

Death Message
Sage McCabe
Grade 6
Westmount Elementary

I was plummeting down a dark pit. It felt like hours before I hit the ground. When I did, the first thing I saw was a beautiful envelope, somehow still white in this muddy pit. That isn't even the weirdest part. It gave off a weird magical feeling, but not a good one. As I picked the note up, I saw a name written in pen. It clearly read, "Ben Cooper." Suddenly, I started to hear footsteps coming closer and closer. I looked up, and all I saw was a creature that I can only explain as death. It started to mutter something, slowly getting louder, "Ben, Ben, Ben." I started to freak out as it got louder, "Ben, Ben, Ben." The creature started to get closer, "Ben, Ben, Ben," it reached for me...

"Ben, waked up!" Yelled my teacher. As my eyes flew open, I shuddered at my dream until I realized my whole class was laughing at me. I looked down to hide my face, then I saw a paper laying on my desk with bold words reading, "Detention."

Detention is supposed to be a good place were you reflect what you did and what you could of done instead, but really, it was a room that had old squeaky desks that were too rusty to be in a classroom anymore. The chairs were fold out chairs that the school used once for an assembly. That was super boring.

When I got to detention there was a middle aged lady sitting at the front of the room. She looked at me with a glum face and muttered,

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“Go find a seat.” I looked around. The room was empty, and I headed for the back. When I came to a seat, I sat down and slouched. Then I saw something familiar. It was a beautiful envelope with a name written in pen clearly saying, “Ben Cooper.” Just then, a chill sped up my spine.

“The dream, I muttered.” Quietly, I opened the envelope. When I got it open, I took out a small piece of paper that had a small note on it saying, “ Ben Cooper, this is a death message,” and with this message there was a picture of a gravestone that said, “Ben Cooper, March 16th, 2003-April 20th, 2018. Rest in Peace.” My first thought was this is a prank, but the more I thought about it, the more real it felt.

April, 17 2018

I started to not care very much about the note, so I slumped to the bathroom and turned on the shower. Before getting in, I started feeling weird. I touched the water and recoiled away from it. I quickly turned off the water and put on my clothes that I wore yesterday and continued to carry on with my day. I didn't feel like eating my usual breakfast, so I went without. During lunch I didn't eat anything either. Later in the day I had a hard time focusing. I kept feeling like there was someone watching me, but every time I looked behind me, I saw no one.

April, 18 2018

Again, I didn't feel like showering, so I didn't. I still wore the same clothes, and I didn't sleep at all, but I didn't feel tired. I didn't eat anything, but I wasn't hungry. This morning I thought

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someone broke into my apartment because I heard muttering, but there was no one. At lunch I felt so uncomfortable because it felt like everyone was either following me or watching me, so I went home early.

April, 19 2018

I was too scared to leave my house, I stayed up all night hearing people talk and I felt like people were watching me wherever I went. I couldn't handle it! Then I heard a knock at the door. I bolted to my closet and yelled "Go away!" I heard a sweet voice enter my room, calmly saying, "Honey, it's okay. It's just me, your mom," but still, I tried to dig deeper into my closet.

April, 20 2018

I woke up in a blinding white room, filled with people talking, but when I finally focused I only saw two nurses. One of the nurses looked at me and said "Ben, get comfortable, there is someone coming to ask you some questions." When the doctor came in I felt a tear roll down my cheek, he had a gentle smile as he sat down. The first question he asked was

"How have the last couple of days been?" As soon as I heard that, I bursted into tears yelling

"It's here, it's here! The day has come!"

"Shhh Ben, what's here?" he calmly said.

"My death day." I replied, still crying.

"How do you know?" he gently spoke.

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“I got a letter that said I am going to die,” I said, with a stutter in my voice. He looked at me and announced

“Ben, you have Schizophrenia. Today is not your death day, today is the day you get better. Everything will be okay.”

6 Hours

Prologue

“I dare you to stay in that house all night,” my brother said. My brother and I were staying at our aunt and uncle’s barn out in the middle of nowhere. The only things around were an old abandoned house, about half a kilometer away, and field as far as the eye could see. “I dare you to do it!” my brother said. We had just finished dinner and were outside playing pass with our football. “Only if you come with me,” I said. “What are you, chicken?” My brother yelled proceeding to make chicken noises. “Okay, fine,” I said. “But only ’til midnight.” My brother seemed to agree. “Okay,” he replied. It was exactly 6 o’clock so that meant 6 hours in the house. My brother and I grabbed our bikes and started pedaling. The long blades of grass brushed against my legs as we pedaled along. I saw the house in the distance. I was starting to regret my decision. Eventually, we pulled up at the house. My brother got off his bike, but I just sat there staring up at the house. “Well, what are you waiting for?” my brother asked. I got off my bike and walked up to the door. I reached out for the handle, hoping the door would be locked so we could just call the whole thing off, but the door opened wide. Creeeeeeeaak! “See you at midnight!” my brother called as I walked in. I sighed as I closed the door.

Hour 1

As I entered, I was greeted by peeling wallpaper and dusty antique furniture. To the left, I saw a kitchen and to the right, was a living room. I decided to go see what was upstairs. As I looked around, I saw a window. I went to look through it and saw my brother still outside. He noticed me and looked up. "Have fun!" my brother shouted. I shut the blinds.

Hour 2

I had been exploring the house for about an hour and I began to realize that it was a lot bigger than it looked. I was just walking back downstairs when I saw a door that I hadn't noticed before. I walked over to it. The door opened with an unsettling creak, revealing a long narrow staircase into what seemed like endless darkness. There was a basement. I looked a little closer and saw something moving down there in the dark. I stumbled backwards and slammed the door!

Hour 3

By now, all I wanted to do was to call it off, but I decided against it. I assumed I was just imagining something that wasn't there; this was just a creepy old house. I tried to convince myself that everything was fine and there was nothing to be scared of. I took a few deep breaths and kept going. I was feeling pretty tired, so I grabbed a pillow from one of the bedrooms and (since there was no mattress on the bed) settled on sleeping in one of the closets upstairs. The closet had two

doors and was old and brown with a musky smell. The polished wood had gathered dust over the years. I stepped inside. I put down my pillow and laid down. There were long black dresses hanging above me. I had to bend my knees in a somewhat awkward position, but I was fine. Just as I was about to drift off, I heard a loud noise coming up the stairs. THUMP, THUMP, THUMP! Almost like heavy footsteps. THUMP, THUMP, THUMP! The sound was getting closer. Suddenly, the thumping stopped. Whatever it was, it was upstairs now. I could hear the floorboards creaking outside the closet. I tried not to breathe. Then, through the crack between the doors, I saw a hand reaching for the closet's door handle.

End of part one

Because of the Moon's Spirit

A long time ago, a small boy with the name of Temlaham lied upon the soft, cold grass of Opichi. Opichi was a small native village which belonged to the Oklanis tribe. Temlaham felt lonely, and empty. Temlaham's parents mysteriously disappeared when he was only eight days old. Luckily, Oklanis's hunting men came across the child shortly afterwards, lying in a patch of berries. They said that he was extremely fortunate to have not been found by the wolves first. Since that day, Temlaham joined, and became a true member of the tribe.

Yet he still wasn't sure where he was going with his life, because so far it was not very enjoyable. From the break of dawn, to when the sun set, Temlaham felt that something was missing.

What Temlaham wasn't aware of was that the lonely moon above understood, and felt the same pain. The moon decided to grant the young boy with some of his spirit. Far beneath, Temlaham felt a sudden uplift and felt the need to give his time and attention to care for the needs and the happiness of others.

Temlaham soon became a very kind soul, always putting others' happiness before his. He lived the rest of his life as the kind of person everybody wants to be around, being sure that everybody always had the help they needed.

One unfortunate day, Temlaham became very ill. Because of Temlaham's non-stop kindness, all of the Oklanis tribe was there supporting him as much as possible.

Fifteen days later, Temlaham knew that he could not carry on much longer, but he was OK with that. He sadly passed away shortly afterwards.

The Oklanis tribe was devastated, but they knew they had to move on. Later that night they had a ceremony in honour of Temlaham. After their prayers, when they all re-opened their eyes, the oddest thing happened to the sky. Beside the once lonely moon there was a tiny circle of light. They knew it was a sign that Temlaham had moved on and was watching over them.

The Oklanis tribe, and soon after the whole world, decided to become like Temlaham, so that when they move on they can join him. Hence why if you notice the thousands of little lights in the night sky, now known as stars, you know that you are not alone. Temlaham and his believers are always there for you, always.

I Believe...

“No! This cannot be happening! I can’t lose him now.” I say as I burst into tears... Okay, wait I should probably start at the beginning. Currently, it is January 3rd, 1989 in Haryana, India.

“Araya?!” My mom calls. That’s me, I’m Araya. I’m 16 years old, i have a brother named Jarium and a Mom and a Dad and I’m a Brahmin. Oh yeah, and by the way, I hate the caste. I believe that everyone is good until they give us a reason to believe otherwise. Here in India. We are sorted into castes. We don’t choose a caste, and we are not chosen for a caste. We are born into one. There are 5 castes Brahmins, Kshatriya, Vaishyas, Shudras, and Dalits also known as Untouchables If you are an Untouchable you may not touch anybody, nor may they touch you nor stand in your shadow. “Why are you pacing?” my mom asks.

“I’m nervous you know that. That yelling is scaring me. What happens if someone gets hurt?” I say firmly.

“Sorry Araya. But nothing can change. Those protests will go on, if you like it or not.”

“But they’re violent!” I yell. In Haryana as well as other places in India, there are some very violent protests going on in the town square.

- The Next Day

“Mom?” I call

“ I’m going for a walk!”

“Okay, bye.”

Lucy Marchese
Grade: 6
Lloyd George Elementary
Title: I Believe...

I slowly head out of my home to a beautiful sunny day, and find a girl about my age come around the corner. *There aren't usually people walking at this time of day.* I think to myself. "Who are you?" I ask the girl. She doesn't answer, and starts running away. I'm confused.

"Wait!" I hurle.

"Stop!" Finally she stops and looks back.

"I can't be here!" The girl yells.

"Yes you can. come here." I cry

"No! You don't know what I can and can't do." For a second it's silent, then the slowly starts walking over.

"I'm Ivy." She pauses and looks down. "I'm an Untouchable" she says. "Who are you?"

"My name's Araya. I'm a Brahmin"

"You wanna take a walk?" Ivy asks.

Ivy and I walk up the hill, around the park and back just in time for lunch.

I walk into my house to sudden crying, my parents are beside the door.

"What happened?" I ask. They don't answer. "Where's Jarium.?" I ask. Yet again, no answer. I start to get mad no one's answering me, I have so many questions. I think as my mom reaches for my hand, she takes it and starts slowly pulling me outside. The yelling has faded, or maybe it's just blocked. I can feel my eyes start to water. My question is answered, with no movement, I see my brother lying on the street.

Lucy Marchese
Grade: 6
Lloyd George Elementary
Title: I Believe...

“No. NO. NO. NO.” “No! This cannot be happening! I can’t lose him now. I says as I burst into tears. “How did this happen?” I ask. My mom looks down. It’s silent for a second, until I shed a tear. Finally she has the courage to look up and say...

“Your little brother snuck out to go protest to take down the caste system. Then we found him like this”

“Why Jarium?” I say as I start to sob. I quickly turn around and run back into my house. I run quickly to my room and shut the door. I cry until there’s no more tears. Later I tiptoe out back and sneak out. I run quickly across the street, up the hill and around the corner to the park. *There, there she is under the big oak tree observing the sky, no one around her.* I think to myself. I slowly walk over. I’m still wondering if this a dream, a really bad one. I walk over to Ivy and tap on her shoulder. She looks over at me. My face wet with tears I cry on her shoulder, as suddenly...

“Hands Up” A tall brown haired man says while holding a gun. We both put our hands in the air. “Not you, her.” He says as he points to Ivy. “Come with me” the guy says. “You are under arrest for touching someone out of your caste.”

“Nooo. Araya?” Ivy says as she pulls away from the tall man. But he pulls her back and start to drag her out of the park into his car.

- Later That Day

“HELP!” Ivy yells. “HELP!” She yells again.

“WHAT?” A prison guard says firmly.

“I want to get out of here” Ivy says.

Lucy Marchese
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“Sorry no can do,” the guard says.

“What caste are you?” Ivy asks curiously. She doesn't answer

“So what's your name?” The guard asks.

“My name's Ivy. I'm an Untouchable.”

“My name is Amara, I work here as a prison guard and I'm an... an... Untouchable also.”

“How did you get a job?” Ivy asks.

“Long story. I might have something that can help you.” Amara says

“What?” Ivy asks

“The guards are here until 7:30. But there always has to be someone here overnight. I could stay overnight tonight and sneak you out. “We just have to cover our plan until then.”

“Okay.” Ivy says. Later that night. Ivy sits in her jail cell, waiting and waiting for Amara, finally she comes.

“Okay, it's clear” Amara says.

“Everyone gone?” Ivy asks.

“Yup!” Amara says as she opens her hand slowly to show Ivy something. “I got the key” Amara says happily.

“You got it!” Ivy yells. Ivy and Amara tiptoe out of the jail. Amara opens the door and says...

“Okay you can go now.”

“Thanks.” Ivy says as she runs towards the street back to Araya's house. Ivy arrives at Araya's house. *I wonder where her room is?* Ivy thinks. Finally Ivy comes across a purple

Lucy Marchese
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with someone sitting at the desk. Ivy knocks on the window. Araya walks over and sees Ivy.

She quickly opens it.

“Where were you? What happened?” Araya asks.

“Long story.”

Gr: 6. name: Kiera Marie Melnechuk . school :Pinantan Elem . title : Down Deep

*CUR-PLUNK ! " D-dude what was that bro ! " Sebastian said frightened , " Everyone calm down i'm sure it's nothing ." " Well of course Donna's saying that , doy ! " , Sebastian said annoyed . " Actually I agree with Seb , Captain Pablo should check it out it sounded like Uhhh I don't really know but it didn't sound good " " M-Maria you should calm down " Donna started to break down , DOWN . DEEP .

