

## My Grandfather's Wish

### Chapter 1

June 19 2007

Hi my name is Ryan. My grandfather just died a few days ago.

I am going to his funeral this weekend. I am only seventeen.

My grandpa should have lived a little bit longer so I can hangout

with him more. The only thing I am looking forward to is

the will. I don't know why I am looking forward to it, I think

it is because of the adrelyn. At least I have one more day

to get ready for the funeral. I have to go to bed now.

Tomorrow I am going to my grandfathers to empty his house for the other people that are going to live in it. I can't believe he died so close to my birthday.

### Chapter 2

Tomorrow is my Grandfather's funeral. Today I am going to

my grandfather's house to empty it. I wonder if I will find

something cool, like a note from he was my age or

something.

"Let's go Ryan!"

"Ok mom!"

I am at his house now. It kind of stinks, and it looks kind of old. All of it has the

flower wallpaper; it looks kind of ugly. That's my grandpa; all old fashion and stuff. Well lets

empty it; we'll start with his room. Wait what is this, a diary? What does it say? It's locked.

Where is the key? Let's check the dresser, nope not in there. Oh the one beside his bed, it has to be in there. Yep, there it is. Now let's open it. It says:

***"I have always wanted to go to Sun Peaks in Canada, where I will go up the the highest chair lift and ski down from the top of the world. If I die I want Ryan to go up and spread my ashes all over the mountain."***

Well I guess I know what I am doing for my grandpas will.

Well I might do something else. Maybe I wasn't supposed to see that.

"Ryan it is time to go!"

"Ok mom!"

That felt like time went by so fast. Goodbye old house.

Home sweet home, we're back. I am going to play videogames till I go to bed. Ok I am going to bed now. Goodnight!

## Chapter 3

Today I am going to my grandpa's funeral. I really do not want to go. It is so sad, and if I go it will make me more sad and ruin my whole life. My grandpa and I were really close, we did everything together. We fished and camped; we even tried to go skiing, it didn't go so well. I can't believe he wants to go skiing again, I mean, wanted to try and go skiing again.

"Ryan time to go to the funeral."

"Ok."

"Listen I know you and your grandpa were close but you can't let this make your life bad. Things like this happen in life. People come and go. Things come and go. It is the way of life ok? So let's go."

"Ok mom, lets go, and I will try to keep it together."

"Ok son now let's go."

Ok we are here. There is so many people in here. And they are all wearing black. Wait did I have to wear black?

"Yes but it is fine you are a kid".

"I am seventeen Mom."

"Yes, but you are still a kid kind of".

Ok everyone sit down the lawyer will be in a little bit. There is some snacks in the back of the room so if your hungry you can go get something. Oh the lawyer is here everyone sit down and listen to the lawyer.

"Ok everyone I am steve your family's lawyer. I will be telling you the will that your grandpa has wrote. Ok let's get this started. Now I need some people to leave the room"

"I should get to stay here I am seventeen I am not a kid anymore."

"Ok can all the adults and granddaughters leave the room."

What ok I am still a kid never mind what I said I am staying here.

"I will not be telling you the will your grandpa will".

What is he alive is this all a sick joke no it can't be. The lawyer is pulling out a little tv. Then my grandpa was on he said that he wanted me to go to sun peaks and go down the top of the world just like the note that I found.

He wants me to spread his ashes at the top.

Well I am going to sun peaks I guess.

I told my mom and after the lawyer gave me his ashes. And when we went home me and my mom packed some stuff and tomorrow I am going to Canada and go to Sun Peaks. And I am going to bed now so I guess right in the morning I am going to the airport to go to Canada. I am going to bed.

#### Chapter 4

"Ok I am going to the airport bye mom."

"Ok bye".

Ok I am at the airport now, "Kk everyone that is going to canada please board now".

Already I guess I just got here in time. Ok let's go on the plane

. "Ok everyone we will be taking off in just a moment."

"Does anyone want any peanuts or some water".

I say I will take some water please.

"Ok we are here in canada everybody".

Ok let's get off this plane. Taxi here.

"Where are you going?"

"Sun Peaks resort please. "

"Ok".....we're here, that will be fifteen dollars please".

"Ok here you go."

"Thanks".

Lets go to my hotel room.

"Here you go your room is second floor number twenty three."

"Ok thank you."

Here it is. Ok now let's scatter my grandfather's ashes. First he said the bubble chair and then that fast chair. Lets get on this chair. This chair is so long. Finally the top. Now which way do I g..... oh there is a map. This way.... ok. Now he said this chair was fast ok. Oh that was not that fast. The top? There it is now do have the ashes? Yes I do ok time to spread his ashes.

There it is, empty, my family and grandpa would be proud of me.

Hi, I'm Kylie Johnson I'm straight A student at school. My best friend on the other hand, well let's just say she isn't a straight A student but she's great at other things, like persuading people! My best friend's name is Jessyca Treva, she has long blonde hair, and light blue eyes, she is very pretty. I have green eyes and dirty blonde hair, we are both pretty but Jessyca is jaw dropping pretty! On the next day of school me and Jessyca meet at the bus stop "Hey Kylie" said Jessyca "Hi, what's up?" I replied. Jessyca and I always sit together on the bus. This day was a very exciting day because I'm running for student president and Jessyca is going to help me bake cookies after school. When we got to school we went to classes, I go to Science and Jessyca went to Math. She isn't so good at that but I'm good at science. "Bye Jess, see you later" I said "Yep see you later!" Jessyca said in an excited voice. In science class I saw my frenemy, her name is Nicole. She used to be my best friend in grade 5 until she just ditched me and never talked to me again. In that class it got awkward Nicole came over and asked "hey do you want to be lab partners?" I said "sure". I had a bad feeling about this Nicole can be a trickster, I don't trust her very much. "So how have you been?" Nicole asked "I've been great" I said in a bold voice "can we just do our science" I said slightly more annoyed "yes we can, okay" Nicole said. After school I met up with Jessyca, we are going back to my house. "So what kind of cookies do you want to make?" Jessyca asked "oatmeal chocolate chip, I love those" I replied "me too" Jessyca said back. When we made the dough Jessyca kept eating it "hey did you know that cookie dough isn't good for you?" Jessyca said while munching on cookie dough "yes I do know" I said laughing then Jessyca started to laugh along. When the cookies went in the oven Jessyca and I went to my room she likes to braid my hair so she did. "Guess what happened at school today" I said "what?" Jessyca said "do you know the girl I used to be best friends with?" I said in a curious

voice “Nicole” Jessyca also said in a curious voice “yeah that girl, well she came and asked to be lab partners, it was odd” I said “wow that must of been awkward” Jessyca said in a surprised voice. *Beep beep beep* “The cookies are done” my mom Lessly yelled from down stairs Jessyca and I ran down stairs like it was a race to get to the cookies first. In the morning I brought the cookies to school for students to try because I want students to vote for me to be student president. Nicole is also running for student president, I wonder if she suddenly was being nice to me just because she wants to win.

1 week later, I didn't get the most votes Nicole did, but it's probably for the best so I don't have to worry about a lot. Now Nicole, Jessyca and I are all best friends how it happened: well, Nicole apologized and explained why she all of a sudden never talked to me and I forgive her for what she did. She ditched me because she didn't want me to ditch her and I understand that that could happen but we were best friends and I wouldn't ever do that to her. Ever since that time she never had another best friend she had friends but they weren't besties. “Come on Kylie!” Nicole screamed with joy “yeah lets go hurry up!” Jessyca yelled with excitement. We are all going to the beach “I'll be there in a minute” I screamed back and ran over. So Nicole is back in our friend group and I'm happy to have her back.

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Aaron Hughes is your ordinary 12-year old kid, he has a dream. He wants to be a runner, like his dad. His father tells Aaron lots of stories about the races he went in, but mysteriously, he quit running, Aaron always wondered why his dad quit. Aaron knew his dad wanted to run again, but his dad says he doesn't have that confidence anymore like he used to. Aaron tells his dad, he will make him proud and inspire him to get back onto the track. Tomorrow is the Gander City School Of Athletics track and field qualifier for the track and field city finals. Aaron has made it every year since he started coming in Grade 4. He left his old school due to bullying from his classmates and others for his "goody two shoes" image and it was running that got him through it. Aaron is pumped for the track meet tomorrow, he wants to win, but his dad always tells him, "just go and have fun, and enjoy running while you can." At the track meet, Aaron competes in 3 events, the 1000m, the 1500m, and the hurdles. He notices his dad in the crowd, cheering him on as he starts the 1000m. Aaron needs to make it into the top 3 if he wants to go to the city finals, he comes 1st in the 1000m and is heading off to the city finals, he also comes 1st in the 1500m, but now comes the hurdles. Aaron struggles on this event, he has never made the city finals with this event, although he has been close the last 3 years. The starting pistol goes off, and the race begins. Aaron is currently



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struggling as he is in last place, but he remembered his dad's words, "just go and have fun, and enjoy running while you can." Those words gave Aaron confidence and zoomed right back in it as he moved up to 4th place, Aaron's on the last hurdle, neck and neck with one of his friends, but his friend falls down, on the last hurdle, and Aaron crosses the finish line in 3rd, which means he is going to the city finals in all 3 events! "Yay!" Aaron says in excitement. The next week was the city finals, Aaron is really excited for the race, but before the races, his dad wants to talk to him, Aaron is wondering what his dad wants to talk to him about, Aaron was very curious. His dad said, "Son, I have never told you this, but in my final race-". "Oh, the 1998 Boston Marathon!" Aaron interrupted. "Let me finish, I always told you that I finished the race but I wanted to retire on top of the marathon world, which I told you I was. But I made that up, I was at the Boston Marathon, after all these qualifying races, I was finally there, 6 months of excessive training all boils down to this. I was ranked to come 3rd in the Boston Marathon, I just shook that off, and went out and did my thing. "The leader after mile 1, John Hughes!" Said the announcer. "I led almost the whole race, still in the lead after 25.7 miles, "Come on John, reach the rock, reach the rock!" But all of a sudden, I passed out, I couldn't get up, the nearest medics were at the finish line, not even

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knowing that I passed out, no fellow racers came to help me, and it injured my body badly, even after everything was over with and I was feeling better, I never got the courage to run marathons ever again." "Wow." Aaron says in shock." "So go out there and try your best, enjoy running while you can, Aaron." His dad said. Aaron went back to the track meet where his 1000m was starting, only 1 person will represent Gander City in each event. "Hey, take a seat in that stands and watch me win." Says a voice. But Aaron recognizes the voice, it's his childhood bully, Brian Peterson! Aaron was the fastest kid at his old school, Gander Tech. But he never got to prove it, because of Brian Peterson. Now this is his chance, to show his old school, he really was the fastest kid at his old school. "Good luck, loser." Brian says as the starting pistol goes off and the 1000m is underway. Brian dominates the whole race and ends up winning. "You thought it would be easy, not when I'm here, see you in the next 2 events, loser." Brian Peterson said. The 1500m was now starting, Brian Peterson dominated the whole race again and won again, Aaron had one last chance to beat Brian Peterson, in the hurdles. Aaron wanted to beat Brian Peterson badly, but he wanted to make sure that whatever happens, he will be proud of how he did. As Aaron lines up for the hurdles, Brian goes next to him and says, "don't give yourself hope, it was a fluke how you got here." The

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starting pistol goes off, both Aaron and Brian get off to a good start as they are neck-and-neck after the first hurdle, 6 more to go. They are neck-and-neck for the whole race, who will win? Aaron and Brian are approaching the final hurdle, all of a sudden, Brian falls down on the last hurdle, Aaron has a commanding lead, he looks at his dad, he remembers his story. Aaron stops at the line, turns back towards Brian, and helps him cross the finish line, the crowd gives them a standing ovation as they tie for 3rd. "I'm sorry for bullying you today and at Gander Tech." Brian says. "It's okay. That was 3 years ago, you're good. Wanna start a friendship?" Aaron responds. "A new friendship." Brian says.

THE END

## A Stranger

It all started when he stood outside the first time, it all ended when she found out.

Wait a minute let me take you back to three weeks ago.

I felt terrible, I had forgotten that it was Mother's Day and I had two hours to figure out an amazing gift.

I looked out the window and I saw a man. I didn't recognize this man at all, this man was staring right into my window. I was just going to close my curtains and start making a card but when I looked back out the window he waved at me. I was starting to get really creeped out. Straight away I closed the curtains and flopped back down on my bed. I realized that I wasn't wearing my glasses. So I put them on and suddenly I saw clearly again. I quickly looked out of the window and he was gone, I must have been imagining things . . . it was probably just a stupid cat. I had an hour and a half and I had an amazing idea of what to do.

