

# WWII

By Jacob Aie  
Desert Sands Community School  
Grade 7

It was September, 1939. Hitler started his take over. His big attack of Poland was seen by Britain as a threat so they formed allies. World War II had started. Bentley got up off the couch to pack his bag. He knew he would be going to war because he was in the Canadian Armed Forces. Later that day, the phone rang. It was a man on the other line. He said that Bentley would have to get on a plane and go fight with the British against the Nazis and other axis powers.

Bentley got on the plane to Europe. In Britain he fought with British and Canadian soldiers. Bentley and the other soldiers were fighting the Germans when they overwhelmed the Canadian and British soldiers and killed a lot of Bentley's brothers in arms. Bentley survived and he was put in a prison camp.

In the prison camp there was barbed wire everywhere and barely enough food for everybody. In one of the corners of the camp, there was a big oven that smelled horrible. Every day, the Nazis would take a group of people away to the big oven and they would never be seen again. When Bentley got into his barracks, he was greeted by some British soldiers. They brought Bentley to a back room; there was food and one man sitting in a chair. He had brown hair and black eyes. The man shook Bentley's hand and said, "hello, my name is Lieutenant Charles of the British Royal Army. Welcome to the Vixford Barracks." Then he whispered in Bentley's ear "we will be breaking out of here soon, make sure none of the SS guards hear about the plan to break out of the prison camp." Later that day, the SS guards did a raid on Vixford and took a lot of contraband and several prisoners.

The next day, one of the leading guards got Evan into the courtyard and said "yesterday some of the officers found contraband in one of the Barracks. This means no food and those responsible will be brought to justice than death. That is all. Go start working."

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The next day, Charles walked up to Bentley and whispered "tonight is the night. Everyone is going to break out the tunnel, it is done, we will get out!" Later that evening, people start going down the tunnel. Once one hundred and fifty people went down the tunnel, a SS guard said something in German. An alarm bell start going off and more Germans came running. Fifty more people went down the hole. "Thirty more to go then." Charles said something over his homemade radio that sounded like "everyone is out of holes, one two and three." Charles said something over the radio that sounded like "we are almost done! We have 30 more people to go!" Then something hit the door. Three people ran up to the door and barricaded it with chairs and tables. Twenty more people went down the hole. At the door, a SS guard put his head in and said something in German. One of the men stabbed him and the guard collapsed. Everyone had gone down the hole but Bentley, Charles and one other guy. Bentley went down right after one of the men and Charles was the last one out. He closed the wooden panel. That was the last time Charles saw the prison camp.

In the camp there had been no sense of time. They been in the camp for one and a half years and much had changed. Germany now controlled most of Europe and were moving on to Russia. Japan had the Philippines. The axis was winning the war. Bentley went into more battles. On June 4 ,1944 Bentley was called back to the Canadian troops and was told he was going to storm a highly defeated beachfront with British and US troops. On June 6, the storming of the beaches started. Bentley got in his landing craft and went to the beach. When he got there, it was bad. Lots of soldier's bodies were everywhere. Bentley ran into battle, he fired his gun again and again at the German bunkers. Then he heard a machine gun and he knew that he would die, on the beach among so many.

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One and a half years later, World War Two would end. Millions of men like Bentley would die fighting for their countries. They will not be forgotten.

~In memory of Captain Bentley J. Amed

### Scattered

It's dark here. "Phoenix! Wolfheart!... Soaren! Anybody there!?" Shadow cried... But no response. Shadow sat on the black bench in the dark place for twenty minutes thinking about where she was, where all her friends were. She tried using fire to brighten the place, but it didn't work. She could only see herself, fire or no fire, nothing changed.

Shadow woke up in this place at 2:37, the same time she opened the warphole, the same time it is now. She figured out where she was; she was trapped in time! She tried to open a warphole but it just turned into a giant clock. "Time is here and everywhere. Time can't freeze but a specific type of clock can pause," the giant clock stated. "A riddle?" Shadow asked, surprised. Shadow repeated the riddle to herself. "A stopwatch," Shadow answered. The clock disappeared and the warphole returned. Shadow didn't know where the warphole would take her, but she didn't care as long as she could find her friends.

Seconds later Shadow warped to the Winter dimension, she started her search by placing her hand on the ground, closing her eyes and began to scan the dimension for aura of living creatures, like humans, demons, angels, and stuff like that. She found aura of 2 living creatures, conveniently in the same spot, towards the southern frost tower. Shadow flew towards the southern frost tower, scanning the area and her phone for any signs of her friends whereabouts. After flying for about 10 minutes, she spotted two people so she flew down to them.

"Shadow! It's so good to see you!" Frost shouted happily. "Frost?! So this is where you've been since I made you more than just my shadow, " Shadow stated. "This is Fable. I found her wondering around here two weeks ago," Frost said. "Hi," Fable shyly replied. Shadow just stayed silent and stared at Fable as if she reminded Shadow of something. The silence was

interrupted by Shadow's phone, it was Absol! Shadow opened the text and Absol was looking for her, Shadow responded to the text asking where he was so she could get to him.

"I'm sorry I must go now, see ya later!" Shadow murmured. "Bye Shadow, good luck," Fable said. "Farewell Shadow, see you again soon," Frost replied joyfully.

Shadow then flew up above the clouds and opened a warphole to the Poken dimension to get Absol. After she got to the Poken dimension she immediately found Absol's Absol, named Soul. Soul gestured Shadow to follow her, so Shadow did. After about five minutes of walking, Soul stopped just outside of a cave. The cave was lit with a small flame of a Flareon's fire, Absol stepped out of the cave.

"Shadow! You've found me!" Absol rejoiced as he ran towards Shadow and hugged her. "Absol," Shadow replied softly. Shadow's phone dinged twice and this time she received a message from Wolfheart and one from Phoenix. Wolfheart was with Blade in the warrior dimension, Phoenix was in the fire dimension with Blaze.

"Who texted you Shad?" Absol asked. "Wolfheart and Phoenix," Shadow answered. Shadow then stared at the half darkly shaded sky. Absol looked at the sky then looked at Shadow in confusion. "Shad, what you looking at?" Shadow looked back at Absol and answered, "We must go now, are you ready?" "Yes, I am. Where are we going though?" Shadow didn't answer and pointed at Soul, Absol took a pokeball from his pocket. "Soul return!" Shadow softly smiled at Absol then asked him to send out Zard. Absol sent out Zard and got on his back. Shadow and Zard flew upwards to the clouds and Shadow opened a warphole and they were off to another dimension.

As they fell from the sky after exiting the warphole Absol told Zard to return to his pokeball. As Shadow and Absol fell, Shadow grabbed Absol's hands once again and spread out

her wings to stop them from pairishing from the fall. Shadow safely brought Absol and herself to the ground and hid her wings. Absol looked confused as he looked around but Shadow didn't, Shadow knew this place quite well since she hid here when she didn't want anyone around.

"Where are we Shadow?" Absol asked quietly. "The Fire dimension. Please be careful while walking because some spots are very hot," Shadow replied gently. "Ah Shadow, what a pleasant surprise, never thought I'd see you here," a feminine voice said. "Who's there?!" Absol questioned strongly. "Shadow don't you remember me? I guess you wouldn't because of how unkind you were to me," the voice replied ignoring Absol while appearing from behind a burning rock. "Blaze? I didn't do anything unkind to you. I gave you life, is that it, so that you could have a real life and not have to watch me enjoy life? I felt guilty for keeping you with me all the time," Shadow responded. "Why am I here and not with you at home?" Blaze responded looking guilty. "I had to send you somewhere so I thought this place was perfect," Shadow answered.

Blaze politely thanked Shadow and then left. Absol and Shadow continued the search for their friends. They found Phoenix and then went to find Wolfheart in the Combat dimension. As the three ventured to the combat dimension the remaining friends were traveling to warphole towers in the dimensions they were in. The three friends were wandering around the dimension in search of Wolfheart. After finding Wolfheart, they all went to the next two dimensions, the water and forest dimensions. They found Ivy in the forest dimension and Fen in the water dimension.

"The rest of them are in the same place: lunar moon dimension," Shadow stated softly. Then the six of them traveled to the Lunar Moon dimension. Shadow, Absol, Phoenix, Wolfheart, Ivy, Fen, Soaren, Axle, Dash, Cyclar, and Lance: Team SquidFox were reunited and lived happily for all eternity. Or maybe not. We shall see some other time.