"C-captain Pablo ? " Maria went into the control room of the submarine he wasn't there she wailed again " Captain where are you ?! " Maria kept walking through the control room brushing her fingers across the buttons lightly but she tripped over something and fell to the ground , she fell over the Captain who was passed out on the floor with an oxygen tank over his mouth " uhh guys you might want to check this out ! " Marias voice echoed through the sub . Sebastian and Donna ran into the control room , " uhh what's Captain Pablo doing on the ground " "Sebastian , he's knocked out , DUH ! " " What are we gonna do without him ? " Maria said shakily . Captain Pablo flinched slightly and gestured with his eyes closed to Maria "y-yes Captain ? " she has a concerning look on her face and with tears filling her face she blinked and a teardrop fell to the ground while she lent down to him " take care of the submarine " Pablo took his last breath and slowly drifted away .

chapter two :

Gr: 6. name: Kiera Marie Melnechuk . School : Pinantan Elem . title : Down Deep

Captain Pablos face appeared grayish and pale he laid there , unconscious . Dead. “ Maria this is all your fault ! he's dead because of you !!! ” Sebastian was angered and scared for what was going to happen . Maria started to cry from what Sebastian said” “ Aww c´ mon it's not your fault , Sebby is just mad or sad I can't really tell “ Donna whispered to Maria attempting to calm her down , she wouldn't let what Sebastian said tortured her mind spiraling around her head all she could hear was Sebastian taunting her over and over all she heard was “ He's dead because of you !!! ” *FLUNK* she had hyperventilated Maria fell to the ground “ MARIA , MARIA !!! “Donna started shouting , Maria couldn't hear , see or feel . Sebastian was kicking a wall while Donna was shouting at Maria to wake her . Something outside the submarine was causing it to start moving downwards they've hit the bottom of the ocean , oxygen was leaving the sub a whale had punctured the metal exoskeleton and salt water started flooding in , “ Marias drowning ! “ Donna screamed across the submarine.

TO BE CONTINUED ...

June 23rd

I don't think I hurt her, I know I'm not crazy. I woke up here at the IMC (Institution for the Mentally Challenged) two weeks ago in a hospital bed and I hardly remember a thing.

One thing I remember was a feeling that I haven't felt in a long time. Love, passion and joy. I remember this feeling so vividly it becomes like a memory. Wind blowing through my long brown hair, the crisp air making my cheeks even more rosy. I was smiling and showing all my pearly white teeth, riding in a car, certain that the song on the radio was about me. I could hear the only person who ever cared about me talk, telling me the story of how my rosey cheeks was why he and my mom named me Rose.

Then came the reason I'm here. There was a car accident and I was hurt but okay with bruises and a broken leg. My dad, on the other hand, wasn't so lucky. He paid the ultimate price, death. We were devastated. My mom has never loved anyone again, including me.

My therapist here at IMC says my mom Ellinore said I threatened and attacked her. Ellinore said I was dangerous and it was for the best that I was locked away. Ellinore's sister (my aunt Miriam) had to live at IMC a few years ago that's why it's fitting I stay until we learn the truth. My therapist suggested I write down my thoughts and feelings. That's why I'm starting my diary.

June 25th

For a troubled girl living in a group home for the insane, today wasn't terrible. I mean, I'm being accused of being an unstable, dangerous eighteen-year old and I can hardly tell who I am. The reason today wasn't the worst was because my therapist finally agreed that I should be allowed in the halls and cafeteria! I didn't expect to make friends in an asylum but being around other people was so refreshing. At least that's what I thought. It turns out most of the people here are too busy fighting with their imaginary friends and screaming at the evil spirits in their minds. Even though I'm surrounded with people now, I've never been more lonely.

June 26th

Aside from being lonely, yesterday was pretty good considering my situation. Today was the worst day of my life so far, other than the day I lost my dad. My file was stolen from my therapist's office, and that not the worst part. All the staff members and patients think I'm the one who stole it. Why would I steal my own file? I already know what it says. *Rose has anger issues. Rose is diagnosed with psychosis. Rose thinks she is a normal teenage girl, but her mother, Eleanor, says Rose is dangerous and hurtful.* Those are just the highlights. All of this can only mean one thing I'm insane. My file doesn't say I'm insane but it's the only thing making any sense. I didn't try to hurt anyone. Why doesn't anyone believe me?

June 29

I'm trying my best to not let this place make me go crazy, if I'm not already. It's been almost three weeks since I had a breath of fresh air. This time last year, I was suntanning at the beach and enjoying the sound of the waves. I would like to say I had fun stories about my day and my thoughts but it's not like I had a carefree day shopping and enjoying dinner with my mom. Now a days I spend my time staring at the wall until I cry myself to sleep.

October 3rd

It's been awhile since I've written anything and that's because I've been so busy with my life on the outside. How did I get out? It's such a crazy story, and not the insane kind! It started when I was asked to talk to Eleanor. Eleanor admitted she made the whole story up. She said while being locked away at IMC was horrible, she wanted to make my life worse. As my mother walked towards me, I could see in her eyes that she was the crazy one. My mom was who needed help, maybe even be locked up.

While I couldn't help being upset, scared, and angry, I also couldn't help but remember that she was my mother and there were good memories from before the car accident and my dad's death. I remember innocently looking at her beautiful face, her kind smile, flowing brown hair like mine, and thinking she would love me forever. Now she hates me. Eleanor explained that at least the IMC gave food and shelter. She made sure I had no family or friends to rely on, no money to spend or nowhere to go, and no education to get a job. She said it would be worse for me on the streets. Eleanor didn't care if she might go to jail for what she'd done to me

because her greatest joy was knowing I was suffering. She wanted me to experience the pain of having no one like she had when we lost dad. She blamed me for taking him away from her.

My therapist named Cindy helped me. I stayed with Cindy until I got enough money to rent an apartment. We never did find out who stole my file but none of it was true, and I don't care what other people think of me. It wasn't easy and took some time but I've learned a lot.

Even though I lost my Dad, I also lost my Mom. Eleanor is on her own now in a way that I will never be again. One of the best things to come out of my living nightmare has been my friendship with Cindy. She is my best friend and family now. Maybe I am a little crazy but so is everyone in their own way!

Chapter 1

No! No! No! Do you want to do it or not? Yes, I want to do it. Can you count to 3 first and then push me out of the plane? Ah fine, 1...2...3...AAAAAAH! All of a sudden, everything went black.

I awoke and a man with a long white coat, short black hair, and lime green eyes is standing over me. He calls over to a lady saying she's awake. The lady looks about 25 years old, with long blonde hair in 2 braids down to her waist. She is wearing light blue top and bottoms. She has dark brown eyes. She looks very nice. I try to move but my entire body hurts. The woman tries to tell me not to move. Then the door opens and I see a sign that reads: Emma age 14, suffers 3 broken ribs, a sprained wrist, a broken ankle, and a concussion. I look down to see my wrist and ankle in white bandages. I notice my head really hurts. I try to talk and I'm only able to speak a few words my head hurts. The lady walks over to me and introduces herself as Megan. She hands me a glass of water and two Advil tablets.

She starts to tell me that my friend Sarah brought me here, but just then the man with the long white coat walked in. He said his name is Dr. William. He asked me how I was feeling, and I said hungry. I don't remember eating for so long. He said he will be right back. When he came back he had a tray with some kind of meat and cheese sandwich, a pudding cup, and some carrots with dip. He puts the tray on my table, and then leaves. I spring for the pudding cup and forget about my pain. Ooch! I yell. I

Riya Narang Grade: 6 McGowan Park Elementary

Life Is Challenge - Meet It

It's impossible said pride it's risky said experience it's pointless said reason. It's going to be hard but hard is not impossible. Challenges are what make life interesting and overcoming them is what makes life meaningful.

In the world, there are different types of people. People who face difficult challenges almost every day. I am one of those people and so are you. Everyone faces challenges in life. It's a matter of how we overcome them and use them to our advantage. Some choose to learn from them for future problems. Others are afraid to be unsuccessful, choosing to shrivel up under a dark shadow and hide from reality in fright. A shadow of someone who is both physically and mentally stronger than them. And every day, the difficulty level changes. Easier or harder, new challenges will arise. Sometimes we succeed, and sometimes we don't and that's why there are good days and bad days. Every challenge, small or big, has a purpose. A purpose to come and create a hurdle in your life. For every hurdle, there is a bright side, a happier side. An area that lets you be you. Not you pretending to be someone you're not.

Expectations and capability, It is a matter of a bar you raise in life. If you set one really high you might not achieve what you are reaching for. And if you set one really low, it clearly just means that you don't believe in what you are capable of. You should be motivated to reach your own goal, and you should stick to it, not change it based on seeing others achievements, and then comparing their goal to yours. Because what

Riya Narang Grade: 6 McGowan Park Elementary

Life Is Challenge - Meet It

they've set for themselves is meant for them, it fits their personality best. It is not meant for you. It's very special to feel proud of yourself and then say that you have overcome the goal you had set for yourself. Capability means to do something to your full ability or power. Expectation means to have a strong belief that you will achieve something. Have you ever dreamed of becoming an athlete or an astronaut? Well those dreams can become reality and will only be possible if you work hard to achieve them. Although, along the way there will be difficult hurdles. Hurdles to create a stumble in your path. However everything is going to be hard before it can be easy. Although, it will not be possible if you have a head full of fears because a head full of fears has no room for dreams. This relates to challenges because every little thing you set for yourself or accomplish is considered as a challenge.

Overcoming a difficulty. There are steps to overcome a difficult state you may be in. First, position yourself in a peaceful and positive environment. This is a place where you only think about well being and nothing negative must appear in your thoughts. Next, change your thoughts and opinion on things. Thoughts are images of the mind with constructive or destructive meaning. They are like machines that can either grow or destroy your mindset. Your thoughts determine whether or not you will move ahead in life. Why are challenges important to have in life? Well, they

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Life Is Challenge - Meet It

push you to work and think to your full potential. So often we fail to achieve our goals or fail to follow through with our task because we have insufficient guidance or discouraged motivation. Challenges set a goal and encourage you to plan a process to achieve your goal. So, when life gives you a challenge don't be afraid to overcome it and then feel proud of yourself. As Jerry Dunn once said, "Don't limit your challenges, challenge your limits." - Sited from www.goodreads.com/quotes

Sophie neufeld
Lloyd George Elementary, grade 6
End poem

Time.
The clock shortening life.
The red button to push when the bombe hits.
The end of a era.
The start of another.
The fear we wait for.
The end will come.
The object that shortings our possibilities.
The preparation we have to be ready.
Will we ever be ready to say goodbye?
Goodbye the word we use to represent our time has come and gone.
Goodbye the word we dread from the beginning. Beginning the start of a era.
Beginning the start of the end.
End.

Sophie Neufeld

Lloyd George Elementary, Grade 6

Where I'm from:

I'm from early mornings chocolate milk in bed, and cartoons

I'm from painting with my mom, and playing with my dad

I'm from biking with my friends to amazing destinations, and watching Elf every Christmas Eve

I'm from cuddling with my cat, and binge watching Netflix when I slowly fall asleep

I'm from watching sports every Sunday evening and watching the Super Bowl every Saturday night.

I'm from my grandma's famous soup and photographs

I'm from fighting with my sister and arguing my opinions

I'm from cooking dinner at 5:00pm and making breakfast at 8:00am

I'm from watching my dog play with her toy in the grass and running out to join her

I'm from dressing up every Halloween, and handing out candy

I'm from grandpa's cookies and socks full of coins

I'm from when every pine cone at grandma's house was worth a penny

I'm from cuddling stuffed animals while watching my favorite shows

I'm from six a clock wake ups and porridge with berries

I'm from moving to house to house and long days of school

I'm from blazzer's games and cotton candy

I'm from never ending surprises and visits from the Easter Bunny every year

I'm from camping in the woods and bug bites on my arms

I'm from big possibilities and always wanting more

I'm from heartbreaks, love and care

I'm from sunny days and raining nights

I'm from small ideas and large dreams

I'm from an awesome sister and parents

I'm lullabies from my grandma from then to now

I'm from the best family in the world!

Plans of The Future

Illusions and Dreams

Everyone has their off days right? I have them everyday, but is that something I should be happy about or not? There not like other off days though, mine are where everything I look at turns into something else. One day it was dinosaurs, the next it was fairies. My name is Johnny Luck, but I'm not so lucky. Sometimes I wish I was normal like everyone else. My mom always tells my dad, "He'll grow out of it", but I'm already fourteen. Everyday it gets worse, I start seeing my friends and family change to these illusions too. My dad thinks I do it to get attention from mom. The doctor said I had this childish stage in my mind that I should grow out of. My dad decided to make me go to school after mom told me I didn't have to go. Dad says "It'll be healthy for him to make friends. We had recently moved to a New town called Cleseve where I decided I was going to make my big brainstorm. I was going to change this town. Using my "gift" to help me with these great ideas I have, I will change Cleseve for the better. First, I have to go to school, great. Most days I get there just on time, but today I felt spontaneous, so I left early and walked to school. But I didn't realize that Frank was already there. He is my personal bully, as in he only picks on me. He has this grudge against me that makes no sense. Probably is about the whole illusion thing. He thinks I don't belong in the school. I have talked to the school counselor about this and she said if we don't stop fighting then we'll be suspended. Still, he scares me to the point that I want to stay

home. I walk right up to the door completely ignoring Frank. At least Sall's here for me. Sall is my best friend, she's always been with me through everything. I finally get inside the school and head to the art room. I always have had this idea of a town that had a changeable weather system. Robots, and yeah I know the whole take over the planet thing. Think about it though, not having to clean your room, doing the laundry, mowing the lawn, also getting up during a Overwatch match. I'm determined to make a robot. First off, I need to learn how to fix my moms hair dryer. If I can't fix that I don't know how I'm going to make a robot. Finally school is over, so happy. I run home and grab moms hair dryer.