"Honey I'm home," she sung as she entered the house. I jumped out from behind the wall and yelled "Happy Mother's Day!"

"Ash it smells great what have you been doing?"

"Baking us dinner and getting the Harry Potter movies ready," I replied smiling.

"Let me change out of my scrubs and then we'll get started, OK?"

"Yep," I replied trying not to sound excited.

When she got back down stairs I had the food trays ready on the couch and the movie ready. My Mom's favourite movies are the Harry Potter movies. My Mom loved the pizza and brownies that I made.

After the movie had finished and we had eaten all our food, we went straight to bed because it was very late and I had school the next day. It was a very long night but I was super excited that my Mom enjoyed it.

When I woke up the next day my Mom had already left for work and so I got up by myself. While I was in the kitchen I heard a knock at the door. I opened the door to a man, and a very well dressed man too. I supposed that he was a businessman, but what I found out next was very surprising. He said "Hello Ashley Boat." Everything went black. I had fainted. I woke up ten minutes later on the couch with a strange man staring at me. "Who are you?" I said scared.

"Robert Boat, your father," he pronounced.

"Dad," she sobbed. My Dad had run away when I was five years old. Now I was thirteen. It had been eight years. We talked for hours and then I realized that I had to go to school and my Mom would be home any minute worried sick. I rushed my Dad out the house and minutes later my Mom got home. "Ashley where have you been? I've been worried sick," she cried. "I was actually sick," I lied.

The rest of the night my Mom looked after me in bed, while I was "sick".

My Dad came back three times after that on weekends when my Mom was at work, but it all blew up on the fourth time. One night me and my Dad were just finishing

a game of Scrabble when we heard tires in the driveway. “ Oh no,” my dad said  
worried..... To be continued in the next chapter.

## The Whispers

I held on to the gun with a despaired clutch.  
My heart was racing as I could hear the voices behind me.  
Think, think.  
Matthew should've been back by now.

The sounds of voices were getting closer by the second, making me hold my breath.  
The snow was falling on my ripped clothes and the cold was bone chilling.  
My breath came out in a fog, and it floated up to the sky.

Red lights shone around the city, looking for me and Matthew.  
Helicopters flew above us, and the white light shone brightly against my blushed cheeks.  
"She's over here! Get her!" A man's voice was ringing around the city, and I stood up and ran.  
I don't know where I went, or for how long, but I reached the door.

I undid the lock and slammed the door behind me,  
breaking some of the earth around the door frame.  
I placed my gun on the hanger and took off my ripped jacket.

The room was dimly lit by a candle, and it was flickering its warning that it would go out.  
I sat on the armchair, gazing at the candle.  
Its free movements were disturbed by the door opening and slamming once again.  
Matthew.  
His gasping breath sent a nervous note to fire up in my head.  
I grabbed the first aid kit that was in my pack and handed it to him, his hand shaking with blood.  
"Clean it, and get the glass out would ya?" I said, smirking wickedly.  
He obeyed and washed it with a wipe.  
There was a shattering noise and then the smell of fire.

I turned my head to see the candle had fallen over and was burning the rug underneath it. We didn't speak as we packed up and rushed out the door. The smoke was starting to interfere with my asthma, but I couldn't stop, or else I'd burn.

Matthew grabbed my wrist and tugged me to the car, that was parked under the shed. We ran down and hopped in, the keys in ignition. The starry night flashed past us as we drove away from the door. Matthew, in mid steer, grabbed my inhaler and shoved it towards my mouth. I took it from his hand and inhaled. My breath became steady as he drove off into the night.

Matthew placed his arm on the back of my chair, but I glared at him and he let it fall back to its spot on his leg. His raven hair was pushed back to reveal a small cut the size of a mouse tail. I was about to say something but he stopped the car with a jerk of his head. He had hit something.

He backed up and waited. Something arose from the wreck. Its eyes were shiny silver, and its fur white as a fresh piece of paper. The wolf had a large ears and its mouth gaped with blood stained teeth. The ears were flattened to the head of the wolf, and its back was arched menacingly. A large tail whipped around and the wolf was now standing on our car. "Drive, it will shake off," I said, and he pressed down on the pedal. The car sputtered forwards a few feet then stopped. "Why did you stop?" "I didn't mean to, the car is out of gas." Matthew looked at the tank, which came flashing red. There was scratching on the roof and then a loud metal scraping sound came flooding through the car. It was clawing through, to feed on its prey it had successfully caught. I open my door and ran out onto the road.



I heard screaming coming from the car but I keep going.

“Matthew, I will miss you, very much.”

The whispers.

They were everywhere.

People glared at me, as I was holding my knife against the man’s neck.

“Please, you get your money when you give it to me” he said choking.

“Pay me now, or you will not get your precious little toy back,” I spit in his face, making him flinch, which caused the knife to move closer to his head.

The people around us were calmly looking at us, drinks in hand.

“You told me the shipment was sent, Mr Handridge,” I said, tilting the knife to his jaw line.

“Fine, it’s in the pack,” he said, pointing to a green backpack sitting on the chair beside him.

I dropped the knife to my side and check the pack.

It was there.

I closed the pack and threw him the cash that was in my pocket.

He counted and grunted his satisfaction.

I twirled the knife in my hand once I was seated with the pack on at the bar.

I grabbed my cup, chugged it then left.

The pack bounced on my back as I got on my bike and sped home.

I locked my bedroom door and opened the pack.

Inside, was a small book.

Memories, it read.

I opened it, and burst into tears.

The picture had Matthew and I making a heart with our hands, smiling widely.

The party in the background and the lighting made my heart ache.

It was before the end.

Before the chilling winter that lasted forever.  
Before Matthew died.  
That picture marked the last time he smiled.  
Followed by the last time anyone smiled for that matter.

There was a knock on my door and my roommate's worried voice followed the knock.  
I quickly stashed the pack away and opened the door.  
Domina, my roommate, was holding a small cake, with happy 21st on it with black icing.  
"You must've forgotten. Happy birthday Z," she said, making me smile away my tears.  
I smiled my thanks and walked into the dining room to find someone standing in the middle.

It was Matthew, holding a ring in his hand.  
"I'm back, Zakiya."

# For You....

## Chapter One

### Morgan

The 4th of January, 1980 was when my best friend Morgan Foster got pounded into the hard rocky cement ground by a car on North Central avenue right in front of my eyes. That day destroyed me. Whenever I thought of her I cried. Sometimes, when I would hear her dying screams in my head, I could barely breathe. For two months, I couldn't get out of my bed in the morning and sometimes I wouldn't eat. The nightmares of the incident would play in my head every night. I felt like I had no hope. She was my only great friend and now I was starting to lose my family. I was a failure to them. I started going to therapy and it still didn't help. Then one afternoon my therapist asked me something I'll never forget, "Did you and Morgan ever have a plan or a dream?". When we were in high school, we made a promise that when we were 25 we would serve in the army for our country. I told him about our promise. I knew he thought it was a crazy idea.

"You're turning 25 in a couple of months, am I correct?", he asked.

I nodded.

"Well, I'll leave that decision to you", he said.

Over the next couple of weeks I stopped going to therapy and I made my decision to join the army. My parents thought I was insane. So did the rest of my family and friends. They all kept saying that this was a fantasy but I made a promise.

2 years later, United States Armed Forces.

The daily wake up call was at 5am but from what I saw on the Sargent's face this wasn't a usual wake up call. "We are getting stationed to Lebanon to fight alongside Israel, Syria, France, Italy and the Multinational Force in Lebanon and fighting against Arab Deterrent Force and Amal Movement. So everyone let's move as quickly as possible", said Sargent Stevens. When I heard those words I suddenly thought of Morgan and why I was doing this.

"Hey lazy, there's a war out there that needs our help." yelled Rebecca my bunkpartner.

"Sorry, I was just thinking about Morgan." I said with a sigh

As we got into the transport, I realized that if Morgan was here we would have never done this, I wouldn't of have risked my life just from a stupid promise, maybe my parents were right. I could have kept being a waitress in Cafe Luke like before.

"Soldier Edger".

"Yes Sargent Stevens", I saluted.

"You're an excellent soldier and what you're doing for Morgan is very brave", He said

"Thank you, Sir." I said

Tears fell from my eyes as we started our descent into Lebanon.

Then I started to hear Morgan's voice saying, "It will be alright Johanna".

## Chapter Two

### The War

As we exited from the transport, I couldn't think straight, I lost focus, then I heard Sargent Stevens yell for us to head to the grey building to the right. Once I was able to focus, all I could see were big clouds of smoke and hear the sounds of gunshots..

"Johanna, watch out", yelled a voice. I ducked.

"Thanks, I owe you", I said

"Nah", the voice said. "Hey, my name is Lily, I'm also in USIFIL and I'm like two bunks down from you at USAF".

"Right, I remember you, you like to shoot guns", I said with a laugh

"Yah, I really just want to get out there and do what I came to do", she yelled

It was silent for awhile as we walked to the building then the loudest sound shook the ground.

"TAKE COVER!!!!!!!!!!!!!!", yelled Sargent Stevens

We ran to the nearest shelter. I heard a gunshot and watched as one of my team was shot. Again, I thought of Morgan and the reality of our promise.

"Okay, head to the grey building now and take caution!", Sargent Stevens shouted.

2 months later

The past couple months were mostly taking caution of our surroundings and as before more and more soldiers fell everyday. Everyday I thought of Morgan more and more. But Lily had plenty of chances to shoot her gun.

One afternoon all the bombing and the gunshots stopped, all I could hear was hushed voices and deep breaths. We walked slowly all of us in different directions but in a circle than out of bushes and behind buildings came out hundreds of soldiers from Saudi Arabia and Sudan rushed out with machine guns and rifles. They had cornered us. Then one Sudanese soldier had his eye on me and then I could see him starting to pull his finger on the trigger of his rifle. I yelled, "RUN AND TAKE COVER!!!!!!". We made our escape firing as we ran. Many were shot, many were wounded and many of our US soldier were dead.

It had been now a year since our force came to fight and there were less than half of us left. Many more people died in front of my eyes now and everytime it happened I immediately thought of Morgan.

One spring morning I noticed some soldiers from Iran pass by the restaurant with a big bag about the size of a body dragging on the ground. They threw the bag to the middle of the street and started kicking the bag. Then they one started yelling in Persian while the other took out his gun and shot whatever was in the bag. The soldiers left. Lily came to my side.

"Who was that in the bag?" I asked

"Sargent Stevens", she said through tears.

The next morning we had a small funeral for Sargent Stevens. But oncc silence broke the front door to the restaurant was kicked opened by other soldier who started shooting, everyone fell except for me. I stood up straight, pointed my gun at the soldiers and said, "For Morgan Fisher".

### Cruel world

To any of you reading this, this is my final goodbye. I have no friends and I'm by myself. All of them stare and laugh. I feel like something is chewing at my insides and I've been pushed down a deep, dark hole. They make fun of me and say stuff behind my back. Just because I can't speak what they speak, they think they can make fun of me. I try and I try to be like them. I cry. I just want to be alone! Away from everyone and everything. I want to disappear. I want to be invisible. I want to go to sleep and wake up in a new life. Away from it all.

I wish I could play with them, talk with them. But they think I'm a reject. I spend my time at school crying in a corner. Sad, like there's no purpose for me in this world.

This is it. I'm done! I'm going to a new life. In this life, I will have friends and my parents will like me. The world won't hate me for who I am. I will have the perfect life anyone could imagine. To my mother. To my father. To anyone who cares about me in this world. Thank you. You are the ones who have led me through all the tough times. But this time it's too late. So I must say goodbye to this cruel world.

**Authors Note: To anyone who's experiencing or feeling like this, you don't have to, You have help. You can even go ask a neighbor or friend or even a random stranger. Just know that suicide is not the answer to solving any problems.**

## How the Porcupine got its Quills

Did you know that porcupines didn't always have quills? The story of their quills began some time ago in a friendly forest where an assortment of small creatures lived in harmony, at least most of the time. One of the animals who lived there, Porcupine, had a beautiful black and white striped fur coat which was the envy of many animals. Badger, who wanted the coat more than anyone, was always looking for an opportunity to trick Porcupine out of it.

