

Arrive Aulin
OKOOL
Gr 5

The crazy vacation!!!

"THERE'S A LION IN OUR TENT" Taytum screeched....."This vacation isn't going to well."She thought.Let's take it to the beginning.Once there were two teen girls that were twins going on vacation to South Africa. And their dream was to go on a safari and that was what they were doing! And they were super excited! So off they went! They were smiling the entire time while taking pictures and videos. By the end of the safari it was very dark outside. "Good thing you brought flashlights Oakley" said Taytum.

When they pulled out the flashlights they started to look for their tent. When they found their tent they saw a RHINO HORN.....and they looked at each other and said "UH OH" they turned the corner to enter the tent and there was a RHINO BLOCKING IT! They both shrieked in terror. Oakley walked around the tent and said "Taytum" in terror "yeah" said Taytum "there is also a sleeping lion in our tent" said Oakley in a shocked and terrored voice! They had to figure out a plan to get the wildlife OUT.....

looked at him in confusion "we did take their tent without permission and where are they supposed to sleep?" the Rhino agreed and they both said sorry and the girls forgave them. And they were all friends after and had tons and tons of fun the next morning.

"This is definitely one for the books" they all said and ran off playing tag and the lion obviously won

The End.

By Avrie Aulin

A Gymnast Named Ellie

Once upon a time there was a girl named Ellie. Ellie was a fantastic gymnast, one day she was walking to gymnastics class when she saw a little green turtle. Now turtles are Ellie's favourite animal so she decided to bring him to gymnastics with her.

When Ellie got to gymnastics she had a great idea. She was going to teach her new pet turtle gymnastics. She also thought she should give him a name. Then she came up with a perfect name! She is going to name her turtle Tommy.

When they got into the gymnastics center the first thing they worked on was beam. Ellie told him to just jump off at the end, but apparently Tommy already knew gymnastics so when he got to the end he threw a triple back flip off! Ellie was very impressed.

Then they went to the trampolines Ellie told Tommy to just start off easy and he said "okay." so he started to just do backdrops and stomach drops and then he was doing double front flips and Ellie said "HOW ARE YOU DOING THAT?"

When they were done at tramps they went over to bars and by then Ellie just kinda stopped being his teacher because he already knew everything so they just had fun the rest of the class.

The End

By Avrie Aulin

@Kool

Gr. 5

“Guess what? We’re going to Hawaii!” announced Mom and Dad. My little sister and I screamed with joy!

“Pack your bags, we're leaving in two days,” Dad said. My little sister, Emily, loves vacations I do too, but not as much as her. I’m Gabriella and I’m twelve years old. Emily is four. She’s a pest and very stubborn.

I went upstairs straight away to my bedroom and started packing my bag. Across the hall Emily was playing with her doll, Bendix. She thought it was the most beautiful name in the whole world. Emily eventually started packing her bag with all her favourite clothes.

That night, I couldn’t get to sleep I was so excited. I just hoped Emily wouldn’t ruin this vacation like she always did. On past vacations Emily has hogged the bed at night, shoved me into a rose bush and knocked my ice cream cone out of my hand. Once, she even hid my bathing suit from me until our vacation was over and then pretended to find it.

The next day was long and boring as I counted the hours until we left. Finally it was almost time to go. I woke up at 7:42 a.m. I grabbed my suitcase and raced down the stairs. Mom and Dad were packing the car with all the suitcases. I dumped some cereal into my mouth, then brushed my teeth and ran a brush through my hair.

“What’s the hurry?” Mom asked.

“We need to get to the airport!” I shouted.

“Our flight leaves in three hours and the airport is only five minutes away,” Mom said.

At last we were on our way to the airport. Emily had caused some stress when we couldn't find her as we were leaving the house. I eventually found her hiding with the luggage in the back of the car. We made it through Check-In and Security without any problems. Mom decided we should buy some healthy snacks for the plane ride, but Emily had other ideas. Emily wanted a bag of candy and she refused to leave the store until she got her candy. Mom did not want to give in to Emily but she let her have her way when people were starting to board the plane and Emily wouldn't budge. At last we were on our way to Hawaii.

After a long flight, we finally landed in Hawaii. We quickly checked into our hotel, changed into our bathing suits, and raced to the closest beach. I saw turtles, shells, and crabs, and people surfing and boogie boarding! Emily and I took off our shoes and put our feet in the water. I loved the feel of the surf and sand. Emily and I got on an inflatable dinghy and I pushed us out a little way. Emily was bouncing on the dinghy when suddenly a gigantic wave pulled us out really far.

"We better get back to shore now," I said. I started pushing Emily back to shore but Emily was still bouncing so she tipped the dinghy over and fell out. Emily is not a strong swimmer so she was struggling to keep her head above water. I quickly grabbed Emily and helped her onto the upside down raft. I was getting really tired but I kept pushing us into shore. We finally reached the sand and Mom and Dad were relieved that we were okay. We decided to head back to the hotel to change.

Later that afternoon, I took Emily for a walk in the village. Emily was looking around the village and she saw something shiny.... She started running after it!

"Emily! Wait for me!" I started running after her, but she was going so fast that I couldn't catch up to her! I saw an angry store manager yelling, "SHOPLIFTER!"

I could see Emily had a papaya in her hand and the store manager was chasing her. Within a few minutes the manager stopped following Emily and went back to his store. I continued following Emily and she still had her eye on the moving shiny dot. Emily turned a corner, and as soon as I turned the corner I saw Hawaiian people singing, dancing and playing small drums! They were having a luau! I tried to get through them but they insisted I play a drum. I banged the drum twice and ran to the exit. It took me several minutes to get out of there. I found a path and followed it until I came to a crossroad. I was really scared and frustrated that I couldn't find Emily. I sprinted up one path but I ended up exactly where I started. Eventually, I found another path with Emily's footprints on it so followed it. I finally found a banana tree to climb and looked around frantically for Emily.

I found her racing down a hill. I called her name repeatedly and she suddenly turned around and started running toward me! I realized it was not because she heard me call her name, it was because the shiny dot was coming toward me!

As the dot got closer, I realized it was a monkey holding a mirror reflecting sunlight onto the ground. When the monkey climbed up the banana tree I was in, I handed him a banana and snatched the mirror from him. I shone the light on the ground and Emily followed it to the base of the tree. I climbed down with the monkey on my shoulder and gave Emily a hug. The monkey jumped onto Emily's head and gave her a big kiss! Emily, the monkey, and I made our way back to the hotel to meet Mom and Dad. I hoped the rest of our holiday turned out to be more relaxing than our first day!

Payton Burborough, gr.5, David Thompson Elementary

PLAYOFFS!

I had the ball with my check right beside me, she tried to steal it out of my hand but just as she reached out, I had passed to Bella and she dribbled up to the net for a layup and scored us another 2 points everyone cheered! It was almost the end of the 1st period and we already had 12 points! The other team had the ball for a pass in. Everyone ran down the court as they dribbled over, they took a shot just before the buzzer went off. The shot went in, "dang it!" said everyone on our bench. The other team cheered. We had the ball this time! Rhiannon passed the ball to bethany and she dribbled down the court. Her check reached out for the ball but missed, she reached out again and smacked it out of her hand and out of the court. That meant we had the ball on offence and the other team was on defence! She passed to Isabella she passed to Aleesha she took a shot, it bounced off the rim and payton F got it for a rebound her check grabbed it and quickly passed it away. Everyone went down the court to get to the ball from her, bella ran up to her and got the ball. She stumbled and dropped the ball and sent it bouncing down the court. Everyone chased after it again. A girl on the other team grabbed it but kept going! She was called out for traveling and we had the ball again! I started drinking water, and the next thing I knew it was the third period! I went on, and someone on the other team had the ball they went for a layup and got it in. we had the ball now jaylyn passed to beth she dribbled down the court a and her check grabbed it from her and got a layup. The same thing happened for the next 5 minutes and they were at 30 when we were at 15 then the buzzer went off and the game ended. And we LOST!!

Fall

When I was eight years old I would sit in my room for hours on end sucking up every word and every paragraph in my books. My favourite stories were of Olympic Champions, but it really did not matter if it was picture books or fiction books about cheese, I loved them all... until my fall.

I was riding my bike when a limo driver got blinded by a mirror held by a man at a yard sale. The limo driver hit me but I do not remember any of it. The last thing I remember was the roaring sound of the engine. I'd fallen to the ground and everyone watching thought I was dead, but the paramedics brought me back to life. This was the last day I saw light, and it was the last day I allowed myself to feel anything for a long time. I was numb. I was ten and I did not feel normal. When all my friends would say, "Wow, look at that" or "do you see that?" I couldn't, and I didn't.

The world around me was the same but I was not. I could walk, talk and hear but I didn't feel joy for years. When I was young I would sit at my window sill and wait for the morning sun to come up and greet me. After my fall, my guide dog would walk me up to the sun that used to glimmer and shine. This is what I used to tell myself, "someday I will reach for the stars and be an Olympian" but now I couldn't even see the stars... or the sun.