"Bye mom, be back in a bit," I yell upstairs.

"Hey, wait where are you going?" Mom said running downstairs.

"I'm going to Sall's house, she's helping me with your hair dryer."

"You mean Sally Chester's place?"

"Yeah, I'll be home around nine, okay?"

"Okay, just make sure you don't forget that you have a science project due Friday,"

"Oh yeah, mom don't forget hugs," we say goodbyes and off I go.

Robot Plans

Sall and I fix the hair dryer and managed to make a plan for our robot. The only problem is it requires a computer that my mom refuses to buy. Yes, Sall is helping me

out this. Turns out the school has one, so we're going to wait for tomorrow. Sall and I enjoy having some time to talk. Turns out it's dinner time, so yeah brb. Great, That's just great, I forgot that Frank is Sall's brother. Also I was asked to make a fairy outfit.

It was Sall's sister, I'm going to try and do it in the way my fairy illusions happens. Frank actually pulled me aside.

Frank said, "Johnny I'm sorry I was picking on you, I have the same thing, the Illusions."

I was shocked that he even apologized in the first place. Frank has the computer we need. The computer is a 3D printer technically, it's able to print out objects which would really help us out with the robot.

"Frank we're trying to make a robot that has parts that you can only get through your type of computers," I tell him quickly.

"Um...so you want to use my computer?"

"Yes, if that's okay with you."

"I trust my sister more with the computer so Sally can."

"Okay." I say, I also thank him for letting us use it.

We print everything out after it loads up. Putting it together was the easy part, programing was hard.

"It's eight-thirty already, I should leave in twenty or so."

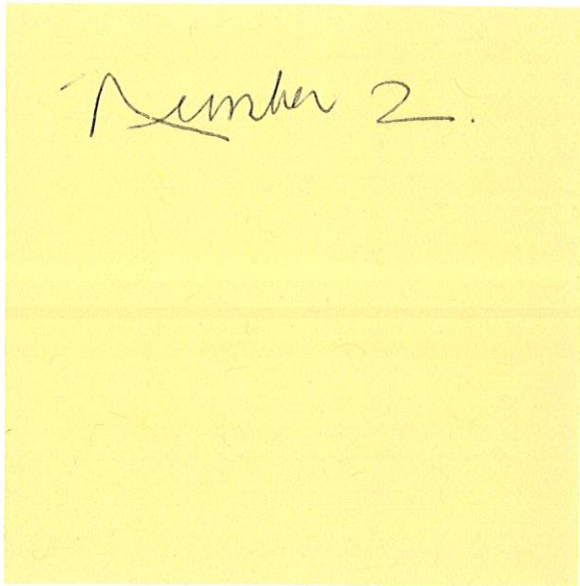
"Okay we better hurry then."

We almost finish programing, when my mom comes and picks me up.

"It didn't feel right letting you walk home by yourself."

"Bye guys," I say to Frank and Sally.

Mom and I drive home and I immediately went to bed. When I got in the house I had an illusion everyone was robots. The next morning I went to school and Sall had brung the robot in her bag. We finished programing in the computer lab and then we decided I was going to bring it home. I used it around the house and soon enough we were making one for all the kids in Canada. Slowly the whole world had one and we had gone down in history for being the kids who made robots who didn't take over the world. People are building new models of the robots. Parents can now spend time with their kids if they have kids and have a job. Life has become a better place now, robots helped with the pollution problem and water situation. Global warming, no more. Also now kids all over the world are having these illusions just like me. Turns out they're not illusions, it's kids imaginations. I'm normal now and kids everywhere are having Plans of The Future.



Number 2.

Home

I heard my mother's raspy breathing next to my own.

My brother was curled into her loose grasp, one that may be loose but impossible to escape. Next to my mother he seemed as though he is a god, for my mother is wrecked and torn. *Spare us, god.* She was whispering. I stood, careful not to wake up my brother. Catching my breath, I headed out of the stained tent.

People in rags and bandanas covering their chapped lips walked aimlessly around our square. I walked past wooden shacks far nicer than our own. People were serving fruit in thick, brown baskets.

"Free figs today, folks!" Rob yelled. Rob was a Canadian vendor here in our market. He likes to give away free food to us Syrians - whatever he has he gives.

"Hello, Amena," Rob spoke as I started drooling over the figs, cutting in front of the line.

"Watch it!"

"Move out of the way!"

"Stupid brat," people spoke harshly. War had made these poor people's hearts drop like rain on a cloudy day. It must be a very cloudy day today.

“Amena?” Rob brought me back in to focus.

“Yah, sorry,” I said, brushing my dirty grey sweatshirt that I dragged with my left hand along the dry mud, “are sales going well today?”

Rob laughed.

“I’m afraid not, Amena,” he chuckled quietly, “giving it out for free, not planning on earning any money today.”

“I wish I had money to offer-”

“No really, it’s fine,” Rob interrupted, “I didn’t come to Syria to get money from you people.”

“Thanks, Rob.” I said, ending the conversation by walking away with a handful of figs.

I walked around the market but saw nothing of interest to me - or nothing that I could afford. Another day eating only figs. At least today they’re fresh - and free. I walked, pushing past emotionless, hungry and angry people. I slung my dirty grey jacket over my shoulder. Though my whole body ached from the terrible sleep I endured from sleeping in that tent, I couldn’t leave my family to starve. My feet moved quicker at the thought.

As I entered my rusty, dirty and stained tent, light shone through the opening. I heard sobs. Nothing out of the ordinary, though.

“I brought figs.” I said, struggling to make my mother smile. My brother leapt with joy. He took one, decided he needed more and stuffed one in his pocket. He passed one to my mother, who hadn’t realised I had arrived. She continued to sob. Would we be better off without her?

I went out to get food, not thinking about a rescue any longer. I then heard excitement, shouts,

and laughter. I ran to see what was happening, pushing through refugees with all my might. People were putting their children on their shoulders to look. A boat. That's what it was. I screamed with happiness. I couldn't contain myself. I ran back to my tent, dropping any food that I had bought.

"They're here!" I screamed with joy, "They came! We're being rescued!" My brother jumped with excitement. My mother, though, continued to stuff her face into her pillow.

"What's the point," she muttered, "we already came this far. We're going to die at sea, if I must. Why bother risking our lives more than we already have?" My heart dropped. After all these years we've waited, she's going to stay?

"No!" I screamed, "You're our mother! You can't stay! You have to come with us." My throat hurt. She didn't budge.

"I'm not moving."

My brother screamed and cried as I pulled him from the tent. He yelled out to our mother, who was also crying. She wasn't going to survive, I knew that. Though if we stayed we would die too. This was our only hope. I yelled at my brother to keep quiet and come along. The boat was leaving. "Wait!" I screamed. I ran with my brother resisting and trying to get free from my grasp. I jumped on board, knowing I would regret leaving my mother. And Rob. I looked over to his booth. He was smiling. I knew he wanted this.

I sit now at an orphanage, hearing my brother's and my name being called. I jump up with excitement. We run down the long wooden staircase, seeing two adults: a man with dark brown hair and a blonde, tall woman, smiling at us. We know why they're here. Tears start running down my cheeks as I watch them, holding their arms out in a loving embrace.

Though we hadn't met them yet, just by looking at their faces I could tell they were going to be the mother and father we needed. I look over to my brother, who is also crying shiny tears of happiness.

We run down the stairs and accept their embrace.

The Forest of no Return

Hi! My name is Hailey Benson and I was one of the few people who went to the forest and got out alive.

It was a normal day, April 16, I decided to go for a walk. I found a forest that had a gate but it didn't have a "no trespassing" sign. When I got there the gate opened and as I walked in, it closed behind me very slowly like in a horror movie .

I started to walk on the path when I looked back the trail was gone...

I looked around and I thought that maybe I was hallucinating

so 30 minutes later I looked back again the trail was gone. I realized the trail was vanishing before my eyes. It started to get dark and I didn't have my phone.

I tried to find my way back, but I was just getting more lost every time I took a step.

Once I found the trail again, I decided to keep on following it . About half and hour later,

I saw a door on the door. A girl opened it, she asked me

"did the t... d: "ya! why? ", she let me in and

didn't say

There wer... boys and three girls. The girls names were

Paige + Madison
cannot
make the
conference but
would still
like to submit
her story.

Olivia, Mia, and Andrea; the boys names were Jacob and Ryland I said my name was Hailey Benson, we all shook hands . After this brief introduction, we had dinner. We had chicken they said that Jacob and Ryland had killed it for tonight. After that, we all said good night and I went to bed they had a room all ready for me, like they knew that I was coming . When we all woke up, we had berries for breakfast. After we finished eating, they started to ask me questions like how old I was, were I lived, they said they all lived in Pine View which was were I was from . It seemed to me it was only people from Pine View who got lost here. When they asked me how old I was, I said twenty five which meant I was the second youngest. Olivia was twenty four. They told me that Andrea, Mia and Rylan have been trying to get out of the forest for five years but they said that they didn't really come close to finding a way out. After they asked me to help them, but I didn't think that I would be much help. That night, I thought about all of those names, they were all of the kids that went missing in Pine View sure there

were more than that, but those were some of them so I wondered if I going to be next . In the morning, I tried not to say anything I was really worried. That day we started to train. Halfway through, I asked them what for? They said " for trying to get out, you need to be fit or you won't survive" I wasn't too worried about it because I was already really fit. After three weeks of working with out barely any breaks, we made a plan we were going to try to get caught by the guards it was a really risky move because usually people don't come back after being caught by the guards that night they packed everything that they would need. We left in the morning, it seemed that they were just walking in circles. I asked them if we were going in circles, they said they didn't know. We stopped for a break for about 10 minutes then after that it seemed that we weren't going in circles. By sun down, we reached the stream, they said that meant that we were getting close to where the guards were. So we set up camp and ate. When we woke up whitch was really early we were in a dungun. I guess the guard had found us Mia said that the plan was going good we watched to see how many guards there were . There was one guard, surprisingly at night the guard fell asleep. We tried to run and bust open the

gate but when the boys ran and Andrea pushed it opened the boys fell down. The guard did not wake, we all knew that we would have to watch to see if there were more guards. One minute later, we saw another sleeping guard I thought to myself that they didn't have good security. We finally saw a big door, so we thought that it was the door to outside and it turned out it was. There was a big tower and nobody was in it. We climbed to the top and there was a map. We saw where we were, there was a pond and a hole labeled escape route. Where the gates were we decided to start the hike to the pond. When we got there, about 3 hours later, we saw a big big big pond with a small island in the middle. There was a boat that could only hold three people at a time. Ryland took Mia, Andrea and they went to the island on the map. There was no guards, so when they got there Ryland dropped the girls off and went back for me and Olivia. Jacob said he would be the last person so we got there and Ryland went one more time for Jacob. When we were all there, we started to go to the middle of the island. There was a guard and this time the guard wasn't sleeping, he was guarding what looked like a hole. So I

thought that it was the escape route and when I least expected it Jacob made a bear call sound. The guard jumped and ran to the water where the boat was, he sailed to the land. We ran for the escape hole, and then Olivia said "well that was easy". We all started to laugh we started to go down the hole but the good thing was that there was a staircase made out of old wood. After two minutes the stairs stopped and it was flat. After that we were walking on flat ground for so so long that we had found light. There was a hole going upwards, Jacob and Ryland helped us up then they got themselves up. We saw that the gate was behind us, we all started cheering we had finally got out. Then they all said thank you to me for helping them. I said no problem like it was no big deal, then we all started laughing again. We started the walk back to Pine View which only took like 15 minutes, we all said to meet at the middle of Pine View at 6 pm. Then we all went to see our families, when I opened the door to my house everybody ran to me, they were so happy to see me again. At six I went to see everyone we all hugged and we all lived happily ever after or did we?

The Last One

Rain splashing down, lightning crashing down.
From out behind you, there is a bird,
Tweeting a song, you may have heard,
Before long, there are loud crashes, all around.

There is nothing, except a slice of pizza.
It's quiet like a library. What a fright!
You take a bite. It's so delicious, just a delight!
Then you find a box, it's reads, "Made by Lisa"

Giving your thanks to Lisa,
"This is the best pizza ever!
The way the crust was made is just clever!
I love your pizza!"

Then in an instant, everything's back to normal.
No rain, no thunder, like nothing went on.
But there is no pizza, it's all gone!
This has angered the paranormal.

Luca (Adapted Acrostic)

Like a police siren, she's crying loud,
But when she snuggles a stuffies, like a fluffy cloud,
Lack happiness, she does not.
Yet a piece of cheese, will make her vomit... a lot.

Leif Peteresen
Grade 6
Dallas Elementary

The Fight

My grades have been slipping, my brother can't find a job, my mom went psycho when I was young, and now I live with my dad and my brother. We're happy together, but there is something missing. Not too long ago, my dad decided that he wanted a divorce; I was totally against the idea, until he explained it would be better for us financially and mentally. I was still hesitant at the beginning but am now getting used to the fact that my mom and dad were never happy together and were always fighting.

When I was little, my mom and I would always go out for a special lunch, just us girls. One day it was really snowy, and on our way back home we hit a patch of black ice and spun off the road. I only suffered minor injuries, but mom flew right through the windshield, cracking her skull on the hood of our old, blue Volkswagen. Since she was unconscious, I dug into her pocket, found her phone, and dialed 9-1-1.

I had no idea where we were because I never paid any attention to the signs. The operator said that they would send a helicopter, so I waited and waited until it was like three in the morning. I didn't feel like sleeping because I was afraid I would lose my mother if I slept, so I stayed awake until I heard a helicopter.

I was freaking out and tried shaking my mom awake, but she was still unconscious. I ran out of the car and waved my arms around like a mad-man until they lowered a long ladder and a sling to hold my mom. Two men came down the ladder and

sprinted to us. One of them grabbed my mother and the other one took me in his arms. I felt safe and secure there. The feeling made me want my dad .