One day, Badger convinced Porcupine to trade furs with him, promising to return it at sundown. All that day, Badger strutted around showing off his new black and white fur while Porcupine spent an uncomfortable day in his burrow because Badger's fur coat was too small for him. At dusk, when Porcupine came to reclaim his own fur, Badger refused to hand it over and Porcupine was furious.

Since Badger's fur was too small for him, and he didn't know how to get his back, Porcupine went into the woods to find a new coat. He saw a lot of his small animal friends while on his search, but not wanting to steal their coats of fur, he continued on his way. After a long and uncomfortable journey, Porcupine finally came upon a giant pine tree. "AHA!" he thought, "just the thing I need." So he climbed the tree and picked as many needles as he could hold. Bringing them back to his burrow, he started to knit them into a nice, shiny, spiky fur coat. When it was finished, he put it on, and seeing how frightening it looked, decided to scare Badger. "It would serve him right," Porcupine thought.



He set off, and approached Badger's burrow unnoticed. "Badger, Badger!" he called. When Badger emerged from his burrow, Porcupine jumped out from behind a tree and yelled. Badger turned around, saw Porcupine in all his spiny glory, then screamed and ran back to the safety of his burrow. Porcupine chuckled to himself, "that will teach him to mess with me," and started off to his own burrow.

Now, news travels fast in a small forest, and Badger was not a very popular animal, so by the time Porcupine arrived home, there was a crowd of small animals waiting at his burrow to congratulate him on teaching Badger a lesson. The animals all tried to get his attention by pushing closer, but then, "Ouch! Ow!" the critters in front were poked by Porcupine's spiny quills. "Nice coat! That will keep away unwanted guests," they said.

"Hmm, this coat could really come in handy," Porcupine thought. Then and there, he made the decision always to wear the spiny coat. And to this day, porcupines have spiny quills, and badgers know to keep their distance.

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# Silent Places

We live in silent places

No one knows us

No one knows anybody

Nothing but the sound of the wind reaches our ears

We don't know our families

We don't have any friends

We don't hear laughter

And we don't feel joy

We live, in silent places where all forgotten people go

Riley Christianson  
Gr.6  
Dufferin Elementary

# The Voice of Nature

The fallen trees covered in snow

Makes no trace but the lump that I see

The frozen lake with pawprints dug in the snow

Makes me know I am not alone

The sound of the breeze in my ear makes me feel alone

But everyday I hear the crow's crowing

And the squirrels chirping

I always know I have company

The kids playing around as the snow breaks under their feet

Seeing the snow falling off the trees

And the birds flying for a home

As the tree tops wobble back and forth

The feeling of the cold air crawling into my veins

But my jacket keeping me warm

The peaceful feeling of being in the forests

Yes, this is the voice of nature

## THE DESCENT

A mountain in the north of Sweden was said to have never been skied before. I have to try out whatever I can when it comes to skiing.

Two weeks later, here I am at the top of this mountain; my adrenaline is racing like a Ferrari inside my body. I get my skis on, my poles in my hands, and I am ready to go. I drop in to this gigantic powder slope. It's funny that right as I am going 90 kilometers per hour is the time that things start to slow. The wind is hitting my body like a tsunami. Fresh snow flies into the air behind me as if I were a jet bursting exhaust as I bust through the air. I need to dodge rocks and drop down small cliffs as I go; it's strange how I find this fun even though I am in danger. The rest of my life is far away now, I can't think of anything except for this gnarly descent that is happening right now.

As I start to get into the flow of this, I notice that a cliff is coming up, I go straight off of it. I just made the biggest mistake in my life, the life that may end if I fail at landing this. I am a jet flying through the air for real this time with the ground 70 feet below me. No 60 feet, no 50, now it's 40, 30, I am almost there, all I need to do is land this... FOOM! I fall all the way down to being head deep in powder. I am 7 milliseconds away from being able to know if I land or not. I gasp, I can't believe it, I landed! My feet and legs still hurt from the impact, but I can barely feel it over the colossal tower of relief.

The ground starts to flatten as I head to the helicopter where a hot bowl of soup is waiting. I will never be able to forget this scary, but worth it, adventure.

Knock Knock I woke up to a very loud knocking sound. At first I thought it was just a dream, but then I heard it again and again. It kept getting louder and I was thinking it was just my imagination until I saw her knocking on the mirror, out of the corner of my eye.

This is my story on how my house was haunted and how I almost died. It was a very windy, cold, fall afternoon and I was driving to my new house in Los Angeles California. It was a very nice neighborhood, with very old houses. All of my neighbors were very welcoming and happy to lend a hand. It was the first night in my new house and it was very quiet, but I always felt like there was an entity or something always watching what I was doing.

I turned off all the lights but left the little light by my hall on. I filled up my pink shiny water bottle and went upstairs to go to my bed. As I was hopping into bed I heard a big bang on the downstairs door. I thought to myself, who would be knocking on the door this late, but I went downstairs anyway. When I opened the door there was no one there.

I yelled, "Who is there?" out my door, but no one called back. I laid back in bed with a weird feeling in my stomach. Slowly, I drifted off until I heard something whisper a noise outside my door. I walked out my door, and the light that I had left on was turned off, and it was taken right out of the wall. That night was very strange. I ended

up staying up all night because I was way too scared to go back to sleep. I didn't know who was fooling with me, but it was creeping me out.

I called my best friend Lindsey because I knew she would understand. I told her about everything that had happened around my house, like the knock on the door, the whispering, and the light in my hall. After I told her everything, she still didn't believe me. I knew what I saw and nobody could tell me I was lying.

Later that day I was lying on my couch eating popcorn when my dog Toby started barking at the window. At first I didn't know what he was barking at, but then I looked out my window and I saw the strangest thing. The ball that I was throwing for Toby earlier that day was floating off the ground and was in the air. I was so scared I ran all the way to my neighbours house and asked her what was going on.

She acted like she knew everything. She told me that in 1987 there was a girl who died in my house, and she was surprised that I didn't know about this. She said everybody in California called it the California house of terror.

That night was going to be very scary, and I didn't even want to stay in my own house. It had a weird feeling to it, and you could always hear creaking on the floor and whispering. I was very mad that no one told me the house was haunted when I first moved into it.

It soon turned into dark, and I was feeling very sleepy and wanted to go into bed. I was still creeped out about what my neighbour had told me, so I decided to sleep on my couch. I woke up in the middle of the night, sweating. I felt very hot, very scared, and uncomfortable. I went to the bathroom and washed my face to cool off. As I sat back on the couch, I heard a knock on something that sounded like glass. As I listened closely it began to get louder and louder, and then I saw her out if the corner of my eye.

It was a girl who looked like a teenager wearing a dress and sneaker shoes. I grabbed Toby as fast as I could and ran out the door. I put Toby on the passenger seat beside me in my car and drove to my mom's house. I could not go back there. I was in tears and couldn't stop shaking.

That morning I told my mom everything and she believed me. My mom said I could live with her as long as I needed. All of those things that happened will stay with me forever, and I hope those things never happen again. I will never move there again and I hope no ever moves into the California House Of Terror.

“Did you do the English homework that Miss Hangleley handed out, Andrew?”

Xander asked me. I had totally forgotten about it and Xander had also forgotten, so we ran to our special hiding place, the willow ,to do it. Xander and I had grown up there. He always called me Andy when we were younger instead of Andrew. It's where we shared our deepest and darkest secrets, except for some. At least I did not tell him my darkest secret. That I am gay, and that I like him. Every single time that I see him I say to myself that I am going to tell him but it never comes out. Anyways, he is not gay, so it would not work out even if I told him. I always tell myself that there are more fish in the sea that will swim alongside you while you swim up current. Imagine having so many problems at the age of fifteen.

When Xander and I finished our homework, I decided that I would tell him. I got up and then I got scared that I was going to lose him. We could never be together. He is so perfect. Tall, blonde haired, blue-eyes, a nice and supporting friend. I can't believe I actually thought that a tall, sloppy, brown haired, brown-eyed guy could be with Mr.Perfect.



We ran to my house and my mom was waiting by the door, which meant bad news. I said bye to Xander and he went home. "I thought that I told you to not hang around with him anymore," she told me when Xander was gone.

I stomped inside. "I have no other friends. Do you want me to be alone my whole life?", I yelled.

She told me to put my education first but that had nothing to do with it so I ended the conversation by going to my room. There were pictures of me and Xander all over my room. There was one picture of me and my black eye and Xander. It was when I got punched and kicked and Xander came in and told them to stop and they did. I got a black eye and my mom thought that Xander was a guardian. Xander has some magic power that if he asks for something, everyone wants to do it. To top it off all of the girls in school like him.

Xander is always there for me and I feel useless because I have never once been there for him. He was there for me when I lost my hamster in the woods. We looked for days. He even bought me a new hamster. My mom got rid of it because she had nightmares about him crawling on her.

The next week

I realized that if Xander did not want to be my friend if I told him that I was gay then he would have to leave me in the cold, alone. I called him and asked him to meet

The paramedics came over and lifted Xander up and onto a stretcher. I jumped in the ambulance and curled into a ball.

The whole way to the hospital was blurry and confusing. I was sitting in his hospital room. I remember the time when Xander and I were running around the willow tree and we played superheroes. I was Batman and Xander was Superman. I had accidentally pushed Xander and he sprained his arm. I was too afraid that I would hurt him again so I stayed away from him for two days until he convinced me that it was an accident. We could never stay away from each other for more than three days. Then Xander somehow got us back together. We were meant to be.

His family came to the hospital and then they left after an hour. I stayed until visiting hours were over and they let me say goodbye a final goodbye for life. I laid down next to Xander and I kissed him on the cheek. I realized what I was without Xander-nothing. He was always there for me and I was never there for him. The only way that I could be there for him now was by...joining him. I closed my eyes and held my breath and...Goodbye, Hello.

## Abandoned

The night was cold. I was sitting in my bedroom listening to the wind bang on the window as if it were alive and trying to get in to my heated room. I almost felt sorry for it. I was tempted to let it in but I knew I was already cold. I got off my bed and reached over to grab my phone. I checked the time: 7:24 pm. I started to make my way to the kitchen; my parents weren't home. I always went through my kitchen when I was home alone, I grabbed a bag of cookies and went to go find the remote for my TV. There it is--under the couch of course.

I sat down turned the TV on after a bit I turned it off and went over to my friend Trevor's house to see if he was there. I rang his doorbell; I waited there for about a minute. I decided to go home but just then I heard the door swing open and heard laughing. I rolled my eyes when I saw Trevor standing there with a big grin on his face. So I spoke up and said, "What are you smiling about?"

He responded saying, "Nothing. It's just that you should've seen your face when I didn't answer the door--you looked like this," and he does a stupid expression on his face.

"Oh shut up!" I say in a joking kind of voice.

I ask him if he wants to go to somewhere. We decide to go to the abandoned school just down the road. Trevor wasn't sure on it though. None of my friends are really brave but we go there anyway. When we get there, we come upon a big sign that says:

Trevor who's not too far behind says, "Who was that!?" I ignore him. We make it out of the school. I start panting loudly trying to catch my breath . I start climbing the fence to get home.

The next day I wake up covered in sweat from my nightmare I had about the school. It had never occurred to me why they didn't get rid of that place maybe they were scared to. Maybe something dark was being contained there. All of this scared me. I decided if I wanted to find out what was there; I would have to go there again.

I texted Trevor to see if he wanted to go again. Come to think of it, I don't even remember him coming home last night. My heart sank into my stomach. He didn't even make it out of the school. I jumped out of bed and grabbed my backpack and pocket knife and headed for the door. A tear ran down my cheek thinking what a terrible friend I was.

Just than I stopped running because I heard a scream coming from the school. It was Trevor 's scream--I was certain. As I approached the school, I pulled out my pocket knife and released the blade. I started to walk slowly into the school. I turned around the corner and sure enough, I saw Trevor tied up against the wall.

Hayley Findlay, grade 6, Pacific Way Elementary, Test Subject 2930

I walk along the same long hallway everyday but I can never remember walking down the hallway from the day before. Every night I lose my memory, the only thing I can remember is... that my name is test subject 2930.

I'm no human, I'm a subject for manipulating into doing whatever other people want. I do not feel emotion, I only feel pain. Every day is the same...I think. I live in a cycle, a cycle that will never stop until I die, at least that's what I think. This is my life.

I woke up, sweat falling down from my forehead. My room was desolate, bare and gray. Cracks form from the roof to the floor. The only thing in my room was a bed, a table and a white chair that looked like it was going to fall over at any minute.

