

Nineteen-year old Marilyn ran. She ran to protect her soul. She ran to give herself a life worth living. Vegetation surrounded Marilyn as she sprinted into the Ugandan jungle. She tried to push the deafening thoughts out of her mind, fight back the terrors of what she left behind in that rebel camp. So much sorrow had happened on those grounds. The smell of tobacco still lingered in her lungs, as she remembered how cruel they had put an end to her sister, when she tried to escape. The men used her for their entertainment. But that was behind her now, as she fought for freedom. Her bare feet ached, her empty stomach ached, but she pushed through the pain, knowing that if she didn't, unimaginable torture would find her.

Finally, after hours of running she collapsed on a field of yellow grass, unable to take another step. Almost instantly Marilyn fell into a deep sleep. She dreamed of her loving family before she was abducted by the rebel soldiers, five long years ago. Marilyn shuddered as the image in her dream morphed into the scarred, oily-brown face of Okallo, her rebel husband. Okallo had been cruel to Marilyn, raping her and beating her for his own pleasure.

The image of Okallo's face woke Marilyn with a start. A roaring from her stomach got her on her feet, her mind a buzz of what her next move would be. Marilyn's hunger led her to a banana tree grove at the edge of the field. The ripe bananas gave off a sweet aroma. After picking a few yellow fruits, Marilyn slid down the trunk of the tree and

rested at the base, enjoying the feeling of a full stomach and the warm morning sun on her face.

Suddenly, a clamor of voices filled the air, disturbing the silence. Marilyn immediately recognized Okallo's voice among them. Her heart skipped a beat, she couldn't go back. Not now, not ever.

Marilyn got up quietly, careful not to disturb the dried leaves on the ground. She crept through the grove, without making a sound. After she made it out of the grove, Marilyn burst into a full sprint. The men turned towards Marilyn and yelled a few words at each other and started towards her, faster than ever. Marilyn could feel her legs weakening with every stride, her heart pounding wildly in her chest.

Okallo yelled terrifying words at her: "Get back here you filthy girl, you are no more than a household slave! Once I get my hands on you Marilyn, you'll regret you ever lived!" The harsh words stung and weighed her down as she ran.

Then, suddenly, something just as painful as Okallo's words hit her right in the back of her leg. Marilyn immediately knew that she had been shot. The pain in her leg was great, but her determination to be free was even greater. Marilyn stumbled and fell, rolling down a steep hill. Her head was getting foggy from blood loss as she tumbled

Kiara Aldana, Grade 6, Kamloops Christian School, Marilyn's Escape

rapidly away from her abusers. At the bottom of the hill, tall grass swallowed her battered body. Marilyn lay motionless.

The men came to the top of hill. She heard them muttered to each other, "She couldn't survived that fall, she's probably dead! No use going down a hill just to find a corpse." Okallo made the final decision, "We have enough woman back at the camp to last us a lifetime men, let this one be a reminder to the others what happens when you try to escape." The men all gave an evil laugh and headed in the opposite direction back to the camp.

Marilyn had passed out from blood loss and awoke to the chattering of monkeys and birds chirping. Looking around her, she was startled to see a woman's well-aged, copper-brown face looking down on her. The woman bent down, wrapping one arm around Marilyn's neck and the other around her back in a cradle position. She lifted her gently, careful not to disturb her injured leg, and began to walk towards a little brick shack. Marilyn had not felt this much compassion since before her abduction.

Marilyn felt a wave of relief washed over, as she realized she had made it! She was now safe, far from the terrors of the rebel camp, far from her the beatings and sexual abuse, she had endured. Away from all the blood that had been shed. She escaped the Lord's Resistance Army. Her new chapter of hope had begun.

Alone

Everything was gone. No one was left. I was alone. One minute I was playing with Domino, the next everyone and everything was... gone.

Domino was sniffing around in the remains of what used to be our home. But I couldn't bare to go anywhere near it, because I knew I would find my mother lying in a heap, on the ground; Dead.

I had always loved my mother, but I think that was a one way street. She was so obsessed with her work that she had no time for anyone or anything else. That's why she got me Domino, my dog.

After standing looking at the remains of my home for some time, I decided that I couldn't just stand here looking at what used to be my home, but that I had to find a food source right away or I wouldn't last longer than three days.

As Domino and I were walking, we passed by some convenience stores that had been completely destroyed during the earthquake.

Domino and I had been walking for some time when, randomly, without warning, the world, for the second time, began to shake and then everything went black.

While I was lying on the ground I had a dream. Everyone was there, we were at our house. People were smiling and people were having fun when, out of the blue, it was all gone.

I found a spot to sleep below a highway bridge, just hoping that somehow my Domino would find me.

That was the worst night of my life. During the night I heard noises. Human noises. That's when I hid in the bush. I listen to the voices for a while until I passed out from exhaustion.

I awoke to a very loud whimpering. I opened my eyes right away expecting Domino, but instead my hopes were crushed. It was just a door creaking back and forth, back and forth. As I was already awake, I decided to start, looking for Domino again. I assumed he would go back to our house but I had already checked there once and he was not there.

I decided to go to our local pet store hoping to find him. Then I saw a tail and that made me curious. I knew it wasn't Domino's, for it was gray, but I was still intrigued.

I decided it was a cat, one I didn't recognise. The cat was walking down a street towards my house, which made me skeptical because it was a strange coincidence. I wasn't quite sure why I was even following the cat, but I didn't stop. I guess in the back of my mind I was kind of hoping that this cat would lead me to Domino, though I did not have high hopes.

The cat took me to the back of my house, well where it used to stand anyway. Then I heard voices. Loud voices. I could distinctly tell that the voices belonged to a group of men. Their voices allowed no emotion. They sounded English. I decided to go and hide behind a fallen tree and listen to their conversation.

At first I could only catch a few words like girl and dog, then I heard my name.

Cassidy.

It rolled off the tongue. They had said that name before. I was convinced that they said my name. That's when I heard Domino's cry and I ran out from behind my tree.

I found him lying on the ground, breathing heavily. I turned around and saw the men. One was short and the other two looked about six foot.

"Get her!" the short man said hastily . That was when I grabbed Domino and ran.

Work

Why do they bestow

upon us this horrible thing called work.

It doesn't end, until you die.

In school you have turrets.

Once you get a job is when it really matters because your fending for yourself,
though it's the same routine.

Once you retire, of course, there is less
but you still have paperwork to do and bills to pay.

-It never ends

Time Goes By

Fresh grass

barefoot

laughing,

barbeque

wild flowers

glasses clinking.

Days go by,

school bus arrives.

Clock goes tick-tick

brain goes think-think,

what was once yesterday becomes memories.

The New World

Jimmy was walking in the forest with his friend Bob when suddenly it started raining; they were walking back when they hear a scream behind them. A man is running for his life. They stop him to ask what's wrong, and he says he saw a creature he has never seen before.

Suddenly they see a zombie running at them. So they started running for their lives. When they get to the town, it had been made into a castle and there were soldiers yelling at them to get in. They don't hesitate and they run in. When they ask why there is a castle, they say they're getting ready for the zombie apocalypse. They notice when they are walking they see way more soldiers than usual.

They go back to Jimmy's house and discuss what they are going to do. Bob suggests that they just stay inside the castle, but Jimmy wants to go outside the castle. Bob says that is not a smart idea. Eventually, Jimmy agrees to just stay inside until 5 days later when everybody starts a riot and they run out of the castle with 3 months of rations.

They plan on moving to a safer town, but the only way to do that is to go on a boat; they find one and set sail. They pass time by fishing and filtering water. They make it to the Island after 2 months and 11 days. The castle is still 2 kilometers away. They encounter 25 zombies. Fortunately, they brought a baseball bat to kill them with.

When they make it to the castle, the soldiers ask what they are doing. They say, "We are trying to find a safe place to live," so the soldiers let them in. They didn't know where to live, so they decide to live in a tent until they can find a place to live. The next morning they find a house to live in and they buy food. But the next day the castle gets overrun by zombies. Jimmy and Bob sneak out the back gate and get on a boat to the sea, they look behind them they see zombies at the shore staring at them.

Two months pass, and still no land is in sight, but three months later they find land. They are starving, so they run to the nearest town. After about a month they moved into a bunker. It has a gun room a kitchen two bedrooms two bathrooms. They will be living there for the rest of their lives.

Outside at around 3:00 am, Jimmy and Bob heard screams from people outside so they went to check it out when they saw soldiers fighting zombies. They went back into the bunker. They had guns ready in case the zombies came. In they were just chilling on their couch when they heard a knock at the bunker door so they yell, "Who is it?" All they hear is growling. They go outside and saw it was a dog growling so they took the dog into the bunker and fed it some food and gave it water. After that they had a regular day.

The next morning they went out to buy food when all of a sudden the ground beneath them breaks and it goes down really far: they were lucky to be alive. They have been trapped down there for 12 days with 1 bottle of water, that just ran out and they barely had any food left. They decided to try to climb out of the 150 foot hole; they somehow make it out of there alive.

When they got out, some soldiers gave them some guns to fight the raiders.

They're fighting until they are the last 2 against like 3000 people. Then the 3000 people push them off a cliff and that's how it ends.

Love

What is love? Love is having deep feelings for someone and thinking about them and the future. Love is powerful if you lose someone that you have emotional feelings with them you would be devastated, and if your not well then you don't have an affection for that person. When you're in love you want to be with that person all the time spend your last breath and you want to know stuff about them, maybe things they don't tell many people about. If you don't have someone in your life that you love then your life is incomplete. Love is an affection that pulls you and the person you love together forever. When you love someone you would do anything for them. Some people would die for them.

People say they love somebody by how they look or there body type that's not love. It's when you're always thinking about that person or caring about them when they're hurt. That's when you know you love somebody. Love isn't just about a person it's also about your feelings. If the person you love let's you down and doesn't help you backup that's when you know that they're not the right person for you. If the person you love is right for you then never let go. When you lose someone you care about it's heartbreaking you never want to let go. Love can sometimes be foolish you can think your in love and it can lead to the most horrible feeling in the world.

You get lost in your conversation, and hours pass like minutes. Your more than willing to know how his or her day went. When you don't have love then you're searching till you find the right person. Love is when you come home from a bad day at work and the person you love is there when you get home and they support you and they listen to your day at work. Love is special. There is one person in the world that is right for you, and it's important that you find the right person. Everyone has loved someone in there life

Hello Neighbor

Sara screamed! Not a terrified scream, but also not a happy scream. It was an upset, angry scream. She screamed at her no-good boyfriend for dumping her the day before Valentine's day. She screamed at her sister for stealing the spotlight at her birthday party, and now all her friends are wondering what, how, when, where, and everything about her bratty sister. Sara screamed at her "friend" for using her to get what she wanted; just because Sara was liked more by all the boys. Sara screamed at her childhood B.F.F. for moving away to Calgary. She lived in the house beside Sara, and they were born only 12 days apart. Sara screamed at her parents for "understanding" her, just to make them feel good as parents, when all they did was favour Sara's sister, Jenna. Sara screamed for what seemed like forever, until Sara's mom came down and told her to "be quiet" because "Jenna's sleeping". Sara cried. Her life seemed horrible, and she wanted to run away.

"Sara!" her mother exclaimed, "There will be new neighbors and you will need to prepare an apple pie for them, they are moving in today."

"But I don't like people!" Sara said.

"Since when?" her mother asked.

"Since now."

"Well you're still making that pie Sara!" and her mother stormed off.

Sara felt that nice, soft feeling of happiness from winning the argument, but it disappeared quickly as she remembered all her troubles. She sulked on her way to the kitchen.

Hello Neighbor

As she took out all the ingredients for the pie, Sara looked out the the window. She saw two children: a girl, who looked about a year younger than Jenna, and the other; a guy, tall and kind of cute. Sara felt herself blush as the guy looked through the window at her. She still felt a haunting feeling of embarrassment from spending Valentine's day alone, and watched as every girl danced happily with their boyfriends, including her ex. He couldn't, wouldn't, take Sara's best friends place, even if he moved into her house. She looked away and started making the pie. Sara knew her mom would be the one to deliver the pie, for good publicity. Sara on the other hand, would stand there. If she talked, she would be at the risk of a giant punishment for "messing up the first impression." as her mom says. Sara was an A student, but her parents didn't seem to care about her grades, or her at all. Whenever they talked they would say they "understood" and continued on with their life.

As Sara was making her pie, she started thinking about highschool, for she was in grade 7. She thought of all the dances and boys, but scolded herself for being too reckless when it came to her heart. She put the pie in the oven and went straight to her phone. Pinterest and Instagram was where she lived her life. She had a million boards on Pinterest, and twice as many followers on Instagram. She scrolled through the "Best Apple Pie Recipe" on a random website from Pinterest. When the pie was finished, she took a photo and posted it. Sara gave the pie to her mom and followed her to the new neighbor's house. She locked eyes with the boy as their moms introduced themselves to each other.

