

The Schuyler Sisters - A chapter from a story I wrote

Once upon a time, long long ago, there was a royal family adored by all. There was Philip Schuyler, the father in the family, and king of all the land. King Philip had three daughters. Angelica, the oldest at 17, was admired for her wit and self confidence. An exact replica of her late mother, with dark curly hair and chocolate brown skin. Eliza, the middle child- one year younger than Angelica and one year older than Peggy- adored for her beauty. With her father's light skin and straight, shiny black hair. And Peggy. The youngest. Her complexion was lighter than Angelica's but darker than Eliza's. Her dark brown hair a mess with some parts straight, some parts curly. She was an exact mix of her two parents. The three sisters loved spending all of their days together but life was very boring. Until one day the girls found a secret set of tunnel like pathways beneath the huge palace. The paths seemingly led everywhere. The crown room, the servants quarters, the laundering rooms, the kitchens (this was one of their favourites) and even the royal apartments. While exploring one day they found a door that led outside of the palace.

"Should we go out?" Eliza questioned.

"I-I don't think so." Peggy replied meekly.

"Well I am!," Angelica exclaimed, brushing past the two of them, " C'mon why not?"

"Dad-Daddy wouldn't like it." Peggy murmured. She walked forward and stood in the threshold, facing Angelica.

"Daddy doesn't need to know!" Eliza pointed out. Walking over, she lightly pulled Peggy to the side, leaving a wide open path for Angelica.

"But what if people recognise us?!" Peggy suddenly stammered, in a last ditch effort to get her sisters to stay in.

"Ah ha! That's really smart Peggy!," cheered Angelica, "We should wear disguises! Ask our maids to make us plain dresses to wear around but really we wear them outside!"

"That's not what I mean-meant though." Peggy stuttered but to no avail, as her sisters were already sprinting up the hall.

Later that same day, the three girls were in their vast bedroom telling their maids exactly what kind of dresses they wanted.

"Are you girls sure you want dresses that are so plain?," the girl's head maid, Anne, questioned looking skeptically at them, "We can make beautiful dresses with lots of sparkles." The other two maids in the room murmured in agreement.

"No thank you. We want nice plain dresses." Eliza responded.

"Why would you ever want plain dresses?" Anne inquired. The girls stood in silence for a few seconds exchanging glances.

"W-well if you guys aren't going to tell her I will," Peggy said looking straight at Anne.

The other girls exchanged looks. Was she going to rat them out?,

" W-we have a new game that we play w-where we pretend w-we're orphan girls running away from the horrid orphanage in wh-which we lived before. It's much more fun than you would think." She added on to the end seeing the disdainful look on Anne's face.

"That's quite some game you have," Anne chuckled softly, "Okay, we'll make you your dresses."

"Yay!" the girls exclaimed, running up to Anne to hug her.

A week or two later the girls were wearing their new dresses, which Anne had made matching bonnets for. "Look at you girls! You look so-," she hesitated, trying to find the right word, "orphany." she said, beaming at her handywork. They were sneaking through the palace, trying to reach their favourite tunnel entrance when suddenly a slightly taller boy stepped smack dab right in front of them.

"I'm home!" he exclaimed in an obnoxiously loud voice.

"What do you want Thomas?" Angelica asked, disdain lacing her voice. It was Thomas Jefferson, a son of one of the king's councilman. He and Angelica looked like they could be twins, but their personalities were completely different. Thomas was constantly hyper, but he was getting better at controlling it as he got older. When he was younger he had to have someone with him, to make sure he didn't break any of the vases in the halls.

Him and his father had just gotten back from a four month trip to France.

"How was France?" Eliza asked him.

"Amazing! The food was so good!" he said back to her. He stared at the three for a few seconds before finally noticing their strange manner of dress. "What's going on with your dresses? Are you leaving?!" he asked, suddenly very excited.

"No we're just," she hesitated, "playing." She looked at her sisters but Thomas didn't notice.

Marlee HarasemcnuK

Grade 7

David Thompson

"Yeah," Peggy exclaimed, "We're orphan girls!"

"Ew," Thomas said walking away, "I have no time for this"

"What was that about?" Eliza asked

"Who knows," Angelica replied, "let's keep going."

Laura Hill
Grade 7
Dufferin Elementary

The Glass Slipper

It was a terrible night. We were waiting, waiting and waiting for months to be called upon by the fairy godmother. Of all those dreadful nights, tonight we felt like abandoned rocks. Nobody needs glass slippers anymore, we were absolutely never wanted by anyone. We were wide awake when I started tingling.

“Finally!” I yelled. Of course no one hears glass slippers talk.

The fairy godmother had summoned us! We never got called upon by the fairy godmother. I still was tingling when the fairy godmother waved her wand and murmured her spell.

Suddenly, we disappeared and magically transferred onto a soft, tiny and very clean foot. It was like we were flying on clouds, we were so happy. I started paying attention when she was moving her feet in the air. I heard a cheerful voice.

It was the fairy godmother talking to the girl. She said something about getting glass slippers. Then we heard a quieter voice.

The girl questioned how we are were going to get there.

The fairy godmother waved her wand and the farm animals turned into people. She waved the wand again and transformed a bright pumpkin into a big carriage to ride in. Just as the girl lifted us up and hopped in, the fairy godmother started talking.

I heard the most important details. Ella, the beautiful girl had until midnight before all the magic disappeared.

This caught our full attention. This meant we only had six to seven hours to enjoy the ball, this made us scream.

“No! We want more time.” We were lucky that no one could hear us because let me tell you we are loud.

Ella climbed into the carriage and we sat for what seemed like hours. Just a few minutes later the pumpkin carriage slowed down then came to a stop. I felt Ella take a deep breath. She opened the carriage door and stepped out. As I flew out of the carriage, I saw the beautiful palace. The palace was golden and dark yellow and had flower streamers on the outside of it. The site made me feel so special. It was like I was a “Royal” myself. My twin shoe also agreed. We were convinced this was going to be the best party ever.

Once we were inside the palace, Ella looked around. Then the Prince spotted her. As the Prince emerged, I thought that I might have to help her do some fancy dancing. Ella started dancing. It was taking us all our concentration to stay on her foot. We were lucky

she was a smooth graceful dancer. Soon enough she lost track of time, and suddenly it was midnight!

“Run!” We tried to warn her but no one heard us so we were useless.

Ella suddenly looked up at the clock then realized she had to run. She dashed across the ballroom. We squeezed against her toes as she went down a flight of stairs. When she was half way down, I fell off her foot! I could hear my partner calling my name, but there was nothing I could do. I had officially lost my twin slipper. Ella kept on running and left me on the stair. About twenty seconds later, the Prince leaned down and picked me up.

The Prince stood on the step for a minute, then started taking me to each house. At the first five houses, the feet were too small and the feet felt weird. Then, after that disaster, the feet at the other places were too wide and terribly stinky. The Prince and I slowly made our way across the village. It was very boring trying on feet. Once we reached Ella’s stepmother and step-sisters’ house, I got excited and wiggled in the Prince’s hand.

I recognized the tiny brown cottage. I was carried to a room and Ella wasn’t anywhere, I knew she was locked up somewhere, then I spotted mice and asked them to find her for me. The first step-sister tried me on and it did not fit. Then Ella snuck into the room. The

Prince had one last person to check in the whole village, Ella. The prince knew it was her from the ball.

"It's her! She is the one from the ball!" The prince cheerfully said.

He was very excited. Before we left the cottage, I found my twin. We were so happy.

We tapped our heels on the floor. The Prince suggested that Ella come with him to his palace. So off they went. Ella was taken to the Prince's palace to live there. With us too!

After that, Ella became way happier than ever before. As for me and my twin, we enjoyed the "Royal" life to its fullest.