# Taken

Autumn Araneda  
Dufferin Elementary  
Grade 7

## 14 years old, Kelowna

I was in the living room, home alone and extremely bored. When my best friend Corrie texted me.

He asked me if I was home. I told him that I was home alone. My parents were out for dinner, and a movie and my brother was staying the night at his friend's house. Corrie told me to come over. At first I wanted to stay home but, he ended up convincing me so I started heading over. I took a shortcut because the streets are a little sketchy at this time of night so I wanted to get there as fast as I could. As I lurked into the woods I realised that I forgot my phone. I decided not to go back for it and continued forward. Then I heard the crunching of leaves. My heart started racing so fast that it felt as if it were going to explode, but I thought that it was probably just a squirrel or something so I continued. I heard the noise a couple more times after that but I was too scared to look back and see what it was. I heard the noise a final time. This time it was too close to ignore. I dared to look back and when I did, I saw a tall, dark figure standing before me. I couldn't entirely capture what his face looked like. All I could see was a haunting scar across his forehead. My instinct told me to run for my life. As I ran I could hear the very loud

and obnoxious footsteps ensuing behind me. Right then, I tripped over a branch, rolled down a small hill, and hit my head on a rock. I don't remember anything after that.

I woke up in a dull basement with my hands tied together and my ankles tied to the chair I was placed on. I took note of what surrounded me until the man opened the basement door and a beam of bright light shone down on me acting like a spot light. "Who are you?" I yelled in dread. "Where am I and why did you take me here?" Silently, he closed the door. Panic took over. I willed myself to calm down. I noticed a knife earlier and astonishingly it was within reach. I immediately started to cut the rope that tied my hands together then cut the rope off my ankles. I gazed around in fear of being caught. There was a black door but it had a lock on it. I tried looking for a key but there was nothing. If I wanted to escape I had to go through the basement door. "But what if I get caught?" I whispered in fear to myself. "Well it's worth a shot." I crept up the stairs as my whole body was shaking. I took hold of the shiny gold doorknob and opened the door just slightly. I peeked through the small crack and looked throughout the house. I could see the man over to the right rummaging about in the kitchen. It seemed like he was looking for something important. He was very well distracted so I snuck towards the front door and got out. The second I stepped out that door I began to run. The sound of a familiar voice calling my name had stopped me.



It was so dark, all I could see was a dim light approaching me. My heart was beating as fast as fast as it could, I thought I was going to throw up. I finally saw who was holding the flashlight. It was the police, my family, and Corrie's family. I ran over and gave them all a hug. "I missed you so much!" I exclaimed. "How long have I been gone? You've been missing for four days." Corrie replied. They took me home right away. "We will be interviewing you tomorrow." The sheriff said.

The next day I went down to the station and told the cops everything I remembered and tried to give my best description of the guy that kidnapped me. I described what I saw and how I escaped. I just couldn't ignore the fact that he left that knife within. It's like he wanted me to escape, But why?

## **2 years later, Alberta**

"Mom I'm going to Amanda's now!" I yelled. "Okay be safe!" my mom warned. As I walked to Amanda's, all the stores were either closing or just about to close. When I passed one shop, a man stepped out and started walking in the same direction as I was. It sounded like he was in a hurry, so I glanced back, and there he was. That was the man who kidnapped me...

# A Short History Of A Girl And Her Horse

I was only a few months old when a sparkling silver horse trailer pulled into our driveway. The vast door swung open only to reveal a nine year old appaloosa quarter horse cross with a beautiful tail of colourful waves of orange, glowing brown and vibrant white. Whose name was, and forever will be, Julius Caesar. Julius was meant to be my mother's horse, but over time he became mine. Over the years I've grown to be more confident on a horse's back, especially if it was Julius's. When I was three I started riding him bareback with a rope and a halter and over the many of years that's all I did. So when my mom started an equestrian club I was a little wary at first, although Julius and I both adapted to riding in a saddle and bridle, bareback is still my number one option. When I was eight we started doing something called a Gymkhana- Gymkhana is like a rodeo only smaller and less competitive. At the Gymkhana we do three events Poles, Stakes and Barrels. With my lessons and participation in Gymkhana I've come to be quite a strong rider. I now go on trail rides alone or with friends, cantering in the wind, almost reaching a gallop, when My friends and I race up the narrow grassy trail, stopping at the lookout trail to look over the shimmering blue lake, watching the sunset go down at a steady pace as I remember how I always wish away time but in moments like that all I want is for them to last forever. My favourite things about trail rides are how peaceful and quiet they are. Sometimes I get a little too distracted looking through the trees noticing all the interesting factors of nature or how when a grouse runs by it gives my horse a scare as he jumps to the side and I struggle to keep my balance to stay on. As Julius grows older I feel I should be more cautious when I run him I always get the feeling as if I hurt him, even though I know he can handle it. Even when I try to hold him back he gets nervous and agitated, and therefore I know he has energy to run. When winter comes I don't ride a lot, I

think it's our lazy season, but I always take some grains out of the rusty freezer we keep them in, and walk through the crusty snow to reach him. As I feed him I rest my head against his and think about all the time that's gone by and regret not spending more of it with him. As I whisper in his ear, promising that I'll do more, I feel his cold breath battle mine. I give him the softest kiss as he starts to walk away to shoo the horses away from his beloved Maggie. He doesn't have to do much to get the horses moved. I watch his ears inch back more and more, a sign that he's angry with the others, as I watch him charge at the others I notice how quickly they scamper away. I'm now twelve and he's soon to be twenty we have had him for over 12 years, he has been my first experience and without him I wouldn't have the ability to be quite as confident and outgoing in some ways. I realize he's not too old and has still got a lot of good times and rides left in him, but as I type this out I feel instead of describing our journey together, I should be living it.

## Moving to Canada

I moved to Canada in 2016. It was for sure, a big move.

My life completely changed after moving from my home in India, where I had lived for 10 years and grew up. I grew up having a lot of memories with me and then suddenly I moved and everything changed, but you still carry your happy memories with you always. When we moved to Canada, all we knew about the country was that it is big, it is cold, it is a charitable nation, it has lots of Punjabis and is a **peaceful nation** with respect for humans in general. I feel lucky and happy to be in Canada. My mom and dad always tell me to enjoy new places and experiences and to have fun wherever you go.

In my life, I have been to different places in the world because my family likes experiencing and exploring new things. But this is the first time that I came to a country and settled here for a really long time. The best part of being here is that people from different ethnic backgrounds crash into each other, form their groups, talk about racism. Immigrants have their own struggle getting jobs, but still they are a part of Canadian reality. And well, you have to move on to learn about new habits, new cultures, new places and new challenges! The biggest difference for us coming here from India is the social life. We miss the social mingling of people. In India, people would socialize more, go to friends' places more often and be more approachable. People, here are very friendly, but they don't want to mingle. Even if they are invited over for tea, they seem to have no time. Not that I am complaining, but it would be much better if we as a community started meeting each other more often, rather than just sending messages on

Facebook. I have heard the elderly talk of loneliness, which is not necessarily solitude. Let's go ahead and talk to a lonely elderly person, shovel the driveways of older people and then maybe have a cup of hot chocolate with them. Maybe have Barbeque nights with friends and neighbours. Life is short to be lonely and keeping differences with neighbours. We should open arms and embrace more. When we moved to the Juniper community, people were extremely helpful to us, but never had time to come over to our house. The fact still remains that I really like the move and take new challenges. It has been almost 2 years that we have lived in Kamloops and we feel pretty good about our new life. Myself and my siblings have made a lot of friends and so have my parents. The Indian nature and values still live with us. My parents like to have people come to our house and make new friends. They keep teaching us about being helpful, courteous and friendly always. So that makes me as rooted and sociable as any Indian would be. Now, I am a proud resident of the Juniper Ridge Community and the acceptance that people have shown us is commendable. The fact that I have been given the opportunity to write in the magazine makes it quite obvious.

**And of course reality remains the same; you can take a girl out of India, but you can never take India out of a girl!**

# Backlash

**By Asia Ball.**

“What happens online doesn’t always stay online...” Lara types on the screen. Things don’t make sense they can’t.

He types, “You’re an awful person, you’re a terrible friend, I know you’ve been checking out dresses for the homecoming dance.” He types, “What makes you think I’d ever ask you out?” He types, “I’d never be caught with a loser like you.”

He doesn’t say it in private message. He posts it to Lara’s Facebook Wall where everyone can see it. Twenty five people already liked it.

Lara types, “I thought you were my friends. Why would anyone like something so mean?”

A few people were defending her saying that she’s not a loser, that he’s a jerk for posting that.

