

The Hunt

Chapter 1

The Find

In the year of 2020 in Jamaica, the beautiful island on the Caribbean ocean, there was a young 24 year old woman named Dana Scully. She had auburn coloured hair, was 1.6 metres tall and had beautiful blue eyes. She was enrolled in the FBI Training Academy. She was already a trained doctor but she then decided that wasn't what she wanted to do. She lived in an apartment with four other girls training in the Academy. One night Scully got up for a glass of water and as she was walking down the hallway of the apartment she tripped and fell. As she was getting up she noticed a small piece of old, folded and ripped paper. She grabbed the piece of paper and unfolded it, it read: ***You may feel like you don't belong, but don't sorrow, for who knows what will come tomorrow...*** What does that mean? She thought to herself, I fit in don't I? She refolded it and stuffed it in her pocket then walked into the kitchen to get her glass of water still wondering what that note meant. She got back into her bed and slowly drifted off to sleep still thinking about her discovery...

Chapter 2

The Map

After she woke up she was still thinking about the poem: Is it a prank? Is it real? I'm an FBI agent in training I should be able to figure this out shouldn't I? Then she thought, oh of course! She ran, grabbed the folded piece of paper, got dressed, slipped some shoes on and ran as fast as she could to the door. She raced down the stairs to the lab. As soon as she got there she walked in, took a deep breath and calmed herself down. She walked up to the woman at the front "How may I help you?" the woman asked. "Well it's a long story but can you take a look at this?" said Scully then she pulled the scruffy piece of paper out of her pocket and handed it to her "well what do you want me to do look for fingerprints? It just looks like a note Im not sure what else I can do" said the woman. Scully looked at her and said "Just do what you can. OK?" then turned around and walked away. As she was walking back to her dorm she noticed another small piece of old, folded and ripped paper in their mailbox. She grabbed the piece of paper and unfolded it, it was another note except this time it wasn't a rhyme. It was what looked like a map, it had "*find the X*" written on it. She scanned the paper and indeed there was a red X written on the map, she flipped the paper and looked at the back it said *FBIT?*, FBITA? She repeated. That must mean that this is a map of the training academy! But it was getting dark so she had to go home because she had school the next day.

Chapter 3

The Search

The next morning she woke up eager and excited to get to school. She didn't dare tell her roommates about the notes because they would get over excited and take them for themselves. She got up all perky and got ready, then left for school with the four other girls. After what seemed like forever, school finally ended and Scully pulled the small piece of folded and wrinkled paper out of her pocket and opened it. "Well if the shooting practice is right here and the lab is right here and the X is right in the middle then it should be in the library." "Oh no!" she thought to herself, what if it's in a book! Well it's not worth crying over. I am finding that X no matter what. She walked into the library only to find thousands and thousands of books. She started flipping through pages of books off the older bookshelves, then the newer books, then the graphic novels. She was searching the library for five and a half hours now but she still hadn't found anything. She called the lab to see what they got off the note. When she asked the receptionist she said she probably threw it out, "well that's really helpful" said Scully sarcastically. She decided it was getting too late so she left the library disappointed and went to her apartment that was in the building above the school. She got home and got ready for bed but as she was drifting off to sleep she noticed that the painting in her room wasn't completely against the wall but she ignored it and drifted off to dreamland.

Chapter 4

The Finding

Scully was up bright eyed and bushy tailed and ready for the day once again, but this time she didn't get ready for school, instead she called in sick, of course she wasn't actually sick. After she got dressed, she went to inspect the painting. She lifted it off the wall to find a hole with a red brick shoved in it. She pulled the brick out to find a key and there just happened to be a small locked door with a keyhole that perfectly matched the key on the other side of the room. She walked over and put the key in the hole and turned it. The door popped open. There was nothing but a small tunnel that she could just barely fit through, so obviously she went in. She turned on her phone flashlight and went through the long windy tunnel until she finally got to a room. It was dark but her phone lit most of the room. There were filing cabinets and a small to medium sized chest. Scully walked over to the chest and took the key that opened the small door out of her pocket. She put it in the lock on the chest, turned it and it opened too! She slowly opened the chest to peek inside. The chest had gold coins, vintage money, pearls, diamonds, medallions, you name it! It was full to the brim! She didn't want to take it all so she grabbed a couple things, shoved them into her pocket and locked up the chest again. She then walked over to the filing cabinets and slid open one of the drawers to find tons of secret government files, answers to every alien and extraterrestrial conspiracy ever, and answers to any and everything. But I could go to jail if I expose this, she thought to herself but I could also makes tons of money, no I better not "I

should go.” She turned around and crawled back through the tunnel. She locked the door, put the key back and put the map with the key. She got ready to go back to her ordinary life starting with getting ready for bed. She got her PJ’s on and went into her bed and slowly drifted off to sleep thinking about her amazing discovery...

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Good Times in the Bad Lands

On May 26, 2017 I was told that my cousins, Ashley and Cameron, were going to Alberta. My parents and I had already gone on a road trip to Alberta. Since it had been such a great trip the first time, we decided to join them. After all, we could be like their tour guides.

The last time they had come up to my house in Kamloops was when I was two years old. Before we left for Alberta, they came to our house again for two nights.

My cousin Ashley, a competitive Irish dancer, was interested in the history of Kamloops. We decided that the day they arrived, we would bring them to the museum. I told her that it is not nearly as big as the one in Vancouver, but yet she was enthusiastic about going. Ashley found the old costumes in the museum fascinating, just as I did. When we got home from the museum, Ashley, Cameron and I went to jump on my trampoline for an hour.

My cousin Cameron is two years younger than me. Like most children his age, he found wildlife quite interesting, so the second day we brought them to the BC Wildlife Park. The trip to the wildlife park was interesting for all of us.

The next morning was stressful yet exciting. I prepared some activities for the car ride, as my parents helped load everything into the car. Right before we left, Ashley and I brought my dogs to the neighbour's house, where they would be looked after. Then we all took off in my uncle's eight person car.

That night, we went to a town called Kenanaskis. Since we arrived at the hotel at around 6:00 pm we had dinner, then went to the spa and pool. Cameron grabbed a lifejacket to go and float in the pool with my uncle, as Ashley and I went from the pool, to the purifying steam room, to the relaxing warmth of the dry sauna that made you feel as if you would fall asleep whether you wanted to or not.

That very next morning, we all went on a hiking trail where there were challenge trails, such as walking on logs, trying not to lose your balance, and swinging from ropes to get to the next platform. That afternoon, we went zip lining, not knowing what would happen. We all made it safely across...except for Cameron.

As Cameron was leaving the platform, his leg caught on it. The attendant stopped the zip line, as he was supposed to, but the zip line started swinging back and forth, jerking Cameron from left to right. My aunt screamed at the very top of her lungs, terrified of what might happen. The lift attendant got Cameron off safely, but Cameron was unconscious. The attendant called an ambulance, as the on-site first aid attendant tried to wake him up. The ambulance arrived, my aunt went with Cameron, and the rest of us followed to the hospital in the car.

While the doctors took care of Cameron, Ashley and I went to the gift shop. The doctors had told us that he had a broken leg, and it was normal that he was unconscious. My Aunt said that we weren't going to end the trip because of a broken leg, so we would just have to push Cameron in a wheelchair. Ashley and I bought a pad of stickers to decorate the cast.