When we arrived at the hospital, my mom was taken away from me. I tried running after her, but a tall man grabbed me around my waist and started pulling me away as I was screaming and kicking until I passed out. When I woke up, my dad and my older brother were sitting on each side of me. They both had red, puffy eyes from recently crying. "Daddy?" I whispered "Is that you?"

"Yes sweetie. How are you feeling?" He asked, looking at me with a sad smile.

"I hurt all over. Where is mommy? Is she okay?" I asked, already starting to get up. He put his hand on my shoulder and gently pushed me back down. My older brother, Milo, who is four years older than me, got up and walked over to the window and just stared out at the white, fluffy snow falling with his hands in his pockets.

"She's not okay, is she? What happened to her!?" I snapped.

My dad just stared down at the ground with tears welling in his eyes. That was ten years ago, when I was eight years old.

"Miss Wells? Why are you sleeping in my class?" Mr.Grey asked, smacking a dictionary down on my desk--his usual way of waking me up. Normally I would jump from the sound, but today I just opened my eyes and blinked at him.

"Don't worry Mr.Grey, Emma was just getting her beauty sleep, and trust me she needs all the help she can get!" Tiffany snickered from the seat behind me.

Normally I would turn and glare at her, but this time I didn't because I knew that was already in deep mud. Mr. Grey just stood there looking at me with his arms crossed over his chest, and that, "Well, what's-the-excuse-now-young-lady?" look on his face.

I hurried to explain that the night before I was up all night studying for all my other subjects, and by the time I finished all of them it was one in the morning and I had to get some sleep before I got up at seven. He said that he understood, and to make up for the missing time, I should go to the study hall at the end of class. In return, he asked me for no more naps in class.

As soon the bell rang, I shoved all my books and stuff in my bag and rushed out of class as quickly as possible. When I got to study hall, I saw Michelle, my next door neighbor, sitting at the table where I normally got my napping done, but I had promised Milo that I would try harder in school. I am a woman of my word.

A few weeks later, I went to see Mr. Grey. He said that he was very proud of my work and that I might graduate this year. Milo applied for a job that pays big bucks and dad started to see a girl, but he is tight-lipped about it all. We are supposed to meet her next month. I am starting to see mom again. The doctor says that, with the right treatment, she will eventually get out of there. Maybe things will turn out all right after all.

Aria

Slowly, I trudge through the busy streets of New York City on my way to school. Rushed people curse and shove their way around me, but I pay no attention to them. I think of possible excuses I could make to avoid school. "I could fake being sick," I thought. "But no one will fall for that," I sigh. I would just have to suffer through another day of name calling and rumors.

When I get to school, I keep my eyes on the ground, but I can still hear the other students whispers as I pass by.

"Did you hear her parents kicked her out?" I hear a girl say.

"*That's* why her clothes are always so dirty!" exclaims another.

"Don't play with *her*. I heard she has *lice*," says the first.

My parents hadn't kicked me out. They were in a car crash when I was in kindergarten. Since then, me and my younger sisters have been living at a girls orphanage.

The morning bell rings, and I hurry towards my sixth grade classroom, where a substitute is already taking the presence.

"Are you Aria Smith?" asks the sub.

"Yes," I say.

"Please take a seat," she says. I walk slowly to the very back of the classroom, where no one else wants to sit. I stare into space while my teacher tells us what we will be doing that day.

At lunch, I sit at my usual table in the far corner of the cafeteria. I open my mostly empty lunch box, and take out my sandwich. I look around hoping to see someone coming towards my table to sit with me. As usual, I see no one.

The next day, there is a new girl in my class. Her name is Alice, and almost immediately she is talking with the most popular girls in our grade. Any chance of having her as a friend disappears. The popular girls never play with girls like me.

Over the next week, Alice becomes the most popular girl in school. Everyone is so focused on her, they forget to pick on me. Sadly, it doesn't last long.

On Friday, our teacher is assigning partners for a science project. I'm not paying attention, until I hear her call my name.

"Aria and Alice," she says.

As the teacher moves on to the next group, I stare blankly at the front of the classroom.

Me and Alice?

For the rest of the day, I'm distracted thinking of ways to get out of this. Most girls would love to be partnered with the most popular girl in school, but I'm not. Why would I want her to see where I live? She will just go on and on to the other girls about how horrible my stuff is, and how gross it was to have to be there. Anyway, why would I want her to be my partner? Popular girls have never been nice to me.

Alice

When Mrs Tanner chose me and Aria to be partners, I was relieved. Even though my new friends told me that she's weird and gross and not to play with her. Anyone has got to be better than them. The only thing they do is talk about themselves and gossip. After about thirty seconds of them talking, I was bored. Now, after a week, I'd do anything to get away from them.

After school, I start looking for Aria. I want to get to know her a bit before we start our project. I see her hurrying towards Sixth Street with two younger girls. I call her name, but as soon as I do, she turns around the corner. I'll just have to find her tomorrow.

The next day, I wait until after school to find her. I get my school bag quickly, and hurry out the door, and this time I catch up with her.

Aria

I hear footsteps pounding behind me, and turn around to see who it is, and I am shocked when I see Alice coming towards me.

"Why are you in such a hurry?" she says, panting.

"I have chores to do," I mumble, without looking at her.

"Maybe I could help you with them today." she says hopefully. "Then we could get to know each other better before we start our project."

I turn around to look at her now, to see if she's being honest. I feel like the happiest person on the planet when I see that she's smiling. No one has ever wanted to get to know me before.

Alice

I'm completely shocked when we get to Aria's house. Well, it's not actually a house. It's a giant brick building that looks much too intimidating to be a home. I try not to let my shocked expression show, but Aria still sees it.

"It's not as bad as it looks," she says defensively.

It takes us a long time to do all of Aria's chores, but while we were doing them, Aria tells me her story. I feel sad for her for a while, and I think that Aria does to, but after sitting in silence for a while I tell Aria that I need to go home but that I'll come over again tomorrow. When I tell her that, her whole face lights up. I don't think I've ever seen anyone so happy.

"You know," she says quietly. "You're the only person who has ever voluntarily hung out with me."

What she told me is sad, but she's still smiling. Just having someone hang out with her made her day. I realise that something that small can mean the world to

someone. I look over my shoulder and see Aria's smiling face, and it makes me feel like a million dollars. Somehow, making someone else feel happy makes you even happier. I walk home with a smile on my face even bigger than Aria's.

Ava Read, Grade 6, Pacific Way Elementary, Know One I'd Rather Be

Dear diary, I had a great day at school today but I got bit by a weird looking bug. Kary and Loren thought I was going to die. I thought they were overreacting. After getting bit by the bug, I have to admit, I started to feel a little strange. I'm sure it's nothing. I hope I feel better tomorrow.

Dear diary, when I was walking to school today the weirdest thing happened. I started to fly. It was so crazy. I didn't want to tell Kary and Loren because I knew they would think it was from the mutant bug that bit me yesterday. Wait! It must have been from that bug! What if I have other powers too? That would be so awesome! I'm not going to tell Kary or Loren, I don't want them to think I'm crazy.

Dear diary, today was an okay day. I flew again when I got home and it was really fun but I'm still figuring out my new superhero powers. It was a rough ride! When I was picking up my pencil to do my homework, little flames shot out of my fingertips! This is awesome but I still don't know how to control all these powers. What if I use my powers to save the city from danger?

Dear diary, sorry I haven't written in a while. I have been saving the city from great danger. I have Loren's birthday party to look forward to. I can't wait. It will be so much fun.

trouble." The girls were really sorry for getting upset with me for not showing up at the party and totally understood why I wasn't there.

Dear diary, this morning on my way to school I got bit again by another one of those weird bugs and suddenly, instead of feeling strange, I started to feel more like myself. Then I tried to fly and my feet wouldn't leave the ground! I think the bite from the bug acted like an antidote and now I'm back to normal. I'm really going to miss having super powers but I am so grateful to be me again. There is no one else in this world, superhero or not, that I would rather be. Loren and Kary are happy that I'm back!

Dear diary, today the girls and I hung out after school playing video games and doing are nails. It's not saving the city from disaster but it's fun and the best part is, I'm doing it with my friends!

UFO

It was a cold winter afternoon, and James and Sarah were going sledding at the local park. James carried the sleds and Sarah carried the snacks: pretzels, her favorite. They had planned to stay for quite a long time, because sledding was one of the few things that the siblings both enjoyed. Sarah, was nine years old, short, with reddish blonde hair, and she loved the color pink. Her brother James, on the other hand, was tall, had curly red hair, and thought favorite colors were babyish. As usual, they were amidst a somewhat deep argument about each other. Sarah, the perky, persistent younger sister had just asked a question that had thoroughly annoyed James.

"Why are you so rude to me?" she wondered aloud. "Is it because you're older, because I don't think that's fair." James glared at her.

"Be quiet, cry baby!" he said as he pushed her into a snowbank. "Hey!" Sarah yelled. James stormed away from her angrily. Sisters.

"Fine. Leave me alone. Leave me alone!" Sarah sobbed quietly. Rolling his eyes, James turned around, expecting to see Sarah glaring at him, but was surprised to see her slumped, motionless in a snowbank.

"Sarah?" he called hesitantly. "You okay?" No answer. Panicking, James ran toward the park, calling out for help. To his disbelief and horror, the park was empty. That's creepy, he thought. Five minutes ago there was twenty kids on the hill. Then he heard crunching in the snow, which nearly scared the pants off him. He spun around, and to his relief saw that it was Sarah.

"Are you alright? What happened?!" exclaimed James, completely forgetting his anger at the girl and rushing forward to hug her.

the spaceship. James panted. It was starting to get harder to breath, and it showed. His face was already turning purple, and Sarah's was quite a frightening white. Then, just like that, they were sucked up into the hovering UFO. James' world went black.

When he opened his eyes, James was suspended from the ceiling by a long, thick chain, halfway across the room from his sister. He tried to pull himself up, but immediately felt sick. He now knew for sure, the ship was moving. The drivers were right in front of him, and they were turning around. Yikes. The siblings had never seen anything so scary. Both drivers were burly, muscular and were dressed in chains and black and white striped jumpsuits. Their skin was a a muted green, and the only difference between them was that the alien on the left had a heart tattoo that said *Mom*, while the other alien had one that said *Cutie Pie*.

"Let's untie them," said alien number one.

"Yeah, I guess," grunted alien number two. They did. Sarah gasped for breath, and fell to the ground. James ran to her.

"I thought I was annoying and pointless," she teased James weakly.

"Yeah... you still are, don't worry," James said with a gentle smirk.

"QUIET!" hissed alien number one. "Our master approaches."

"Very good, very good," came a quiet, cold voice. "However, you are doing my commands, aren't you? I expect better than that, boys."

"Umm.. yes of course, master. I have finished my duties. If you need any more completed, I will of course be of service as your helpful servant."

"Yes, of course. Carlos, you are my most faithful servant, a very helpful lad who would of course sacrifice himself for my plans." The cold voice sounded questioning, as if daring the alien named Carlos to disagree. "But Henri, oh Henri, do I not hear you agreeing to your brother's

plan of faithfulness? Perhaps I have overlooked that you are rather self centered. Would you like some eternal torture? I am very good at that..." The voice was cut off as Henri fell to his knees.

"Of course I am forever faithful, master. I am just as faithful as my brother, Carlos, and possibly even more!" Henri grinned maliciously at Carlos, who shook his head desperately.

"Carry on," said the evil voice. The two alien brothers turned to stare at their hostages, Sarah and James. Greed glittered in their black, beady eyes.

"Run." said James. Sarah didn't need to be told twice.

Cedar's Decision

Hefting his sign over his head Cedar yelled, "stay away from our planet's tree," to a logging truck. His bright yellow sign read "Protect, Don't Destroy the Earth" in large bold tie-dye letters. That's when Cedar and his group of new friends heard sirens and saw flashing lights through the trees. When the police pulled up they roughly put cuffs on their peace bracelet covered arms and directed them to the cars.

Cedar fought back, "No," he cried, "is this what you want for our forests?"

"Just give it up, it's the police, you'll just get in more trouble if you fight back," said

Aspen, the oldest and most experienced in the group.

"Great," thought Cedar, "my first protest and already I'm on my way to jail."

"Its ok," said Aspen. "You did the right thing, we will only be there three of four days."

As if reading Cedar's thoughts, Aspen gave him a sympathetic nod. After getting shoved roughly into the back of the police car Cedar hung his head limply.

"Why did I ever think of participating in this?" he thought miserably to himself.

He just thought this would be an experience that's all. Turns out it had been much more when the activists arrived in jail. One thing was immediately clear; their tie-dye did not fit

Cedar's Decision

in with the surrounding people. They were just like sunflowers in a garbage dump. Even the cops turned to stare at the new arrivals. They were all assigned cells with criminals.

Cedar had never felt so afraid or lonely in his life. After he had spent three miserable days in the cells he and his new friends were finally let out.

Suddenly rage swept through Cedar. "Why did I ever think it would be a good idea to follow some bizarre group around and end up in jail," yelled Cedar. "I am going to find a new life," he paused, "and a better one," and then turned to leave.

"Wait," pleaded Aspen. "I did this same thing when I was your age."

"Well," shouted Cedar "I'm not you and I never plan to be anything like you either," and he stormed off.

Cedar was alone again on the street. In the morning he looked through a shop window and saw on the news a reporter on TV who was talking about all the Nike shoes that were getting washed up on Chesterman Beach in Tofino, then the TV turned to ads on pampers and Toyota. When the reporter came back on, the news report really caught Cedar's eye. There was a huge facility in his town full of war machines, then the screen

Cedar's Decision

switched to those machines destroying a city far away and as the city crumbled the people were getting buried all around. Then, shockingly, the machines sprouted mechanical wings and in a flash they took to the air and were gone. When the reporter started talking again Cedar was only half listening, dumbfounded, by the cruelty he had seen. After a minute of processing this, he immediately dialed Aspen's number.

"I decided to rejoin the team. I'm sorry, but I was just not ready for it. Now I know I am."
"It's ok," answered Aspen, "Like I said, I did the same thing as a kid he said but I came back that's all that matters."