My name is Billy Joe, and my school is called Savona Elementary. It is the only school I'm aware of that has a basement, and I should have known something was out of the ordinary.

I had just moved to Savona and had only gone to school for three days, but it was long enough to learn some startling rumors from fellow classmates. People were saying the basement was used to torture kids who did well in school. That put me really off edge because I normally got almost straight A's on my report cards, and I didn't know how they tortured kids. I knew that some kids considered school as torture, but I assumed that the torture they were talking about was more than extra school since my best friend I made disappeared mysteriously on my fourth day. I kept thinking, what could have happened to Bob throughout school that day? He usually sat with me on the bus, but he didn't show up on the bus that day which made me decide to call my parents, tell them I was going to be late, and then go and investigate the basement in my school.

I decided to be quiet down the long flight of stairs, as soon as I started hearing screaming from behind the one locked door people were aware of. I also heard what sounded like snapping of bones so I hurried and tried to think of what was going on behind that door. I had gone to a school for spies, so I knew how to pick the lock to the room. I burst open the door and I heard a alarm go off, once again throwing me off balance. I saw Bob bound to a solid hunk of wood in the corner of the room being

slapped by a teacher, and other students suffering the same fate. I tend to grow extremely violent when I get angry so I tackled one of the teachers to get their attention. I gained attention from the other staff, then led them on a chase around the school. In the end, I locked myself in the secretary's office and called nine one one. Later that day, the staff got carried off by police to prison and received a life sentence.

It took a couple of days, but my school got new, kinder staff and we didn't have anymore incidents in school. Life started returning to normal, that is, until we got Ms. McDaniel.

Poems

Ruby Liddy Grade 7

St. Ann's Academy

A New Day

The sun rises to start a new day and sets to end a day, but in between the setting and rising anything can happen

Dreams can come true, death can occur and love can happen

Make the most of today so the unspeakable doesn't happen, and if it does

then you want to say at the pearly gates that you did everything you wanted to

So live every day as if it were your last

Troubles

You have to get rid of your troubles from today, because you'll just get more tomorrow

If you never do anything about them, then how can anybody help you

Eventually you won't even be able to help yourself and you'll just spiral down until you

hit rock bottom

This Too Shall Pass

He once had said there are four words to remember "this too shall pass"

Then the lady in the other room said or "it could get worse"

Life can go either way, the bad will go away, or the good will eventually end

Even though we would rather the good, we can't always live in bliss

We have to wake up and face the storm

Everybody has their own story of what type of person they are becoming today and a lot of it can come from your family's past generations but in this generation you can choose how you want to live your life. You can live your life to the fullest and when you do that, you can achieve your dreams. In this lifetime, you can even make a stand for what you believe in. The path to success in your life will always have bumps on the road but you will always find a way to get through difficult times.

Firstly, when things go as planned everything is great but sometimes when you fall, it's hard to get back on the path again. It's a part of life when something goes wrong or you have to work at something. There are so many different ways and strategies you can use or just improve at something. You are the one who has to say "I can do this," and only you can do something when you have confidence and believe in yourself. You can learn anything you put your mind to because everyone is unique and different in this world. Everyone has their own ways to get better at something and grow. For example, I practice even harder at the smaller things because to me, the smaller things are what count. I also like to do extra practicing by myself so I can work on the things I need to improve. Sometimes, if I don't understand something, I would take it back another step and reteach myself at a slower pace. These techniques really work for me when I want to learn. You can learn anything you want and school is a safe place to learn and grow at a young age because it impacts the rest of your life and career. Sports is another great example in your life where you can learn about your body and how exercise keeps you healthy.

Secondly, don't be afraid to take risks because your biggest mistake will be not taking the risks in life. Live your life to the fullest and the only way to succeed is not to be afraid to make mistakes because the truth is, everybody makes mistakes. If you do make a mistake, don't live in the past, try to fix your mistake and move on and live in the present. Nike says "Just Do It" it is a great saying because it tells you don't hold back, push yourself, make yourself get out of your comfort zone and challenge yourself.

You can make your dreams come true when you work hard and make sacrifices. You may have special talents but talent doesn't get you anywhere, hard work, skill and discipline are the most important things to succeed and make your dreams come true. Right now, we live in a world where you have the freedom to do anything you believe in. Every single one of us are part of a family and have genes from our family. If you believe your family's genes aren't very good you can still be a good person. You may get your athletic body from your parents or your great singing voice from your great, great grandparent. When you want your dreams to come true you have to work to get to them and you should enjoy the journey because your dream should be something you are passionate about.

In order for your dreams to be able to come true, you need to set goals for yourself because when you do that, you can push yourself to a higher standard. When you set goals for yourself you can challenge and achieve more for yourself. There are so many ways to fulfill your dreams, so let's make it happen.

Lastly, my goals are to never give, help shape the future in my life and I want my change to affect others people's lives in a positive way. I am a competitive athlete and I have learned to set goals for myself. For example, every year since grade three I have participated in cross country running. In grade three I was placing between 10th and 20th place, in grade four, I was placing around 10th, in grade five I was placing just under 10th and in grade six I was placing 2nd and 3rd place. Out of all of these years, I have never gotten 1st but this year I finally got first in my race. This is because I never gave up and was determined to set goals to get better each year. Also, this year I decided to stand up for what I believed in so I emailed the athletic director for elementary schools. I asked if I could tryout on the elementary boys basketball team. I did this because I truly believe that boys and girls are equal. I played on a boys club team last spring so I thought I could open doors for girls in the future to play on a boys basketball team in the school district. I believe in gender equality and I want to live my life believing that boys and girls are equal.

Now I truly hope you will have the confidence to do anything you believe and never give up. In your lifetime, I hope you learn, grow, have fun, work hard, do the things that make you happy, make a stand for what you believe in, enjoy life and fulfill your dreams!

The Beast

Do you believe the supernatural? I was once a non-believer until I visited Tranquille Farm's Tunnel Tours. My name is Jessie Almaket and my story is the very reason you should avoid ouija boards and not scoff at the creatures that live among us. This story is not for the faint of heart, so if you continue, don't say I didn't warn you.

It all started in late October when the the air was crisp and the apples were ripe. Pumpkins were glowing menacingly from the doorsteps of our neighbors. My stepmother, Susanne, wanted to go to the tours. She thought it would be "a fun experience." Unfortunately, I had to bail on the whole tour after five minutes underground. It was a lot more scary than you'd think. The wheelchairs were moving without anyone behind them, and Susanne was acting very strangely. I left for the family minivan and waited for my my dad and Susanne. I must have fallen asleep because I was exhausted and very warm.

I woke up abruptly when my dad slammed on the brakes to avoid a pedestrian. The man was very thin, wearing all black. As soon as he got across the street, he completely disappeared in front me. It startled me, but Dad didn't seem to notice. I was about to ask him, but he coldly interrupted me with "I was talking to your mother, Jessie." I was surprised at his reaction, because I didn't hear them talking. He also said mother. Susanne was great, but I could never call her my mom, who had left when I was eight.

That night, I had a weird dream. Susanne was sick. I didn't know with what, but I could tell she was sick. Something was odd about the environment. I didn't know what was wrong, but the vibes were, different. Cold...

When I woke up the next morning, I was so tired. It was Hallowe'en and there was school. My best friend Hannah and I were going as a devil and an angel, and this would be the last time we

trick or treated together ever, because we're both twelve. I slowly got up and got dressed and went to school, with a mopey look on my face. Throughout the day, I wasn't able to shake my bad mood. I hadn't gotten a very good sleep the night before, so I thought that it was that, but turns out, I was very, very wrong.

