

Tosh Anderson  
Grade 7  
Brock middle

## Backpacking in Guatemala

My brother, my mom, and I boarded a plane to Calgary at 9:00 am from Kamloops. At 1:00 pm we boarded a plane to Houston and we had 35 minutes to run through the airport to catch our plane to Guatemala. Once we got on the plane to take us to Guatemala we had to get off due to a missing flange on the plane. Finally at 10:00 pm we boarded and we landed in Guatemala City at 2:30 am; it's one of the most dangerous cities in South America. We went to a boutique hotel for a two hour rest and headed back to the airport where we met friends, Claire and Leanne. Together we boarded a flight to Flores and then made our way to the Jungle Lodge in Tikal. After swimming in a pool we went to bed and at about 3:00 am a Howler Monkey roared soooo loud outside our bungalow. It scared me!

At 5:30 am we set out into the jungle to find the ancient ruins of Tikal. The first temple we went to was Temple 3; then we got lost in the jungle. We finally found our way to Temple 4 where a king is buried, and we could hear Howler monkeys in the distance. On our way out we walked by Temple 5, which we were not allowed to climb, and then through the Grand Plaza. By this time we were starving and breakfast was ending at 10:00 am so we ran back to the Jungle Lodge.

Later in the day we climbed to the top of Mondo Perdido to watch the sunset. A guard came to see everyone's sunset pass, which we didn't have. Luckily the guard let us trade our sunrise passes that we didn't use for sunset passes. After we saw the sunset, we headed back to

## Backpacking in Guatemala

the Jungle Lodge. Other tourists left super fast and we walked back with Juan, one of the guides. We all held each other's hands and walked in the dark out of the park. When we got back I went straight to bed because I was tired.

When we woke up we caught the city bus to Flores and then to a farm called Finca Ixobel. We played ping pong, chilled in hammocks, and swam in a lagoon. While at the lagoon, we asked a Guatemalan fellow with a machete if he could get us a coconut. He did and it was delicious. On the way back to our room we met Terrorist, a parrot that lived on the farm. Before bed, we played Scattergories and Spoons. It was fun!

In the morning a few of us went horseback riding. My horse would stop and eat every minute and would walk on a different trail than the others. I think he was a young horse. When we were galloping he went between two close trees and a branch almost hit my head. In the afternoon we all hiked to a cave. When we got there, sweat was dripping down my face. Inside the cave our guide lit candles and we went for a dip in a very cold natural pool deep in the cave. On the way back from the cave there were a billion tiny spiders on my legs so I jumped in the shower. Before dinner my mom found a giant spider in our room, so we called our friends to help us kill it.

In the morning we were back on a bus to Flores. From the bus depot we took a tuk tuk to our hostel. It was hot in Flores, so we decided to take a boat to Jorge's Rope Swing. We swam in the warm water for about 3 hours, jumping off the diving boards and swinging on the ropes. Sadly,

## Backpacking in Guatemala

the sun was setting and it was time to boat back. After dinner we hung out on the balcony of our hostel and we met a guy who studied plant medicine. He communicated with my brother through bird calls.

At 7:00 am the next day, we were off to catch an early morning flight to Guatemala City then a shuttle to San Marcos on Lake Atitlan. We stayed in a place called "Lush" and it was amazing! In the afternoon while we were at the market a dog started barking at me and I froze. My mom had to tell me to look away and to start walking. In the evening we hung out on our balcony where we saw giant spiders. I was petrified.

We spent a day in San Marcos jumping off cliffs, eating out, and shopping. I bought a necklace with a moon stone and I think it gives me mystical powers. The following day we took a tuk tuk to San Juan where we learned about the Mayan weavers. My brother and I bought ponchos that are really fuzzy inside. Once back in San Marcos we packed snacks and drinks and had 'Happy Hour' at the cliffs.

On our last full day we went deep into the heart of Guatemala to a place called Chichicastenango where there is a huge market. We bought a blue glass ball for 400 Quetzal and some bracelets for friends. When I was talking with the seller his tooth flew out of his mouth and passed by me. He turned around and started talking to himself. I slowly walked away. While we were walking back to the van, a lady followed us and tried to sell us a blanket. We then found our friends and drove back to San Marcos.

## Backpacking in Guatemala

When we left Guatemala we went through security and the x-ray picked up the blue glass ball. The guards said we couldn't take it with us on the plane. But, after they discussed it, they let us take it. When we arrived in Houston we went through security again and the lady said "*Do you all have a glass ball or something in here?*" She let us pass and now it sits on our kitchen table and reminds us of our epic journey backpacking through Guatemala.

# Jumping White

Macy's breath hitched as the cold air blew a frosty chill towards her, her sweat frozen against her neck. Her feet carried her towards the jumps, her board smacking against her snow-pant covered legs. The freshly fallen snow crunched under her feet, and the chatter of contestants around her made her heart jump to her throat. She blinked the snowflakes out of her eyelashes and sighed lightly. Her board hit the ground with a sharp smacking sound, and she kicked her snow covered boots against the back of her binding. She slammed her foot into the binding and strapped herself into her snowboard, one foot out to skate over to the chairlift. Her black braids bounced against her back and her mind was reciting her routine.

Macy flexed her fists in nervousness, closing her eyes as she sat down on the chairlift. She focused on the movements, the grooves and slides of her routine. She thought about her practice earlier this morning. Her friends had praised her, but she was too nervous to take the praise. She wasn't landing her jumps and her form was sloppy, so she was crossing her fingers that maybe she could make it.

The chair came up over a small hill and Macy touched down on the lip that stuck out and slid off into the competition. Cameras flashed and people screamed questions at her, desperate for gossip that would leave the newspaper a week after the competition.

## Jumping White

Macy skated over to the track, her fingertips tingling with nervousness. She sat, slapping her board against the snow carpeted floor and strapped her left foot into the binding. Her competitors thought of her as less of a threat, because she rode goofy, but it honestly made her more of a threat. When she first started, she rode normal, but after a couple years, she became goofy but sometimes rode normal. Therefore, when she would switch, she wouldn't fall over like most people did.

She propped herself up on her elbows as her friend, Lauren, approached her. She had a huge smile on her face and her freckles were glowing in the midday sun. Lauren squatted beside her, patting Macy's shoulder.

"Okay, Macy, I believe in you. When you get up there, just breathe. Focus on the air." Lauren nodded and walked over to the audience seats. Macy stood up, her toes curling in her boots.

Her legs shook, but she slid into the lineup. When she got to the front, a lifty stapled a paper with a number onto her jacket. It read, 246127. Maybe that number was lucky and she would land her jumps. Or maybe it was the most unlucky number within the whole competition.

Suddenly, numbers were getting called from a megaphone behind her. 248521, 246268, 246127...

# Jumping White

Macy gasped when she heard her number. She didn't expect to be called so early. She shuddered, goosebumps rose on her pale arms and a bead of sweat rolled silently down the middle of her forehead. She swallowed hard and stood, her mind gliding into focus like the last puzzle piece, and suddenly everything was right. She got in line behind her competitors, watching their movements. One of them wasn't wearing a helmet, which Macy thought was very irresponsible, was 248521, a man with a large nest of hair that flowed out from behind his head and a pair of gloves with cats playing electric guitars on them. His jumps were sloppy, but his landings were hard to beat. The crisp sound of the board hitting the iced over tracks, that's the sound you want to hear. Not a machine gun sound with multiple smacks, the judges will not tolerate that.

The next character to make an appearance was a very large man with short cropped hair and without a helmet. Macy didn't like him already. His board had a skull and crossbones as a decal, and Macy stifled a laugh. He was sure to be not very good, just by appearance.

He fell on the first jump, insisted that he try again and caused a fight with security. Macy wondered why they had security there before, but now she knew. The blasting sound of the megaphone rang over the crowd, and Macy gulped.

"Number 246127 please take your mark." The crackle in the air froze and the people around her fell silent. The trees and even the air stopped.

# Jumping White

Macy breathed deeply, peeking over at Lauren, who motioned for her to go for it. She pushed off into the course. Her heartbeat quickened as she approached the first jump. She knelt in the air, her left hand reaching for the tail of her board.

Her hand gripped her board, her emerald eyes scanning the summit of the jump. Macy released her board, bracing herself for impact. Her board hit the ground with a satisfying smack. The judges wrote notes down in their pads as Macy came up on the second jump. She cleared this one easily without any tricks, sending a wave of cheering from the stands.

The last jump was the one she was nervous for. It loomed over her, the horizon disappearing over the top as she neared it. Her board lifted from the front and her rotation causing her to flip over backwards. Before this, she had never been able to clear it. Macy saw the world from upside down for a second then switched back to normal. Her eyes lit up as her board crisply planted her to the ground for half a millisecond. She glided down to the exit, her body shaking with happiness.

Macy watched the judges as they held up their scores. Perfect 10s. Her eyes watered with joy and she watched as her friends, who had just arrived in time, ran over to her. She saw her manager waving and she smiled, and knew her future was brighter than the midday sun that shone over her.



## Spring Senses

Spring is vibrant coloured flowers swaying in the gentle wind; hearing soft laughter in the distance and crickets in the green grass waiting to chirp at night. In the clear blue sky, we see beautiful birds soaring above us. The sun shining on the crystal clear water gives it sparkle. Hearing soft rain falling on your rooftop after a clap of thunder. You can see and hear spring all around us.