My body was covered in bruises from the needles that would be injected into me everyday. My head was bald and my clothes were worn. I stood up and walked out of my dorm into an almost endless hallway. The windows above me were big but only brought in a small amount of light. I walked down the hallway past the other bare dorm rooms when the chained up exit door bursts open. I almost fell due to the comotion. Two men in white uniforms dragged a passed out boy that was about my age into the hallway and into the treatment room. I started running to try to see what was going on. I slowed down my pace as soon as I got to the door and then I gently opened it like I never was in a rush to get down there. The boy was in a chair now and a so called doctor was putting something in his arm with a syringe. I could see clearly now what he

Hayley findlay, grade 6, pacific way elementary, test subject 2930

looked like. His hair was jet black, his face was covered in freckles and some blood was dripping down from his forehead. His clothes were covered in dirt and soot. After awhile he started to wake up a bit, he let out a groggy sigh then started to stand up but half way up he fell down. One of the doctors tried grabbing him before he could fall on the floor but he ended up falling anyway. I could hear his head hit the floor hard. I thought he would pass out for a while but he ended up waking up in a couple minutes. He looked at me and smiled and then the doctors brought him to a dorm. I got my shots and then went to his room.

He was sitting on his bed. He looked over at me as soon as I walked in the room. He said his name was "Erick". He looked at me like I was going to tell him my real name but I didn't have one. I looked away, afraid that he would ask what my name was. I turned back he was still looking at me. He looked like he was going to say something, but he kept quiet. We both looked at each other. We were so different but so alike. After awhile I sat up and went out of his room and went to mine and as soon as I hit my bed I fell into a deep sleep.

In the middle of the night I woke up to a strange sound coming from down the hallway towards Erick's room. I decided to check it out. I stood up and started tiptoeing down the endless hallway towards his room. When I got closer the sound became clear, it was a scratching noise. I looked around the corner into his room and what I saw scared me a little. Erick was digging a small hole into the already cracked wall. He was pushing little pieces of rubble out of the hole and out into the black abyss of the night. I dropped my necklace that I was holding onto the ground. He

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turned around startled and said in a shallow voice "who's there!?" I turned my back and started running but it was too late. He grabbed my arm and pulled me back into his room and closed the door as quietly as he could. He sat me on his bed and told me never to tell what he was doing. The hole in the wall let a cold breeze in so I started to shiver but it looked like he didn't care at all. I tried to get up but he sat me back down. He looked confused but also mad about me watching him, I think he honestly didn't know what to do with me. He paced back and forth in his room and after awhile he told me to sleep in his room just in case I would tell on him. I tried to sleep but his digging noises were too loud. I told him to quiet down but he chuckled and said "you're a prisoner now," he smiled. I then said and said "but I already am," he stopped digging and looked at me. But then blushed and looked away. I smiled and said "why are you blushing?" he looked at me and said because your eyes they remind me of the sea." " It's where I always think of when I'm sad" I then pretended to fake gag and he laughed. He kept digging but he made sure to be quiet. I then felt my face starting to heat up so I turned away but I turned back I've never felt like this about someone else before, usually I feel nothing.

After awhile he nudged me and told me to get up. It was time to get our shots. We walked down the hallway towards the medical room. The shots seemed more painful than usual. I wondered why. Erick seemed to turn green once he got his shots. We were walking to our dorms when I heard an unusual cracking coming from one of the windows above. Then one of them cracked and pieces of sharp glass came down from the ceiling. Time seemed to slow in that moment. I

OHayley findlay,grade 6, pacific way elementary, test subject 2930

felt one piece hit my head and I fell to the floor... "that's all I can remember", I said in a soft tone.

The doctor said that was a lie and I was just dreaming, but I knew I didn't make it up, I knew that was not a dream, and I knew my name was test subject 2930.



# One Last Try

My name is Izzy Wilson. Izzy is short for Isabelle and my best friend's name is Alice Miller. We are in the same class, like we have been since kindergarten except for when Alice moved to Oakside Middle School last year. I know, I know. "How can we be in the same class again after Alice moved?" Well that was last year. I moved this year. Now we are in the same school and home room.

It was the day I had decided to do something on my own because everyone thinks that Alice and I are two peas in a pod. Which we used to be, but now that we are in middle school we don't, or I don't, really want to be known as Izzy AND Alice. I want to be known as Izzy. Just Izzy.

Anyway. I decided to try out for the soccer team at lunch and guess who shows up as well. ALICE!

"Great," I thought. Now we are going to be Izzy and Alice on the soccer team too!

Even though I wasn't thrilled that she was there doesn't mean that we aren't still besties. So in the girls' locker room we still talked and sat with each other.

Secretly I knew she was going to make the team and not me, but I didn't say it because I knew that she would have been all nice and said. "Oh no I'm not making the team unless we both are." Even though it wasn't true. Everyone, even her, knew that she was the sporty one and always had been and nothing was going to change that. Not even the most powerful wish.

She must have joined another soccer team because she was much better than I remembered from the last time I saw her play. She was faster, smoother with the ball, swiped the ball from other players like they weren't even there and scored almost every goal for her team! Now I was sure that I wasn't going to make the team.

"Hey! Pass!" someone yelled at me.

"Oh, right," I got the ball.

Suddenly all the pressure just flooded back to me like a rainforest tsunami.

"Right. Jeeny!" I yelled as I passed the ball to her.

I have to admit it was a pretty good pass. The pass even had some curve and went right to her feet. Maybe I did have a chance if I tried to pass like that every time.

After the tryouts the coach asked us to go into the dressing room and get into our clothes and come back to hear some news about when the team would be posted and all that stuff.

"All right. Who knows where the retreat line is?" our coach, Coach Jonathan asked as we all piled back onto the field again.

I shot my hand up as fast as I could to answer but, of course, Alice's hand was first.

"Yes, Alice?" Coach Jonathan called on her.

"The retreat line is the dashed line or, in some cases le solide line. It's the line that the opposing team must "retreat" to while the other team has possession. In other

words while the other team has the ball to do a goal kick." She said as she pointed to the line. (Our retreat line is dashed if you were wondering.)

"Very good! We could definitely use someone like you on our team," Coach Jonathan said to Alice almost like he was telling her she was already on the team.

"Now another question. . . Hmmm let me think," Coach said as he thought of a question to ask the players.

"I got it! Who can tell me how you can be offside during a play in the other team's end?" He said it like he was asking us to tell him what the capital of Tanzania is.

I shot up my hand faster than everyone so it was almost guaranteed Coach was going to call on me.

"Wow, Izzy, you sure you know the answer?" he asked me as if he thought I was going to fail.

"Yes, you're offside when you get the ball when you are standing behind the last defender on the opposing team that is not the Goalkeeper," I said with confidence and pride so he knew I was being serious.

"Yes correct! Very good!" he congratulated me as if he himself was proud of what I had said.

"If you want to stay and answer more questions, you are welcome to stay. If you do stay, I can't make any promises, but you might just have a better chance of making the team. That is in the maybe category, so . . . no promises." he explained so that no one was expecting anything if they did stay.

I thought it was pointless to stay and answer questions. I had too much homework to do and I wanted to get started on it so I wasn't up all night.



The next morning, the tryout results were posted on the bulletin board in the main hallway in the middle school.

"Oh no! Oh no! Oh no!" one girl was saying as she nervously walked toward the bulletin board.

I stood far enough away from the board so I couldn't read the results.

I watched as more girls approached the board like it was a bomb that was going to explode any second.

Finally I approached the board to take a look. This is what I saw first:

*Alice Miller*

I scanned the paper. My name was nowhere to be seen.

"Darn," I was thinking as my eyes moved to the next paper.

There was a list of people who could go to go to another tryout, and my name was on it!

I had one last try.

## Alien Part One

The loudest thing I could hear was the sound of my heart beating. I opened my eyes. White. I saw white. I could make out a blurry figure dressed in white, hovering above my face. What was with the white clothing? Was it a new clothing trend I had missed? I was usually the one to start a trend... I tried to sit up... but I couldn't, I was being restrained. My head was in a little cast so I couldn't look up. What was going on?

The last thing I remembered from before, was being separated from mom and Jacob. Jacob... my little brother... where was he!? I remember screaming. Mom screaming. "Don't take her! Take me instead! She's too young! I've lived my life! Take me! Noooooo!" I didn't understand why she was screaming. The fuzzy bearded man in the white suit and gloves told me I'd see them right after my "examination." I assumed it was just like a doctor's appointment. But what I didn't know was that as soon as I stepped into that room, my life would change.

I blinked. Once. twice. My vision cleared. Above me was a man. About 35. sandy blonde hair with one gray streak on the front. His eyes were cloudy blue, and his left eye had a brown freckle on the edge. I couldn't see his mouth, because it was being covered with a mouth mask. He held up a needle. I screamed, at least I tried to, My mouth was taped shut with some type of medical tape. I hate needles, they're like bees. I hate bees, wasps, yellow jackets, hornets... basically any type of insect with a stinger. He held the needle to my shoulder, which had tubes sticking out of it. There were stickers on my arm, and not the kind that have pictures of Elsa on it, the kind that tests your blood. I felt like a caged lion, unable to move.

“One, two, three... deep breath in...” he practically whispered. And then the needle went in.

I was the first to wake up. The needle seemed like a million years ago. I stared at my surroundings. I was in a type of aircraft, a helicopter, maybe. I was strapped to a velvet seat on the wall, in new, fresh clothes. I could move. I craned my neck to see the words engraved on my seat. ‘Olivia Alexandra Morris’ the label said, ‘Subject 7 age 17 Female’ How did they know my name?... and age? What did “Subject 7” mean? Around me were about nine other people, all strapped to their seats with the same labels on their chairs as me, obviously with other words. The boy to my right, still sleeping, looked about my age. I felt like I had seen him before, somewhere when my life was somewhat normal. He had messy brown hair, and dark green eyes. Freckles were scattered across his nose, which was slightly too big for his face. There was no denying it. He was gorgeous. I could picture him in a little angel costume, singing and playing the harp. I smiled. His chair’s label said ‘Marcus Harriet McFerrin Subject 5 Age 18 Male’. The man to my left was also sleeping. His mouth was wide open, so I could see his tobacco-stained teeth. His hair was the length of a girl’s and tangled, so one could tell he didn’t care about looks. His clothes were wrinkled, his shirt unbuttoned, so I could see his hairy chest. I cringed at the look of the many deep cuts and scars that covered his front. His label read ‘Alexander Ford Subject 11 age 42 Male’. I made a mental note to, when he woke up, stay away from “Alexander Ford”. He looked like he grew up on the wrong side of the tracks... I skimmed the rest of the room, noticing thirteen Black cloth bags in the middle of the room. I saw that each bag had a title, sewed into the material. I read

"Subject 10," "Subject 2" " Subject 9" and so on. The numbers only went up to 13. I saw mine which labeled "Subject 7." My number.

"What is this." A high pitched voice that sounded like Jacob's filled the air. I looked at the speaker. Another passenger on this unknown aircraft had awoken. A little girl with big eyes was looking at me.

"Allie?" She asked. Who was Allie? The little girl's label read 'Marcie Louise Jeffrin-Stella Subject 3 Age 7 Female'

"I'm not Allie, My name is Olivia Morris, I'm seventeen, and I don't know who Allie is." I talked to the girl in the same voice I talked to Jacob in. Soft, and calm.

"I'm Marcie, and I can read names." She replied in a cross voice with a hint of attitude. I immediately liked her. She reminded me of myself as a child. Her tone softened "I thought you were my big sister... Allison. I haven't seen her in three years. They took me away. Away from her. The only person alive who I cared about. And the only person wh-who cared about me." Her lower lip trembled. "I think they ki-killed her!" Marcie burst out crying. I felt sorry for her.

"Who Marcie? Who took you away?" I was on the verge of crying myself. One minute ago I barely knew this young stranger. Now I was trying to comfort her.

"I don't know! The bad people who brought us here!" She was screaming now. I didn't say anything. I needed her to calm down. The boy beside me woke. He didn't say anything. He just looked at me, then Marcie. Me, Marcie, me, Marcie. Then he spoke.

"Who are you?" He was talking to me.

Mischa Gover Grade 6 Lloyd George Elementary School

"I'm Olivia". Couldn't he read? Suddenly the pilot opened the little slide that separated the cockpit from our room.

"Wake the others. We're about to land."



Ashtynn Gurnsey  
Lloyd George Elementary, Grade 6  
Why poem

Why?

The Government

Why does the government

Not care?