"Oh by the way," he added "Meet us at the Chopped Leaf in the mall, twelve o'clock sharp,"

"Well at least he was going to Chopped Leaf," thought Cedar.

That morning Cedar got up, got dressed, then with a sigh, started his long trek on foot to the mall.

"Welcome back," said Aspen, as Cedar sat down.

"Did you hear about the War Machines?" asked Aspen,

Cedar's Decision

"Yes," responded Cedar. "That's why I came back."

"Anyway," continued Aspen, "we know where the building that houses the War Machines is, so we are going to destroy that building,"

"What!" exclaimed Cedar. Sure, this was the reason he had come back but he didn't think it was going to be this extreme. "No, this is what I want to happen," he told himself.

"Ok, when do we start?"

"Tomorrow," Aspen said curtly

That morning Cedar jumped out of bed. Well, you could hardly tell it was a bed, more a bundle of sleeping bags on the street outside the mall. "All right," said Aspen, rising from right beside Cedar, "let's do this." When the whole group had gotten into a cab it took about fifteen minutes to get to their destination.

Cedar's Decision

"Ok guys," said Aspen. "Follow me," as he walked casually down the street. Suddenly he made a B-line towards a sewer. After a quick look around, he lifted the manhole cover and then hopped in, signaling for the group to follow. The first thing that met Cedar was the smell. When he was in the middle of staggering around, holding in his vomit, he stepped into something mushy. He jumped back, his tie dye shoes were now covered in sewage.

When they finally reached the bottom of the building Aspen pointed to a ladder on the wall. As they climbed up, Aspen took out the explosives.

"Cedar, would you like to do the honours?" asked Aspen

Cedar's hands shook as he took the explosives from Aspen and then stuck them to all four base beams.

"Pull the trigger, do what you believe in," said Aspen

Three, two, one, nothing happened

Cedar's Decision

"I told you to pull the trigger!"

"And you also told me to do what I believe in," said Cedar, as he threw the trigger into the sewer, "and I don't believe in blowing up buildings and causing more destruction than there already is in the world, I think there is another way."

Abigail Rowse Grade 6 David Thompson Elementary

Light Years

Ava awoke to the sound of her phone ringing at 4:33 a.m on January 5th 2078. Ava got out of bed and answered the phone, the voice was unfamiliar to Ava at first, but then she realized it was her friend Keira.

Keira was going on and on about how late Ava was and how much trouble she was going to be in, but Ava didn't know what for.

"Slow down, what are you talking about?" Questioned Ava

"You don't remember? Are journey to Planet X. I'll be there to pick you up in fifteen minutes, you better be ready."

And that's when the phone went dead.

Ava sat thinking for a long time when she remembered what had happened. She grabbed her cell phone and looked up; 'Scientists discover a way to travel at the speed of light.' And found this article;

'Canadian scientists have discovered a way to travel at the speed of light, and are sending Ava, Keira and Sydney on a journey to Planet X with only 24 hours of oxygen to get samples for Government purposes'

So Ava started to get ready when she found a spacesuit in her closet feeling it was the natural thing to do she put it on, just as she heard the doorbell ring.

Knowing it was Keira, Ava ran down the stairs to open the door and all Keira said when she did was.

"Let's go." And squealed as she walked away

The drive was long and quiet, which was probably why Ava was so happy to get out of the car. When they got to the station they saw Sydney waiting by the door.

Abigail Rowse Grade 6 David Thompson Elementary

Light Years

"You're here! Aren't you excited?" Questioned Sydney with a squeaky tone in her voice

"We're going to run out of oxygen before we're halfway there, if you keep jumping around like that." Said Keira

"Well we're never gonna make it there if we don't hurry up!" Said Ava trying to break an awkward silence

The three walked inside smiling and laughing, to meet Dr.Pax and his assistant, the scientist who discovered a way to travel at the speed of light.

"You girls can go start getting ready for takeoff, you have one hour." Said Dr.Pax

All three girls smiled

"You brought me a copy of your will, right?"

"What!" Exclaimed all three girls

"I'm kidding..."

"We have a copy, right" Whispered Dr.Pax as he walked away

"We heard you..." Yelled Sydney

The three girls stood in silence for a few moments.

"We might as well go get ready" Said Keira as she patted Sydney on the back

Ava and Sydney agreed.

Abigail Rowse Grade 6 David Thompson Elementary

Light Years

Later on when the girls were ready they took off with no complications and got halfway to Planet X when they heard a loud crash and went to look at what it was.

"That's the Kuiper Belt" Exclaimed Ava

"Wow this place is big!" Said Sydney

Buzz Buzz

"The powers out!" Yelled Ava

"While no dah" Murmured Keira

"Shhh! You might wake the aliens!" Said Sydney

Ava and Keira stared at each other blankly.

"The ships not moving." Said Keira looking out into space

"That's impossible! They said the ship was unbreakable!" Exclaimed Sydney

"Tell that to the people on the Titanic." Said Ava

"The what?" Questioned Sydney

"Never mind" Whispered Ava under her breath "I forgot it was 2078"

"Guys, we only have seven hours of oxygen left!" Yelled Keira

The girls spent over six and a half hours trying to figure out what to do when they sat down and came to the point.

"It's over." Said Keira

Abigail Rowse Grade 6 David Thompson Elementary

Light Years

"What are we gonna do?" Questioned Sydney

"Nothing." Answered Ava wiping tears from her face.

"I hope my parents sue Dr.Pax!" Said Keira trying to sound joyfull

"I'm gonna miss you guys." Said Sydney

Ava and Keira we're about to say something when the low oxygen level alarm started going off.

"Goodbye." Said Ava as she closed her eyes

But to Ava's surprise when she opened her eyes she was in her room with her alarm going off and in her pajamas.

"It was a dream!"

And then the phone rang.

Amrita Sandhu
Parkcrest Elementary
Grade:6

The Story of a Girl...

This story doesn't have fluffy quotes, or princes battling with dragons to save the princess. This story is about real life, and about a girl who doesn't get saved by a prince, she saves herself.

The story starts with the girl. She is about ten or eleven years old and she loves to dance. At that moment dance was her life and she had the most loving, understanding and amazing teacher. One day on her teacher's way to the airport to go on vacation to Hawaii with her three year old daughter, six year old son, and husband she saw that a car had flipped on the highway. She went to help the people inside the car with her husband while her kids stayed in their car but, an accident happened. Her teacher and her teacher's husband were rushed to the hospital and their kids, so young and helpless, had to go with them.

The dance students were waiting at the dance studio to hear the news about their teacher. The girl and her friend decided to write a letter to their teacher, they wrote about how strong she was while she was going through this tough time, and about how much they missed her and wanted to see her again. She was in the hospital for about a week. The other teachers at the studio wanted to send her the letter on Friday of that week but on the Friday she passed away. The girls don't know if she read the letter but they really hope she did. The times were really hard with all of the kids there. They felt

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like they meant nothing, like they just lost something so important to them that they would never see again. The girl was devastated, she felt like she would never see the light again, like there will never be an end to the darkest path ahead of her. She lost hope, and when you lose hope it is one of the most terrifying feelings you'll ever have. Whenever she was with people, she seemed as if she was OK and that she was happy that her teacher found a better place to be, but when she was by herself, she cried in her room until she couldn't cry anymore. She felt like no one knew what she was going through and like she was all alone, and she always thought about how her teacher's kids felt. Luckily, her teacher's husband was still alive and her teacher's kids didn't have to be alone. During summer of that year, things got better. She felt free and that her teacher was in a better place now. A place where she could be happy. But, in August of that year, her grandpa got sick and had to go to the hospital.

It was her mom's dad. Her mom had a lovely connection with her grandpa one that will never be forgotten. Her mom quickly booked the closest bus ticket to that day and she was going to leave at 3 AM for things slowly got worse and she had to leave right away. The girl came with her mom and her dad to drop her mom off with her grandpa. Soon they left her mom and drove back to their city. The girl came home and cried she hoped that if her grandpa did pass away he would pass away holding her mom's hand. She even made a letter for him telling her that she loved him in the

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language that he spoke since he didn't speak English. Every day it felt like it was getting worse. A day in August came when he left. It felt like a tornado hit the girl because it was so sudden. He passed away while her mom was gone for half an hour getting something for him. After the girl heard the news, she went in her room and she cried. She cried so much and she felt terrible. The emotions she got from her teacher passing away came back to her and they all swarmed at her at once and it was not good. She was even more devastated and sad when she had to go back to school. As soon as she got to school she felt better, her friends were there to take care of her and to make her feel safe. After a few months she felt like she could take on the world but then it happened again. She started getting the feelings she got when both her teacher and her grandpa passed away. She would go to the bathroom for no reason and just sit there and think about her teacher and her grandpa and how she would never see them again.

To this day the girl is still working on making herself feel better but she's getting there. She learned that your biggest enemy in life is yourself and that you need to work hard in order to feel better. When these things happen to you, they never really go away. You always get the emotions that you felt that terrible night but you keep going and eventually you'll feel better. I'd like this to be known, that this is an ongoing story. You have to deal with this for as long as you live because life is a game that will never end. Believe me, when I say that you will struggle greatly in life, but if you don't struggle

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you're not really living. The hardest things in life will always be scary but you have to persevere and get through them because once you do you'll feel unstoppable. And now you maybe asking yourself, "Who is the girl in this story?" That will remain a secret for now, she will tell the world her story when she feels like she's ready and when she feels OK that she can talk about it to not just others but to herself.

Life or Death

Writhing, yelling, begging for help, little voices yell in my ears.

“Help! Please! No more!”

Scrambling, crawling, crying, they look pleadingly into my somber gray eyes. There’s nothing more I can do other than stare at the voices, small, like splashes of watercolor paint, gray blue and musky, begging for my help. Among the voices a new one speaks, a large gray figure which is made entirely of smoke slowly forms into the structure of a woman, slender and elegant, like that of a strict librarian. Her smoky form begins to grow long black hair, an unfelt breeze tugs at it behind her making it wave like ripples in an ocean, and in her narrow face, two bright white, lemon shaped orbs take place as eyes. They seem to make everything around me glow with a new eerie, tingly feeling in the air, and silence suddenly hangs in the air as she creepily hovers towards me. Even the pleading voices seem to be holding their breaths as the figure makes her way towards me.

The air fell so silent all I could hear was my heart pulsing as she slowly hovered forward, her orb-like eyes staring into my soul, like daggers shooting right through me. Slowly, she leans her creepy head to my shoulder, I can see her blinding orb-like eyes in the peripheral of my vision as she moves towards me, now I notice she has a more sculpted face, more than just smoke. It seems to be stone, and her lips are oddly perfect, but cracked with a weird wise aura, though she only looks about forty years of age. Suddenly she speaks into my ear, I can feel her breath on my shoulder, stone cold, like glass that had been left out overnight, and when she

speaks a chill crawls down my spine. Her voice sounds like a breeze whistling through trees, or the dripping of water when it spins into an icy clear creek. It suddenly seems to fill the whole space around me and i feel my heart pulsing in my throat. Every S and T she pronounces seems to crack clearly like a twig and the breath is stolen from my lungs.

“Save them...” The woman speaks. “Take them, Save them...”

Suspense grips the air, seeming to choke me and never let me go as she slowly leans backwards, just to lean directly into my face the next time. All I can see are her glowing, white eyes.

“Run.”

I try to wriggle away but I'm paralyzed in place and she stays there, dead faced, as if silently enjoying my suffering. I attempt to open my lips to object but they seem clasped shut, I can still feel her icy breath on my cheeks as i wriggle around and slowly she begins to dissolve away, like she's being swept away by imaginary leaves, her cold colour breaking away piece by piece and flying off, piece by piece, pixel by pixel, inch by inch, she disappears away from me, and the more she disappears the louder the screams grow. Screeching and screaming, howling and yelling, crying out, the noise makes my ears bleed. They squeal, and I realize it's the beggars, small and rainy blue gray, scrambling around helplessly.

Soon the woman is gone and all I can hear are the wails of pain escaping the beggars. I can imagine faces, mouths stretch wide and their eyes are glowing bright like the woman from before. Her voice echoes in my mind but I can barely focus on it when I hear the agony vibrating the floor beneath me until everything seems muffled and the screams are growing louder, but are

fading away at the same time, like I'm suddenly the one who's dissolving before their eyes. I give up and begin to let the peace engulf me, things are growing darker, like they are being covered by a dark fade, and Death grasped me and pulled me into an unknown, airless place where it stared me in the eyes, promising to never let go.

Fate

And just like that I wake up from a dream, my clothes are damp from the cold sweat around me and my room is unpleasantly dark. The blinds are closed, and it's just quiet. It's almost creepy with the sudden silence.. Like nothing happened it was all over and here I am, sitting in bed trying to analyze what happened. Lying in bed, I have to remind myself over and over about what I know:

I am Naomi, I am 17 years old, I am 5'1, I love dogs, cooking, and hate school, I have silver eyes and a short, curly, black bob, and love wearing suspenders. Oh! And I almost forgot! I have schizophrenia.

If you don't know what it is let me explain, schizophrenia is a rare mental disorder that affects only one percent of the population, and it's a nightmare. It can cause people to act or think in a weird dazed way, and cause the victim to often hallucinate, mess with concentration and thinking, and it can give you lack of motivation.

Still I'm the same person I was yesterday, Naomi Vanderwall.

Sitting in bed I realize it's Monday.

Monday...

There is only one thing I absolutely hate more than Mondays, which happens to be on Mondays: School. I walk around and all I see are the kids giving me weird glances and faces, like I'm some demon. Everyone thinks that, so It's my job to deal with it. Either way, now my task is to get out of bed, the second hardest part of the day. I pull my head up and feel sick to the stomach as I lean forward and just like that, I'm up. That was much easier than most days. Still I must prepare for another day, because, in my life, every move I make is life or death.

I, Ben Mowus, am a hiker. There isn't much to me. Walks to the mountain everyday. Sometimes my curious self surfaces and searches the forest in hopes of finding something strange; like a clan in the forest, or a sacred artifact. No one ever saw it coming when I really did find something.