When we got back to the hospital room, Cameron was awake. Thankfully, they did not have to operate on his leg. As the doctor put Cameron's cast on, the doctor said that Cameron would have to spend the night at the hospital, but that he would be able to leave the next morning. My uncle stayed at the hospital with Cameron and my aunt invited me to sleep in her hotel room where there was an extra bed.

The next morning, we drove to the hospital to pick up Cameron. Then we drove to Calgary to stay for three nights. We decided to go see the Stampede. We arrived at the Stampede at 10:00 in the morning. The Stampede was quite amusing. Since Cameron was in a wheelchair, we got to skip all the long lines as long as we were with him. He was like a golden key.

The next day, we all got into the car and drove to a town called Drumheller, famous for its dinosaur museum. After we explored the museum a bit Ashley, Cameron and I went to a fossil making

class. After that class, Ashley and I went in the mountains to do a fossil hunt. Sadly, Cameron stayed at an indoor class because of his broken leg.

I had thought that since Cameron had broken his leg, the rest of the trip would be uninteresting for him, though every time I looked at him, he was grinning. The broken leg was actually quite helpful. Since he was injured, the staff wherever we went would treat us like VIPs.

A few weeks later, Ashley called me. Cameron's leg had successfully healed. Though the trip to Alberta was over we had had such an amazing trip we knew that we would do it again soon.

As I was falling, I thought about what she said. Those unforgettable words, it haunted me. I felt tears brush across my face. I wish I could help her but it was all my fault. I did this - I'm the reason why. I woke up with a gasp, heavily breathing, almost drowning in my tears. I never thought it would turn out to be real...

I looked out the glassy window and see my best friend, Anika, waiting to pick me up for school. I rushed to the door and as I was running my little sister Kaia reminds me to quickly get dressed. I zoomed back inside and thank her on the way. *Ugh now I'm really going to be late*, I thought as I got in Anika's car and drove away.

"What took you so long?" Anika complained.

"I-I had a bad dream." I stuttered.

We arrived at school and the first thing we saw of course was Jack Bridge bullying the school nerd Adam Smale. Nobody has ever even tried to stop Jack, nobody had the courage to. I looked away before Jack hit him, I always did. As I turned around, I saw a strange looking girl wearing a weird necklace. I didn't recognize her but I got a weird feeling. I tried to act like it never happened but I couldn't shake the feeling that I was being watched.

It's now lunch and I'm hanging out with my friends Kathy, Abby and Sam. We usually hang out behind the old juniper tree- nobody else goes there. There was a rumor that two boys were playing around here and they suddenly disappeared and never came back. We've been hanging out here since the second grade. I personally don't think anything will happen. We were chatting and the subject of this morning's bullying came up. I announced what I saw and my

friends agreed to help me investigate, I was relieved, "Hey, we should make a club room!" Kathy shouted.

"Sure, great idea!" Abby and Sam exclaimed.

We went inside and asked our teacher, Mrs. Rymer, if we could use the old computer lab. She said we could, but only if we clean it first. I wasn't too happy about that, but the room was ours now.

We cleaned it up and decided to name the lab Waffles. I thought it was stupid, but everyone else loved it- everyone else, meaning Abby, Sam and Kathy. We did some research based on what I saw. It turned out the necklace was part of an ancient culture that was lost years ago. I tracked the necklace back to the owner, her name was Ari, she had no last name and there were no pictures of her. All information was lost, other than her dad had died around ten years ago. There were no personal records of her, she was a total mystery.

The lunch bell rang so we went back to class, it was announced there would be a new transfer student, and to my suprise, her name was Ari.

To be continued...

Balloons

By: Lauren Madsen

One day a fourteen year old kid named Brandon was walking down the sidewalk when all of the sudden he found a strange and very creepy clown doll. Brandon decided someone must have dropped it so he just threw it back where he found it. The next day when he was walking home from school with a group of friends, he heard a noise in an alleyway. Brandon told his friends he had to stop for a minute to tie his shoe. They said, "Ok", and when they turned the corner he ducked into the alley. The strange noise got louder the farther in Brandon went. Then all of a sudden he tripped over something. Brandon realized it was the clown doll he saw the other day. But when Brandon saw it this time the clown doll had a red balloon in its hand. Now he started to realize that as soon as he noticed the clown doll, the screeching and terribly strange noises had stopped. Brandon just told himself that the strange noises were only cats or something.

At least he hoped...

He caught up with his friends and continued to walk home. He couldn't help but wonder a horrid thought; what if the doll moved on its own? That same thought kept him awake all night and Brandon didn't get a wink of sleep. The following morning when he told his friends about it they just laughed and said it was all in his imagination. All during the school day Brandon couldn't focus on anything else. His friends must have

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figured that out when in English class his teacher called on him and he yelled "CLOWN DOLL!" He was so embarrassed he asked for a bathroom pass and just left for the rest of class. When Brandon and all of his friends had a free period they went to the library so they could talk privately. One of his friends, named Trevor, asked him if he was doing okay. Brandon explained what was going on to his group of friends. They tried not to be mean or rude about it but they couldn't help but to burst out in laughter. It hurt Brandon's feelings when they laughed, but he could understand why they were laughing. The whole situation sounded like something right out of a movie. At the end of the day when they were walking home, they took the same path again and he heard the strange noises from the alley again. Brandon told his friends he needed to find something in his backpack and just to give him a minute. He went to check it out and there was that same clown again, but it was in a different spot than last time. Plus, it had another balloon. This time the balloon was blue. This whole clown scenario was starting to creep Brandon out so much that he ran back to his friends and told them he must have just forgot that thing he was looking for earlier at school. They continued walking. Not once did Brandon bring it up in front of his friends again. He hasn't told his parents or any other friends, or anyone else for that matter about the whole clown incident. Brandon thought everyone would just think he was insane and stop hanging out with him, or even worse maybe his parents would hire a specialist. Apparently, according to adults, things

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from horror movies don't exist. When Brandon was getting ready for bed one night he couldn't help but wonder why the clown was increasing the amount of balloons it was holding. It seemed weird to him that it needed or even wanted balloons. Maybe the clown was trying to tell him something. He considered this, but couldn't figure out why the clown was following him. When he was getting ready for school the next day his mom asked if he was okay because she thought he'd been acting really weird lately. He hesitated for a moment, thinking she knew what was going on. Then Brandon realized it wasn't just his mom that was asking him this, so he said nothing and just shrugged. When he was walking to school with his friends, Trevor asked if he was still imagining he saw a clown doll, or if he had seen any unicorns lately. All the boys laughed, except for Brandon. On the way home from school Brandon suggested that they go the other way this time. They all agreed and off they went. The other way home just happened to also have another alleyway. He heard strange noises coming from the alley again. Brandon tried his hardest to ignore it this time, but something about it, something eerie and spooky, pulled him towards it. He didn't know what and he didn't know why, but for some weird, out of this world reason he just couldn't resist. He made some dorky excuse to leave from his group of friends and Brandon went to check it out. There, in the alleyway, sitting right there on a fire escape, was the clown holding one more balloon. This time the balloon was yellow. Brandon was absolutely

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sure the clown was moving on its own and following him. The biggest reason he thought this was because it couldn't be his friends they are always behind him. There was nothing any adults could do as he hadn't told anyone. That day when he was hanging out at Trevor's house he noticed a strange looking box on his bed.

"What's in it?" asked Brandon.

Then Trevor started freaking out and saying stuff like "No! Don't touch it!" or "Get away from that now!"