"This looks delicious!" The new neighbor said,

"Thanks," Sara's mom said, "I made it myself."

Sure... Sara thought.

Sara's mom was quick to get rid of them, "Go show Jacob the lot, Sara." Sara listened. She let him follow her as she introduced the lawn, the neatly organized office, the messy kitchen, her bedroom and Jenna. On their way back they were talking and both of them were barely shy anymore. When they returned Jacob took both of Sara's hands in his and said, "I really enjoyed that, umm..."

"Sara." I said.

"Sara. Maybe we can hang out sometime."

They were both intensely blushing. Sara might not even be lonely next Valentine's Day.

The Ghost Of Bottle Street

When I was 13 years old I lived on Bottle Street. I thought it was perfectly normal until I met the Ghost of Bottle Street. I never spoke of it again.

So my story begins on a bright and sunny day. The warm sunbeams beat on my back like I was a volcano collecting heat. I was swimming with my friends in my pool. Once we got out, we noticed something dark in the pool, but as quickly as it appeared, it vanished. As night fell, an eerie chill fell upon us. The cool summer breeze flowed against our sunburned backs. We went inside and watched some horror movies. Afterwards, we went to my bedroom. We didn't actually sleep though. We did have a pillow fight and watched more movies and played Truth or Dare. We went to bed around 4 am. We slept until 6am, then woke up. We swam some more and had popsicles and watermelon. We threw a beach party the next day. We had so much fun that we actually camped outside that night. That was the biggest mistake of our lives. *That was the day we met the Ghost of Gottle Street.*

That night we heard a quiet whisper talking to us. Assuming it was one of us playing a trick on the other, we ignored it. We all burst up at the same time when it was no longer a whisper but a scream for help. We zipped around like cats chasing mice and I fell into the pool because of running around. Then all of a sudden, a figure appeared in

front of us and we all fainted. When we woke, it was morning. We all went home quiet as mice, tip toeing from danger.

The next day, we tried to talk to each other, but all that came out was faint whispers because the figure had taken our voices. We ran around silently screaming, so we decided to venture into the woods to find the thing that did this to us. We all ran home to pack. Our parents were still at work so it was easier to do, but we still left a note so they wouldn't worry about us while we were gone. We all met at Town Square. Since Sarah lived on a ranch, she brought her horses. We put our things into the saddle bags and left. When my mom got home she read my note. It said,

Dear mom,

Me and my friends have decided to go into the woods to get the thing that took our voices. Please don't worry, we will be fine. We have horses so if we are in danger we can get away quickly.

Love: your daughter

As we ventured into the woods, we noticed that it became swampier as we went deeper into the woods. After about 3 hours of non stop riding, we decided to set up camp. We tied the horses and started a fire. Sarah and I went fishing. We saw a message in the sand at the beach. We took a picture and sent it to everybody. The

message said "I'm coming for you. You can't hide. I always win at hide and seek." Sarah and I leaped onto the horses and bolted back to camp. At least we got some fish. When we got back we asked if everyone got the picture. They nodded silently. Our voices were no louder than a whisper but still loud enough to hear. We cooked the fish and then while one of us kept watch, the others slept. We would switch, but we didn't really sleep that night or any other.

After a couple days of resting, we packed up camp and kept on riding. After a couple minutes we saw arrows pointing towards a cave. We decide to go in, but just then I got a message from a number I didn't recognize. It showed a room with my mom tied to a chair. It was out for me and my friends. It was trying to lure us with our loved ones. All of a sudden I got a phone call from the same number. It said with it's weird scratchy voice "Come back. Come back to papa." I screamed into the phone, tears streaming down my face, "You're not my papa and you never will be!" It hung up. Silence fell amongst us. We didn't know what to do. We were just teenagers. Then we all looked at each other with astonishment. I realized I had just yelled. We had our voices back, but who gave it us? We looked behind us to see a figure standing in the distance.

From then on we loved our life. Me and my family were safe. We had defeated the Ghost of Bottle Street who claimed to be invincible. But nothing is invincible, not even ghosts. At least we thought we defeated him. When we went back to school

nobody was there. We looked at each other with worried expressions on our faces. We looked behind us to see a spray painted note saying, "***I'm back.***" We read it over and over again seeing if it was a mistake, but it wasn't. He was back. We stared at each other, then yelled at the same time, "No, we are back you weak little ghost!" Of course there wasn't any reply, but we wouldn't let the ghost terrorize this town anymore, even if it cost our lives.

All you could hear was the heavy breathing of the players, the slight movement of the crowd trying to get a better look at the court, and the bounce of the ball that would determine the fate of the game. She could hear the muffled voice of the referee telling the players where to stand and the encouragement from her team because her heart was racing because the beat was pounding in her ears. She closes her eyes and calms herself with a few deep breaths. This point would decide if they got first place, or make the game go into a stressful overtime, that they could possibly lose. The whole team was counting on her. This was their big chance to prove that even though they may have lost their first few games that they could win it all. She tries to steady her hands hoping she doesn't miss the shot and rubs her shoulder where #16 from the opposing team hit her while she was going for a layup. While the referee was telling the players that the shot was live, which meant that once the ball was in the air they could go and try to get the rebound, she rubs her hands on her navy blue jersey trying to get rid of the sweat that might make the ball slip from her hands. She hears the referee stop talking so she knows that she's about to get the ball and once she's done she starts her routine to get ready for a free throw, dribble two times, look at where you want the ball to go, dribble one more time. Spin the ball in between your hands once, then put your pointer finger on valve and aim. After that she closes her eyes and goes through the things you do when you take a shot. Number one... use your legs for power. Number two... follow through. Number three... flick your wrist and most importantly, don't go over the free throw line. Then all of the sudden it was like it was in slow motion. She lifts her head and takes the shot. The girls rush in to get a good spot where it would be easy to

catch the rebound. It hits the backboard, then the rim again, and again, and again, until it looks as if it would tip over the edge towards the player who shot the ball. She was anxiously waiting to see if she made the shot, or missed and the chance of them winning was gone. Then as if a gust of wind had blown through the court, the ball went through the basket and fell to the ground with a bang. It was silent for a second because everyone was shocked that the ball had made it through the hoop and that they had won the game. Then everyone burst into cheers. Well, everyone on the winning team's side anyhow. They were literally jumping for joy, they won the game, they were champions.

Mom grabbed my arm, not as in a scolding, but in a pleading act to get away and pull me with her. Her eyes were painted with a cold threatening pierce. She seemed weak and vulnerable, as if she was preparing to be hit once again; over and over until she fell down to defeat. She was wearing shorts and her way too baggy shirt was now red.

I dropped my dolly as Mom pulled me close to her chest. I felt her sheer pain as though she had suffered the worst horrors. When I looked to see what was so frightening, I saw a wound in her thigh gushing with blood. She saw the terror in my eyes and sensed a scream rising in my throat. She quickly covered my mouth with her bloody hand. Fear washed over me. All of a sudden there was a loud crash at the beginning of the stairs to the playroom and a third heavy breath joined ours...

I woke up in a cold sweat. Everything seemed to swirl around. I felt like throwing up and screaming at the same time. The nightmare again; the one when I was five and Mom and... and...

A tear ran down my cheek. It has been twenty years since that horrific moment; one where, at five years old, I did not know was the moment between life and death. It was too much. It had been too much; all of the reporters and police lined up in front of me. One at a time asking the same question over and over again, "Do you know what happened to your mother that night? Tell me everything."

Even to this day one thing sticks out in my head - a false sense of security, trust, and truth.

"Everything is okay," people said.

It was not okay.

My mother got murdered and all they could say is "everything is okay."

Everyone thought I was supposed to be okay when I was clearly not okay. It's terrifying when you do not know what happened, but you know you could have done so much more if you hadn't given in to the bang on your head and all that blackness. It's horrifying, staring in a mirror those first moments and knowing in your gut something bad happened, something to rip your happy princess dreams to pieces. And then the lifelong grasping to know one answer: "WHY?"

But every day it remains the question that does not get answered. I lay my head back down and hope and pray for a new beginning for myself.

My alarm clock went off with its annoying : ding ding ding...bang bang bang... ding,ding...BOOM! That final crash set to be as loud as a police officer coming into the building, loud enough to scare off any intruders. I crawl out of bed, stepping silently to grab my bat. I hold it over my head and peek into the hallway. When I know the coast is clear, I relax enough to search the pantry for something to eat before work.

I arrive at the police station early. Just like so many other mornings when I arrive at 6:15, I spend my time researching the seemingly unsolvable case of my mother's death. Hour after hour I've worked on this case. Between robberies and other call outs, I wear myself ragged trying to piece together anything that might reveal more answers.

I open my big file case on my desk and skim through the pages once more. I know there's something I missed. I've always known. And today I saw it. A chill ran down my spine when I read, "The husband was not at the scene but was in town at the time of the incident."

All my life, I had thought I'd never met my father, but this morning I remembered. He would come visit me when I was little. I started to recall the visits clearly. It struck me hard: why would he not come see me after my mother died? I looked through the files one more time to see if he'd even contacted anyone that knew me, but there was

nothing. It was like he had simply disappeared. I search deeper into the investigation into my father. What had the police asked him? What had he said?

He had said *he had never been part of our lives since I was born*. With that answer, he'd been dismissed as a suspect.

Oh my God, my dad!

I was tearing through papers for more when the Captain walked in.

"I've been listening to your murmers. I have the squad car ready. Your father is north of Saint Avenue Place."

I quietly fist pump and nod as though nothing had happened.

Soon I was there, my father's house. I expected a dark and dreary house, with blocked off windows. Instead, it looks like every other suburban house on my street.

I jumped out of the squad car and knocked on the door. My father opened the door. He looked different than I remembered, older. He looked bad, maybe intoxicated. He grabbed my arm and pulled me into the barren house.

He spoke quietly, "Hi sweetie, sorry I haven't seen you in so long. You look so old now!"

This was not the time to chat, "Dad, did you kill Mom?"

He looked at me, stumbled, turned and ran out the back door. I raced after him and tackled him in the back alley.

As tears formed in my eyes, I yelled, "DID YOU KILL MOM?!"

"I did. I did."

"YOU KILLED HER, YOU PSYCHO!!! Why, why, WHY? "

"Sorry," he mumbled.

I wiped tears from my eyes, "SORRY? YOU ARE NOT SORRY, YOU MONSTER!!!
I am taking you in."

My Friend John
by Nylah Christensen
Grade: 6
Raft River Elementary

A shrill cry echoed in the mist, sounds of a chainsaw was nearby.

Bella

It was soon halloween night. It was time for scary creatures and candy. For ghosts, zombies and others to come out. It is time for him, my friend John, to come out. You might think he is a scary guy. I wouldn't call him scary, I would call him terrifying, a killer perhaps. You also might think that I am scary for my name is Bella. I am an ordinary girl. Before I met John he would come every Halloween night and would come to kill. He came for me and I said that I would help him. So, that Halloween he became my friend and I thought of betraying him sooner or later but you know what would happen next if I did! So I am stuck here with John and it soon hit me that my life will never be ordinary or candy and rainbows so I decided to stay with him. I got used to it, it is actually quite fun except killing the young ones, it kind of hurts inside.

ZOEY

I am scared. I can't hold it in. I've seen terrible things on the television about John and Bella. I don't want to go trick or treating or even live here. By the way, my name is Zoey. My mom and Dad like it here. I don't know why. My brother Matthew doesn't like it here either. He was scared they would get him.

My Friend John
by Nylah Christensen
Grade: 6
Raft River Elementary

It will be Halloween in two more days, I thought. What if I don't survive?

"Matthew", Zoey said.

"Are you scared, what if the killer gets us?"

"They won't. There's plenty of people out there", he had replied.

"But-

No one was there, I was dreaming. I remember what happened to Matthew it was a tragedy. I would think about him but it would hurt. My Mom and Dad learned that they should never ever let their children go trick or treating without a grown up. Instead of thinking about sad things for Halloween I am going to be a puppy because I wanna wear my fluffy puppy onesie.

What happened to Matthew

Hi my name is Matthew am gonna tell you about how I died.

ONE YEAR BEFORE...

"Mom tomorrow is halloween and I was wondering if il could go trick or treating with Cale and Henry." I said.

"Well, did you do your homework and your chores?" replied my mom.

"yessssss" I had said sarcastically.

"Fine you can go at 5:00 tonight."

"Yay!"