A twig snapped under my boot as I stomped my foot to the ground, scaring away a squirrel. The whispers of the wind filling my ears. A droplet of water landed on my forehead and streamed down to my chin. I looked up at the towering pine trees. I knew these trees better than myself. So useless but their presence soothes me, tells me that I'm not alone in the world.

There was a sudden thump, I jumped at it. The tree trunk shook as it was hit and dozens of more waters drops rained down on my hatted head.

I shot into a crouch, my gaze darting from tree to tree.

"Hello?" I muttered. I was too frightened to say it any louder. I stood back up, the slight adrenaline fading. "Quite rude to scare a poor little hiker like me out in this wide forest, isn't it. Who's out here?"

No response.

I get the feeling of being watched, but it's more like eyes burning into my back. For the sake of first impressions, I spun around. A dark figure suddenly darted behind a tree as I noticed him. The tree was about two yards away. In a couple steps I could probably go to meet this person.

I stepped over a fallen tree and trekked toward the tree. I rested my hand on the tree and peered around the side of the it. I was expecting a shy child, but found myself staring into the

thinking? This thing has me right where it wants me. If I come into the lake, it could eat me for all I know. It could hold me captive and torture me.

Screw it.

I stomped my foot into the water and waited for the water to soak through my boots, but it didn't. I swished through the water but felt no friction. Another step, I'm still not even damp. I continue to walk into the pond. It's like the water isn't even there.

Because it isn't.

Now chest deep in the pond, I now know that this isn't a pond at all. It just looks like one so people are oblivious as to what it's hiding.

I duck down to submerge my head in false-pond. My eyes widen. My frightened blue eyes rest upon more vantablack people. Standing in a line. Their glowing blank eyes staring directly into my soul.

Behind them there was a massive chasm cracked into the Earth. There's no knowing what is down in that hole. Honestly, I don't want to.

I could make out seven of them, obviously aware of my presence. Maybe I should have brought a weapon. But what weapon would I find in a an empty forest deprived of people?

My forest knife, I thought.

I reached into my pocket and found my knife. Pulling it out was like pulling a present out, don't ruin the surprise by revealing the gift.

I slipped out my standardized forest blade and quickly hid it behind my back. I took three shaky steps toward the nightmarish figures.

I was ready to slash at them, but the only thing I could do was think about the action. Something in my brain was blocking it. I couldn't bring myself to do it. I dropped the knife, knowing that these things had the upper hand, so I didn't have much use for it.

Everything went black very suddenly.

That was my encounter with the Shadow People. Thanks to my curiosity, I've started a world wide conspiracy to bring up the Shadow People. Either we could dedicate a home for them, send them home, imprison them, or even terminate them. Whatever it was, I wanted to show them how the world works.

My Demons

I always heard the voice. Though at first I thought something was wrong with me, I grew accustomed to the helpful friend. He told me how to summon the dead safely and where the demons were. I called him Indy, and the only person I told about him and the demons I saw was my best friend, Riley. He was very calm about it. The voice had guided me to him. I made a promise to myself that I would never let the demons take Riley away. That year in Grade 9, I was ready, but what I didn't know was I would be swarmed by demons and lose one of my dearest friends.

I always loved the voice, though some people thought I was crazy when I talked to him. They saw me as a freak, a schizo, an outsider. All the children would laugh and taunt me, asking me if I was going to talk to my "demon friends". But not Riley, never Riley. He would protect me and never turn his back. Until the day I heard a new voice. He called himself Adara, and he told me of horrible things. I had to stay home with Riley the first days, screaming and clawing at my skull, telling Adara in my mind and out loud to GET OUT! GET OUT! GET OUT! He just laughed and showed me terrifying images of demon lords overrunning helpless villages while Indiana tried to erase them with happy memories. Riley just sat and held my hand, whispering, "it's ok," over and over. A few hours later, I finally was exhausted from everything. I lay on my bed, panting, my fingernails bloody from scratching.

"Thanks, Riley. I was alright with Indiana and the ghosts but Adara is too harsh." I panted.

"Hey, it's okay, Lily. I'll always be here for you." He moved my hair out of my eyes and smiled. I smiled back. He had black hair and eyes so blue they looked like a river. As I was noticing the luscious details in his face, I saw a little girl staring lovingly at us. Her smile teasing. At first, I wondered how she got in but I realized she was a ghost. Her face flickered, and I saw her real form, a decaying body. I twitched, and Riley's grip tightened.

"What is it, Lily?" He asked. I stood up in reply.

"A ghost... but she seems nice." I waved, but then, she started to float and the look on her face was pure terror like it wasn't her fault. Her eyes turned green, and she spoke very deeply.

"Beware the one you call a friend, with ghost's last breath, the world shall mend." She flickered, then disappeared. I shivered. "What is it, Lily? What did she say?" He seemed distressed, but not nearly as shaken up as I was. "I'll tell you tomorrow, okay?"

The next day was a nightmare. The popular kids noticed me. Now, to some people, that sounds fine, great even. But to me, it was horrible.

"Hey, Lily! What's up?" The girls crowded in on me. I tried to back up but they had me surrounded; like hyenas in lip gloss.

her hands against her ears. I realized this was what I did when Adara inhabited my brain.

The rest of them ran from the Nightmare ghosts. I stumbled to Riley, then saw a pale red line on his arm. In horror, I realized he had been scratched, and the demon's dark power was coursing through him. He sat up and smiled dementedly. I realized it was too late. His skin turned gray, and he floated upwards. "You tried to save me, but you couldn't. If you can't even do that, how will you stop the end of the world?"

I stumbled backwards, throwing all my power at him, but it wasn't enough. I saw the little ghost girl who told me the prophecy that terrified me. She smiled and then closed her eyes. When she opened them, a white flash of blinding light scorched my pupils. I opened my eyes and saw the ghost, her life force almost all gone, and Riley, the dark magic withdrawn. The ghost girl smiled, then disappeared. Her prophecy had come true, and it had almost destroyed me.

Rossana's journey
Grade 6
Rayleigh elementary
Ella St.louis

"Ahh school is almost over nothing can ruin this day." I thought to myself but I was wrong because then I heard

"Can Rosanna please come down to Ms.T's office. Thank you." on the pager then I walk down to the office anxious

because of all the stories I've heard about her doing things to people who are different. She will probably be harder on because I am half human half bear and the fact I bring my dragon to school every day doesn't help. When I walk into the office of Ms. Betris L Tramp (BLT) I see a wip on the wall in a bullet proof glass case with a keyhole, and with the whip that looks like crusty hard bacon rinds braided together and into a wip. I start to get fearful. And then I hear a strange thing,

"Congrats Rosanna you have won student of the year." She said with a fake smile on her face. As I walked out of her office with the trophy I heard Ms.Tramp say under her breath as quietly

"You will only be student of the year if you still attend this school in time for the ceremony."

At that Moment I knew Ms. Tramp would try and find a way to expel me so I have to be my best self till the ceremony tomorrow after school. I walk down the hall's hearing things like congrats, I wish I won, and worst of all you just got it cuz your the teacher's pet. So I replied Thanks, better luck next year, I'm not the teachers pet. I went to my locker to surprisingly see my bff Sumi, and Star with our three dragons Spike who was mine, Midnight who was Stars 's, and

Rossana's journey
Grade 6
Rayleigh elementary
Ella St.louis

principal ms. Applegate who was wearing an astonishing purple ruffled top with a long pink skirt, Coach stopped to talk to her to explain what happened but I could not keep myself from laughing at this Ms. Applegate kindly explained

“Coach Brendan Miller, you are fired i have a camera and microphone and camera inserted into all of our staffs hats or desks so I can hear and see everything that is going on. So yes before you ask yes I did see the girl go in the locker room Girl I know it was an accident I have a camera bye that door to. So Coach you are fired for chasing and blowing your whistle at a student, back up your things.” As Coach miller walk out of his office with his trophies and diplomas he sat on the swing set crying he was so heavy and buff that he broke the swing and fell to the ground causing him to cry even more then I see ms applegate walk out saying coach you forgot your world best coach mug in the teacher's lounge. Mrs applegate comforted him made him so coffee and drove him home because it was the end of last period. Bring bring bring bring the last bell rang it was time to go home Star, Sumi, and I met up at our favorite bench to discuss. The first thing I asked was

“How did all of you know i got student of the year, I just found Out myself so I don't know how you could have already found out.” Then Star replied as she pulled out her phone from her back jean pocket,

Rossana's journey
Grade 6
Rayleigh elementary
Ella St.louis

“ Olive the Office monitor posted a picture of you plack with a caption of teacher's pet on her ChatSnap Story.” they both showed me there phone screen with her ChapSnap story on then i looked at my ChapSnap not seeing it.

“How Come I didn't get the To see it,how come i cant even see her Story on my ChatSnap where is it.” I replied to them then at the same time they said

“She blocked you”

“Oh.” I replied

Later that Night

“I'm so happy we could have a sleepover.” Sumi said

“Ya this is so awesome.” Star said

Hey guys i have a plan to make this sleepover even better let's break into the school and look at teacher files.”

“Ya let's do this.” we all say at the same time.

As we all start to walk to inside the school I blink and I see the room of my bedroom and my mom calling me “Come on honey your going to be late for school it's friday not saturday.”

“Augg It was all a dream” I yell.

BANANAS 2.0

Pg.1
By: Nicklas Strudwick
Grade 6
Mr. Conroy
Dallas Elementary

A banana happy or sad,
To get one just ask your dad,
The way Mr. Reed peels them is bad.

A banana yellow and gold,
Their future is unfortold,
When they're cold,
And covered in mold,
They're definitely ready to be sold.

A banana odd and plump,
Sometimes they have a weird lump,
If that's the case,
it might make you a grump.
That may make you vote for Trump.

Bananas have a weird shape,
The thing that ate yours was an ape,
Eat a banana not a grape,
Super heroes sometimes wear,
a banana coloured cape.

It will grow on a tree,
Superstore does sell me,
People get mad when they see,
That I am really expensive, not free.

A Nature Riddle

By: Nicklas Strudwick
Grade 6
Mr. Conroy
Dallas Elementary

I'm as small as a toddlers pinkie finger,
Then I hide like a banana in a peel,
Eventually I bloom like a flower in the spring,
When winter hits I say goodbye,
Away toward the sunset I will now fly.

Mya Strutz
Westmount Elementary
Grade 6
The Candy Land Adventure

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It was like every other day in Oklahoma, Texas. Amy who was 8 years old got up and went off to her grade three class at Oklahoma Public School. She got up at 7:00 am, the bus came at 7:30 am, and school started at 8:10 am. When Amy got to school the first subject of the day was Social Studies.

"That was really boring," Amy said to her friend Chloe.

"Yes it was. Well I guess that's goodbye. My mom is here to take me to my dentist appointment. See you tomorrow."

"Bye," Amy said.

It was now the end of the day at Oklahoma Public School. Amy's mom and dad worked late on Thursdays, so Amy usually took the public bus to the local mall and would hang out for a while.

When Amy got to the mall she went to Booster Juice and got a snack size Strawberry Sunshine. After that Amy went to the lower level.

She saw a gumball machine and decided she would buy herself a gumball. When Amy put the quarter in the machine she felt like she was floating. All of a sudden she was caught up in a swirl of candies. A few seconds later she dropped into a car made of rainbow coloured starbursts and when she looked up she saw a screen made of Graham Wafer Crackers and sugar. She saw her face, but in a cartoon. She looked down at herself and saw that she was in a cartoon. A gingerbread man appeared and said, " Ok racers, you will go around Candy Land Village, through obstacles. The first one to make

Mya Strutz
Westmount Elementary
Grade 6
The Candy Land Adventure

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it past the finish line will become the Sugar Sugar Race Car Champion. Okay racers, start your engines. On your mark, get set, go!"

Amy was not sure where to go but her car seemed to know. The first obstacle was through the Chocolate Mountains. Racers had to go up the mountains and then around. Surprisingly, Amy came in first.

The next obstacle was the Gummy Bear Caves. Amy went into the caves and hid behind a marshmallow rock. She looked around and saw that all the Gummy Bears were sleeping. To complete the course she had to grab a Jujube Berry from the bush inside the cave. All of a sudden a bear woke up and began to go towards the berry bush. Amy waited patiently for the bear to go back to sleep.

About ten minutes later the bear went back to sleep with the rest of the bears, and Amy was clear to go and get a berry. When it was the right time, Amy got into her car and quietly went over, reached out, and grabbed a berry. Then she put the berry carefully into the back of her car and drove out of the cave.

Just when Amy was driving out of the cave the bears awoke and started to look around. Amy thought to herself, "Thank goodness they didn't wake up when I was in there."

After the Gummy Bear Caves, the racers had to go on the Fruit Roll-Up bridge being protected by Dinosaurs. When Amy saw all those Dinosaurs protecting the Fruit

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she was surprised to see the toilets were made of gingerbread. Amy found that kind of weird.

After Amy used the bathroom she had to find her way out. When she was trying to find her way out she found a gumball machine. She suddenly remembered how she got to this crazy place, so she put in a quarter.

All of a sudden she was spinning up in the air. About ten minutes later she was back in the Oklahoma Mall. She didn't know what just happened but she found a picture of her winning the race in her back pocket.

"Amy wake up. It's time to go to school," said Amy's mom.

It turns out, it was all a dream! But, Amy found a gummy worm in her hair. So, did the adventure happen?

Landon Taylor
James Merchant
Logan Lake
Grade 6
The Adventures of Chad

The Adventures of Chad

There once was a man named Chadwick. He was 21 years old. Chadwick didn't like to be called Chadwick, so he went by Chad. Chad liked to go on great adventures!

Today Chad was going on the biggest adventure of his life without even knowing. Chad was just about to take a nap when there came a knock at the door. When Chad got up to answer the door, he was greeted by some gameshow people. They told him that he won a trip to Africa! Chad was excited because he had never won anything before. They told Chad to go pack anything he needed to travel with.