We got home, we got ready, and chatted about the day. I was still kind of upset, but I was never going to let Hannah know that. Then Susanne came home, bearing very upsetting news that would make my day even worse. "Jessica," she said with a blank face. That was my actual name that I HATED. "I have to leave. Your dad and I got into a fight and we are getting a divorce." The news shocked me, as well as Hannah, and I asked her if she needed me to stay home from trick or treating. She said no, but I was really worried she would be lonely, because my dad wouldn't be home until eleven o'clock. As we were leaving, I saw a shadow pass behind Susanne. that no one else seemed to see it, so I ignored it.

As we were trick or treating, I felt as if I was being watched. There were strange noises all around me, but no one seemed to notice. I then noticed a shadow, in the greenspace between two houses. I sent my friends to the next house so I could turn back and investigate further. When I got to the back of the house, I saw the shadow duck into a hiding place behind a tree. "I know you're there. Please come out so I can get back to my friends." I saw the shadow rise from its place, and it almost looked like Suzanne, but it wasn't human. It was a beast, some massive reptile. Almost a dragon, but it was transparent. It then lit with fire that covered it's whole body, and I started running. I made a sharp turn when I reached my street. Running, running, there was no way to escape from this vivid nightmare. I needed to stop but I couldn't let myself. The beast was getting closer. Then there was a stop in time where I couldn't move. The beast picked me up in one hand and then everything went black.

I woke up in a hospital bed, but it wasn't a bed in the Royal Inland Hospital. Moss and mold grew on the ancient walls. The Sanitarium. The place where we went for the tunnel tours. I tried to get up, but my hands were stuck to the bed. The door creaked open and a doctor came in. The thing is,

he was dead. He took off his smock to reveal a terrifying body, similar to the beast. He walked toward me with poster. My vision was blurry but I could tell from that it was snowing outside, and had been for months. The doctor walked toward me and muttered something under his breath that I couldn't understand. He returned to his table with surgery tools and picked up the scalpel. He turned around and cut my leg. The pain burned up my whole body. Then I remembered something from the Tunnel Tours. There were emergency buttons on the side tables of the beds. Hoping the hospital would get my signal, I moved my wrist and hit the button. He came up beside me and breathed on my face. It was like getting hit with anesthesia. I passed out in a second.

I woke up with sirens all around me. I then realized my signal worked and I could go home to my family. Driving to the hospital, I was thinking about what had just happened and how I was going to tell my family. I wondered if my dad and Suzanne had broken up, or all that had happened in the time of my disappearance. When I got to the hospital. I saw someone that I recognized. Was it my Suzanne? She ran toward me with a huge smile on her face and bouncing curls that made her look even happier, which was weird because usually she wasn't too excited to see me. She wrapped her arms around me and then I look up. She lets go and then I see the truth. This isn't Suzanne. It's another form that the doctor has taken. I then realize that I will never escape the nightmare that started on October 30th, 2017.

Flowers All Year

Beth Milburn Grade 7 Aberdeen Elementary

Bright colourful pretty

But what left is there to say about summer

Petals falling slowly dying soon gone

But what left is there to say about fall

Cold death weak

But what left is there to say about winter

Beginning season planting seeds getting prepared

But what left is there to say about spring

Colourful short tall beautiful delicate blooming pollen seeds

But what left is there to say about flowers.

What Winter Gives Us

Beth Milburn Grade 7 Aberdeen Elementary

I look around me and I see white little snowflakes falling

Beautiful cold snow that's what winter gives us

I look straight ahead of me and I see a lamppost still shining bright for all to see

Beautiful cold snow that's what winter gives us

I look behind me and I hear the wind flying through the air

Beautiful cold snow that's what winter gives us

I listen and hear people walking fast to get out of the cold

Beautiful cold snow that's what winter gives us

I look around me one more time and I think to myself

Beautiful cold snow that's what winter gives us

The Possessed
Parker Morrison Gr.7 David Thompson Elementary

Ryn had been in many battles before, but none could match to this.

The war had lasted years, its slow and painful build up to the very moment he was in was nothing but devastating. At first, only minor skirmishes had happened. The occasional griffin set loose, a few goblins to raid the cities of its wealth, and illusionists kidnapping the poor humans stuck in the middle of the entire mess. Now, though, it was intense beyond what the Sarradonians had expected.

Dragons flew overhead, their massive wings beating down, creating gusts of wind that carried up dust that blinded the warriors beneath. Flames, poison, and ice contrasted against one another, flurries of elements evolving into what seemed as a mess of beautiful but deadly mixtures of magic.

The Titans and giants clashed weapons, swords and mighty maces being thrown out and usually bloodying his target. Compared to the tens of thousands of trained soldiers fighting for their lives and the rest of Sarradonia against the force of Abigor's blood-thirsty demons, built for agility and the enjoyment of death, the giants were mountains, and nearly the height of some, with a handful reaching over eighty meters.

More evils and nightmares were roaming about as well, some from times so ancient nobody knew the name of. Those were the most terrifying of all.

Commander Ryn was stationed at the front of the battle line, slashing and cutting his sword towards the enemy with the strength only heavily experienced fey warriors

The Possessed

Parker Morrison Gr.7 David Thompson Elementary

tended to have. Every second was precious and had to be used to the maximum. With each whistle of his blade slicing through the musty air, an agonizing scream was heard from the victim. The sky was smothered in dark brown and gray clouds, the sun behind trying desperately to crawl out. Faint shadows were cast across the turned-up grounds splattered in blood and grime.

Ryn felt a slap on his shoulder and spun around to meet the eyes of his fellow lieutenant Asher grinning despite the rages of warfare around them.

"Another pleasant afternoon, isn't it?" Asher called to him whilst in the midst of his own battle against two demons. One grabbed his leather-protected arm with its sharp black talons, attempting to break open the material protecting his skin. He didn't get to make a single scratch on the armour before he was sliced in half and disintegrated beside Ryn, sword dripping obsidian-like blood.

He barely managed to have a breather before a larger demon pounced upon him, jaws dripping crimson liquid. Asher, just finishing off his own demon, sprinted across the meters that separated them, hacking away at the possessed beasts from pure excitement and rage. Leaping over obstacles, he cut the devil on top of Ryn, blood spraying everywhere. Ryn's left shoulder burned profusely with agony and started

The Possessed

Parker Morrison Gr.7 David Thompson Elementary

blooming with red where the demon had achieved ripping a jagged line through his leather armour, reaching the skin beneath. He clutched it tightly to stop the blood flow, then shrugged and let the patch of skin become more red within minutes. Asher waved his goodbye and sent off to tackle another devil.

A women -surprisingly not a demon but of someone possessed- came in to view a moment later, holding a scythe that looked as if it were made of darkness itself. She rushed towards the two warriors, slashing everything in her path. *Her speed is impressive*, Ryn mused. He finished of the insignificant demon he'd been facing and readied his stance, balancing on the balls of his feet to let him move quickly enough to side step and hopefully not get chopped to bits. His heart pounded when he thought of all the possibilities that would happen if things didn't go as planned. The women was now two hundred meters away. Ryn slowed down his breathing, remaining calm and steady for the minute until she would reach him. The three hundred year old fey warrior battling to the death against a possessed women with a scythe and incredible speed. *What a way to die*, he thought. Only fifty meters left. Twenty. He could now vaguely see the women's features. Sharp cheekbones, black eyes that marked them possessed, and the most noticeable of all- her long, onyx hair. She seemed fairly pretty, but now was not the time to think of that. She slowed to a walk around seven meters away, smiling. She

The Possessed

Parker Morrison Gr.7 David Thompson Elementary

swaggered over, scythe hanging securely on her shoulder. The women looked around her early twenties. Ryn shook his head.

There was a look in her eyes that sent shivers down his spine. He ignored it, focusing on the battle about to unfold.

"Let's get to it," he growled. She smiled more sinister than before.

"Of course."

