

In the dead of night, a light flickered under the sheets of a young girl's bed, as she read *The Adventures Of Robin Hood*. From age four to fourteen she kept reading the books' series.

Someone knocked the door.

"Max? Are you asleep already?" A masculine voice said. She quickly turned the torch off and slid the thick book under her pillow. The door opened.

"Max, I know you're awake c'mon!" The man slipped into the room.

"Max," He cooed.

"Get up!"

Maxine hid under the sheets as the man crept in.

"Aha!" The man exclaimed as he threw the sheets to the foot of the bed.

"Wah! Dad! What did you do that for?!"

Her father had his hands behind his back,

"Guess what I got!"

He pulled out a brand new leather bound book with golden letters on the front. He held the book out to her.

"Is that what I think it is?!"

She scurried to the side of the bed and snatched the book out of his hand. Maxine gasps as her mouth drops.

"Is that, the latest edition of *Robin Hood's* Adventures?! I thought they were sold out!" Isaac would raise his chin proudly.

"They were, until I used my charms on the bookstore keeper!"

“Do you mean you begged and pleaded to the bookstore lady?” Max snickered.

“Maybe I did, maybe I didn’t. No one will ever know Maxy!” Max would sigh at how stubborn her father was. Maybe when she was older, he would change for the better. She thought, but then she laughed to herself at her ridiculous idea.

Ten years later...

Maxine was scurrying around the town trying to find a story she could write about. Max was now twenty-four years old, and her job was being a reporter at TRN inc. Her boss had already threatened about firing her because she hadn’t wrote a story in a month! Maxine was one of the best reporters in TRN inc. It’s just that after her heartbreak with her previous boyfriend, she just couldn’t write!

“Protest, protest to evict the mayor! Sign up!”

Maxine heard as she walked through the streets. She then had a lightbulb, she could write about this! She walked over to the man who was raising the sign and yelling.

“What’s this about sir?” Max asked, gesturing to the signs.

“Well this is a rally against the mayor who has raised the taxes for his own wealth!”

Maxine was speechless, her father *is* the mayor!

“Why do you think that? Maybe he’s a good man in the heart.”

“You’re his daughter aren’t you?” He asked.

“W-Well, you can’t know that for sure...” The man reached for her neck, grabbing her TRN inc. ID. He read what it said ‘Maxine Wells.’

“You *are!*” He snapped.

“If you believe in your father so much, maybe you should check his files and listen in on their meetings without them knowing. You have access right?”

Maxine thought for a second. She *did* have access. She *did* need a story and she *does* want to know if this man was telling the truth.

“Fine!” She exclaimed helplessly.

“That’s a good girl. Now take a camera with you. It’ll help you *capture* the truth.”

Maxine walked away. Though she was eager to tell that man that he was wrong. But something deep inside of her knew, it was the truth.

She scurried to the end of her desk, trying to find her old camera.

“What are you doing?” her boss, Clarissa asked.

“Uh, I found a story, just need to take pictures...”

Her sweat dropped. She didn’t seem suspicious, did she? Clarissa has a great poker face.

“Fine. Be back by noon.” Clarissa decided, making Max relieved.

“Get going, I want to read that story soon!”

“Yes ma’am! I won’t let you down!”

When she was finally at her father’s office, she quickly went through his files trying to find the recent currency file. The door opened. Maxine shot under the desk to hide.

“Hello? Anyone here? Weird, must be my imagination,” a man said.

The door closed, Max sighed. She should have never been here, if she could have just... The door swung open. Someone or something came trotting in. It was their guard dog, Jet.

“Hey buddy! Be quiet okay...”

Max pet the dog, trying to soothe him. Jet was about to bark. Maxine shoved a piece of leftover beef jerky in his mouth from lunch. “Quiet!” She whispered urgently. Jet chewed on the jerky laying down, letting Maxine do her work.

Max searched for hours trying to find the currency file. When she finally found it, the door swung open again. She ducked down, hiding under the desk.

“We’ll finally be richer after this Leon! Finally, after all these years of being bankrupt!” A familiar voice boomed. “Yes, raise them higher, higher!” At this point, Max was taping their voices on her phone. She heard a “*bang*” on the table. “This is the plan...” Isaac explained. They whispered, so she couldn’t make out their words.

They left the room leaving the blueprint behind. Max slipped out of the shadows, taking pictures of the planner and the currency file with her camera.

Max went back to the office and started typing. She showed her work and the evidence to Clarissa. After it was published, they both went to the police. The story got the top place in rankings with roughly, six-hundred million views on *The Real News Magazine*.

A week later her father was arrested. He looked at Maxine with teary eyes. “Why, Max? I thought we were friends! Friends don’t do that to each other! I thought you, *trusted* me!” “Well, trust is the big word and, I stole your trust.”

“Thief, you’re a thief!” Her father retorted.

Nicole Labad

Fighting With Words

Grade Six

Dallas Elementary

“Then I’m the *Robin Hood* of the city” There was a pause. “Isaac.” She had a gleam in her eyes, like the shine she used to have when she read the legend’s stories.

Samaya Lidder  
Grade 6  
Arthur Stevenson Elementary School  
Isolation

Even the prettiest words bleed. Even the most hawkish feelings sound like a song. Isolation has a ring to it, something that seems so icy yet in a calm peaceful way. It makes the most chaotic thoughts look angelic. You could sit and watch the dust float through the mild sun. Gracefully destroyed is perfect way to describe this feeling. The many elements pull together this feeling. The sound takes the form of the loudest sound in the world, the sound of silence. Silence can icerate the mind. Most music blocks away all your virulent thoughts while silence welcomes them with open arms. The look of it is so deathlike, tranquil, and placid. The only thing that moves is you. Your heartbeat, the blood flowing through your body, your lungs as they move up and then down. Even if you sit still you are the only moving thing.

All these things spring into your head at once. You're not even able to comprehend what all these thoughts are. You just feel beaten, or ganged up on. You start to think "what could I have done differently? How am I even here? How could I have changed the past so that I wouldn't be so alone?"

That's another thing, you focus mainly on the past. You do this because you feel there is no future, no events await for you. Either you only think of your many mistakes throughout your life and learn to hate yourself or you remember your most endeared memories, and think of how you're not there right now.

Samaya Lidder  
Grade 6  
Arthur Stevenson Elementary School  
Isolation

As humans we have many essential needs such as food, water, shelter, etc. We also need adrenaline and social connections. As humans it is in our blood to be confounded and panicked. Sometimes we need to take a risk and we need to feel in danger. When your isolated you feel nothing because everything stays the same. Nothing new or thrilling ever happens and ever will happen. It's almost like looking at a picture, because as you may know pictures don't move. A picture may be so astonishingly thrilling but you still can't stare at it forever without getting bored at some point. They say a sign of losing sanity is talking to yourself. Though when you have nobody else to talk to, you look to yourself for comfort. Soon you ignore the screaming in your head as you know there is nothing it can do to you. It's not that you can't hear it anymore it's just that you're used to it. In order to make sure your brain is stimulated, you come up with new voices that you're not used to. In a way this is the only function in the brain that keeps us from going sane. In those few moments when the voices stop for a split second it feels like you're breathing for the first time. It feels like pure and real relief.

Some people can survive longer without others. It can be described as independance or being introverted. Though if you're an introvert or independent, that doesn't mean you're immune to loneliness, it just means you'll survive longer. It just means it'll take longer for the isolation to kick in.

Samaya Lidder  
Grade 6  
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Isolation

## **Isolation**

Isolation is like sweet little poison that can be added to the air we breath. Symptoms of this isolation poisoning can be extreme loneliness or silence. It doesn't kill you, it just tortures you. Like an illness that sticks to you for your whole life. Is there a way to grow out of it? A cure? Of course, the cure is communication. Though in this day and age the cure is unavailable to many. In our society we tend to push communication far away from ourselves. Isolation and loneliness can be quite similar to many other illnesses.

Fear can also be a factor in isolation. The fear that you'll never be able to speak or to see your loved ones again. The fear you might even forget them or lose vision of them in your mind. At the same time a part of you wants you to forget them or lose vision of them in your mind. It's just one less devastating thing to think about. Even then it's impossible to stop thinking about it.

When there is no outside noise your mind will make noise on the inside. It will keep doing that until you find your communication. Most people would describe isolation as simply loneliness and just that. Loneliness is a part of isolation but it is not the full thing. Isolation is a double deal. To feel isolated you would need silence and to feel lonely at the same time.



Samaya Lidder  
Grade 6  
Arthur Stevenson Elementary School  
Isolation

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My advice for anybody who feels isolated is to reach out and hold on. For even the prettiest words bleed and even the most hawkish feeling sounds like a song.

## US

There I was, standing there hopelessly, unable to do anything. I was paralyzed with fear. I couldn't move a single bone in my entire body. This was a horrifying occurrence I will never forget. It has been three years since then, and I had almost forgotten about it; until today. I was at my job, minding my own business, when out of the corner of my eye I saw him. I just about fell out of my seat right then and there. I knew he had come back for me.

All I could think about was why Scott was back and what was he trying to do. I tried to just mind my own business and ignore him, but it was no use. He bothered me all day long. While I was walking home from work, he followed me until eventually he grabbed my wrist and yanked me into a dark alleyway. He asked if I remembered him and I was kind of offended that he even asked a stupid question like that. I mean, of course I remembered him! If you're thinking to yourself "remember him from what?" Well, I'll tell you what I remember him from.

He and I used to date, that's what. We had been dating for the past three years when all of this happened. We went on an incredibly fancy dinner date at this place called Dominos Pizza. We were heading to the car to go home when he stopped me and said that he had to ask me something. I suspected nothing from it but, I was very wrong. He took me to a place I had never seen before. As I was still marveling at the beauty of the place I noticed him get down on one knee. He pulled out the ring and asked me to marry him.

All I could do was stare at him in shock. We were only seventeen at the time, which means that we were still underage. I told him that my parents said that they would disown me if I ever became married or anything like that before I turned eighteen. The scary part of all of this is what happened next. As soon as I said no, he got up and began beating me until I was crying on the floor. He was screaming at me and said that he wouldn't stop hitting me until I accepted his marriage proposal. I was left with no choice but to say yes to that horrible man.

When I told my mom and dad about all of this, leaving out the part where he hurt me, they got mad at me and like I said they would, they disowned me. That was the most mentally scarring thing that has ever happened to me.