Spring is smelling wonderful BBQ's from neighbours around you, tasting the fresh fruit grown in your garden, smelling the amazing food being cooked in the kitchen and tasting tea from fresh tea leaves. You can smell the the mud and taste the fresh air after a long rainstorm. You can find the pastel easter eggs during an enjoyable Easter egg hunt and taste their sweetness. The smells and tastes of spring are wonderful.

Spring is feeling gloomy on the stormy days and joy on the sunny days. The feeling of excitement you feel when you see the golden sun waiting for you to come to enjoy the glorious day and looking around all over the place and seeing new life. Falling asleep to the sound of thunder and rain when you are snuggled up in your cozy bed gives you a feeling of love and happiness. Spring has so many emotions.

Spring is laughing with your friends while running free with green grass under your feet, biking up in the mysterious forest exploring new things, testing your ability and

joining sports teams and planting new life in your garden. Making up your own crazy game to play, playing volleyball in front of the lake and swimming to find interesting fish and rocks. Spring is extraordinary!

# For You....

## Chapter One

### Morgan

The 4th of January, 1980 was when my best friend Morgan Foster got pounded into the hard rocky cement ground by a car on North Central avenue right in front of my eyes. That day destroyed me. Whenever I thought of her I cried. Sometimes, when I would hear her dying screams in my head, I could barely breathe. For two months, I couldn't get out of my bed in the morning and sometimes I wouldn't eat. The nightmares of the incident would play in my head every night. I felt like I had no hope. She was my only great friend and now I was starting to lose my family. I was a failure to them. I started going to therapy and it still didn't help. Then one afternoon my therapist asked me something I'll never forget, "Did you and Morgan ever have a plan or a dream?". When we were in high school, we made a promise that when we were 25 we would serve in the army for our country. I told him about our promise. I knew he thought it was a crazy idea.

"You're turning 25 in a couple of months, am I correct?", he asked.

I nodded.

"Well, I'll leave that decision to you", he said.

Over the next couple of weeks I stopped going to therapy and I made my decision to join the army.

My parents thought I was insane. So did the rest of my family and friends. They all kept saying that this was a fantasy but I made a promise.

2 years later, United States Armed Forces.

The daily wake up call was at 5am but from what I saw on the Sargent's face this wasn't a usual wake up call. "We are getting stationed to Lebanon to fight alongside Israel, Syria, France, Italy and the Multinational Force in Lebanon and fighting against Arab Deterrent Force and Amal Movement. So everyone let's move as quickly as possible", said Sargent Stevens. When I heard those words I suddenly thought of Morgan and why I was doing this.

"Hey lazy, there's a war out there that needs our help." yelled Rebecca my bunkpartner.

"Sorry, I was just thinking about Morgan." I said with a sigh

As we got into the transport, I realized that if Morgan was here we would have never done this, I wouldn't of have risked my life just from a stupid promise, maybe my parents were right. I could have kept being a waitress in Cafe Luke like before.

"Soldier Edger".

"Yes Sargent Stevens", I saluted.

"You're an excellent soldier and what you're doing for Morgan is very brave", He said

"Thank you, Sir." I said

Tears fell from my eyes as we started our descent into Lebanon.

Then I started to hear Morgan's voice saying, "It will be alright Johanna".

# Chapter Two

## The War

As we exited from the transport, I couldn't think straight, I lost focus, then I heard Sargent Stevens yell for us to head to the grey building to the right. Once I was able to focus, all I could see were big clouds of smoke and hear the sounds of gunshots..

"Johanna, watch out", yelled a voice. I ducked.

"Thanks, I owe you", I said

"Nah", the voice said. "Hey, my name is Lily, I'm also in USIFIL and I'm like two bunks down from you at USAF".

"Right, I remember you, you like to shoot guns", I said with a laugh

"Yah, I really just want to get out there and do what I came to do", she yelled

It was silent for awhile as we walked to the building then the loudest sound shook the ground.

"TAKE COVER!!!!!!!!!!!!!!", yelled Sargent Stevens

We ran to the nearest shelter. I heard a gunshot and watched as one of my team was shot. Again, I thought of Morgan and the reality of our promise.

"Okay, head to the grey building now and take caution!", Sargent Stevens shouted.

2 months later

The past couple months were mostly taking caution of our surroundings and as before more and more soldiers fell everyday. Everyday I thought of Morgan more and more. But Lily had plenty of chances to shoot her gun.

One afternoon all the bombing and the gunshots stopped, all I could hear was hushed voices and deep breaths. We walked slowly all of us in different directions but in a circle than out of bushes and behind buildings came out hundreds of soldiers from Saudi Arabia and Sudan rushed out with machine guns and rifles. They had cornered us. Then one Sudanese soldier had his eye on me and then I could see him starting to pull his finger on the trigger of his rifle. I yelled, "RUN AND TAKE COVER!!!!!!". We made our escape firing as we ran. Many were shot, many were wounded and many of our US soldier were dead.

It had been now a year since our force came to fight and there were less than half of us left. Many more people died in front of my eyes now and everytime it happened I immediately thought of Morgan.

One spring morning I noticed some soldiers from Iran pass by the restaurant with a big bag about the size of a body dragging on the ground. They threw the bag to the middle of the street and started kicking the bag. Then they one started yelling in Persian while the other took out his gun and shot whatever was in the bag. The soldiers left. Lily came to my side.

"Who was that in the bag?" I asked

"Sargent Stevens", she said through tears.

The next morning we had a small funeral for Sargent Stevens. But once silence broke the front door to the restaurant was kicked opened by other soldier who started shooting, everyone fell except for me. I stood up straight, pointed my gun at the soldiers and said, "For Morgan Fisher".

Kieran Carr  
Gr. 7  
Dufferin Elementary  
Life Pod 5

**August 21,3011 Planet Earth.**

It all started when I received a letter from the Alterra Planet Corporation. It read:

---

*Dear Eden Wilson, you have been chosen to go on a journey to a newly discovered planet aboard the Aurora Space Shuttle. With your expertise in Marine Biology there are so many new species we could discover.*

*Signed, Seth Armstrong.*

---

I didn't know what to do at first, but I made my choice.

One week later, I packed my bags and hopped onto a hovertrain over to America. I was driven to the Alterra Planet Corporation headquarters in a white sports car with a symbol on it. When I arrived there, I was greeted by none other than Seth Armstrong himself, and a woman dressed in a blue mechanic suit.

“Welcome to the A.P.C headquarters Dr. Wilson. I present to you Kiera Mitchel. She is one of the engineers that built this shuttle. She will be accompanying you on your journey and throughout your research.”

“So when do we set off Captain Armstrong?

“ At 06:00, and please, call me Seth.” He said.

“ Great that will give me enough time for me to show you around the ship.” Kiera said,

I thought to myself, this is going to be best trip ever, but little did I know that this was going to be the worst trip of my life.

### **September 2, 3011 , Aboard the Aurora space shuttle**

I tumbled out of my room and saw people running into people, and blinding lights flashing everywhere I looked. Sirens rang loudly, murdering my ears. I ran to the nearest window and peered out. We were slowly falling into a planet covered in water. I quickly grabbed some valuables from my room. It was a scanner, repair tool, and a picture of my family. I ran over to my pod and Inside, waiting for me, was Kiera.

“Come on, we have to go!” Her voice sounded distant because of the sirens.

“What about Seth?!” I yelled.

“There’s no time!” she screamed.

I jumped into my chair which automatically strapped me in.

“ Are you ready?!” She said.



I slightly nodded my head. She pressed on her panel. First there was a click. Everything went silent for a second. Then, we dropped...

It all happened so fast. First, the red fire extinguisher attached to the wall fell off slamming onto the ground of the life pod. Then, a metal plate jumped off the wall displaying ripped and torn wires. As we were falling, the metal plate hit me in the face knocking me out cold.

### **September 2, Unknown Planet**

. “Eden! Eden! Wake up.” The voice was distant, but audible. I woke up groggy and with a dull ache behind my eyes.

“Oh thank god you’re alive!” She said.

“Where..where are we?”. I asked. “Take a look”. I got out of my seat and climbed up the cold ladder in the middle of the pod. When I was at the top, I hesitated, then pushed up the compartment door.

“Whoa!” I said.

“What is it? What do you see?”

There was vast space of water as far as the eye could see. The gigantic space shuttle was laying in the water engulfed in fire. Kiera came up behind me.

“Double whoa.” She said. We just stood there for a moment and took it all in. We both realized that we’d be here for a while.

Well, I better see what the fabricator has to offer.” She said.

“Fabricator? What’s a fabricator?” I asked.

“ The Fabricator is an appliance which can be used to craft food, water, equipment, tools, and machines from raw, or basic materials near the area.

“It’s essentially a 3D printer that does anything you want it to. You just need blueprints to the object you’re creating.”

“ Do you think you can get into the water and get me a DNA scan of the animal life forms in the water. Here put this on.”

Kiera tossed me a scuba suit with some scuba gear which she created from the fabricator.

“ If it’s too big, press the button on your chest , then it will automatically adjusts the size.”

She handed me the scanner.

She pressed a large red button which sent me downward into the cold blue water.

### **September 5, Planet 4546B**

*“Mayday, mayday.”* Kiera and I were awoken by a distress call.

*“This is commander Lowery, requesting immediate rescue. Coordinates attached.”*

“We have to go now.” Said Kiera. The excitement of hearing from survivors was evident in her voice.