But Lara’s eyes keep going back to Christian’s words. I thought we were friends? Wasn’t he flirting with me? Did I get that wrong too? Lara’s fingers start to tremble.

She types, “What did I do wrong? I don’t understand this.”

Lara waits for Christian to answer. She feels so numb with hurt and panic she can’t even cry.

When the answer comes, Lara wishes it hadn’t.

Christian types, “You’re a loser. The world would be a better place without you in it. GOOD-BYE, LOSER!!!”

Lara’s lungs feel paralyzed. She can’t breath. Why is he saying this??

Lara types, "What did I do wrong??"

Tears start rolling down her cheeks.

But when she presses Return, it won't let her send it. Christian's blocked her. Lara hits her keyboard in frustration, she shakes her head.

Lara thinks, "No, no, no I can't ask him why. I can't ask anyone why. The only person left to ask is me."

She runs to the bathroom saying to herself, "It's not worth it." Over and over again.

Sydney knocks on the bathroom door. No response.

Sydney yells, "Mom, Lara's hogging the bathroom again!"

Mom shouts back, "Just leave her be she'll be out in a bit."

Sydney thinks, "I swear its like this every single night. She gets in there first, takes forever, she uses up all the hot water. She better leave me some tonight because I have to wash my hair. I have got auditions tomorrow for Beauty and the Beast, the eighth grade musical.

Sydney knocks on the door the second time. Okay, this time she is banging not knocking. "Lara, come on! Hurry up! You've been in there for forty minutes!"

Sydney thinks maybe if I start acting moody and depressed like Lara, Mom would give me a pass on being a jerk. Sydney turns around and bangs on the door again.

"LARA! GET OUT OF THERE! I need to take a shower!"

Silence. No running water no splashing nothing. That's when Sydney gets the first tingle of unease, the feeling that something is different tonight.

"Lara?" Sydney says all concern starting to nudge out her anger. "Are you ok?"

Nothing not even the tiniest movement of water. That's when Sydney starts to get really worried.

She runs downstairs. She almost trips on the last three steps. She says to Mom, "I think there's something really wrong with Lara."

Mom asks, "What do you mean?"

Sydney says, "She's locked the door and everytime I bang on the door there's no answer."

Mom runs up the stairs as Sydney follows. Sydney feels even more scared as she climbs each step.

Mom shouts, "Lara! Open the door now!" Mom is knocking on the door with both fists.

Nothing still nothing.

Mom rattles the handle and shakes the door like that's going to magically make it open. As she yells, "Lara do you hear me? Open the door." Mom turns saying, "Sydney go grab the phone and call nine-one-one."

Sydney races to her parents bedroom, grabs the phone, and dials 911.

"What's the nature of your emergency?" the dispatcher asks.

Sydney replies with a shaky voice, "My sister has been locked in the bathroom for over an hour I tried to pound on the door but no response."

The dispatcher asks, "What's your location?"

Sydney gives her the address expecting the dispatcher to send an ambulance but the dispatcher has more questions to ask.

After all the questions the dispatcher finally says, "Ambulance and Police are on their way."

Sydney slams the phone down and runs back to the hallway. Mom's jamming at the lock with a weird metal pin thing.



Finally the doorbell rings and Sydney runs down stairs thinking its the ambulance. But it is just a police officer. With a gun on her hip.

The police officer flashes Sydney her badge. The police woman says, "Officer Hall, Lake Hills PD. I have a report of a fifteen year old girl that has a psychiatric history and is non-responsive and locked in the bathroom?"

Sydney nods. "Yes that's my sister."

"Where is the bathroom?" Officer Hall asks.

Sydney points up stairs. The police officer goes without asking anymore questions. Sydney hears her mom talking to the police officer crying in frustration.

"Why isn't this stupid key working?" Mom says.

The police woman says, "I'll take care of the key thing."

Now Sydney finally hears the Ambulance outside. She runs downstairs to open the door. They come in with a big stretcher. Sydney runs back up the stairs behind the EMT'S.

Finally the door is open.

Sydney takes a glimpse at the pill bottles lined up on the edge of the bathtub. Like birds on a telephone wire. Sydney says to herself, "Oh Lara why?"

The EMT'S ask Mom to leave the bathroom to work on Lara.

Sydney thinks to herself, "Work on her? I guess that means she's still alive for now." She always wanted to be the only child. But now she is whispering frantic prayers over and over, that she won't be.

When Mom and Sydney get to the hospital, Lara is still unconscious.

Sydney wonders what happens if Lara doesn't wake up.

Dad arrives at the ER.

They keep us out of the room while they intubate Lara. After waiting like 24 years they finally let us in to go see Lara.

Mom sits on one side while dad sits on the other.

Then out of nowhere the machine beeps faster and faster. Dad tells Sydney to get the nurse.

Before Sydney can turn around a nurse in a panda suit runs into the room. The nurse says to Lara, "Lara can you open your eyes for me please? Your parents are here and your sister. They want to see you." The nurse tells mom and dad to keep talking to Lara.

"Wake up darling" mom says.

"Come on honey you can do it," dad urges..

Lara groans and tosses her head back and forth. Mom gasps because Lara's eyes start to flutter open.

"Welcome back,' the nurse says.

"Thank goodness!" dad says, grabbing Lara's hand and kissing it. Mom sobs with relief.

All Lara remembers is a bright light and her dad holding her hand too tight and kissing it. She didn't really believe it when the nurse said she was in Central Hospital. Lara thinks she is half asleep and still in her dream. She wants to go back to sleep.

Lara thinks, "I don't want to feel, don't want to remember. It hurts too much." But then Lara sees Christians' face, sees the words he wrote, sees them on her computer screen. She tries to forget it but it keeps coming back. All Lara wants to do is just sleep and forget. But she can't. It hurts too much. Lara just wants to go home.

Finally Lara is back home. Lara thinks, "I'm really scared for school tomorrow. I don't know if I really wanna go to school anymore."

The police come over and talk to Lara about Christian. They did some research on him and found out he's fake.

Lara can't believe it. All she wants to do is cry. She told that Christian guy a bunch of personal stuff.

A week later, Lara comes home from school. She feels pretty good. She grabs her computer, sits down and there is a message from Christian.

"I love you."

Lara ignores the message it is time to make new memories. Real ones.

Lara is grateful.

"Thorn Bushes"

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*She stood, frozen with fear, eyes widened in disbelief, her muscles were tense, unwilling to move.*

*"Sage!" His voice cried, "Sage! Help!" He tugged roughly at the branch that kept him from moving. Waves lapped at his sides, pulling at his loosely fitted T-shirt. Rising at rapid speed, the harsh current churned past his shoulders. Fear clouded his grey-blue eyes as he cast a final helpless look at Sage. The waters slowly enveloped over his blond hair. He was gone.*

*Ashamed, she stood in disbelief. She turned, not daring to look back, it was overwhelming. She ran towards home, running faster than she had ever run before.*

*"Mom! Dad!" She shrieked, on the verge of falling apart. Tears blurred her vision, she collapsed to her knees, gasping for air. Her breath quickened she held her head in her hands, every inch of her small frame was trembling uncontrollably. She curled her hands tightly, shaking the fists at her sides. She struck the ground with her right hand, furrowing her eyebrows. Her expression melted into deep heartache. Emotions welled up inside of her, a lump rose in her throat. Tears cascaded as she wailed into the dark shadowy trees that surrounded her. She pressed her forehead to the ground, and stared into the grass beneath her. It should have been me. She thought angrily.*

"Thorn Bushes"

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*"It should have been me." She echoed quietly.*

*Her parents arrived minutes later.*

*She didn't know what to do. Grief crept up on her like a fox, sly, quick, and silent. "He's gone," she breathed, when her parents arrived. "He's gone." she whispered again, barely believing herself.*

Sage shuddered away the memory, she couldn't let it haunt her anymore, though it was her fault. She could have done something, but she stood there, useless. If it wasn't for her, Cameron would have lived!

She slid off her bed and bolted toward the door of her home that was soon to be sold. Sage checked for the moving truck, it hadn't come quite yet. She took a glance at her watch, she had some time. She dashed away and into to the woods, dodging every fallen tree and bush. Then she slowed to a stop at the Willow tree. She loved this tree, and it had been here since before she was born. She loved the silence, and the way the wind blew in her hair when she climbed to the top. Cameron, her older brother, had introduced her to this place when she was only four. That was before the rapids, the nasty rapids that seemed to have a mind of their own. Waters rose higher and higher, Sage struggled to rid her memory of the terrible, untamed waves that had claimed her

"Thorn Bushes"

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Sage simply nodded, walking to the porch. Her mother's face changed from a smile to a frown as she examined the various bruises on Sage's legs, then the tiny scratches and cuts across her palm and forearm.