But, being 14 years old, of course Brandon didn't listen and went right on ahead and opened it up. There was an empty box for a clown doll. It was all a prank, he was devastated, so he got new friends. Still, he longs for revenge.

The end

The definition of confidence is belief in oneself, and one's power or abilities, self confidence and self reliance. This is a good skill to have. Unfortunately, it is hard to achieve this skill. Believing that you can succeed and telling yourself number placings don't matter. No matter what you do such as performances, games, speech competitions, tests or any event or activity involving competition with your peers and some with just yourself, you should always have fun. Now ask yourself this question, how do I overcome myself? How do I overcome the fear in myself? How do I get that positive feeling inside my bones before a big event? Well, first of all you must trust yourself. Trust that you know what you are doing, trust that you know the whole routine, trust that you know the pace when you are running long distance.

Second, believe in yourself. Believe that you can finish that dance routine, believe that you can run across the finish line and be happy with whatever placing you get. Here is one thing that I have experienced, before I started the big event I saw girls that were taller than me or they had longer legs than me. Or sometimes, you think your peers are smarter than you before you write a test. What does any of that have to do with you? Nothing. Absolutely nothing.

The best way to build self confidence is to have the repetition of something. Here is a true story. There was a man who got recruited to a soccer team in university and he was 6 ft 3. He was a goalie and his hands were like solid rock and he couldn't catch the ball. The soccer ball would always drop to the ground. His daily task every day for eight months was to throw a ball against a cement wall 355 times a day and catch it. Let me tell

you, after that eight months that goalie was probably the best goalie you have ever seen in your life.

There is going to be people who say, “ ahh this girl is pretty fast, I don't think you can beat that girl or, these girls have better leaps than you do.” You are the one who guides your own ship and you tell yourself how fast you are going to go in a storm or if you should change direction. At the end of the day, it is all your choice on which way you should go.

Once you feel confident in yourself you can help others that are struggling with self confidence. Tell your friends or family or whoever is struggling with self confidence. Tell them what they could do better and give them examples instead of getting mad at the mistakes that they make. Getting mad at the mistakes they make just drops their self confidence. For example, once when I was playing soccer I missed a one touch ball and my coach told me “nice try Raiya but next time watch the ball more carefully and then kick it”. Your friends or family don't need to know what they are doing wrong they need to know what to improve on.

Another way to overcome yourself is to have self talk with yourself. Tell yourself what you are here to do. Trust yourself that you know what you are doing. Remind yourself the journey that you have been through and the time and effort spent working on that skill. Before my races, I always take a couple of deep breathes and remind myself how far I have come with my journey. It's not worth letting yourself down. There is a big difference between having confidence in yourself and being arrogant. Here are some differences between being confident versus arrogant. “I have been training for a while and I believe I can have fun and win this race”. Another way of saying something is “I don't need to

practice, I already know I am going to win my dance routine.” Can you tell the difference between the two? The first one is confidence and the second one is being arrogant. When you are arrogant it also affects other people too. It makes people have less self confidence about themselves. Think about this, when you hear somebody at your event that is bragging about themselves, “I got the coolest running shoes last month and they are amazing, I don’t even have to train as I am going to beat everybody in my race because I’m the fastest.” Imagine hearing that, how would you feel? Not the greatest right, but, if you hear somebody say something that just ignore them and you should walk into your event with your head held high and do your best. The person that deserves it the most is you because you took the time and effort to become the best you can be at that skill.

Confidence is a very hard skill to achieve. This paper gives you some tips to help you but the thing that will help you most is the trust and love that you have for yourself. At the end of the day, walk out of that event or activity with your head held high and happy with whatever happens because you did your best. Remember don’t be the best, be your best!

Super Sandwich

Once upon a time there was a piece of Bread, Tomato, Lettuce, and Cucumber. They were reading comic books. Their favorite comics to read were superhero ones. They said to each other that they wanted to be superheroes one day. All of them just stared at each other. Out of nowhere, Lettuce said, "why don't we go play outside?" So everyone went outside to play. Cucumber suggested they play tag and Tomato suggested hide and go seek. All of them raised their hands to vote which one they wanted to play. When they opened their eyes, all of them voted for tag except for Tomato. "Majority wins," Cucumber said. Tomato said, "Okay. I guess I'm it then". When he was done giving them a head start they all started running around.

A few minutes later, Bread tripped on something. When he turned around to see what it was, it was really shiny. All of them grabbed a shovel and started digging. Five minutes later when they got it out of the ground, they all shouted, "WOW! It's a lamp." "I wonder if it's magical?" asked Bread. "I don't think so," said Tomato. "Let's see," Cucumber said, so he took his shirt and rubbed it. Nothing happened. He tried again. Again, nothing happened but then out of nowhere a genie popped out of the lamp and said to Cucumber, "You are my master. I can grant you 3 wishes and that's it." "Ok," said Cucumber, "for my first wish, I wish that me and my friends are superheroes." The genie said his magic words, "*Zing, zing, zong, puff*. Now you are all superheroes." "Yahoo," all

moment and decide if he wanted to or not. 'Ok. We can change back. Genie, I wish that everything went back to normal." "Oki doki. *Zing, zing, zong, poof.* You are now back to normal." "Yay! Yippy! Thank you so much." "You are welcome, said the Genie and the vegetables and bread lived a happy ending.

The Bear, The Unicorn And The Owl Story

1

One day there was a unicorn in the forest. She saw a very, very scary looking owl. This owl loved to frighten other animals and was also a bit mean. Funky the bear was walking around in the forest, looking for ants to eat. When he heard someone say something that was very mean. "You are fat," the owl said to the bear. The poor bear started to cry and cried so hard that he got all wet. This made the bear laugh even harder. "I am not fat," he cried. The unicorn was watching all of this happen. She had a very good sense of humor but she said that the Owl was being a bully and said Funky the bear should teach the owl a lesson because he is being very mean. The unicorn whispered to the bear, "You have to play a trick on the owl." The bear went to the creek and said "Hey Owl, come and get me". The owl followed and when she got to the creek, the bear went right in and splashed water. It went up so high it got the owl soaking wet too. Owls don't like to be wet! Funky laughed and said, "Come on in". The owl hesitated but then decided to join Funky. Soon they were splashing each other and laughing and having fun.

"You were mean because you were lonely and had no friends to play with?" The owl said, "Whatever, but I am sorry."

Funky the bear said, "let's go for a walk together every day." This is how they solved their problems and became the best of friends. Now they playing and have a lot of fun. They play tag and splash in the water. The unicorn watches them and is proud of them.

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The Messy Room

There once was a boy named Tom,
Who sat on a gigantic bomb.
The bomb suddenly went boom,
Making a mess of his room.
Good luck explaining that to Mom.

Anisha Narang
Grade 5
McGowan Park Elementary

Jewel The Fool

There once was a girl named Jewel,
Who saw something shiny in a pool.
She put on her bathing suit,
And jumped in with a big hoot.
But came out looking like a fool.

The Cloud

He started to climb up the mountain. It looked fifty feet before there was another flat edge to rest on. It was a long climb and he was cut and bleeding because of sharp rocks and thorns, not to mention the occasional rock that snapped off when he put his weight on it. There had been many close calls. One being a rock that had broken off and he was sure he would have died if it wasn't for that vine he had jumped to. It looked like 80 meters to the top. He saw a little peak ahead where he could stand and rest. When he got there the peak was big and sturdy enough to camp there for the night, because he would most likely fall climbing in the dark. He laid down exhausted from the climb and he looked at the water below him. He could make out a little dot by the edge of the mountain.