My Friend John
by Nylah Christensen
Grade: 6
Raft River Elementary

Then off we went five o'clock sharp. I was wearing a zombie costume and Henry and Cale were both wearing casual white sheets with holes for both eyes (a ghost). My bratty little sister wanted to come with us, so we had to let her. Zoey was a green and blue hairy monster. As we were walking down the street with our big pillow cases dragging on the ground Zoey, all of a sudden, bailed out.

"I don't wanna go with you guys. I wanna go with Mom and Dad," she had said.

"What a scaredy cat", I said

"Yeah" Henry said.

"You can go to your baby room. Me, Matthew and Cale will get more candy anyways!"

"Calm down Henry", said Cale when we were walking down the street to go back to my house to drop off my little sister. Henry and Zoey were bickering and bickering. Then we left Zoey behind and got a lot of candy. We reached the haunted house in the woods. When we reached the stairs, my bag ripped and we grabbed Cale's flashlight and tried to pick up all the candies. A faint scream and the sound of a chainsaw come by! We grabbed the candy faster and faster. That was our mistake because a tall dark shadow and a second shadow slightly smaller was upon us. Then we ran but then sadly Henry slipped and John sliced him in half with blood everywhere. My heart was

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beating faster than ever, screaming and that was the end. Sadly Cale was the only survivor.

The Halloween

That Halloween Zoey and her parents went to go trick or treating. Boys and girls playing and screaming in joy, all dressed up in their spooky costumes. Zombies, bats, ghosts and ghouls were all going to this haunted house and this other house that was decorated with fake webs and spiders. The houses served huge chocolate bars about the length of a big carrot and also severed big packets of Skittles. As they walked down the street they saw their neighbours, the Huchmans with their son Benjamin Huchman. They had a big pillowcase full of Coffee crisps and all sorts of things. Zoey wanted to go to her cousins house and her grandmas and grandpas house to get chips and her favorite chocolate, Milka. She forgot all about Bella and John and all the other bad things in the world. All she could think about was candy. She walked down the street with her parents beside her holding her mother's hand while visiting all the houses on the block to get a lot of treats. The first candy was white Toblerone and a Lindor. After all the trick or treating they went to the cemetery to pick flowers and put them by Matthew's grave and other graves that belong to people they knew.

My Friend John
by Nylah Christensen
Grade: 6
Raft River Elementary

"I don't think this a good idea, Think about it! going to the cemetery on Halloween, hello? John and Bella", Zoey said.

"Well, every Halloween we have to go here so get used to it because your brother died this day forward", her mom replied.

"It is pretty scary here Kimberly", Zoey's father Jared said.

As they were picking flowers they heard a yell coming their way. Two teenagers came running out of the woods by the cemetery with their arms up shaking around like they were trying to touch the sky.

"They probably got scared by a friend", Kimberly said (Zoey's mother).

"But what if they weren't", Zoey said.

"They aren't."

Soon, after a couple minutes ,Zoey heard twigs breaking and then the sound of a chainsaw that was coming by!

"Did you guys hear that", Zoey said.

"Nope", her mother and father said.

"There are peoples over there Bella" John said.

"Yes there is. Wanna get them or leave em?" Bella answered.

"Well those people must be brave to go to the cemetery on Halloween. I guess they don't know we go there first", John said.

"Of course they don't know. They aren't supposed to know where we go first!"

"So you want to get them or no?"

My Friend John
by Nylah Christensen
Grade: 6
Raft River Elementary

"Sure"

"Ok, then let's go."

So off they went to get Zoey and her parents.

"Mum did you hear that? Someone is coming! No lie", Zoey said.

They tried to run away but Bella and John saw them.

"I heard it too, Kimberly" Jared told her in a whisper so Zoey wouldn't get scared.

"Ok I think that is enough flowers. Lets go", Zoey's mom said.

"Yay! Finally", Zoey said.

"Quite down Zoey", her father said.

Then a loud sound of a chainsaw came ahhhhhhh!! Bella and John caught someone on their way to Zoey and her parents. Zoey and her parents then heard the loud scream when John and Bella found somebody else. Then they ran back to town and thought they lost the killer but in front of them was a shadow taller than the other ones. "Boo!!!" Behind them John and Bella were about to kill them with a chainsaw.

"Ahhhhh!!!", Zoey screamed they ran faster and faster trying to get to their house.

"Trying to run aren't you, well that won't work! Hehehehe", Bella said. As they got back to their street they went to their house in their backyard

"I think we lost them", Zoey's Father whispered

My Friend John
by Nylah Christensen
Grade: 6
Raft River Elementary

"Where are you peoples?", John said.

"They are hiding John", Bella said.

Then Accidentally Zoey stepped on a twig and it snapped. Bella heard. John didn't hear it though because of his bad hearing.

"Did you hear that John? They are over there", Bella said as she was pointed to the backyard.

"Come let's go John", Bella said.

"Ok", he said.

As John and Bella were walking down to the backyard Zoey and her parents heard whispers. They tried walking

"They are there!" screamed Bella

"They saw us!", screamed Zoey.

They ran to their ladder that led to the roof. Zoey went first then her Mom then Dad. When they all went up the ladder Zoey's Dad had pushed the ladder onto an apple tree. All their hearts were pounding like crazy, in the black cold dark.

"Ugh!, they got on the roof. How will we get up there?" Bella said.

"Well there's a ladder over there." John said pointing to it.

"It is stuck in the tree!", Bella said in a loud stern voice.

They both looked around to find something to get up on the roof.

"Hey look there's another ladder!"

My Friend John
by Nylah Christensen
Grade: 6
Raft River Elementary

"I guess keeping spare ladders is a bad idea", Bella said.

Zoey and her parents were making up a plan. Bella and John got the ladder set up, John went up the ladder first then Bella. Bella was holding the chainsaw. John got on the roof while the others were screaming. Bella passed the sharp pointed object and they were running around the roof. On the roof there was a rope that they used for gutting and Zoey tied it to one end and the other trying to trip John so the chainsaw would hit his face. While Zoey's Mom and Dad were distracting John. But John and Bella had their own plan. While Zoey's parents were trying to distract John they didn't realize that they were getting distracted themselves. So then Bella grabbed Zoey and covered her mouth so that she couldn't scream. Zoey tried and tried but couldn't. She tried biting her but it didn't work out. While that was happening, Zoey's Dad had slipped because the roof was wet and John took his chainsaw and sliced him in the head! Zoey and her Mother saw and started crying with tears down their faces. Zoey's Mom bending down beside her husband.

"why?! Just why!" Victoria said weeping, Bella took you Jared" Zoey's mom said with a light slap in the chest. As John and Bella were her hand off of Zoey mouth tears running down Zoey's face down to the rooftop. Blood dripping from John's chainsaw coming closer and closer to Victoria with a smirk on his face.

My Friend John
by Nylah Christensen
Grade: 6
Raft River Elementary

“Mom, No!” Zoey screamed.

The killer holding his chainsaw and putting up to Victoria’s head, he killed her.

Nothing left. Zoey’s eyes open wide she was the last one standing out of her parents with tears down her pale and scared face. Will I’m gonna die? Zoey thought, I am to young. Why would they kill me? Bella grabbing a knife from her pocket then stabbed Zoey in the chest. Zoey fell to the ground feeling the pain hurting till death. Bella said in out loud voice, “I didn’t want to kill her”

The end

I Wish...

By: Cleo Coates

Raft River Elementary

Grade 6

Our story takes place in a kingdom in the middle of Egypt 100,000,000,000,469 years ago where an Egyptian prince set out in search of the fabled magical genie for one reason, and one reason only. For the prince fell in love with someone he wasn't supposed to be with, the princess of the the kingdom they were at war with. He thought back to the day when they had first met, his father's men had captured her from her home with hopes to stop the war. They later brought her to the throne room to answer to the king. It just happened that the prince was in the room at that exact time. The princess was questioned from dawn to noon and refused to answer to the king. The king was tired of her stubbornness and sent guards down to the castle's chambers, and fed her cold soup and a stale bun. Night fell into day and the prince woke from his silk sheets and set out to the camel stables. He had just finished feeding his camel when he heard scuffling in the stall next to to him and realised that the princess had somehow escaped the chamber. She was climbing on the camel to escape! When she saw someone was there at the stall door she gasped, "I just want to go home!" she cried as she slouched against the stable. Just then the prince suddenly felt bad for her and looked at her tear streaked face, her wavy charcoal hair and then looked down at her thin dress. He also realized the beauty of her, not just in her flawless appearance but her fragile soul. The prince fell in love with her he said, "I will let you go, if you wish." The princess was in awe, she had never been treated with such kindness from someone from his kingdom. His handsome profile and his kindness impressed her. After she said her goodbyes they both swore that they loved each other, and that they would see each other again. She rode away on a camel. That day both of their lives changed,

I Wish...

By: Cleo Coates

Raft River Elementary

Grade 6

and they both knew that their love would be forbidden by their families. The hot desert sun burned the prince's shoulders as he rode across the vast desert. Meanwhile, the prince squinted and saw a tiny dot ahead that represented his destination, "Almost there," he said to himself as he was 30 meters away from the shack. Five minutes later the prince got off his camel and tied it to a pole outside the building that read, "Genie, wish at your own risk." The prince finished tying the camel and walked towards the rundown shack. When he approached the shack the door opened mysteriously on its own then out of nowhere a voice rang out, "You have come to wish, huh?" "Yes," the prince said confidently. The prince looked around and only a rusty lamp lay on a cloth covered table. Some velvet cushions lay on a carpeted floor. The prince sat down comfortably. The voice spoke again, "If you wish to wish, grab the lantern." So the prince nervously approached the table and grabbed the jeweled lantern. Then almost suddenly a purple genie came out of the lantern. The genie floated miraculously off the floor. Then the genie gestured to the cushions, "Before we start I must inform you of my three rules. Rule number one, you have three wishes ONLY! Rule number two, you can not wish for more wishes. Rule number three, I can not reverse a wish for you." The prince nodded and said, "How will I pay you?" "You will not pay me in money but you will get me another lantern," said the genie surely. "Okay," the prince agreed. "Well," said the genie rubbing his tanned hands together like he had said it a million times before "let's get started, what are your wishes?" The prince replied looking at the wall, "Today I only have one wish. I wish to end a war so I can marry my love". Then he looked at the genie, "That is my only wish." "Fair enough," the genie

I Wish...

By: Cleo Coates

Raft River Elementary

Grade 6

mumbled, "get me another magical lantern. In the lands of the ravens is where you will find the lantern." "Land of the ravens?" the prince announced confused. "Where is that?" he asked the genie who was examining his hands before digging out an old piece of parchment. The genie unrolled the parchment to reveal a tattered map. "This will lead you to your destination. When you return with the lantern I will grant your one wish to end a war so that you can marry your love". The prince hesitated, then took the map out of the genie's hands. "Okay, I will return with the lantern," concurred the prince. As he left the rickety shed and easily climbed on his camel the genie cackled to himself, "No one has ever come back with the lantern. I don't think this one is any different." At the same time the prince set off on his camel clutching the secret map in his hands, not knowing what adventure lay ahead of him.

Rock
By-Ryder Cooper
Grade 6
Sun Peaks Elementary

Hi My name is Rock. It was a suitable name...considering that I was, after all, a rock. As far as rocks go, I was just a baby, and, unlike most rocks, I still remember my birthday as if it were yesterday. It was the fateful day of April 15, 1984...

It started out as a day like any other. I was a little sheltered back then...just a big yellow softy! Without warning, Big Mama (you may know her as Mauna Loa) got real mad. She grumbled. She growled. She shook and she quaked. My world was thrown upside down into chaos as mom exploded, spewing lava everywhere. There was one giant explosion, and out I flew! I was part of a hurling, bubbling blob of lava. I was soaring through the air, hundreds of feet above my big, angry mama before smashing into the ground with a splat! I stuck onto the ash covered ground and hardened myself against the world. I was becoming a solid rock! I felt strong and ready for adventure!

It was time to get rolling! I quickly picked up speed and began covering ground, but I was a heavy, solid rock. If I had any chance to travel and move across the world I was going to need to lose some weight. I smashed into other rock, knocking off chunk by chunk, and pound by pound. When I eventually rolled to a stop I wasn't worried about losing weight anymore. I had shed a ton!

Time passed. When you're a rock, keeping track of exactly how much time has passed can be tough. After all, some of my relatives are billions of years old. Also, when you're a rock, it's hard to cover great distances...but I was eager to explore. On one sunny, beautiful day, fate brought me to the top of a steep slope. With all of my effort I dove off the edge of the hill and

Rock
By-Ryder Cooper
Grade 6
Sun Peaks Elementary

landed in a rapid river. Now I was getting somewhere! The water carried me for what a rock would consider to be a short time. I bounced and tumbled along the river's bed, polishing my unique curves, until I was forced over a **giant waterfall!** I shot over the edge falling at least three hundred feet. It was going to be a hard hit! I smashed into the water with such force I thought I would explode! It was as if the water was rock too. I slowly washed up onto shore.