We jumped into the Cyclops and sped into the great unknown.

It took almost half an hour to get to our destination, but when we got there, it took us by surprise. There was a massive gaping hole in the side of the life pod.

“That’s not good.” Kiera said.

“Let’s take a closer look.”

I strapped on my suit and slipped on my flippers.

The sides of the lifepod felt sharp. Like it had been just ripped off with sharp teeth. Almost everything was pitch black, except for one dimly lit corner. It was a PDA. I took it and left. I got a very bad feeling about this place.

“What happened?” Kiera asked.

I handed her the PDA.

“No survivors, just this PDA.”

She pressed the glowing blue button.

“ This is Luci Lowery. Commander of the Aurora Space Shuttle. If you find this, I am probably dead. I just want to say. I had a good life and-.” SLAM. Something hard hit the side of the submarine. I toppled over and Kiera had hung onto the railing.

“ Terra, make a full body scan of the ship.” Kiera said.

*“Scanning Perimeter. Life form: Unknown, Class: Leviathan.”*

“ Leviathan? What’s a Leviathan?” Kiera asked as the boat rocked again.

“ Very big creatures!” I yelled.

“ Let’s get out of here! There’s two Seamoths at the docking station. We can take those and leave the leviathan to the ship.”

I nodded in agreement. Then, we went off. To escape the big creature.

“ I’m never doing that again.” I said.

**September 12, Planet 4546B**

One week later the most terrible thing happened. Keira started to get sick. Up to the point that she couldn't walk. I Knocked on the door to Kiera's room.

"How are you feeling?" I asked.

She had tears from her eyes crawling down her face.

"I want you to take this." She said with a smile.

She handed me her PDA.

"These are blueprints to build a spaceship.

"I'm not leaving without you" I stated.

"Yes, you are. My time is up, Eden. Eventually this infection could spread to you. So I want you to go. Leave me here."

More tears welled up in her eye. I knew she wouldn't change her mind so I grabbed the blueprints and said my final goodbye.

I made sure that Kiera had a clear view of the rocket when it launched.

After it was built, I started up all the engines and put one thing into my time capsule. It was a picture of my family. Hoping to see them one day , sat in the main chair and was ready for lift off.

*" Launching in 10,9,8,7,6,5,4,3,2,1."*

The sound of the engines as I ascended pounded in my ears, but the memory of Kiera would stay with me forever.

Darkness

Darkness

Always lost in the light

Reviving when the moon begins to shine

Kindred spirits hide away

Never truly touched by the darkness

Endlessly fooled allowing us to believe the impossible

So we believe that light destroys the darkness

Slowly we neglect the truth that the light is always hiding in the darkness

Grace Cassidy, grade 7, South Sahali Elementary, "The life before"

The life before

Nothing but pavement

No path for the forgotten

No more unseen blooms

Abandoned Paradise  
Abbie Christensen  
Grade 7  
Raft River Elementary

Once a little girl Emma went on vacation with her parents, Jennifer and David Song. They were staying in a two star hotel with a regular pool and hot tube. On the second day of their stay they went on a tour of the island. There were beautiful flowers everywhere with butterflies flying above them. Then Emma saw the prettiest butterfly she has ever seen before, so she followed the butterfly off the trail and into the rainforest. In time, Emma came to a beautiful beach with soft white sand, palm trees big and small, and the calming sound of the baby blue sea. The best part was the sun as it was shining as bright as possible behind the ocean. Then she noticed something she hadn't noticed before. There was a small cabin sitting in the middle of the beach. It looked old and worn out, the windows were boarded up and the roof had holes in it. All around the cabin's base were flowers just like the ones in the rainforest.

After seeing all this, Emma completely forgot about the butterfly that lead her here and most importantly her family. Then without warning a creepy howling noise came from behind the cabin, and the louder the noise became the further back Emma went until she was knee deep in the water. She knew she couldn't swim so she didn't dare go deeper without an adult or a life jacket. Emma was walking forwards when a big wave came and pushed her onto the sand. As she was getting up, the front door of the cabin was slowly opening to show a small girl about the same age as Emma is now. As the girl walked forward Emma was becoming more aware of what was happening. The girl was very pale and appeared to be gliding not walking, she also seemed to be the one making those howling noises that she heard earlier that day.

Then a thought came to Emma, was it possible that this girl was a ghost. Emma moved closer so she could get a better look at the girl when she spoke,

"Who are you?"

Speechless at what she just heard she quietly said her name. "Emma Song."

Then she added "Who are you?"

The girl replied "I'm Zoey. "Me and my family used to live here in this cabin, until..."

"Until you died." Emma finished for her.

Zoey nodded her head, but didn't say anything. Emma had so many questions, so she decided on one question to ask. "Do you think...um... that you could maybe tell me how you died?"

"Zoey just stood there, not saying anything.

"You don't have to." Emma added quickly.

Abandoned Paradise

Abbie Christensen

Grade 7

Raft River Elementary

But Zoey said, "It was about 3 years ago, I was having swim lessons with my mother. She told me that I should try swimming without my lifejacket and try to swim to where I can't touch. I did it, I swam to where I couldn't touch, but before I could swim back to my mother a giant wave came and pulled me underwater."

Emma didn't know what to say. All she could think of was sorry, but she didn't know how to say it. Zoey saw the look on Emma's face and knew at once what Emma wanted to say.

"It's okay. You're not the first person to come hear my story, and say nothing."

"What do you mean?" Emma asked the question before she knew it came out of her mouth.

"I mean that other people have found me before now and wanted to say sorry, but didn't know how." Zoey said simply.

Trying not to sound too confused Emma asked, "How did you know that I wanted to say sorry?"

"I could tell by the look on your face. Um...would you like to see my house?" Zoey added after.

So Emma couldn't ask anymore questions.

"Why not," Emma replied, although she wasn't overly convinced that this was the right idea. So together they set off towards Zoey's house, Emma not knowing that Zoey was the daughter of the Devil.



Riley Christianson

Dufferin Elementary

Gr.7

## Spring

The flowers bloom as the sun shines down

The buds open to the calling of the sun

The grass grows long and old as the rain pours from the clouds

The bears wake up from a long rest

The warm water flows through the rivers

The bunnies hop around in the rich soil

The trees are overcome with colours

This is the calling of Spring

Riley Christianson

Dufferin Elementary

Gr.7

## The Land of Dreams

Horses gallop through the hay as the dragons soar in the sky

Kings and Queens rule over the fairy tales

Superheroes fly through the sky

The butterflies rest on the leaves

Rabbits hop through the lush forest

Water glows with sunlight

Trees bend into mansions

This is the land of dreams

In a blinding storm in 1943, a train came hurtling down the countryside and into a swollen, raging river. The screams of terror drowned with those who uttered them, the howling echoes exploding into silent bubbles rising to the top of the turgid water. Men, excited about seeing their families again after a long, hard service in the army never made it home to their eager relatives awaiting them at the station. By morning people were concerned. Some wives were in hysterics while others put on brave faces, trying to make excuses for their missing husbands. Children were crying broken-heartedly before falling into a tragic silence. The alarm was raised. In the exhausted aftermath of the turbulence, the men of the town set out to scour the riverbed looking for wreckage and survivors. Although the water had already subsided and the river began to look more like its innocent self, the train was never recovered, no survivors nor any corpses. It was as if the river had simply swallowed up the train. People were distraught, perplexed and apprehensive. The railway began going out of business. Over time, the war ended and people looked forward to better times. They began to forget about the accident.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sixty years later, a young girl began exploring the old overgrown train track near her home. She squatted to examine the rusted iron tracks and heavy blackened wooden sleepers. She wandered along the track dreamily for a while, thinking about trains. As dusk fell her mother called and reluctantly the young girl headed back home for dinner. As she slept she dreamt of an old train screaming along the line at a breakneck pace.

The train in her dream became louder and louder until abruptly she woke. Not believing her ears, she could still hear the fast chuffing noise of the train. Quietly she dressed, then tiptoed out the back door. Thunder rumbled and crashed, a storm was breaking. Down the track, she passed the shadows of the ruined station where six trains had stopped each day. She paused momentarily before continuing.

The next field had nothing but a river and a hill with rusted train tracks on it. In the blinding storm, a train came hurtling down the countryside and into the swollen, raging river. Screams of terror drowned with those who uttered them, the howling echoes exploding into silent bubbles on the surface of the turgid water. In terror and disbelief, she turned and raced home, her heart pounding in her ears. As she calmed, she heard the river and storm behind her die down, and the stillness of the night returned.

## Turn Back Time

*Dedicated to Professor Stephen Hawking*

Hi, I'm Kendall, and this is my story. It started when my friends and I were on a hike and found a car. I thought the car looked familiar. It was so tempting, so we jumped in. A strange feeling came over me: I recognized the baby seats. I felt dizzy. This was the car my mom was driving when she disappeared. Little did I know that what I was about to do would create a black hole that would threaten the whole universe.

When we turned on the radio to listen to our favourite Country music station, everything went black. We thought we had passed out. We saw stars flash by. When I opened my eyes again, everything had changed.

Kylie looked out the window. She said, "What in the world was that?"

We all looked outside the windows and saw cowboys, cowgirls, and cactuses.

"I think this car is a time machine," I whispered so quietly that I wasn't sure if my friends could hear me.

Nolan pointed up at the sky. "Oh no," he said, "What *is* that?"