Then she leapt, her scythe a flash of black, towards him. In less than a second, it reached his right side before he could react and she sliced, a sure end to the warrior.

But Ryn felt nothing. Nothing but a ghost of pain. He looked down at his waist, seeing nothing was harmed, then glanced at the woman, her jaw dropped, scythe hanging loosely at her side.

"But.. that's not possible unless-"

"Unless we're soulmates," he whispered to himself.

Her eyes widened with fear and hope, a glitter of blue appearing from the corner of her eye, showing the true colour. Then she was back to her possessed self and retreated to where she came. Towards King Abigor.

Ryn, in that very moment, knew what his goal was. He would kill and hack through every demon to get to the King, put him through a slow and endless suffering until he begged for death.

Then he would deliver his soulmate back to Sarradonia to heal. And hopefully become herself again. Hopefully become his mate if she accepted it.

And so, Ryn started his journey to find the possessed girl.

To bring her home.

The Possessed

Parker Morrison Gr.7 David Thompson Elementary

The Door
Frank Padar
Westmount Elementary
Grade 7

I hadn't noticed this door before, it wasn't there last night. I cautiously turned the handle. As I slowly turned the handle an ominous glow came from the mysterious door. There, standing at least seven feet tall, was a half fish, half humanoid looking creature. It stared back at me with it's dark depressing eyes. It suddenly lunged at me and I swiftly dodged it and ran to the kitchen. Whatever the creature was, it was faster than Usain Bolt, because in less than two seconds it was in the kitchen almost right beside me. I was petrified as it fiercely lunged at me again and was successful. The room went dark.

I woke up slowly and drowsily and in a dimly lit room. I was lying on a ratty old bed and when I got up, I saw there was a door handle. The door opened and my kitchen came into view. I could hardly see in my living room but standing there, was the thing that will remain so vivid in my memory until the day that I die. It still haunts me to this day. The ominous creature was facing the opposite side of me looking in the direction of my TV. I tried to sneak away outside but the floorboards creaked and the thing turned to me.

The unearthly thing viciously and swiftly transported, and in less than five seconds, was barely one meter away from me. I bolted to the front door, when the odd humanoid grabbed me and I fell to the floor. I managed to kick the thing in the face. It let out the most ear piercing screech I've ever heard in my entire life and it deafened me, but I gathered just the right amount of strength and ran out the door. When I was out of my front yard, I looked into my window and to my surprise, there was nothing there. I wasn't going to stick around, I got into my car and started the ignition. I looked to my left and

The Door
Frank Padar
Westmount Elementary
Grade 7

there was not one, not two, but three identical versions of the creatures standing in my front door frame. all of them were smiling at me. I drove my car as fast as I've ever driven it before. A wave of relief washed over me. I was finally gone from the nightmare.

Unfortunately all good things must come to an end. I glanced in my rear view mirror and to my surprise the original creature was directly behind me in the back seat. I don't know how I knew that it was the original, but it had a special and very distinct aroma that smelled like fresh blood. I immediately struck the nightmarish creature square in its ugly face, which caused me to lose complete control of my car and I swerved into a heavily wooded area. The thing ran out of my backseat. I knew that the thing that had hurt me in so many ways wasn't getting away. I unbuckled my seatbelt and dashed toward the the creature. I was out of breath from my lengthy sprint when I saw it facing the opposite direction of me and looking for a way to go. Now was my chance. I grabbed a large stick and charged at it. Little did I know there was a ten foot vertical drop after the creature. As I batted the creature, along with it came me plummeting to the rock hard ground and the thing landing in front of me.

My vision was blurry and my head was throbbing from the impact of my fall. I could see the creature was clearly shaken up as well. I was seeing three of the creature, so my line of sight was scrambled. I somehow had the audacity and strength to kick the varmint in its back several times before running away. I could see it muscling through

The Door
Frank Padar
Westmount Elementary
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my blows and starting to get up. I knew I had really provoked the thing so I started running.

As I was running for my life, it let out the same screech it did previously. I knew it was after me and would stop at nothing until I perished. I frantically ran back up the hill and ran for nearly ten minutes to the closest police station. I probably looked insane to all of the officers because I was yelling gibberish. I finally calmed myself down and told the last known location of the savage.

I got into the squad car. After fifteen minutes or so of driving in the awkwardly silent car ride, we pulled up near the thing. It was surprisingly still in the same location as it was previously. The police officers shouted at the humanoid to stay still. Once the officers knew what they were dealing with they immediately called for backup and the Centre for Disease Control. The thing surprisingly did nothing but stare at all of the people at the scene. The CDC and ten officers with tasers drawn approached the thing and it viciously lunged at them. The thing had no chance and they all open fired with their tasers. The CDC took the creature into their custody and the last that I heard they were going to do some tests on it to see exactly what it was and where it was from.

The next day I returned home and I immediately went to check to see if the door was still there. It wasn't there. It really scared me because it was just there yesterday when the creature started terrorising me. I ran out my front door in total fear. I took a long walk and for some reason I looked into someone's window. I saw it, a different version of

The Door
Frank Padar
Westmount Elementary
Grade 7

the thing that changed my life in such a bad way and had scarred me for life. It was smiling and waving at me all while saying "I'll be back for you soon."

Scratches and Bruises

Téa Parlette

Westmount Elementary

Grade 7

He was standing there, just staring at me. I opened my mouth to scream, but nothing came out. All I could do was lay there, in the dark, alone, while he watched me. I tried to look away, I tried to run, I tried to yell for help, but I couldn't. I could tell that he was holding something, clutching it tightly in his left hand. He roamed all over the room, dragging his feet along the pale wood floor until he started heading in my direction. I was horrified, there was nothing I could do to stop him. He came closer, and closer, and closer, until finally he was standing right beside me, raising his left hand, and slowly revealing what was inside. He opened his hand only to reveal the thing I feared most, it was nothing. Nothing was there, just emptiness. I knew what this meant, I had seen it all before! I just can't remember how to get rid of it. I thought hard about it, while he was still just standing there beside me. Then, it hit me! I had seen this in a dream. I knew what I had to do, so I did. I stopped fearing it. I stopped believing the illusion, I stopped being afraid of what might happen next. Sure enough, I was alone in my room again, in the dark, and before I could even think again, I was already back asleep. But the thought that stayed with me through the night was, "Am I really alone?"

I woke up that morning to chills running through my body, and strange bruises and scratches on my arms. I slumped out of bed and down the stairs, only to discover my mom crying and my dad comforting her.

"What happened?" I questioned them, "and where's Kayla?" My mother gestured toward the window. I opened the curtain only to reveal cop cars and ambulances outside of our house. "Why are they here?" I asked, concerned of what the answer would be.

Scratches and Bruises

Téa Parlette
Westmount Elementary
Grade 7

horrifying thing imaginable. It was a tall, dark, wide-eyed, demonic creature, standing over my parent's bed, with its long and crippled finger making scratch marks on my mother's arm. My dad was petrified, laying on the other side of the bed. I didn't know what to do, so my instincts took over. I grabbed a lamp from the dresser beside me and struck the creature over the head with it multiple times. The thing let out an ear piercing cry, while backing into the dark corner of the room and slowly fading away.

Utah Blue Procter, grade 7, Pinantan Elementary, title: Easy A :)

1

There she sits on her bed, MaKenna Reign reads across the top of her first report card of high school. MaKenna's light brown hair tucked in to a bun in the middle of her head, her hazel eyes start to water as she continues to stare at the envelope that contained the worst report card she has ever received. 1 A, 2 Bs and the rest Cs. She sits there in her dark room, debating in her head whether to tell her parents or not. MaKenna has never been great in school. She usually only gets 1 A on her report cards, Art. "Morning Mac!," MaKenna's older brother Tyler says, and sounds chipper and happy, "Morning Ty, is mom awake?" "Nope she worked late last night. What did you get on your report card?" he asks. "I'm not sure I haven't gotten it yet. Must not be done" she answers and quickly leaves the room before he has time to answer.