The next day I was stumbled upon by a strange, tall creature. It saw me lying on the sand. It seemingly attempted to communicate by creating strange grunting sounds from a small hole at it's top. I was lifted upwards by one of this "thing's" four limbs, and roughly forced into a sack which hung from the creature's behind.

The creature took me along everywhere with it! Soon I began to recognize a pattern in it's grunting noises. Slowly, these patterns began to make more and more sense, until I could understand roughly what the creature was trying to say. I felt connected with this creature in an unexplainable way. Time flew by and years seemed like weeks. The weeks seemed like days. I was with the creature as it grew old. Our final adventure together was, to my shock and amazement, a trip to Moana Loa (Big Mamma.) Memories of my youth poured through my tiny little spec of a brain. My creature approached the top of Big Momma and flicked me in like a coin into a wishing well. I landed in the warm comfort of Big Momma, turning soft once again. And here I remain, flowing with my brothers and sisters, full of heat and energy. But I will never forget my adventures, and if there is one thing that I've learned, it's that...wait! Did you hear that?

"Grumble grumble...GROWL!"

The Demons In My Head

Chapter 1- Gracie and The Ghost Girl

I was once a beautiful, little girl who never had a frown on my face , until one night. My name is Gracie Andrews and this is my story. This particular night, my father went out hunting, something I hated him doing at night, when I heard loud, weird noises. They sounded like whoever was making them was dragging their feet across the cold, wood floor. I ran into the living room where a grandfather clock stood tall and I looked at the time. It read 2:00 am, a time that was a little bit too late, even for a 16 year old girl to be up at. I then heard a voice calling my name. My face lit up as I thought my father was home, but when I listened closer I realized the horrible truth. This was not my father's voice, but a small, scratchy voice, almost like a girl my age with a sore throat from screaming too much. I turned around to see a girl on the hardwood floor, laying face down in a pool of blood. I looked down and saw in my hands a blood covered knife. All of a sudden the girl was not laying on the floor anymore, she was now holding me by the neck! I tried to scream, but all that came out was a gurgling noise, as if I were drowning and not being strangled. I felt the strong urge to fight back, but with what? As I thought that, the girl flew back. *"Yes! This is my chance."* I ran out of the cabin into the forbidden woods. If my father found out I was awake at this time and went into the woods, I would be grounded for life. I didn't stop until I reached a wall of thorns and I couldn't hear the girl screaming anymore. I made a pile of leaves and soon fell asleep. . .

Chapter 2- The Cabin in The Woods

I woke up with a massive pain in my head, almost like someone was hitting me with a bat. I opened my eyes to see a huge, beautiful blossom tree. I sat up, and looked around. I was in a orchard by a old, little farm. "*What was I doing here,*" I thought. I defintaly didn't stop by a small farm. There was a thin plume of smoke coming from the little home. I ran toward the cottage. As I got closer, I quickly realized the small decorations. They were tiny, floating fairies. At least that was what they looked like, maybe they were just flowers. The problem was they didn't look like flowers, they looked like little fairies dancing in the wind. I slowed down as I reached for the door. I hesitated a little as I held onto the thick, cold hard wood. I finally got a boost of confidence as I turned the handle and pushed the door open. "*I should've knocked first*" I thought a little too late, but I was already walking in. "*Hello?*" I called out, and when no one answered I called again, "*Anyone home?*" but still no answer. I decided to look around. As I wandered the empty halls, I had the feeling that I was not alone. I kept looking behind me just to make sure. As I looked back again I saw a shadow run into the kitchen. I followed it and saw a boy, his hand in a cookie jar and cookies spilling out of his pockets. "Hey," I said as the boy was about to turn around. He looked at me and said in a small voice "Hi, what's your name and how old are you?" "Wow, *this kid really jumps to it.*" I thought. "No, I don't jump to 'it,' whatever 'it' means." I stood there frozen, not knowing what to think. Did he just read my mind? "Yes, I did just read your mind, and by the way, my name is Jonas, and I am 17 years old."

Ashlee Crawford
Grade 6
Westmount Elementary
Mind Reader

Have you ever thought about having the power of mind reading? Unlocking secrets that you might never know? Well, no one knows about my special gift. My special gift isn't anything like playing soccer very well or knowing how to do the best ariel in gymnastics. It is the talent of mind reading. Like I said, no one knows about my special gift, not even my family. I have kept it a secret so my parents don't freak out and send me to some sort of therapist. Reading minds is amazing. There is only one rule to mind reading: only use mind reading for appropriate reasons.

Everyone rushed through the front doors to Harper Middle. It is very annoying when I am near a huge crowd and it is just a blur of people's voices inside my head. I am still training myself to block out the voices I don't want to hear. **Darnit, we have that test today,** I heard Jessica say inside her mind. I ran up to her as she began strolling down the hallway. Jessica thought excitedly, **Here comes Chrissy!** By the way, Jessica is my best friend.

"Hiya, Jess. Let me guess: are you nervous about the test?" I said.

Why would she ask me that? Jessica thought. "Um, I'm not that excited for the test. Hey, Chrissy, are you going to Hariet's birthday on the weekend?"

"What? I didn't know Hariet's birthday was this weekend! She didn't invite me I guess." I yanked my knapsack off of my shoulder and threw it in my locker, which is beside Jessica's. I focussed intently on Jessica's thoughts. **I don't know why Hariet didn't invite Chrissy to her birthday. Is she mad? Should I tell her Hariet doesn't like her? Hopefully she doesn't find out.**

Ashlee Crawford
Grade 6
Westmount Elementary
Mind Reader

Mind reading was useful for finding out the truth to almost anything. Thanks to Jessica thinking about how apparently Harriet doesn't like me, I know to not go near her anymore.

My thoughts raced to thinking about my career choices. I had always wanted to be a lawyer, knowing the truth behind every case and being quite powerful. Then I thought about becoming some sort of coach. I could understand the thoughts of athletes. Why not a mental therapist? Being a unique mind reader, I could be fit for any job. I wondered if anyone else in the world could mind read. What if someone was reading my mind right now? It was scary to think about.

I sat down in homeroom beside Jessica. Harriet sauntered in, casting a quick glance at me. She thought, **Does she know about how I don't like her?** I gave her a smirk and she swiftly sat down in a desk beside Peter. I nudged Jessica and pointed at Harriet.

I asked, already knowing the answer, "Do you think Harriet even likes me?"

"Oh, uh, I dunno," Jessica stammered. **It's as if Chrissy is reading my thoughts! I don't want her to be mad at me for not telling her that Harriet doesn't like her.**

I spoke solemnly as I got out my agenda, "It's fine, Jess. I know she doesn't really like me and I don't really like her."

Phew...

Jessica and I were walking to Home Economics in the afternoon when Harriet hopped into our conversation on having specific superpowers. "Whatcha talkin' 'bout this morning?"

Ashlee Crawford
Grade 6
Westmount Elementary
Mind Reader

I turned my mind reading skills on Jessica to Hariet. She thought nervously, **Hopefully Jessica hasn't told Chrissy that I don't like her.**

I had enough of Jessica and Hariet thinking nervously about how I know she doesn't like me. I really didn't care, so I stepped away from them and bumped into someone. The human fell down in their pile of novels about dinosaurs. It was the nerdy new girl, Wendi, lying beneath her dozen novels.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," I apologized quickly, helping her pick up her interesting books. "I wasn't looking where I was going."

I intently listened to Wendi's inner thoughts. **Oh my gosh, oh my gosh, it's Chrissy! She's actually helping me pick up my books! Goodie!**

I assisted Wendi standing up and she pushed her sliding glasses back up her nose. "Hello, Chrissy. Uh, thanks for helping out."

She then speed-walked past me as though I'd bite her at any moment. She just said in her very own head that she adored me! Why wouldn't she just express it? I didn't understand how people's attitudes in 'real life' were so different than their thoughts.

I caught up to Wendi and questioned, "Aren't you the new girl?"

She anxiously replied, "Yes."

"Would you like to hangout after school?"

Ashlee Crawford
Grade 6
Westmount Elementary
Mind Reader

She was speechless. **What should I say? I gotta get to class! Oh no. What is 59+60 again? Ugh! Um, um, um, what did she ask again?**

I rolled my eyes and stated, "I'll see you after school, Wendi."

I then strolled away toward Harriet and Jessica.

After school, I spotted Wendi waiting right outside the school. It seemed as if she were waiting for me. The thing is, she was. She was kicking some pebbles across the asphalt as I approached her. **It's Chrissy again? Does she actually want to hang out with me?**

"Hi, Wendi," I greeted kindly.

Chrissy, listen to me, get over here quickly. It was not Wendi talking to me, but Peter. I spun around to spot him hiding behind the wall. He was gesturing to me wildly, so I excused myself away from Wendi to go over to Peter. Wendi followed me anyway.

"Did you just say something, Peter?" I asked.

Listen, Chrissy, don't tell anyone, but I mind read, too. I can also predict the future, so get over here. Don't call me a freak or anything, please. Wendi, get out please.

I said to him, "Peter, Wendi is with me. What is it? Sorry, but I am confused."

People are here. Spies.

Gunfire rang out. Peter was right. He could mind read and future predict!

Ashlee Crawford
Grade 6
Westmount Elementary
Mind Reader

My name is Noah Heloil. I am an only child with two normal-ish parents. I was out camping with my parents, and I was having a great time. We had hiked and played games, and I was ready for another fun day of the same. I was sleeping in our trailer, the cozy fire from outside made cracking noises as my parents talked with their friends.

It was about 3:00 in the morning, when I decided to take a walk. As I couldn't fall asleep again and I had pent up energy. Opening the door, I stepped out of the trailer and onto the gravel, I walked out of the campsite, and into the woods. The trees swayed with the wind, and the plants seemed to be staring. The trail opened up into a clearing, and I sat down to admire the scene, the forest seemed to have lead me to the gorgeous opening. After a bit more walking, I entered the woods again. The trail started to twist and turn, the green plants and trees covering and making new trails. Eventually it opened up and I was able to see the highway. It seemed another 30 minutes had passed when I saw a truck on the highway go by. But it didn't look like any truck, the trailer that was behind it was my families' trailer. I had been left behind.

I broke into a run, yelling for them to come back, every second seemed to be an hour. The pounding of my heartbeat was the only thing I could hear. The truck disappeared into the distance, and I fell into the mud, tears started to stream down my face, I pounded the ground in anger. Fear started to take over as I wondered if I'd ever see my parents again.

It had been 10 minutes, and I had gotten up, I knew that if I wanted to get home I'd have to walk the 4 miles to the closest gas station. I started to walk in the direction that my parents had driven. The day continued on, and I continued to walk.

The sun had started to set, and I opened my backpack, I had a sleeping bag, so that was good. I also brought a flashlight and a lighter so I thought I was good, as I set up a fire with my sleeping bag beside it. As I started to drift off, I heard a distant yell, or more accurately a howl, some wolves had started to howl at the full moon. It made me shiver, the eerie howls, the angry screeches. I couldn't sleep. I plugged my ears and after 5 minutes, I drifted off.

The sun rose, and I got up. My clothes seemed to be damp and getting pretty dirty, but that didn't bother me, I needed to get home. I walked down to a small creek and got a drink. I went back up to the road and walked, but the street didn't seem to have an end. The day seemed to go on forever, and the hunger didn't get any better. I eventually stopped and rested, lying down and letting my body rest, without food I would need to rest. I had walked about two miles, and I was getting tired, and needed to rest.

I woke up in the middle of the night, I was about to open my sleeping bag when I heard footsteps and rustling bushes as five wolves walked into the clearing. My heart started racing as they sniffed my sleeping bag. They started clawing at my pillow, and barking at my backpack. Then the one that looked like

the alpha clawed at my sleeping bag. I yelped, and they started to bark louder, clawing at my sleeping bag. I jumped out, grabbed my bag and ran.

I ran and ran, and time seemed to slow as I realized that I wasn't gaining any distance on the wolves, they were gaining distance on me. Then I felt a bite on my lower leg, and I started to slow down. Grabbing a club like stick, I prepared to fight. As they charged at me I whacked them, and they clawed and scratched as I fought and whacked. The pain started to get to me, and the wolves started to back off as well. I had bruised them bad. I limped off, realizing that I didn't have a sleeping bag anymore. I started to get drowsy, so I grabbed a bandage from my backpack and put it around my leg and arm. I lied down on some leaves as a makeshift bed, it took a while, but I eventually fell asleep.

When I woke up, I could barely walk, the pain was too much. I stumbled onto the concrete calling for help. I stared at the cars, calling out for help, nobody stopped. My vision started to fade, and I fell unconscious.