People, children, kids

Dying, killing themselves

But no

Why save lives

When you can

Spend What would of gone

To saving lives on an

Amusement park

Families being

Destroyed

All because

Of the

Stupid

Immature

Careless

Government

Make a stand

## Mr. Faulkner

The street of Alberton is a quiet neighbourhood. It is home to the CEO of a chocolate company, a successful comedian, an opera diva, an NHL Allstar and an accountant. You may wonder, perhaps, if this accountant is in the right place or, what he is doing in this distinguished crowd of people. The accountant, Mr. Jonathon A. Faulkner III, was indeed in an unusual spot for someone with a profession so very common, yet he was in many ways, more interesting than the other residents of Alberton Street.

Mr. Faulkner sat on a plush couch as he did every night, with a cup of tea and a vacant expression. It was precisely 6:00pm and, any second now, the garage door of the house opposite his would open. It did so, and a white Ferrari exited. It drove off at exactly 6:01pm which was routine for each night. Mr. Faulkner sipped his tea meditatively as he reached for his book, Adam Smith's "*The Wealth Of Nations*". It was his choice-read mainly because it was so utterly mind numbing that it would be easy to fall asleep in the later hours. Mr. Jonathon A. Faulkner looked up from his book at precisely 9:55pm. He rose and fetched a cigar from his study. He chewed on it thoughtfully as he sat back down. The smell was somewhat calming. At exactly 10:00pm the Ferrari reentered the garage.

Mr. Jonathon A. Faulkner sat down two nights later with a cup of tea and his expectant gaze. It was precisely 6:00pm, as was routine. Time passed slowly, 6:01pm coming and going without a sign of the Ferrari. Mr. Faulkner, puzzled, stood and reached for his parka. He opened the door, closed it, and took three steps into the cold refreshing night. He turned around making sure the door was locked and pausing, he wondered if he had locked his study. He reentered his

house, checked the study, but of course it had been locked as always. He felt there must be something wrong, the Ferrari had still not exited the garage.

He strode purposefully toward the house in which the Ferrari was still parked. He knocked three times and when no one answered the door, Mr. Faulkner walked around the immense house, seeing that there were lights on. He walked back to the front of the house and knocked three times again. Nothing. Mr. Faulkner knocked feverishly on the door, thinking that there must be someone in there. Again and again he knocked until his knuckles were bleeding as he pounded the door. Mr. Faulkner took a step back and tried to calm himself. Why had he done that? He walked away awkwardly, stumbling over the pavement. He turned back to the door, staring at it with wide eyes. Then he ran at the door and slammed into it with full force.

Mr. Faulkner was sitting again in his chair with another cup of tea. He had, with difficulty due to an aching leg, stumbled up to his house. Before he had sat down he had checked twice to make sure that everything was in order. It was 12:00am and the Ferrari had not exited the garage. Mr. Faulkner sat all night waiting for the Ferrari just in case. Just in case. Just in case.

Mr. Faulkner did not sleep or eat for the next few days. He could not resist the urge to check again and again and again to see whether the man with the Ferrari would answer. Mr. Faulkner was preparing tea, his hands shaking violently. The scalding liquid splashed upon his hand as he poured the water on to the counter forgetting a mug. He grabbed a mug from one of the cupboards lining the walls and put it to his lips. Nothing was there, the cup was empty. Confused, he smashed the cup on the marble counter. He stumbled to his chair. The room was spinning. Then there it was, the Ferrari. Mr. Faulkner stood. The car vanished.

Many days later, Mr. Faulkner walked into the night stumbling from intense insomnia. He had not slept in the slightest for the last fortnight. He knocked on the door of the house opposite

his. A tall, slender English man answered. “Terribly sshorry sssirrr,” said Mr. Faulkner, slurring his words. Mr. Faulkner had intended to knock on the door of the house with the Ferrari but instead, he had knocked on the door of the tall, English comedian. Ever since the day the Ferrari hadn’t exited the expensive garage in which it resided, he had knocked on the door of the owner’s house . It was routine. Mr. Faulkner walked away from the house. Everything was spinning. Mr. Faulkner fell. It felt like forever. Mr. Faulkner lay on the ground looking up at the snowflakes falling from above. No, they were no longer snowflakes, they were bees. Thousands of them coming for him. Smothering him. Covering his entire body. Mr. Faulkner screamed. The buzzing was deafening, pushing on his eardrums. It felt like his brain was being ripped apart. His senses torn to shreds. His body was jerking uncontrollably. Twitching. Writhing. Falling.

When Mr. Faulkner woke it was dark. There were no bees but there was snow covering his body. He stood unsteadily, slipping on the icy roads. He could see nothing, hear nothing and feel nothing except for the pounding of blood in his body. Mr. Faulkner turned, his eyes mad, hair disheveled. He screamed an enraged, agonizing, horrific scream. It was the scream of a mad man. The scream of the mentally tortured.

Mr. Faulkner ran, slamming through the glass of the house of the Ferrari. The fragmented light of a glittering chandelier was cast upon his face. His feet carried him to the man sitting in the chair on the opposite side of the room. He took a knife out of his pocket. The blade glinted menacingly.

## The Hungercats

Today is the first Hungercats game. My team is very nervous because this is life or death!

"Are you okay Stripes?" I ask.

"No I am not?!" "I can't lose my three lives I just can't!" he said to me.

"Stripes it's going to be okay. I won't let you lose your live,." I said, calming him down.

"Thanks Fluffy," he said.

Later the air horn went, "It's time for the next meaning to begin!" screamed Is.

"I think it's about the team names," Rocky answered. "Lets go then team," I said.

When we arrived there was a lot of teams that had banned names. Our team was named The Fluffy Stripes, because most of us have stripes or is very fluffy!

"Ok, team are you ready for our battle against fire claws?"

"I hear their claws hurt like fire."

When we got to the battlefield I got so scared that I would be too busy fighting an opponent and wouldn't able to save stripes!

"Let the games begin!" said the announcer. And the two teams ran to the center of the field. "Stripes" I shouted. " I want you to be by my side so I can see you." I said loudly

"Okay?!" he said back.

We battle until one cat was standing. It was Is she was the last cat standing. "Great job Is!" shouted Rock.

"We won our first game, good job," I said to my team. Later on I was wondering what the announcer meant when he said, "Let the games begin?!"

At 10:30 the next game has begun. I was so worried what the next game was going to be? When me and my team were walking in the ring I was so nervous on what will happen I spat out a hairball?! When we were in the arena we saw 10 red layers going across the ground?!

When I saw those I was so scared then I heard the announcer say, "You must get to the other side of the room without touching the layers? The team that gets there first wins."

As soon as I heard the announcer stop talking the bell rang! And all the cats on my team and from the other team too and then I ran. Some of the cats on the other team were playing with the layers. While they were doing that me and my team ran and as soon as we got to the end the bell rang and everyone was cheering and that's how me and my team won the Hungercats games!

## Purple

One day, in the small town of Woodstone, Phyllis Hilton was making stew for her mother Layla. The fourteen year old girl gave it a taste, then packed it in containers to go to the viewing. The viewing is the most exciting thing that Woodstone will ever have. Everyone in town was excited, especially the mayor because Woodstone would be a landmark for where the purple comet would land. It was scheduled to land on April 19th 2020, the day of the viewing. Once all the stew was packed, she left her tiny shack of a house and went to meet her mother on the viewing hill.

“Look how close it is now!” exclaimed Layla in an excited voice. It would land in no more than a few hours. The whole town anticipated its arrival on that hill. They thought that it was a miracle that they would be a famous landmark. No one knew how wrong they were...

After just one hour, Phyllis grew tired and and walked back to her house. She put the leftover stew in the refrigerator and went to her room to read her favorite book, “Frankenstein” until she could fall asleep. But, first she took a quick glance at her mirror and saw her long wavy red hair and deep blue eyes. It somehow gave her the urge to run up to the viewing hill and tell everyone to go home but, didn’t know why. So she plopped on her comfortable twin bed and grabbed the book. After just a few chapters, she heard it. The loud “KA-BOOM-THUD.” Phyllis looked out her bedroom window that faced the hill and a large deep purple mushroom cloud surrounded by lavender fog was all she could see. Then, she did what any brave person would do, she ran towards it.

## Purple

Once she reached the top of the hill, she looked frantically for her mother. Eventually she found her running with their neighbor Henry Heplin and she ushered them to go home. Then Phyllis saw one of *them*. Woodstone calls them the "Purples." They have light purple skin and heads that look like balloons with too much air and are about to pop. their hands have spiky misshapen knuckles wich scared everyone. Layla, Phyllis and Henry arrived in their homes, then slammed and locked the doors until they were sure that no "Purples" could come in. Phyllis and her mother sat in silence, Phyllis was thinking about what had happened earlier in front of her mirror. She somehow knew that something terrible was going to happen at the viewing... But, how? She decided not to tell anyone about her premonition, because for all she knew, it was just a coincidence.

As Phyllis slept, she dreamt of a long highway across a river. She also saw her mother with a tabby cat walking alongside her. Their family was one of the few that didn't drive so, that explained that. But, they didn't have a cat, so where did she come from? Then she heard "BEEP, BEEP, BEEP!" it had come from her alarm clock on her bedside table.

Phyllis got out of bed and went downstairs for breakfast. As she poured her cereal, she heard her mother raving on and on about the "purples."



## Purple

"The mayor doesn't even know where they came from!" she yelled. "He claims that he knows everything! Those "Purples" give me the creeps. We're leaving this town!" Layla shoved a backpack full of clothes into Phyllis' hands and she choked on her breakfast. "Now go add anything else that you need."

Nearly an hour later, they walked outside and noticed that Henry had had the same idea to leave the town because he also packed a large backpack. They walked together to the bus station and payed for seperate tickets. They waved goodbye to Henry as they boarded their bus and awaited the long journey ahead of them. Phyllis chose some seats around the middle of the bus. Once they reached the middle of the first highway they came to an abrupt stop. Everyone looked out their windows to see what all of the commotion was about but, couldn't see anything. Phyllis Hilton got up out of her seat and started to walk down the aisle. She asked the driver what had happened and he had no idea, then he pointed out the windshield. She looked where he pointed and saw three or four "Purples" staring aimlessly through their white eyes at a cloud shaped like a circle. She ran back to her mother and explained what she saw, then Layla decided to just walk to a campsite for if the "Purples" could get this far they would probably be farther and the bus driver would stop at every one of them. So, the Hiltons left the bus still scared that the "Purples" might notice them. Luckily, Layla had packed a small two person tent with her just in case the "Purples" were blocking all the traffic and hotels. At the side of the highway they noticed a cute, chubby tabby cat.

## Purple

"We should keep her! She's probably really scared of all the "Purples" wandering around." explained Layla to her daughter. And they walked over to a clearing in the forest beside the highway. Phyllis put the tent together while her animal loving mother played and tickled the little tabby. She finished setting up the tent at the perfect time (just as the sun was setting and the sky was turning pink).

Phyllis lied down in the tent and pondered whether or not to tell her mother about her dream that they would find a tabby cat. This was the second time that she had had a premonition. She didn't know why or how it was happening, just that she was scared. As she pondered her thoughts of fear, she drifted to sleep. When Phyllis awoke she saw the tabby staring at her and realised that she was there to guide them through the "Purple Invasion."

South Sahali Elementary

## Home

As I peer out the window of my grandma's old chocolate shop, I see a man. In front of the aged bank the man sits with his dog. I wonder what happened to this man.

I walk over to my grandma who is making chocolate covered strawberries in the back. I ask her if there is anything I can bring to the man outside.

"Why don't you bring him one of my croissants and a coffee?" she said.

"I would be happy to." I open the heavy wooden door, a wave of cold winter air blows down my spine.

I walk over to the man slowly making sure not to spill his coffee.

When I get to him I say , "My grandma owns that little chocolate shop right across the street. These are her freshly baked croissants. When I saw you and your dog outside, I thought you looked cold. I was wondering, if you would like to have one?"

"Oh yes, I would love to have one my dear," replied the man.

South Sahali Elementary

### Home

When I give him the croissant, he first offers some to his dog. "What's your dog's name?" I ask. Nikko, he say, trying to get his words out without choking on the fresh pastry.

With confidence in my voice, I ask, "Why do you live on the streets and not in your home?"

"The streets are my home. I make memories here. This is where I feel accepted, like you probably feel in your home." he says, "Home is where you make it. And here on the streets is my home."

I still bring that man croissants every morning, but now I know he has a home!