"What happened to you?" Her mom questioned worriedly.

"I fell on the way back from the tree." Sage responded coolly, slipping her gashed arm behind her back.

Her mother shook her head slowly. "Looks like you took a nasty tumble."

Sage shrugged, "yeah I guess." she answered, absentmindedly rocking back and forth on her heels. "When are we leaving?" she questioned, anxiously trying to change the subject.

"Twenty minutes," Her dad replied stepping onto the creaky porch, with Ava balanced on his hip.

"In twenty minutes we'll have to say goodbye....." Sage trailed off to look at her surroundings. Trees, picnic table, then her gaze transferred to each of her family

"Thorn Bushes"

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members; Mom, Dad, Ava, *Cameron*, she added silently, imagining her brother standing amongst the others.

The Turners quickly loaded their personal belongings into the car, and settled into the car. After a period of awkward silence, Mr. Turner took the liberty of breaking it

"Breakfast anybody?" He asked, glancing at Sage and Ava through the rearview mirror.

"Yes!" Sage answered enthusiastically. Ava bobbed her head in agreement. Sage giggled, her parents soon joined her. She sighed in content, a wide grin spread across her face. This was the first time in a few months that they had been able to laugh together since Cameron's death. Looking back to the first depressing weeks after the funeral, Sage realized how far her family had come. They were grieving Cameron immensely, but just able to take their focus off of how bad things seemed. This was a step, it was small nonetheless, but at least it was in the right direction.

**Fingerprint poem**  
**By Kaitlyn Bennett**

My fingerprint is the one zentangle picture on the wall,  
at the art museum.

When I explore my fingerprint I see the waves in the ocean,  
approaching the soft slippery sand, like a puppy running behind you.

The warm sun rising up behind the ice cream cone mountain peaks.  
The rough scratchy bark from a tall willow tree.  
More waves, but the kind left behind by a boat, like your evil friends.  
These remind me of the wonderful, soft smelling nature.

The outdoors,  
On a beautiful summers day.  
My fingerprint is the magnificent art gallery,  
featuring all these amazing things.

**Riddle poem**  
**By Kaitlyn Bennett**

The leftover food,  
On your plate after dinner.  
The definition of dude.  
And a wanna be mule skinner.

They'll blind you like the sun,  
If you look at their face.  
But with a caramel bun,  
They'll taste like you won a horse race.

A possum can fly better.  
Your ears bleed when they squawk.  
Don't let them wear you're old sweater.  
They can't play piano like Bach.

**Ducks**



Abigail Biffert  
Grade 7  
Aberdeen Elementary  
Lost

# Lost

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Based on a true story.

It's the beginning of summer break, and my family and I (dad, stepmom, and three year old brother) are going up to Williams Lake to visit my grandparents. We have packed the truck full of our suitcases and start the drive up. Even though it only takes three hours to get to Williams Lake, with a toddler even just driving downtown feels like a road trip. So you can imagine how long it felt to drive three hours. We had left Kamloops at around three o'clock and arrived at around six thirty p.m. We did the usual visiting and ate dinner, visited some more, ate deserts. You know the usual thing you do at grandparents house. My dad grew up in Williams Lake so he still has some friends there. He has one particular friend that lives right beside a very small lake called Chimney Lake. And this friend of my dad has a lot of kayaks and paddle boards. So my dad and I decide that since it is summer, we are going to go on a late night paddle board. So we got our bathing suits on and drove over to his house, we pulled out two paddle boards and set out on our adventure. (The dock we paddled out from is about half way down the shore line). So we paddle out to about the middle of the lake, then we stop to float to watch the stars. It didn't seem like it, but we must have floated down a

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long ways because when we decided it was time to paddle back we couldn't find the dock! Because we floated downstream, we knew his dock had to be up the lake, so of course we paddle up stream along shore trying to spot the dock. But we know we have gone too far when we reach the top of the lake. It feels like we have been paddling for hours and hours. Well! There's nothing else we can do but paddle down, so we start going. This time it's downstream so it's a lot easier, and once we reach... the bottom of the lake we know we have gone too far, again. But to add some fun to this adventure, it starts raining, and it gets windy. So now, you've guessed it, we are paddling up stream, with wind and rain blowing in our faces. After going up stream for what seems like a very long time, we have reached a campsite (which I don't remember passing on the way down) and there are people out, so we paddle closer to the shore, and say "Excuse me. Do you know what part of the lake we are on?" They look at us, turned around, and walk away. Then the second after they turn around lightning struck right in the middle of the lake. I screamed and fell into the water, so now I am soaking wet.. Wind and rain in my face we paddle up stream some more and are about to give up and go up on shore to ask if we could use someones phone so we could call for someone to pick us up when we noticed that our dock was only three houses up! We got to the dock dried off and asked my dad's friend if we could come into warm up.

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We check the time and see that it took us three hours on the lake to find the dock. I am exhausted and need sleep, my dad is still thinking this is all funny. When we get in the car and try to start the engine, it doesn't work. The battery in the car was completely dead, because someone left the light on in the truck.

## Kindness

Kindness is a kiss on the cheek after a long hard day

Kindness is a tight hug from a loved one, reassuring you it will be ok

A wave to an old friend, or a smile to a stranger on the streets is a

simple way to show kindness

There are no barriers between each other

We just have to learn to be kind to one another

You don't need money a job or a nice house to be kind to anyone

All you need is a big heart a caring soul and love for everyone

Kindness

Kaitlynn.B  
Grade.7  
Dufferin Elementary

## Summer

Summer is a time of relaxation and fun  
Kids play in the cold water as parents chat in the hot sun  
The sound of an ice cream truck not too far away  
Stops the children from their play  
The beach is so calm and warm  
There is only sun to sign of a storm  
And when it's time to go home and lay down to rest  
Just remember that this summer was the absolute best

Summer

The wind brushed softly against my wet face. Tears were running down my face as I watched the truck drive farther and farther down the road. I turned to my house sat on the front step. I brushed my wavy, dark brown hair out of my teary green eyes. The only thought that went through my head was that my neighbor just moved away. She was my only friend I ever had, and the only person I felt comfortable talking to. That thought wouldn't leave my mind. I tried to think of something else but my mind couldn't focus. I had all these feelings inside of me. I had no one, no friends, my parents were divorced and now my mother lived away for work. I cried the whole night.

My alarm for school went off the next morning. I felt tired. I had no energy. I looked over at my mirror and pictured Aria beside me. I had really wished she didn't move. I got up and walked downstairs and sat at the table. My dad placed a plate of sunny side up eggs and a piece of toast in front of me. I wasn't hungry at all. Food was the last thing on my mind. I only ate one egg and quickly got ready for school.

I arrived and no one talked to me for the whole day. I had no one to hang out with at lunch or in class. But I got through the day. I stayed after school and sat under a tree while looking through a sketchbook Aria and I used to draw in. I soon decided to head home. As I walked I heard a buzz. I grabbed my phone from the pocket up my hoodie and answered it.

"Hello?" I heard the voice and knew it was my dad.

"Lianna why aren't you home? It's almost four and I'm making dinner. You need to come home now!" he yelled.

"Ok," I said and hung up the phone and ran fast." I looked down watching my step. When I looked up and a large tree branch smacked me in the face. I stumbled backwards and tripped over a tree and started falling backwards into a pile of leaves. I hit the leaves and was still falling past them. I was falling in a hole of some sort. I didn't understand what was going on. It was dark and the wind was strong. Surprisingly I landed sortly. I sat up from the ground and seen a field of grass and trees. The sun was shining so bright and the sky was more blue than I have ever seen. I got up but felt dizzy and dropped back on the ground. Then I heard a quiet voice. It got louder and I saw a girl with long, straight, brown hair and a white dress with lace.

"Hello," The girl said.

"Where am I, and who are you?"

"My name is Zandra and you are in a magical world where everyone is happy."

"No one has been here for years because the portal is hidden," She helped me up. I guess I still looked sad because she thought I was scared or something.

"Please don't be scared."

"That's not it," I said.

"This place looks beautiful and you are already so nice." I told her what happened. " Well we can have fun down here, but for only 24 hours.

"Why?" I asked.