"My boat!" he said aloud even though there was no one to hear him say it.

In the morning he was sore and his muscles ached but he still continued to climb up the side of the mountain. He could see the cloud at the top of the mountain.

What is up there? he wondered. He knew he was about to find out.

He threw his hand over the edge and hoisted himself up and saw the cloud on top of the rolling hills.

"I found the cloud," he said. He headed toward the mist. The cloud had a big rock hill leading up to it.

This should be easy, he thought, compared to the other mountain, but all the rocks broke off. He tried again but could only hold on for a second before the rocks snapped off.

if I jump from rock to rock in the seconds before they snap off, I might make it!

He decided to try it out. He ran at the slope, jumped on one of the rocks and launched for the next one. Just above his head, he felt his fingers wrap around the next rock. It was far out to the left. To get it, he had to push off hard and hope for his fingers to latch on and hold. He ran his feet along the wall for momentum and then he heard it.

Oh no, he thought. He had to jump! Missing the rock would be better than falling. Now his legs and hand pushed off at the exact same time giving him enough power to make it to the rock. This rock was more sturdy than the others. He looked at the rock that he had just jumped from and he saw it snap and fall to the ground below, shattering into little splinters.

"That could have been me!" he said, but immediately shook the thought off and focused on climbing to the next rock. It was very loose and it would fall if he grabbed it. He had to be fast so he jumped quickly as he touched it. He pushed up with his arms. It launched him upwards but he was short of the ledge by inches. The rock had fallen out of its ledge leaving a big hole where the rock had been. He reached for the socket and caught himself in the hole. He hoisted himself up. He was happy he had made it to the cloud.

Rain

I am the rain.

I pour down from the skies.

I am the Earth's tears.

I am the clap of anger.

I am the gunshot of lightning missing by meters.

I am the screams of fear afraid the Earth will shatter before your eyes.

I make babies cry at night, afraid thunder will slap them in the face.

A wound on me I am breaking piece by piece.

I am the soft sobs coming from above.

I am the fatal drops from the sky.

I am the rain.

Sun

I am the sun.

I scare away the night to bring you happiness and joy.

I am the red and orange streaks like chalk on the summer pavement.

I am in the scorching desert.

I make people beg for water.

I make them break piece by piece.

I bring out the ice cream for kids.

I make it a cool pool day.

I am the sun.

The Secret Language of Birds

Even the tall tree where Soren lived was not enough to fuel his endless curiosity. As a young owl, he was told to stay in the tree until he learned to fly. Yet, that was a long way off for him. As a cure for his boredom, Soren stared as far as his little black eyes could see. In the forest where he lived, he saw other owls in trees like himself. He saw squirrels racing up trees. But, sometimes Soren looked far ahead of his forest. The plains where the bison lived were a little more interesting, because they would get into these enormous fights. He also looked at the gigantic lake where his forest led to. But, Soren's eyes always came back to the beautiful pond not far from his tree. That was where the swans lived. So graceful and angelic in the water they were! He just wished he could be with those swans, tucked between their two light and soft wings... so Soren took a leap of faith.

Down he went, completely isolated from his tree. His bottom was covered in dust and pine needles. Ignoring the ache from the fall, Soren made his way over to the pond. He kept thinking about how nice it would be to be with the swans... but his mind shifted back to reality.

A fox was dangerously close to him, most likely to make Soren into his dinner. With that, he scuttled as fast as he could on his little claws. In the end, he didn't realize he was running into the pond! The swans stared with disbelief. An owl in the pond? One swan didn't stare for too long. She scooped Soren up and put him down on her back. He stared at her in awe. The swan was perfectly white with eyes like black pearls.

He was awakened from his daydreaming when he heard her say, "Who are you?"

Soren couldn't speak. He just stared for a moment, then replied, "You... speak owl language? But you're a swan!"

The swan giggled. "All birds speak 'owl language'! Well... it's like the secret language of birds, you know."

Soren was confused. "The secret language of birds..." he repeated. "So, all birds speak it?"

She smiled, "Correct." Soren liked this swan. "So, who are you, anyway?" the swan asked.

"I...I'm Soren," he replied.

She smiled. "I'm Florence. I think we can become friends."

Soren smiled. Florence and Soren playfully floated and had a good chat in the pond. They thought their fun would never be over... until Soren recognized the familiar, shrill call from home. It was his mother.

"Florence, bring me back to shore." She gave Soren a worried look.

"Why now?"

He didn't want to explain. "Just take me there. Please."

Florence followed Soren's orders and took him back to shore. He glanced up and saw his mother circling overhead. She came shooting down like a bullet.

"Soren! Soren!" she gasped. "Don't go out of the tree again! I don't want you gone like your father!"

Soren was ashamed. "I'm sorry."

His mother scooped him up in her wings. “I know you are. But, you could have been eaten by a fox!”

He gulped. He did have a close encounter with a fox. Soren just closed his eyes the whole way back to the forest. He didn’t want to eat any of the insects his mother prepared for him that night. He just sat in the hollow of his tree, thinking of how he was going to go to the pond without his mother noticing. *Oh!* Soren groaned. *I’ll have to learn how to fly...* He tried not to think about the long and terrible lessons ahead of him. He fell asleep without his mother having to tuck him in.

That morning, Soren awoke to his mother asking, “So, is it time to learn how to fly, honey?”

He stood there confidently and boldly said, “Yes.”

She displayed a radiant grin. “Finally!” Soren’s lessons began right away. He toughed through every single one. In two weeks, he eagerly flew back to the pond. Florence was there waiting for him.

“Oh my goodness! You’re here!” She shone with joy. “I’ve missed you so much!” Florence sighed.

“I know. I have, too,” Soren replied.

For a while after that, Soren flew back to the pond every day to join Florence and her friends. They laughed and played until sunset. One day, Soren flew back to his mother, and she had some exciting news.

“We’re migrating soon!”

Soren had never heard of that before. “What exactly is migrating?” he asked.

“Well, when winter comes, we’ll take a long journey south to a warmer place,” she explained.

“Oh!” he exclaimed. “I think that’s a wonderful idea!”

His mother seemed even happier. “It’s not just an idea. It’s all birds’ way of life.” Soren fell asleep that night dreaming about what it would be like to be somewhere warm.

The next day, Soren brought Florence the news. “I’m migrating!” He smiled as hard as he could. “Are you going to the same place as me?”

Florence suddenly looked quite sad. “What’s wrong?” he asked. “You don’t like migrating?”

Florence turned and looked away from Soren. “Swans…” she said, “don’t migrate.” She started to float away from him.

He flew back to his nest with a heavy heart. “Soren, why are you upset?” his mother asked when he returned to his nest. He didn’t answer. “Where have you been, anyway?” Soren didn’t answer that either.

In the days leading up to the migration, Soren tried to forget about Florence while he was scavenging for nuts and berries or weaving pine needle baskets with his claws. But, it was like trying to stop the rain from falling. When he tried to think about something else, the thought of Florence crept back into his head. *Am I going to see her again? How will I say goodbye to her without anyone noticing? Why did I even go to the pond in the first place?* Worries kept Soren from getting much sleep. He grew more stressed with every day that passed.

The big day did come, and Soren felt horrible. He didn't talk to his mother the whole morning. Cold rain poured, and the harsh wind grew stronger and stronger.