Name: Kate Howick

Grade: 6

School: Lloyd George Elementary School

Title: Memories

## Memories

At this very moment my mom is being dragged off to jail. Of course you probably want to know, how, why and when this happened, so I'll start from the beginning. It all started on a beautiful summer night in 1947 when my parents Richard and Amare, got married. Very soon after I was born, of course you're probably thinking, "how does she know things that happened before she was born," my mom really likes stories.

My name is Jamila, I am coloured and I am 14. My dad is white, my mom is black and we are living under the rules of Apartheid so their marriage is illegal. I learned that information at a young age and ever since I can remember we've been hiding. Now it is 1961 and today is an unforgettable day for my family. I became a big sister, as my little sister, Kalifa, was born. Sadly the good spirits didn't last for long, because my dad's work friend, Pete, paid us a visit. He told us he knew of our secret (my parents being married,) and would give us 10 months to find a solution. After that time if we still didn't have a solution, he would tell the police. The police would take my mom to jail. Once Pete left my mom said "We will find a solution" she paused then she said " Nothing can tear our family apart, not even the law." My parents worked day and night to keep our family together, Me and Kalifa want to believe our mom's words so bad, but, our hope

Name: Kate Howick

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becomes less and less every day as time runs out. My parents worked day and night to keep our family together, however 10 months flew by so fast and we still didn't have a solution.

Today is our last day and we've given up, all we want is more time together. We are sitting in our kitchen and mom starts crying, " They are going to take me away, you have to move on, just remember I love you and I want you to be happy." After that we sit in silence waiting for the knock we know will be Pete's, coming to take mom away. The knock comes too soon and my mom, my hero, is taken away by the dirty hands of the police.

It has been very hard without mom. We relied on her more than we thought. Over the last 6 months all we have been is eating corn, chicken and beans and visiting her is "not an option" according to the head of the police department. Dad has been saving money, (from doing neighborhoods jobs, fixing fences, painting houses, ect) today we are leaving South Africa. We are leaving the place that has been our home for so long.

The worst part about this is mom isn't coming. Me and Kalifa will be lucky to get a letter from her, let alone see her ever again.

## Lies

### #1

Never Ending

Two words that represent my regret and my pain

My emptiness

The boards that are keeping me above the water

The water that is also never ending

It pulls on the boards

It looks at me in acceptance

The way no one ever has

It holds life and death

It holds mysteries

And it holds the ramp

The ramp that holds me

I hold the truth

What truth?

Well too many truths to say

The truth of the lies my so called allies have told

Told me

To hurt me

The truth of what all of them have done

What they can do

And what they will do

So they can hurt you too

Their secretes

Of their most dark times

Their cruelty destroys me

Eats at me

All the truth of what really happened

During my "feuds"

With my so called allies

I shake like the frail boards under me

My heart cradles this truth

Truth the world has yet to witness

Sometimes the ones who seem innocent

Are not in fact saving you

But the ones you need saving from

Because they're not what they seem

And the ones who seem dangerous

Or who seem like monsters

Are sometimes the victims

The ones who are hurt in the end

When truthfully they meant no harm

But I guess that's only sometimes

All the kindness shown to me was all a game



All the hate was masked as beautiful love  
The air is damp  
My thoughts cloudy like the sky above me  
The water is psychotic but so still  
Should I go in?  
My gut knows it's better down there  
My world utters lies, and games  
Pain  
Depression  
Everyday my life is a sword launching through me  
The boards are giving up  
I make up my mind  
So I continue into a new reality  
Wiping away my tears of insanity

**#2**

She said this is hell  
But she couldn't turn away  
She made it into heaven  
But the demons never seemed to fade

She couldn't handle her life lingering at this low

So she began praying

Just when things started getting better

There was a change in the weather

Almost every time she would smile

It seemed her happiness would go away for awhile

She told herself it wouldn't happen this time

But she knew that was a lie

Eventually her time came

The sun started to rise

Nights got shorter

The weight of long lasting pain lifted off her shoulders

She was given an honest chance

This time it wasn't just a brief glance

Things started getting better

Sun

More sun

Was in the weather

It was everyday

That she had a smile on her face

She was no longer weak

This feeling truly was unique

She was swimming in an ocean of ups

I guess you could call it luck

It was clear she wasn't going to drown

In her once dangerous downs

There was nothing getting in her way

She finally had happiness throughout the day

She told herself this wouldn't happen again

But she knew *that* was a lie in the end

## **Breath**

Another world

Another angle

The short period of time you can be something else

Not another human looking out into the water and wondering

What could be

But another being that lives

Inside what could be

Knowing what is

Living to discover and feed your hunger

For answers

Eventually giving and not seeking them

Looking up into the world of clarity

And embracing that you are in the world of mystery

Opportunities

You can see the surface of transformation

The thin slate of opposition

The top of the water

Holding your breath

Not using it but saving it for everyday life

Not being able to

Realising

You use it normally

Every second

Like it means nothing

Like you could do without it

But underwater you have to learn to still be

Without it

But that is impossible to not want to go back

Where it is much simpler

Where you don't need to thank the universe for your blessing

Every second

Going back up

Gasping and panting for air

Regaining what you missed so much

Getting used to what is supposed to be the normal way to live

Taking air from this world

Converting it into what you need it to be

And sending it back your way

When you go underwater

You always need to come back up

To live

But I wonder

What it would be like if everytime you came out of the water

You would need to go back in  
To live  
Like a fish  
I long to have a fishes' life  
What if  
Underwater  
Is what we had discovered first  
Explored so deeply  
Created gadgets to make life better for  
What if land was the unknown  
What if we looked at land wondering what could be  
Having to hold our blessing to see it  
Not fully knowing what is among the land  
Worlds switched  
I longed to be a bird  
What if i gasped for air when returning to the water  
What if the normal way to live  
Was holding your breath

## Boy who has a superpower

Written by Ella Jansen

Once there was a boy named Calvin. He was a very unique boy, what made him so unique was that he had laser eyes that were a super power. Calvin would not just use his superpower for fun he would use it for when it mattered the most.

One day while Calvin's mother was looking in his backpack she saw that his homework was destroyed so she asked him why is your homework destroyed. He could not tell her because he was afraid that his mother would ask him how it happened. So he made a silly excuse that his golden retriever Sam ripped up his homework. His mother said well I don't think thats what happened but if you say so. Quietly he went off to his room while smiling guiltily.

When he was in his room his friend Tom called and asked if he wanted to go to the mall. Calvin said "sure but I have to tell you something when we get there". So they got there and Tom said "now what were you going to tell me". So Calvin told Tom that he had laser eyes and Tom was like so jealous. He thought it was so cool and calvin said No NO NO you do not want to have laser eyes because sometimes you might do stuff that's bad like hurting people or wrecking your homework and I know how much you love your homework.

How did you get this superpower. Well when I was 9 my family went on a vacation and we went for dinner one night. I had this drink that was fizzy and green so I asked the waiter "why is my drink fizzy and green." He said they grew this plant that was in the drink and that if you drank it more than once something bad would happen to you . Oh that's a cool story but remember do not tell anyone I told you this because you're the only one i've told. Wow i feel so special .

That night when Calvin got home the lasers in his eyes started to go off. Tom could see this from across the street so he called him and said are you ok. Calvin said yeah i just got mad and my lasers went off all of a sudden. Well try not to be mad and get some sleep ok.

Tom was a kid that cared about people but sometimes he fought with his siblings. He really cares about Calvin because Calvin got bullied when he was little. So when Tom sees Calvin getting frustrated and lasers coming out of his eyes he feels bad about that. So he called him just to make sure that he was ok but sometimes Calvin gets mad at Tom for calling him for hours so he just decides to stop calling.

The next day at school Calvin was getting mad because he could not figure out what was the answer to a question. So Tom got worried and took Calvin out of the class to calm him down. Calvin was happy and said thank you for doing that. Tom said "you're welcome."

Tom then suggested that Calvin should tell the truth to his mom. So that night he decided to tell his mom about his laser eyes. She was scared at first but then they both decided to go to the hospital and check it out. When they got there the doctor said "that he may need surgery but he was not sure so they had to wait a couple of days."

The next day the doctor said "that Calvin is supposed to take these large pills every 5 minutes. Calvin was afraid that he might choke on one so then the doctor gave him chewable pills. When Calvin went to school Tom asked how did your doctor's appointment go. He said "that i might need to have surgery but for now I have to take pills. Then Tom said "are you afraid to have surgery and I said "a little bit but not really because they are going to put me to sleep. So Tom was relieved about that."

That day when Calvin got home his mom had booked an appointment for him to get his surgery done and said it will only take 5 minutes and he said really only 5 minutes and she said yup . So in the morning Calvin got his surgery done and his eyes were a little bit swollen but he could still see.

Tom came by that afternoon and asked how did your surgery go and he said "pretty good only my eyes are a little swollen. Tom said "well that's good to hear and asked are you ready to go to school tomorrow. Calvin said "sure. So that day he went to school and everybody asked him what happened. He just ignored them because it was a long story and he did not want to tell it over again. Tom was there beside me the whole day so



he asked why are you following me and he said" because I don't want you to be pressured by anyone. I said" well thanks and ok and we just kept walking when the bell rang to go in I asked if I could call my mom so I did and I asked if I could go home because my eyes were really hurting so i went home and my mom said" maybe we should go see the doctor again so we did and it turned out that I had stuff coming out of my eye that was yellow and he said" that I had pink eye to so it was a horrible day . So the following day mom said that I could stay home because the doctor said" that my pink eye was contayjust and that I would not be able to go to school so that I would not give other kids the pink eye. I was pretty happy about that because I would not have to do any school work and instead i get to sleep all day and take my eye drops but i'm not sure if I get to stay home more than once but the bad thing was that I wouldn't be able to see my firends and talk to any of them so I guess there are some negatives and positives in this situation but I guess that's just life. I hope you enjoyed my story

My dad and I walk into the doctor's office. I'm not really sure why I'm here, but my dad says we need to come because I fell on my arm from a 10 foot drop.

"I swear Dad," I said "It doesn't hurt".

"I don't care if it doesn't hurt!" explained dad "you fell a great distance onto concrete, you need to get checked out by the doctor." I groan as we walk into the waiting room. "Go sit down on a seat. I'll get us in."

I walk over to the old brown broken chairs and sit down. After about five minutes of watching a muted TV, my dad walks over to me and tells me that we'll be in, in five to ten minutes. It took thirty-two minutes to get us in to see the doctor. When we finally got to the examination room we sat down and the doctor asked my dad,

"So, what happened?"

"Well," said my dad "we were at the local skate park, and you know the big bowl there? About seven feet deep?"

"Yes" said the doctor "I know about the bowl".

"Well I didn't really see what happened but my son told me that he was going to jump into it on his skateboard, but then crashed straight into the rim of the bowl and fell in."

"Hmmm..." said the doctor "Does it hurt?"

"No" I exclaimed. The doctor examined my arm a bit more then stated "follow me please", and we all walked out of the room and straight to get an x-ray. My arm was totally broken... I then got to experience the full joy of having a cast from my forearm to my shoulder. And it still didn't hurt. Weird.

The doctor explained that he would do some research. In a couple of days the doctor called us and asked us to return to his office. When we got there he greeted us with "Hello", and told us to follow him. He led us past everyone in the waiting room and right into his office.

"I have done some research," the doctor said "and I think that your kid has congenital analgesia."

"Congenital.. What?" I said.

"Congenital analgesia," the doctor said again "It's a disease where you can't feel pain."

"Really!" I said "So even if I like, punch this wall as hard as I could I wouldn't feel it?...cool!"

"Exactly" said the doctor "but don't purposefully try to hurt yourself because it will still do damage to your body. There isn't really anything else to the disease that you have to know, and sadly there is no cure."

"Ok," said my dad "we will be going now" and my dad and I walk out of the office.

When we get home I'm super happy and excited about the disease.

"So I can't feel pain... and it's not like I need to take pills or anything, this is amazing!!"

"Not really" said my dad "If you hurt yourself and don't know, bad things could happen. Also remember what the doctor said, no hurting yourself on purpose".

"Sure Dad... can I go over to Danny's house?" Dad sort of gives me the 'don't do something stupid' look and says "Ok." In seconds I have my shoes on and run over to Danny's house which is just a couple blocks away and think through what I'm going to do. Danny has a trampoline and three older brothers, so to prove that I can't feel pain, I'm going to get them all to double-bounce me over the netting of the trampoline onto the ground. Perfect. I arrive at Danny's house and knock on the door. His second oldest brother Jordan answers the door.