"People who stay here for more than 24 hours loses their memory of the outside world and become sad. Most people say they would rather lose their memory, but trust me you don't."

"Oh," I whispered.

"But we can still have lots of fun." That day we skipped rainbow rocks across the water and they left a trail of colours. Later we walked through a forest with trees that grew fruit that was more fresh than ever. Everything down here was spectacular. The water tasted extremely refreshing and cold. The sun shined all day and everyone was happy. That day I always had a smile on my face. Every person I met was so friendly. I loved it. Me and Zandra had an amazing time. That night we fell asleep underneath a huge tree.

The next morning I woke up and saw Zandra sitting on a large rock. I walked over to her and she handed me a bowl with fresh fruit. I ate it slowly to savour the delicious flavour. She stood up and looked into my eyes.

"It's time to go to the portal," "We can't even be a second late." Sandra said. We started walking along the path that led us to the portal. We reached the end of the path and Zandra lifted up a rock and hit a button. Wind swirled around as the portal opened.



"I don't wanna leave!" I shouted trying to be heard over all the noise from the wind.

"Don't worry we will see each other again in the future trust me." Then the wind pulled me backwards and I fell into the portal.

I rubbed my eyes and sat up. I was in my room in my bed. I looked slightly to the side and picked up my phone. It was the same day as when I fell into the portal. No time had passed. I heard a knock at the door then my dad's voice call me.

"I think it's for you," he told me pointing at the door. I opened it slowly and there standing there was Zandra.

"Hello, my name is Zandra, I'm your new neighbor." She has no idea who I was, she must only know me in the portal. "Do you want to come to the park with me?" she asked. I closed the door behind me and together we walked. From that day on we were best friends. I never felt like I was alone again.

## **SoccerLand**

Matteo Cuzzetto  
April 5,2018  
St. Ann's Academy  
Grade7

Welcome to the most insane and sporty amusement park in the world, Soccerland. It is located in Barcelona, Spain. If you were wondering if Soccerland is the first ever soccer amusement park, then you're right, it is. At Soccerland, you will find amazing activities that you will have a craving interest for. There will be rides, games, food, entertainment, and even a kids zone for your kids. You can do all that for just a flat fee of \$15. If you were mad that you had to go home because it was closing, well, you don't have to because we have accommodations at the Goal INN for just \$75 a night. Book quickly because we only of 300 rooms available. Don't forget, Soccerland is available to all ages not just kids. Our grand opening is January 31,2018. I hope I see you there.

There is a lot of cool activities and entertainment at Soccerland, but nothing is more interesting than the rides. The "SoccerBall" will probably be your favourite if you're the type of person who really enjoys extreme rides. You go into a giant-sized soccer ball and swing back and forth at rapid speeds up to 200 mph like a wrecking ball. Next, we have The Ronaldo Coaster which is a regular roller coaster with a loop that has Ronaldo's face on it. We also have the Maradona Go Round which is a merry go round except with Maradona statues instead of horse statues. Last, but not least Messi Cars which again are bumper cars except with Messi's cars like Ferraris, Lamborghinis, and Mustangs. Don't worry we have more than just our extraordinary rides.

We have a amazing games as well. Our amusement park's favourite game is the Ronaldo Strike. The Ronaldo Strike is a kicking game where you try to kick the ball at the targets, so you

## SoccerLand

Matteo Cuzzetto  
April 5, 2018  
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Grade 7

a soccer ball from your foot into a bucket. Then we have Soccer Pop where you kick a soccer ball at a balloon to pop it. All those game give you a stuffed soccer balls if you win. That wraps it up for the games.

We have entertainment and a kids zone for children. Our kids zone has televisions and a soccer field accessible to everybody's kids and don't worry we've got you covered. We have certified supervisors to supervise your children if you want to leave your kids there and go watch our fan favourite soccer game with professional soccer players and coaches. At Soccerland, we stream every single professional soccer game on our big screen tv's. We also have juggling competitions every 15 minutes. All of that running around might make you hungry.

Good thing we have a food court. If you think that we would let you starve, then you're wrong, we would never do that. We have a food court and a souvenir shop to fulfill all your needs. First is our worldwide burger joint, Messi Burgers, which has ten different burgers and drinks. The Cruyff Cafe has coffee, tea, hot chocolate and danishes in case you need something to keep you toasty. Our desserts are candy apples covered in black and white syrup in a shape of a soccer ball. We also have vanilla ice cream with black syrup. That wraps it up for our food and our Amusement Park. Oh wait, don't forget, we have a souvenir shop that has everything you need and want.

I guess that finally wraps up the adventure. I hope you're interested in coming to this extravaganza on opening day. Soccerland may just be your "go to" amusement park. Think about all the fun you'd have with all the rides, games, entertainment and the amazing food. I am sure you'll have lots of fun. Soccerland would love to see you there!

### A Journey

"Captivating. Hooking. That's what a story needs to be, so make it that. This is rubbish, restart."

"But sir, this is my sixth draft, you can't be so harsh."

"What did you just say to me?"

"Nothing sir. Have a good day."

I rushed out of his office, sobbing hysterically, and tried to run home. What was I thinking? I have no home. I started sobbing even more, trying to figure out what to do with my life. I was lost in my own world, trying to find my way out seemed easy, but it wasn't.

"Megan! Megan! MEGAN!" screamed Celia. Megan awoke suddenly, buried under her backpack and laptop; her only two belongings. She hurled her things off her chest and stood up to meet her friend Celia.

"What are you doing here?!" said Megan, since Celia lived in London it was rare to see her here. The last time she came was two years ago. It had been a while.

"I came here to check on you. I tried to get ahold of you but you didn't answer."

"Well, I had to sell my phone to make more money. I'm not doing very good right now."

"How did you get on the streets?" Celia asked.

"After I couldn't pay rent, I decided to live on the streets...till I get back on my feet. I didn't want to move in with my parents.. It's kind of embarrassing for a 20-year-old to live with her parents, right?" Megan stammered, questioning herself.

"I see, anyway, I booked an art class. Got to run. Maybe we can talk later?"

"Sure," I said. Celia had always got it easy. I grew up with her, I would know. She lived in a house that didn't look very nice but when you walked inside, you'd be astounded. There was a glimmering chandelier that hung over the main entrance. There were stairs that came down the side, and the kitchen was to the left. Anyway, I wasn't surprised when I

saw her here. Of course she could come here. She had all the money she needed and much, much more. But how did she find me? She knew I lived on the streets but the last time I talked to her in person, I was in my apartment.

The next thing I knew, I was waking up in the midst of a sunrise. The sun rays glistened in the frosty air. Though fall is my favorite month, I wasn't enjoying it out in the streets. To take my mind off the weather, I started to work on my story. The story was for a job opening. If I was capable of writing a proper story, I could have the job but I only get 8 drafts to perfect one. If I can't write a great story within that, I'll most likely be on the streets forever. My story is about two young girls trying to navigate their way through life from kindergarten to grade four. I'm hoping if I get the job I'll be able to write a sequel. Anyway, I'm getting ahead of myself. Mr. Elliot was hopefully my soon-to-be-boss who's helping me with my story. He says that I have potential to be a great author. I hope I can believe him.

The afternoon sun was baking her as she wrote her story. Her mind flooded with new ideas. She thought to herself which ones better? This or this? Everything was good but it made writing very difficult.

As the afternoon sun turned to evening fog, Megan grew hungrier and hungrier. She had was a protein bar in her backpack but she wanted to save it for breakfast that way she doesn't get as hungry during the day. Tomorrow she had a meeting with Mr. Elliot. This time she was hoping he would like her story. She needed that job. Just thinking about having a job sent a chill down her spine, a good chill, like a chill of excitement.

The next day Megan woke up to another radiant day, bursting with sunlight. She read her story over and over again to make sure it was perfect for Mr. Elliot. She took her belongings to the nearest public washroom to freshen herself up. This was the worst part of being homeless, having to walk a while to get to a washroom. She could just move to a spot close to it but she really liked where she was. Her spot was by some trees and there was shade for the super hot days but also room to sit in the sun.

After Megan freshened up, she started towards Mr. Elliott's office. She went in the foyer and looked at the building directory, though she had been to his office 6 times before but she could never remember which floor it was on.

When she got to his room he welcomed her and said, "I've got good news." When he said that, she filled with joy. She didn't quite know what he was going to say but he said it was good so she had to believe him. The next thing he said was, "You did it!"

"Thank you, thank you, thank you!!" exclaimed Megan. She was finally going to get her life back! He asked her how she felt. She told him how excited she was. Then when he asked her how she got through it, she told him her favorite quote: "You may see me struggle but you will never see me quit."