They all looked up and saw a black object swirling in the sky. It was getting bigger and bigger. Cactuses and houses were spinning around, vanishing into the blackness.

Jennifer said wondering, "I think it's a black hole."

"I think we have to fix this," said Kylie, "and fast."

I said sarcastically, "If we go out there, we will look like bozos. We need to dress to impress." Everyone laughed.

Kylie said with a confused look, "Where do we get clothes?"

## Turn Back Time

I said, trying to look cool, "Right there," and pointed to a store with a big sign that said 'clothes'.

We ran across the dusty street. No one noticed us: everyone was looking up at the dark sky. When we got into the store, we took clothes, and cowboy hats, of course. They looked okay.

We walked out and tried to figure out a way to close the black hole. We thought and thought and thought a little more. Jennifer said, "Maybe we should go back in time to before we even went in the car."

Kylie said, "Maybe that'll work," so we all hopped back in the car, but we didn't know how to change Time.

I said, "Let's change the music to the nineties." When we cranked the dial to the 90s station, everything went black again. When the car stopped shaking, we were back to our parents' time.

We looked up at the sky. There was no black hole in sight. We cheered for joy.

Nolan said, "How do we know what time we're in?"

"I think we're in the 90s." said Jennifer.

"How can you tell?" I asked.

Jennifer said, "By their hairdos". We all looked around. We saw some people with big hair. We all laughed, until we realized we were still wearing our western clothes.

Kylie said, "Let's go to the clothes store and the hairdresser." A few stops later, we all looked rad.

Suddenly, Nolan said, "Is that my mother?" It sure looked like his mother, but she was a teenager...with big hair. Nolan said in a shocked way, "Oh my God."

## Turn Back Time

As we walked around getting souvenirs, I started thinking: if Nolan could find his mom, maybe I could see mine. You see, my mom went missing when I was eight, in the same car we had been traveling through time in. Maybe I could see my mother for a little longer, one last time. I told my friends I was going to be gone for a while, and set out to look for her.

I walked and walked. At last, I stumbled upon a lady. She was young and pretty. It was my mom. I started to cry, and the lady asked, "Why are you crying? Are you lost?"

I didn't answer because, even if she believed me, I was afraid that if I told her I was her son from the future, the black hole would come back.

"Don't be afraid," she said, "Maybe I can help."

She was so beautiful. I blurted out, "I'm your son. I came from the future. You died when I was 8."

My mother was in shock. I looked up at the sky. There was no black hole. "That's quite a story," my mom said, then she got up and walked away. I started to cry again.

When I got back to my friends, Jennifer asked, "Why are you crying?"

I said, "I just saw my mom."

My friends were in shock. "Oh my God, are you okay?"

"I feel so bad for you!"

"That must hurt."

"When you saw her did you talk to her, and tell her that you were her son?"

I wiped my face and said, "No."

## Turn Back Time

So we got back in the car, and went back to our time. When we arrived, Kylie said, "Well, let's finish our hike."

Nolan said, "We're wearing 90s clothes."

Kylie said, "So? We can still go on a hike."

We finished the hike, but I didn't enjoy it much. I was thinking about my mom. We all went back to our houses, and put our souvenirs in our bedrooms. I went over to Kylie's house. She sat on her bed, and said, "I wish your mother was still alive."

After that I ran home. I felt so sad inside. I really missed my mom. It was like the black hole was inside me. I crawled into bed. When I woke up and went downstairs and there was breakfast on the table and my mom was washing the dishes. I looked out the window, and saw a black hole nearly filling the sky.



I don't know why I woke up on that cold winter's morning. One minute I was asleep, lost in a now forgotten dream, the next my eyelashes had fluttered open, as if by some unseen calling. It was still pitch black in my room, so I glanced at the digital clock whose reassuring glow lit up my nightstand. It was 4:00 am. Normally, I would've allowed myself to be pulled back into the inky blackness of my dreams, but something felt different about this particular morning, so I slipped out of my bed onto the cool wood floor. For the first time that year, the air had a wintery bite to it. I pulled on a thick, cashmere sweater and tiptoed out of my room, down one of my house's chilly hallways to the enormous picture window that was situated at the top of the stairs. That was when I saw what made that morning so memorable. Snow.

It fell in heavy, white flakes that fluttered through the sky over the quiet streets. It must've snowed all night because already, everything was covered in a soft white blanket. The sun had not yet risen, causing the serene landscape to be lit in a pale gray light. It was magical. A smile broke out on my face as I rushed down the stairs to the front door. I yanked layer upon layer of warm winter clothing over my fleece pyjamas, pulled on my snow boots, then opened the door and stepped out into the snow.

The first thing I noticed was how quiet it was. The snow muffled every sound, making it so silent and so still that you could almost hear each snowflake as it landed softly on the ground. I had only been outside for a few seconds, and already the snowflakes had coated my eyelashes and were melting on my cheeks. The

morning's wintery magic caused me to be overwhelmed by a childish instinct, and so I tipped back my head and opened my mouth, allowing the soft white flakes to melt on my tongue. The view of the oncoming snow from that angle was truly breathtaking, and so I closed my mouth and watched the flakes flutter down around me for some time before continuing on. I wandered down the street, making fresh footprints in the thick layer of snow. I didn't quite know where I was going, only that I couldn't let this beautiful morning go to waste.

I ambled through the snow for quite some time, watching the snowflakes fall through the sky. The air was crisp and cool, refreshing after a dark and dusty fall. I didn't recognize the streets around me, and I had no idea how to get back home, but something about this morning kept me from caring. I felt like I was inside of a snow globe, surrounded by empty houses and streets, the stillness disturbed only by the gentle fall of the snowflakes and my own presence. Soon, my early morning walk brought me to a little park, with snow-covered oak trees and a frozen pond. It was at the end of a cul-de-sac, and I didn't want to turn back quite yet, so I squeezed between the frozen metal gates and slipped inside.

I wandered through the park, past a rusty, snow-dusted swing set and a granite memorial bench with a soft snow cushion. Everything seemed frozen in time, any sharp edges or harsh angles softened by the smooth white blanket. I made my way towards the back of the park, which held a grove of big, old pine trees that formed a ring around a snowy clearing. Just as I was arriving, the sun rose above the mountains, filling the sky with orange, pink and red light. It brushed everything with a

mesmerizing golden glow that made the snowy morning all the more spectacular. I took a moment to appreciate it, then I pushed past the snow-coated trees into the clearing beyond.

I was expecting the clearing to be empty, nothing but a circular snowy blanket, but instead, I saw a deer. It was huge and magnificent, with velvety antlers, a smooth coat, and big dark eyes like pools of melted chocolate. I stood utterly motionless as I watched the deer, and it mirrored me in its stillness. We stared at each other for a few tense seconds before I took a tentative step forward, startling the animal and causing it to turn and crash away through the underbrush, shaking down snowflakes that settled to the ground at the edges of the clearing. I tried to follow, but I tripped over a snow-covered rock and fell to my stomach. The snow was cold on my face so I rolled over onto my back. Lying there in the snow, with white flakes fluttering down all around me and the colours of the sunrise illuminating the sky, I found myself transported to some far away place, a magical ice kingdom of snowflakes and serenity. I closed my eyes and took a deep breath, allowing myself to be enveloped in the winter magic. Just as a blanket of peace and contentment was settling over me, it was shattered by the beeping of an early morning snow plow, come to tidy the streets for the soon-to-arrive cars. As if on cue, the snow suddenly stopped falling, the last flakes fluttering to the ground to join their fallen brethren. I hoped the feeling would return, but the moment had passed and the rest of the neighbourhood was awakening, so, with a sigh, I pulled myself off the ground and pushed out of the clearing before commencing the long walk home.

The waves crash into shore with almost a controlled timing but you know that it's not controlled because of that huge wave that comes in every so often. In fact, it's so huge that instead of wetting your feet so that it brings you a tingle of warmth up to your calves, the huge wave reaches all the way up to your waist making your shorts feel like a million pounds heavier.

I hear an innocent little girl, that sounds like my sister, say, "Thank you for helping me, mister". I look over even though that I know that it can't be my sister and I see a little girl and through the heat waves I see him for the first time.

I'm not one for love at first sight but there he is helping some little kid rebuild the sand castle that his friends had recklessly destroyed while playing a game of football. I seriously can't take my eye off of him so I probably look like a stalker. He gets up and shakes the sand off his knees and he looks in my direction and the world suddenly unfreezes. I regain my common sense and act cool by going on my phone but I can't help it when my eye wanders away from my messages that I was going through.

I realize that my quick look becomes a two-minute stare session when my best friend Cassie spots me and tells me that Camilla (another really good friend of mine) says that the waves are perfect right now. When we get into the water I am the first one

It's a little awkward at first but by the time that we are done surfing, we are all talking to each other and all of my nerves are gone. Shawn asked us to join them for ice creams and of course, we accept. Isaiah and I coincidentally order the same caramel crème ice cream. Then we sit beside each other, thanks to Cassie.

We all talk until the store closes and then we all head back to the beach where Shawn suggests that we should do double surfing where two people go on one board and they try and catch a wave. "Wanna go together," Isaiah asks and I'm pretty sure my heart stops. We all partner up, Isaiah and I are the first out. We try and get up on a wave but we both get knocked off and we both start laughing. We finally get a wave and then we all go home, but not before Isaiah and I trade phone numbers.