It has been ten years since my fall and I still wake up every morning wishing I could see the sun, wishing I could reach for the stars. But today something happened, something that could help the sun shine inside me again. My mom came in to my room with an ad she saw for

Fifteen Avenue Marker Place. She read, "If you want to be an Olympian come to Fifteen Avenue Marker Place. Come NOW for a limited time." I did not have a clue what to do so I went straight to my guide dog, Elizabeth, and she just kept barking. Somehow, I knew that meant I should go for it. I would finally reach for the stars... or at least just get part way there.

I walked into Fifteen Avenue Marker Place and a man in a midnight blue shirt, black Nike shorts and neon yellow worn out shoes (well, that's what he smelled like!), walked up and said, "Welcome. I think your guide dog led you in the wrong place, Mister. Do you want the tour anyway?"

Yeah, the dude was kind of a jerk but I knew my guide dog did not lead me to the wrong place so I said with a little bit of sass, "What is your name, sir? I don't want a tour because I cannot see. Please just take me to the Paralympics training spot and get me started fast, thank you. And by the way, my name is James. J. Earlon."

I could hear his breath as he stared at me and then walked me to the training spot. He told me to start up the tread mill. I was excited when I realized I could go faster. I pressed the buttons and I started running

Running

Running

Running

Until I was no longer in control.

I was pressing the buttons to go faster and faster until the man shouted. It was like I woke up from my trance. The first thing I heard was my mother asking me if I was okay. I said yes but I was very confused.

My mom took me for dinner at Eco-da-may-o Japanese Restaurant because it is usually my favourite meal. I had yam tempura, California rolls, and one bowl of rice. It might have been steaming hot and tasty, but what did I feel? Nothing except for those feelings that are downright useless. Feelings like sadness. Why is there sadness and despair? Why are feelings trying to ruin my life? I wanted to be an Olympian, but I blew that because of the way I reacted to running.

That night I lay in my bed pondering if I should show my face again at the training center. Should I dare to pursue my dreams? I think so, but then the sadness sunk in even more. That's when it all went down into a horrid, horrendous, terrible black hole.

I slept, I guess, and when I woke my guide dog was not there and I felt like I couldn't get up. Some part of me wanted to get up, but another part of me kept saying I would get hurt. Finally, I tried to get out of bed, but I really was stuck. I was stuck to my bed like an anchor being pulled down by gravity and it would take twenty men and women to pull it up. But there was no twenty women or men to help me.

I heard the door open and my dog leaped up and started licking my face. My mom said, "The training center called. They really want you to come back." I could move again. I sat up. Maybe I really can try to become an Olympian.

Bloomer's Adventure

There once was a hedgehog named Bloomer. Bloomer was the kind of hedgehog that everyone loved. He was joyful, helpful and loving. Bloomer lived in a log with his best friend Bun Bun. Bun Bun and Bloomer loved to play tag on sunny days. They lived in a forest named Dashville. One day Bloomer asked to play tag with Bun Bun and she said, "yes". Bun Bun was it first. Bloomer was running as fast as he could, but he was so tired that he took a break. After five minutes, Bloomer started to run again, but all of a sudden there was a hole that came out of nowhere. Bloomer tripped over a rock and fell into the pitch black hole. He was shouting and hollering for help. The thing is, Bun Bun went out to the lake to get some water so Bun Bun couldn't hear him. The hole was twenty feet deep. Finally, Bloomer landed in an Enchanted Forest. Fairies were jumping everywhere and sea creatures were swimming in the shimmery water against a waterfall. It was so pretty that Bloomer thought it was a dream.

All of a sudden, a lion came and asked Bloomer, "What are you doing here?"

Bloomer was so breath taken with what he had seen in the forest.

The lion asked him again, "Why are you here"?

Bloomer looked at the lion and said, "I fell in pitch black hole. It led me to this Enchanted Forest".

The lion said, "You have to leave".

"One more thing," said the lion.

"Ya?" asked Bloomer.

"What's that blanket you're carrying?"

"Oh, that's my blanket that I've had since I was a baby," said Bloomer.

"Well, carry on," said the lion. "Ok," said Bloomer.

"I almost forgot," said the lion, "the only way to get out of here is if you see the sugar plum fairy."

"Why?" asked Bloomer.

"Because she has a spell to get out of here".

"Ok," said Bloomer. Bloomer started walking into the Enchanted Forest. Bloomer explored wonderful and magical things on his journey to the sugar plum fairy. About twenty minutes into the walk, Bloomer came across a gigantic mouse in a carriage.

"Hi," said Bloomer.

"Hi," said the mouse, "are you lost?"

"Well, I'm looking for the sugar plum fairy," said Bloomer.

"Well I'm going to Emerald City, and that's right where she lives. I would be glad to take you to Emerald City," said the Mouse.

"That would be great," said Bloomer. Bloomer and the Mouse started to fade away in the distance.

"So, why do you need to see the Sugar Plum Fairy?" asked the Mouse.

"Well, I accidently fell into a dark hole and I landed in this Enchanted Forest. I met this lion and he told me the Sugar Plum Fairy has a spell to get out of here."

"Well, good luck!" said the Mouse, "hey do you hear that?"

"Ya, it's like a big loud noise," said Bloomer.

"Ahhh..." yelled Mouse, "there're wolves behind us!"

"Go faster!" said Bloomer.

All of a sudden a wolf jumped on Bloomers window. The wolf ripped his claw and smashed the window. Bloomer kept on screaming. The wolf snatched Boomers blanket and ran. Bloomer started to cry.

"It's ok," said Mouse,. "oh, look we're here."

The emeralds were so shiny they were blinding Bloomer.

"Well, here you go. There's a secret path over to the righ that will lead you to the Sugar Plum Fairy."

"Thank you so much!" said Bloomer.

"Anytime," said the mouse.

Bloomer started to run into the forest. Bloomer looked at the sky and it was already night time. Bloomer found a little shelter next to a tree. He rested his head on a pile of leaves and went to bed. The next morning Bloomer woke up. He could see the sun bursting out of the trees. Bloomer got out of the shelter and started walking. Out of nowhere he saw something fluffy.

"Is that you, Bun Bun?"

The fluffy animal looked at Bloomer. It was Bun Bun.

"How did you get here?" asked Bloomer.

"I fell when we were playing tag. I couldn't find you, so I searched everywhere until I found a hole. I assumed you fell into it."

"So you jumped?"

"Ya, but you know what's crazy? I found your blanket on the ground."

"Oh my god, you found it! Those wolves probably dropped it on the floor."

"How do you get out of here?" asked Bun Bun.

"You have to go to the Sugar Plum Fairy, which is what I'm doing."

"So follow me," said Bloomer.

"I think we should run so it will go faster," said Bun Bun. They started running, but all of a sudden Bloomer tripped on a log and hit his head on a rock.

"Ow!" said Bloomer.

"Are you ok?" asked Bun Bun. Bloomer didn't answer.

"Did you pass out?" asked Bun Bun.

Out of nowhere a fairy came.

"Are you the Sugar Plum Fairy?" asked Bun Bun.

"Yes," said the fairy.

"Could you heal my friend Bloomer?" asked Bun Bun.

"Sure," said the fairy. The fairy took Bloomer to a waterfall. She dumped water onto Bloomer and did a spell. Bloomer started to rise and he woke up.

Bloomer gasped, "Are you the Sugar Plum Fairy?"

"Yes," said the fairy.

"Can you cast a spell for us to get out of here?" asked Bloomer.

"Sure, but you have to pay me twenty-five cents."

"Ok," said Bloomer. Bloomer and Bun Bun looked around in the forest.

"Hey Bloomer, I see two coins," said Bun Bun. Bloomer and Bun Bun picked up the two coins.

"Awesome!" said Bloomer, "it's twenty-five cents."

"Let's go see the Sugar Plum Fairy," said Bun Bun. About ten minutes later they found the fairy at the waterfall. They gave her the twenty-five cents and the Sugar Plum Fairy cast the spell. About five seconds later they were back in Dashville.

The End

Cleo Coates

Grade 5

Raft River Elementary School

FIREWORKS

Fireworks shot into the sky

Like water shooting out of an elephant's trunk

Sending a shock wave through the crowd

Vibrant indigo hues illuminate the sky

Sparks fade onto the ground

Car exhaust tickles my nose

The crowd starts roaring with cheer

The grand finale whistle into the air

Such beautiful art in the sky that if the sky was a canvas and Picasso was the artist he
could not paint anything more beautiful than this

Cleo Coates

Grade 5

Raft River Elementary School

CALM

Calm looks like the pages of a book

It tastes like a crispy baguette fresh out of the oven

It smells like lavender

It feels like a breeze that brushes your face

It is the color turquoise

Turn Back Time

Dedicated to Professor Stephen Hawking

Hi, I'm Kendall, and this is my story. It started when my friends and I were on a hike and found a car. I thought the car looked familiar. It was so tempting, so we jumped in. A strange feeling came over me: I recognized the baby seats. I felt dizzy. This was the car my mom was driving when she disappeared. Little did I know that what I was about to do would create a black hole that would threaten the whole universe.