"Hey Len-nerd," All of Danny's family calls me len-nerd,

"My name is Lenard, not len-nerd"

"Whatever, what brings you here."

"Well..." I want to choose my words carefully "I want all of you guys to give me a big double bounce on your trampoline so I can jump over the netting... yeah it sounds odd and extremely dangerous but trust me, I won't get hurt." He just sort of looks at me for a couple seconds wide-eyed then whistles softly.

"This is stupid" he said "You're stupid, but if you insist then I guess we'll do it" I smile and said to him,

"Don't worry, I'll tell you more in the backyard." And I rush around their house through the gate and onto the trampoline. As Danny and his brothers walk out of his house. Danny says to me,

"You're crazy man".

"Not after I tell you this I won't be crazy...I can't feel pain, just wait and see!"

"The doctor said it will take several months for your head to heal. And no screens or even books for a week because you got a big concussion."

"Dang" I said, and I was about to make a joke but Dad just glared at me so I stopped talking. A few moments later, some doctors came in and told me some stuff about what to do and what not to do. When I got home my Dad said to go to my room and take a nap.

It's been a couple days since the hospital and this sucks, all I can do all day is sit in my bed. Even after this week, I have so many more months of healing to do. Maybe Dad was right. This disease isn't as good as I thought it would be.

### The Trap

Hi my name is Olivia Beckit and since this is a story you would think that this would be a really good book with some dumb hollywood ending but no. Let me start from the beginning. It was my 11th birthday and my mom had to leave the next day to go on a business trip and my dad was leaving town to meet his new coworker so my mom got me and my brother Oliver who is 5, and my sister Luka who is 4, a babysitter. The first night hat Kristy our babysitter was here she asked a lot of questions. The second night was fine for a bit but then it started to go wrong. I t was around 11:00 pm when I was awaken by this loud bump. I sat up in bed and saw a light coming from under my door. I got out of bed to see what it was so opened my door slowly, trying not to wake my siblings. I walked until I got to my babysitters room. I stopped outside the room and saw that the door was slightly open, so I cracked it open enough so that I could see what was going on. At first all I saw was this bright light but then my eyes adjusted to the light and I could see Kristin on the phone she started talking, she looked really serious. I was just about to leave when I heard her start to talk. my curiosity took over and I walked back to the crack in the door and listened to her conversation. She was talking for a bit. then I realized what she was talking. All the information that I had given her is

'The Trap" by Courtney Jones, Grade 6 Raleigh Elementary

what she was talking to the person on the other side of the phone about. I could not believe that she was giving all me my brother and sisters personal information out like it was some really cool new trend or some romance DVD. I knew from that moment on I had to be really careful of what I said and did in front of this no good babysitter. I had enough of all this so I slowly went back to my bed and could only imagine what she was going to do with all that information.

The next morning I got out of bed and I found my brother and sister with Kristin on the couch watching T.V. After what I saw last night knowing my siblings I knew that if they knew what I knew they would want to get as far away as possible from that person. I had just glared at Kristi and then I walked to the kitchen and poured myself a bowl of cereal and sat at the table in silence. I had just finished getting dressed when Kristin had knocked on my door I said come in and then Kristi walked through my door. She said that we were going to the zoo. I didn't feel like going anywhere with a bad person like her but I didn't have a choice, so I got on my shoes got into the car and as soon as I knew it I was at the zoo with a bad feeling. Kristi had said she had to go to the bathroom so she told us to not go anywhere while she was gone. I was surprised that she cared at all about us so I assumed she was just good at acting. Kristi had just got into the bathroom when I heard a voice from being. I looked behind me and I saw a man in black with a big stroller that had a sunshade on it. I was a little

'The Trap" by Courtney Jones, Grade 6 Rayleigh Elementary

scared but then I saw Kristin come out of the bathroom and then I thought she might stop him from talking to us. I had started to walk towards my brother and sister and I grabbed their hand. I walked back to Kristin but that's when I felt her shove me and my siblings into a room and just as the door was closing I saw that the man with the stroller coming into the room with us. It was really dark in there so could barely see. That's when I felt something hit me really hard in the back of the head. The next thing I knew I was in a stroller with my brother and sister shoves under me. I started to panic couldn't move and all of a sudden there was this loud bang. It was the sound of a door closing i could see a light coming from the other side of the sunshade. It was getting brighter and that's when the sunshade was lifted and we could now see all of our surroundings. Me my brother and sister was now being bumped on the floor like garbage into a garbage truck.

When i pulled my head up from the ground and say the me and my siblings were in the middle on this group of men in red and black robes with their hoods they had all started to walk forwards and create a boundary to keep us from escaping. A man dressed in all red had came out from all the other men and had walked up to me and my brother and sister. I felt someone grab me from behind. The man who had walked up before started to approach me and my brother and sister he came really close and then took my siblings by the neck and walked them away. Then



'The Trap" by Courtney Jones, Grade 6 Raleigh Elementary

the man who was holding me had a really hard grip on my so I knew there was nothing that i could have done. So there I was sitting on the floor with this strange man holding onto me and there was nothing i could do. It was really quiet and then all the people around me started to hang their heads this one man had lifted up his head and then in a really deep voice he said its ok and them man who was holding on to me started to loosen his grip on me and then he let go but still stood close to me and that's when i knew it. In my head i knew this was it i could risk my life and let these guys push me around and do whatever they want to me or i would risk my life doing something that could actually do something that i would not think that i spent my last minutes on earth wasting my life and being miserable. And that's when it happened the man who had let go of me had not moved for a while so without thinking i stood up and i kicked him in the shin and ran i didn't know were i was going but i ran i pushed and shoved my way out of the ring of people and i started to run i the direction that i saw the mad take my brother and sister i ran down a long hall and then i walked through a door and stood in the doorway and that's when i started to get so confused. My brother and sister were sitting in a room with my mom and dad. I was so confused. My mom and dad had put my brother and sister down and told them to wait there. They walked over to me and took a seat next to me and they said that had to tell me something. They said that they were not who i thought that they were. They were part of a secret

'The Trap" by Courtney Jones, Grade 6 Raleigh Elementary

society and that you had just proven yourself worthy of a spot for training.

They started saying how i would train for a few years and that when i was done training i would go on missions because no one would suspect that i was an undercover agent. My mom and dad looked at me for a while and by then I had made up my mind.

To be continued.....

As Yaani'bah swam into her chamber she noticed a deep sea diver lurking around the shadows of the chamber, and around him he held a greenish aura like the Oracle of Delphi. He was also grasping the three enchanted diamonds that were gifted to Yaani'bah's father, Poseidon, and belonged in the chamber. The diamonds could make your life glorious, or worse than the fields of punishment in the underworld. Yaani'bah flew away from her chamber to tell her father about the diver lurking in the shadows of her chamber.

With a stream of bubbles behind her, Yaani'bah met one of the guards at the deep sea palace, "Let me through! I have to see my father at once!" Yaani'bah yelled impatiently. "I'm sorry, but Poseidon doesn't take any visitors without no appointment." The guard told her. "Oh I think he'll make an exception, I've seen a diver in the shadows of my chamber 'stealing' the diamonds. Now let me in!" Yaani'bah growled.

"So you want to go on a quest to find human legs?" Poseidon asked Yaani'bah, after she informed him of the diver she saw. "I mean most gods or goddesses just want the Iphone X, or the newest pair of Nikes {mostly Nike}. But okay, if that's what you want." Athena, who was visiting said to Yaani'bah. "Pick as many as gods and goddesses as you would like to take with you on your quest." "I already know who I'm going to bring: You, Artemis, Ares, Zeus, and Hades!" Yaani'bah said excitedly.

"ZEUS wake up! You said to be ready at first light! You shouldn't tell me to be ready at first light if you're not even planning to be ready yourself. You could've set an Alarm Harpie to wake you up. We're gonna lose time because Gaia is planning on kidnapping Aphrodite so she can't make the mortals love us with her powers.

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Grade 6  
Haldane Elementary  
"Yaanibah White and the Thief of the Sea"

So WAKE UP already! And also wake up the others while you're at it!" Yaanibah yelled. "Wait so your saying that Gaia is planning on kidnapping her on the Winter sols- Why are you yelling in my ear? Go yell in Athena's ear, she knows you would never disrespect her, and if she starts trying to kill you then tell her it was all my idea." Zeus whined. "I'm bringing you. Zeus, and you aren't getting out of the quest. Athena said I could bring whoever I want, and when I wasn't planning on picking you, you started whining more than Nike after she loses at something." Yaanibah growled at Zeus. "Alright, fine. I just have to go tell Hera that you're kidnapping me for as long as you need me to help you on your quest to save the sea-or whatever you're planning on doing with me." "It's fine, I already cleared it with her last night, she was thrilled to hear that you're helping another immortal on their quest." Yaanibah replied. "Yes, I was rather thrilled to hear you're actually going out, and I already worked it out with the Hera. She gave me permission to give you permission to go on a quest so you shouldn't worry about her getting angry with you. Would you like to know exactly what she said?" Athena asked briskly. "Yes, Zeus has permission to help Yaani'bah on a quest. He should really get out once in awhile!" Zeus looked at Athena threateningly. Zeus snapped back at Athena, "I hope that Hera doesn't get mad at me. Especially because Apollo rules over all the other Oracles, and he can be dangerous to cross. But he doesn't rule the Grove of Dodona, and if we're going on a quest to find Yaanibah human legs, we might as well also try to fulfill the prophecy Dodona gave me once. The prophecy she gave me was:

- Six epic gods must enter the world of Fiery Fury
- To death or lightning the heavens shall fall
- Goddess of youth shall turn old, if 2 of the youngest gods shall fail to cooperate."

Yaanibah gaped at Zeus accusingly... "You are turning my quest into a prophecy mission?" she

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shrieked at Zeus. "Yes," Zeus replied. "and I thought about it and we decided that the six epic gods must be the five you chose for your quest. Which was Athena, Artemis, Ares, myself, and Hades {and you}. That means death must be Hades and lightning must be me." Zeus continued. "Goddess of youth must be Hebe, and two of the youngest gods is probably Hades, myself and Poseidon, from the kids of Kronos." Zeus explained. Yaanibah answered, "That means the world of Fiery Fury must be Hephaestus and Fury must be Gaia, turning the mortals against us, thus turning the world and the mortals into a fiery fury against the gods and killing us all." "and without those puny mortals who worship us, our essences will burn away." Ares was thinking out loud. "Wow were you **thinking**? Ares, that's a miracle!" Athena exclaimed. "I wouldn't be actin' so high and mighty 'O great wise one.'" Ares hissed with red lightning flickering around him...

"Ares for the sake of the gods, calm down! in a battle Athena would beat you easy so don't anger her maybe? Just a suggestion, I mean she's probably more powerful than Hades, Poseidon, and I all together." Zeus said nervously, while glancing at Athena {who was looking furious enough to take 80 Drakon out of the air mid-flight with a mere glare}. "Oh don't worry Zeus, I'm sure Ares has at least a 1 in a 1,000,000 chance of beating me in a real battle. So I accept." Athena accepted in a sickly sweet voice, like a python about to strike.

Jenna Kidner, Grade 6, Marion Schilling

You can't be good at everything

You can't be good at everything, see, I'm terrible at standing up to bullies at my school. It's always my best friend, Amy, who's handling the situation.

"Hey! Dorkhead! Your moms a cow!" Loretta, my school bully said. Everytime this happens I run out of things to say. I'm always talking in class, why can't it be the other way around?

"Oh, Loretta, you're just so desperate for attention from the principal, aren't you?" Amy said, With a hint of sarcasm.

"Y-yeah!" I somehow managed to mutter. Loretta made a snooty face and then strutted away with her sidekicks.

"C'mon Lou, our parents are going to worry when we don't call," Amy said, and we walked out the back doors of the school, and started making our way home.

On the way home we spotted many little things, that most wouldn't have noticed, like a stray cat eating McDonalds in the back of an alley, and a mama robin feeding her baby robins in the tallest tree in the neighborhood, or a missing spot of paint on the neighbor's car.

"You have to learn to stand up for yourself, Lou. This loss of speech isn't going to help you when we get to highschool," Amy said.

"I know, I know, it's just, Loretta scares me, even though she leaves us alone every time you say something. I just don't wanna get beat up," I said.

"Don't worry, Lou, I'll always have your back. Even if it means getting beat up by Loretta," Amy said.

