thunder stormed for the first time in forever from his cloud, where the other seasons were. They were insanely angry with Winter, but he didn't want to leave his doe's side.

On a fateful day of grief and rain and thunder, Winter nudged his doe. She was sleeping, and he was waiting with patience for her to awaken from her rest. He rubbed her back and nosed her, waiting for a yawn and a stretch, and maybe even an annoyed kick but no sound came from the doe. The only sound was the crunching of snow as Winter moved the doe around gently. No sound, no breath, no movement. Her stomach was small, ribs poking through her amber, warm-coloured fur. She was starved. Winter brought no plants for deer to eat. She had died in her sleep, because of *him*. It was his fault she wouldn't awaken. His precious doe that played in the cold and leaped around like a raccoon was dead. Nothing could bring her back. The only thing Winter could do was save more deer, perhaps, by leaving. Leaving until next year. And he promised himself, no matter what wonderful animal he fell for, he would never stay over his three months.

Before Winter even landed back on the cloud, Spring was racing back down to spread her joy and sunshine. Summer and Autumn looked cross, but didn't say anything. It's not like Winter could talk anyway. He watched as Spring rid the land of the snow and cold, the animals coming out for once and smiling as Spring arrived. Winter saw, with silent shock, as Spring wandered over to his doe's body and nudged her, covering her with flowers and vines and petting her head softly. Had she known that she was Winter's doe? Winter smiled, though you couldn't see it, but he was joyful inside seeing that his precious doe had been put to rest peacefully.

Winter was satisfied. Though he knew he would never see his doe again, at least he was there for her last dying day and glad that Spring could always come after him, fixing all the cold and heartbreak he had caused.



The Other Real Story of Goldilocks

One day in the forest, three brown bears went on a walk to find some berries. On their journey, they came across a small cottage. "What a beautiful cottage," said Mama Bear. "Oh yes indeed!" said Papa Bear. "It's okay," said Baby Bear. They wanted to go into the beautiful cottage and take a look around. Mama Bear knocked on the door and it appeared that no one was home. Papa Bear knocked again but no one answered. "Who's in there?" Baby Bear asked Mama Bear. "I don't think anyone is in there," said Mama Bear. "Is there a bathroom?" asked Papa Bear. He opened the door and started looking everywhere for the bathroom. He had eaten too many berries!

Mama Bear went chasing in after Papa Bear. Baby Bear walked into the house also and found one bowl of porridge sitting on the kitchen table. He was very hungry so he took one bite out of the porridge. He thought it was the best porridge he'd had all year. He sat down and ate the rest of the bowl. After he was finished eating, the chair he was sitting on suddenly broke. "Oh no!" he yelled. Baby Bear grabbed a broom and swept the chair under the table so no one could see. "That was a close one," said Baby Bear.

Meanwhile Mama Bear was still chasing around Papa Bear while he searched for the bathroom. Papa Bear was so busy checking all the rooms in the house that he forgot he actually even had to use the bathroom. "I'm sure getting sleepy," said Papa Bear to Mama Bear and Baby Bear. "I need a nap too," said Mama Bear. "So do I." said

Baby Bear. All of them went upstairs to find a bed for a quick nap. Unfortunately there was only one bed and it was super small but they all squeezed in anyway to take a nap.

The door opened. Goldie was home. She went right to the kitchen to eat her porridge but it was all gone. She went to sit down but her chair wasn't there. Goldie looked under the table and she saw her chair was broken. "What am I going to do?" said Goldie. She was confused. She thought she must be super tired and forgotten that she had already ate her porridge and so tired that she must have broken her chair and forgot that too, so she went upstairs to take a nap. But when she got in her room she saw three bears in her bed! Goldie screamed at the top of her lungs and ran out of the house as fast as she could.

As Goldilocks was running away from the small cottage, she saw her good friend Little Red Riding Hood skipping in a meadow of flowers. "Hello," said Little Red Riding Hood, "How are you doing?" "Well, actually, I was wondering if I can live with you? I seem to have a bear problem at my cottage," explained Goldie with the sweetest smile. "Ok sure....," said Little Red Riding Hood, "but you're just going to give them your cottage?" "Sure am! I stole it from some black bears last year almost the same way they did to me. They can have it!" laughed Goldie.

And the three brown bears...they stayed in the small cottage for the rest of their lives because Goldie just never came back and neither did any black bears!

## A Journey To Heaven

### By Kiara Aldana - Grade 5, KCS

The wind swirled around and around, whipping her face faster and faster, howling in her ear, then it all stopped.

Rebecca felt herself tumbling out of the sky and hitting something that felt like padded silk. As she recovered, she noticed that the pain she previously felt in her chest had faded away, leaving a sense of peace she had never felt before. As she looked down, to her surprise and delight, she saw little yellow flowers gently brushing against her pearly-white skin, as though they were trying to escape the weight of her body. She lifted her head and saw not the cream wallpaper or her plain hospital bed quilt, but something very different...