"You ready?" his mother asked. Soren reluctantly carried his basket in his beak and joined his mother in the hundreds of owls in the air. As they flew over the pond, he felt a strong sense of heartbreak. He just couldn't resist it when he saw Florence floating gracefully in the water. Soren flew down like a bullet. He landed headfirst in the water, then he bobbed up to the surface to see Florence's shiny eyes towering over him.

"Goodbye!" he cried, hugging Florence tightly with his wings.

She scooped him up out of the water and wrapped him in her wings. "I'll miss you..." she whispered.

Soren caught up to his mother. All the way, he thought of Florence and her soft wings.

Lily Powell
David Thompson Elementary
Grade 5

Diego

I was nervous, scared really. One foot at a time I tried to convince myself to stand. Slowly my legs started to do it, and before I knew it I was standing on Diego's back. He stood still and didn't move but I knew he wanted to. Diego is a horse that I get to ride on Monday's when I go to horse back. He was a sandy brown with a soft black mane and he was oh so soft. His nose was extremely soft and a light grey color and his eyes were a deep, dreamy brown color and he smelled oh so heavenly. He **LOVES** to eat so he is very overweight and weighs 1200 pounds, so I always bring him apples and he really adores them. He is four years old and the third youngest of all the horses and no one really likes him, horses and people, except for me. I adore him and my instructor tells me that Diego likes me and he hates kids and tries to bite them. He bit me once but only because I was feeding him an apple and he just kept chewing, it didn't hurt that much though because he didn't bite that hard. One time I was riding him and he laid down! Like a dog! Another time he laid down and I got on top of him and then he sat like a dog and I held on and then he finally stood up. It was so fun! Any way back to the reason you started reading this in the first place. So I slowly exhaled and pushed my legs up and I was on top of diego's back! Then my instructor told him to move forward with me standing on him! I was totally mortified about that let me tell you. So he took a step or two and I totally stayed on! Then I sat back down and continued to trot around. I will always remember that moment when I stood on top of him.

The Dog Who Saved Christmas

By Linden Ransome

It was a calm Christmas Eve afternoon. Barney, a 6-year-old golden retriever, was peacefully sleeping on his owner's bed. His owner, a 26-year-old man named Tim, came in the room and said, "Come on boy, let's go play in the snow." Barney got up super quickly. He loved to play in the snow. When they went back inside, they were both covered in snow. Tim took his snow gear off and went to make himself some hot chocolate. Barney went to the fireplace to warm up. Later, Tim went to bed and whispered, "Goodnight boy." They both fell asleep. Then at midnight, Barney heard a noise. It went, "thump, screech". At first Barney was terrified, but then he got brave, and got out of bed. He heard the noise again, "screech". But, he was not scared this time. He went to the door and realized something. He has no thumbs! Opening the door would be very, very hard. He finally was able to open the door. But, by this time it was 1:00 am. Barney rushed out the door, but did not see anything. Then, something hit him on the head. It was a bell. When he looked at the roof of the house, he didn't believe what he saw. It was Santa! But he was in trouble. It turns out that he crashed his sleigh, and his foot was stuck on the reins. The sled was slowly heading off the roof! I have to save him, Barney thought, but how? Suddenly, Santa saw him and said, "Hello down there. Do you mind giving me a hand, or maybe a paw? I have some magic flying dust I use for the reindeer. Here, you can use it." As he dropped some on Barney, Barney said, "I'm... I'm flying". "Now, come over here!" shouted Santa. Barney landed on the roof, and with his jaw gripped he was able to grab Santa. He saved him from falling!

“Thank you, young pup! I see on your collar your name is Barney,” Santa said with joy.

“Thanks to you now I can deliver the gifts! Speaking of gifts, here is yours,” he said. He left him a red wrapping papered gift that sparkled. “I’m sure you’ll love this gift,” he continued. Then he hopped on his sleigh, got his reindeer in order, and flew off. “Merry Christmas,” he shouted as he waved goodbye. After that, Barney used all the flying dust power he had left, and he got back down onto the ground. The door was still open so he went inside, pushed the door closed, and went into his owner’s room. He jumped on his Tim’s bed, and slept a wonderful Christmas Eve night!

Deeper

I stared at the lock on the old, dusty chest. I couldn't believe that it had been hidden on top of the bookcase for three years now. I had forgotten. With trembling hands, I gently rubbed the dust off of the old red letters. "Thomas," it read, which meant it was mine. It belonged to me, and only me, for only I had the key. I was afraid to open it. I was scared of the memories that it would bring back. But I pushed aside my fear and forced myself to turn the key. Bullet shells, dirt, medals: they brought back memories of terrifying experiences as tears welled in the rims of my glasses. I still dug deeper. There was a small piece of worn, thick cloth that sent shivers down my spine. I stared at it for seconds, maybe even minutes, until I was gone. Gone into a world so far back in time, that it didn't even seem like my own memories. Yet, it wasn't just a memory anymore. It was a reality. Here I was, Thomas Jones, the eighty-three year old veteran, reliving the experiences that made me who I was.

It was 1940. I slowly walked down the small hill. Were the rumors true? No, they couldn't be! My best friend! No, James Thibben was tougher than this, stronger than this, I thought firmly. But, as I came to reach the ditch at the bottom of the hill, I saw a body, lying spread eagled on it's back, and began to doubt myself. As I drew nearer, I saw what I had been afraid of. That familiarly harsh jawline, the startlingly bright blue eyes staring back at me out of the sunken, previously handsome face. As I fell to my knees, the reality of it all struck me. James, my partner in crime since the third grade, gone. Dead. I called out to him, knowing deep down that he could not hear me.

"Get up Jones!" yelled a strong voice from behind me. I swallowed hard. Gulping down tears, I turned to face my pursuer. It was the lieutenant.

Deeper

"Get up Mr. Jones, I'm finished." Shaking, I opened my eyes. It was Roland, the boy I paid to mow my lawn. I blinked. For a moment, I was sure he was James.

"It was just because I just saw James die," I muttered to no one but myself. But after reliving that memory, I realized how much Roland looked like James.

"Yes. Yes, thank you Roland. Right, so... Roland, how would you like to go fishing with me on Sunday?" James had loved going fishing together.

Roland looked taken aback but replied with, "Sure! Um, yeah. That'll be fun." Then he added hastily, "Thanks for the offer Mr. Jones."

"Please, call me Tom." And I saw a curt, yet sweet smile carve the features of his youthful face.

Fishing with Roland was absolutely superb! I hadn't had a real friend since I was a young man, and Roland was the best that I could ask for.

Through all the hubbub of having a real friend, the memory box had been shoved to the back of my mind. I hadn't really thought about it until one late afternoon in March.

Roland had stopped visiting me. Maybe he didn't want to have to deal with the burden of having an old man as a friend. He had also stopped mowing my lawn, not that I needed it though. I could hardly even walk anymore, let alone get out and about outdoors!

Deeper

I had been lonely for the past few months, so I decided pull out the old memory box and see what else I could find. A bullet. I closed my eyes, the image of it pressed up against the backs of my eyelids.

When I opened them, I was in mortal agony. There was blood spilling out of my left thigh. I was fighting the urge to pass out. I thought I would surely die from the pain. Reluctantly, I allowed my eyes to shut.

As I opened my eyes, I thought I had gone to heaven. The stunningly beautiful face looking down at me was most definitely that of an angel.

"Why hello... Thomas! Nice to see that your awake. We were beginning to worry. My name is Dorothy. Dorothy Helen Andrews," she said with a warm smile.