When we turned on the radio to listen to our favourite Country music station, everything went black. We thought we had passed out. We saw stars flash by. When I opened my eyes again, everything had changed.

Kylie looked out the window. She said, "What in the world was that?"

We all looked outside the windows and saw cowboys, cowgirls, and cactuses.

"I think this car is a time machine," I whispered so quietly that I wasn't sure if my friends could hear me.

Nolan pointed up at the sky. "Oh no," he said, "What *is* that?"

They all looked up and saw a black object swirling in the sky. It was getting bigger and bigger. Cactuses and houses were spinning around, vanishing into the blackness.

Jennifer said wondering, "I think it's a black hole."

"I think we have to fix this," said Kylie, "and fast."

I said sarcastically, "If we go out there, we will look like bozos. We need to dress to impress." Everyone laughed.

Kylie said with a confused look, "Where do we get clothes?"

Turn Back Time

I said, trying to look cool, "Right there," and pointed to a store with a big sign that said 'clothes'.

We ran across the dusty street. No one noticed us: everyone was looking up at the dark sky. When we got into the store, we took clothes, and cowboy hats, of course. They looked okay.

We walked out and tried to figure out a way to close the black hole. We thought and thought and thought a little more. Jennifer said, "Maybe we should go back in time to before we even went in the car."

Kylie said, "Maybe that'll work," so we all hopped back in the car, but we didn't know how to change Time.

I said, "Let's change the music to the nineties. " When we cranked the dial to the 90s station, everything went black again. When the car stopped shaking, we were back to our parents' time.

We looked up at the sky. There was no black hole in sight. We cheered for joy.

Nolan said, "How do we know what time we're in?"

"I think we're in the 90s." said Jennifer.

"How can you tell?" I asked.

Jennifer said, "By their hairdos". We all looked around. We saw some people with big hair. We all laughed, until we realized we were still wearing our western clothes.

Kylie said, "Let's go to the clothes store and the hairdresser." A few stops later, we all looked rad.

Suddenly, Nolan said, "Is that my mother?" It sure looked like his mother, but she was a teenager...with big hair. Nolan said in a shocked way, "Oh my God."

Turn Back Time

As we walked around getting souvenirs, I started thinking: if Nolan could find his mom, maybe I could see mine. You see, my mom went missing when I was eight, in the same car we had been traveling through time in. Maybe I could see my mother for a little longer, one last time. I told my friends I was going to be gone for a while, and set out to look for her.

I walked and walked. At last, I stumbled upon a lady. She was young and pretty. It was my mom. I started to cry, and the lady asked, "Why are you crying? Are you lost?"

I didn't answer because, even if she believed me, I was afraid that if I told her I was her son from the future, the black hole would come back.

"Don't be afraid," she said, "Maybe I can help."

She was so beautiful. I blurted out, "I'm your son. I came from the future. You died when I was 8."

My mother was in shock. I looked up at the sky. There was no black hole. "That's quite a story," my mom said, then she got up and walked away. I started to cry again.

When I got back to my friends, Jennifer asked, "Why are you crying?"

I said, "I just saw my mom."

My friends were in shock. "Oh my God, are you okay?"

"I feel so bad for you!"

"That must hurt."

"When you saw her did you talk to her, and tell her that you were her son?"

I wiped my face and said, "No."

Turn Back Time

So we got back in the car, and went back to our time. When we arrived, Kylie said, "Well, let's finish our hike."

Nolan said, "We're wearing 90s clothes."

Kylie said, "So? We can still go on a hike."

We finished the hike, but I didn't enjoy it much. I was thinking about my mom. We all went back to our houses, and put our souvenirs in our bedrooms. I went over to Kylie's house. She sat on her bed, and said, "I wish your mother was still alive."

After that I ran home. I felt so sad inside. I really missed my mom. It was like the black hole was inside me. I crawled into bed. When I woke up and went downstairs and there was breakfast on the table and my mom was washing the dishes. I looked out the window, and saw a black hole nearly filling the sky.

Basement Snow Globe

Ashlee Crawford

Grade 5

Westmount Elementary

Christmas Eve is a joyful time of the year. Families and friends, peers and acquaintances, all come together to enjoy the things they're thankful for. One cherry red house on Cherry Street was bursting with cheer. My name is Ramona, and I'm ten years old. I have red, curly hair and bright, blue eyes. My favourite outfits are sweatpants and a t-shirt. My cousin, Jill, and I were playing hide-and-seek. I slid past a blue, bouncy ball, and then shuffled sneakily towards the stairs. The basement floor was frigid, solid, and stony. The aged box TV was leaning in a corner. Boxes with gifts and souvenirs turned the basement into a city with box skyscrapers. I kept the light switched off as I crept past a few boxes. Jill's deceased cat, George, had ripped up the sofa. His claw marks glimmered in the dark room. I kinked my neck as I gazed back at the stairs. At that moment, I slammed into the wooden coffee table beside the sofa. As a dusty snow globe tumbled off the table, I dived onto the floor to catch it. It thumped into my hands. The snow inside the snow globe spun around, making me dizzy. I sighed a sigh of relief. Swiftly, my relief vanished. The blue, metal lamp tipped off the table and was falling towards me. I gasped. The lamp smashed on my head.

I felt so toasty warm on some soft snow in my turquoise jacket. What? How did I get in some snow in my turquoise jacket and boots? I stood up, stumbling to gain my balance. Tiny snowflakes floated down onto the snow-covered ground. Up on a round hill, a snowman stood stiffly. I scampered up the hill and stood in front of the snowman.

"Howdy, kid," he suddenly greeted.

Basement Snow Globe

Ashlee Crawford

Grade 5

Westmount Elementary

I almost flipped over onto the snow and did a backwards somersault because I was so frightened.

I stumbled and then regained my balance. "Hello. I'm Ramona. Who are you? Where am I?"

The snowman chuckled, "I'm Larry. You're in the lovely basement snow globe."

I stumbled for the third time.

"How did I get in the snow globe?"

Larry seemed to read my mind.

He said, "Go have a visit with Lola. She lives in that cottage just over there. Lola was born with a talented mind and can help you brainstorm ideas to escape. Hope this helps."

As I made my way down the hill, the cozy cottage came into view. Snow fell off the edges of the cottage. Smoke billowed out of the chimney. I approached the door and twisted the doorknob. I left the door ajar as I entered the cottage. A girl with braided, black hair was baking chocolate chip cookies and oatmeal cookies.

I smiled, "Sorry to just stroll in, Lola. I'm Ramona."

Lola turned to me and said, "Hello, Ramona. Whenever a visitor comes here, I know what they want. You want to escape, right? I haven't helped anyone escape in years. I remember helping a man named Joey. That's your uncle, huh? I know that because you act like his niece. Yep, he's been in this wonderland."

Basement Snow Globe

Ashlee Crawford

Grade 5

Westmount Elementary

I could hardly believe what I was hearing. My Uncle Joey had been in this snow globe when he was younger. Boy, he'd be excited to hear my story about being in this snow globe.

"Yeah, Lola, he's my uncle. Any tips for escaping?"

Lola placed down the sheet of cookies and thought for a moment. "Break the snow globe glass? Find a reindeer? I have no idea. I'm pretty rusty. I'd just stay in this wonderland."

I dug a hole in the crystal snow and sat down.

Larry strolled over and at my side questioned, "Gonna escape soon, kid?"

I sighed, "How, though? It's hopeless."

Suddenly, the snow globe began to shake like there was an earthquake. I stood up and stared at the large figure lifting up the snow globe. The earthquake stopped, but now I felt like I was in an elevator. The person holding the snow globe was squinting right at me. It was Jill!

Jill screamed, "I'll get you out, Ramona!" She dropped the glass snow globe onto the ground.

As the glass shattered, Larry yelled, "Jump!"

I leapt away from the small explosion and then landed on the freezing basement floor. I opened my eyes. Jill hugged me as I stood up. I was my normal size again.

Jill squeaked, "How did you get in there? Anyway, I found you!"

Basement Snow Globe

Ashlee Crawford

Grade 5

Westmount Elementary

I rolled my eyes. "You got me. I totally forgot we were playing hide-and-seek. It's a long story of how I got in there. You better ask your dad about it."

Jill gave me a puzzled look.

I giggled, "We should make Lola and Larry a new snow globe."

"Whose Lola and Larry? What do you mean ask my dad? Ramona, you're confusing."

Jill and I finished the snow globe in just an hour. It was shabby, but felt like home for Lola and Larry. As we put the new snow globe on the coffee table, I put an arm around Jill.