MaKenna sits in the front of the bus, as usual. As she looks out the window she watches the trees go by fast. It reminds her of time, the time that feels like months going by without telling her parents about her report card. She always tells them everything. When she gets off the bus heading to the front door Abby appears. Abigail Rosen, MaKenna's best friend since kindergarten. "Hey Mac! Whats up?" "nothing really?" she answers quiet. "nice. See you later!". In science MaKenna is partly lost in her thoughts. She's thinking about things that she has never thought about before. MaKenna sits, twirling her brown curly hair, thinking of the boy sitting in front of her. Arron Hunt, he has

Utah Blue Procter, grade 7, Pinantan Elementary, title: Easy A :)

been in MaKenna's school as long as she can remember. She has never had time to really talk to him because she doesn't want her grades to slip to much. But has never once spoken to him. " Miss Reign....?" MaKenna hears the faint sound of Mr. Mullally's voice. " Miss Reign!" Mr. Mullally says a little louder, " Yeah..... What?" MaKenna answers. " You dozed off. Please don't let it happen again." " Yeah okay" she answers.

2

As MaKenna sits down at a table, Mrs. Theresa, her art teacher, walks over to MaKenna. " would you be interested in attending a summer art program? You and one other student have been accepted" "Uhh...sure" she answers and Mrs. Theresa walks off and starts class. " Today class we will be working on a partner project, with a random partner. Ok I'm going to start picking partners. Abby and Jess, Mac C and Kristen, MaKenna R and Arron H....." Mrs. Theresa keeps talking but MaKenna isn't listening. She watches Arron walk up and ask who his partner is she sees Mrs. Theresa points her direction and MaKenna gives a quick wave. Arron walks over " Hey we have science together right?" " Yeah we do" she says kind of shy. She looks at the sketch book he lays on the table. " Wow! You're a great artist!" says MaKenna " thanks" he says. As they start art class MaKenna and Arron brainstorm what they should do for their art project.

Utah Blue Procter, grade 7, Pinantan Elementary, title: Easy A :)

MaKenna sits at the stone bench just out the doors of school waiting for the bus to pull up. She thinks of when she was six and she would wait outside doors like these for her dad to pick her up. That was until he got in a terrible car accident when she was 7. Now she sits here 13 and tears rolling down her cheeks as she thinks of the her dear dad. The bus pulls up and the door opens the door, only to reveal the screams and shouts of all the other kids. MaKenna spots Abby at the back, she personally doesn't like the back but she goes and sits with Abby anyway. " Hey Mac. I need to talk to you about something." Abby says kinda sad and quiet " Yeah, what's up?" MaKenna answers as she gets more comfortable. "So my dad got a job to edit a news paper someplace else" Abby answers. MaKenna and Abby live in a small town called Cranbrook. " So does that mean you will be moving away?" MaKenna asks kind of sad, " Yes in the summer" Abby answers. Just then the bus hits an instant stop and slides then rolls into the ditch.

April 4th, 2018

Rebecca Rozek

St-Ann's Academy Grade: 7

Jumping off the dock

Big, blue, and full of power

Yet as light as a flower

From the melting mountain powder

The call to jump is becoming louder

A home to many

Open to any

I stand staring at the edge

Not yet willing to make the pledge

As the waves wash over my feet

I feel the touch of the water so sweet

Not ready for the jump

Still standing at a stump

I finally have the ambition

To make the decision

As my feet leave the dock

Time stops on the clock

I feel the rush of the water

As I dive on further

All my worries disappear

I forget every bit of fear

The water was the key

Now I feel free

April 4th, 2018

Rebecca Rozek

St-Ann's Academy Grade: 7

Forever

Accepting

Motivating

Involved

Loving

and

Yearned

Forever

Ridiculous

Important

Empowering

Nice

Dependable

Supportive

Majorly

Exalted

To have my family and friends

Prologue

I'm trapped. I hear the breaths of other people. I can't see, but I can feel it. I'm an outsider, I don't belong. But no one knows it. I sit here in a dark room, full of innocent people. They are in danger. The whispers of the people sounds like the whirls of the wind. Suddenly whispers get cut off by a huge explosion. The ground shakes, and the people scream with fear. Yet the bomb didn't hit us.

We are all still in shock, as the bombs keep dropping nearby. I feel a powerful force through my body. Everyone falls to the ground except for me. But it wasn't the explosion who destroyed them,

it was me....

1

"Get up!" Victor hollers with his scratchy throat, almost like he is eating gravel. Victor is my uncle, I think. He is a large, grumpy fat man, who is about 70 years old. He lives on an old abandoned farm, about 45 minutes from town. And my name is Valerie. A 16 year old rebellious girl. I wake up from my horrifying dream of terror. I abruptly open my eyes, then squint at the light from my window. He drops a rusty tray on the ground with a clank. On it is a bowl of dry oatmeal, a small piece of mouldy goat cheese and a sticky cup full of murky water. I live in the barn. I sleep in the dirty hay and bathe with an old hose. I am lonely sometimes in my stall. I see the occasional rat but they don't always last. "Eat up! Then meet me outside in ten." Victor orders. I reach for the water and gulp it down.

Deja Salazar
Grade Seven
Haldane Elementary
"Witch"

After my frigid "shower," I go back and I sit in the corner waiting for Victor to say something. "I'll be back at six to give you dinner. Stay here... and if there is any witch craft, you will get the ropes!" Victor bellows. As soon as he leaves the barn I disobey his orders and scramble up onto my knees and eagerly brush away the dirty hay. I find the spare key for my stall hidden in the hay. It's on a keychain that has a little picture of a gorgeous women and two little boys. *Was that his family?* I wondered. I erase the thought from my mind, and open my stall.

2

My life isn't all isolation and emptiness. There is Joshua - my love. He doesn't know about my powers. I try to see him everyday when Victor leaves. We meet at our secret place. A hidden treehouse we found a couple of years ago, deep within the forest. I sprint towards the trees. I love to run, to feel the wind rush into my face. It cools down the anger I keep deep inside me.

I slow down as I reach the forest. I breathe heavily- inhale then exhale, gasp then gulp, puff then pant. My heart is booming through my ears. Who knew so much energy could be burned up in only a short run. I saunter towards the treehouse knowing the way by heart. Past the pile of rocks, follow the fungi and trail, turn at the dead tree. I see the treehouse at a distance.

I stop. Something doesn't feel right. I slowly and warily make my way. I take each step with caution. **Snap!** I turn around to see where the sound came from. Someone covers my eyes

and shushes me. I smile with great relief. "Oh, Joshua! You frightened me!" I squak. He uncovers my eyes and we hug. "I thought you were Victor." I explain. Josh is the only soul I feel

harmonious around. I dig my face into his shirt. He smells like pine, as he holds me firmly. "I brought you some **real** food." Josh mumbles. He takes a fresh piece of bread out of his pocket. I snatch it and hungrily stuff it into my mouth.

We hang out in the treehouse for a little while and talk about life. It is beautiful out here, with the sun peeking through the trees. "Valerie," Joshua says hoarsely. I look up at him with a grin. "I love you." He states with a smile. I smile even more and kiss him. He feels warm. We hug.

"I lo-" I get cut off by the sounds of Victor's truck rumbling in the distance. "Gotta go, Vic is back." I explain. I dart out of the tree house. I blast through the field forgetting about everything.

As I approach the barn, Victor's truck is already parked. *Oh no!* I think as I rush into the barn, worried. Victor stands in my stall waiting impatiently.