"Uh... yeah, hi!" I stuttered. As I said it, I began to wish that I was somewhere else, doing something heroic, instead of lying in bed at an odd angle, under her care.

Two weeks had passed since I had met Dorothy, and we had become great friends! Maybe even more than friends. It was coming to the time when I would have to leave her, and rejoin the battle. So when she came over to my bed one Friday morning I asked her what I had been planning to ask her for the past week.

"Dorothy," I started, surprised to hear that my voice was steady. "Dorothy, from the moment I laid eyes on you, I knew you were the one." Her beautiful face shone with happiness. "I know it's only been two weeks, but... but I love you. And I want to spend

Deeper

the rest of my life with you. So, if I make it out of this alive, will you do me the honours of being my wife?" her eyes were now brimming with tears.

"Oh, Tom, I love you too! Of course I'll be I'll be your wife!" And with that, she bounced away, humming to herself.

I fell asleep with a grin on my face.

End of part one.

Cyborg and his robots

Once upon a time there was a robot. Who was also half human. His name was Cyborg. One day he decided to make a robot. That would adopt a child because no one would adopt a child. His first two attempts didn't go well but then his two robots that didn't work were gone!!! This made him upset so he went to look for the robots. First, he went to the adoption center. He asked the lady if any baby's got adopted. The lady said "No, why?" "Long story." "Why don't we sit down and have a chat about your long story, ok?" "Wish I could but I can't. I'm in a rush." So he left in a hurry and then he kept looking. He finally found one of his robots hiding in the garbage dump but he couldn't find the other one. "Help! Help!!! There's a robot wrecking my home," said a scared man. "That's my robot!" Cyborg yelled. He commanded it to stop but it didn't stop. "How is it flying?" Cyborg thought. "I know how its flying," said a man. "he came in and said' I want to fly. So he went to look for a potion that would make him fly. He found it and he drank it but then he found the potion of distraction and he drank it because it was pink." "Why would a robot do that?" said Cyborg. "After a while, the police came and said "destroy that robot!" Cyborg went up to the police and said, "Please don't destroy it. I will destroy it" "Ok," said the police. So Cyborg used his powers to destroy it. "Why did I say I will destroy it" said Cyborg. Around then the Teen Titans came and said, " you did the right thing". "Thanks," said Cyborg as he walked home sadly. He said to himself that he would try one more time to make a robot that would adopt a child. So he

tried to and he did it! He was so excited he was bouncing round and he invited the Titans over to his house. They celebrated and were very happy for Cyborg. But there was one thing that bothered Cyborg: the robot that Cyborg destroyed. He could have fixed it with some left over pieces that he had kept. Robin asked, "Cyborg? What is the matter?" Cyborg replied, "That robot I destroyed. I could have used the leftover pieces that I had. I could have fixed it." "That's ok. You did the right thing," said Robin. "I know." Cyborg felt sad. He knew he did the right thing but he could have fixed it and used it to adopt a child. He likes making robots. It's his favorite thing to do. So next time he makes a robot, he is confident it will work.

Chapter 1

The class sat in complete silence for the first time in the whole year, which was fairly incredible since we had the noisiest class in the whole school. You could have heard a pin drop. Every kid was watching as the second hand slowly ticked forward closer to the twelve. Those who weren't watching the clock were trying to get other peoples attention. Suddenly the silence was broken by the loud ring of the bell. Everyone rushed outside into the hallway and got their bags packed as fast as they could. Cole who was always first in everything, ran down the hall and out to the parking lot followed by Sam. Cole's mom was going to pick them up and drive them to the docks in Vancouver. Uncle Nick had rented a boat and they would be boating to Hawaii and staying there for a week. Hannah (Cole's sister) had just walked out the door into the parking lot. It was a very hot day. Sam and Cole went to sit under the big oak tree because it provided lots of shade. "I can't believe we are out of school and going to Hawaii", Sam said. "So have you packed?", Cole asked. "Of course I have", Sam replied. Moms here yelled Hannah from the distance "I guess we should go" mumbled Cole. They both rushed as fast as they could go. "Hi mom" yelled Cole, "Hi Mrs.Ross" said Sam.

Chapter 2

Sam and Cole sat in the back of the van, playing on Cole's tablet. Hannah sat in the front beside Mrs. Ross listening to music on her phone. Don't you have anything better to do? Asked Mrs. Ross. Sure, Sam and I will take a walk, Cole sneered sarcastically, wishing he could. The drive started to seem like it was going to go on forever. Hannah leaned her seat back which made Cole glad he had talked Sam into sitting in the back. Sam thought his back might snap if he sat up an hour longer and Cole didn't feel much better. They both laid their heads back and fell asleep. We're here, yelled Hannah as loud as she could in Cole's ear, waking Sam too. Cole shot up and looked out the window. The docks lay ahead of them filled with any kind of boat you could imagine. Sam scrambled out past Cole wondering how long he had been asleep. The second he touched the ground his legs felt like they had been turned into jello. Sam and Cole ran over to see Uncle Nick, who was leaning on the railing of the boat waiting for them.

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Maya Stodola
Westmount Elementary
Grade 5
Water

I never asked to have the ability to control the water, or to be locked in my house for 13 years, but it happened anyway. Hi, my name is Ocean, and today was the worst day of my life.

I woke up around 10:00 in the morning like I usually do, but when I got downstairs ready for breakfast, I saw a note on the table. The note said that my parents had gone out and would be back that evening. At first I thought today was going to be a great day, but I was wrong.

After I made myself some pancakes for breakfast I went upstairs to get changed. It all went downhill from there. As I entered my room I felt something wet on the bottom of my feet. The first thought that ran through my head was there is a flood and my mom is going to kill me. Then I heard a crack, it got louder, and louder, and louder, until a whole bunch of water came spraying through the windows of my bedroom and made a dome around me. Then, it closed in.

I thought those seconds were my last seconds on earth, oh boy was I wrong. While the water was closing in I wished that it was just giving me a hug. Then the water grew arms and gave me a hug, just like I wished. My mom had told me there was something wrong with me and that's why I couldn't go out of the house, but she never told me what it was.

After I played with the water, I wished that it could take me to my parents, and it did. The water turned into a water train and took me up, up, up into the sky. I thought maybe my parents were in an airplane, but we went way too high for an airplane.

Maya Stodola
Westmount Elementary
Grade 5
Water

I was terrified, this water seemed evil, like it was trying to kill me! Turns out it was taking me to the land of the gods. I know what your thinking, why are my parents with gods? Well, let's just set the record straight I'm a goddess and my real parents thought my fake parents stole me, so, when they found where I was they took my fake parents but didn't take me. I know, weird right? More on that later.

When I got up to where my fake parents were I found them in a cage, crying. It was the worst thing I had ever seen. Before I could say anything something tapped me on the shoulder. I thought it was just the water at first, but after a few more seconds of tapping I turned around to see a glowing person who was smiling at me like I was their long- lost daughter. Turns out I was. After they explained that I was the goddess of water and that they were my real parents, they showed me their special abilities.

My real dad was a very tall man who had a purple glow, a long white beard, and big broad shoulders. He had the power of the wind.

My mom was beautiful. She was tall like my dad, she has gorgeous yellow hair, and she was glowing yellow. She had the power of the sun. I had never noticed before, but after seeing my parents I noticed that I was glowing blue. As I was talking to my parents I made the water unlock the cage that my other parents were in and took them home.