After Chad was done packing he went downstairs to get ready for his trip! The game show people told him they could drive him. Chad said, "Okay, thanks."

He got into the car and drove off towards the airport. When he got to the airport about twenty minutes later, he got out of the car and walked into the airport. He walked up to the front desk and asked when his flight left. The girl at the front desk said, "In ten minutes."

Chad unloaded his car and waited for his flight, when the plane was boarding. Chad got on. The pilot came on over the speaker: "Everyone, we will be taking off momentarily."

Chad thought to himself, "I wonder what Africa is like?" Hours later, Chad's plane landed at an African airport. Chad got off the plane and started to get his luggage together. He was standing in the middle of the airport. He walked up to a pay phone nearby and inserted his coins. Chad called a taxi to pick him up at the airport.

Landon Taylor
James Merchant
Logan Lake
Grade 6
The Adventures of Chad

When Chad opened the door to the taxi and he got in, the driver asked him "Where to?"

Chad said, "Take me to the Great Sphinx of Giza."

"Ummmmmmmm.....that's not even a real-"

"Just take me there!" shouted Chad.

"Okay," said the driver. The taxi drove and drove. An hour later, the driver finally told Chad that they were lost. Chad yelled, "SO YOU WAIT UNTIL NOW TO TELL ME!!" Chad opened the car door and jumped out onto the highway.

Chad got off the highway just in time: a truck was about to hit him. Chad started to walk back towards the city. Suddenly, a white van drove by and stopped in front of him. They told Chad that they could give him a ride back to the city. Chad got into the van and then he looked into the mirror; on the side he couldn't see at first it said FREE WIFI!!!

Chad said, "Uh, I don't need a ride anymore."

"Oh yes you do." They picked up a baton and hit Chad on the head with it.

Chad woke up in a strange location tied to a wooden chair. The three men walked into the room with two other men. One of the men said in a stern voice, "Welcome the Scorpion."

"Uh, what?"

One of the men came up to Chad and slapped him in the face.

"What the heck?!"

"Let him go!!" shouted a man tied up in the corner.

"Be quiet!" yelled the first man.

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James Merchant
Logan Lake
Grade 6
The Adventures of Chad

Chad yelled, "Let me go, you weirdos." Then Chad jumped out of the chair, but forgot he was tied. He fell flat on his face, ".....Ouch."

"Whoa....whoa....whoa...ahhhhhhhh!" Chad yelled.

"Let's fight," said a big man, known as the scorpion. The scorpion picked Chad up, untied him, and threw him onto the floor.

"What the--" Chad stuttered "You're the--the---the SCORPION!!!" Chad yelled.

The Scorpion then gave Chad a sword and a shield.

"What is this for?" Chad asked cautiously.

"Here, we fight," the Scorpion said.

"Ok.....," and with that, Chad was flying across the room. CRASH!! Chad hit the wall like a brick. BAM!! Chad blocked the hit with his shield. Chad ran towards the Scorpion and swung, but he missed; the Scorpion lunged at Chad, Chad dodged the attack, then he swept the Scorpion off his feet and started hitting him with the shield. The Scorpion punched Chad, and he went flying through the wall and landed on the deserted road near the temple. When Chad woke up he could not move. He blacked out. Someone must have called the ambulance, and it took him to the hospital.

Five months later, Chad got up, he was recovering from his 3 broken ribs, a broken leg, 2 broken arms and a broken shoulder. "I am going home. That is enough adventure for me." Chad muttered, as he called a cab back to the airport.

Finn Vukusic
grade 6
Aberdeen Elementary
A Collection of Poems

Snow Falls

Snow falls,
soft flakes drift slowly
to snow-covered ground.

Snow falls,
a blanket of white
tinted golden,
translucent,
in the late evening sun.

Snow falls,
so beautiful
like a soft corner of gossamer cloth.

Snow falls,
light,
fragile,

Broken by a pinch,
yet cold enough to chill the bones
of a grizzly bear in mid-slumber.

Finn Vukusic
grade 6
Aberdeen Elementary
A Collection of Poems

Untitled

Thoughts like bees
buzz, bend and break,
then finally implode.
Silence on the inside,
but not on the outside.
For your words don't pollinate,
They poison.

False Sense of Security

Today our beautiful
ball of blue and green no longer
has lost the child that plays, laughs and prances around
has no need to be sad or crying unless it is for a skinned knee.

People walk around
head down
looking at a screen waiting for someone
to text back.
Just waiting for a false sense of security.

Everybody is encased
in a thick wall of plexiglass
and they will never have any feelings until
they are lying in the middle of a road
crowds around, gathered.

And someone finally texts back.

My name is Ethan, and I'm going to tell you my story of how I got to live with the love of my life.

It all started when I decided to go for a road trip. I was ready, favourite sweater, my van, and a poster for my entertainment. I started the van with a satisfying twist of the ignition. I was off! I live in Edmonton, Alberta and I'm part wolf. My mother gave me away as soon as she saw the ears. Thankfully, a woman named Lilith took me to a good home with two sisters. The sisters liked me a bit too much. They would hold me like a baby and pet me like a dog. No one would listen me in school, I was the bully-magnet. I heard there are only 2 people in the world including me like this.

The trip was 2 hours in when I realized I was low on gas. I freaked out thinking that I would die out in the woods. My car stopped. I had to find a shack or place with fuel. I wandered out into the woods, then I found shelter. I walked in and started to explore.

Chapter 2: Eva

I was sleeping, in my horrible bed. Then I woke up to footsteps downstairs. I got up from my bed and grabbed my pocket knife from my drawer. That knife was from my dad in WWII. I got down the steps and saw him. He was wearing a blue sweater. I snuck up on him and... BAM! I stabbed him in the back. He stepped back and wailed. A few seconds later, he passed out. I dragged him to the guest room. He was heavy. After that, I went back to bed.

Chapter 3: The Same Kind

I didn't know what hit me, I just fell limp. I woke up with a bandage around my waist and lower chest. I couldn't move because I was in so much pain, but I got up to look around. Then I heard footsteps outside the door. I got into bed and pretended to sleep. A girl with... ears walked in. I was so happy! I was about to jump out of the bed to say hi, but when I saw a knife in her hand I decided not to. She walked up to me and said, "I know you're awake."

I opened my eyes and looked at her's. She must have read my mind.

"I don't like when humans look at me like that, I feel like they're flirting."

"First of all, I'm not flirting. Second of all, I'm not human." I took off my hood and she gasped.

"Y-you're just like me!?" she said, pointing at my wolf ears.

"Yep, I'm the only one like this...I guess not," I said, still surprised.

"So... why exactly did you STAB ME!?" I said, pointing to my bloody wrapped up back.

"I'm sorry! I never get visitors! I thought you were human!" she said, almost crying. "I was banned from my own city!" She burst into tears. I got up and tried to cheer her up.

"It's ok, I've been through that too." I said reassuringly.

Chapter 4: Living together

It was 7:00 pm and I was still in pain. She gave me soup. It was delicious.

"I was meaning to ask... what's your name?" I said curiously.

"I-I don't want to tell you yet," she stammered. *I wonder why she won't tell me her name. Does she even have one I wondered?* Suddenly, it came to my mind.

"Do you have gasoline?" I asked.

"No, why would I have that?" she said.

"Uuuuuuh just asking," I said awkwardly. *I don't want her to know that I have to leave. She could be sad, and I want to stay.*

"Do you have a lot of food? It seems like you've been living here for months."

"I found a full cellar of canned food, and I decided to use it," she said.

"Wouldn't you risk getting food poisoning?" I said wryly.

"I... don't think so." I could tell that she wasn't quite sure about what she was saying. I knew one thing though, she was hurt. I noticed that she was limping when she walked into the room.

"Why are you limping?" I asked, looking at her injured leg.

"Its nothing."

"But it looks like your-"

"I said it was nothing!" There was a long silence. Then I asked, "How long have you been here?" But I shouldn't of said that.

Chapter 5: Unknown

At the exact moment I asked, I heard a knock at the door. The knock was so sudden that me and the girl toppled over.

“What was that?!”

“You don't know what that noise is?” We heard it again, but this time we heard a voice.

“We know you're in there! Please come out now.” At that moment we both panicked.

“Hide,” she said in a weird, calm voice. We both hid under the bed, and waited. After what seemed like forever, I heard a door opening. My mind raced. *Will we make it? Who is this person? Why is this happening? WHY DID THIS HAPPEN?*

I stopped on that thought, why am I here? Then, I heard the door of the room open.

>Part Two Coming Soon!<

Emerson Willis
Gr,6
Dallas Elementary
Mr.Conroy

The Bay

One really clear and peaceful day ,
I went down to see the bay.
A lot of people used to say,
The place was haunted to this day.
Something that I always pray,
Is it doesn't come for me one day.
I ran and ran far far away,
That ghost chased me out of the bay.

I went back to the bay that night,
I wasn't going down without a fight.
I got a hunter that had some might,
The ocean extended left and right.

When the ghost started to appear,
The ghost was an icy clear.
I was filled to the brim with fear.
The ghost tried to grab my ear,
I said to myself, "I'm out of here!"

And now to this day,
I will never go to see the bay.
Nothing to do, nothing to say,
You can't make me go to the bay.

Chapter one

I run with my region to the Challenge games ceremony. My family is there, waiting watching. I see the other regions too. When my mom was young there weren't regions, they were factions. Region A was Abnegation, who live life to be as helpful, unnoticeable and selfless as possible, Region Am was Amity, who live life to be the peacekeepers of our city, Region C was Candor, they live life to be honest, no secrets at all, region E was Erudite, they live life trying to be intelligent and wisdom and finally my region. Region D was Dauntless and we live life to be fearless. Each city is a district and each district has five regions, the ones I just explained and each district chooses five kids or adults, who are over the age of 10, from each region to go to the *Challenge games*. The Challenge games require that one district has to have at least one person standing and living to win. Five districts, five regions, who will win this year? I see Gloria, my little sister, who could actually participate this year though I don't want her to. For her, there will be zero chance of her survival. Another thing with the Challenge games is that there has to be 2 girls and 2 boys, so the last one could be a boy or a girl. I shake, with tension aching in every limb in my body. Who will it be this year? I look over at the rest of my region. Since we are supposed to live without fear, I see some eager to finally have a chance to prove themselves worthy to live among us, although some of my friends still cower behind their families. During the Challenge games you monitor who is out in the wild and check who is still alive. My older sister, whom no one speaks of ended out in the Challenge games, she didn't make it out. I was

Alice Willms
Lloyd George Elementary
Grade 6
Challenge Games

five when it happened she was the second last and District 5 brutally murdered her, then denied it. My father was blown up by a dormant explosive because he tried to get out of here, out of the city. My family actually consists of my mother and G, Gloria. I see our Games Chooser, Brie, walk past the crowd and head for the platform with one bowl that will decide not only mine but everyone's fate around me. Brie waits for silence and when she gets it, her eyes skim past mine and rest on my sisters. She even shrinks behind my Mom. She is never afraid, but this time she is intimidated to even look at Brie. I even find myself inching toward my mother.

“Welcome!” Brie’s booming voice rings out across the entire gathering.

The whispers start after a heartbeat of tension in the air. Brie dips her hand into the bowl and fishes out five names, looks at them, then puts one back and fishes out another one. She clears her throat and begins.

“Elliot Soon!” she shouts, “Ryan Terre! Bailey Cloud! Scarlet Crow!” she finishes and takes a long pause, I finally take a breath, G and I are safe, “Raven Willms!” And that's when I freeze.

Brie beckons all of us to the stage. My feet are planted in the ground. Someone, I have no idea who, drags me off my feet toward the stage. I hear G crying and my mother, well she’s not crying, she’s sobbing. Then I feel a hand on my arm and I break free from my little sisters grasp without looking, I do not feel like crying not in front of everyone. I reach the stage and turn around to scan the crowd for my family and friends before I get swept away with the guards that are ushering me to where most of the others are. Two people come in behind me and Brie glares at them.

Alice Willms
Lloyd George Elementary
Grade 6
Challenge Games

“We, the Games Choosers, have some rules. First, do not kill anyone during the two weeks of training. That will be how long it will take to get there. You will practice aim, strength without weapons and running.” she says, almost monotone. “You will all need this training to teach you how to survive. Then, after two weeks either you will die or you will make our district proud,” she finishes off the first rule then moves on to the next, “Second, you have to learn how to work as a team, or hardly anyone survives. Thirdly, you all need to know to not go to the center of where you begin because everyone there is brutally murdered. Run away from it and there will be a bigger chance of survival. There will be other weapons and things deployed around the area. Also, you need to help each other to have a bigger chance of survival because there will be a fence that won’t kill you right away but if you stay in it for five to ten minutes death will be there to replace you, so stay away from it. You will all know it’s there because it’s faintly outlined with a dark red.” Brie finishes without looking at our faces. “Get settled, we begin training in the morning.”

I look around, not knowing what to expect. The first thing I notice is that there is three girls and two boys.

I decide to keep to myself until dinner, then head straight for bed with food in my belly.

I awake with screams of pain in my ears. I whip my head around to see where the wretched noise is coming from. I see Scarlett hunched over her hand and I realize that she is hunched over her stomach, and then she pukes up blood. I watch her lie down and not get up again. *She’s dead.* I think to myself. I freeze, my mind racing. I see Brie walk in the room and stop dead in her tracks.

Alice Willms
Lloyd George Elementary
Grade 6
Challenge Games

“She must’ve been poisoned, because nobody dies on the first day of training,” Brie says, astounded. Strange people come and take Scarlett’s body away.

I work on how to get my sidekick better, but I had already learned everything in my region so I just had to perfect it, the same with my aiming skills, which leads me to a lot of free time.

Later that night Elliot comes to our room.

“Why are you so lonely all the time?” she asks.

“What region are you from?” I respond, pointedly.

“Region AM... Why? Plus, I asked first,” she says stiffly.

“You seem pretty unwelcoming for that region,” I answer.