Scott said that I had to pay for the whole wedding myself. I told him that I had no money. Scott told me that I had to get a job and before I knew it I became his personal slave. I was miserable until one day while I was at work a lady came up to me and said that her name was Alice. She asked me if anything was wrong because she told me that I looked really worried about something.

Turns out I wasn't as skilled at covering it up as I imagined I was. The moment Alice asked me if I was okay I immediately burst out into tears right there in front of everyone. She took me outside and I told her what had been happening with Scott and about the way he had been abusing me. She looked shocked and said that we must do something about this immediately. I stopped her right away because I knew that he would injure me if he knew that I told our secret. I had never told anyone this before

because I was too scared to do so, but there was just something about Alice that made me feel like I had known her my whole life.

As I was begging her to not call the police and inform them of this serious problem, she reminded me of one particularly important detail. He can't hurt me if he's in prison. I had never thought about that before. I let her call the cops and before I knew it they were at my house. I saw them taking Scott away and he was pretending that none of this had happened and that he had done absolutely nothing wrong.

A few days later he got put in jail after the judge said he was guilty, and I haven't seen him since. Until today, when he dragged me into the alley and he pinned me up against the wall.

"What are you gonna do? Hit me?" I yelled at him. Tears were streaming down my face at this point. To my surprise, he only said one thing.

"I'm sorry."

Then he just walked away. I hoped I would never see him again, yet I still whispered something under my breath as his shadow faded away.

"It's okay."

# Two poems

Catherine McVurrach  
Lloyd George Elementary

Gr. 6

Italia

My time in Florence,  
Was such an enriching experience.  
From the beautiful Duomo,  
To fascinating Michel Angelo.  
From the Uffizi to the Médicis ,  
And the Academia,  
Oh how I love Italia!

A Murder of Crows

I was out for a walk and witnessed a murder.  
It was in downtown Vancouver.  
The sky was covered in birds,  
And someone who didn't know better would call it a herd.  
It wasn't a bad thing in the least.  
In fact, no one was deceased!  
It was amazing and magical,  
For crows are such beautiful animals.

## Last man standing.

{My favourite part of my story}

Esther Mitchell

Grade 6

Kay Bingham

“Time for a lecture!” my teacher yelled happily. The lecture was almost over, but I was so tired... I started to doze off when suddenly the lunch bell rang.

“Time for your lunch, kids!” yelled the teacher. The kids scrambled out the door like mice running to cheese. Everyone except me. I slumped over to the door as if being pulled down by a ball and chain. I walked down the crowded hall trying to avoid everyone as if they had a disease. I grabbed a clean tray and scooped up the gross slop from the server.

“This stuff looks old!” I complained with disgust.

“You just gonna complain or starve to death!?” said Ms. Spoon.

“I’d rather starve then eat this gross stuff.” I groaned.

“Are you being a bad kid?” she asked firmly. “You know where bad kids go right?”

“Yes! I know.” I claimed “They go to the shack.” I rolled my eyes.

“And they stay there until they find a way out, huh?”

“Yeah, yeah! Can I go now?” I asked.

“Fine, Brat!” she glared. Her cold stare chilled down my spine as she stared at me while I walked away.

I always hated that lady. She’s scarier than Mondays. I dropped my tray on the table beside Jake. “Ugh that stupid lunch lady.” I said rudely.

“Yeah! I know, but don’t you think that’s a salty attitude?” Jake asked in concern.

“Yeah, but she gets me furious!” I yelled.

Suddenly the whole cafeteria went silent. “Oh my goodness! Is little Nerdy having a tantrum?” said Natasha. Her royal subjects slowly came by her side as if protecting her from the ferocious beast, which is me.

“Can you get you and your oggers out of here?” I complained. “Um no, Nerd.” she fought back.

“You’re sitting at our table.” she complained. “So leave, Nerd! I can tell my dad that you’re being bad and he will send you on the bus!” she threatened.

“Natasha, please. You know that bus is a hoax.” I stated. She’s so lucky that her dad is the principal. If he wasn’t, she would be head first in the garbage can right now. “Just leave, Natasha!” I screamed in her face.

“No.” she said firmly. “I won’t leave until you fight me.” She spoke with a dark voice. For a second I was scared but on the inside I know she’s just a little baby fussy because she wants her bottle.

“You want first punch?” I asked.

“Gladly.” She said quickly. She shot a fast left hook but I dogged it quickly.

“Go easy on me, Nerd,” she forced.

“I’ll try!” I yelled. All my energy shot up from my spine and traveled through my arm to my fist. I closed my eyes as I punched. I felt my arm collide with her nose. “Crack!” I heard a snap coming from in front of me. The yelling went silent.

“What’s going on?” I asked with my eyes closed shut. I heard a thud in front of me. I slowly opened my eyes waiting for someone to start crying. Then I looked at the ground. I wanted to just drift away without anyone noticing.

“I...” My heart dropped from my chest to my toes. Whispers that sounded like ghosts came from the crowd around me. The doors of the cafeteria shot open like the swat team was trying to force themselves into the room.

“What did you do!? You’re so stupid look what you did!” he screamed.

“I... I just protected myself.” I shrugged trying to stop the tears from rushing down my face. But I couldn’t help it. The tears ran down my face like a waterfall. “Well, you should see what she does to me, Jake! What are you on her side now?” I yelled.

“N-no...” Jake stuttered. “I’m sorry ok!” Jake pleaded.

“I knew it one day you would drop me and crawl to Natasha!” I yelled as I sobbed loudly.

Natasha was still out cold on the floor. Her body as still as a corpse. Her dad ran to me with a mad look painted on his face. “I’m sorry, sir! She tried to hurt me!” I said sobbing.

He grabbed me firmly. I felt his cold boney hand grabbing my wrist. “You’re going on the bus. You’ll reach the shacks at about noon,” he said angrily.

“They abuse people there. You will get arrested!” I yelled. He took me by the arm and forced me out of the cafeteria. “It’s not my fault!” I cried.

“Don’t care look! What you did to my daughter!” he yelled. He cursed under his breath like he just stubbed his toe. He dragged my lifeless body over to the door. I tried to stop crying but that made me want to cry more.

“I’ll call the police!” I informed.

“Shush it, Opal! You’ve had over fifty absences and twenty-five behaviour slips this year.” he mentioned. “So don’t act innocent.”



He took me to the back corner of the bus parking lot. The buses were all around me. They buses creaked as we walked pass them like stepping on old floorboards. At the very back was a beaten old bus with yellow paint peeling off like a banana.

The tires looked new and so did the doors, windows and headlights. I saw a figure sitting in the driver's seat on the creepy looking bus.

“Get in the bus young lady.” he said with an evil smirk. *How can I escape this mess?* I thought to myself. *Should I fight back..? Or should I stay put and not make things worse.*

## Blue Note

I woke up Saturday morning, as I lay in bed slowly waking up, something about the day seemed different. Was I supposed to do something today? Was I forgetting something? I thought for a minute, but I couldn't put my finger on it, all I knew was that something felt odd.

"Kataline, time for breakfast." Mom called from downstairs.

I kicked the blankets back and skipped down the stairs. The air was filled with the delightful smell of Mom's cooking.

I cheerfully greeted her with "Good morning!"

"Good morning Kat" she replied.

I sit down at the table and dig into the steaming plate of eggs, bacon and toast.

Once I finished and brought my empty dishes to the counter, I noticed something sitting on the window sill. It was a blue piece of paper that I had not seen before.

I guess Mom noticed me looking at it with a strange look, and said

"It was in the mail box this morning."

I flipped it over in my hand. There was no address or names anywhere on it, except for two little initials K.A. on the bottom left corner in red ink. I ran upstairs and yelled back

"Thanks for breakfast Mom!"

I went into my room, jumped on my bed and wondered who it could have come from. I unfolded it, and read:

*I writing to tell you that you need to run away at 10:03 this morning or you and your family will be in danger. You will be safe in the woods. Once you get there, look under the reddish rock, and there will be more instructions on where to go.*

I let out a small squeal, and ran downstairs to show my mom, but I couldn't find her anywhere. It seemed so strange as she had just been there and wouldn't leave without saying something first. I dropped my note on the table. I became very worried about what happened to her but knew that I had to follow the note's instructions in hopes to keep her safe. I bolted up stairs, grabbed my duffle bag, and started throwing clothes into it. I run into the bathroom, grab my hairbrush and toothbrush. I thought to myself as I'm grabbing the toothbrush,

"what do I really need this for?"

I drop it back on the counter, went back downstairs and I whispered to myself,

hospital the week before, and he knew something was very wrong and called the police. They were able to track us by the clues left in the notes.

Later that night once the chaos settled down, I snuggled with my parents on the couch. We were very thankful we were all safe and together. I didn't think that the feeling I had had this morning about the day being different would have ever led to such a terrifying day. I made sure all the windows and doors were locked as I headed to bed. I hope that I don't have that feeling of worry again in the morning and wish for a really dull day tomorrow.

## There's a Monster in my House

There's a monster in my house and I can't get rid of it. I'm hiding in my bedroom with the door closed tight. I'm shivering and shaking because the monster chased me in here. My clothes are all ripped and ruined from his sharp bites and scratches. Even my brand new Costco tights have been ruined - the first time I wore them. All I can hear outside my bedroom door is scratching and growling. There is no way out. Help me! I think I've been in here for days but I don't know because the monster ate my phone. My mom's going to kill me when she finds that out.

I am so hungry right now. I couldn't have breakfast today because the monster attacked me and stole my food. He has a bottomless pit for a stomach and he gets bigger by the minute. After the black furry monster eats all of the food, it runs around the house making a huge mess. If I get up during the night when it's dark, I slip in the giant puddly messes. I have nightmares about him showing up when I'm at school and attacking my friends as well. They don't believe there is a monster living with me.

I'm still trapped in my room. I have to find a way out - it's like an escape room. I have to use my brain. Aha, I have an idea! I could go out the window! The window is shut so tight because I've never opened it very far. There's a screen on it, so I take the screen off and push really, really hard to get the window open enough to crawl through. Ouch, I fall on my butt and sit there for a minute. Once the sting has gone away, I get up and say to myself, "I've got this. No more monster."

### There's a Monster in my House

Just then as I turn the corner of the back yard, I scream, "Oh my gosh, the monster got outside too!!!!" Now I'm trapped in the backyard. I try to get up the wall and back through the window but it's too tall. All of the sudden the monster has caught up to me, scratched my pants down around my ankles and biting my cold, bare legs. I decide, "This is it! I can't beat this monster. I can't avoid it. So, I'm going to tame him." I devise a plan:

Step one. Put a collar on him. When I try put a collar on the monster the monster bites me like crazy and I can not get the monster to let go of the collar. He is a pain. He never listens to me. I do not like what he does to me! I never recommend getting a monster like my monster. He is a beast.