"Oh honey, we have so much to tell you," my goddess mother said as she gave my a ginormous hug. That hug was the weirdest sensation I had ever felt. After the weird

Maya Stodola
Westmount Elementary
Grade 5
Water

session, they sat me down in a big room, on a big chair, right beside a big glass of pop. Anyway, there was a brief pause until my dad took charge.

“Well Ocean, you probably know that you can control water.”

“Yes.” I responded after a big gulp of pop.

“Okay, well you should know that we didn’t take you with us because we were going to erase your memory of the mortal world. But, you were awake when we go there so we couldn’t do it. Instead we took the thieves that stole you. But now that you’re here we can live in harmony.”

“Dad.” I said softly. “I let my other parents go, is that okay?”

“Of course,” my mother said with a great big smile. “As long as we’re together.”

I gave my first hug to my real parents, then I went back down to earth to my other parents to give them one last hug before I went to live with the gods.

I’m telling you this story on my 105th birthday, and it turns out that wasn’t the worst day of my life, but it was the scariest one.

It all started on Wednesday, March 21st, 2014 when I got my first camera. I turned seven that day and I thought it was the best day ever. I recorded everywhere I went, until the battery died. It was the best gift I ever received. I used the camera for a straight year and then I stopped using it for a while. After that, time flew.

Then about a year and a half later I was sitting in my bedroom really bored. I kept getting memories of when I got my first camera and how happy I was. Then I ran downstairs to try and find my camera. I didn't really know what I wanted to film, but when I saw my scooter, I got an idea to film me scootering. So I went outside and started riding on my mini ramp, I did a couple tricks and then I started to film. I did some normal tricks and when I was really warmed up I filmed a clip of me doing a buttercup bar. After a while I filmed two dozen clips and my arm was starting to hurt, so I took a break. I took a nap and when I woke up I looked over the clips that I filmed. I thought that one of the clips of the buttercup bar looked really cool so I ended up posting it on Youtube.

Then the next day I went back on Youtube and when I scrolled down it said I had one million views. I was so surprised I started to jump up and down. Then I realized if I make more videos, I'll get more views. So I went outside and I started to do tricks when it got a whole lot worse. I had an idea that the bigger and better the trick is, the more views I'm going to get. So I was trying to think of tricks that would blow people's minds. I thought of a backflip, an inward, a triple tailwhip and a bunch of other tricks, but then I thought of a double flare. I knew people would be speechless, so I went to do it.

I set the camera up and then I started to get speed. I went back and forth about six times and it happened, I did the double flare perfectly and then, boom, I hit the ground and completely twisted my ankle. I thought it was going to be the end of my scooter career when the doctor told me I had to be on crutches for 11 months, but it didn't stop me.

While I was on crutches the International Scooter Association (ISA) world championships was taking place a few hours away from where I lived. All of the best riders in the world were competing at the event including Dakota Schuetz, Hunter Schuetz, Tanner Fox, Jordan Clark, Ryan Williams, Cody Flom and many other phenomenal riders. I have watched over 5 ISA championships and nothing has ever stopped me from not going to one and a twisted ankle is definitely not going to stop me from watching the best riders in the world compete against each other. After ISA's, Tanner Fox ended up winning with a score of 98.6.

A few months later I got my cast taken off and I didn't have to use crutches. I obviously wanted to keep filming and scootering so I had to get right back to work. The doctor told me I had to do stretches every day for 1 hour for five weeks straight. After the five weeks was over, I got straight back to scootering and filming. After another couple of weeks I had over 2 million subscribers and with all those subscribers I had made enough money to buy a better camera, which I used to make daily vlogging videos on a different channel.

I got so popular on Youtube that I was able to start my own clothing brand which sold online and at local stores. About three years later at the age of 16, I moved into my own house in Beverly Hills, California. The whole property was just over seven acres and I used two acres to build a skatepark to pursue my dreams of being a professional scooter rider. I also bought three more acres on the southern side of California to build a wakeboard cable park. Two years later I

Nate Turner, Grade 5, Pacific Way Elementary, My Youtube Story

was old enough to participate in the ISA's and by that time I was just as good as all the others. Three months before world championships, I got a call from Deklerk Shorts, the manager of the ISA saying that I had been selected for the world championships. I was the happiest kid in the world again. I couldn't have been more proud of myself that day, but I new I had to get to work. So that's what I did. Everyday I rode for two hours and worked out for one hour. I also had to eat healthier foods and make better decisions on what I ate. A few weeks later I met up with former two time champion Dakota Schuetz at Bobs Burgers to talk about everything I need to know. Three weeks later it was showtime. Caden Cail was the first to go, he set the bar high with a score of 91.4. Then John Marcos Gaydos put together a brilliant score of 96.2. Then six other riders went and all got scores from 89 to 95. Then it was my turn, I started off by going down the mega ramp and I did a 360 triple whip, then I did a 540 inward up the bank. Then I gathered speed around the sidewall and did a double backflip, then it all came down to the trick I'd had feared for three years, the double flare on the mini ramp. "Here comes Nate down the bank, ignited with speed performing a double flare. Can he land it, yes Nate Turner lands the first ever double flare."

It was the best moment I've ever had, and here I am today at the age of 23 still scootering and living the dream.

Join Tom And Lucy With...

Book Three

The Dead Army Uprising

Introduction

Rumors. They're a terrible problem in this world.

But sometimes they give you

the idea of what the task ahead of you is.

Tom and Lucy are just about to figure that out.

CHAPTER ONE Rumors

"What awful nonsense!" declared the Major early one afternoon. One of his mates in his office had just announced that there would be a zombie apocalypse in five days.

"That is so unbelievable," cried the mayor.

Meanwhile, about twenty blocks away, Two children were returning to their house from the ice cream parlor that just opened in town. Their names were Tom and Lucy Birch, two very ordinary kids.

"Lucy," said Tom. "Did you hear about the zombie apocalypse?"

"Yes I did," said Lucy

"The mayor said that one of the people in his office is making a joke about it. You know what?," said Tom. "How about let's have a campout?"

CHAPTER FOUR The Truth

"Lucy," Tom whispered urgently. "Wake up!" He could feel beads of sweat trickling down the sides of his head.

Lucy jumped up as if her sleeping bags had just being electrified! "What! What!" she said, clearly terrified.

"Someone just passed us. A figure in a dark hood!" moaned Tom.

"We have to report this to the Mayor," said Lucy, firmly.

"Yes," said Tom

The next day Tom and Lucy's mom phoned the mayor and told him that Tom and Lucy wanted to have an interview with him. After a long chat with the mayor Tom and Lucy's mom said that the mayor had told them to come around half past 11 the next day.

"Tomorrow than," said Lucy

CHAPTER FIVE The Dead Army Uprising

After their meeting with the mayor, the mayor believed the story about the dead army uprising happening. "Take all precautions," he said. "We do not want to be attacked by zombies!"

Meanwhile, the small army was prowling around the outside perimeter of the town, checking for the slightest inkling of unusual activity. Then the next night the dark figure in the

hood returned being seen by one of the guards. The guard raised the alarm and in a very short time, but the figure had gone by the time that everyone got there.

Then, November 1st, 2 days after The Hooded figure being sighted again, there came a very big cloud of obsidian dust, floating across the plains. Following it were people rising out of the ground, getting information and marching towards the village. The hooded person's dead army had arrived at last.