The next few months were great for Megan. She made a sequel to her book called Finding Ourselves. She became more wealthy than she ever thought possible and she bought herself a nice condo. Her books became bestsellers and she was the most popular author in London.

The next day she had a press conference at noon to answer questions about her journey through life. She went to bed early hoping to get some beauty sleep. She woke up at 8 am to get ready for the conference. She had never done one of those before and she was getting nervous.

When 11 o'clock came, she hurried down to the conference room where the event was being held. Reporters had started coming in and were setting up their equipment. Finally, when all was set, Megan went up to the speaker's podium, waiting for the questions to be asked. Her first question came and then the reporters started pouring out many more. Her favorite question was, "What got you through this journey?" She answered with the same thing that got her through her all her tough times, her embarrassing moments, and her unforgettable happenings: "You may see me struggle but you will never see me quit."

## Fall Fair

By Lucian Davis, Grade 7,

Marion Schilling Elementary School

Out in the woods, way out farther than the middle of nowhere, is an ancient [ not literally ] ranch, that no one has used for decades. I am going to tell all about this place, and the astounding experiences that I have partaken in.

I was 14, and it was late October, and snow was falling. The ground had not yet frozen, and was showing no mercy to the little helpless flakes when they hit and melted. The snow would not stay until mid-November at earliest. There was a fall fair going on, and my favourite friend Sam was going and he had invited me. At the time, 14 was the minimum age eligible for a driver's license in rural areas, so as soon as I had my birthday I got mine.. We took my old chevy pickup that I had worked my dollar an hour job so hard to get. We parked on the side of the dirt road and started walking up the drive, when for the first time I was noticing how elegantly the warm coloured leaves were falling. The colours were so astounding, I barely remembered where I was.

We went up to the ticket booth and bought our tickets for rides and games and such, which at the time cost me 10 cents for ten. I was very excited for the apple bobbing, which was one of the biggest cause for viruses and flu's. First thing we were going to do, though, was this giant rodeo type thing where everybody that participates stands in the arena with a lasso and tries

Fall Fair

By Lucian Davis, Grade 7,

Marion Schilling Elementary School

to catch the ranch's prize pig, Ivan. The prize was different every year and was unknown until won.

We waited in line for about ten minutes [ we came early just for this ], paid our ticket and each grabbed a lasso. We had five minutes to wait, because Ivan was still being fed, so Sam and I agreed to collaborate and share the prize 50-50 if one of us won. The plan was, I would wait by the door to herd Ivan to the middle where Sam would come in from the side and lasso him. Ivan came out, better late than never, hairier than before, and scanned his environment. The announcer came on, with surprise news, that Ivan was sold and the new pig was Harold. Harold looked left to right, and then behind him, seeing me. He turned around, with anger and the need to destroy in his eyes. He charged unexpectedly, ramming me in the solar plexus. The world went slow, like swimming in taffy, and for a minute I couldn't breathe or move. He pushed me up against the side, then backed up, getting ready to charge again. I fell to my knees, totally vulnerable. He burst from his hind legs, but out of nowhere flipped forward. Sam had tumbled him forward by his back legs, and he now lay on his back. Sam grabbed his forelegs and slipped the lasso over them, tightening it fast. A ranch hand was just coming out with a cattle prod and first aid kit. All of the other contenders had started swarming and pushing through vigorously,



## Fall Fair

By Lucian Davis, Grade 7,

Marion Schilling Elementary School

and I quipped to the hand that they were a better use for the prod. Sam and a few others had picked up Harold and were dragging him toward the podium.

The ranch had given me crutches, casted me, gave our money back and we got the prize, which was \$200 cash.

On the ride home I rode in the box while Sam promised to be careful around bumps in the road. The flakes of snow fluttered down, and while they did, no worries could possibly enter my mind.

That ranch closed later that year, due to a robbery committed by that very hand that had helped me in the arena. No one will be able to have those memories, not ever again, that I have had, on that ranch.

# Inside the Horse

UTAH: Mom come here Storm is hurt! Come quick! Call the vet!

MOM: Hi Betty, is Josh there? We need him right now because my horse is really hurt .

BETTY: Yes Josh is here, what is your address?

MOM: 3339 crate Road.

BETTY: Okay I will send Josh right way.

MOM: Thank you, but hurry!

JOSH: Here I am!

UTAH: Josh, I need you in the barn over there mom's with him. Yeah I don't know what's wrong with him.

MOM: Can you just go inside and find your school things and go to school.

UTAH: I don't want to leave Storm. Can I please just invite my friends over to help me stay calm.

MOM: Okay fine!

UTAH: Thank you Mom.

MOM: that is fine but just behave and don't wreck anything!

UTAH: We won't Mom, we will be fine we'll probably just go on a ride and all the other horses.

(Later that day)

JOSH: we might have to look inside so you might have to give him surgery. Careful mom, he is magical don't want you getting hurt too.

MOM: Utah, sweetheart probably not magical you just Talking crazy talk .

UTAH: But Mom I'm not joking!

MOM: Don't give me back talk Utah.

UTAH: Okay fine, we're going to go for a ride okay bye. So, what horses do you want to ride? Okay, I'll go first then I'll do Bucky cuz he bucks a lot and I don't want you guys get hurt. Jessica, you can ride Sienna. Elizabeth, you can Cocoa. Martha, you can ride Laser. Becky you can ride Sweetie. Let's go!

(The next night)

UTAH: moooooom! Storm is not in the barn I had a dream he is not in the barn!

MOM: yes he is, let's go look.

UTAH: ok.

MOM: Storm time to eat . Storm, Storm?

UTAH:She was white how did she know.

MOM: Utah, how did you know?

UTAH: I told you he is magical.

MOM: You call the cops and I will saddle up and go find him okay.

Sadie Douglas  
Grade 7  
Dufferin Elementary

## **Courage**

Doing something you never dreamed of, is courage.

Risking your life for someone else

Facing your fears

Going out of your comfort zone.

Making mistakes and pushing limits,

Takes courage.

Sadie Douglas  
Grade 7  
Dufferin Elementary

## **Beautifully**

Beautifully-

Beautifully the sun burst through the clouds.

Beautifully the birds sang at the break of dawn.

Beautifully the flowers bloomed.

Beautifully the petals drifted to the ground.

Beautifully the leaves changed from green to orange.

Beautifully the leaves floated off the tree.

Beautifully...

## The Unknown

Nobody leaves the walls of the castle, except for those leaving to the unknown... Just then a heavy breeze came through the church doors, "Gabrialla come her now!" My father bellowed, "what have I told you about leaving the castle doors"

"I'm sorry father, it's just the stories Nana tells are so intriguing"

"That's how we lost your sister"

A hush came over the church, "My... my... sister? I HAVE A SISTER!"

"No. You had a sister. She left a while ago. You were only 3"

The unknown, I whispered to myself, I ran as fast as I could out of the church doors and over to the fountain near the center of town.

Tears dripped down my face. "Why are you crying?" a voice asked from beside me. There standing in front of me was Jack Wolverton, my best friend since I can remember. "You'll never believe what I'm about to tell you. I have a-" My father rushed through the crowds until he reached the fountain, "You missy are in big, big trouble."

Slowly I walked towards him, terrified of what was to come, "You are no longer allowed to see Jack, under any circumstances."

"But father, you can't!"

"But I can and I will."

The next 2 weeks were boring. Jack was my only friend and he was taken away from me like the crack of a knuckle. I haven't talked to my father since that night either.

kitchen carrying a polka dotted teapot. She slowly poured two cups of tea and handed one to me. As we slowly drank the tea, I started getting dizzy, it felt like the room was moving while I was sitting still...

I awoke in the middle of a large field but I wasn't alone, there was a girl standing above me. "My name's Ari," she said slowly, "I'm your sister. Welcome to the Unknown."