Step two. Put a rope on the monster. All the monster ever does is tug and tug until I let go. I try and hold on to it as long as I can but this monster is crazy. He needs some help . We need some help! I tried my hardest try to get him on a leash. He refuses so I go without it I pretend all will be fine.

Step three. Put food in your pockets. But when you do put food in your pocket, be prepared: he bites your pocket! Naturally, he gets a pieces of the treats in his mouth. He is very mean. He never lets me do anything!

Step four. Try to take him for a walk. When I take him for a walk, he runs into the middle of the road and then sits there! He refuses to listen to me. Then he dicides to follow Anjaleta. I try to bribe him with a treat but he does not listen! I have to go home alone.

### There's a Monster in my House

When I get home, there is the monster with Andjaleta. She is there with the monster, playing, and trying not to get bit. I said to her, "I would stop if I were you! This monster has very sharp teeth." This monster is too crazy for me. I am still scared of him but he is so much easier if no one else is walking on the trail.

I am hiding again because of the monster. He is still crazy but I like him better now, thanks to my brain! It helped me tame my mom's crazy monster. He is still not the best monster but he is better than he was before. I think my taming him worked like I knew it would. I hope I can figure out how to make him stay this way! Silly puppy, I love you Huxley.

# **The Pie Princess**

**Keira Moss**

**Grade 6**

**Arthur Hatton Elementary**

*Once* upon a time, there was a beautiful girl named Violet. Her family was very poor and they lived in a small cottage off in the hillside. She lived with her three sisters, her mom and her dad. One day her parents said “We’re so sorry, but we don’t have enough money to care for so many children, so one of you are going to have to move out.” Since Violet was the eldest daughter she said “I will move out.” She packed her belongings, said a very tearful goodbye and left. On Violet’s way out her father gave her some gold to help start her new adventure.

The first day was pretty easy. She found a covered area nearby a small village and decided to call that home. She gathered some items to build a shelter and went into the village to purchase some food. Violet had always loved cooking with her mother, but had really wished she had paid more attention to how to do it properly. The only thing she knew how to make well was leek soup and chicken. So, for the next few days she had nothing but that.

Violet knew she would need to find a way to earn more gold, so she decided to head to the village to see what she could find. While Violet was there she visited many little, colourful shops and saw lots of interesting things, but none were as special as a set of measuring spoons she found. They were sparkly purple and she knew she needed to have them. She used the last of her gold to buy them and went home happy, hoping these would help her cook better.

First she tried biscuits, as Violet had never been able to get them to rise before. They worked out perfectly. Then she tried chocolate chip cookies, and they came out great too, all gooey and soft, just the way her mom made them. Maybe these sparkly purple measuring spoons were magical! Everything she tried to cook or bake turned out amazing. The more recipes she tried, the more she noticed that the spoons started actually cooking and baking for her. Violet didn’t have to do anything anymore. She was very excited and couldn’t wait to see what she could do. Everyday she spent hours cooking pies and cakes to sell for gold. She saved her money hoping to buy herself a small cottage one day.

The village couldn’t stop talking about her pies, they were so delicious. As soon as the prince heard of this he had to go see what everyone was talking about. However, he didn’t want to be seen as the prince, so he dressed like village folk. When he arrived at the village he asked around at the market until he found the table selling the pies. When he saw Violet he thought that she was so beautiful that he bought one of her pies ate it with her. He stayed with Violet and they talked for hours. The prince told her about how he loved her pies and how she was an amazing baker. She

told him about her family and how she had to move away and how she still missed them so much. Violet felt like she could say almost anything to this stranger. He kept complimenting her cooking, so she shared her secret of the magic sparkly purple measuring spoons. She showed him how they could bake or cook anything she wanted. She was embarrassed that she wasn't the actual person making the food and told the prince she didn't deserve his kind words.

The prince blushed and told Violet that he had a secret too. He was actually not a village folk, but was the prince. He told her he didn't care if she wasn't making the food, she was beautiful and he asked her to be his wife. Violet was so happy she said yes. They got married the day after and Violet continued to bake pies everyday for the prince, so many that he gave her the name of Pie Princess. With all the gold she made from selling pies she was able to help her family and gave them lots of gold and they all lived happily ever after.

**The End**



Anisha Narang  
Grade 6  
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### Life Is Too Precious, Don't Destroy It

Life is the most important gift that has been given to us. It is only made possible because of this beautiful planet we live on. But we are destroying the Earth and its environment because of the way we live our lives. This is not only going to affect just human life but also ocean life, plants and other species found on Earth.

Human activity is creating pollution. For example, industrial emissions, burning of fossil fuels to power our cars, poor disposal of wastes, mining, cutting down forests and using chemicals for farming are all activities that are releasing harmful gases into the Earth's atmosphere and is causing global warming. Global warming is the slow increase in the Earth's temperature. The average temperature has increased 1.4 degrees Fahrenheit over the past one hundred years. It does not sound like much but it is doing a lot of damage. The warmer temperature is causing melting of glaciers and mountain ice caps, raising sea levels, floods, droughts, powerful storms and tornadoes. It has been reported that these types of changes have killed 150 000 people every year for the past thirty years and will only get worse.

Global warming is affecting the ecosystem. With warmer temperatures farming zones are changing. It is becoming more difficult for farmers to grow certain crops in areas where they once grew. In Europe, hundreds of plant species will disappear and hundreds more will move thousands of miles away. Rising temperatures increase the reproduction rates of insects. This will cause more danger to human lives as insects can carry many different diseases.

Pollution and global warming is also harming ocean life. In the ocean, carbon dioxide pollution is causing a decrease in oxygen levels. As a result, fish and other marine life struggle to survive and some die off completely. Species in the oceans that depend on other species for food struggle to

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McGowan Park Elementary  
Life Is Too Precious, Don't Destroy It

survive as well. This is what is happening to the Orca whales, which is an endangered species because it does not have enough food to eat. The pollution also makes the oceans become more acidic and this, along with warming ocean temperatures, is destroying coral reefs. Coral reefs provide shelter and nutrients for marine life and they protect coastlines from waves and tropical storms. Coral reefs grow more slowly in warm, acidic conditions. Scientists estimate that about one fifth of the world's coral reefs has been lost or is damaged. Without coral reefs, marine life will not be able to survive.

I am just one person though, what can I do that will change all these problems. This is exactly what we cannot think! I think there are certain steps we can take. We need to recycle more and produce less waste that ends up in landfills. We need to take steps to lower car emissions. This can be done by making electric cars more accessible to everyone, which will reduce carbon monoxide production. Making higher quality, energy efficient, public transportation will mean there will be fewer cars on the road producing pollution. We need to power our homes with renewable energy such as solar power. High efficiency appliances and LED light bulbs use less energy and will have less impact on the environment. We need to control open field burning of agricultural waste which produces millions of tons of carbon dioxide. One very important thing we can do is plant more trees which will give us more oxygen and remove carbon dioxide.

All life is precious. By helping save our planet we will not only help save human lives but those of plants and animals that share the Earth with us.

# Lantern

The fog was making a thick, white blanket over the frosty grass. The moon was full and the air was cool and crisp. Every time I stepped, I could hear the grass crunching under my feet. The trees around me were evenly spaced and the soft glow of my lantern was making shadows on the trees. By this time my hands were numb. Looking up at the moon I rested my lantern on a nearby rock that stood above the fog. I took a look at my surroundings. Nothing but trees, a couple of sticks and some little rocks. Rummaging my hand around under the thick layer of fog, I grabbed all the sticks I could. Running my hand over a sharp stick I felt blood drip down my arm. That wasn't the problem right now, I piled the sticks next to the rock with my lantern. Before long my pile of sticks had emerged from the fog. Laying them out flat under the fog, I layed down in them. Making myself comfortable I put some of the sticks under me and some on top. Finally finished nesting I fell asleep next to the light of the lantern. I hear a loud crack from above me.

I jolted up from my bed. My body was cold and still. Looking around my room, calming down I said to myself "just a dream". Getting out of my bed something didn't feel right. Looking out the window I saw it was dark outside. That darkness was disrupted by a glow in the distance, almost as if it was a lantern in the night. I took a deep breath then I threw on my white, fluffy winter coat over my pink llama pjs and grabbed the old lantern from my dresser. Creeping down the stairs didn't work, every time I took a step on the stairs the old floorboards creaked and moaned like a crying

# Lantern

puppy. Making it to the bottom of the staircase, I left out to the forest behind my house. "Knew those woods in the dream looked familiar" I whispered to myself. Turning the little knob on the lantern, it lit up with no hesitation. I looked back at the house, then turning into the woods. There was an uneasy feeling in my gut, walking in the same direction as light, as my pleasant yellow house faded out of view. I must have been walking for fifteen minutes by now so I decided to turn back. "What?" I murmured. I know these wood like the back of my hand but for some reason I didn't even recognize which direction I came from. I glanced around me, I saw it, it was the rock in my dream... the one I had placed my lantern on. I slowly walked over to it and felt the ground under to fog where the bed of sticks were. My eyes widened and chills where going down my spine, it was the bed of sticks I had made. All too soon the rest of the "dream" hit me like a brick. "What?" the words somehow make it out of my mouth in a grumble despite being paralyzed in fear. My head felt dizzy. The air was getting thicker and harder to inhale, before I knew it I was gasping for air but none came in. Like I was being choked but nobody was there.

**B**efore I knew it I was waking up in my own bed again, but this time I knew what to do, leaping out of my warm, safe bed I booked it down the hall to my parents room, flinging the door open "MOM" I bawled but nothing. Looking in around I saw that nothing out of place. The room was spotless. Down the hall to my sisters room it was the same. I checked the whole house, there was nobody. I stepped out the back door, grabbed five

# Lantern

logs of wood from the porch and swiftly ran it back inside. Placing the logs in the fireplace I started a large warm fire. Sitting on the carpet with a hot cocoa in hand and a large blanket wrapped around me. I felt bulky tears roll down my cheek, I started bawling. Wishing for my mom back and praying for my sister return. I cried myself to sleep in front of the fire, afterall what's a ten year old boy supposed to do with no parents?