I woke in a hospital, resting in a bed. I started to talk, but no words came out. Then I saw two familiar faces, my mom and dad, tears streaming down their faces. They asked me if I was ok, and where I went to. I couldn't respond though, my face was covered in bandages. My parents explained they had left to get help, because they thought I had walked to far outside the campsite and gotten lost. I could have been angry, but I was just happy to see my family again. I tried to say something, but I couldn't talk, my jaw was still closed shut by the bandages. Then they told me that I wouldn't be able to talk for a month while the

Carson Daws
Grade 6
Raleigh elementary
"Lost"

injury healed. I started to speak, It hurt, and I think I ripped a part of the bandage, but I was finally able to say something.

"Thank you for not giving up on me."

After I said this, I started to fear that I may not see them again, that I would die. They held my hand tightly, tears in their eyes. In that moment I realized, that no matter the situation, my parents would always find a way to look out for me and help me, no matter what.

The end

A Way Home

Once upon a time there was a beautiful forest. The trees were tall and the sun shone brightly. There was a den where two bears lived. A mother bear and her baby cub, Jen.

Now Jen just loved to adventure beyond the forest.

Her mother said, "You cannot go into the dark part of the forest."

But Jen, for some odd reason, was drawn to this part of the forest. Maybe it was not knowing what was in it or it was because she wasn't allowed.

So one day she went into the forest. She ran and ran. She was just about to step into the dark forest but she heard her mother.

"NO! I told you once I'll say it again, you cannot go in there. You don't know what's in there!"

They yelled back and forth for a couple of minutes. But for some reason, Jen got so angry inside she yelled at her mother, "I wish you were not my mother!". Then she ran into the forest. Jumping over logs, ducking under trees, and taking sharp turns.

Finally she reached the edge of the forest.

She watched the sun set and realized she was afraid of the dark.

She decided to go back home. She had taken too many turns. She was lost. Night drew closer and closer. She tripped over a tree root and hurt her leg. Strange sounds came from all around, scaring her.

A large bird was perched on a nearby branch.

"Ahh! Who are you?" Jen yelled.

"I am a wise owl who has been here for centuries, and I'll be here for centuries more. What seems to be troubling you?"

"Well I...I," Jen stopped, suddenly feeling ashamed. She told the wise owl finally what had happened, how she yelled at her mother and the words she said.

"Well that's a very bad thing you did," the old owl said. "It was a rude and selfish act. But I will do two things for you. One, I'll help you find your mother. And two, I will tell you this: be careful for what you wish for think about what you lose and what you gain. Is it really worth it?"

And just like that, the wise owl flew above the treeline. He saw a den a few miles back. But it looked as though no one was there.

"I'm sorry but it looks like your mom is not there," he said and flew away.

Suddenly Jen heard crackling sticks, the wind howling, and what seemed like a big predator creeping. The sounds quickly grew louder. Jen curled up into a little ball as if to protect herself. She wished that her mom would come back. She wished she had never said those mean words.

Suddenly, Jen heard the soft voice of her mother. They hugged each other tightly.

The mom said, "Now you never leave me again and never come in here again."

Jen replied, "I'm so sorry for what I said I wish I never said it."

Jen felt that she truly understood what she could have lost.

Her mother brought her back home, hugged her tightly, and tucked Jen gently into bed.

The Xacrow Chronicles

Volume One: Gerona

By Ryder Dobson

Grade 6: Mme. Demers

South Sahali Elementary School (SSES)

Kamloops, BC

Chapter One: A Capital Plan

“Fire, Water, Air and Nature,” our teacher bellowed in her strong voice. “Can someone tell me what these represent?” These were such easy questions.

We all yelled in synchrony, “ Water for Vaharsa, Fire for Fenetrare, Air for Winfard and Nature for Uerano.”

The dismissal bell started to ring soothingly. We knew what that meant. Break.

I live in a world where magic is everywhere. There are six sections of this strange place divided by strict borders. At least, that's what our teacher taught us: Fenetrare, Vaharsa, Winfard and Uerano are the four empires in which evil does not reside. As for the two

other kingdoms, Enogen and Rinuel (Enogen for ice and Rinuel for toxicity), evil's forces practice magic without license. But I've never even seen a speck of any color past the walls of *Gerona's Prodigious College for Magic*. All I've seen are pictures. I don't even know why they call it a school for magic since the teachers haven't even taught us any magic. For all I know, they might not even teach us at all. What they teach us varies from Xacrow's history to magic algorithms and equations, which is not them teaching us magic, since humans need to draw energy from an object filled with power to perform magic, not simply "do" magic.

My favourite subject so far is Artifacts, since I've always loved reading about different treasure hunts from Gerona's gigantic library. And sometimes our Artifacts teacher will show us different precious artifacts which he collects in his "vault of secrets".

Snapped out of my trance, I walked in to Gerona's courtyard looking at various types of moths, always attracted to the shimmering bowl. Our teacher told us that they love looking at their beautiful wings. "Are you coming for lunch?" my friend Elly yelled from the other side of the courtyard.

"Coming!" I yelled back. And she ran away.

Elly and I had been in the same classes from the start of the first year. She had been way smarter than me from the start but had always been nice. We had always wanted to explore Xacrow together, longing to escape this “magic college”.

I entered the sunlit cafeteria, searching for Elly’s face. “Tom, Tom!” I heard and turned around. Elly sat behind me waving frantically at my face. “I heard Mr. Phale is showing us a really special artifact today!” I forgot that she too loved the Artifact classes. Then she suddenly grabbed my hand and pulled me out of the cafeteria and into the arched halls.

She started whispering “Tom, this might be our way out of the academy, our only ticket!”

“What?” I asked.

“Shhh!” she yelled, “I heard that he’s bringing in a transway cube, Tom!”

Mr. Phale had told us about how transway cubes could transport us to any place if we pictured it in our minds, but it needed strong magic to have a transway sustained.

“But-,” I stammered.

“Midnight. My dorm,” and she ran away in a flash.

What a strange friend. Would her plan even work? And if it did, where would we both go? We could get punished if we were caught. I walked to my dorm.

She was right about one thing.

This could be our only ticket out of this place.

Chapter Two: Transway

I crept around the corner in the darkest clothes that I could find: blue “jeans” and a black “T-shirt.” Apparently these were terms for clothes from a different dimension.

My dorm was number 128, and Elly’s dorm was number 1245.

Now that I thought about it, Gerona’s college had a lot of people in it.

After climbing various staircases since the gustways were not on at this time (wind-powered-elevators), I finally reached a familiar door. “You’re late,” a grouchy voice grumbled from behind the door. A dim light was on, and the door slowly opened.

Elly’s dorm was very spacious. Her bed was covered in pink and purple pillows and blankets. Her lamp was on at the dim level. “Ahem,” she coughed.

"Oh, sorry," I said.

She was covered in a black blanket, which concealed her neon pink "PJ's". "C'mon," she whispered, turning off the lamp then pulling me outside. Gerona's hallways were pitch black except for Xacrow's two moons.

Then we heard footsteps.

A figure appeared, a thick mist following him. "Hide," she whisper-yelled and scampered off. I hid behind one of the pillars. The man passed me slowly, chanting in something our teacher called "Sanskrit" since most spells were spoken in Sanskrit or Latin. And Sanskrit also had a creepy ring to it. Instantly I was covered in a thick, grayish fog. I couldn't see my hands in front of me. Suddenly, Elly walked out of the Fog.

"Who was that?" she asked.

"I don't know," I whispered, "but I know we need to hurry."

"I found Mr. Phale's classroom," she whispered.

She opened the door. It creaked slightly.

Mr. Phale's "vault of secrets" was situated to the left of the classroom. "I remember the password," Elly whispered. She cranked the wheel one to the right, two to the left and three more to the right. It opened slowly. "C'mon," she whispered.

A pedestal was situated in the middle with a small, floating cube on top of it.

"That's the transway?" I asked.

"Yes," she confirmed.

There were many different items around the room, but one caught my eye. A sword with a blue gem in the middle of it. I walked over and picked it up.

The room was abruptly covered in mist.

"Tell me you can do magic!" I yelled to Elly.

"No, I can't."

I grabbed the cube, and I felt a surge of power. I pictured the top of Gerona's wall, and suddenly we were transported there.

"Where to next?" I inquired.

"Winfard," she responded.

Our Vacation
By Abby Elliot
Raft River Elementary
Grade 6

I went on a vacation with my three friends Lizzie, Hannah and Victoria. We were going on a big island called Francisco for three weeks. We had to wake up at 3:15 a.m. to get our bags packed and ready to go. When we got on the boat it took like five hours to get there. The views were amazing. The first thing we did was eat food on the boat. The driver asked us if we wanted to go for a dip in the water.

Lizzie said, " No thanks."

Victoria and I said, "Yes."

Victoria and I went to the back.

"Lizzie come on", we said in an amazed voice.

'It looks like a jungle. Flowers and everything."

We convinced Lizzie to come with us. So we all went for a dip. The driver woke us up after our dip.

The driver said, "We are here."

We said, "Give us 10 more minutes"

Victoria laughed. "hahaha", Let's go, okay?"

So we got up and went in our cabin, it was super nice. In our cabin there was a swimming pool. The water was crystal blue. The four of us got our swimsuits and we jumped in the water. It was so nice to go on our vacation. We needed it girls. All of us said we should order some food.

I said, " I'm as hungry as a horse!"

Our Vacation
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Hannah and Victoria laugh at me. The doorbell rang.

Lizzie said, "Oh that must be the food."

Victoria dashed to the door and payed the man. She took the food because she was so hungry. We all laid on the bed and watched our favourite Netflix show Riverdale.

The
Babysitters Gang
By Brook-Lynn Fowler
Grade 6
Raft River Elementary

Chapter 1

Once there were four teens who bonded over there time spent in high school.

Layla, Taylor, Britney and Ryla all took Science class together. After school ,Taylor called up all the other girls on video chat and ask if they would like to go for coffee. They all met up at Starbucks. Ryla came up with an amazing idea while she was at Starbucks. She asked the three girls to have a sleepover at her house. So that day Layla, Taylor and Brittany caught the bus to Ryla's house. They went Uptown to buy some snacks for the sleepover party then phone Domino's and order pizza! They all got changed into their matching PJs. After watching IT chapter 1, Ryla told them her stupendous plan. So I thought we could start a babysitters gang. Raise your hand if you agree with that idea everybody raise their hands. That settles it. The babysitters gang is a jury.

Chapter 2

Today is our next meeting for The Baby-Sitters Gang at Ryla's house to find what we're going to do for advertising and then assign everybody jobs and answer phones. Ryla is going to be president. Whoever is available can get the job. Whoever doesn't show up to the meeting doesn't get a chance to volunteer to babysit. Taylor got the first job at Mrs. Nutzibblers house sitting for Nila and Zalia. We have these things called

The
Babysiters Gang
By Brook-Lynn Fowler
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Raft River Elementary

Kid-Kits which include a wide variety of things such as Lego and books also art supplies such as colored pencils, crayons, paper, paint, pipe cleaners and pom poms. They also have snacks such as Kool-Aid, cheese strings, Fruit roll-ups granola bars and pizza pops. Today when I sat for Nila and Zalia we went to the playground like their mom request I do. Nila climbed right to the top of the monkey bars and then she fell! I called all of the emergency numbers that her mom left me with me. I called her doctor, no answer then her grandma, no answer. Then Mrs. Nutzibbler. She didn't answer either. Oh no. Ok I know what to do I'll call 9-1-1. Nobody else answered and it's an emergency so that's what I did. They said they'd send an ambulance to come pick us up.

Chapter 3

Taylor got in the ambulance with Nila on a stretcher holding one of Taylor's hands and Zalia holding her other hand. They rushed to the hospital. When they arrived at the hospital they waited for the X-ray results to come back. Their Grandma showed up. She read the results. Her left leg was broken. Her Grandma told her that bad news. She and her sister just cried. Nyla thought about it for a moment.

"I get to have crutches and a cast?"

"Yaah", she said "this might not be so bad after all."

The
Babysitters Gang
By Brook-Lynn Fowler
Grade 6
Raft River Elementary

Chapter 4

I'm Britney today I have my third job at the Westfields house watching their kids James and John. We're going to the candy shop today guys. I have enough money to get each of us three treats.

"Sweet literally thanks Britney"

"You're welcome! Now shall we eat treats at home while we play video games"?

"Sure you're the best Britney. Can we also ice cream"?

"Sure".

"You're the best Britney can we also have ice cream"?

"Yes!"

So that day we sat playing video games and eating delicious food"

Chapter 5

I'm Layla. Today I'm sitting for Mrs Marilyn's children. Their names are Kayla and Jericho. I brought the cake kit for you guys to play with.