When I get home it's 10 pm and I can't seem to fall asleep. Suddenly my phone lights up and so does my face. I look down and it's Isaiah, asking if I want to hang out again tomorrow and of course I respond yes and then he asks if I would like for it to be a date thing, just him and me. I swear I almost faint, I don't hesitate to respond with a yes and a happy emoji.

Nine dates with Isaiah have gone by and everyone is more perfect than the other. Since this is our tenth date I take extra long to get ready and then I head off to the beach where I see Isaiah with a boogie board in his hands. He teaches me how to use it and as soon as I get the hang of it, the sun sets and we sit there, talking about everything. I look into his deep and clear brown eyes and I whisper something that I have only said to three other boys, "I really like you".

He whispers "I really like you too," then we both lean in and it is only for two seconds but I can't imagine anything better than that. Then his soft lips touch mine and then a tingle goes through my body and I try to keep it in because I don't want to explode in happiness. When we lean back, I smile, so hard that my cheeks hurt but here we are holding hands sitting on the beach, watching the sunset. Perfect.

## ROBOT

Benjamin Dreyer

David Thompson elem.

Grade 7

In the year 2085 over half a million jobs have been replaced by robots. The only jobs left are engineers who design and build the robots, and farmers who make the food. Robots are useful in many ways, they can do household chores such as cleaning, and they can do normal jobs like teaching and cooking.

Humans need not do any of their daily duties.

The military forces are equipped with a variety of high tech weapons. Soldiers can simply control them from a remote control in a secret base making war very easy.

Some of the robots are convinced that they are human and will try and fight humans.

On the south side of New York city, Benjamin was locked up in a jail cell that smelled like rotten milk and was always moist. There were no windows. The only light shined through was a small crack in the wall.

Benjamin was determined to get out. In fact, today was that day. Benjamin flipped his bed and grabbed a key. This key wasn't normal--it could change into every object possible by just thinking of it. He thought of a grenade then a small light flashed and a grenade appeared. Benjamin threw it at the wall with the crack and escaped. He wasn't safe yet.

He ran towards the city, hopped across an ally way fence, sat down and went to sleep. Benjamin woke up by a small robot saying "Are you lost?"

Benjamin sat up and said, "I don't know."

"Why not?" said the little robot.

"Because I don't have a home."

"What's your name?"

"Benjamin."

Just then lightning struck on a bridge. Benjamin and the robot walked over to the bridge and saw a glowing orb. Benjamin picked it up and saw a water fountain. Only a few seconds later he suddenly appeared at the place he had seen. Robots were everywhere shooting at him. He ran into the fountain except he kept sinking until he hit a platform that opened at his touch and all the water had somehow disappeared. He was in a room that was all white and had a picture of a man hanging on the wall. There was a camera in the corner when Benjamin looked at it, a door appeared allowing him to get

through. When he walked in, a bunch of robots was looking at him, then they all stopped and went back to their business.



### My Father's Suicide

When I was eight years old, my father committed suicide. It was an average Tuesday when I got called in to the school office. A police officer named Dave was there, and he told me that he was going to take my sister and me to see our mom. I wasn't sure what he meant by that, after all, as far as I knew, my mom was at her insurance office. As my sister and I climbed into the back of the police cruiser, I felt like I had done something wrong; I had an uneasy feeling in my stomach. I asked my little sister if she knew what was going on, and she replied, "I think they finally found out that I'm the real Rapunzel, and they know I need to be protected." I knew that couldn't be the truth though.

When we arrived at the station, I saw my mother crying and shaking on the carpeted floor. It was strange to see my strong, independent mother sobbing on the floor of a police station. I ran over and gave her a hug and she kept on saying, "I thought I lost you. I told him not to do it. I told him to get help." I didn't know what she meant by 'him'. Then they took her back into what I now know as an interrogation room.

After my mom came back, they wanted to talk to me. They asked me if I knew where my dad lives. I said I didn't know the address. They asked me what colour his house was, and I said it was a big white house. They were very strict and I felt like if I answered wrong they would get mad at me. As they left, I asked my mom why we were here. She took me into the hallway and said very quietly, "Daddy is going to jail for a few

### My Father's Suicide

years. He did something really bad today.” It was later revealed to me by my mother that he had been waiting in her car and when she came in he grabbed her and tried to strangle her. The only reason she got away was because of the parkade attendant’s video security. Then I asked why we couldn’t leave and go home. He was looking for me and my sister; that’s why we had to leave school. We stayed in the police station from 12pm - 7pm. I asked if we could finally go home, but no, we had to stay in the ‘Hotel Five Forty’.

When we arrived, my grandma (my mom’s mom) was there, and she gave us a big hug and took us all to our room. I remember that when we got there, my mom started puking and sobbing. That just made me feel worse. I had a bad sleep that night. I would wake up every few hours because I could hear my mom pacing across the room and answering phone calls. Finally, it was morning. My grandma put the radio on and all I heard was, “A forty-year-old father of two commits suicide after suffering from mental illness for many years.” I thought of how sad his children must be. I had no idea they were talking about my father.

Later on that day, we went home. It felt so good to be back in my house, that I didn’t even think about what my mom had told me about my father going to jail. The good feeling didn’t last though. My mother sat down on the old brown couch beside me and took a deep breath then said softly, “ Your dad died last night. He committed suicide.” At that moment, I wasn’t sure what to do. Yes, I loved him, but he had done so

### My Father's Suicide

many terrible things to my mother and I over the years. I figured that I needed to be strong for my mom and my sister, but I couldn't handle it. I burst into tears and buried my face in my mom's arms.

I didn't go to school for a few days, but when I did, everyone was talking about me. When I walked past people, they would start whispering "Oh that's the daughter of the maniac." I felt terrible. My friends never thought of me the same again. My dad's side of the family wasn't allowed to see me because of a lawsuit my grandma (my dad's mom) filed against my mother. Not only had he died, but he also took my friends and family away from me. The worst thing about the whole situation was that I didn't know as much as the kids who had watched the news, so I had to hear from my peers what had happened. Some said that he killed himself on the playground, and others said he did it in my backyard. It wasn't until a few weeks ago that I found a newspaper article saying that he had gone into his old white Chevy that we used to take to go fishing and shot himself.

After a year or so, I didn't think much of it. It didn't bother me when people talked about it. The only thing that bothers me to this day is the fact that I will never get to see part of my family again.

A Christmas Miracle  
By Hannah Fedato  
Grade 7  
Raft River Elementary

"Maya", my mother called from the kitchen on morning.

When I opened my eyes I looked over to the window. It was snowing! I love the snow! Me and my little brothers have snowball fights all the time. I always win. (probably because they're 5). I have a normal sized family, you could say. It's my twin brothers, Preston and Maton, who are 5, me ( I'm 12) my older brother, Cole, who is 15 and my Mom. Now you're probably wondering " where is your dad?", well I'll tell you. When I was 5 my Dad ran away, but we found him a couple months later. He said he was mad at Mom, so he got in his car and drove off. Then when I was 6 we got a phone call. It was the police. He said that Dad was in a car crash and didn't make it. It was a hard time for all of us. Oh, and I forgot to mention, my mom was pregnant with the twins.

"Maya come down stairs please," My mother called again.

"Coming," I yelled back.

I got out of in bed and ran down stairs. My mom and my brothers were standing in the kitchen looking at something in the window. I went up to the window to see our Elf on the Shelf eating a chocolate cake! She was covered in chocolate icing.

"Tinsel," I said laughing.

Tinsel was a crazy elf.

"Okay time for school kids," my Mom said as she gave me and Cole a kiss on the cheek. I grabbed my bag and ran out to the bus. Usually, I'm not this excited to go to school but my best friend, Sophie, was coming over and it was the last day of school before winter break!

When we got home there was a note on the counter. I picked it up and read it out loud.

It said "Maya, meet me at the treehouse after school and and don't ask why."

" I wonder what that's about?" Sophie asked.

"I don't know." I said

"But I'm assuming it's from Cole, he always sends me these weird notes that make no sense."

So we went out to the treehouse and saw Cole sitting on the ladder.

"what do-" I started to say.

"Shh!" Cole interrupted.

"Don't ask any questions."

" Why?" asked Sophie.

" I said don't ask questions!" he said very annoyed.

A Christmas Miracle  
By Hannah Fedato  
Grade 7  
Raft River Elementary

"Grumpy." I whispered to Sophie.

Cole rolled his eyes and said, "Anyways we've got a problem."

"What did you do this time?"

"I didn't do anything."

For some reason I didn't believe that. Cole reminds me of one of the Weasley twins from the Harry Potter series. It's even worse when his best friend, Dawson, is with him.

"It's actually Dawson's problem."

"Oh no," Sophie groaned.

"What did he do this time?" I asked.

Cole gave me the glare that Hermione Granger gave Ron and Harry when they were bugging her.

"You never said, no answers." me and Sophie laughed.

"Ok, Ok, that's enough." he said.

Ya, I think he's a little annoyed. But that's what little sisters are for.

"What's enough?" Sophie asked him with a smile on her face. Cole ignores us. He climbs into the treehouse. We follow him up and see Dawson sitting on one of the bean bag chairs.

"Took you long enough." Dawson said sarcastically.

"Sorry. This one and her friend were being little brats." Cole points to me and glares again.

"Anyways, we need your help with something very important." Dawson explains.

"As you know I have a problem. It's..."

"Just tell us." Sophie said impatiently.

"Fine. I'm a..... I'm an elf." He whispered it so quietly that we could barely hear him.