I woke up in a cave made of blankets. With a swift movement I removed the covers, the realization of it not being a dream brought back my doubt. "Still dark?" I mutter in disbelief, slowly lifting myself out of the nest I made out of blankets. Walking to the kitchen window, leaning over the sink of dirty pots and pans, I stared in confusion, how could it still be dark after all this time?

Looking at the moon I saw it was in the same spot as last night and even in the dreams... nothing made sense anymore, I need to take responsibility. Before long the dishes were as clean as a brand new car. The floor looked as if it had been polished by Cinderella. I had fixed myself a bed by the fireplace so I can be warm. By the time I was done I was sweating bullets, but the house looked brand new. I know I must have been working for hours but the moon never moved. Then, out of the corner of my eye I see it, it's the all too familiar lantern glow in the night. Running to the window half-hiding behind the poinsettia my mom had got, I glare at the source of the light. This time it's not going away from the house, it's coming to it! Watching to see what emerges from the trees, to

Klaira nielsen  
Rayleigh elementary  
Grade six

# Lantern

see who, or what it is. I'm getting restless as the glow of the light slowly makes its way  
to the edge of the trees...

## Whispers

I am the whispers.

I keep you up at night, the soft echo swarming your head.

I am the darkness pulling you in, you want to hear me.

I am the soft, quiet insecurity you have,

the way your classmates talk about you,

the way you feel, quiet, invisible, not yet accepted.

I whisper to you, only you, only in your head,

“You are none of those.”

“You are perfect, don’t let the world put you down

and if it does, get back up again.”

I am the soft cry you turn into loud laughs.

I am the unheard noises you crank up for the world to hear.

I make you complete.

I am the whispers.

## Lightning

I am the lightning.

The streak of light showing you the world in the most frightful way.

I am the killer,

the magnet.

If I feel the pull of metal

it is over for you.

You have to watch your step,

walk with caution,

because

if you upset me

I might hurt you.

I am the feelings you have:

sorrow,

pain,

loneliness

with one speck of light.

I am

the light

leading you on your journey,

I tempt you

to see where I end

but if you travel too far you might never find your way back.

I am the lightning.



## The Fight

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“She’s not okay, is she? What happened to her!?” I snapped.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**The Hunt for Dragons**

Everleigh lived a fairly normal life. She grew up to the age of 12 on a farm, golden fields stretching around the few deep red, barns they had. Everleigh looked different from her classmates. She had butterscotch, brown hair to her shoulders, almost always wore plaid, and had a brown, leather backpack where she kept her journal, sketch pad, along with a few broken pencils. Everleigh just spent her days going to school, then after, on the farm to sketch out all of the machines, tools, and animals surrounding her. She lived with her mother and her older brother, Jacob. One very odd day, Everleigh got up extra early and got ready for school. From the kitchen, all she could hear were the drips from the faucet and the cows, ready to be let out for the morning. So she jumped up, latching her hand onto her bag on the way out, figuring she wouldn't have to go back inside and would just catch the bus when it came. She waited, and waited, but the faded, yellow bus never came. Never drove by, and screeched the breaks on to a stop by the red stop sign. Everleigh got teased, for the way she looked, for the way she lived. Sitting there on the grass, all she could think about was the people that teased her, and that's where it all started.

She got it stapled in her head that school would just bring her down. So she stopped waiting. She always loved to explore. Everleigh made up her mind to go into the woods and draw what she saw of the farm. She walked through the glowing, green grass, the golden wheat as it swayed in the wind, and the several trees with orange flowers surrounding them, all the way to the woods. The woods looked as if they hadn't been touched in years. Tall, dark trees creating a huge layer of overlapping shadows beneath the leaves. She felt something zip behind her! She jolted her head back, seeing nothing. If she went home she would have been in trouble so she bolted into a sprint and headed deeper into the woods. She heard the zipping sound several more times so she ran off the trail she was on. She ran, and ran, and then came to a stop at an unusual looking grey brick building. It had many different shapes and lines all over the walls. Everleigh, terrified from what had just occurred, ran into the building without a doubt. She instantly forgot about what just happened when she locked her eyes on what was inside.

Inside the mysterious building was a glowing egg. Everleigh had never seen anything so beautiful, like a perfectly imperfect sun. She stood there for what seemed like forever. The glow from the egg created a warm blanket over Everleigh's blushed face. She sat there in complete silence until... Crack! The egg started to move and make little squeaking noises. Everleigh ran over to the egg with a little hesitation. She put her calloused hands on the thin layer of shell. The egg felt fragile but stable. It was warm, and with the bright glow, she could see the shadow of the creature inside.

Everleigh waited for a long, long time. She killed the time by drawing her surroundings. The egg, the patterns on the wall, and the woods outside. The egg was still moving. Something felt wrong to her. She paid just enough attention to know that it shouldn't take too long for an animal to hatch or it may die in their egg. She didn't want to sit there and watch the creature die, so she grabbed what was left of the thin, off-white layer of shell, and peeled it off. "Eww!" Everleigh said in disgust, as she dropped the shell, staring at the egg. There seemed to be a second layer of the shell. It looked like a pink colour, and was stretchy and was again, very thin. She pulled her shirt over her mouth and nose, in attempt to block out the foul smell. "Aah!", she shrieked as the egg nudged open. Two little green blobs tumbled off the small steps where the egg laid. One yawned, the other didn't move. She took one long look at them and jumped up and screamed... "Dragons!"

The two little creatures immediately stood up and attempted to make some kind of rawr, but it came out more of a squeal. The dragons were a deep, green colour, with fierce, yellow eyes. They had shiny, thick scales that felt warm to the touch. Their little wings stretched out, looking like stretched out hide. They also had honey yellow veins scattered throughout their little, fragile bodies. Everleigh's mind raced with ideas. She scooped them up in her arms, and blanketed them with her plaid shirt. Everleigh glanced out of the dim doorway, only finding the gloomy trees, now swaying in the wind. She took one last look at the broken egg, and started to slowly run out of the doorway. All she could think about were what people would think of her

discoveries, and fairly, what they would do about it. She had been running for a while when she realized she had ran right off the trail! She slowed down to a steady stop, the wind nipping at her nose. Through the bushes and trees, she could barely see it, but there was a dusty, golden coloured brick wall. She carefully placed the dragons down and walked through the bushes, discovering more than she has expected. There were brick walls, some falling apart. There were little waterfalls everywhere, with bright blue water pouring down gracefully. She sat down, her eyes almost hitting the floor themselves, and slowly drifted off. The next morning, as she blinked her eyes open, she thought to herself in a panic, “Where did they go?”

The Adventures of Emily  
By Rogue Provencal  
Raft River Elementary  
Grade 6

Hi I'm Emily, a normal 15 year old girl with brown hair and blue eyes. I love to hike and play soccer! I'm actually going to the soccer field right now, I play for the Clearwater Secondary girls soccer team! I play Center defense because I have a huge kick and I can run fast! I've been playing soccer for 5 years now! My best friends on the field with me are Hannah, Sarah, Gabby, and my best friends joining... Presley! Last year my soccer team placed first in our soccer tournament ,undefeated! I got about five awards for best player and heart and hustle! Anyways, I've gotta run, catch ya later!

“ Are you ready Emily!?”, said Cody.

Oh ya did I mention I have a boyfriend? He's a really sweet 16 year old who has dirty blonde hair and grayish blue eyes. He's also very athletic and fit. We are going on a date right now, he said he's taking me to a surprise place! Oh he's serious about this one! Hes blind folding me right now! And were getting into the car and now we are off!

10 Minutes Later...

“ Okay! You can take the blindfold off now!”

I took off the blindfold to see a sign that says, “Welcome To Clearwater Airport.”

I was in shock and confusion, I asked “ why are we at the airport?”

Cody replied saying, “you will see.” with a smirk on his face.

The Adventures of Emily  
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We walked into the airport. As we were walking in Cody passed me a plane ticket that said:

Date of flight: March 18th    Arrival back: March 25th    Name: Emily Cooper    Age: 15

I read the very last part of the info! It said destination: DISNEY WORLD!  
OMG! Cody is taking me to Disney World!! He is the sweetest person alive! I hugged Cody and gave him a kiss! Then I realized, March 18th is today! That means Disney world today!

“Cody!, Have you even talked to my parents about this! Do we have enough money?  
“Wait, why did you bring me here now? I don't have my clothes or my spending money.”

I wondered and asked Cody.

“Listen I've got it all figured out! I spoke to your parents before I set anything up! We have lots of money to go since my cousin is Taylor Swift, and your parents packed your whole wardrobe! I've got you \$600 in spending money, your parents gave you this money to spend. Now settle down! We are leaving in a half hour!” replied Cody.

I'm so excited! Me and Cody have been dating for two years now. He is legit the best thing that ever happened to me! OMG! It's been a half hour The speaker in the airport interrupts.



“ Everyone who has a flight to California please make your way down to section C, please everyone who has a flight to California make your way down to section C, Thank-you.”

We made our way down to section C where we loaded onto the plane. All of a sudden, there was a shot! A gun fires ricochet went through the hallway! BANG BANG BANG! Everyone went to the ground and covered their heads! People were calling their friends and family! The fire alarm went off! It was the craziest! There was a man who walked past us so quietly like a shadow wearing a silk black ski mask, black jeans, and a black hoodie. I kept my head down while starting to cry! The man walked by again, this time he walk towards me! He aimed his gun up to my head, before he shot Cody jumped in front of me! The man shot and Cody dropped coldly to the ground, the cops came! And got the man to surrender! They arrested him and took him outside! I got up as soon as we were allowed! They pronounced Cody dead! I cried and cried! I can't believe he's gone!

3 Weeks Later..

I'm at Cody's funeral, I still can't believe he got shot trying to save me, I could have taken the bullet for him.

Would you take a bullet for someone you love?<3

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Brianna Reichert  
Grade 6  
Raft River Elementary  
**The Years To Come**

**Chapter 1**

“Dean! Dean where are you?” Sam yelled as he searched the smoke filled house looking for his younger brother.

“Sam!”

“Dean! There you are!”

“Ya, I’m here but mom,,,,,,well she didn't make it.”

Sam and Dean looked at each other with grief. Their dad had passed away in a terrible fire when they were little because of a yellow eyed demon. Now it was the two brothers alone hunting ghosts and demons till the end of time.

**Chapter 2**

As the two started to driving towards MiddleTown Kansas, Dean looked over at a very peaceful sleeping Sam. He decided to wake him up so he cranked the music so loud that Sam nearly jumped out of his seat. Dean burst out laughing while Sam looked around confused at what was going on.