3

"I cannot believe you disobeyed me! Where were you?! Did you hurt anyone?! You will never, leave this stall again! I got some rope as soon as I realized you were gone. I didn't think I was going to have to use this, but you left!" Victor roared. Then he tied me up like I was some sort

of dangerous animal. I felt like I was a zoo animal, except locked away where no one would see me. I go to bed without dinner and ropes around my arms.

4

I wake up from a restless sleep, filled with terrible dreams. Only I didn't feel like I was dreaming. It felt like a vision. It is still dark out. I look down at my ropes which had burned to ashes from my dreams. I suddenly remember my vision, I need to protect Josh. I stand onto my feet, trying to figure out a way to get out. I look everywhere, but Vic seemed to have found my spare key and took it away. I look down at my hands. I have never been able to control them before. But I know I need to try. I close my eyes and raise my hands at the door. I feel that force running through my body. I open my eyes and the door is flat on the ground, burning. I step over the burning gate and make my way to the treehouse. I run as fast as I can. I find myself at the treehouse, a couple moments later. But again something doesn't feel right. I don't feel safe. I'm alone. In the forest. At night. In the dark.

I try to figure out what's wrong, but I just can't. I hear snaps of sticks and whirls of wind, none of it looks familiar. It's dark and damp and cold. It is raining with harsh drops of water. I can

Deja Salazar
Grade Seven
Haldane Elementary
"Witch"

see tall fir trees. Only they look like a giant wall, closing me in. The cute squirrels in the day are little beasts with red piercing eyes, by night. Nothing is the same.

I can't find him. Josh is nowhere to be seen. I spin around with bewilderment. Everything is chaos. I can't hear anything. I can't see anything. Then all of a sudden, I crack. My powers are out of control. The trees flash into a bonfire, and the squirrels go rapid with glowing bloodshot eyes. I turn away with despair and fear. I see..... "Joshua!" I cry. He knows, he sees, he fears.

"Joshua, stay away!" I warn. He tries to remain calm. "Come here." Josh asks softly. My hands calm down. Everything I created stops. I slowly and cautiously walk over to him. I'm filled with relief and suddenly drop. I drop all my my fears, all my worries. I just let them all mix with the wind. I fall into his arms. He hugs me, and I break into tears. Wait. I remember there is a purpose for me coming here - to protect him. But I am just endangering him. I need to get away.

Suddenly, I hear a gravelly voice behind me. Victor. I turn around and see him holding up a gun. "Get away from him!" Victor growls. "First you kill my family! Now you are going to hurt him!" Victor continues. I tighten my grip on Josh's arm. "What? I've never hurt your family. And most importantly I would never hurt Josh!" I raise my voice, trying to convince myself as much as

Victor.

Deja Salazar
Grade Seven
Haldane Elementary
"Witch"

"I don't who he is! And it doesn't matter if it wasn't you, every witch is the same, every witch is capable of causing pain!" He sneers. *There is more? I'm not the only one? Who killed his family?* Questions whirl around my head like leaves in the autumn breeze. I boil with anger. He raises his gun and I instinctively raise my hand. My powers strike him forcefully and he falls to the ground. His eyes are empty and cold.

I regret what I have done. Even though he treated me unwell, he was just trying to avenge his family. I can't bare to look any longer. I turn away into Josh's arms and drift away.

Epilogue

10 years later...

I hear the deep booming of explosions through my ears, except I'm frolicing through the fields letting streaks of colorful lights flow through my fingers into the dark night sky. All the people around me are watching the light in amazement. There is no darkness, no explosions, no fear.

I wake from my glorious dream next to my family, Joshua - my love, and Natalie - my daughter, who seemed to crawl into the bed with fear, but now is safe and happy. Not in fear, pain, or isolation. Just happy.

Aiden Schuetze
Westmount
Grade 7
Ruby and the Unknown

Ruby. She's a kind hearted teenage girl but is easily provoked. Ruby has black hair with red tips. She's short so people mistake her for a kid, and since she looks like a little kid people also often ask where her parents are, which really irritates her. Unknown is a male. He's pretty tall, he has black hair with red dyed on his bangs and wears a hoodie and a mask all the time. He is normally very calm but always gets into fights. Everyone in the school is scared of him so he doesn't have any friends until that day.....

On the first day of highschool, Ruby woke up because of her mom, Summer. "RUBY, GET UP OR YOU'LL MISS YOUR FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL!!" She yelled up from the bottom of the stairs. "No.....just....give me five more minutes...." Ruby replied half asleep. Summer walked into Ruby's room, "No, you say that but then it turns from five minutes to ten minutes then it'll soon be thirty minutes. Now get up, or you won't get any breakfast tacos!"

Ruby immediately woke up "OK OK I'M UP! BUT I NEED BREAKFAST TACOS!!" Ruby said to her mom as she walked out of her room. Ruby quickly got dressed into her school uniform, rushed down to the dining room table, and waited for her breakfast tacos.

After about ten or fifteen minutes of waiting, Summer finally finished making the breakfast tacos. "YES! BREAKFAST TACOS!" Ruby shouted. "Calm yourself Ruby, it's just breakfast tacos. I make them for you every day," Summer explained. "No you don't! That's a lie! You rarely make breakfast tacos!" Ruby complained. "Hey! It's better than not making it at all right? Also you should get going or you'll be late. It's already 7:53!" Summer informed Ruby and put some dishes away. "WHAT! IT'S ALREADY 7:53!?" Ruby exclaimed and rushed out the door with her backpack.

On Ruby's way to school she accidentally ran into someone at the school entrance. "Oh my goodness! I'm so sorry! Are you ok?!" Ruby exclaimed as she looked at the girl with pink hair

Aiden Schuetze
Westmount
Grade 7
Ruby and the Unknown

on the ground. "HEY! WATCH IT YOU SMALL POTATO!!" The pink haired girl shouted with anger as she looked up and glared at Ruby. "Again I'm so sorry! I was in a rush and-" before Ruby could finish, the pink haired girl interrupted her, "Just be quiet and move. By the way, my name is Cheryl, and I rule the school so don't get in my way. Got it freshman?" Cheryl rudely said as she stood up and walked away. *What a great way to start off school....* Ruby thought to herself and continued walking.

As Ruby was walking, someone popped up behind her. "Hi freshman! How are you?" the person exclaimed with a cheery voice. "GAH!" Ruby shouted as she tripped and fell. Just when Ruby thought she was going to hit the ground she closed her eyes and felt someone catch her. She opened her eyes and looked up. As she looked up she saw the person's mask, she looked up more and saw their eyes "A-are you ok miss?" the person asked while slightly blushing. *H-His eyes.....their...I don't know how to describe it but it's...beautiful...wait! He's talking to me! Quick say something Ruby!!* Ruby quickly spoke, "Yes I'm fine! You're eyes are beautiful!" **WHAT DID I JUST SAY?!** "W-What?" the masked person was confused but slightly laughed. "U-Uh. I mean-I-" Ruby stuttered while she blushed bright-red. "Hah, it's ok. Just be careful next time, ok?" The masked person said while still holding Ruby. "Um, y-you c-can let go of me now," Ruby said while her face was still as red as a tomato. "O-oh! So sorry! I didn't realize!" the guy said while he was letting go of Ruby. They both looked around and everyone was staring at them in amazement. After a minute of awkwardness, Ruby ran off and all the attention was to the masked boy. "Didn't you all know staring is rude?" he asked everyone with anger. Just then, everyone turned away and continued their normal conversations. After two minutes the bell rang for everyone to go to their class. After ten minutes everyone was in their class, except for Ruby and the masked boy.