"I want to use it".

"So do I".

The
Babysitters Gang
By Brook-Lynn Fowler
Grade 6
Raft River Elementary

They were occupied and played with the items inside until 5:45 when Mrs Marilyn came home.

Chapter 6

So today is our next meeting sad Ryla. Mrs. Marilyn should call soon. She normally calls every Wednesday booking us for Friday.

"I call that job please", said Layla. Kayla and Jericho loved me last time.

"Sure." announced Ryla.

"Maybe next time she needs a sitter can I do it?"

"Sure then we'll alternate it'll be fun."

5:00 pm news: Mrs Marilyn found dead in the living room of her apartment after her kids call 911 saying our mom needs help. We have to adopt them. Let's do it then.

Chapter 7

Later at the adoption agency... We're all waiting to hear from the head lady to see if we can adopt Kayla and Jericho. They want the papers saying yes or no for the adoption.

"They said yes." announced Layla.

"OMG I have how to fill out some surveys."

The
Babysitters Gang
By Brook-Lynn Fowler
Grade 6
Raft River Elementary

"Also, since I'm 18 I'm older now but I have to fill out a stack of paperwork within a day because parenting is a juggling act. I'll have to keep my grades up, clean, cook for three people in total, and make sure my kids grades are good. Oh yeah and run babysitters gang. Kayla is 10 turning 11 in three months and is in 6th grade Jericho Cruise 9, 18 months apart from his sister and is in fifth grade.

Chapter 8

3 months later, I'm enjoying parenting and just graduated high school and have a boyfriend helping me raise my children. They love him. I'm also taking photography classes now. I'm having a great life and still continuing pursuing my love for babysitting.

What The Sand Wants

One very unusual morning a girl named Britney went to school wearing a bright blue dress with eight inch heels, bright red matte lipstick and a scrunchie. She rode the bus to school, she had remembered that she was going on a cruise in two hours. Quickly, letting no time, pass she screamed "STOP" everyone stopped and looked at her with a weird glance. She ran off of the bus, she tripped and fell She was cut and bruised but that didn't bother her. She picked herself up and started to run home. 10 minutes later, she arrived home, her mother asked "WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR LEGS THEY'RE ALL BRUISED!" Britney didn't care all she thought about was her trip. An hour later, she was finally all done packing. While she was walking out the door, she grabbed her phone to call her friends. When her friends finally answered she yelled into the phone "OK! OK! STOP TALKING. LET'S GET ON THAT CRUISE! WE HAVE NO TIME TO LOSE!" While she was screaming into the phone her mother reminded her that she had better leave if she wanted to get there in time. She jumped into her car and started to drive. One by one, she picked up her friends; Josh, Jessica, Elizabeth, Courtney, Tom and Noah. A half an hour later they finally arrived just before boarding she had remembered that she had to pay to get in, she quickly had found a gas station and got the money, and the friends started boarding. Everyone's jaw dropped and said, "Wow! This is amazing."

All the girls and boys switched into their swimsuits, The girls changed into their matching purple swimsuits with white and black dots, and the boys changed into there

What The Sand Wants

engine died. As the policeman took one step out of his car he also noticed that the sand was eating him. Everyone started to panic!. A couple minutes later the policeman was dead. They knew that there was no escape. They knew their vacation had a deadly turn.

Slowly but surely everyone had a plan to escape without touching the sand.

Everyone on the cruise grabbed anything they could find: tall, short, wide and hard. They grabbed beds, dressers, and other hard objects the tried their hardest to put them onto the ground but most or the materials failed to stay above the ground. The only materials that would stay above the ground where plastic, metal and leather; any other materials would be eaten by the sand. A couple days later when they gave trying to find the needed materials, the radio announced that there was no more water in the world and because of this there would be more of a chance of dehydration and if anyone had found even at least a tiny bit of water it would never be enough for one whole person let alone a family. Courtney and Tom went to go look around for water. They found a room with a pool and hot tub. Courtney asked Tom to just sit and guard the room while she went to get the others but when she arrived she encountered the sand floating up, Elizabeth was screaming in terror while she was holding on the pole trying not to let the sand take her under ground. When Courtney tells everyone what they found. Everyone stops and looks up into the sky. She said "What?" She felt a tap on her shoulder, she slowly turned around and she realized it was the monster. It devoured her and everyone started to scream in terror. Tom told everyone to, "head into the room." Quickly everyone headed

What The Sand Wants

into the room and locked the door. They all thought that they were safe but there was a little crack opening in the door. They tried to grab buckets of water to splash the sand away but the sand was too quick for them one by one they were gone. The sand had gotten what it wanted.

Introduction

Earth was under threat. The Sun was running out of hydrogen. It was swelling up and becoming a red giant and had just started to swallow Venus. The world government sent a select group of individuals to start colonies to be populated with the locals of the planet, the Loldan. They were a super advanced civilization that lived on Earth and had settled another Earth-like planet, while on earth we were just learning how to use tools. A 35-year-old man named John was sent to explore an area of the planet. It was known as Terebra.

Chapter 1

The Plan

John landed. He was in a small grove of trees. It was almost 5:00 in the afternoon, and he was hungry. He was supplied with only a hatchet and a pocket knife. He took a branch and whittled it into a spear and added a stone for weight. He hiked up a mountain and hunted what he could find. He finally came to a small meadow. There was a pack of wild boars there. He snuck up on a large, fatty, female boar and threw the weapon at it. Just as things seemed like they couldn't get any better, the stone weight came into action and the tip delivered a blow to the top of its head, and it fell down with a thump. Then the Alpha of the pack noticed him.

Chapter 2

Camp

The Omega and Beta boars formed a line behind the Alpha. They put their tusks to the ground and kicked the dirt. John stood his ground. At the slightest movement they would charge. Then his toe twitched. As the onslaught began he didn't back down. As the alpha neared him, he hopped to the side and it slammed into a tree. It looked very wounded, yet still mustered the energy to bolt to a nearby grove of pines. With their leader gone, the boars retreated.

John lost track of it and thought it would be better for it to get away than for to risk his kill being eaten. After all he was not one to gamble double or nothing if the odds were slim because he heard a wolf's howl. Even if he did catch the boar, the other carcass would probably be gone by then and time and energy would be wasted. He didn't have much of either.

On the bright side, this was the perfect spot to set up camp. A fresh creek babbled through the middle of the lush, fertile-soiled mountaintop plain. He hauled the carcass to the middle of a small cave at the edge of the meadow. The sun was setting, and he didn't have much time until nightfall. He saw a dry, dead, and woody shrub and thought,

Firewood! He took the hatchet from his tool belt and hacked it down. He went back to his cave and lit a fire. He butchered the boar and got sticks to roast small chunks of flesh on the fire. He didn't have any seasoning, but the aroma and flavor were delicious regardless.

“Hard work always pays off!” his grandpa always said. The summers back home were always fun. Eating sweet and sour wild berries and racing his sister were his favourite memories. He wasn't easily tearful, but nostalgia always made him cry.

“Shame it all had to go. Hopefully I'll find a mom, a dad, a sister, or a grandpa here,” thought John, “I don't want to replace them, but to remember them. There's room here for everyone.” **To be continued.**

House Story

Gr. 6, David Thompson

Stephanie harcott

D.J. and M.J. got a weird invitation slipped under their door. It said'

Meet me at the old house in the old park at 3:00 Am. From Cat. "She is so curmudgeon" said D.J. "We are going!" stated M.J.

"But it a big old creepy house, and it looks scary." replied D.J. A few hours later, M.J and D.J. found themselves in the old park near the front door. They pushed the old broken door. They opened it and stepped inside. It was quite a sight! People were hanging off the chandeliers and ripping apart pillows. In the corner D.J. spotted something bright and shimmering. She had found an amethyst! D.J grabbed M.J. and pulled her toward it. "Look M.J., look at the amethyst I found." said D.J. picking up the amethyst.

M.J saw Cat coming towards them. M.J. noticed something unusual about Cat. Cat who was blonde had a black streak in her bun and even more unusual, she had a tail.

coming out above her butt. M.J. quickly grabbed D.J.'s arm "Look at Cat's weird tail." Right then something strange happened to Cat's eyes and she took off running...

She ran up the stairs to a podium which was near the balcony overlooking the living room. Cat announced to everyone that the full moon was out. What was even more surprising was that her weird black streak had an eyeball and it was looking at everyone. The whole place went crazy, everyone was trying to get out of the house. All the doors and windows were locked. Everyone was trapped!

DJ and MJ were trying to get out a different way, they were ripping out the floorboards. As they pulled at the floorboards they spotted a piece of paper tucked underneath one of the boards. DJ pulled it out. "Look it's a weird map.

she told M.J. It showed a tunnel starting in the kitchen that led outdoors. The girls ran to the kitchen.

They couldn't find the door to the tunnel because it was cleverly hidden. M.J. looked at all the doors again and spotted an amethyst carved into the panel on one of the doors. "Look D.J. there is a spot for the amethyst, cut into this door" M.J. said. D.J. pulled the amethyst from her pocket and placed it into the hole.

"It fits!" she exclaimed. The door opened and the girls bravely entered the dark, scary tunnel. "I sure hope there's no spiders" M.J. said. The girls made their way out of the weird, dark tunnel until they came to a rusty old gate. They pushed the gate open and finally saw the outside world again. They ran to the front door and kicked a chair out of the way that had been holding the door closed.

They pulled the door open and let everyone out. Once everyone had made it out they replaced the chair trapping Cat, alone in the house.

THE END

Out In Africa
by Olivia Harris
Gr.6
Westmount Elementary

I was born and raised in a small town in Africa called Franschhoek. It was known for its extraordinary wine, rolling hills, and its old, unique architecture. My mother, Kamaria, named me Enolia, which meant “she who is wealthy”. We owned a farm, with donkeys and cows, and had a small winery to the west of the town called Pinotage, which means wine. I had no siblings, and I had never met my father, my mother was never willing to tell me about him.

We were a poor family, just like the rest of the town. We had barely enough money to spend on enough food for the both of us at the Saturday Market. The Saturday Market was an event the town held every Saturday, where people could set up tents and try to sell crops, meat, wine, and clothing. My mother and I would sell our crops, meat, and wine once every month in a little tent in a corner of the town near the only bakery, where Arno worked.

In early August was when it was hottest, which meant the crops would soon start to dry out, we needed to make money for the long season ahead of us. It was one day when my mother sent me to Pinotage to collect grapes, de-stem them, crush them, and separate them. I grabbed two large, handmade baskets from the barn, and carried them on my shoulders through the town. Once I had reached the last building in Franschhoek, I took a small, narrow path to Pinotage. I arrived at the winery and placed the baskets in front of the large, rusting, barn door. I walked around the building and sat on a bench overlooking the beautiful hills of grapes, perfectly ripe grapes.

Out In Africa
by Olivia Harris
Gr.6
Westmount Elementary

Moments later, out of the corner of my eye, I saw a slight movement coming from the bushes lining the fence. I looked over to the direction of the movement. My eyesight wasn't strong enough to see that far away, so I decided that my brain was playing tricks on me. Again. I looked over, but still nothing. It was when I didn't only see it, but heard it, that I knew it was real. I yelled,

“Unjani?” I said in my own language, meaning, “Hello?” A low rumbling noise started to emerge from the bushes.

“Nee!” meaning “No!” The noise got louder and louder until I could finally recognize it. It was a lion.

I got up from the bench, slowly, warily, and careful not to make a sound, and walked to the doors. I slid them closed and locked them. I paced in the room, waiting for a sign that the lion was outside. Nothing. My breathing got heavier as the anticipation of waiting got to me.

I peeked under the slit of the door, it was safe for me to go. I ran to Franschhoek and yelled,

“Run! There’s a lion at Pinotage! Hide!” People ran into buildings and held their children. I ran to my house and told my mother to help me put the animals in the barn, and lock up. We ran as fast as we could, got the animals to safety, and hid.

Out In Africa
by Olivia Harris
Gr.6
Westmount Elementary

I woke early in the morning and peeked out the window in my mother's bedroom. I wrote a small note to my mother saying I was going out to Pinotage. I placed the delicate note on the table, and slid out the door. The cool morning air crawled on my skin as I slowly sauntered to Pinotage. Any slight movement or sound, I would stop in my tracks and turn. People were still in shops, most still sleeping. I reached the bakery, and walked through the door. The little jingle of the bell attached to the door sent shivers down my spine. An amazing smell of freshly baked goods traveled through my body as I entered.

“Unjani Enolia!”

“Unjani. Do you have bread?”

“Of course I do!” I had known Arno almost my whole life, he was the one I would go to if I needed to talk. He handed me a fresh loaf of bread and turned around.

“Arno,” I started.