“Were almost there. So what are we hunting today?”

“A reaper.”

“Really ,how many deaths?”

Brianna Reichert  
Grade 6  
Raft River Elementary  
**The Years To Come**

"14."

"Really, well we better get going then."

The two brothers drove off not knowing someone was watching their every move.

**Chapter 3**

"Dean was it?", asked the man who was very surprised that a detective would want to examine a very normal death.

"Ya, I just wanted to make sure that there's nothing odd about the death."

The very nice man lead Dean into a dark room with metal drawers that held bodies. The curious man opened a drawer and left the room. Dean was ready to start. He cut open the woman's chest and found out that her heart had been sucked dry! Something was hungry!

**Chapter 4**

"Sam it's not a reaper!"

"What ? Yes it is."

"Really, do reapers suck peoples hearts dry!?"

"Then what is it?"

"I don't know but we have to find out, soon!"

Brianna Reichert  
Grade 6  
Raft River Elementary  
**The Years To Come**

The news article stated:

There has been about 20 deaths in the last month

From the same cause.

We think its a highly contagious disease.

We recommend that everyone leave immediately.

So that's what everyone did, except for Sam and Dean, they had work to do.

Ruby Danielson

Grade 6

Bert Edwards Science and Technology School

A Preview of the Dark Portal

## **A Preview of The Dark Portal**

### **Chapter 1:**

Once upon a time there was an astronaut whose name was Jeff. He had decided to join NASA. He did not know the dangers of working with NASA and being an astronaut, so off he went on his first mission. He was in space and then noticed he was lost, he looked around, his rocket was nowhere to be seen, but there was something he did see, a portal. He thought that if he did not go through this portal he would not make it back home in time. The portal looked sort of like a mirror, covered in ice, and somehow it seemed it was glowing. So Jeff went over to the portal and looked at it for a while, he said,

“I wonder where it would take me, and if it takes me somewhere, where would that somewhere be?” After a little more thinking he decided that he would jump into the portal. “AHHHHH!!!!” he started falling... falling... falling... Soon he noticed he had finally arrived to where the portal would take him. It was pitch black everywhere. He started to walk around, his heart beating faster, and faster each step he took.



Ruby Danielson

Grade 6

Bert Edwards Science and Technology School

A Preview of the Dark Portal

“What the heck is this!?” He had just ran into something, but it was not visible to the naked eye, because it was very dark all around the room. So he felt it, it was hard, and in a human shape. It fell over and made a loud clattering noise.

Chapter 2:

When Jeff heard the clattering noise he thought in his head, “... is it alive? And if it’s alive, how did it get here?” He decided to touch it again, asking what it was in his head. He soon noticed he had a flashlight in his pocket. He turned it on. It was relieving to see light again, but when he took it out of his pocket it was wet. He switched the flashlight to the other hand, and then shone it on the hand which wasn’t holding the flashlight. His hand had a red liquid on it. It had smeared in his pocket when he took it out. Once he’d got the blood off his hand and the flashlight, he shone the light onto the figure in which had made a clattering noise when it fell over. It was a human skeleton. He dropped the flashlight and then tripped, his heart beating even faster than before. He crawled to the

Ruby Danielson

wall, and then heard a grumbling noise. He tried to escape the grasp of the mysterious creature, but failed in doing so, and, while trying to escape, his space suit tore.

“ Please...” he said breathless, “Show mercy.” After a minute of rumbling breaths the creature replied,

“The only way that you can have mercy is if you be my servant forever.” Jeff thought, and soon gave in and said,

“Fine.” The creature smiled, his teeth all crooked and yellow, and the creatures breath smelt like... humans. What the creature didn't know was that Jeff was hatching a plan in his head that would let him escape the monsters grasp.

### Chapter 3:

He was soon introduced to the creatures home, a secret cave with a door made of stone that looked as if it were invisible because it camouflaged perfectly with the cave. After they went in Jeff looked around. It was surprisingly homey in the cave, with paintings, pictures, even a chandelier! Jeff wondered where he was going to stay but the creature saved the worst for last, Jeff's room was a dungeon downstairs, the walls were bare, and there was no bed, and there was an astonishingly dark corner that seemed it was haunted by a curse from a witch. The monster said,

Ruby Danielson  
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Bert Edwards Science and Technology School  
A Preview of the Dark Portal

“See that corner over there?” In a raspy voice. “That’s where you’ll be stayin.”

Jeff shivered with fear. The darkness in the corner looked like it was moving. Jeff did a double take to make sure it wasn’t his eyes playing tricks on him. They weren’t.

“Come on, we don’t have time to waste. You’ll be doing lots of work tomorrow.”

He sneered as he said these words. But Jeff didn't move a muscle, the creatures sneer turned slowly into a frown that would scare a rhinoceros away. He grabbed Jeff by the neck quickly and shoved him against the wall, then whispered in a voice that would make anyone listen,

“You will do as I say or be thrown out of my home and have to slowly die in the middle of nowhere. We're alone.” Then threw Jeff into the dark corner and went back upstairs. Jeff didn't get any sleep that night.

#### Chapter 4:

When Jeff woke up the next day he couldn’t see anything, just pitch black everywhere because the room had no lights and the only window in the room was the smallest window he’d ever seen. He tried to quickly feel his way to the stairs but kept falling over because the room was filled with boxes, Jeff wondered what was in these boxes but

Ruby Danielson  
Grade 6  
Bert Edwards Science and Technology School  
A Preview of the Dark Portal

didn't dare open them. After a while Jeff finally made it to the stairs but tripped on the first one. He soon was upstairs and saw the shadowed over monster sitting at the excessively giant dining table which looked like it was from very ancient times. When he saw Jeff he replied with,

"Why did you take so long to get upstairs?"

"I-" was all Jeff could say before the monster cut him off.

"You know what, I don't need an answer from a worthless fool like you." Jeff felt angry and helpless at the same time, Jeff was quite a strong man but he knew he would not have enough energy and power to defeat the stupendously foul beast.

"Now stop wasting my time and make me breakfast, eggs, sunny side up."

## Mirror

I was magic-item searching at Sand Shore, a magic beach, when it happened.

Suddenly, a bright white light appeared in front of me. For a second it blinded me, then I noticed my friends had appeared. . .

Wait. Maybe I'm going too fast. I'm Myli Arte, a "sorceress in training." I'll be twelve in a month, old enough to lead magic-item trips. Anyway, I go to most of the trips involving magic-item searching. I'd gone solo, and had been to Mapletin Forest, Prairie Island, and this beach. Now, enough history, back to my story.

"What's wrong?!" I asked.

"The school's under attack!" Wendy answered.

Between the four of us, we traveled to our school, Skylight, easily.

Morrina, the headmistress, led us inside. The five of us walked into the infirmary, eyes wide in shock.

"The Shadow Demons surrounded half of the dormitory. It was an hour before we could reach them, or get your peers to safety," Morrina said grimly. "The other students have been healing them, after Alliess disappeared."

I walked to the first bed. Abigail Heeps laid on it. Conner, who had been working on her grinned, seeing me.

"Are you okay?" I asked, checking his face for bruises and scrapes. My brother nodded. I couldn't be more happy than I was then, but I had a job to do.

“What happened to Abigail?” I asked Conner. Abigail was almost the nicest student in school, though she still had much to learn.

“Lost all her magic fighting off the Dark,” he answered. Concern was embedded in his features, and I realized he was scared.

“It can be fixed, right?” Conner asked.

“Depends on the spell,” I answered. “Abigail needs to rest,” I said to the girl next to me. She turned around and I realized it was Ruby Wite, the nastiest girl in school.

“Well help her up then,” sneered Ruby, twirling her hair.

“Take her upstairs Ruby,” Morrina said firmly.

“Yes ma’am,” answered Ruby, looking back at me and glaring.

I sighed, sinking into the sheets of the bed. Rana squeezed my hand and sat beside me.

“It’s not your fault,” she said.

“She isn’t nice to anyone,” Wendy agreed. My friends call me a people-pleaser. Hurting anyone, even Ruby, well. . . hurts.

“Myli, there’s more,” Conner said. Before I had a chance to lift my head a younger girl was placed on the cot next to me.

“What happened to her?” asked Cathy.

“She’s too young to fight off the Dark. It consumed her,” said Aurther Bright, my older brother. I didn’t answer. My head was filling with red, hot pain.

I was walking through a forest. Light filtered through the trees branches and shone on moss and the stream flowing around the trees.

Suddenly, a golden mirror appeared in front of me. I was compelled to press a finger to the glass. As soon as I touched the mirror, the forest began to glow. As the light faded, I looked around and saw everything had turned into mirrors with golden frames. I screamed as I noticed that one of the mirrors held a young girl in it.

“What happened to you?” I asked, quaking. The girl, with dark brown hair, indigo eyes and perfect red lips, stared at me. She slid through the face of the mirror and stood in front me.

“The exact same thing that happened to you,” she said. Her voice was high pitched. When I realized what she said, I looked down and screamed for the second time in less than a minute. I was in a mirror.

The girl sighed, then reached through the mirror. Taking my wrist, she yanked hard enough to almost rip my arm out of its socket. As the glass came closer to my face, I braced myself for impact.

Instead, all I got was the smooth feeling of cold water. My eyes blinked open, surprised to see I was no longer part of the mirror.

“Thanks, but. . .what are you?” I asked.

“Who, thank you very much. My name is Viola. Welcome to the Mirror Realm. What is your name?” she asked.

“My name’s Myli,” I said. She blinked, looking surprised. She pulled a small scroll out of her pocket, reading something that had been written on it.

“What happened to you, to us?” I asked.

“You must have inhaled a type of poison bark, Mapletinson. It then sedates its holder and later transfers them to our realm,” explained Viola.

“Oh. Are there other realms?” I asked.

“Oh, yes. There is the Diamond Realm, the Forest Realm that you must travel through on your route here, the Center Realm where all our leaders meet, and the Fifth Realm,” said Viola.

“What do we do now?” I asked.

“Well, now we must travel through the Mirror Realm to the Center Realm. Then, you’ll meet the rulers of all the realms, except the Mirror Realm.”

“What about the Mirror Realm? Are you the queen?” I asked.

“No, no! I am not the queen. The Mirror Realm has not had a ruler in many a years,” replied Viola. “Now, let us get going.”

“Wait!” I yelled as she started to fade away.