"Merry Christmas Eve, Jill."

Christmas Eve is a joyful time of the year. Families and friends, peers and acquaintances, all come together to enjoy things they're thankful for. One cherry red house on Cherry Street was bursting with cheer. My name is Ramona, and last Christmas Eve, I experienced an unforgettable adventure. Every time I visit Jill's house, I always rush to the basement. I greet Lola and Larry. When I become a mom, I'll tell my kids this story. When I become a grandma, I'll tell my grandkids this story. When I meet my friends again, I'll tell them this story. I always wish that I could go into the snow globe again and sit down to visit Lola and Larry.

Project blackout

Chapter 1, my life

Risk, to most people the name of a game, for me? My life in a nutshell. I don't have a name, or a proper one anyway. My "name" is TS2274 (TS stands for test subject, oh, and i am what's called a male "teenager" whatever that means). My life consists of battle training, eat, battle training, eat, and there is this learning thing now and again. My trainer, Logan, says that if I do enough training, I may one day get to see the surface. The surface is just the beginning of what i hope to see one day. I really want to see an animal (an alive one, not the meat). Enough about me, let's begin.

Chapter 2 the escape plan

I was training one day, asking multiple questions about the surface world. Logan sighed "Ok I will admit, you're probably never going to see the surface world," my heart dropped. "n-never?" I ask, but the cold truth makes me stutter. "Sorry TS2274, but you are just an experiment of Project blackout" Logan says coldly. Now most of the people that make the test subjects are quite mean sometimes, but i have just officially gotten my dreams crushed. "Why?" I ask. "Well that's classified information, TS2274" Logan says snickering. That's when snapped, and stormed off to my room (it's more like a jail cell now that i think about it) and kicked the wall. The wall collapsed and crushed me. When I got out of the pile of bricks I saw something truly amazing. The wall had uncovered what seemed to be an escape plan left by the last test subject who lived in

this cell. "Whoa," is all I could say. The plan covered security drone paths to the mapping of the air vent system! I studied, *At last! a way to get out of this place!* My heart thumping I ran back to the training center, shoved Logan to the ground, and snatched a hammer. I ran back to my cell, hid the hammer in my bed and waited till' it was night.

Chapter 3 The Escape

Nighttime, when the moon comes out, apparently. I clutched my hammer close as the last guards went by. *I have 30 minutes until the drones come by,* I thought. I slammed my hammer into the vent above me, and it burst open. I swiftly crawled in and made my way through the vents. I had memorized the way I needed to go about, a billion times, maybe even a trillion? There are cameras in the vents, that I have to avoid. At last I came over the vent where the security camera guard was. I clutched my hammer and broke the vent open. The guard was crushed under the vents and my weight, *only unconscious* I thought. Now for the tricky part, there is a laser wall just up ahead that will take some hacking to disable. I had brought that part of the escape plan, because I'm not the best with computers. After the lasers were disabled, I realized something. *I need a name!* I thought. Well, maybe wolf? Nah to... unoriginal. Carl? Yeah that's a great name! I set off to the main exit and remembered some of my friends from training, *Do i really want to leave? Oh well too late now.* I saw the main gate and almost cried. The world was litery a few steps away. My freedom was so close! I ran out of the door and saw the most beautiful thing. Trees with golden yellow leaves, birds chirping and a

pond with the sun's reflection on it. "YES!!!!!" I cried out, I could not wait for the life that awaited me.

A Rift in Time

I didn't think the world would end today, but alas it did, well, sort of....

The day started out normal enough, I woke up, brushed my teeth, ate breakfast, went to school, and came back. Everything was normal until we saw an impossibly big meteorite streak through the sky, leaving a trail of molten hot rocks pouring all over the city, as well as a sharp piercing noise like a jet plane. A few minutes later it divided into dozens of pieces of rocks, flattening all the houses in the area. I looked at my phone and saw that hundreds of meteors were crashing down on cities all around the globe.

"Hundreds of meteors are falling from the sky, each as big as the last. This is the en-." The reporter was cut off by a meteor that had almost squashed him. "As I was saying, this is the end of the wor-." I didn't hear the rest because all the meteors that had fallen had exploded, engulfing everything in flames and destroying the earth.

I woke up again sweating and panting for breath. I was waking up in my bed for school. That meant that the world hadn't ended and it was just a dream, or so I thought. I let out a sigh of relief. I got out of bed and started going through my morning routine.

"What happened?" My mom asked me.

"I had a bad dream that the world was ending," I explained.

"Well, is everything okay now?"

"Yeah, I'm good now," I assured my mom.

As I was walking to school, I noticed that all the details in my dream were the exact same as in real life. The same red car, the same people wearing the same clothes saying the exact same things. I got to class thinking that everything was just a

A Rift in Time

coincidence until Mr. Sandhu, my grade 5 teacher, said, "Today in math we are going to be learning about the divisibility rules. Do any of you know what they are?"

I was completely puzzled because he said the exact same thing in my dream! The whole day went like that and when I got home I told my dad about it. "Some people have moments of déjà vu like that, where they dream about something and it happens, but I'm sure it's fine," my dad assured me.

"But I also dreamed that meteors fell from the sky and disintegrated the earth, and that I had a phone," I told him.

"The phone part may be true, but the meteor part probably isn't."

"What do you mean probably? That big of a meteor couldn't possibly fall to earth, could it?"

"Humans don't know everything that's in space, anything's possible."

"Now you sound like one of those Barbie ads."

"I'm sure everything is going to be fine."

My dad looked back at his computer and his face turned pale.

"We need to evacuate now!" He shouted.

We ran to the car and got in while my dad frantically tried to get out of the driveway. We saw dozens of cars doing the exact same thing we were doing so the traffic was insane. When we reached the nearest underground bunker we finally calmed down.

"What happened?" My sister asked.

A Rift in Time

"Nuclear accident. A huge one that will probably destroy the earth," my dad told her.

"If it's going to destroy the earth, then what are we doing in the bunker?" I asked.

"We have the slightest chance of surviving in this bunk-." He was cut off just as the reporter was in my dream because there wasn't just one nuclear warhead that exploded, but many more which triggered each other and destroyed the world.

I woke up a third time in my bed panting and sweating, determined to not let the world get destroyed again. I did the same things I did in my "dreams" and got back home, except I realized that I wouldn't be able to stop whatever was going to destroy the world. What was one 11-year-old boy going to do against a meteor or a nuclear disaster? This time the world got destroyed by a colossus lizard that almost looked like Godzilla, maybe it was Godzilla's bloodthirsty much scarier twin. The monster grabbed humans on the streets and in their houses, and gobbled them up. The last thing I saw was the monster's crooked yellow teeth biting me to pieces.

I let things go on a few more days, just to see if there was some sort of pattern but there wasn't. The only things that were the same were that the disaster always started at 3:30 pm, and I would always spot a round disk-like plane fly away after the disaster started. One day, I saw the UFO come to the ground while another gray alien-like thing opened a jar of black dust and dispersed it around the area. I ran toward the alien and tackled it to the ground. It turned into a puddle of gray ooze that began to burn away my clothes. I realized that whatever the alien turned into was like sulphuric

A Rift in Time

acid. I spotted the aliens trying to fly away, but I quickly climbed on the ladder and then blacked out.

When I woke up the aliens' glassy black eyes were staring straight at me.

"The human is awake," an alien announced.

The alien's English was surprisingly good, for someone who probably didn't speak English as their first language, until I realized I had a transmitter in my right ear.

"Where am I?" I asked.

"We're showing you the truth," the same alien spoke, "to why you keep witnessing the world ending. Every time the world is about to end a time rift appears and teleports you to a parallel universe. The rift also teleports you to the day that the planet gets destroyed."

"So what happens now?"

"You're out of the rift now, so you can continue life normally."

"Why'd you do this?"

"We're the rift keepers, this is our job."

Before I could thank them I was teleported back into my regular life.

Water Boy

Life is weird when you don't really know what you are. I mean, I know that I'm a hunk of water that stays close to itself. I also know that I'm a boy. I will NOT explain how I know.

I feel sort of deserted. I mean, I've never met another *thing* like me. Sure I've seen fish galore. I've been in a whale's body, and it's not really something to be proud of. But, the fish can't see me, nor can they hear me, as I can do to them.

Another thing that I have no control over is the current. You might imagine me to be something like the Queen of the sea, who can make an immense wave to destroy ships and what not, but I'm as helpless as a minnow to a shark.

Right now I am flowing near an island. It's a big one, enough to have land creatures run around it. There are huge flames coming off a number of land caves. Also, there are big red things flying about with things hanging down beneath them. It says it's a helicopter, so I'm guessing that's what it is. The things hanging down look like bowls, and are attached with seaweed looking stuff. They slowly come down, then scoop up water. After the bowl thing was full, they would go atop one of the burning caves, and dump it on top. The flames would sort of ease, but not by much.