Aiden Schuetze
Westmount
Grade 7
Ruby and the Unknown

Ruby was finally at her assigned locker. She put a few things in and took some things out. After a moment, she sighed, “What another great way to start a day...” she whispered to herself. A second later, she was heading off to class when someone tall stopped her. She looked up and saw the masked guy that caught her a while ago. “Hi shorty,” he finally said. Ruby tried to keep her anger contained. “Please move I need to get to class,” she politely asked. “Sure, but what homeroom are you in?” the masked male asked, “Um..hang on let me check.” Ruby took her schedule out of her pocket and answered, “My homeroom is room 301. What’s yours?” The masked guy replied two seconds later, “I have the same homeroom, want to walk with me?”

Ruby looked at the clock in the hallway. “Shoot! We only have one minute until the second bell!” Ruby exclaimed as she started to run down the hall with the masked person. Thirty seconds later they reached their homeroom, and quickly sat down right as the bell rang. A few classes later it was nearly time for lunch and the masked male put a note in the pocket Ruby’s schedule was in. Ruby reached for her schedule and grabbed the note and it said, “Meet me behind the school at lunch.”

My Reflection in the Mirror of Fantasies, Jensen Sczebel, Grade 7, Marion Schilling

I stepped in the hazelwood doors of my small suburban house and began to unpack my schoolbag when I heard whispers, like a restless creek. Fonzie, my pig, came waddling to me, squealing like someone pressed an iron on his backside. He tugged on my skirt and tried to drag me away, so I just sighed and followed him into a room I didn't even know existed.

I stopped, panting like a sweaty chihuahua. Fonzie leaped into the air and started making these weird sounds that sounded like a cross between a grunt and a hiccup, and that's when I saw it: a long cord hanging from the ceiling. I took a deep breath and yanked on it, and a flight of stairs fell from a trapdoor with a boisterous CRASH. I glanced around the uncharted den, ensuring that no one was watching, and I ascended up the rickety stairs.

The attic was a suite filled with random crates, boxes, insects, and cobwebs. A huge cockroach the size of my hand crawled into a gap between the floor and the wall. I heard the whispers again, but this time, a touch more intense. I played a game, hot and cold, to figure out where the whispers were coming from. At last I came to a cracked mirror, where the whispers were even clearer than before. It was ancient, it looked as though it had hung on the wall for a couple decades.

I touched it gingerly with my index finger and the tip of it disappeared through the glass. I turned pale, white as the sunbeams bursting through the shattered window. How was this possible? We went back down where my mother stood calling for my

My Reflection in the Mirror of Fantasies, Jensen Sczebel, Grade 7, Marion Schilling

name. She drew in a breath, laughed and wrapped me in her arms. I dragged my mother down the halls to the living room. I sat her down, then I told her my story, with the mirror and all. When I finished, my mother nervously chuckled, as if she knew something I didn't. Then she instructed me to follow her back into the attic with uncontrollable tears streaming down her face like waterfalls.

We stood there, in front of that paranormal mirror, my mother's green eyes burning into mine.

"Your father's disappearance was not anonymous, Martha. I knew about it all along. He entered the Mirror of Fantasies and never returned." She spoke, solemn and barely moving her lips.

"Then I will find him and come back with him!" I insisted. "I'll bring him back to you, I promise!"

And with that, I dove through the ghastly mirror, ignoring my mother's calls. I landed bottom-first on solid tile floors in a completely white rectangular room that I believed was a testing room, but why was I being tested. I stood up, and observed the one window in the entire room. In the window stood two creatures, wearing veils and robes to cover everything but their flaming yellow eyes and their flickering forked tongues, which I thought of as very serpent-like. A robotic, female voice playing through unseen speakers explained that I must pass three tests to receive what I desire. I asked if they had seen my father, and she only answered with, "Recorded as 'erased from humanity'", which I knew meant he died during a test.

My Reflection in the Mirror of Fantasies. Jensen Sczebel. Grade 7. Marion Schilling

I sat on the cold floor and cried until I noticed a little cube in the center of the room with three different shaped holes on top, a triangle, circle, and square. Then there were three blocks to go in the holes. *What do they think I am, an extraterrestrial or something?* I thought. And then it hit me. They're the beasts, so that means they think I'm the monster!

I stood up and placed each block into the correct holes. The cube blinked neon light and the floor below me dropped. I was sent down a metal chute and landed in another room, this time with a door and an object that sort of looked like a cellphone, or a futuristic remote. There was a button on the touch screen that had a picture of a microphone on it. I courageously pressed the button and it made a beep. *I think it's a voice command test, to see if I can talk.* I decided. I tapped it again and said "Open the door, please."

The door swung open with yet another blink of green and I immigrated to the last room, looking like the place where I live. A little miles away stood my father, hair blowing in the storm. He must have escaped the monstrous clutches of the snake-like beasts. I giggled and ran towards him with open arms, and he was screaming without sound. I called for him, I'm coming for you Dad! He continued his wordless yelps. I kept sprinting towards him for what seemed like forever, because I was running on an alien treadmill. Everytime I pushed myself to go faster, I would stay in the same spot. A salty tear slid down his handsome face and I lost my temper. I loved him more than anyone

My Reflection in the Mirror of Fantasies, Jensen Sczebel, Grade 7, Marion Schilling

or anything, so the power of love boosted my speed to rapid acceleration. I bounded so quickly, sparks flew like fireworks underneath the treadmill and exploded beneath my feet. I flew, soaring like the wind on a crisp autumn morning, into my father's arms. The observers were panicking and taking quick notes as they dove for cover just in case the control desk blew up too.

I'd discovered that in the Mirror of Fantasies, anything is possible, as long as you can dream it. So what did I learn in that thrilling dream of mine? That love is stronger than any sword, more contagious than any flu, more genuine than any truth, and can last longer than time itself.

The cold nipped at my nose as I walked down the lonesome streets of my town. My feet scraped down the pavement. The weight in my chest pulling me down further and further. My breath hitched when I heard the footsteps behind me quicken. I pushed myself into a small coffee shop, called 'The Coffeehouse'. I watched the window for a minute, and let out a sigh of relief seeing no one there. I shrugged it off and went to get coffee. I sighed and walked up to the barista.

"One medium double double please" I mumbled.

"Stressful day?" He questioned scribbling on the cup.

"How did you know?" I asked. Around a minute later he passed me the steaming cup.

As I was walking out the door I turned and smiled waving. I walked a block or two more, running up to my apartment more than delighted to be home. I finished my warm coffee downing the last little bit, and took note of the number on my cup. I left the cup on the counter. I walked over and sat on my small black couch turning on the television.

As I was watching the television, my eyes sealed shut.

My head snapped up hearing a crash in the kitchen. My heart stopped. I rushed to the kitchen with a sharp candle holder in my hand, to find my cat. Her innocent steel blue eyes stared at me. Her grey fur puffed up in fear. She mewed quietly, almost apologetically.

"Hello to you too Nala, you know it's not polite to wake someone like that." I murmured petting her silver fur down.

I cracked open some food for her. Putting it in her bowl on the floor. I grabbed the fallen pan and put it by the sink, and the can into the recycling. I then plopped down beside her tiny body.

Walking
Yvette Sherman
Westmount Elementary
Grade 7

Her small pink tongue lapped up the potent sauce. She purred as I ran my hand down her sleek fur. A smile grazed my lips. I got up to shut off the television. The screen flickered off. I hummed as I trekked through my house. I flopped into my snug bed, the comforter pulling me in. Once again my eyes fluttered closed.

Poems

Mikayla Slade *Grade Seven* David Thompson Elementary

Battles Vs War

We may lose these battles

but darling,

we will win the war.

frustration,

crying,

bruises,

dark impulses,

inner demons,

heart scars,

but darling,

We will have victory in the end.

Poems

Mikayla Slade *Grade Seven* David Thompson Elementary

She Always Dreamed

There was once a little girl
whose parents were up in a whirl.
Till one day when
they said no more of this battling then.
They didnt know how
to tell the little girl here and now.