Viola reappeared, “What’s wrong?”

“Um. . . you forgot to show me how to travel. . .”

“Oh, goodness! I completely forgot to tell you!”

“It’s okay”, I said, “it happens to everyone.”



“Well, step back from the surface of your mirror. Then you must think of the Center Realm.”

“Uh. . . ,” I was totally confused.

“Just think: *“I will go to the Centre Realm.”*, over and over again,” Viola explained.

“Sorry,” I whispered as she disappeared again. I stepped away from the front of the mirror, letting my hand slip off the surface.

*“I will go to the Center Realm. I will go to the Center Realm,”* I thought. The mirror started spinning slowly, until the world went black. . .

*The 10th Mercenary*  
*by Sam Selbee Gr 6*  
*Raft River Elementary*

*The Laws Of The Kingdom Of OS*

1) In this land there are two species of Human, the first E.B.S. (Evolved Bone Structures), The second Shamans (mystic men to the common person).

EBS' are humans with unique bone structures that come in 3 kinds, offensive, defensive and mercenaries

Offensives can manipulate their bones to come out of their bodies in sharp and deadly positions in nearly anywhere in their body that is near bones.

Defensives can make their bones into nearly invulnerable plates that push through the flesh and cover the body making a perfect shield with only eyes exposed.

Mercenaries are a combination of the previous two with bones that can form in any shape and size with the invulnerability of the defensive along with their supreme defense

2) Shamans have the abilities of MAGIC and can make anything possible but with a price, Souls.

Shamans can absorb souls to use for their magic but it is not as powerful as their own soul, and is illegal.

3) One of the first shamans created a spell that used his entire soul, that was a spell of entwined being. This means 2 people are born at the same time with the exact same set of skills but one is the opposite of the other in personality, evil, good, brave, cowardice, etc.

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Chapter 1 (Prologue maybe?)

“This hurts a lot more than I thought”, I said, wincing from the stinging pain. So this is what the Os Trials are like, a burning pain coming from the core of your bones as they try to escape whatever it is you’ll become. Earlier that day, it was normal and peaceful. Just doing my math, but suddenly my thumb started tingling. I thought it was nothing. It was a very painful something. By the time I got home my entire left half felt like it was on fire, burning so hot, I looked like a walking ball of lava I was so red. It was gross and painful.

“It’s gonna be okay Nobis, it’s gonna be okay” My mother said, trying to reassure me.

*Ya mom I know its all natural and everyone goes through it, BUT IT STILL HURTS*

*MOM!*

“AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!” I screamed as a sharp blade of bone pierced the flesh in my thigh coming from the inside and quickly shooting back in, my mother put her hands to her mouth startled by the bones. It was natural, but disturbing. It was getting hard to breath, my mom says that means it’s nearly done, soon I’ll be like my mother, a offensive, working on the farms and building homes, soon It would be peaceful again, but first, **PAIN**.

“ I-I-Its okay Nobis” she was clearly shocked by something but what? I

realized what it was, a flat bulge came from the side of my chest. What? How? I’m an offensive that bone-blade proved it, but... that bulge means a plate of bone, which means

I’m a defensive type, HOW? Suddenly hundreds of tiny piercing Bones came from every

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*by Sam Selbee Gr 6*  
*Raft River Elementary*

tiny corner of my body “AAAAHHHHHH” I screamed, but a sliver of relief flowed through me, Its almost done just one more second...and...boom. A blade appeared on my arm, and it was over...but a bone plate was there too.

“Y-y-your a...mercenary” my mother stared at my invulnerable bones and deadly blade with horror all across her face. “Wha-” I begin “you must run, they’ll be here soon GO” my mother said. I’m too confused to move, so many questions run through my brain , why run, whats a mercenary, whos coming? “GO NUBIS, NOW, RUN” I start to back up. “QUICKLY”. I turn and run but just before I leave my home I hear a small sound like a muffled explosion. Oh no. That's magic. suddenly the explosion was no longer muffled as it blew down the wall next to me, dust was everywhere I look back at mom to see her in glowing gold chains surrounded by 10 shamans. “Where is he” they say in unison, it makes my spine shiver, “I don't know who ‘he’ is” my mother says.

The shamans glare at her giving her a chance to rethink her answer. She didn’t. The shamans together tug on the chains, and they sharply grow brighter while changing colour to be more of a greenish blue. However at the same time my mother seems to age 30 years into an old woman, not just seems DOES.

“ One last chance, where...is...he” they say, again in their creepy connected way. She replies “run” so quietly I can barely hear her. Together they tug on the chains one last

time and my mother turns into a shriveled up husk, kind of like a mummy. It shocks me so much

*The 10th Mercenary*  
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*Raft River Elementary*

that I don't realize the terrible pun I just found. I see a blast of light and hear a high pitch whining in my ears. The shamans voices say "find him!". I turn and run.

Grade 6

St. Ann's Academy

## A Town Called Barkerville

I furiously braid my hair on each side and secure my bonnet atop my head. Shucks! It's one of Anna's *old ones*. All the bonnets Anna gave me are floppy, but I haven't got time to find my favourite one. When Anna woke me, she and Helen were already dressed for town!

As soon as I've secured my apron, I hitch up my dress and scurry downstairs. Ma tells me it's *unladylike* when I hike up my dress as high as I do. She also reminds me when I stumble. She really ought to learn that I can't help being clumsy! Besides, I don't feel the need to act like a lady yet. I've only just turned twelve!

"If only she could be just a bit more like her sisters," I once heard Ma tell Pa late one night. "Suzie's only nine, and even she has better manners than Alice!"

I swallow hard. Of course... everyone loves perfect little Suzie. Almost as if on cue, Suzie walks down the stairs, or rather, prances. She plops herself down on a chair and starts eating the porridge Ma's set out for us.

"Good morning girls," Ma says as I walk into the miniature kitchen after Suzie. My youngest sister's mouth is already too full of her breakfast to reply, and I am far too tired, so a stiff silence follows. "Well, Pa and the others have already left, so you'd best eat up!" my mother says. Already left? "Also, I noticed you pulled your skirt up very high. Quite *unladylike!*"

I let out a small "hmph," and snatch my diary up off the fireplace mantle where I carefully placed it last night. I back up towards the door and nearly knock over little Suzie, who somehow managed to get behind me without my noticing.

Grade 6

St. Ann's Academy

### A Town Called Barkerville

"You look very tired this morning Alice," she informs me, almost interrogatively. I catch her suspiciously eyeing my diary, and I slide it behind my back. Ma catches my feeble attempt to hide it, and gives me a questioning look.

"You've been up late writing in your diary again haven't you? I thought I told you not to!" She looks stern. I turn on my heel and march out the door without answering. I run away from our wooden house on the edge of town, and into the buzzing streets of the place we call Barkerville.

I stuff my diary into the band of my apron, quite aware of how ridiculous I must look, running up the dirt road, the hem of my skirt nearly up to my knees, kicking up dirt with every step.

When I catch up to Helen and Anna, their noses are pressed up against the window of the Wake-Up Jake restaurant. My sisters are looking green with envy. How embarrassing! It's not like the entire town has to know we can't afford to dine there!

Anna spots me first, then taps Helen's shoulder, who swiftly turns around to face me. "Where are you off to?" asks Helen.

"I think I'll go to..." The truth is, I really have nowhere to go. I usually wander around town, observing all the people bustling along the streets, and writing my own little stories about them. Of course, I'd never tell the other girls, but lucky for me, they've already moved on to fixing their reflections in the window.

I stand there for a moment, just thinking, but then decide to go to the bakery. Goldfield's Bakery is further up the street, so the walk gives me time to think. I look at all the

Grade 6

St. Ann's Academy

### A Town Called Barkerville

people, rushing around. At all the shops and businesses. At all the little homes, and what *marvelous characters might be living in them. Sometimes, I wish that I could learn everything* there is to know about every person in town. Of course, that could never happen... but, oh! What tremendous stories they would make!

What a charming town I get to live in. Pa's eldest brother, Uncle John, moved to *Barkerville to mine gold, and our whole family moved here as well. We have lived here for* just under three years, since 1863. Pa is a teacher at the school just out of town, and Ma sews dresses to sell to all the women and little girls who may want them. Us girls don't attend school. Ma used to homeschool us, but she hasn't been able to find the time to do so *anymore.*

I'm snapped out of my thoughts by the sound of the bell ringing on the door to the bakery. I don't have any money of my own, but Walter understands, and he'll usually let me have a treat without paying.

*I munch on my cinnamon roll as I exit the door to find a giggling Helen talking to two* of the boys from town. George William and Charles. They're both quite handsome, but neither are very nice. Anna is standing back, looking as if she'd rather be anywhere else but where she is.

*I scoff as I walk past, but George William catches my arm, and plucks my diary out of* the band of my apron. I jump in the air, trying to grab it, but he has it waving around high above his head. He opens it up to a random page, and mocks my voice.



Grade 6

St. Ann's Academy

## A Town Called Barkerville

“Oh, poor me! Nobody listens! My sisters are mean to me!” and he laughs a harsh, cruel laugh. *None of us are laughing, though; not even Helen. I'm furious! That journal is mine! It's for only me, and dumb George William had to go and read it out loud, for everyone to hear! I move without thinking. My hand raises in the air, then comes swiftly down, leaving a red mark on George William's cheek. The action surprises even myself. Anna lets a gasp escape her mouth, as the two boys run in the opposite direction. But then, something unexpected happens.*

“I always thought that boy needed to learn a lesson,” says Anna with a smile. And the three of us walk home, arm in arm, smiles on our faces.

## Shadow Man

Hi, I'm Emily. I was sitting on my couch, reading my favorite book, when then I saw my bedroom door open. I thought it was my big sister, Lily, but then I realized she was in her bedroom reading. So I went and checked but no one was there! I left my bedroom door open and went back on my couch and continued reading. Then my bedroom door shut on its own. I went to Lily's room because I was scared. "Lily, my bedroom door opened and closed on its own!" "Are you sure?" said Lily. "Sure, I'm sure," said Emily. "I better check this out," Lily said in a sarcastic voice. So Lily and Emily went to see if Emily was telling the truth. They stood there for five minutes. "Nothing is happening, Emily". Creeeeeeeeek. "What was that?" said Lily, scared. "See! That's what I was talking about!" said Emily. "Let's go tell dad," yelled Lily.