Chapter 1  
The Storm  
Jillian Evans  
David Thompson Elementary  
Grade 7

## Chapter 1. The Storm.

Bzzt. Bzzt. Bzzt. Off went the twins Grace and Alex Greyhounds alarm. They live in a city in Africa. It was normally hot in their city of Nairobi, Kenya. Today was unlike most others, a very cold day. Grace and Alex, like most other twelve year olds wanted to go back to sleep. "Come on, it is time to get up", said their mother downstairs. "There is school today and you don't want to be late!" "I don't want to go and I'm too tired", exclaimed Grace. They came stomping down the stairs anyway, knowing she would have made pancakes. Sure enough, their mum had made them pancakes on this cold day. "There is a thunderstorm warning for today, so listen for it at school today", said their mother. While they ate they tried to keep up with their mums story. "Last night a huge storm has blown into Africa", their mum started. "Lots of lightning has struck, and some of the countries are burning down along with one of Kenya's provinces." "Oh, well that sounds bad", says Alex. "It is", agreed Mum. "There is a lot of trouble and we need to help as much as we can!" The twins quickly finished up their breakfast then rushed out the door (after changing, brushing teeth, hair...). When they got to school their teacher talked about the storm as well. "We need to help as much as we can!", she concluded, just like their mother did twenty minutes ago. Alex and Grace exchanged looks afterwards, thinking the same thing. While their teacher told them how to long divide, the twins could not focus and listen. Their minds kept drifting over to the question: how could they help?



# The Girl with Powers

Hailee Ewart  
Grade 7, Marion Shilling

Once there was a girl who was special. She chose to use her gifts to help people, but everyone has a bump in the road eventually. Her 'bump' was that she met a man who wanted to steal her gifts for himself. And that is where our story takes place.

"In two days school will be out for summer and all of you little children will be free to go for two whole months," Mrs. Harris told us. She is a tall woman with auburn hair always in a tight bun, today she's wearing a purple dress with a gray vest. I put my hand up and Mrs. Harris nodded.

"Mrs. Harris, what will we be doing those days? I'm not going to be here... um we have company," I said, lying again.

"That will be quite alright Abigail, all we will be doing is mainly finishing everything up, but you are completely caught up on everything," Mrs. Harris stated.

Later when I got home something was different and I could feel it somehow. I ran inside afraid of what has happened.

"Mom? Are you here?" I yelled as I ran through the house looking for my mom.

"In the kitchen Abby, I'm making dinner," Mom said. I went into the kitchen and told Mom that I had a bad feeling in my gut. She told me to go read to calm myself because that's me, the type that reads for fun and every other reason imaginable. I went to our living room that had so many books that it looked like a library. I grabbed *The Adventures of Tintin* and opened it to the first page and where the title and chapter should be there was a letter. I grabbed it, opened it and it read *'If you are reading this than it means I am most likely dead and that means you feel it.'*

# The Girl with Powers

Hailee Ewart  
Grade 7, Marion Shilling

*My power. I am your father. My power runs through your veins and now it has activated. You need to come to my old warehouse where your mom stashed the key to our power. But be aware, there are people who want this power for themselves. Be careful Abigail, please. I will always be here for you. I love you Abby. Goodbye. Love, Dad.* ' I was in tears at the end of the note. My dad died about a year ago, he was killed by a group of men that had always hated him and always would be in every town or city that we moved to and now I know why they would do what they do. They were after his power. I needed to tell Mom...

"Mom, I found this... this letter... from...Dad," I was crying the whole time and when I got to Mom I found that she was crying too.

"Your dad was a great man, I loved him more than anything and when he told me that he had powers I felt amazed. When you were born he was afraid. He thought he would live long enough to tell you himself, but I see he found a way to do just that. He was a smart man your father. The more you know the brighter you shine; We need to get the source and get you someplace safe. Do you understand?" She sounded desperate like she should've done this a long time ago.

"I...I...I understand that Dad wanted to keep me safe, but where do we go?" Now I was sad, scared and confused. Summer break just got a whole lot more complicated.

"You need to go pack. NOW!" She was getting antsy like whoever or whatever was looking for me could knock on that door any second if we don't get out of here soon.

I packed and so did Mom. After we were in the car Mom started explaining her and Dad's life. "We met because I was his tutor in high school. It was math, he never could get the hang of it," She laughed a little at the memory, "Then after high school we moved in together and he told

## The Girl with Powers

Hailee Ewart  
Grade 7, Marion Shilling

me everything. And he proposed which led to us getting married and that led to you, Abby. You dad loved you, but he was frightened of you too. You are more powerful than he would ever been. Abigail Yorksire, who knew one day you would be running for your life with your mom on Summer vacation,” We both started to get teary eyed at the thought of Dad and this ‘trip’ we’re taking. This really is going to be an adventure.

“Mom, did Dad ever tell you what his powers were exactly?” I said a little afraid of what she might say.

“Well, he wasn't specific about his powers. He only used them on special occasions. For example on our first date he lit the candles with his pinkie finger and I thought it was a neat little trick. He never liked to talk about them either. He said if you use your power recklessly then *they* will come after you,” She was more focussed on the road than the conversation now, so I just nodded and fell asleep.

When I woke up Mom was getting our things from the trunk. I got out of the car and looked around. The sun was just rising over the hills in the distance. The little light illuminated a sign that read *Redmoon Hotel*. I followed Mom to our room and had some breakfast while Mom took a shower. After we were ready to go Mom drove us to the warehouses. Or more accurately where they should've been.

“Mom, is it just me or did the warehouses disappear?” I was so confused. This was the right address.

“I don't know. Look over there, a local,” She pointed out. We went over to the man and asked him where the warehouses had gone and he said they are just on the other side of the road.

# The Girl with Powers

Hailee Ewart  
Grade 7, Marion Shilling

We spun around and they were on the other side of the road like the man said, but when we turned around to thank him he was gone, just poof!

The adventure will continue.

Silently,

Silently, the scenic, painted sunset turns into a dark, unforgiving night.

Silently, a spark of hope turns into a blazing light.

Silently, a child's imagination turns into a vast, open-ended handful of possibilities.

Silently, a secret-filled door gets opened with a sacred key.

Silently, she ponders out a sky filling with stars

Silently, I'll find peace in a world filled with madness and wars.

Silently...

## Peace

Peace is as loving as a protective mother caring for her child

That love is so fierce yet gentle

Peace is as strong as a child's hope

Nothing can break that bond

Peace is as comforting as someone caring enough to help you push past the hard times.

The embrace is so calming and soft

Peace is as quiet as the sound of crickets

The disturbance is so lulling and hopeful

Peace doesn't have to be in a place where there is no noise or distractions

Peace is wherever you find calmness in your heart

Sophia Greenidge

St. Ann's Academy

Grade 7

Pg.1

Genuine Hearts

Always

Be

Careful

Don't

Ever

Forget

Genuine

Hearts

Influence

Joy

Keeping

Light

Making

Nature

Oblique

Sophia Greenidge

St. Ann's Academy

Grade 7

Pg.2

Genuine Hearts

Preparing

Quietly

Remembering

Souls

Truly

Unify

Vowing

Wholeheartedness



Sophia Greenidge

St. Ann's Academy

Grade 7

Pg.3

### Meaning of Colour

Red resembles Hatred and Love

Orange is a sign of Energy and Mischief

Yellow expresses Life and Happiness

Green resemble Shyness and Wisdom

Blue signifies Clearness and Purity

Purple reminds me of Calmness and Faith

Black signifies Fatality and Grief

When I say these colours something else may have come into your mind.

But it doesn't matter if your opinions differ from mine.

Whether it's a Blue lake or a Green tree

We all see the world how we believe it to be.

The Unwanted Disclosed Facts Of Our Family

I was five. My hair plaited and outfitted in overalls, intently drawing formations of scribbles at the dining table.

A woman came to sit beside me, setting down a plate of cookies mine for the taking.

I stopped my trance-like art obsession for a moment to snack. Ooey, gooey, chocolate chip with pecans. A family favourite.

She seized this opportunity while I was distracted to peek at my artwork. Her face lit up with pride and fascination at my creations.

"Oh Lorie! These are wonderful, honey. You're getting to be quite the artist, aren't ya?" She thickly layered on the compliments.

I answered with, "Thanks, Mummy." Then polished off the final confection.

"You finished those lickety-split, didn't you? Want some milk to wash it down?"

I bobbed my head up, down, and side to side as a 'yes'. I still hadn't fully grasped the concept of nodding yet.

As she removed the plate from my line of sight, I headed back to attack my previous drawing with a full gung-ho attitude.

I snapped out of it as the timer alerted that the oven's contents were due for extraction.

I practically jumped off the old hide-a-bed couch; making for the kitchen.

I lifted the dish out of the oven and onto the dining table. Without thinking I looked at my place setting; as if I could see that little girl drawing away from years ago.

“Ha! You put two slices of bread and some cheese in the microwave! It was so gross!” Matt retold, chuckling.

The two boys were now fully surrendering to the giggles, and I have to admit they were pretty contagious.