Slowly, one was coming towards me. All I did was flow into the bowl. No pain, just a little bit cramped. Suddenly, near land, a bit of fire spread onto the *Helicopter* and it came crashing down, spiraling through the air. There was a terrific bang, and it exploded. As the bucket tipped over, I felt scared. I never really had tested if it would hurt if I fell down, spiraling through the air.

I looked at the ground, and the land creature was lying on his back, with his short and stubby tentacle twisted at a weird and probably uncomfortable way.

In the distance I heard a high pitched scream, followed by running leg tentacles.

A land creature fell to the ground by the broken land creature. The hurt one whispered something in small gasps. The normal one stared having water like things drip down its cheeks. Then they started face eating each other. Ten seconds later, the broken one fell limp, and the water droplets fell harder. Then the scene slipped from view, and I fell into unconsciousness.

A woman's horror stricken face staring down at me. The feeling of falling a far distance was heavy, and I was alone. I was going to die. I don't know how all of a sudden this made sense, it sort of just did! A bit of spray from the waterfall splashed on my face, and I felt at home. Then I saw a bright light, and I felt it calling me, begging me to come close. I obeyed its tug, for it was irresistible. Warmth spread throughout my body, and I knew I was dead. Just before I reached the light, a voice so sweet and so lovely whispered in my ear.

"It's not yet your time, young one. Your mother needs you. I have already left her, but you are destined stay."

I looked over my shoulder, and saw a man vaguely familiar. His hair was a dark black, and his skin was tan. The white robe he wore made him seem wise beyond his years. although he did look as though he was my mother's age. The woman with the horror stricken face, I had learned, was my mother.

Suddenly it made sense.

"Father."

It was barely a whisper, my voice, but my father heard it crystal clear. He gave a gentle nod, and it all dissolved into nothing.

I awoke in a trickling stream. In the days that followed after, the sights consisted of salmon, bears, and massive and bulky trees. I remember hearing the salmon saying that they were all of a sudden feeling tired. I knew that they were going to die. I have seen the cycle occur many times.

The scenery seemed familiar. I don't know from where. Possibly from the back of my memory. Whenever I started thinking of it, my thoughts would wander back to my previous dream about father. I knew the scenery and my father were connected, but I don't know how.

The water began to get cooler. I could see trails that the land creatures had worked into the ground, but it was now deserted. Except for two. There was a boy land creature, about my age, if I had an age.

In fact, he looked exactly how I would have looked like, if I wasn't colorless, or water. There was a woman, and she was very familiar. Almost like I had known her my whole life...

They started heading upwards, across rocks. Soon, they were at the place where I had fallen in my dream. The boy then slipped, and the horror stricken face of the women stared down at him. He landed right on top of me, and my body swirled into him.

It was me! The woman was my mom, and I had just fallen.

Then the world fell into swirling blackness.

I was awake, but I didn't feel like opening my eyes. I tried to squish my fingers together. Instead of flowing into each other, they stayed whole. I tried to open my eyes, but they were so heavy, I could only keep them open for a moment.

I woke up again, and this time i felt the strength to open my eyes. When I opened them,

I saw my mother. She ran to me.

"Oh honey. I love you. Are you okay?"

"You are my mom."

Slowly, my memories upon memories crept back to me, and I finally felt loved, happy, and not alone.

The End

Chapter 1 Where am I?

I was falling faster than the speed of sound, and not knowing where I might land or if I would survive the fall. I clenched my eyes, scared, and my heart was racing. Then suddenly, my eyes opened. I was in my bed, under the handmade covers my mom had made for me. "Ah! it was just a dream," I muttered with a sigh of relief. I was still slightly startled when I got out of bed and went downstairs, careful not to wake my grumpy teen sister, Tera.

The sun's rays were just piercing through the window shutters when I got downstairs. I decided to have a bowl of cereal and milk and continued to try to make sense of the dream. After what seemed like another half an hour, I heard someone yell my name "Dawn!" Do you know what happened to my one-of-a-kind perfume?" It was Tera. She came zooming down the stairs as fast as lightning.

"So where is it," she yelled in my face. This startled me further.

I had borrowed it yesterday, but the bottle had slipped out of my hand and broke. I was still thinking of what to say to her when I woke up. My mouth remained shut. Tera had hit me before, so clearly, I had reasons to become fearful. I pushed my chair backward and tried to speak. I was not sure if I should apologize first or state what happened before apologizing afterwards.

Then the doorbell rang. It was one of Tera's friends Stacy. I couldn't love Stacy more at that moment. Tera turned her attention to her friend. While they talked, it gave me time to think of how to explain what happened.

"I'm going outside," I said. Tera gave me a confirming nod, as I trotted outside closing the door behind me. I went to play in the woods. It was a familiar place. I played on the grass for hours before resting on the rock. Then I saw a butterfly. It was white with silver and gold stripes. It was so beautiful, so I decided to follow it.

I followed it deep into the forest, under tree branches and over logs. I was so concentrated on it that I did not notice where I was going. I had a misstep and fell down a hill. As I rolled down the hill, I saw a castle right in my path. It was white and at the top of it was a blue flag. I blinked in amazement and then it was no longer there! I must have bumped my head. The butterfly was gone. I finally picked myself up and tried to find my way back home. Every turn I made was unfamiliar and took me to somewhere else in the woods. It eventually became dark and it started to rain. I found a little cave to rest in for the night.

The next morning, I woke up very worried. I was sure a search would be on for me. I looked around trying to find anything or any familiar landmark. I found some berries and I decided to give them a try. I ate one whole. It didn't taste like much, but then I began to feel dizzy and fell to the ground. Everything became dark and I passed out. "Quick, eat," a sweet voice awoke me.

I looked up and saw a girl in a white dress, black tights, and brown hair. Her necklace had a key on the end.

"Where am I?" I said.

"My name is Taylor Sage," she said. "But my friends call me Tay."

"How did I get here?" I asked suspiciously.

"I found you in the forest when I went for a walk. You ate a fainting berry."

"Where are we?" I said with a glaring at her. I was asking too many questions when a window broke. I turned around and saw two men in black cloaks holding blue fire in their hands. I was stunned, but they seemed more interested in Taylor than me.

"You," one of the men bellowed at Taylor. "Do you know how much trouble you have caused?"

"I am not causing any trouble." Taylor responded. "I am doing what is right."

"You will pay for the damage you have caused the city," the same man continued, while his partner reached for Taylor and flung her out of the cottage, through the broken window. At that moment I reacted, and something strange happened. A huge ball of blue fire came out of my hand. I don't know how it happened and why it happened. As the flame glowed, the men attempted to resist and sensed they were overpowered. The next moment, they had disappeared. I dashed out as fast as I could to find Taylor.

She was lying unconscious in a pool of water. I picked her up and carried her back in the cottage. She was breathing but I could see behind her smile that she was in pain. "You need to rest" I said with a concerned look. "I don't think they will be bothering us again," I said, glancing at my hand and wondering what was happening to me.

When Taylor woke up, I had too many questions to ask and needed to make sense of it all. "Why were those men after you? Why did my hand bring out blue flames? What damage did you cause to which city?" My heart was racing, I realized how far away from home I was, and I desperately needed answers.

She sighed and said, "if I am going to tell you, then I need to take you to the beginning. The beginning of my life when I was just a young child." She struggled up and sat on the bed. "I grew up in a remote kingdom. Far away from yours. We were a peaceful nation, kids played and sang, and there was largely laughter in the air, until Mr. MPA destroyed our world."

To be continued...

Bethany Evans

David Thompson Elementary

Grade 5

Tofino

I felt the clean and fresh air in my hair as the wind hit me when I was riding my red, black and white infinity bike down a road on the outskirts of Tofino. I was getting close to the B and B my family and I were staying at, called the Cove Resort at Chesterman. I pulled into the paved driveway and saw my Dad feeding the bright, blue jays peanuts. I waved hi to him and he waved back.

His full name was Billy Bob Joe, but now people just call him Bill. My name is Kate Evie Joe, and my Mom's name is Anna Belle Joe. We all live in Seattle, Washington but this summer we are staying here in Tofino. I have a friend named Cathy here and we spend lots of time together.

Where was I? Right. I was waving hi to my Dad, and I walked over to him and helped him feed the birds while I sat down on a beach chair. We talked about blue jays. We talked about how good they look and I wondered why they liked to eat those crunchy, roundish, peanuts. Dad said that they ate them because they could store them in their expandable throat pouch.

As we kept talking I heard a thumping sound in the distance amongst the jumbo trees and the quiet animals. I turned around in my woven beach chair and saw a huge, giant, scary... pack of wolves!! They had razor sharp teeth like a shark and they were drooling like a bulldog. My Dad and I looked at each other and yelled, "Run!" We ran

Bethany Evans

David Thompson Elementary

Grade 5

as fast as we could into the B and B and told my Mom that wolves were coming and we were going to get eaten alive! I was frightened!!