"Your a what!?"

"An elf." Dawson repeated.

"Your an elf!!!!!" Sophie yelled in shock.

"Quiet!!!!!!!" Dawson half whispered half yelled.

"It's kind of a secret."

"So what's your little problem?" I asked.

"Well, you see, my family is all elves as well and my grandpa is Santa. And his reindeer are missing. So his sleigh won't fly. That's why we need you guys to help find the reindeer." Dawson finished explaining.

I looked at Sophie and then back at Dawson.

"Fine. We're in."

A Christmas Miracle  
By Hannah Fedato  
Grade 7  
Raft River Elementary

**William Kamkwamba:**  
**The Boy Who Harnessed the Wind**

If famine caused you to dropout of school, what would be your reaction? For young William Kamkwamba, having a lack of education was a fate that he couldn't except. Using an eighth grade textbook on energy, he built a windmill that could produce electricity and pump out water for irrigation. Because of his lack for real machine parts, William used scraps to build his windmill. William's story was an inspiration to me and will continue to be an inspiration to people everywhere.

Motivation has always played a large role in our own success. Being a young farmer at the time, William Kamkwamba and his family lived in the Masitala Village, central Malawi when a famine broke out. For their family of nine, food was very scarce, cutting them down to just one meal a day. Money was very scarce too, and without his family being able to pay the \$80 school fees, it forced young William to drop out of school. Unwilling to accept what was happening, 14 year old William went to the school library and borrowed the 8th grade textbook *Using Energy*, which displayed a picture of windmills on the front. William then started working on a windmill that would give electricity to his home, preventing the need for kerosene lanterns and therefore potential sickness from the gas. His lack for real parts led him to use scraps from a junkyard

including a bicycle frame, a tractor fan, wooden poles and a car battery. After creating a prototype windmill out of a radio motor, he went to work at building his windmill. His contraption ended up powering 4 light bulbs and 2 radios. He then built another windmill to pump water for irrigation, which would help grow his family's crops for food.

During the process of creating his windmill, William was faced with many obstacles he had to jump over. The textbook that he based his windmill off of was written in English and, being in the heart of Malawi, that was a language he did not speak. He simply looked at the pictures in the book and based his windmill off of what the pictures looked like. Peer support was another problem he would have to overcome. Everyone around him thought he was crazy, even his mother did not believe in him. Even still, William pushed through all of the negative comments and didn't stop believing in himself.

William Kamkwamba's story inspired many across the globe. The Moving Windmills Project was inspired by his invention and his story. The goal of the project is to help other communities like in Wimbe, improve their economy. Many journalists came from both Malawi and the USA to find out more about William and his invention. He got



to go over to the United States to share his inspiring story through talk shows and articles. People all over the world now know about the story of William Kamkwamba.

In conclusion, William shows us the dedication and perseverance it takes to make your dreams become a reality. It all starts with having a motivation that can carry you across the finish line. Even then, things still won't be easy from here on out. We will all face problems that will make us want to back out, that will make us feel incapable and afraid. But, we have to remember that it's not what we say or think that defines us but merely what we do that defines who we are. We don't want to be known for our failure or for us just giving up and saying "we can't do it". What we do and what we accomplish is what we should be defined for, and William shows us how to do it. In the words of William Kamkwamba, "trust yourself and believe. Whatever happens, don't give up." Now there's only one question left: How can we become more like him?

Avery Ferguson, Grade 7  
Kamloops Christian School

Sarah Finch  
Gr. 7  
Dufferin Elementary

**I Did It**

I was once told  
By someone wise  
That when I fall  
I have to rise  
The trick is to  
Never give up  
Hard work and practice  
Is the way to go  
So when faced with a challenge  
Never say no  
Follow your dreams  
To get to such  
high level teams  
And when I finally get there  
I will look at my score  
Then to the crowd  
And hear them roar  
And think to myself  
I did it!

**When The Storm Hits**

When the storm hits  
It can ruin your day  
Gloomy rain fills the sky  
Making animals look  
For a place to hide  
A flash of light  
Makes the sky glow  
Then migrating birds  
Drop from the sky  
BOOM!  
A crack of thunder  
Makes your house rumble  
Your dogs yelp  
For some help  
But when the storm ends  
It's a beautiful sight  
Clouds that were once grey  
Are now fluffy and white  
In the distance  
A rainbow shines  
Animals are reappearing

Sarah Finch  
Gr. 7  
Dufferin Elementary

And the birds fly  
back to the sky  
You take a deep breath  
Fresh air fills your lungs  
And say to yourself  
The storm is over

## The Keys

I ungracefully tiptoed down the stairs. I was starving for pancakes, luckily my mom always made them in the morning. The smell of fresh baked goods filled my nose. I walked to the kitchen to find no one there, not even a pot or pan layed on the stove. "Where had the smell come from" I thought. The basement door lay wide open, and I decided to take a look. A sharp feeling of pain was in my foot. I looked down to see a small screw stuck in my foot. I tried to pull it out but when doing so I fell down the stairs. Every step I went down hurt more and more. Reaching the bottom I stood up, and as soon as I did, a throbbing sensation hit my head. My knees hit the broken wood paneling of the floor and a loud unknown sound came from behind me. Darkness filled the room, I had been locked into the basement of my own house. Too dizzy to move I tried to look around but there was no point. After a couple of minutes I came to my senses and got up. I slowly pulled the sharp metal screw out from my foot. I looked up the stairs to see a crack of light coming out from a small hole in the rickety door. I practically ran up the steps and peered out of the small hole. What looked back at me haunted me. A pair of unforgiving bloodshot eyes made my skin crawl and I backed away from the door. I don't know how I managed to keep quiet but whatever was outside the door probably would be more mad if I screamed, plus what would screaming accomplish? I spoke in a low voice "what are you?" The thing made a gruesome snarled sound that I think was supposed to be a laugh this made me back away from the door even more. Rage entirely

filled my body I hammered on the door making small indentations on the ruff surface. The thing hissed like a cat and I stopped. There was no point whatever this demonic creature was it wasn't going to let me out. My house was about 100 years old and I was always a big believer in ghosts and demons. I had even read books about them just to know what I was dealing with. I lived with my mother. My dad had died a mysterious death a long time ago. My mom had always told me to never go into the basement for she too was a firm believer in the paranormal, and had said to me once that she actually never knew what was in the basement or where it even ended. My dad kept all his secrets locked in the basement and never told anyone what was down there, but now I was stuck in his chest of secrets. To this day I still don't know why I was so calm then and there. I guess it was always knowing that the ghosts will not harm me if I did whatever they wanted. To add to the weirdness of my family we would host little ceremonies for the dead. My mom was a schizophrenic so she would often be very scared of the things that lived in here. It's like the memories of her too being stuck in this basement haunted her. This had all happened before. It was my grandma whos demonic soul made her own daughter go through such torture.

The thing growled outside the door. I hit the door viciously and the creature growled, layed down, and went to sleep. I tiptoed down the stairs took a giant gulp of breath and walked into the dark abyss. A mattress stood in one of the corners of the room. The space wasn't actually that big but was filled to the brim with various items, some I had never known that existed like a small bottle called "frog tears". A loud voice came out from a crack in the window. "Hello little miss. You want out?" "does it look like I want out." I replied sarcasm basically pouring out of my words. "Just like your mother." He snickered. "Who are you?" I whispered but he did not respond instead he replied with "Five keys are around the basement find all and I will let you out. "Let me out to what?" "To find that I've gone crazy. Yeah, no thanks if I'm going to go crazy may as well just stay downhere." I could feel his presence leave. Just like my mom had told me I started to build a makeshift house with a couple of blankets the mattress and some chairs. A key hit me in the head and fell into my hand. "Wow you really want me to do this." I put it into a small leather pouch I had found. A small hole in the mattress began to rip open. I looked inside and whatcha know a brass key. "Two keys to a couple minutes this is going to be easy."

The thing upstairs purred and a small eye peered through the hole in the door. I went up the stairs and slid a piece of bread that I found sitting on a plate that magically appeared. It took it gratefully and slid me a little key. "Two more" I thought. The floor began to fall into a pit and a large key lay in the middle of the hole in the floor. I looked around for something to grab it with and on the floor was a ladder that would be just long enough to get across I carefully walked across and grabbed the key "1 more" At the end of a large string hung the last key I jumped to get it but fell into the void.

Light filled my eyes and my cat stood on top of me purring her soft fur tickling my face. The smell of fresh baked goods filled my nose again and my mom stood in the doorway and asked "dear why are you on the floor?"



Kolson's Way

I only remember being pulled away, everything after is a blur. I was walking home after soccer practice and didn't want to be late for dinner, so I took my usual short cut. My Mum and Stepdad have lectured me many times before "Emma don't walk down there" or "Do you know how many burnouts are there and could hurt you?" I would always pretend to listen as I've heard this lecture so many times I could make a play out of it. If only I had listen to them.