If I Could Just Fly Away

Emersyn Wenzel

Aberdeen Elementary School

Grade 5 Pg. 1

“You’re antisocial and nobody likes you!” Maddie Crate, the meanest girl in my school (at least in my mind) fires at me, making the empty hole in my stomach since school started even bigger. I walk away, as always. Why is she so mean? She never hated me until Denise became more popular than her. On cue, the bell rings. Now I don’t have to stand outside like an idiot. I can feel Maddie and her friend’s fiery eyes burning holes in the back of my head.

I walk into Math class. “If I could just fly away to a different place, for at least one day,” I think for, surprisingly, the first time today. “It would just be so much bett-” My teacher interrupts my thoughts with, “Ok class, you have ten minutes to review before your big test!” I pull out my math book lazily. As I flip through the worn pages, I think about how horrible Maddie is and how neither my teachers nor my principal believe me because Maddie’s a teacher’s pet. “Time to start the test.” Mrs. Buzz comes around handing them out. I fly through the questions. When I’m done, I bring it to Mrs. Buzz’s desk and hand it to her. “Good job, Kate.” I mumble a quick “Thanks,” and walk away. Suddenly, I get an idea!

“Maybe if I tell my parents what’s going on with Maddie, they could help!” The bell for our last class rings and I hurry off to Science. I sit down beside my science partner, Jack White. Our teacher, Mr. Lave, tells us which elements to put in our experiment. We’re the first ones to

If I Could Just Fly Away

Emersyn Wenzel

Aberdeen Elementary School

Grade 5 Pg. 2

Finish so Jack puts up his hand for Mr. Lave to come and review it. Meanwhile, I wonder if other people feel the way I do about flying away. When Mr. Lave is out of earshot, I whisper to Jack, "Do you ever wish you could fly away, for at least one day?" "Mmm, sometimes." I lay my head on my desk for a quick nap and the home bell wakes me up. I suddenly remember, I get to tell my parents about Maddie!!

I dash out of class scoping out my Mom's car but see my brother's instead. I sigh. I was hoping to tell Mom right away. My brother looks over and says, "You sure look happy to see me." I respond, "I am, I just haven't had the best day." "Oh? Why?" he asks with concern. "Ahh, just girl drama." "Ok." He refocuses on the road. "Hey, Justin?" I ask. "Yea." "Do you ever feel like you want to fly away, for at least one day?" He looks at me with love-filled eyes, "Kate, there's some days I wish I could fly away for a month and others I want to run as fast as I can and never look back. Everyone has days like that; you wouldn't be human if you didn't. I've learned that no matter how far you run you will never reach the finish line. The thing that keeps me home is you. Home is where you can unwind, relax and where you can be yourself. Home is where our family is." I say, "Wow, that's deep bro, I never thought of it that way." I look out the window and the next thing I know, Justin slams his door waking me up. "Time to get out, sleepy head." I run toward the house and hear Justin holler, "WHAT ABOUT YOUR BACKPACK?!"

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When I get through the door, I throw my shoes off and run into the kitchen where I bump into Mom. “Woah, slow down, speedster,” she says. “How was your day?” “Umm, actually, that’s kind of what I want to talk to you about,” I say, scratching my head. “Ok,” she says in a caring voice. “Well, there’s this girl at school, Maddie Crate, and she’s really mean to me.” She leans in to hug me. “Oh, sweetie, how long has this been going on?” “Since the beginning of September,” I say sadly. “Oh, honey.” She takes my head in her hands. “Why didn’t you tell me sooner?” she asks with genuine concern. “I didn’t want to worry you so I tried to tell my teachers and my principal first. They didn’t believe me.” “Oh, pumpkin, come here.” She hugs me tighter. “Well, I’ll make dinner then call your principal and see what he can do, given there are only two days ‘till summer vacation.” “Thanks so much Mom.” After dinner, I watch Youtube while Mom makes the call. She is still on the phone with my principal when I go to bed. She peeks her head through my bedroom door and blows a kiss to me. I blow one back. “Hopefully, tomorrow will be a better day,” I think.

“BEEP, BEEP!!” I wake up to my horrible alarm. I put on my best outfit and head downstairs where I gulp down my breakfast then brush my teeth. I walk into Mom’s room and she’s still asleep. I shake her a few times. “Mom, wake up!!” I say in a loud whisper. “Huh?” she groans. “Can you tell me what happened with my principal, please?” I say impatiently. “Right!

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Just give me a minute,” she says as she rubs her eyes. I go downstairs; she follows. “Well?” I ask, even more impatiently. “When I told him what you said, he felt VERY bad for not taking your words into consideration. He also said this might make you feel better. Maddie is moving schools next year and she left on vacation to Cuba after school yesterday!” I spit out all the water I had just sipped. I scream in excitement, “OH MY GOSH, REALLY?!?!?!?” I’m so happy, I could explode! I go to school a little too happy and can’t focus. When I finally settle down, I think to myself, “I don’t want to fly away anymore but I still wish I could fly...”

Kaia williams
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Grade 5

Twelve O'clock Madness

Kara was sitting alone in her room when the doorbell rang. Shoot was it five all ready? She was pondering whether to answer the door or not when her mom called up "Kara, Jasmine and Andrea are here!" "Coming!" She yelled back. When Kara got to the door she saw that her friends were already in there pajamas. "Sorry were late. Jasmine didn't know what to wear!" Andrea whined. Andrea was wearing a light blue onesie and at the chest said 'I always look this beautiful'. She has shoulder length blonde hair, light blue eyes and freckles dotting her nose and above her cheeks. Her sister Jasmine was wearing a white T-shirt saying 'Love Laugh live' with dark purple pants. She has wrist length chocolate brown hair which was pulled back into a ponytail that night and greenie-blue eyes. "Hey! Don't blame it all on me. You took forever to choose pajamas!" Jasmine teased. Kara couldn't help laugh a little as they started arguing back and forth. "Shouldn't we be getting on with the sleepover?" Kara pointed out.

"You're right." They reluctantly agreed.

"Come on!" Kara lead them up to her room as soon as they got up Kara's mom yelled up "bye girls we'll be back tomorrow afternoon at around one. Dinners in the fridge for you guys. Don't call us unless it's an emergency okay? Bye!" Kara's mom and dad shut the door before she could answer. "You didn't tell us we had the house to ourselves"

Jasmine exclaimed as they went inside "Wow! My parents would never allow that."

"Yeah my parents go out a lot."Kara said as she pulled out her nail polish from her closet. It was a tradition that whenever they had a sleepover to paint their nails. When they were all done their first coats Andrea asked Kara something "Hey Kara?"

"What?" Kara answered

"Do you have anything to drink? I'm really thirsty."

"Yeah what do you want?"

"I'll have a ginger-ale please."

Just as Kara started walking to the door "Wait." Jasmine blurted "can I have one to?"

"Sure." with that last comment Kara went down stairs.

When she got into the kitchen she turned on the lights. They started to flicker "that was weird." Kara said then realized she was talking aloud. She sighed and went over to the fridge. A few minutes later after searching and searching she gave up and turned around and Kara screamed. Looking through the only kitchen window was... SomeThing it had blood red eyes and ashy skin. Then she blinked and it was gone. She sat there dazed for a minute then there was a knock at the door. She got up and went to answer. When she opened the door it was the Thing "what are you?" Kara said hoping for an answer the Thing didn't break eye contact but Kara looked away when she looked back it was gone. Then she felt a bonk on the back of the head and everything went black.