They went to their dad who was working on some files. "Dad! Dad! My bedroom door is opening and closing on its own and I'm scared," yelled Emily. "I got to see this," said dad. So they went back to Emily's room to see what was wrong. "I don't see anything happening" said dad. "But it's true. It really happened." "Is this true Lily?" asked dad. "Ya, it really happened. I saw it myself." "Well nothing is happening right now." "But it's true," yelled both of the girls. "Ok that's enough I'm going to continue working on my file's."

After dad left the girl's continued reading. Lily went to her bedroom and Emily sat on the couch. In a couple minutes, Emily heard another book fall off the bookshelf. She kept on reading. Each minute, Emily heard another book fall off the self. "This is getting

### Shadow Man

strange,” she thought. Then she stood up and headed over to the bookshelf. When she got to the bookshelf, she looked on the ground and all the books on the floor had something to do with ghosts. She put the books back on the shelf and sat down to read. Suddenly there was some loud knocking. Lily could hear it all the way from her bedroom and she came running. “What was that!” cried Lily. “Maybe it’s a ghost,” said Emily. “I thought there was no such thing as a ghost but now I think they’re real,” said Lily crying. “Should we tell dad?” “No, he wouldn’t believe us. I have an idea though,” said Emily. “We can grab dad’s old camera and put it on the shelf and video everything that happens when we’re not in the room.”

The girls went to the basement where their dad’s old camera was. They had to look through some boxes to find the camera. When they found, they put it on the bookshelf and pressed record. After lunch the girls went to see what the camera had recorded. “Hey Lily, do you see that?” “Ya. I do!” What they saw was something that was just a tiny bit visible. They called their dad to come see the footage. “Do you see that dad?” “Girls, I want you two to stay out of this room”.

On the way out they saw a shadow that did not look anything like theirs. They went back in the room. “I don’t understand.” “What’s wrong dad?” “He’s my childhood fear.” “Well we need to be brave.” “Your right Emily.” So they went out the door and the shadow was gone. They looked around house. “There’s one more room to check,” sighed Lily. The last room was the basement. After searching around the basement, they saw the shadow on the wall holding still. They were all scared but decided to be

Shadow Man

brave and face him. "I'm not afraid of you," yelled Lily. "Me either," cried Emily. The shadow started to fade away. "STAY FROM MY FAMILY!" yelled dad. The shadow went away. "Yay, we got rid of him". They went out for lunch to celebrate.

## The Envelope

Maya Stodola

Westmount Elementary

Grade 6

I woke up with a start. I'm not sure why, but I had a sick feeling in my stomach, like a million kangaroos were jumping around in there. It was 6:00 o'clock in the morning and there was no sound in the house. I looked around my small, grey coloured bedroom to see if I had anything to do for the hour and ten minutes until my alarm went off. After looking around my bedroom for a while, I saw a little envelope placed on my dark brown desk. Quietly I got out of my twin sized bed and walked across the light brown carpeted floor over to my desk. I looked at the lilac coloured envelope. The envelope had flowers, stars, hearts, and butterflies all over and in the middle of it all it said "Mai" in beautifully handwritten letters. I didn't recognize the writing on the envelope and I didn't know how it got on my desk. Just before I had the chance to open the envelope I heard a loud noise coming from the kitchen. I dropped the note and ran down the dark hall and into the kitchen. It was very surprising that mom and dad hadn't come out of their room yet. I turned the corner into the kitchen and saw three tall men standing there in black suits holding briefcases. They looked like triplets but I wasn't sure. As I walked into the room all three of the men turned to look at me. I tried to run into my parents bedroom to get them, but one of the men grabbed my long, curly, red hair and pulled me toward them. It really hurt. As I opened my mouth to scream the man holding me covered my mouth, turned me around, and looked me in the eyes. He took his hand off my mouth, loosened his grip and smiled. "Are you Mai Note? 12 years old? Goes to Southbrook Middle?" I

The Envelope

Maya Stodola

Westmount Elementary

Grade 6

didn't know what to say to the stranger standing in my kitchen. The man standing on the right leaned in and whispered something in the man holding me's ear. "Oh right" the man holding me said, then looked back to me and smiled again. "You probably don't want to tell me who you are because I'm a stranger in your kitchen." I nodded my head, I still don't know what to say. "I am not allowed to tell you my name but I can tell you that you are very important and this house is very dangerous to everyone and I. We can't let you die in this house, it's time you know the truth Mai." I still didn't understand what was happening. "Where are my parents?" was the only thing I could manage to say. I was so scared and I was so worried about my parents. "They are safe," said the man on the left. He was not smiling, or frowning, he looked emotionless. "Please Mai come with us, save the world, let us destroy this house," said the man on the right. I still didn't understand why they kept saying I would save the world. Why do they have to destroy my house? Where are my parents? Who are these people? Where do they want to take me? Before I could ask any of these questions the man still holding me let go, dropped something, grabbed my arm, and all four of us ran out the front door into a car and started to back away from house. As we were backing out of the driveway there was a loud beeping noise and then, BOOM, the house exploded and turned to ash. Through the tears that were falling down from my eyes I could see the small lilac envelope laying untouched in the ash.

# Compassion

**What is compassion?** Many wonder if it's that feeling inside you, that empathy to understand what might be going on with others surrounding us with their warmth and comfort. Not everyone tells their story the way they might want to, about how they're hurt inside. Hurt by the many people who say those meaningless words, but those words are ripping them apart one by one. The thoughts that pop up in your mind that hold all the memories that stay there until the one day some people just wait for the day they don't remember anything. Were the ones who stand there think that this person is happy, perky. They're satisfied with where they are in their life or career. Why are we the bystanders who watch the people that make us feel better about who we are. Understanding what we are going through when really their heart is sinking faster than they can say anything. We think we're amazing our generation is amazing; but really we are just sitting there while millions of people are dying from the words we possibly said. This is a question we all should take into consideration. Would God appreciate the way we are today? The respect we show to others around us? Are we what He would want us to be or the reason He created us? Compassion relates to love. Without having feelings or emotion for another, you're one who has no compassion.

That's why here at Juniper Ridge Elementary we follow our code of conduct which is

**R.O.A.R.S.** This stands for **R**espect, **O**rganized, **A**ttitude, **R**esponsible and **S**afe.

Hopefully people all ages learn to think more about others around them over themselves. That should be taught in schools so we get to understand more of what it can do to the people surrounding us.



## The Beast That Left the Footprints

Ocean Ujvary

Kay Bingham Elementary

Grade 6

I was walking in the woods when suddenly I saw something strange on the path ahead. There were millions of footprints coming out of the bushes, crossing the path, and disappearing into the bushes on the other side. I decided to follow the footprints... The footprints were smaller than a bear, but bigger than a wolf. When I realized the footprints were fresh, I got a little scared. I asked myself should I really be doing this. It could be dangerous and I wondered if anyone knew about this animal. So I kept going.

I walked for about twenty minutes. Suddenly, I started to hear a panting noise and sticks cracking. Then, I started to hear the panting coming from right behind me. I turned around and there it was. The beast that left the footprints.

I started to run. After running for a good fifteen minutes, I found a cabin in the woods. I ran up to the cabin and tried to open the door, but unfortunately the cabin door was locked. I got an idea. I would run around the cabin and see if there was an open window. There was not.

I ran around the cabin a few times, I realized that there was a ladder, so I climbed the ladder and got on the roof. After five minutes somehow it started to climb the wall. But there was something very unusual about the cabin, there was a door on the roof. I jumped through the roof door and luckily for me there was a bed underneath. I landed safely on the bed.

After I was sure the animal had left, I slowly and carefully came out of the cabin. Then I ran home as fast as I could. When I got home I could not tell my parents right away because I have nine younger brothers and one baby sister. So it was hard to get one on one time with my parents to talk.

When I finally got to talk to my parents, I told them about my wild adventures that day. They said that I was crazy and asked if they needed to bring me to the hospital.

I said, "I am not crazy and why do you never believe me?"

"We do believe you, but it is hard to believe that you got chased down by a wild beast, found an abandoned cabin, and escaped the beast just in the nick of time." stated my parents.

That night I snuck out to find the beast again and I found him lying on a pile of bones.

I took a picture and ran back home. But before I even reached the edge of the forest, the beast was right behind me chasing me. I got home safe; however, when I went to show my parents the picture, I realized I forgot to turn the camera on. I was so frustrated. I noticed something interesting in my videos. I click on to my videos and I found out that the first day I saw him, I accidentally videotaped the whole thing. Phew! A couple months later I went for a hike in the woods, because the museum wanted some more pictures of the beast. Oh ya I forgot to mention that video I accidently took went to the museum and then it got into the newspapers, and I guess it is kind of like I am famous.

The life I lived for nothing.

Kelsey Voss, Grade 6  
Marion Schilling Elementary

Hi, I'm Ryan Reynolds. I'm a ten-time world bull rider. I have been riding these beasts for 14 years. I started when I was two. My dad is a 14 Time world bull rider-his name is Max Reynolds. But, it came with faults. Broken legs, ribs, arms, necks..... and of course concussions. And that's when I went downhill.

It was one year from world Professional bull riding [PBR] , so I was training like never before. It was endless practicing on bulls with names like, Magic Bubbles, Hokey Pokey, Red Fire, and they were no match for me. So, I bought a tall, strong, white, scruffy bull from a sale to ride and called him Bone Chiller. I got him in the trailer, brought him home, then the next day was back to it. I decided I would like to see how he would do . Wow! I finally found a bull to fight. That guy was up and down all around -he was a perfect match for me.

Time flew fast 1 year, 2 months, 7 days, and finally show day. I knew there was no Bone Chiller here so I had to pretend I was riding him with all my heart. 1..2...3...4...5...6...7...8 BUZZ eight seconds had gone by. Now was my time to shine on Thrill Crusher. A jet black, slick, bulky, smart bull the worst kind of ride. Eight seconds of fear like no other..... WHAMM! The gate flew open and there I was on Thrill Crusher. He was kicking and bucking, and I was hanging on. The seconds passed 1...2..3..4..5 BOOM I fell off and that is all I remember other than hearing CRUSH as he stepped on me.

I was taken to the hospital and I never finished my Battle. Finally, I woke up to find I was paralyzed from the waist down. Supposedly I had got stepped on five times. I said really, "I have been training for a year and now I can't ride. I have been riding since I was two and this year I finally get to do my dream and then I'm like this." So that's what I did, but soon as I stood up I fell right on my jaw. So now guess

The life I lived for nothing

Kelsey Voss, Grade 6

Marion Schilling Elementary

what happened? Yup broke my jaw. Life is just not fair, anyway, I finally recovered from my jaw, then I could have physio.