She said that we would not get eaten alive but as soon as she said that the wolves were at the glass scraping their pointy, sharp claws! "Ahh!", I screamed, as I hugged my Mom and Dad at once. I was terrified! We scrambled directly into Mom and Dads bedroom and hid underneath the covers. "Grr!" I heard them howl. I bravely peeked out of the covers and saw the wolves scaping on the window in the bedroom. I ducked back down and saw my Dad, tucked under the covers. We hid underneath them until we figured that the wolves had left.

I carefully peeked out for the second time and all of the wolves were gone. I think that they went to bother or scare someone else down the road. I said to my Mom, "All clear. The wolves are now all gone." We got out of the comfy bed and stretched out our legs as we had been hiding there for several hours. It was around dinnertime so we decided to head to Tacofino, the local Mexican restaurant.

Once we got there, I saw my friend Cathy sitting at a nearby table. I quickly ran over to her and told her all about what happened during that day. She said, "Wow, that sounds pretty scary." She sounded pretty sarcastic.

"Did you prank me?" I asked her. "Uhh, maybe...", she admitted. I was a bit mad at her but we were still friends. I asked her how she did it but she wanted to keep it a secret. I'm fine with that though.

Finally we ordered our food and we ate a yummy taco altogether. I am glad that this 'scare' is over and I hope something like that never happens again.

Finding Him Through Letters

It was the summer of 1939, I was staring out of my window, and all of a sudden there was a knock at the door. My mother was upstairs and my father was out on an errand, so I answered it. It was a man, tall and thin. He looked like he was very important because he had a lot of medals on his coat. I was scared at first sight, I asked him what he needed and he just looked at me. My mother came down and asked who was at the door, she had a basket of flour in her hands. She came to the door and looked at the man, and as soon as she saw who it was she dropped the basket and told me to go to my room. I asked her why and she told me she would talk to me after she dealt with the man at the door.

I did as she told, but as I walked up I stared at the man with no trust. He had a worried look in the way he looked at me. But it wasn't the kind of look that my mother gave me when she was worried about something on the farm. It was a "serious" kind of worried. My mother waited until I was all the way upstairs and then asked the man why he was here. He started talking, but I couldn't make out what he was saying from my room so I went to the top of the stairs to get a better view and a better listen.

I could hear my mom talking. "WAIT.. what are you talking about... no... you can't take him... no, please". That's all I could really hear since I was still a good four meters away and I was covering my ears a bit, because I didn't want to hear the rest of it. I already had tears in my eyes, they were pricking my eyes so much that I had to let them out. I couldn't stop myself, I just burst into tears. I guess my mother heard me because she came running up the stairs. I ran to my room and tried to make myself look as normal as possible. I wiped away my tears and acted like it was okay.

I grabbed my dolls and books and started to pretend that I was playing. She came into my room and then said that we had to talk. I tried to avoid eye contact as much as possible, but it really is hard when it's your mother. She started to tell me something. She said that there was war that was starting and that they needed more soldiers. She also said that the man that was at the door was head-chief of the soldiers and was here to take my father.

So as they wanted him to do, father went to war. Life was pretty lonely after my father had gone, mother never really smiled and I was always sent to bed early. When I did go to bed, I could hear my mother crying in her room. It was very hard not to cry, well because I didn't know if my father was alive or not, and I was really worried that if he did pass away in the war, I would be fatherless.

Almost 5 years went by before we actually heard from the battlefield. One night I even wished upon a star, just in case it might actually work. I was that desperate to see if my father was all right, but I spoke too soon. The next day, the mailman came with an envelope. I didn't know what it was, and just thought that it was an invitation. I grabbed it out of my mailbox and ran to my mother. I asked her what it was. Clearly it meant something to her because when she opened it up she burst into tears.

She passed it to me and I tried reading it, but I was only 8 years old, and in my town you didn't really get a good education so I couldn't read it very well. I was struggling to read it so my mother took it and started reading it out loud. As I listened to her, my eyes started getting tears in them.

Dear Mrs. Lesting,

I am sorry to say that your dearest Mr. Lesting has gone MIA. We will inform you of any information that we can find on your husband.

Sincerely yours,

War Commandment Center.

As best as I could, I wiped away my tears and asked her what "MIA" meant. She answered, "It means that he went Missing In Action, so they couldn't find him after the war ended". I started getting that pricking feeling in my eyes again. As we went to put the letter back, I noticed there was something else in the envelope so I grabbed it and gave it to my mother to read.

Dearest Mira,

I have but one thing to say about your father, I am so sorry for what has happened. I do know your father would want you to have faith in him. If you believe that he is still alive he might still be. Keep hoping.

With love,
your cousin Jackie.

After reading it my heart felt like it just planted a rose in a storm. After a few more weeks of long waiting, a letter finally came. It came from my father! They were sending him home in the morning. That night I couldn't go to sleep, so I waited until my mother had gone to bed, and I hung up big WELCOME HOME FATHER! banners around the house, then finally went to bed. In the morning, I went downstairs and my mother and father were sitting at the dinner table. "Father"! I yelled, then ran to hug him. "Oh father, I've missed you!

THE END

Snow

Heather Hebert

Kamloops Christian School: Grade 5

Page 1

“Wow. This ski run is so beautiful. Best one on the hill!” said my friend Rosie.

“Oh, no doubt.” I answered.

“Yours is a close second though!” Rosie said.

“Oh, you’re just saying that because you’re my friend, Rose.”

“Oh fine. You caught me.”

We stayed silent for the rest of the run. I had so much fun teaching Rosie how to ski today. I told Rosie to keep going when I stopped to look at the best part of the run. I’m so lucky that my parents own this place.

I took in the scenery of the place around me and breathed in the cool skin piercing air. All I could hear was the birds chirping as Rosie skied out of sight. I gazed at the long, dripping icicles and looked at the crystals. I took out my camera and took a shot of the beautiful place, and then proceeded down my Grandfathers ski run.

“Emma!”

“Yah Mom?”

“Come fore dinner!”

I slid down the hill towards my house.

I gulped down some hot tomato soup and went and got my frosty toque on, along with my ski suit and ran out the door.

“Where is Rosie?” Mom yelled after me.

“Didn’t I tell you she moved here? She went to get some hot coco and warm up. She’ll be back soon. Ok! Bye mom!”

I ran to the ski rack, clipped on my skies and pushed myself down towards the lift too my run. Ok, I have to admit that it probably is the second best run in this place, but I don’t like bragging. I jumped on the chair lift and listened to the clanking of the lift going over the poles. When I got to the top of the hill I went towards my run, Poppy Hill. It’s named Poppy Hill because in the spring time it’s covered in scarlet poppies.

I skied down my beautiful groomed blue circle and drifted off in the beauty of the shining icicles hanging and dripping from the leafless trees.

I put some pressure on my left ski to drift back into place.

Almost at once, *click*, my left ski comes right off and in shock, I turn quickly to stop but I was so scared that I didn’t do it properly. Instead, I jerked to the right and tumbled into the ditch, banging my head hard on a hard rock. In a dizzy faze I blacked out. The last thing I saw was a blur, but I could have sworn that it was a big grey dog.

I was woken up by the sound of a wolf howling. I jerked my eyes open. Where was I? I sat up and saw a big shaggy dog watching me with big yellow eyes. I managed to lose eye contact with the wolf and felt my legs and arms.

Nothing is broken.

I touched my face and felt thick liquid. I jerked my arm away to see scarlet red blood. The wound went from my cheek bone to my forehead.

I looked back at the wolf to see its long deadly claws lunging at my eyes. The fast moving wolf's claws sunk into my right eye and it swiped its claws over to my left.

I can't describe the ugly pain I was feeling as I once again lost consciousness.

When I woke I couldn't see anything and I wondered if I had survived the horrible tragedy. I felt around and found a rock I was lying under. The wolf had dragged me far from the ski run.

I couldn't see a thing.

The wolf had definitely blinded me.

A game I played with Rosie was "would you rather," and Rosie asked me if I would rather be blind or deaf. I said deaf because sight is so important to me. I said if I was blind, I would kill myself. But now I am blind and there is nothing I can do about it.

I rubbed my stinging face and felt gashing cuts all over it. My eyes were split. It would be terrible to look at my repulsive ugliness.

How am I supposed to survive, in the wilderness, blind?

I heard the deep crackling breathing of the wolf's breath.

How am I supposed to survive in the wilderness, blind, and with a wolf?

I tried to stand but couldn't under the weight of my shaking legs. I ripped my headband out of my hair and wrapped it around my split eyes so if anyone found me, they would actually take me back home.

My sudden movement startled the wolf and I felt it leaping on to me. I said a quick prayer under my breath before it sunk its teeth into my neck as easy as a saw cutting through foam.