“Thank you.” He turned and smiled.

I continued my walk to Pinotage as the sun started to rise. As I arrived, I slowed my pace over to the bench, sat, and ate my breakfast. After a while, I got bored, so I walked through the rows of grapes with large baskets and collected them. Soon, I found large paws imprinted in the mud. My breath got caught in my throat as I knelt and ran my fingers through the tracks. I couldn't believe my eyes.

Out In Africa
by Olivia Harris
Gr.6
Westmount Elementary

I searched the grounds for hours, looking for other signs of the lion, but there were no more. I finally agreed with myself that it was just another event that was typical in Africa, even though lions are not normally seen in Franschhoek. When I was done picking the grapes, I took them to the barn and made them into wine. I put empty baskets on a shelf and made my way out. When I got to Franschhoek, I would tell everyone to come out, they were safe now. Even though the last sighting of a lion was two years ago, another one was bound to come and visit, it was an event we would come across every now and then.

Days later, my mother finally came out of the house. I took her to Pinotage to show her all the freshly made wine. We packed up the bottles into bags and carried them home and stored them. We later walked back to Pinotage to watch the sunset over the rolling hills of grapes, perfectly ripe grapes, just like we used to when I was young.

This story is partially based on one of my favourite books, “The One and Only Ivan” by Katherine Applegate, and partially based on my creativity. It is about four unhappy circus animals trying to think of a way to get revenge on their keeper, Mr. Matt Barnock. My purpose for this story is to raise awareness of animal cruelty, because animals are very close to my heart.

In memory of Blue, who never left my side when I was hurt or unhappy. Rest In Peace.

WOOF!

Circus Tent

Georgia

I don't get it. People come to the circus to watch us elephants and monkeys prance around the stage, making everyone laugh and cry at the same time. Laughing because they enjoy watching us dancing, crying because they enjoy us getting tortured. They see the colour, they see the funny faces, they see what a person coming to the circus is supposed to see, but they never see the torture. They never see the real life of being a circus animal. And that's my life. Torture.

Bob

I don't think Georgia is right, but who's going to believe an above-average high IQ Emperor Tamarin monkey with a name like Bob? I technically have a mustache! I'm a total teacher's pet, even though I'm not in school and teach my brother and sister, Lenny and Penny. They're twins, by the way. I'm the oldest. Thus, mother and father put me in charge when we were sent away from the Amazon. See? I know *everything*. Anyway, to continue on with my theory, I believe that we were sent to Mr. Barnock's Animal Circus because we look cute, stunning, and phenomenal all at once. I *love* attention. Let's say they whip you in the back of your head because you stepped backwards instead of forwards during the dance routine. So what? You made the mistake and they have to deal with it. You can't blame them. I don't.

Penny

I just want to start off saying that I am *not* a teacher's pet. Sure, having two brothers fighting about stupid things and suddenly having me in their conundrum has made me stronger, but that doesn't mean I know algebra. I guess you could call me "super monkey". I am extremely tired and want to take a nap, so good night!

Lenny

Now hold on a minute. I think Georgia has a good point. Last week I got whipped in the tush because I jumped to the left, not the right during a practice. I was like, “hey man, back off!” But of course, no one heard me or listened to me. I started to yell at him, but he just put me back in my cage. And I don’t mind the fame, but honestly, just because I make a simple mistake doesn’t mean you get to hurt me!

* * *

The four didn’t like how they were treated. They were the ones who made the money by acting, and yet they got no respect. They wanted to plot something extraordinary. Something eye-opening. Something never seen before.

Penny suddenly sat up from her perch on her favourite tree branch and opened her eyes wide. “I got it!” she exclaimed. “You know how Kevin, the custodian, comes every two days to fill up Georgia’s water bucket?”

“Ya,” they all replied.

“Well, what if Georgia doesn’t drink any of her water for those days, and when Kevin does come and fill it, he’ll be surprised that Georgia didn’t drink anything. I think Kevin will become worried and ask for a vet. But, when Kevin gets worried, he lowers his head to think-”

“How do you know that?” Lenny interrupted.

“I watch him,” Penny replied through gritted teeth. She was annoyed that he had interrupted her. “Anyway, Kevin will lower his head to think, and then Georgia can dump water on his head! Then, I think he will go and get Matt to tell him, and when Matt comes back, we can dump water on *his* head!”

“Very interesting,” Lenny said, sounding fascinated.

“I think that was very creative, Penny,” said Georgia, “but I have a few concerns. How can we guarantee that Kevin will lower his head? Also, I get very thirsty, and I don’t think I could last two days without water.”

“Oh,” said Penny disappointedly. It was her turn to lower her shaggy head.

“That was a good thought though,” added Bob.

The three monkeys got back to plotting, while Georgia stared out one of her glass walls. *We need to guarantee that everyone sees it, thought Georgia. But how?*

She looked at a sign outside near a grocery store. It read:

Come See The World’s Most Amazing Circus! Don’t Like It, Money Back Guranteed!

Georgia snorted. “Ya, right,” she muttered under her breath. “Guaranteed.”

Lenny, Penny, and Bob had just about fallen asleep when Georgia jumped up and shouted, “I know!”

“What’s your plan, Georgia?” asked Penny.

“We want to make sure that everyone sees that Matt is guilty of animal cruelty, right? Well, how about we get a big sign that says something about how he hurts us, and then, when Matt’s not looking, we can put it in the air!”

“But who’s going to make the sign?” asked Bob.

“I can!” Penny suddenly jumped into the conversation. “I was watching a little girl draw and started to copy her. Because of her, I know all the letters of the alphabet.”

“And I can help you spell the words. I read just about every sign on the trucks that go by,” said Bob excitedly.

“Then it’s set,” said Georgia. “Our next show is in one week. We can raise the sign then!”

One week later, the sign was made and hidden behind the tight rope stand. Everyone was ready. If only Matt would show up...

I streaked for the fishy-looking object on a stick, and in doing so, realized that no one looked happy. I wondered why, as they were normally perfectly cheerful people. I put that off. Then, as I tackled the object to the ground, I took in why they did not look cheerful. There were small stacks of rectangles of paper with warning signs on them. I wondered why they were getting a warning. Of course, if anything happened, I would probably take care of myself on my own, as there is still the fact that I am a cat.

Anyhow, I was looking at them, and then they realized that, and led me to bed. But, I did not want to go to bed, and soon slinked over to the couch, where I sat, thinking. People underestimate cats. They think that we are always mad at them. Well, we are. But we are often deep in thought, and no one wants to be interrupted.

The next day...

I was loaded into the car, against my very will. The bossy wanna-be owners were going on one of those things where they go in a car for a long hard slog, and watch places go by. Not my cup of tea, thanks. But, soon, the door was shut behind me and I was locked into the car. I wanted to leave the car, as it had a bad feeling about it and everyone looked oddly grave. The one that wanted to be the alpha, as those yapping, barking dogs call it, said something that I could not make out. Everyone looked like they were going to a funeral.

Pretty soon, the car was rumbling and shaking across a very dusty road. I did not know where we were going. But, I realized, not soon enough, where.

A bit later, I was unloaded, and no one else but me. Those humans grabbed me and forced me out of the car, not giving me time to struggle away from the dump. Then, they slammed the door, and

drove away. I walked away from the car which was slowly driving further and further away.

Then, I walked away, defeated, as the car went out of sight. Soon, a pile of rubbish loomed up ahead as I walked. There was only bare wasteland as far as I looked so I curled up in a corner and fell asleep. I woke up and headed straight to the side of the road. I would go home, no matter what. Soon enough, I found myself facing the street where the minimalist humans drove the cars down and then, one large truck-ish thing drove down the street. It had a large image of one of the cat-folk, though still that image was facing one of the lurid dogs. They are irrelevant, with their alphas and omegas. I only have staff. Those people that call themselves owners will only ever be narcissistic staff. I still pondered whether I should jump up and show myself, but I didn't have enough energy. I just sat, helplessly, on a pile of trash. They soon spotted me, but not soon enough. They skidded off of the curve at the end of the road, and soon were off of it. I jumped onto the road to go and help them and follow, but a car sped on the road behind me. I jumped off just in time, taking all of my strength in one burst. Then, I decided to limp off the road. Sure enough, I ended out at the place where the truck-ish thing crashed. All of the passengers were all right but one, who was injured, but the vehicle was damaged beyond repair. Luckily there were more of these people and their cars, so they got another one to come and get them after. I had to wait with the people in lab coats for the next truck to come around. Once it did come, it spotted us and stopped immediately. They allowed me to have a front seat, as I enjoyed, actually enjoyed the ride back to wherever these good staff were taking me. They soon arrived at a large building with many animals inside it. I was led into a small room with a small amount of space, but no doubt appreciated the gesture. There were some pretty nice things there, like trees that you can

scratch to death, and levels that you can go onto or climb into a compartment. They also had squashy, comfortable beds. The only thing that I hated was the way that the staff would put me in a capsule full of this disgusting, wet material. I would constantly try to touch it, but found it all too much. Pretty soon, I found myself facing new staff that were not from the shelter. They were new people, and I liked them.. They had a kind, pleasant aura about them, and I thought that, as I soon found out names, the ‘Tonkses’ would make very nice (as dogs would call them) ‘alphas’. Before long, I had gone to their living space, and was soon enough comfortable in their home.

By: Madison Hubbs
Grade 6, David Thompson Elementary

The Big Surprise

It seemed like an average wintery Wednesday morning. I woke startled by my annoying alarm beeping repeatedly. I showered and prepared myself for a typical day of grade five. We headed out the door and drove toward the school except we didn't turn. "We are going to your dad's orthodontist appointment" my mom said. We had driven for almost an hour and my body started to hurt. "Are we there yet?" I asked, disliking this road trip we were on. "We only have an hour left to go". "Yay" I said sarcastically. Then my mind started drifting off. I kept thinking "why? Why were we here?" When all of a sudden I fell asleep. Next thing I know we were passing a sign that said 100 Mile House. Five minutes later we pulled into a very old looking Tim Hortons restaurant. Sections of the paint were peeling off. All of a sudden a grey truck pulled up. Two girls around the ages of 30 and 35 came out of a truck. My mom and dad got out of our truck, and then my brothers and I. The younger lady opened up the back door of her truck and pulled out a crate. In that crate was the cutest dog I have ever seen. "Meet your new dog" my dad said. I felt so many butterflies in my stomach I thought I would float away. I couldn't believe this was happening. I was so happy that I got a new dog. Little did I know. My new dog was going to be trouble.

A young girl named Peitalu Pompridge lay asleep under a large cherry tree. The tree was hidden away in a golden prairie, over the white fence of a farm. Peitalu would sleep overnight at the base of her tree. There it was quiet, and peaceful. It sheltered her, even when the world turned against her. She liked the canopy it provided with the grass, to keep her safe. She liked the way the Amaryllis and Jasmine flowers grew under peaks of golden light. Peitalu liked the secrets it kept for her, and voices in the breeze, carrying the words into her ear. And now she liked the pink and soft dreams it would give her as she lay, hoping she would never wake up from her dreamland.

But the breaking of dawn woke her, and she could see the loose lace, spiraling out of her hair like the white ribbon in her eyes. And the pink glow of the cherry blossoms painted themselves into a blend of fluffy dreams. It was a truly magnificent morning, until it was not.

It was Papa, he had gone again. Peitalu always had known Papa did not want to be here. It would worry her when he would say he would leave forever. And Papa had a wonderful life here on the farm. But what went on in Papa's head was completely different from the life he shared with Peitalu. Here it was happy, in there it was dreadful.

It all started when Mama wanted to leave, years ago. So Papa did too. But when she left, when she perished, when the fights with Papa had pushed her to the edge of a very large cliff, of which she had to jump off, Papa wanted to jump even more. That was

Sadie Jones

Peitalu Pompridge: Mama's Eyes

Grade 6

St. Ann's Academy

That is what she told him, when the same thing happened. This event had fallen into routine. The truck would come and take her, then Papa would come home, drained of any energy he had left; then life went on.

Sure enough the officer's truck came and loaded her into the back.

"It'll be ok Peitalu, but it will not be the same as it always was." He put an understanding hand on her shoulder.

"It is never the same as the time before Mama left." The officer nodded, and closed the doors. "Mama...Papa...Me." She could barely think the thoughts that accompanied those words.

"Mama...Papa...Me," she choked, the words tumbled out of her mouth like a creek, and ran into a pond of danger, as the truck drove for hours.

She was bounced as the truck drove over bumpy terrain. Then just out of the corner of her eye, Peitalu spotted an odd figure. It was a boy, tattered, but with glowing eyes. There was something about his eyes that gave her chills. They were sparked with red, and passion.

"Why are you here?" the boy said sharply.