"Thanks, Amy, I know that, it's just, her teacher doesn't even d-" I hadn't look both ways at the crosswalk. Heck, I didn't even know we were at the crosswalk.

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"Amy! Are you alright?" Lou said. The last thing I remember was ambulance sirens before I went unconscious.

"Luckily, she doesn't have any serious injuries, just some bumps and bruises, she will be able to go back tomor- hey! You're awake!" I heard the doctor say.

"Oh, sweetie! Thank God you're alright!" My mom said. She and my dad hugged me tight.

"You were hit by a car, do you know who was in it?" My dad asked.

"No, I do-" I said, before I was interrupted.

"I do," Amy said. "It was that menace Loretta, she bullies Lou, I yelled at her before she drove away," Amy said to my parents.

"Lou, is this true?" My mom asked. "You're being bullied at school?"

"Yes, mom, I'm sorry I didn't tell you, it's just-"

"it's okay, sweetie. The good thing is, you're alright," My mom said.

"We are going to have a chat with your principal tomorrow when you go back to school," My dad said.

"Really? I can go back tomorrow? I'm not hurt? Whoopee!" I yelled.

"You'll have to stay here overnight, just to receive some pain medication and whatnot, but in the morning, your parents will be able to pick you up and take you to school. You'll be just fine,"

The doctor said.

"Thanks for having my back, Amy, it really means a lot to me, and my parents, I'm sure," I said.

"It's not a problem, but you owe me one," She said with a little sarcastic wink.

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So apparently I am in the newspaper, because of my accident, and so is Loretta.

"Student Amy Fleming claims she was walking home with Lou and Lou's school bully ran into her with a stolen car," I read out to Amy.

"She must have been drinking," Amy said, and we both cracked up.

"I can't believe she would go that far, like, I thought if we tried really hard looking we could find some niceness in that black, shriveled up heart of hers, but to try and kill me? That's just unnecessary!" I cried.

"I know, right? She could've at least gotten her own car!" Amy said. And we cracked up again.

Amy stayed the night, to cure my sorrows. We were out by 9:00, we both just passed out giggling about stupid puns we were saying to each other.

The next morning at school I'd realized that **everybody** in the intermediate grades had read the newspaper, and knew about my accident. I even heard a rumor that Amy had pushed me in front of the car, but that's impossible. People were whispering things about what they read in the newspaper, while staring right at me. I didn't see Loretta in the hallway. I figured she crashed eventually and was in the hospital, so I just went with that.

However, I did run into her two dumb sidekicks, Louise and Regina.

"Hey, diarrhea brain! You suck at Frogger!" Louise said.

"Look both ways next time, Geekburger!" Regina added. Nobody could keep themselves collected. The entire intermediate part of the school burst out in laughter. Something happened to me that has never happened before. It wasn't embarrassment anymore, it was anger.



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"What is wrong with you?" I yelled. "Your little leader Loretta tries to kill me and you make a joke out of it? That just goes to show how messed up your life is! You can change!" I yelled. The laughter stopped, and jaws dropped. Nobody expected this from me either. Louise and Regina strutted away, shocked, but angry. Everybody stared at me.

"The show is over! Get to class!" Amy yelled, who I had no clue who watched that whole scene.

"Lou, that was amazing! It's not so bad after all, getting all that weight off your shoulders, saying what you always wanted to say!" Amy said.

"I do feel pretty good!" I said.

After school I went to the principal's office where I was shocked to see my parents. They were probably there wondering the same thing as me. What will happen to Loretta? We had a long talk about the accident, Loretta's parents, and me being bullied. Long story short, Loretta was expelled, she's in therapy, and I won't be bullied anymore.

The trees skimmed by Jacob Skazinski as he ran and ran away from the tall black blur behind him. His sneakers were soaked from wet, slimey moss that flashed under his feet.

"I must get away," thought Jacob, "before it gets me". Then, it happened. His foot snagged a root and he fell on his face. As he was falling, he heard a muffled snap inside his foot. He looked and saw a huge purple lump where his ankle should be. He looked back only to see rows and rows of sharp, curved, dragon-like teeth coming at him.

He sat up, bathed in sweat. He ripped off his blankets to look at his ankle, but it was normal.

"Great. Now I'm on the beginning of Road Crazy". He took several, controlled deep breaths and calmed himself down. He turned his head left to check the time. 3:04. He sighed, swung his legs to the center of his bed, pulled the covers up to his neck, grabbed his phone, and decided to wait 7:00 out.

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"Is there something wrong Jacob? You look miserable," Jacob's mom said at the table.

"I'm just fine," Jacob snapped. He didn't think his parents had to know what he did in the four hours that he was awake. Besides, they stayed up until midnight, so what the heck? But, it was true, he did feel miserable, exhausted and tired.

"Jacob, stop being snappish like that!" his father said while setting down the morning newspaper.

"I'm sorry. Mom, dad, will you excuse me?" he said half-heartedly. He took his half-eaten bowl of cereal to clean it out.

On the bus, he sat beside his best friend, Matthew Davidson.

"Hey Jacob, did you hear the news? Pete's going to military school!". Pete Coneil was one of the school bullies. Jacob had heard the news thanks to his mom, who was one of many school helpers. Jacob used all his willpower to seem surprised when he looked at his friend's face. He didn't want to hurt Matthew's feelings because, well, Matthew sometimes got hurt over small things.

"That's awesome!!!" exclaimed Jacob. He disliked lying, but well in this circumstance he needed to.

By the time he got to school, he still felt bad about lying to Matthew. He wasn't the kid you would usually catch lying or sneaking around the school at night. The first period bell rang at South Hampton Middle School. Oh great...History. Jacob hated History. His history teacher, Mr. Crouch, was almost deaf and he didn't see how he, of all people, could get a job at Hampton Middle School. As he ran down the hall to get to his first class, he was pulled back by the neck of his shirt. His attacker laughed as he let go and Jacob was sent flying.

"Sorry, cupcake, but I need to get one last thing done before I'm gone," said the attacker. Jacob looked up to the face of one of the school bullies, Pete Coneil. His breath smelled like garbage that rotted. What he said was true though, Pete had tried beating up Jacob so many times. But he had slipped away thanks to his ability to get unstuck.

"Why though, Pete? Are you so scared to pick on any other eighth graders?" Jacob tried his luck. At least he could get teasing out of this.

"Why you!" growled Pete. He lunged at Jacob, but Jacob simply rolled to the side at the last moment. He got up and felt something really hard hit the back of his head and then everything went black.

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When Jacob finally came around, he was tied seven feet off the ground on a flagpole in front of the school.

"How do you like that, cupcake?" he heard Pete's voice. Jacob looked down only to see a six-foot boy sneering at him with ugly, twisted teeth that had gone brown due to lack of brushing. Jacob gagged. The monster standing in front of him smelled like smoke and expired milk. Now he noticed the hair that sprouted from the bottom of his shorts to his shoulders. The monster started to make a growling voice from deep in his throat.

Just then, the monster snatched Jacob from the flag pole and jumped with Jacob on his shoulders. This monster was definitely not human. It jumped thirty feet in the air again and again until he reached the woods. The monster slung Jacob off his back. When Jacob looked up, the monster was no longer a brutish kid, he was a black blur with sharp teeth.

Jacob just sat there, too scared to move. The menace advanced quickly toward him. The monster swiped. Jacob suddenly jerked sideways and got to his feet. Wait.

How? He didn't have time to think about it. The monster swiped again, but this time Jacob jumped onto the blur's black arm, jumped again but on the blur's head. Jacob did

not know what to do so he just grabbed the blur's head and hung on. The blur bucked and ran toward a tree. Jacob jumped off the blur's head. He landed on his side and quickly moved to his feet.

It was not a hard landing because there was wet slimey moss that covered the ground as far as he could see. Then he ran with the trees skimming behind him. He ran away from the tall black blur that was behind him giving chase. His foot snagged a root that poked out of the ground and fell face forward. He heard a muffled snap in his foot. He looked at his ankle and where his foot should be, there was a big purple lump. He looked back only to see rows and rows of sharp, dragon-like teeth coming straight at him.

# THE WAY OUT

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Grade 6 Lloyd George

## Chapter 1

Today was a big day, even bigger than robbing the Bank of Tampa. Today was the opening day of the biggest trampoline park in the world, Skyhigh. It dwarfed the second biggest (Flip Out Glasgow) by 47,000 feet. I was a thief, if you didn't realize that already, a really good 10 year old thief. You're probably wondering why haven't I heard of you then? Well, I'm so good that the people I steal from never notice what happens until weeks after the theft. In my defence, my family is pretty poor so to cover up my guiltiness I have to make up excuses and bring the money in slowly.

But today I was just a very excited 10 year old. My dad dropped me off at Skyhigh then went work. He would be back to pick me up at 1:30pm. Today was free so we didn't have to pay so I headed straight for the trampolines. IT WAS AWESOME!!!! Then I heard an announcement "Stay where you are, do not panic, you are under investigation. We will need you to stay inside until we have finished. If necessary, we will provide a sleeping area and you can receive free food at the ticket booth." Following the announcement there was silence. Everyone was taking the information in. Trapped in the biggest trampoline park in the world. Some cheered, others stood there shocked. I, being one of the best thieves in the world, knew they were coming for me but how did they know?

# THE WAY OUT

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## Chapter 2

The investigators called a name (from a list that they got from when we entered the trampoline park) to go to the front desk every five minutes to be questioned. It was the best day of my life, jumping, flipping, and trampoline dodgeball. I figured if I was about to get caught I'd better have a fun day. I was in the middle of an intense dodgeball match when they called my name. I went to the front desk, heart pounding.

One thing you didn't know about me is that I'm a good thief AND a good actor. So when I arrived at the desk I said "What the heck, I was in the middle of very intense dodgeball match."

The lady said "Sorry for the inconvenience, but this is very important" then she led me to a back room.

I entered and there were F.B.I agents everywhere. One of them pointed at a chair and asked me to sit, then started the questions. First they asked "Have you seen this boy lately? He is the President's son and he has gone missing."

"No, only ever saw him on T.V" I replied, trying to hide my shock that it wasn't me they were looking for.

Then they said "Thank you. If you see him notify us as soon as possible."

When I was started to walk out the door a bald, Asian F.B.I agent with one of those Fu-manchu mustaches remarked, "I've seen you before."

"Probably at the mall or something" I assured him, then walked out of the door. But I had definitely seen him before too and I knew exactly when. It was the night I stole an expensive

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painting from the Museum of Art. He caught a glimpse of me, the only guard to ever see me. Just my luck. When I realized they were not after me I thought I was safe but now I have to get out as quickly as possible before the Asian F.B.I. remembers me.

That night when everyone was in their cots sleeping, I rolled off mine then quietly rolled under the other cots to the edge of the sleeping area so the security guard wouldn't see me. Then I slipped into the trampoline area and walked between trampolines because if I went on a trampoline, it would make too much unwanted noise. I headed towards an air duct I had scoped out earlier. I could barely fit into it. While in the air duct I heard a voice. It was the Asian F.B.I. agent. He was having a one-sided conversation so I presumed he was on the phone. He said "I've got the boy. He's in the vending machine. Come pick him up at 1:00pm tomorrow."

Then I started moving forward in the air duct but banged my foot against the metal making a long noise. "We've got a eavesdropper, bye" he said then hung up. I scrambled backwards get out then closed the air duct and returned to my designated cot as fast as possible.

## Chapter 3

The next day when everyone was up, I went to the vending machines and looked for something suspicious. One machine had an added extension on the back, it was so well camouflaged that I wouldn't have noticed it without my information. I knocked on the extension then put my ear close to it and heard a very faint "hello" barely noticeable. I thought back to the conversation the F.B.I. guy had on the phone. Then realized the President's kid was missing. With all this information I thought up a plan.

# THE WAY OUT

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First, I stuck a sign on the back of the vending machine that said 'Stuck in here - President's kid'. Then spread a rumor that there would be free candy at the vending machine at 1:00pm. While I was spreading the free candy rumor, the Asian F.B.I. dude came up to me and said "What are you doing?" and all of a sudden blurted "I remember you!". He grabbed for me but I was already 10 yards away. That's when the kids started to rush to the vending machine area because it's 1:00pm and they think it's candy time! I ducked into the crowd. When the Asian F.B.I. tried to move the vending machine, someone saw the sign on the back of the vending machine and screamed "The President's kid is in the vending machine!!!" The guards rushed to the call and I slipped out the door right under their noses, just as I planned.