Finally I could stand with help but I could do it. Two years went by and finally I could walk and somewhat jog.(I was specifically told NOT to ride even if I felt better). I had a stupid thought that it wouldn't hurt to try, maybe I could try to climb on Bone Chiller and take an easy ride, which was weird because the rides were never easy, so I did and here I was on a 2490 pound, meaty, bulky, bull, with a somewhat paralyzed me on his back.

Now, think how that went.... You're probably right, in the hospital. I'm back, and the doctors told me I had a broken arm and six broken ribs and two cracked ribs, -and very lucky my legs were fine. A couple of years passed and I promise I didn't ride. I had one last chance to show I meant business at the last PBR. If you won your battle with your bull at World PBR you would move on. I know you're thinking that "you never made it past 5 seconds, so how does that work?"

Well that's a good question. It was all on my friend Jake Mac. He made and he knew that I could ride a smidge so he begged and pleaded that I needed just one more chance to show I can do it. So here I am in Oklahoma with all my buddies at PBR. My run is tomorrow night on Frank's Hot and Shiny he is a red bull, with massive horns. Tonight's the ride, my last chance to show I mean business. WHAMM the gate flew open, 1..2..3..4..5..6..7..8 BUZZ. Yes, I did it- I made it!

## Choose Your Own Adventure Christmas Catastrophe

### **SMASH!!!**

Suddenly your plane pitches forward, everything is sucked toward the front of the plane as another plane flies just above yours, snapping off the vertical stabilizer. As soon as you process that thought, you are sucked out of the smashed front window! You fall through the air, in front of you is a reddish brown streak. A meteorite? It will be passing beside you as you fall. Below is a swamp. "Grab Hold!" groans a voice from the thing. You could tumble into the swamp or grab onto the object.

To grab hold turn to page 3

To crash into the swamp turn to page 2

### Choose Your Own Adventure Christmas Catastrophe

You ignore the mysterious person and plummet into the swamp. **FWABOOM**, you sink through the swamp. Somehow you are not dead. You don't know which way is up.

To blow bubbles turn to page 4

To hold your breath turn to page 7

### Choose Your Own Adventure Christmas Catastrophe

You twist and grab on. A rough hand drags you aboard a sleigh. The reindeers were plastic. The sleigh had rocket boosters. A man dressed in a Santa outfit, growls "okay either I kidnap you, you jump off the sleigh, or go through the restart portal".

To take the restart portal turn to page 1

If he kidnaps you turn to page 8

To you jump off turn to page 9

### Choose Your Own Adventure Christmas Catastrophe

You let a bit of air escape your lungs. The bubbles rush away too fast for you to see, you try again, and again. But it doesn't work, your lungs are almost empty! A net drifts up from beneath you. You could blow more bubbles to see if they go towards the net. Alternatively you could just grab hold to the net and hope for the best.

To grab onto the net turn to page 5

To blow more bubbles turn to page 6



### Choose Your Own Adventure Christmas Catastrophe

You grab hold, the net jerks you upwards. In seconds you're flying out of the water. You land on a motorboat. You hear a voice say "this isn't a meteorite", then you faint. You wake on a park bench in front of a large house. A voice close to your ear says "it's a ten minute drive to the airport, you might catch your plane". "How do you know about my plane?" you ask. "Your diary was in your pocket. I'm Tim, this is Nick, what do you say about that ride?"

To run from these strange diary-reading people turn to page 13

If you say yes turn to page 12

### **Choose Your Own Adventure Christmas Catastrophe**

You blow more bubbles. then you realize your mistake. You have no more air in your lungs! Your last thought is you will never see your family again as you drown in this icy swamp.

The End

### Choose Your Own Adventure Christmas Catastrophe

You hold your breath. After awhile you can't stand it. You blow some bubbles and they rush away too fast for you to see!

To try again turn to page 6

To try swimming somewhere turn to page 11

### Choose Your Own Adventure Christmas Catastrophe

"I'm not jumping!" you say, "that would be suicide, and I don't trust your portal." You put your hand in his sack full of fake presents. "that's it" he growls "I'm kidnapping you." You throw a fake present at him, dump the rest on the floor, turn around, vault over the edge and plummet, using the sack as a parachute, landing in the airport parking lot. Rushing in, you dispose of the parachute, rush to your gate, and you're off to your family's for Christmas,

The End

## Choose Your Own Adventure Christmas Catastrophe

You turn around, Vault over the edge, fall screaming to the ground, ***Splat!!!*** and die.

The End

### Choose Your Own Adventure Christmas Catastrophe

'I'll take the restart portal" you say. "there is a trap door in the floor," says the man dressed as Santa. "Open it." you slowly open it but suddenly you're sucked through the trapdoor, and everything dissolves.

go to page 1

### Choose Your Own Adventure Christmas Catastrophe

You try swimming towards your feet, after 5 seconds your head breaks the surface. Instantly you are hauled into a motor boat and you hear a disappointed voice “this isn’t a meteorite”, then you faint. You wake on a park bench in front of a large house. A voice close to your ear says “it’s a ten minute drive to the airport, you might just catch your plane”. “How do you know about my plane?” you ask. “Your diary was in your pocket, soggy but readable. I’m Tim, this is Nick, so what do you say about that ride?”

If you say yes turn to page 12

If you ask for help rescheduling a flight home turn to page 14

### Choose Your Own Adventure Christmas Catastrophe

“Okay” you say. Tim and Nick smile and you get in the car. Tim hits the gas pedal and you are off! Ten minutes later you arrive at the airport. Thanking Tim and Nick you dash to your gate. Five minutes later you are on your plane. After a short flight you arrive in your hometown. You call a taxi and you can’t wait to get home. Your cousin opens the door and you are mobbed by all your family as you walk in and tell your story.

The End



### **Choose Your Own Adventure Christmas Catastrophe**

These people are creepy! You jump up and run down the driveway. You follow the road and only stop when you've been running 20 minutes. You walk another 10 minutes to the airport entrance. You've missed your flight and so you should schedule another flight home.

The End

### Choose Your Own Adventure Christmas Catastrophe

It's probably too late anyway, you think. "Can you help me schedule a flight home" you ask.

"Okay" replies Nick. Your new flight is now scheduled for 3 days from now. You call your family to tell them that you're safe and what happened. Most of your family is glad that you are safe but your cousins are very upset that you can't come. You apologize and say you will try to make it next year but they don't listen and hang up.

The End

## Red Pearl

Oh crabs, the sheep are in the house again! I looked over and again like always, the sheep are in the kitchen. I waved at them, swatting them and they rushed out. I then grabbed the broom and started sweeping up their poop that looked like raisins. In a couple of minutes I was finished, I flopped on the couch and turned the TV on to RUPAUL'S DRAG RACE! I was just about to find out who won until I heard a scratching noise at the back door. I got up and there was Haggis the sheep. He scratched once more. I opened the door telling him to leave. "GO Haggis! It's not time to be fed!" He walked towards me his eyes sparkling with joy. I patted him on the head as he bit on to my blue shirt. I pulled it out of his saliva filled mouth and tumbled backwards. The shirt now had spit on the side.

He then rushed into the kitchen. Confused by what he was doing, I followed him. He ran laps around the kitchen. All of the sudden a black cat came in and he jumped. I screamed with fright. Haggis stopped. He looked at me and stared deep into my eyes. He turned, opening one of the drawers with his mouth. A shiny bright light came from it and I got down on my knees and looked, it was a sparkling red necklace. I reached out and grabbed it, putting it on my neck. It tickled with coldness. I looked over at Haggis and in a voice I said, "How's it look Haggy Waggy?". He rushed out the door hiding and running, I quickly follow and look to see if anyone is following me.

### **Red Pearl**

A frightening bald head gleamed in the light. His scraggly goatee with small grey hairs made him look like he was at least forty. His white shirt was tucked into his beige pants with a leather belt around them. He starts to walk to me, but I quickly hide in the small red chicken coop. I see Brownie, my rooster. His head feathers were in a funny afro, his chest was a light brown and the rest of him was a light grey and blackish. His delightful eyes were staring right into my soul. He looked really funny but he was cute. Another chicken was Giraffe, her sleek feathers marked her body as she sat in the dark gloomy hen box.

I sat in the clean wood shavings waiting heavenly for the creepy old man to leave. I look out the tiny chicken entrance to see if the man left, I see Haggis running as fast as he can, I wonder if I should help, but then suddenly the door swings open. My jaw drops as I see the manly figure I try covering myself with the wood shavings as he turns around and leaves I take a big breath and a tear rolls down my cheek. "This man scares me and I think he's out to get me," I whispered. Suddenly I heard a knock on the chicken coop door. I knew whose knock that was, it was Haggis' knock, I jumped up and opened the door seeing him through a smile on my face, picking him up, throwing him into the coop. I explained saying these exact words, "We are staying here because that frightening man is looking for us and well he could be very dangerous and his back pocket looked like it had a knife or something sharp".

### **Red Pearl**

That night... I snuggled up with Haggis. It was a cold night and I was only wearing a big sweater and stretchy pants and some timberland shoes. Haggis would occasionally, "Baa," and Brownny would, "Cockadoodledoo," and the hens clucked. I sat there awkwardly with my head on his side slowly falling asleep. Every now and then I'd check if Haggis was asleep, his eyes were closed and he had a slight smile across his face.

The next morning... I woke up to the sound of Brownny cockadoodling, Haggis was up and eating a small lump of hay, his lips moved up and down along with his teeth. Every now and then you'd hear the man's footstep go back and forth. I was terrified. My stomach started to growl, I wanted to eat but it was between being hurt by that man or being hungry. I stared at Brownny's puffed up feathers, then picked him up and stroked his warm fluffy feathers.

As I heard a manly scream I jolted up setting down Brownny and peeking out the creaky red door. I looked out as the door swung open and me (me being stupid) fell out. I quickly got up to my feet and brushed off my knees from the damp dirt, I looked up in shock to see a view of hundreds of dead lilies. My breathing started to quicken as a push of wind hit me as I fell onto the cold concrete. As a scorching headache came onto the back of my brain, tears started to roll down my face. I looked back and blood rushed down the concrete as I let out a big yelp that sounded like a dog howling. As the end came near, my body shut down and I question everything the lilies, the man. The necklace. **To Be Continued...**

**Red Pearl**