"My Papa broke again, my doll, my only piece of paper. They are trying to fix him."

Peitalu stuttered.

"Everyone is made of paper Peitalu Pompridge. We rip." the boy said. He knew her name, and kept a secret, like her tree. Oh how she missed her tree. Oh how she

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missed singing songs with mama, and dancing like fairies with an untattered papa, with who she thought she knew, or who she thought she could save, but she thought wrong.

When Peitalu was three, Mama took her to a hill, she brought a box, and skipped among the daisies.

"There is always a piece of me Peitalu. And I will always look out for you. From the earth while we live to heaven when we die, I will see you through Amaryllis eyes. There is always a better place," and Mama never opened the box. Mama was beautiful that way. Mama was right, there is always a better place.

In the truck the boy watched Peitalu as she began to draw. She drew Mama's eyes, the Amaryllis eyes Mama looked through. Like the boy's eyes, they were sparked with red and passion, but they were not holding secrets.

But soon the eyes of the boy were covered, by a strong beam of sun that rose from far hills.

"Peitalu Pompridge. You will stay in Mrs Walsh's Home For Parentless Girls, please step out."

Peitalu did that, before running. Now she understood, where Papa was going, and where she was going, far , far, away. Like Mama, like Papa, it was her turn to find a better place.

The Asylum

Shaelynn Jones

Rayleigh Elementary

Grade 6

Our story takes place in America, 1997.

The male sighs as he gets out of his car, running a hand through his short blonde hair and picking up his camera from the passenger seat. He is Ross Penza, a closeted gay journalist from Cincinnati, Ohio. He is investigating a supposedly abandoned mental asylum. The Luneda-Koid Mental Asylum is broken down and destroyed. Most of the windows are shattered. It is very dirty and the wooden walls are rotting away. The asylum is in the middle of a dark, shaded oak forest. The forest has an eerie mist hanging over it, and the things you see in the shadows of the sharp branches may make you question yourself and others.

Ross shakily flips open his camera, turning it towards him so that it showed his reflection. His blonde hair was clean and fluffy, puffed up by the bone-chilling winds around Luneda-Koid. He adjusted his glasses and stared with his amber eyes critically into the camera screen. Ross looked up and down at his pale, thin, bony 4'8 figure. Self-consciously he pulled his enormous yellow hoodie closer around his body and turned the camera to record. Ross flips the camera around and makes his way up to the large bronze doors of the asylum.

The Asylum

Shaelynn Jones

Rayleigh Elementary

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When he pushes the doors open, a huge cloud of dust makes its way out and envelopes the 17-year-old. Ross coughs, his asthma getting the better of him, and takes a puff of his purple inhaler. Once he is breathing normally again, he switches on his flashlight and hesitantly takes a small step inside. Ross glances back to his 1996 Acura Integra, but decides against the better judgement to keep going. Step after step, he slowly makes his way inside, hands shaking in fear. Ross does a quick scan of the room with his flashlight, and decides that it must be the entrance hall. He quickly checks around before moving the light to a nearby hallway. Ross cautiously makes his way down it and opens the first door.

When he looks inside the room, he is horrified at what he sees. He takes a step back, gasping. The entire room is filled with lit candles, illuminating the ritual symbols covering the walls and floor. *But if this place is abandoned, who lit the candles?* He thinks, terrified of the thought that he wasn't alone. Ross leaves, unable to look any longer. Opting to walk along the hallway instead of going back, he heads down sweeping the hall with his light.

Ross is creeping silently over the floor when out of nowhere, the wooden boards snap! He crashes through the now broken floor and into a white room. Somehow he

luckily lands on his feet and glances around the room. Ross's amber eyes widen in fear and he scrambles back against a wall. The skinny 17-year-old moves his camera around (which is weirdly not broken and still filming) and illuminates the room with his flashlight. He takes a step forwards, but stops when his foot bumps into something. Ross looks down to his pastel pink converse and sees a skull. The skull of a human being.

He chokes on air, backing up again. At this point, Ross is having a panic attack. He sobs, sliding down the wall onto the ground and burying his face into his knees. He can't handle everything that is happening. With shaking hands, he flips the camera off and hugs himself. Ross rocks back and forth, shivering with fear. When at last he calms down, he shakily stands up and wipes the tears from his cheeks, turning the camera back on. He awkwardly steps over the skull and makes his way to the door. When Ross jiggles the handle, he finds that it's not locked. Holding his flashlight up, he takes a deep breath and makes his way down the halls of Lunneda-Koid's basement.

Ross shivers despite not being cold. He has a feeling of dread that trickles down his back. He knows something bad is going to happen. The 17-year-old boy whips his head around at the sound of a high pitched giggle. Ross' warm breath catches in his

throat and his heart pounds. The giggle sounds again, before a little girl's voice rings through the hallway, turning dark and sadistic at the end.

*"Goodnight, sleep tight, don't let the bedbugs crawl into your ear and **whisper threatening things that make you question yourself~**"* Ross lets a few tears trickle down his cheeks and splash on the cold cement floor. He whimpers quietly, unsure of what to do. Ross tries to make his way back to the room that he fell through. Maybe he can escape through there?

He reaches the room after a short amount of time, and starts to look at the low roof where he fell. Ross shines his flashlight above, and, putting the camera in his pocket, grabs the edge of the hole. The weak news reporter attempts to drag himself up, but fails. He tries again, using all his energy to swing up onto the upper floor, and finally makes it. Ross crawls out into the dark, trying to remember where he came from while still recording and illuminating the way with his flashlight.

The short American male makes his way down the slightly familiar hall, down to the room where he first arrived. When he gets there, he sees the doors wide open and makes a run for it. It looks like he's going to escape, but right as he reaches the

The Asylum

Shaelynn Jones

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enormous, bronze doors, they slam shut, echoing throughout the old wooden corridors of Lunneda-Koid Mental Asylum.

This would normally be the point in the story where the main character dies, but nope. Ross was having none of that. He grabs the door handles and yanks them open, sprinting down the path and to his car. Ross throws open the door, gets in, and speeds off.

Needless to say, he was never going back there again.

The Praying Mantis

For my sister Teagan who is scared of praying mantises.

Once upon a time, there was a girl who was seven years old and her name was Daisy.

She lived with her mom, dad, big sister, little sister and, yes, she was the middle child.

One day her older sister named Susie was talking to her, and she said: "I have seen a green stick under your bed, and I think it is a praying mantis."

Daisy was thinking, "If I could not go downstairs, what if she was not kidding?"

"Well show me a picture if you're not kidding," said Daisy.

After that, Susie agreed to take a picture. So, she went downstairs, took a picture and came back up. She showed Daisy the picture, and there was a praying mantis. Daisy started crying and her big sister couldn't stop laughing. She was still crying, and her mom said "There is no praying mantis under your bed she is just kidding."

Susie yelled, "No, there is one in Daisy's bed, just look."

So their mother looked down the stairs and she screamed, "There is a praying mantis and it's growing!"

The house started to crack and rumble. Then Dad said, "Evacuate now, I'll call the police." So they all got out of the house and called the police. The praying mantis was walking out of the house and breaking it. They quickly got to a safe place far from the praying mantis. It wasn't so long, until... Oh, no! It was growing again, and it was getting bigger than Kamloops! So Daisy's family got back into the car, drove to Kelowna and got

a hotel to sleep in. In the morning, they woke up and they turned on the T.V.. On the news there were a bunch of reports saying that a praying mantis was in the ocean eating the garbage island. Everyone was pretty happy about that because no one wanted garbage floating in the water. People were afraid because having a big praying mantis on the loose was pretty scary. As everyone was freaking out, Daisy started to laugh. Her parents were shocked because she was the one who was scared of it, but then she was happy. Suddenly, the praying mantis started to shrink back to normal, and everyone was very confused. As it was sinking Daisy noticed that the people outside were gathering and they were so happy. So Daisy's family got ready and went back home. Now if anyone asks them what they did this summer they have a long story.

Sarah Kwansica

Grade 6

Bert Edwards Science and Technology School

The Rock

The Rock

January 1st 2019, it was officially the first day of middle school, I didn't know what to expect. Last year my mom told me I would be attending Shuswap Middle School in a whole other city! I was not impressed with the thought. I would know nobody and worst of all, my friends would be attending the same school, Brock Middle, and I was the only one moving away. I finally got out of bed and looked over at my alarm clock, 7:55! My mom called, "Sarah time for school, the school bus is waiting!" I ran and grabbed the closest clothes I could find, not even realising what I had grabbed, then packed my brush in my bag and left. Before I went on the school bus I took a huge breath in, then out, and went on. I was walking down the aisle and all the kids were looking at me and whispering to their friends but I stayed my confident self. Suddenly all my confidence disappeared when one kid laughed and all the others laughed with them. I sat down and sighed. As I finally got off, a kid ran by me, pushing me to the ground and again, everyone laughed and went inside the school. As I was down on the ground I noticed there was a rock that looked different from all the others. It had a purple tint with a circle. Now, it may seem normal, but the circle was perfect- this couldn't be mother nature. I grabbed it and put it in my bag. As soon as I got into the school I ran to the bathroom and that's when I realized what I was wearing. I screamed, "Ahhhhhhhhhh!" I was wearing my clown costume from Halloween.

Sarah Kwansica

Grade 6

Bert Edwards Science and Technology School

The Rock

What was I going to do? I did it. I went to class wearing my clown costume. Everyone made fun of it.

Finally, after a long day of torture, I ran to the bus and got back home. As I walked into my home, I couldn't hold back my tears. I ran to my mom and cried it out. She whispered, "Sweety, what's wrong?" Then she noticed my clown costume. "Oh honey."

I got back up to my room, I grabbed my phone and facetimed all my friends on an instagram groupchat. They all replied and told me how awesome *their* day was and I didn't want them to feel bad for me, so I lied and told them my day was great. My friend Gabriella noticed my clown costume- I had to come up with something. I told her it was costume day.

"Oh that's cool, but kind of weird- isn't it only the first day?" she said in a very confused voice. I told her,

"Yeah weird school huh," then hung up. I sat on the ground and cried again, sobbing, "I wish I could be in the future so I never have to go through this again!" Suddenly I was somewhere else. It looked like home, but mom- she looked so old! Her hair was all grey and she was all wrinkly. I went to the bathroom to try to figure out what was going on. Was I a genie, am I having a seizure, am I dreaming? I was an adult!? I heard a voice out the door crying, "Mommy!"

Sarah Kwansica

Grade 6

Bert Edwards Science and Technology School

The Rock

I ran out, wondering what was happening? I remembered my wish. Maybe if I say I want to go back it will bring me back? "I wish things were back to normal." Nothing happened. I cried. What had I done? I needed some alone time, so I ran away to the only place I could think of- the school. Maybe things would go back to normal if I went there. I sat on the ground and saw the rock again, how did it get back there? Suddenly someone came out of it. It was a man and he was hovering off the ground! I almost passed out. My heart was racing so fast I could barely speak. I finally got the courage to speak.

"Wh-wh-who are you?" He laughed in a suspiciously evil voice, saying,

"Once you make a wish there's no going back."

"What? How? Why?" I stammered. I finally knew all my answers- THE ROCK! It's what caused this.

"Please, there must be some way to go back. Please help me!"

He rolled his eyes and replied, "There is one way..."

"Tell me!" I demanded sternly.

"Okay, okay, you have to find another rock that looks just like this one and wish to reverse the spell"

I pleaded, "Okay where do I find one? Give me a hint please, I'm desperate!"

Sarah Kwansica

Grade 6

Bert Edwards Science and Technology School

The Rock

“Fine,” He continued with an annoyed voice, “it's somewhere where you did wish to be.”

He disappeared. I knew exactly where- Kamloops! I ran back to my house and grabbed some car keys out of the house. No one saw me as I sneakily glided out of the house and clicked the unlock button... electric cars? Luckily I had watched my mom drive a lot- I knew kind of how to drive. I also knew my way back to Kamloops. I made my way out of the driveway with not too much struggle and started to drive. Suddenly when everything was going smooth I heard sirens. I was being pulled over! I sped up and kept switching lanes, driving like a crazy person. With the sirens on I was so scared, but so determined to get the rock. I finally saw the sign saying, “Welcome To Kamloops” and drove right past it. Luckily our school was close by, so I was only a few minutes away. I ran out of my car and hid behind a tree. I saw something purple. It was the rock! I grabbed it and in a scared, determined voice I begged, “I wish things could go back to how they were before the spell!”

I was back finally I was back. I was so happy I grabbed the other purple rock out of my bag and went to the dump. I threw it with all my might so hopefully no one else would find it. I went back home and heard, “Hon’, dinner’s ready!”

I woke up... was that a dream? I went to school thinking about my dream. I stepped off the school bus and saw the purple rock...