It was cold out and this sweet, old lady offered me to come in and have cookies. I didn't want to be rude, and she seemed harmless at the time. Next thing I knew I was being pulled away.

~~~~~

I am just coming out of my unconscious state and try to move, but I can't. I feel as if I am paralyzed, until I look down. There are chains and straps holding me down. I look over to see a boy, about 17. He has bright blond hair and emerald green eyes with freckles across his nose, extending down his cheeks, fading slightly. I kept studying his face, it was very defined and familiar from his nose to his jawline. In the midst of staring at each other the door flings open with a sharp creaking. A tall, buff man fills the doorway. He casts a silhouette that is very eerie. He appears to be in his early forties,

with silver streaked, slick, black hair. He has tanned skin, almost unnatural, stubble runs along his jawline to his cheek bone. He has deep sinister brown eyes and scars along his biceps and face. As I studied his body and features, he yells at me, "What are ya lookin' at? I have something to say to you!" He unties and unstraps everything, then pulls me forward so hard I jerk into him.

Sitting in this dimly lit room sends chills down my spine. My eyes quickly adjust to the poor lighting and I notice the boy isn't here. The man walks in very calmly, almost too calmly. His presence chills me. He is sitting on a chair across from me as I sit on the cold cement floor. His breath is heavy and his laugh maniacal as he begins talking but all I hear is slurs.

He was gone for a while, it almost feels like hours. He is acting strange. I do hear one thing though. He told me his name. I strain to hear everything he is saying but I only hear what his name is. He keeps moving his hands and making weird sentences that don't make sense. I am zoning out and growing tired of "listening" and I start to nod off, but suddenly his loud voice startles me. He shouts "You pretty thing, can call me Kolson! Don't call me nothin' else."

I wake up to him slung over me. I look around and I'm still in the same room as last night. I feel sick and like my stomach is in my throat. I look over to see a mess of

cans and bottles polished off bone dry. Who drank them? I move his arms from my sides and wiggle away from him. I get a head rush and all my colors blend until I focus on something familiar.

I see pieces of my clothing strewn across the room. I tense up, I can sense he woke up and is standing behind me. He takes me by the hips and puts me back into the room that I was first put in with the boy.

I don't know how long I've been gone but I gather my clothes, trying to dust off the crimson red stained floor and I take my place back on the floor next to the boy. He asked me what happened and to be honest I want to know the same. I just tell him I really don't remember much and that worries him. I feel bad now, it is already scary here.

We talk for a while to distract us from the fact that we haven't had food or water in days. I finally gather the courage to ask what his name is. His name is Anderson. I told him my name and he grew quiet. I asked him what was wrong and he said he had a sister named Emma. She was taken when she was 7. She was playing at the park across from their house and never came in for lunch or check-in. Anderson went to the park and she wasn't there.

Anderson said that the police never closed the case and it only happened a year ago. They held a memorial for the anniversary of her disappearance 14 days before he was taken.

I feel despair for Anderson and his family. I asked if he had any other siblings and he says no, bleakly. I start wondering about my family and how they might feel right now. Scared? Worried? I wonder if they will have a memorial for me. The sounds of thoughts in my head is broken by the sounds of sirens. I can hear a door slam and Kolson is pacing around from what it sounds like upstairs.

I hear knocking from upstairs and then the door opens.

Maybe there won't be a memorial for me after all.

## **Bully**

I run and hide,  
when I hear your name.

You think you're cool,  
because you call me lame.

You feel no guilt or shame.  
You have no feelings inside or out.

When you hurt people,  
you feel a good rise.

Hiding yourself behind your disguise.  
Some kids look up to you.

Most kids fear you.  
The little tear that runs down our cheeks.

Physical and emotional pain that stays.

When are you going to change your ways?

## **Women's Rights**

Give me the recognition I deserve,  
Instead of expecting me to serve  
When I get up I have so much nerve.

I am confident and strong  
I can't wait to prove you wrong,  
When will it be fair  
People need to learn to care.

I try to break through  
To be equal like you,  
But my color isn't blue.

Society tries hard with an uphill battle  
So they can sit tall in their saddle,  
Women need equal right,  
So we can shine bright.

## Decisions

It was just any old day, until the I got the call. My phone rang loudly, thank god I was outside, not at the aquarium or in my apartment. "Hi Kaylee, this is Ryan." My boss. What could he possibly want now, I wondered. He knows I'm only 18, and acts as if I'm 8 sometimes. But, I definitely get his point; it is strange for a teen to live in her own apartment, away from her family in a big city. I dislike his actions, but he has his own problems and I don't want to complain too much, because I am so fortunate to work at the aquarium and complete my college courses online at the same time. Doing online school, graduating high-school early, and starting college early did pay off. Ryan continued, "Kyle Hunt, the head of the Canadian Marine Company, would like to meet with you, perhaps give you a scholarship to train you in the company headquarters in Halifax. We have already scheduled a meeting with him next week, Wednesday, May 23rd." I professionally (I hope) replied, "Thank you very much Ryan, I will talk with you soon," I couldn't speak any more, I just walked home as fast as possible. I was happy.

I called my mom as soon as I got home. I told her the news, but I couldn't really talk properly. My mom was just as ecstatic as me. She couldn't stop saying how proud she was, or



Juliana Frith

St. Ann's Academy

Grade 7

Page 2

Decisions

that it was an awesome opportunity. It was as if she was the person receiving this offer, but she doesn't know a single thing about Marine Biology

After we hung up and called a few friends telling them the news, I started preparing for the day. I couldn't wait, but I was still freakishly nervous. I have never spoken to somebody *this* important before, and he wanted to talk to me. Not Ryan, not some other properly trained human, (I haven't even finished college yet). I already was fretting happily about what I should wear, say, or act towards him. I most definitely don't want to sound like a kid, but I don't want to sound like a stuffy secretary; or look like one.

The week went by in a blur, and before I knew it, it was Wednesday, the day I was dreading, but still looking forward to at the same time. The aquarium I worked at rented out an office downtown, in a giant, glass, skyscraper. I got there extra early so I could prepare myself for the life changing meeting, where I would receive a life-changing opportunity. I nervously shifted from one foot to the other, glancing up at the clock more than necessary, when my phone dinged much too loudly for my preference. My colleague, Ivy, one of my best friends, wished me luck

with all the happy emojis she could find. To her dismay, I didn't send any emojis back. Just a simple "Thx" was all I could muster up right now.

When it was time to start the meeting, I straightened my olive green blazer, and walked somewhat confidently into the modern, ocean-facing, office. Kyle grinned at me, "Hello! You must be Kaylee Grant!" I smiled back enthusiastically, forgetting my worries about messing up in front of him. "Indeed I am, and we both know who you are," I chirped too eagerly. I slid into the  
the other cushioned office chair, and told him about myself and my work as a marine biologist (in training). He seemed very impressed by my work at such a young age, and the rest of the happy meeting went smoothly. When we were nearing the end of the meeting, he said stroking his sandy hair out of his face, "Me and my team recruited you for a reason, and after conversing with you, I believe you'll be a perfect fit for my program. He slid the shiny pamphlet towards me. I couldn't remember what happened after that, I was too happy to remember.

Within the month of June, we chatted through text and email, talking about the program and what would happen. We soon scheduled a date for me to temporarily move to Halifax and

spend the summer there. I soon found a place to rent an apartment near the training facilities and such. I couldn't wait til June 30th, the date I was heading to the training facilities and company headquarters. The month went by in a snap, and people were fussing over the offer. Before I knew it, it was one week before I was destined to leave, but then I got the call.

My mom called and I could immediately tell there was a problem. She gently said, "Kaylee... our house burnt down." I couldn't process it at first. I realized what had happened, but I didn't realize the consequences towards me. "We need to stay with you, at your apartment," I stammered, "B-but, if your having visitors at your apartment, you need the owner to be present, but I'm leaving next week, *and* that's my only chance to go!" A tear slid down my cheek.

After a long, hard cry I knew I needed to call Kyle to tell him that I wouldn't make it. And I did. He seemed very understanding, but we both were disappointed. There were a few pathetic "Maybe next years" but he's probably going to say no, because it was my only chance. Only meaning once one, never again. After I hung up, I texted Ryan, Ivy, and my mom about my new plans. Even though I didn't get to go, I made the right choice and was glad that my family was safe.

**Taylor Gray, Grade 7, Marion Schilling Elementary School**

**Lost and Found**

My heart filled with joy and contentment, like a little bucket filling with water. My best friend Michael was finally done his baseball practice and we could play in the sweet grass before dinner. I'm Michael's imaginary friend. We've had many adventures together, ever since he thought me up back in first grade. He's 12 now, but he never hangs out with me as much as before.

"Hey Michael! Do you want to go outside before it rains?" I asked as he passed by me. He had just come back from baseball practice.

"Hm? Did someone say something?" He questioned as if he could barely hear me. I felt like running to his room and secretly crying. My whole body shook at the thought of our friendship dissipating into nothingness.