They loved her so much.

When they told the little misses
her heart shattered into little razor sharp pieces.
She cried and cried
but as the years went on the feelings died.
The little girl still always dreams
that she would get to hold mommy's and daddy's hand
united in one stream.

Uninvited Guests
By Jonathan Ward
Grade 7, Dallas Elementary
Page 1

Gus woke up feeling great, he had just moved to his new home and he already liked it more than the old one. This place didn't have that musty, humid, and dirty air like the last one.

"Yes, indeed," he thought out loud, "a great day to be a mouse."

After having a quick breakfast of cheese that he had brought with him, he decided to go shopping in the new store here. So he got up, and went outside his very small door.

"I have to make that door a bit bigger," he said out loud (which was one of the consequences of being alone all the time, you start talking to yourself). He then sought out the food store (the humans called it a refrigerator, whatever that means) and he figured out it was up that giant mountain called 'stairs.'

This was a problem for Gus because it might be hard to climb them. Then, a thought occurred to Gus. He scurried around until he found a stretchy string, what humans call 'elastic bands.' Gus dragged out his stool to the bottom of the stairs and flipped it upside down. He attached the elastic band to two posts of his stool. He then put weights on the bottom of the stool seat. As a test, he drew back the elastic band, and saw that the stool did not move because of the weights.

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Gus then put his furry behind against the rubber band and walked backwards. He aimed himself as high as he could, said a quick prayer, then pushed all his weight forward. He was weightless. He was flying! He had a mixture of feelings at that moment, nausea, fear, joy, and then pain.

Gus woke up within a few minutes with a splitting headache. Even so, he got up, and looked around for danger and the food store. When he came around the corner he stopped. For there was the big white box FULL of food, but there was also a cat. Very slowly he backed up hoping to get away from the cat who was sleeping not one metre away. The cat made a snorting sound (that sounded like an explosion to Gus) and rolled over. Gus stopped dead in his tracks afraid to move a centimetre for fear of waking the cat. The cat rolled over once more and fell asleep again. Gus was so relieved he felt like celebrating with a shout, and so before he could stop himself he let out a squeak. The cat instantly jumped up and looked around! Spotting Gus he started running speedily towards him. Gus, momentarily stunned, bolted for the stairs. He ran like the wind.

Swiftly, Gus reached the stairs and leapt down them. His home was fifty centimeters away, twenty centimeters away and he was reaching for the door already. Finally, he made it! He opened the door so fast he almost hit himself, then ran inside closing the door behind him. He ran to the farthest wall from the door and turned to see if the cat

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was there. He waited and waited but there was nothing. He let out a sigh of relief and started towards the door to see if the cat was gone. Just when he was reaching for the door handle he stopped. His heart was pounding, he was sure he had seen the doorknob turn.

Could cats open doors? Was it someone else? Impossible, nobody knew he lived here. Then a horrible thought occurred to him. He ran back towards the wall. BOOM! He had been right. The cat had been pushing its head against the door and this had caused the handle to move. He was now facing a hungry, angry, and snarling cat's face. Gus prepared himself to die. He waited and waited. He looked back to see the most beautiful sight he had ever seen. The cat was stuck in his miniature door. He couldn't reach Gus. Gus laughed and thought about how earlier when he wanted to make the door bigger. The cat (who was now trying to get his head out of Gus's doorway) squirmed and wriggled his way out of the doorway, and ran off yelping, and hissing. All's well that ends well Gus thought.

Max Warnock
Grade 7
Dallas Elementary

Riddles

Death from above

Upon a hill the animals stay
away,
It rages like a child not
getting their way,
Death waits inside and
ready to attack,
No mercy is what it does
not lack.

It is a pot of hot water
boiling over the top,
It fizzes like a freshly
opened can of red pop,
Camouflage with trees and
rocks,
My insides race towards
you like a sprinting fox.

: Volcano

The mold of the forest

I am a carpet that keeps on
growing,
I never stop overflowing,
I suck water from innocent
trees,
I am like moldy cheese.

I am the color between
yellow and blue,
On every material I spew,
My roots don't go all that
deep,
I'm good for a beauty sleep.

: Moss

A transparent killer

I am clear but do not fear,
Unless you give me to an
electrical engineer,
With my fellow type,
We can create such a sight.

My power is
underestimated,
When I get frustrated,
I save your life without you
knowing,
But may kill when you stop
rowing.

:Water

Grade 7

April 5 2018

Henri Yeung

St. Ann's Academy

Candyland

Have you ever wanted to go to an amusement park fully made of candy? Well, guess what? An adventurous place that has all that is called Candyland. There are so many rides, candy, and other amazing attractions! Our staff is 100% trained to help you with all of your questions. This amusement park is located in Candyville, Ontario. The admission price is based on age. If you are under six, it's free! Seven to thirteen years old cost 10M (ten monopoly dollars). Fourteen to eighteen years old cost 15M, and nineteen plus is 20M.

Oh, the rides, all the wonderful, and sweet rides! First, there is the Candy Crook. The candy crook is a ride with many twists and turns, exactly like a candy grabber. This ride is made of special never breakable hard mint candy. Another ride is the Candium Shaker. The Candium shaker is a ride that will make you dizzy and crazy all at the same time! This ride is made of never darkening marshmallow that will always smell amazing! Another sugary ride is the Sweet Foot Ride. Sweet Foot Ride is sweeter than it sounds. It will make your feet feel amazing after this ride! It's made of never melting chocolate.

Grade 7

Henri Yeung

April 5/ 2018

St. Anns Academy

Candyland

All the rides are delightful, but have you thought about the attractions? First, there is the Handy Candy machine, which is a game to win millions of candies. All you have to do is pull the lever, and watch in amazement as the wheel turns and turns until finally, the wheel stops, and you watch and see what the arrow points at! The candy will pop out of the slot, and you might be rich in candy!! This costs 4.75M only. This next attraction is one of our specialties, the Marshmallow castle. The Marshmallow castle is the best place to take a rest. There are so many different varieties of beds, and you can sleep on them! Only 5M for thirty minutes. The twist to this exciting attraction is that every time you finish it automatically gets replaced with new and better marshmallows! Plus for all our candy lovers this of course will sweeten you up way more at your stay in Candyland. It is the Candy Museum where all our amazing candy sculptures go into one giant museum.

For all the folks and candy lovers, make sure you stay at one of our delightful hotels. For example, we have the marvelous Sugar Plum B&B with breakfast, lunch,

Grade

Henri Yeung

St. Anns Academy

April 8

2018

Candyland

dinner, and dessert included. It's only 90M per night. This beautiful B&B has a giant chocolate fountain, and pool, and hot chocolate hot tubs! Next is our signature the Taffy Laffy Hotel. This is one of our five star hotels. This hotel is complete with a mini candy bar in your room. Taffy Laffy is also closest to our Lake of Caramel, where every night we have some of the best performances in Canada. This hotel includes a games room where you will find our world famous real life candyland board game (you are the piece moving around). Also, there is a glamorous pool, hot tub, and sauna. There is a twenty four hour service spa.

This hotel is on sale 95M per night only! (original price 145M). Finally, our best hotel, the best in all of Candyville, in fact in all of Ontario, is Great Candy Lodge. There is everything you want from an indoor waterpark to nice and relaxing spa/massage rooms. This 40 story hotel is so close to the Lake of Caramel it feels like you will be in the show. This hotel is only 150M per night.

Grade 7

Henri Yeung

St. Anns Academy

April 8 2018

Candyland

Wouldn't you love to come visit Candyland? We have the best rides, candy, performances, hotels, and games. This amusement park is for all candy lovers who adore candy, and the sweet sugary taste of sugar. This amusement park is located in Candyville, Ontario. We are waiting to see you!