Suddenly there was a flash of light and I wasn't blind. My shaking legs were encased in a beautiful yellow gown. I touched my face and there were no scratches. My hair was pinned up in a beautiful bun.

I looked around me. It was all dark around me but I could see myself in full lighting. A man in long robes appeared in front of me and said in a soft voice "*why so soon?*" I knew what was going on. I fell on my knees. "*I still need you on earth. I have a plan for you*"

There was another flash of light.

I was lying in my bed in the pyjamas I was wearing last night.

"Emma! Get up and get dressed! You're teaching Rosie how to ski today!" said my Mom.

I got up to start a day I had already had but one thing was different, my headband was stained with blood.

One thing is for sure, I'm never going on Poppy Hill again.

The Castle of Knavesmire

In the rife castle of Knavesmire, there lived a dazzlingly skilled bowman. His name was Elbereth the Great. Elbereth wished to leave the castle. There would soon be war. It was no longer safe. The duke, Grimmock, had set up armies to attack the castle. He had also sent out men to deceive individuals travelling away from the castle. It was a perilous road that lay before him. As he walked through the beautifully carven halls with stained- glass windows, he spotted a further person who likewise wished to depart. His name was Diagoras.

“I bid thee welcome.” spoke Elbereth.

“I shall be retreating anon.” said Diagoras

“And so I shall likewise.”

“Thy shall go thither with me.”

“Yea.”

The two started out, only to be stopped by another individual.

“The king sent me hither, for I am Ernardus the brave.”

“The king?” spoke Diagoras, “I distrust thee. You sound like a follower of Grimmock. ”

“Nay! I am a perfectly trustworthy man!”

“I should not like to think what trickery you bring hither.”

“Nay!” spoke Ernardus quite firmly, “I-”

“Grimmock is trying to get rid of the king and soon take his place.”

“I am not at his aid.” Ernardus spoke.

“You are!”

“Nay!” Ernardus nearly shouted, “That-”

“I should like a say.” Elbereth finally broke the argument, “We shall all-.”

“I think not! Ernardus should be left behind!” Diagoras said.

“But we need not argue. This will turn into a quarrel treated with weapons.” said Elbereth.

“No one need be harmed by it, I suppose.” spoke Diagoras.

All parted ways, and left, Elbereth and Diagoras going one way, Ernardus the other.

“I see bad things in that man, Elbereth.” Diagoras said.

“I have not knowledge for uncovering what lies in people’s minds.”

“I have not either, yet I feel that he is full of deceit. Let us go!”

At first light, Ernardus came to the hall where Diagoras and Elbereth were.

“Let us set off.” spoke Diagoras with a sigh. He seemed rather hesitant.

“Yea.” said Ernardus.

“For yet more swindling, craftiness, duplicity, and sleight of hand from thee, Ernardus!”

Diagoras said firmly, nearly shouting.

“Nay!” Ernardus said defensively.

And they departed, still arguing. They all were very easy to get opinions from, and that was very quick to happen. They walked through the mountains, the bogs, and the dusty roads. One night, just having been through another range of mountains, Ernardus woke up. *This is the day for it*, he thought. He snuck around, as slippery as a snake. He slipped out the packs of Diagoras and Elbereth. He stole most of the belongings of them, but not all, as one could wake up. He absconded silently, and slippery as an eel. Suddenly Elbereth woke with a start. He felt motion. He stood up, drawing his lance. He saw Ernardus fleeing, with the stolen things out of the pack and started chasing him. He managed to get but twenty strides away away from him, but no more. He wondered what to do, but the only thing that he thought of was to go, wake Diagoras, and keep going. He knew that Grimmock would be informed of where they were, and would send an enemy. And so it was.

But a few days after, they were tired, having walked through morasses that day, saw armies approaching, and, according to Diagoras, two different armies. *Ernardus' fault. He caused much trouble*, he thought. Drawing out his long knife, and taking out a spear, he could do nothing.

Elbereth, having shot a few already with his bow, spoke:

“Run! The enemy approaches!”

“Yes, but we have been spotted already.”

“But go! It is better than trying to fight five hundred to two!”

“I know that, it is as plain as the grass.”

They ran around the armies, but it was to no avail. They had been captured and put into prison.

Back at the palace, the King was thinking. He knew that he would have heard from those at the manor by now, but he did not. He thought of things he could do. *I could send out men.* He thought, *two at a time.* That is what he did. The men that he sent out were excellent trackers. It led two, Charle and Ancelot, to the very same prison that the two men were taken to. They tracked the footprints to the dungeon. They saw the keys, being hung by the prison. Charle picked them up, looked at the lock, and said:

“There are no keys for this cell on this ring, I will look for the others.”

And a few minutes later he came back. He said,

“This should be the right ring of keys.”

He chose one. It did not fit. He tried another.

“We do not have long.” he said.

He tried one more. It fit cleanly into the lock, and opened the door. They snuck out.

“They stole our packs.” spoke Diagoras.

“I have packs.” said Ancelot, and he gave them the packs. He also lent them horses.

“I thank you.” said Elbereth.

“I bid thee welcome.” said Ancelot.

“I thank you as well.” spoke Diagoras.

“We must go, so as to bring word to the king.” said Charle.

“Farewell.” said Elbereth.

And the men left. Diagoras and Elbereth still had a long way to go, so they stopped for a rest. The next morning, they left off, another long range of mountains before them. Since they had horses, it was made a breeze, but it was still many miles before they would reach another road again. As soon as the sky lightened, they began the long journey. The horses were tired by the time they had gone three leagues. The mountains stretched out before them. They finally got to the end of the range it had been about 35 miles. They stopped to rest their horses in the stream trickling down to the road. Once they had gotten there, they saw, in the distance, the castle.

The Stranger Behind the Wall

By Sadie Jones, Age 11

St. Ann's Academy, Grade 5

Chapter 1

On a hobby farm, in a tiny town overlooking high rolling hills, Atlana Morgan lived with her Mom and Dad in a large old brick house, covered with decorative windows and doors.

Though seen as a fantasy life, with the gorgeous garden and tall walls, Atlana's own life was dreadfully lonely. To her, she saw every peeling paint wall, and every gray cloud in the boring gray sky, and even noticed how the sun set and rose up, in distant meadows unseeable from her farm.

But today, her Mom and Dad would be moving her to a new, 'nicer' room. Atlana got her bags and headed to the door where her new room would be. She crossed her fingers and opened the door... Her jaw dropped.

She fell back into the same sorrow as before as she looked disappointedly at the room. On her right there was an old wooden pull out desk, with a chair tucked into it, an old cracked window seat with a dirty window blocked off by wood planks, and a bed, with plain, weathered sheets and pillows. The only colourful thing that caught her eye was a very odd painting, above her bed. It was something in the night that brought the same, unpleasant, feeling back. Something, unmistakeably, a man's far cry.

Chapter 2

The Stranger Behind the Wall
Sadie Jones, St. Ann's Academy Grade 5

Following this far cry, came a scuttle, which disappeared into silence. The great feeling of being watched brought shivers down her spine. She remembered a fiction novel she read about a kidnapped child and the story now felt a lot more real than it had before. She quickly noticed that the picture was not odd - it was the unusual shape that gave it away. She lifted the painting and found herself climbing into a tunnel of cement.

As the tunnel proceeded, it dramatically narrowed as if closing in on her. Soon, she was on her knees and held the fork and flashlight in her mouth preventing them from scraping the sides. She reached a room, quite empty except for an open door and large amount of scattered food, none of which had a single spec of dust! She counted the bags, about 12 bags of carried food and about 35 more were scattered across the floor. But Atlana headed back to her room.

Hours later she came back to the room and only counted 10 bags, and 28 food items. The door was re-positioned and the lights were on! She closed the door and left again.

She came back and only 9 bags remained and 23 items! The door was wide open too! Every two hours Atlana returned only to find fewer bags and open doors until nothing remained but a plate and store-bought cookies. She placed the cookies on the plate and slid it behind the open door, then closed it. At 7:00 AM she headed back to her room, got dressed, ate (with a queasy stomach), and met her Mom outside for morning

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chores. But she'd be back tonight to check the cookies, but honestly... she couldn't wait.

Chapter 3 – The Notes

When Atlana went back that night she found the plate with cookie crumbs and the weirdest thing, a note. Atlana picked up the note and read it aloud, smiling, but scared.

Thank you! ☺

-DM

It was incredible! Like someone had befriended her, and felt thankful for Atlana's cookie gift. But little did she know, on the other side of the door, a pleasant smiling face listened gratefully as Atlana read aloud the note he had written to her. Atlana grabbed paper and a pen, and she placed the pen on the page and wrote cautiously to the stranger. She wrote:

Dear 'DM', you're very welcome for the cookies, but I dare must say, you frightened me! The note was thoughtful, but who are you? To me you are just a stranger behind the door, but I do wish of you to tell me why you're in there?