She saw rolling green hills of vibrant blossoming colours. The trees were delicately dressed in gowns of majestic green tear drops that seemed to emit their very own glow. The sky was a bright blue and the sun's golden rays veiled the land in a gentle evening glow. In front of where Rebecca sat, she could see little outlines of what looked like houses, except that they were all dome shaped and their walls were filled with, what seemed like, radiant-colored, stained-glass tapestries.

Rebecca picked herself up from the yellow-speckled grass and headed towards marvelous hills that stood nearby. As she walked towards the lush green hills, she saw many flowers

in a multitude of colours: purples, pinks, mellow oranges, soft yellows and rich velvet reds. She also saw many different animals, all perfectly manicured with not a hair out of place. There were white rabbits, cheerful fawns and graceful butterflies of many colours.

As she scanned the horizon, her eye was caught by a little yellow road in the distance. Curiosity piqued, she headed towards the road. As she got closer, she could see it was made of solid gold, but not any gold she had seen before. It possessed a clear quality and when stepped on, this crystal-like gold, shone back her reflection like a mirror.

She saw not her ratty brown hair, but beautiful flowing locks, soft and neatly in place. Her old pink nightgown had been replaced with a long flowing cream gown. Taking a step further, the road seemed to ripple with her graceful movement and she felt a sense of bliss overcome her.

Rebecca felt herself lift off of the ground, then she saw a brilliant light form in front of her, with all the colours of the rainbow spiralling together in the middle of this majestic light. Then a glowing man-like figure stepped out of the light. And when he did so, the light that surrounded him entered his body with a gentle breeze. Rebecca stood in awe, all her tears rushed out of her body like a sparkling waterfall, giving its last precious drops of rushing water. Rebecca felt a urge to step closer towards the in enlightening figure, and as she did so, she started to ripple with a luminescent glow herself.

Kiara Aldana, grade 5, Kamloops Christian School

Then the godly figure spoke in a deep gentle voice, “ I am your father who loves you deeply. And you are my daughter who I am pleased with.” Rebecca took one last step towards the holy figure and in a flash of light the two of them disappeared.

The End

### **Geometry**

Today the diameter is  
different than yesterday.

Today has an  
unusual look,  
a city instead of a farm,  
sun instead of rain.

But everyday has its own  
angle,  
so no surprise there.

But it's hard to match  
which angle goes where.

So, I will dream and wait  
for reality  
to circle around me.

## **Snowflakes**

In a certain season  
these little frozen droplets  
form in the shape of beauty.

They're not all the same just see  
for yourself  
everyone is different,  
and more than you can count.

In a certain season  
your finger gets cold when they  
land right on the very tip.

In a certain season  
you will see them floating down,  
and if you come back  
the next day the ground will be  
nothing but snowflakes.

### Frozen Footsteps

Frozen footsteps,  
created the past day,  
were served to the ice-cold wind.

Tomorrow they will melt  
into the wet mirrored grass,  
and rise up into the air we breath  
to make fresh frozen footsteps.

Later in dead silence, pitch black,  
a deer,  
so calmly waiting, jumps  
from behind a thick tree, to imprint  
history  
of its own.



**Gemma Hughes**  
**Grade 7**  
**Dallas Elementary**

### **Society**

You need to look like smooth emerald cut  
from fine rock.  
You must act as if you are the best  
behaved, child in the world.  
You have to sound like the bluebirds,  
singing the perfect melodies.  
You need to take this pill.  
It will make you less vast.  
Because no one likes that.  
People will only like you if you are as,  
skinny as a stick.  
You need to fix your hairstyle, too.  
It doesn't fit in with the trend.  
Cut it all off!  
If you want someone to actually notice you.  
You need to get rid of your outfits.  
They are ugly, just like your face.  
Change them!  
Then maybe you'll get some friends.  
You need to be straight.  
Because no one wants to be seen,  
With an LGBTQ+ person.  
Who says this?  
Our society.  
But you don't have to do what the world,  
wants you to.  
Just do what makes you happy.  
And be yourself.  
Don't let them suck you into the endless pit  
of starvation and shoving pills down your  
throat.  
Don't let them fool you.

### **Bullying**

I'm a bird.  
With gorgeous blue wings.  
Soaring above the clouds with the wind in  
my feathers.  
Mind, full of nothing but confidence.  
Until, a hunter comes along and shoots me  
down.  
A bullet right through my wing.  
I can't fly anymore.  
I'm plummeting seven hundred feet.  
All the way to the ground.  
I keep trying to fly back up.  
That's where all my bird friends are.  
But the weight of the bullet is so immense, it  
keeps weighing me down.  
It seems as if I've been falling forever.  
Then I see the hunter.  
With a devilish smirk on her face.  
Happy I'm about to die.  
I bet she's going to roast me alive.  
Or worse.  
She'll eat me raw.  
Go completely savage on me.  
And use my feathers as toothpicks.  
Removing my insides from her teeth.  
All of a sudden, I land in a lake.  
I start to drown.  
Watching hungry fish swim by me.  
Until a hand reaches in and pulls me up.  
It's not the hunter.  
It's a different person.  
She took me to her place.  
She took care of me, until my wing repaired.  
Then she set me free.  
Back into the wild, I go.