To myself, I think this will be a friend to the end.

Math

The numbers... the angles...the measurements...

this is my dread ,though I face it almost every day I count the seconds as it goes by

I try my absolute best to not think about it but it comes back,

I jog my memory over and over again, no luck

I look at the clock still 20 minutes no good when will it end.

Then there is the math that I and other people can do in a second

This is one of my bests strengths and I hope it is for all for yes there is a type of math I do

enjoy

So now I say to you choose what math you would like and what math is for someone

else.

The Sound of Silence

As we sit in silence, we think about things all different yet so similar.

In this time we listen to the small crunches as a squirrel runs by

Or the warm breath of our companions, we question how silence could exist with all that

makes noise, yes this is my sound of silence

What would someone else's sound of silence be I have asked myself this but I have never really thought about it, what if these other people don't appreciate the sound of a

squirrel

Maybe they like something even more peaceful either way we are all thinking the same

thing...this is the sound of silence.

Lost wolf

Emmy Wright, Grade 6, Lloyd George Elementary.

I ran as fast as I could. I saw my den and ran into it. My brother ran in a split second after me. "Ha! I knew I could outrun you!" I mocked my brother, and he growled at me playfully. My feet felt as if they were going to fall off, but I didn't want my brother thinking I was weak so I casually walked over to my bed of leaves and laid down and rested my head on my paws. I was trying so hard not to fall asleep, but I couldn't even keep my eyes open for five seconds. I eventually couldn't stop myself from falling asleep, and I let my dreams take over. It didn't take long for my sleep to be interrupted. I sniffed the air and smelled smoke. I heard my dad yell at the pack to run. Everyone scattered and I ran into the woods. I ran as fast as I could, but tripped over a branch and tumbled to the bottom of a hill. I felt a pain in my foot but it was probably just from the fall, and it would go away soon.

I dug a small burrow and gathered a few leaves and put them on the damp soil. I tried to fall asleep again but I was too afraid because of the noises all around me. I got up again and limped to a tree, leaning on it a bit to support my weight. I saw something glow for a second and I could smell something odd. I walked over to it and sniffed it. It was definitely the smell, but it looked like meat. How did it glow then? The meat looked delicious and I was so hungry because of our strict diet. I wolfed it down and I felt a sharp pain in my back. My back was still a bit sore a little while after, but I tried to ignore it. I had nothing to do so I decided to chase my tail. After my first loop, I noticed something on my back. I was shocked when I saw wings. I extended them and flapped a bit, and they were definitely attached to me. I started to panic because I looked like a fur covered bird. I looked around for somewhere to hide, but there was nothing. I ran behind a tree and examined my new body parts. After 10 minutes of trying I expected that I couldn't get them off. I decided to test them out since they were probably going to stay with me forever. I couldn't get off the ground yet but if I practiced enough I might be able to someday. After a couple of weeks, I could fly around. I flew above the trees and saw a clearing in the distance, it was burnt just like my old camp.

I was quite tired because I was up there for so long, so I decided to travel in the morning. When I got back to my den I couldn't sleep, how could they accept a half wolf half bird? I sat and pondered for a moment trying to plan everything out, but nothing would work. I wanted to make it so that they didn't think I was a monster. I could wrap up my wings, but what if I needed them? I guess that they wouldn't mind, if only it could be of some help... It could! It can help with

Lost wolf

Emmy Wright, Grade 6, Lloyd George Elementary.

going on patrols and hunting birds, maybe even defending our territory. Or alerting of a fire to have a head start. I shivered and started to make my way up the hill. I hadn't realized how far I had run before I hit one of my wings on a branch really hard so I decided to not use them for a while. My small paws were burning after the first four or five hours but I kept going, trying not to use my wings yet. It got dark so I laid down and I thought that I heard the distant howl of a wolf, but it was most likely just the cold wind. I fell asleep in almost an instant.

I woke up and immediately started to walk again, my feet felt a bit better so I ran to the borders of the camp. I snuck around in the shadows looking for anyone awake, I heard a low, unfamiliar growl behind me and so I spun around lifting my wing in a threatening manner trying to scare the intruder away. I noticed it was my brother, but he was already turning to run. I ran after him and tackled him to the ground, he struggled to get away and I did my best to calm him down. After he calmed down a bit he noticed it was me. He still didn't trust me completely, but once I let him up he didn't try to run. He just stared at me for a while, then he started to circle me. He eyed my wings suspiciously he came back to examine my face for a while until he nuzzled my neck in greeting. I licked his ear and asked if anything happened when I was gone, he was now allowed on patrol but nothing else interesting seemed to be going on. I walked back to camp with my brother. I heard some scared whispers and growls about my wings, but I just raised them proudly. My family welcomed me back after a lot of convincing and gave me a plump bunny to eat. I went to my bed with my family that night and fell asleep to the sound of the low comforting breathing of my family. My wings did end up being useful and I am now the leader of the pack with my brother being second in command, although he was going to be the original leader, helping me out.

Jeremy Yates
Grade 6
Parkcrest Elementary
First and Third World Problems

First And Third World Problems
Based On The Unfortunate 2013-16 Ebola Outbreak

“Jack Newman, Get yourself to the dinner table now!”

“Sorry Mom, jeez I wish I had more time on my phone.”

These were the words Jack used on a daily basis. This would change after discovering the lives of less fortunate boys and girls around the world in impoverished and poor, rural towns. For dinner, Jack and his mother Jennifer had potatoes with gravy, mixed veggies, and steak. He complains constantly about anything and everything just to establish dominance over his mother. He then gets told to go to bed, “Fine Good”! As he drifts to sleep he succumbs to a dream where he has to experience others’ lives less fortunate than himself.

“Akins will you fetch the water please and boil it at 200 degrees Fahrenheit. I hear there's been cases of a terrible sickness just north of here.”

“Yes Ma, does rice and beans sound good for dinner?”

“Only if you make it, I haven't been feeling very good lately.” exclaimed Ma,

“Anything for my favorite meal” said Akins.

And so Akins went on to pick tomatoes that had earlier been home to many bugs, and harvested the rice from a small field that just barely had enough for two servings. After

Jeremy Yates
Grade 6
Parkcrest Elementary
First and Third World Problems

eating dinner Akins noticed that his mother had unhealthy skin, red eyes, and clearly wasn't thinking right. The next day he too had those same symptoms but his mother's symptoms had

begun to spiral out of control, she had begun throwing up and getting next to extreme headaches. He soon realized a mob of people pushing and shoving to get to the nearest village hospital. So he took his mom to the hospital but, he was being thrown back and forth throughout the mob.

Once they had finally made it to the hospital, everyone had gotten to a state of rolling around trying to find some state of comfort. Then someone dressed in a hazmat suit admitted them into the hospital. His mother was given a room with a bed, the rest of the room was filled with other patients that had also gone beyond the point of any form of treatment or vaccination. Akins mother was going to pass away.

Akins tried and tried to get to his Ma but he had been given a vaccination from the doctors that required him to be isolated. They had said "Your mother is sadly not going to survive the disease. She contracted it from a leaf that had bat excrement on it, we are so sorry. On the other hand you will survive. We gave your mother some medicine to make her passing less painful."

Akins was speechless. He had no words. His only role model and family member left, was going to die. He gave his Ma one last goodbye from his room to hers and even

Jeremy Yates
Grade 6
Parkcrest Elementary
First and Third World Problems

though she couldn't hear him those two words meant the world to him. He spent the next few days recovering along with the select few that had a strong enough immune system to get over the destructive virus.

Akins recovery was exhausting, and boring with the constant sounds of groaning of his fellow recoverees . When he finally was allowed out of the hospital the first thing he did was have a huge meal and he had thrown away any fresh fruit and veggies just in case they carried any form of the sickness. He had slowly begun to have a mental breakdown with his thoughts full of sorrow and an anger building up inside of him festering. He also felt disenchanted towards himself for not getting his mother to the doctors in time. Akins packed up his mothers belongings and put them up for sale. He was packing up her closet when he came across a box saying:

Dear Akins,

I wish I could've been home all this time but circumstances regarding work prevented me from doing so. I left you a picture of us when you were just a wee little lad you are so cute! I love you and your mother

Sincerely, Dad

In tears, Akins took the picture and placed it in the family bulletin board. "Love you too Dad".

Jeremy Yates
Grade 6
Parkcrest Elementary
First and Third World Problems

Akins truly missed the fatherly figure he used to have. He would comfort him through all the bad things the family had gone through and would also toughen him up so when it came time for his father to leave he could take his place as the man in the house. After feeling sorry for himself and trying to mitigate the situation for a bit, he packed up and left for a long trip to his local international airport.

As he walked into the airport he noticed only certain people could even enter the makeshift airport. After examination, the scientists told him he could leave to the United States of America.

When he got off the plane he just walked around for a bit until he ran into a young man and they had the following dialogue:

"Hey! Where are you going bud?"

"Sorry, will you please tell me how to get to a homeless shelter" Akins replied in broken English

"You know what, you seem like a good guy, wanna walk and talk for a bit?"

"Yes!"

"My name is Jack, Jack Newman yours?"

"Akins"

"That's an interesting name you're not from here are you?"

"No not at all"

Jeremy Yates
Grade 6
Parkcrest Elementary
First and Third World Problems

“How’d you get here?”

And so Akins told him his story. That was when Jack woke up much more appreciative of what he had, and for Akins he got adopted by a healthy, loving family.

Hope
by Ava Zirnhelt
Gr.6
Westmount Elementary

It was a beautiful day in SunnySide City and everyone was in a festive mood, well almost everyone. There were just two days until the city's annual Spring Games. Each child could participate in at least one event. There was swimming, canoeing, and various races. Luke, Ella, and Grace were walking to school when Grace asked Ella what events she was entering.

"Swimming and soccer," replied Ella.

"What about you Luke?" Ella asked her older brother.

"The same as last year," mumbled Luke. "The 100 meter race."

"But you don't like racing!" Grace said matter-of-factly.

"That's all I can do in a wheelchair!" snapped Luke.

As the siblings walked to school they passed the corner store. On the store's front window hung a sign stating the events at the upcoming Games. Luke wheeled ahead as Grace and Ella stopped to read it. The sign read:

Get ready for the Spring Games!

This year the Games will be held on Sunday, March 1st, at 11:30am. Get ready because this year we have new sports! The sports are listed below:

- *Diving*
- *Dance Off*
- *Wheelchair Basketball*

See you There!

Hope
by Ava Zirnhelt
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Ella and Grace looked at each other quietly and hurried to catch up with Luke. When they reached Luke they quickly told him about the new event this year - wheelchair basketball! Luke's face brightened and he couldn't wait until after school to tell his parents about the news.

The day seemed to go in slow motion as Luke eagerly awaited telling his parents the news. After school, Luke, Ella, and Grace went home as fast as they could. Luke was happy to see his parents and told them about the new sport the Games had added.

"That's great honey," his mom said.

"Is that what you want to enter?" asked his father.

"YES!" exclaimed Luke excitedly.

The next day, Luke got up extra early to practice his basketball skills. He dug out an old basketball and headed for the park. It took him 20 minutes to get there, but he made it before anyone else. Soon he was shooting hoops and getting some baskets. A stranger rolled in the court with a basketball in hand. Luke noticed that this man's wheelchair was different than his. Eyeing the man carefully, Luke started to wheel away from the basketball court as the man came closer.

"Just a moment young man," the stranger assured him. "I saw you play and I think that with more practice and coaching you could be a superstar."

"Oh!" was all Luke could say. He was shocked at the words that came out of the stranger's mouth.

"I'm Brady Morgan, but you can call me Brady," said the stranger.

"Okay," said Luke. "I'm Luke."

"If you would like, I could coach you," offered Brady.

"That's really nice, but I'm not supposed to accept offers from strangers."

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"I understand. Here is my number. Talk to your parents and call me when you have an answer."

All Luke could do was nod his head and watch as Brady left the court. At around noon Luke headed home to have lunch. He couldn't believe what good luck he had. When he told his parents they didn't believe him until he showed the phone number. Luke asked if he could have Brady as a trainer.

"If you want to, you can call," his dad told him.

"Really?" Luke was astonished.

"We just want the best for you," his mother pointed out.

After many attempts to call Brady, Luke finally got a hold of him and asked if he could still coach him. As the answer came, Luke only heard the first few words; then he shouted for joy.

"I'm guessing that's a yes?" his father asked.

As Sunday rolled around the corner, all three children rushed to get their gear on. They downed their breakfast and hopped in the car.

Grace took Ella to her first sport as Luke went to sign on the wheelchair basketball sheet. Luke was put onto a team with athletic looking kids.

As the Games went on everyone was having a good time, even Luke! He wasn't the best at it, but at least he could control his wheelchair better than the others! When the fourth game of wheelchair basketball ended, Luke spotted Brady. Brady congratulated Luke and asked him if Luke could introduce his family. They rolled over to Luke's parents and Luke introduced Brady to his family. Brady asked Ella and Grace if they won any of their competitions.

"Yes!" said Ella proudly.

"I did too!" Grace answered.

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Brady and Luke's parents talked about coaching times and settled with Tuesday night and Saturday afternoon.

When Tuesday came, Brady drove Luke to the gym and told him to do 20 pull-ups. Luke struggled with this.

"You must have strong arms when you have no lower body strength," Brady explained to him.

"Can I ask you a question?" asked Luke.

"Certainly," answered Brady.

"How did you end up in a wheelchair?"

The question hung in the air until Brady explained that when he was young he ran onto the road and got hit by an oncoming car. Luckily his friend pulled him away and only his legs got hit. Since Brady told his tale it was only fair to tell his. It wasn't as exciting since he had been born this way, but Brady listened intently.

One Saturday afternoon, after two months of training, Brady gave Luke a birthday present. It was a special wheelchair used for basketball! Luke hugged Brady and thanked him.

After months of training with Brady, Luke formed a wheelchair basketball team for his school. Luke was proud of his hard work and determination. He was thankful for his family who supported him through many tough times, and to his closest friend and coach, Brady Morgan.