Please and thank you – Addy M.

Atlana wondered if he would give away his identity to a kid, but then again, maybe he was one himself! But it didn't take long before another note was passed on the plate. It read:

Dear Addy M. I will not give away my identity to you, for you might call the police! But I can tell you, I am a young man, between 15 and 23 and my eyes

The Stranger Behind the Wall
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are emerald green. I do not wish to know yours, as you shall not trust me this early on... Please get some sleep and write to me whenever! – DM

The writing was messy, but he did his letters 'D' and 'M' large and beautifully written. He seemed friendly enough, but untrustworthy, as he revealed in the letter! But, Atlana did go, back to bed, and slept, and sooner or later would wake to a wonderful Fall morning.

Chapter 4 – A Picture on a Wall

Atlana had a wondrous sleep! She woke to a really nice morning. The walls were shining pink, as the cracks in the planks reflected off of her pink teddy bear she slept with. It was glorious, then she heard the rooster, and went outside to help Mom and Dad.

But today, everything was different, she saw her father standing at the door her mom cleaning the garden house (which incredibly large cucumbers grew from) the mule by the river, the horses carrying the hay, and the chickens pecking. It was wonderful! Even today the sun peeked out on the hills and farm, as it rose up. She couldn't wait to tell the stranger about today. The great day turned into a great lunch, which fell into a great dinner (which she would spare some for the man). But when she got to her room, a small box lay on her pillow. She read the note on it:

Happy birthday Addy! I hope this makes your life a little 'brighter' – DM.

996 words (Edited April 10, 2018)

The Magic Necklace

By Annabella Kidd Grade Five Aberdeen Elementary

Claire and her mom were going to go to Paris. Claire has wanted to go to Paris ever since she was a little girl. "Come pack your suitcase!" Her mom yelled. "Okay!" Claire shouted as she ran upstairs. Claire ran into her room packed some shirts, pants and boots. As her mom started the car, Claire slipped on her running shoes and walked out to the car. When she got in, her mom asked, "Do you have everything?" "Yes I do." She answered. "Okay, then let's get going" Her mom said. Before they drove off, Claire asked, "How long will the ride be?" "A very long time." Her mom said. Hours later, her mom stopped somewhere to get something to eat. When they got back in the car, Claire's mom said, "We will be there soon." As soon as they got to Paris, they drove to the hotel. "What floor are we on?" Claire asked. "Floor seven" Her mom answered. So Claire pushed the button. The elevator stopped at floor three. Five people came on. Two teens, one wearing a white top and shorts and the other wearing a purple belly shirt and a pair of jeans. A mom and a dad had an angry face on while quietly talking to their son. Finally the elevator reached floor seven. YES! Claire thought. As they stepped off the elevator, her mom gave her the room key and asked her to open the door to room three hundred and four. When Claire walked in the room, it was very dark and

empty. She dragged her suitcase along the wood floor. Then, on the corner of her eye, Claire saw this old black, brown and gray closet. "What's that?" Claire asked. "I don't know." Her mom replied. Hours later her mom shouted, "Time for bed!" Claire hung her head and walked over to bed. A few hours later Claire could hear her mom snoring from her bedroom. Then she lit a candle and went out to the living room to see the closet. She opened it. Claire realized that there was nothing in it, but then Claire saw the moon reflecting on something in the bottom. She slowly bent down to pick it up. As she walked back, she found her name on the front of the locket. *Why would my name be on the locket?* Claire wondered. When she got to her room, she closed her door and turned her lamp on. She opened the locket and found a poem in it. It read: Roses are red, Violets are blue, you better hide, because it's coming for you. Then all of a sudden Claire saw a portal start to open up in her room. She decided to go in the portal. When she reached the other side, she saw a bright light. It looked like it was leading her to something. She followed the light to a big, scary mansion. Then her coat pocket began to glow. Every time she went closer to the mansion the locket would glow brighter and brighter. Once she got in, she followed the light to a staircase. She walked up the staircase and walked to the door. She tried to open it, but it was like it was stuck. Somehow she got it open. She stepped inside and realized that the light disappeared.

Instead, it turned into a young woman. "Why did you bring me here?" Claire asked. "I brought you here because you are the only one who can save them." "What do you mean?" Claire asked. "I mean that all the people in your world are just disappearing. They are disappearing because of the DARK." "Who is the dark?" Claire asked. "Not a who, but a what. No one can stop it but you because you have the locket." The woman's name is Sophia and she was from a different world. Claire and Sophia started their journey. By the time it was night Claire woke up in her bed. *Must have been a dream.* Claire thought. She got out of bed and went to the bathroom. She looked in the mirror and saw the locket on her neck. *I wonder how that got on my neck.* She wondered. It was morning and when she woke up, she was back with Sophia. *Weird.* Thought Claire. They continued the journey. They stopped in the middle of nowhere. They set up the small tent that was folded up in a small bag. Claire was not comfortable at all. Plus, Sophia was hogging all the space. Claire heard a loud noise. She decided to wake up Sophia. They walked out of the tent and started packing back up. Once they were done folding up the tent, they slipped on their jackets and started to walk. While they were walking, they saw an animal hiding behind rocks. Sophia slowly walked over to it. It was a beautiful creature. Something they have never seen. It was big, with colorful wings and a very soft coat of fur. They decided to let the creature walk with them. Then all of a sudden, Claire got this super weird idea. She was going to name it Sunset flamer. It was just like it was meant to

happen. Then again, all this information came to Claire's mind. It was about Sunset Flamer. It said that a Sunset Flamer is a type of creature that can transform into anything. It said that the Sunset Flamers primary colors are red, yellow, and orange. Though, sometimes it would change blue or green. Its original form is a soft fur creature with colorful wings. So after Claire read that in her mind, she told all of it to Sophia. Then the world went dark. A small light appeared. It got bigger and bigger. Then flashes of colors filled her mind. Then black. The DARK was messing with her mind, and she didn't know what to do.

The End

People are wonders. We have wonders all around us but there is nothing you can do to know for sure what is really going on inside people's minds. You can come up with all the possible things that are going on with this person. Although you will never know the truth, you can only wonder. What about that one guy who hides his problems behind a popular label. Is it true his parents fight? Why does he look so upset during lunch hour? Why does he seem so secretive? Lots of kids at school make up stories about something that has happened to them to gain sympathy from peers. But it seems this kid doesn't crave sympathy...it seems as if something real is going on behind that outgoing personality. It seems that he is trying to hide something from his friends, his teacher, and the rest of us. He wears a mask that says "popular football player" and that's what he is. Or is that what he wants us to think? There is nothing you can do to know what the truth is. No matter how much you crave to know what's going on you can never know the truth. You can only wonder.

How about that other boy who always acts weird around you. That one guy you can absolutely not figure out. One minute he was rude then the next minute he was as nice as one can be. He does not have a double personality...he has millions of different personalities. Somehow he can act out all those personalities in a matter of seconds. How does he do it. How does he feel? How do I feel? You can come up with as many outcomes as possible but you will never know the truth about him. Even though there is nothing you can do about it you still wonder because you can only wonder. What about one of your friends? They can be a wonder too. Have

you ever wondered why they're so nice to you. Did they feel bad that you were a loner? Does she actually like me? Did someone like a parent tell her to be nice to me. Some things are scary to think about. The thought of your friend pretending to like you or even possibly using you. But there is nothing I can do...absolutely nothing. You can never find out what's going on inside people's minds. You can only wonder.

Your friend is always sick. Why is he never at school? Lots of rumours go around that your friend fakes being sick. You play along pretending to agree with these white lies but secretly you hate this gossip and don't believe a word of it. Why can't you stand up for him though? Maybe because you don't want people to know you care. You will never know and that stresses you more than ever. Us humans want to know stuff. Even if the information is no use to us we still want to know. It's not our problem we were made like that. This is what causes us to wonder. This is what causes us to uncontrollably think and worry about others. There is no way you can stop these thoughts even if you tried. All you can do is wonder. These thoughts can create deeper thoughts that lapse over each other.

It becomes complicated. Our minds became complicated. With these thoughts coming to mind other things come to mind too. Things that have nothing to do with this thought. These things can be true but at the same time they can be completely false. You can absolutely never ever know if it is true or not. You can just simply sit back and wonder. You can wonder for all your life. Sometimes you wonder if your existence was to simply wonder. Maybe that's all you were made for, to sit back and wonder. Is that the meaning to our existence? All this

wondering brings up all these questions but at the end of the day wondering is all you know.

After all You are a wonder too. Do you ever think people wonder why you are always down. Do people ever wonder why you are so alone? While you're wondering about other people, other people can be wondering about you. Other people doze off in class too. Are they dozing off wondering about other people and the many things they can be feeling. Do people ever wonder if other people wonder about them? Do people ever wonder about you? Of course not! It's just me. Or is it? We are all wonders. Wonders are all around us.