“Exactly. Sometimes, you’ve just got to move past things like that. And now, I can actually make a proper grilled cheese sandwich.”

“So like when Mom left. And like when Dad got laid off.” Josh added.

The room snapped quiet. I looked down at my hands in my lap. So much for the bubbly mood occurring just moments before.

When I finally spoke, the words were weak, as if the words themselves hated the bitter taste of being uttered aloud. But they needed to be voiced by someone. And when Dad isn’t here, I must take the major role in keeping the family afloat. Which turns out to be more often than not.

“Yeah, Josh, like that.”

A day in the life of a soldier, Jamie Gladdish, Grade 7, Marion Schilling

I can smell the lingering scent of gunpowder, hear the sound of guns firing close by, but all I can feel is fear. Fear that I will never see my wife and children again, that when I said my goodbyes that those were my last words to them, but I am mostly scared that I am going to die, and those words repeat over and over again in my head, I am going to die, I am going to die. Fear. I am ashamed of myself for being so scared but as I sit in a cold muddy trench that smells like mold with temperatures below zero, I can't help thinking that it's not fair. "We're heading south" yells Captain Leo. The voice startles me out of my thoughts and I groan thinking of walking and feeling the full force of the wind above ground. We travel all day and with each step I grow more tired. By the time we're halfway there I am ready to collapse in exhaustion. The other men are talking in hushed voices about the attack we were planning and I grow more terrified of the prospect of once again being on open battlefield, where even the most fit and brave can be killed within the pull of a trigger. "Shhhhhhh" Leo suddenly hisses but it's too late, we walked right into a trap. The fear I feel mounts to terror as the men in their matching uniforms surround us, we are easily outnumbered. The shooting starts and I can't move, frozen in fear. I notice that they all wearing gas masks and for some reason they are running. "Come on!" shouts the second in command. because we have to chase after the enemy which is stupid but our duty was to ambush these people not have them ambush us, so we have to at least get rid of half of them or it could jeopardize the mission. But since they have a head start and were tired from walking all day we camp there for the night

A day in the life of a soldier. Jamie Gladdish, Grade 7, Marion Schilling

and I do, I think of my wife- Judith and her curly brown hair and brown eyes that are shaped like almonds and how I am so much taller than her and I think of my 5 year old son, Matthew who is the spitting image of me and I think about how he carries so much responsibility for a 5 year old, then 2 year old Annie and little 9 month year old Ira none of them will ever get know me. And I just remember as I fade away into sleep for the last time.

24 year old Judith popped her bread into the oven and stood still listening for Ira's cries but silence followed and in the quietness of the room her thoughts drifted as they did know that her husband was gone to war. She had been hesitant to let her husband go as it was, but other knowledge contributed to this fact,her mother had been a nurse in the First World War but her station had been bombed, killing her and thousands more, her dad hadn't been killed, he didn't even have any serious injuries, but he had been left with scars on the inside that later led to depression. The sound of a knock on the door startled her out of her thoughts,she walked over to the door throwing it open she was confused to see a man in a uniform standing there

"Judith Williams?"

"Yes", she replied confused.

A day in the life of a soldier, Jamie Gladdish, Grade, Marion Schilling.

"I regret to inform you that your husband was killed in the war"

hearing those words Judith slipped into a state of shock leaning against the doorway because she could no longer support herself

"Sorry for your loss"

the man said to her but she couldn't hear him, couldn't hear Ira in the other room screaming, couldn't hear the timer beeping or the smell of burning bread all she could process was that her husband was dead and not coming home like he had promised.

The graveyard was silent as the Williams stood before John's grave in a state of grief. Judith glanced at her children to make sure they were all right and for one fleeting moment she didn't see her son Matthew, but her dead husband. The image faded as quickly as it came, a wave of grief hit her as it faded away and fresh tears sprang in her eyes. As the wind blew through the grass it seemed to sing a song of long lost love ones and people who would never return...

*In Flanders fields the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark our place: and in the sky  
The larks still bravely singing fly  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.  
We are the dead: Short days ago,  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved and were loved: and now we lie  
In Flanders fields. . .*

“Once upon a time, there was a princess. She lived in a castle, with her family. She had a happy life, playing and eating and sleeping, when the barbarians attacked.”

Stella asked, “Daddy, what’s a bar-uh-uh?”

Her father interrupted. “A barbarian? That is what you call a bad person from a far away place.”

“Anyways, the barbarians wrecked the inside of their castle. They flipped the beds and tore the paintings. They burned down the woodstack and stole the food from the kitchen. And then they took the king and left their kingdom, stepping on the fields on their way out.”

“What happened next?”

“It’s time for bed, my stellar Stella. You will hear more tomorrow! Good night.”

Stella’s father woke up to an email from the revenue department, saying that their taxes were not paid. Stella woke up to him ranting about how they were already paid. When she walked into the living room, he ran right up to her and hugged her. “It’ll be alright, honey.”

“What’s going on?”

“You don’t need to worry about it, Stella. Don’t worry.”

She didn’t have time to not worry, because as soon as he said that, there was a crash. Police officers dressed in dark uniforms swarmed the house. “You are under arrest for tax fraud.”

Loud sounds echoed as the house was searched. Stella cried as her parents went through an interrogation. Her world had turned upside down in an hour, happy, to worried, to devastated.

The search team left suddenly, taking their father with them. After what seemed like an eternity, Stella slowly stopped crying. Her mother asked if she wanted a story. Stella nodded a yes through tears. She flipped the Story of the Princess open to a folded page, and continued where her father left off.

“The princess looked over the kingdom from her tower bedroom. She was so confused why the barbarians had attacked, and wanted vengeance on them.”

“What's vengeance, Mommy?”

“That's when someone does something bad against someone because they did something bad against them, sweetie,” she explained.

“So she was very upset, and so she packed a bag and rode on a pony and tried to find the king. But she didn't get far, because an evil witch stopped her and brought the princess to her lair. As she was dragged into the dark hideout, she felt gloomy and sad.”

Stella started crying.

The next morning, Stella woke up before the sun rose. She put her pajamas in her bright pink backpack, along with her small water bottle and a few gummy snack packs. The idea of going out to save her father was inspired by the princess, but she wouldn't be caught by an evil witch. She would climb the tower to save him from the barbarians. And now, she was tall enough to open the door. She jumped up for the handle, twisted, and pulled with all her might. Despite having fallen on the floor, she had opened the gates to the dangerous world.

To be short, she did not evade the witch.



The social services worker took her to her office. "What's your name? Where are your parents? Why were you out? What were you doing?"

Stella told her her first name, but not much more than that. Stella sat there the whole day, impatiently kicking her chair waiting to be rescued. After hours of waiting in the witch's lair, her mother finally came. "Stella what are you doing?!"

"I went off to find father, Mommy," she explained

"By yourself?"

"Yes, I am already old enough to reach the door handle!"

The social worker interrupted. "Ma'am, to take her home, you'll have to prove you're her mother."

Luckily, she remembered to bring Stella's birth certificate in her large leather purse. She showed it to her and took Stella's hand.

"Wait, you also have to fill out this form explaining why she was out of your care."

Groaning, her mother took the form and filled it in. The question of *why was the child out of care of a guardian* was a little hard to explain. How could you explain that your three year old wasn't in your line of sight because she went off to save her father, who was falsely in jail for tax fraud?

A few days later, a letter arrived in their mailbox from the Department of Justice. Stella's mother was nervous, hoping that her husband would be released soon. She opened it to find a letter, saying that it was her that was going to court. The words *Child Endangerment* shocked her. The form she filled out did not suffice. The day: the very next day.

That night, Stella listened to her mother read.

“Luckily for her, her brave knights destroyed the witch’s lair and saved the princess. But they said that she had to go to the land of the barbarians with them, to fight for not only the king, but also the queen, who the barbarians had stolen from the kingdom while she was stuck in the witch’s prison. They battled for days and days, and in the end, the princess managed to save her parents.”

Stella’s mother dressed herself and her daughter up. As they rode on the bus, Stella wondered what was ahead.

She saw the judge. Her mother sat her down and started. She told him about all the events that happened on her search. Stella felt guilty, because she had gotten her into this mess, but happier again when she won

Meanwhile, in the next room, her father won his case.

Stella’s family came home happy. Until they saw the flames.

The first thing Stella wanted when they were buying new stuff is storybooks. She wanted the end of the princess storybook, and she got it.

“When they came back to the castle, they found a dragon attacking the castle. They lost their entire kingdom. But, in the end, they rebuilt it. She was a princess once again.”