I lay down on the grass outside and looked up at the stars. They flickered softly and slowly faded away into the sky. My feelings drifted back to when Michael couldn't see me. I felt like a star slowly flickering away into nothingness. The sky was engulfing me into blackness and there was nothing I could do. The light shimmered in the distance, and memories flooded in my brain like the sunrise sky.

The next few days Michael was at school, so I took to wandering around the family house. It was quite old, but spacious and vintage. I'd always loved to jump on the patterned sofa and chair with Michael, pretending like the floor was lava, or that we were getting chased by bad guys. It felt like not too long ago there was no school. Just me and Michael. Enjoying the time we had together and living life in an adventurous world.

I awoke to a small line of light shining through my eyes. Michael was awake and making bacon and eggs. It was the weekend. I'd always loved those. The smell of crisp bacon drifted and led me to the kitchen, in which I ran into and scooped up some eggs that had fallen onto the floor.

"MICHAEL! THESE EGGS ARE DISGUSTING" I screamed as loud as I could. The eggs tasted like moldy pickles. I had just hoped the bacon wasn't as bad.

"w-w-w-WHAT" Michael said.

**Taylor Gray, Grade 7, Marion Schilling Elementary School**

**Lost and Found**

“Yeah they’re really gross” I said, without even realizing he had heard me. He looked around and once he saw me, his eyes totally bugged out like he’d seen something crazy.

“mykie? is that you?” Michaels quiet voice whispered. I jumped over the kitchen floor and scooped him into a huge bear hug. My soft fur touched his arms and I just held him there.

“Yes Michael, it's me Monster Mykie. I missed you”

He squeezed me tight and I laughed as he tried to tickle me. A small tear fell down his cheek as he laughed. His voice was soft and calm, not like his usual voice that was cracked and shaky with a slight lisp.

“I missed you too!” He giggled. He looped around and flipped the fresh bacon. I could tell it was almost done, and I couldn’t wait. I squirmed in my chair as I waited impatiently for the bacon.

He plopped them on our plates and we glopped them all up before anyone else had the chance to even try any bacon. Afterwards, we headed outside to play. The whole backyard was fresh and damp from the rain last night. I jumped in a puddle and the water splashed up everywhere and fell right on top of the both of us, we slid in the mud and laughed our butts off pretty much all day. It was wonderful.

The feeling was great. It was happy, joyful and stuck with me like a sour aftertaste. And although it wouldn’t last, I knew the memories were the only thing that mattered.

My hand was starting to disappear as I looked down at it. I knew it. As Michael grew up, his imagination did too.

The wind blew Michael’s wispy hair and it was starting to get chilly. We had climbed the tree in his backyard again and were now sitting on one of its strongest branches. We had been talking about everything, from school, to family, to sports and other things. A chill went down my spine as he told me he had been sad lately and that he was starting to kind of forget about me.

I quietly spoke about how the same had been happening to me, and finally showed him my arm. It was practically gone now, wisping away into Michael’s lost memories. As I shifted closer and leaned against him, his eyes filled with tears again.

**Taylor Gray, Grade 7, Marion Schilling Elementary School**

**Lost and Found**

“No Mykie. I can't be forgetting you. You're my best friend. “ He looked up to me with lost eyes. “I can't let go of you. I can't,” he sobbed. I stood quietly and thought about this for a moment as I tried to help him.

“I know Michael. But as you grow, so do I and it's time for me to go.” I hated this, the words just spilled out as if they were meant to be said. The wind howled and blew ferociously, and with that, my legs slipped off the branch. As if in slow motion, I fell to the ground and screamed,

“Goodbye Michael!” My body hit the ground and slowly everything disappeared into nothingness. The last thing I saw was Michael's eyes, flooding with tears and his slow, soft words,

“Goodbye.”

Mischa Grover

Lloyd George Elementary School

Grade 7

# Play: The Wizard of Lloyd George

An altered version of 'The Wizard of Oz'

Part: 1

Idea: the wizard of Lloyd George

Plot: when hit in the head with a dodgeball (in gym) Dorothy wakes up in the land of Riverside park with her pet falcon, Swoop. She encounters the river munchkins, who tell her to see the wizard of Lloyd George, so she can return to gym class. When she finds out she fell on the evil teacher, and takes her ruby red agenda, They tell her to follow the Columbia street road. A grey, cement road with many dangerous encounters. On the way she meets a not so smart scarecrow. He wants a brain so he accompanies Dorothy and Swoop. Next they meet the irresponsible tin man, who wants a heart. He accompanies them. They next enter the spooky land of South Kamloops Secondary School. With the big, scary high schoolers, and tall, big building, it seems impossible to survive. They encounter a big scary lion, who turns out to be a coward. They meet an enemy. The evil teacher Dorothy fell on, has a sister. The wicked witch of Kamloops. She shoves Dorothy into a locker. When they don't know the combination to get in they try everything, the first day of school, the last day of school, and the wicked witch's birthday. Nothing works. Suddenly the witch poofs out of nowhere and gives them a hint. 350 plus, 1000. Equals. They ask the audience for help. Once somebody tells them it's 1350, they unlock the locker, and Dorothy bursts out! The witch is mad so she summons her evil flying monkeys. They take Dorothy to her lair. When Dorothy finally talks to the witch, she realizes the witch (and her twin) were both born without hearts. She convinces the witch to come with them to Oz. The witch flies them on her broom, and takes them finally, to Oz. When they arrive at the school they find out the wizard isn't really a wizard, he's just a principle at Lloyd George. But, he tells the scarecrow to go to school, the tin man to keep an agenda, and the lion to tell a teacher about the bullies. When they talk to the wizard about the witch, he brings back her sister, the one thing that makes her happy, she realizes how bad she has been treating all the other people around her. The wizard unfortunately doesn't know how he can fix Dorothy's problem. The witch does though. With her new kindness, she tells Dorothy that if she opens the agenda up to that day, and you write down: I There's no place like home, you return home. She wakes up and it's supposedly just a dream.

### Scene One:

*9 kids run around with dodgeballs. Dorothy is across from a girl on the other team. Everybody is laughing. The girl throws the dodgeball at Dorothy. It hits her in the head and she falls down. **Cue: falling sound effect** Lights go out.*

Scene Two: Dorothy wakes up in 'riverside park.' She is laying on top of the body of the wicked witch's sister. She moans silently. She is clutching the golden agenda. Around Dorothy are some munchkins staring at her.

**Munchin #1-**"Aaaaaaaah! Stranger!

**Munchkin #2-** Who is she?

**Dorothy-**Gets up)- Oh my! Where am I? What happened?

**Munchkin #2-** You're in the land of riverside park of course!

**Munchkin #3-** You just fell on the eeevillll teacher of the evil forest!



**Dorothy-** Oh no! I'm so sorry! Is she all right?

**Doctor Munchkin-** Nope! Don't be sorry! She's absolutely and positively, in a sleep trance! She'll be asleep for exactly one week!

(all the munchkins)- Yaaaaay!

**Dorothy-** Why is that yay! I just injured an innocent woman! That's against the SOAR matrix!

**Munchkin #3-** But she was taking all our candy, and being *super* mean. Plus, since you saved us, you get to keep the agenda!

(**Munchkin #1 and #2** )- Yay! But she was *Super mean*.

**Doctor Munchkin-** For the past three weeks, she's been taking our food, calling us names, and teasing us because of our clothes!

**Dorothy-** That sounds like bullying! You should tell a teacher!

**Munchkin #1-** We don't have any teachers!

**Munchkin #3-** None!

**Dorothy-** You don't go to school?

(They all shake their heads)

**Dorothy-** My!

**Munchin #2-** Well where are you from?

**Dorothy-** Kamloops!

*All the munchkins look at each other, confused.*

**Dorothy- Well,** do you know how I can go back home?

**Doctor Munchkin-** I bet the wizard of Lloyd George does!

**Dorothy-** Who?

**Munchkin #1-** The wizard of Lloyd George! All you have to do to find him is follow the Columbia Street road!

*Dorothy steps on the path*

**Dorothy-** This path?

**Munchkin #3-** Of course!

**Dorothy-** Well thank you for your help!

*The munchkins wave goodbye. Dorothy grabs the agenda and motions for Swoop to follow her.*

*The munchkins wave goodbye and go backstage. Dorothy follows the road and also goes backstage. **Cue: Music.** Lights go out.*

Scene Three: Dorothy and Swoop are walking down the 'road'. She walks by a scarecrow. She stops with Swoop to admire it.

**Dorothy-** My! What a beautiful scarecrow!

*The scarecrow turns his head to Dorothy*

**Scarecrow-** Why, thank you!

**Dorothy-** Aaaaah!

**Scarecrow-** What? Did I all of a sudden turn ugly?

**Dorothy-** No, no. It's just, i've never seen a scarecrow talking before!

**Scarecrow-** Really? Where are you from? Neverland?

**Dorothy-** No! Kamloops!

**Scarecrow-** Where?

**Dorothy-** Kamloops!

Scarecrow- Well, even if everybody else in the world knew about this *Kamloops*, I wouldn't.

**Dorothy-** And why is that?

**Scarecrow-** I don't have a brain!

*Dorothy laughs quietly, confused*

**Dorothy-** What on earth are you talking about? Everyone has a brain!

*Scarecrow sits down on a box, sad*

**Scarecrow-** Oh, laugh at me all you want. I just just wasn't born with a brain. Can't help it.

**Dorothy-** Oh... well, I have an idea! I'm going to see the wizard of Lloyd George, to see if he can send me and Swoop back home, to Kamloops. Maybe, if he's as great as the river munchkins told me, he could give you a brain.

*The scarecrow thinks for a second. He suddenly jumps up and hugs Dorothy*

**Scarecrow-** What a wonderful idea! Let' be off then! To Lloyd George!

**Dorothy-** To Lloyd George!

*Dorothy and the Scarecrow link arms, and exit the scene, skipping. Swoop follows behind them.*

Scene Four:

*Dorothy, Swoop and the Scarecrow skip onto stage/columbia*

## PHENOMENA

They were yelling again. Damon rocked back and forth as his parents screamed viciously at each other. Tears were pouring down Damon's face as he cowered in the corner of the upstairs bedroom. Damon's head was pounding and his arms twitched.

An invisible force pushed him forward into the opposite wall. He fell to the floor and crumpled, his shoulder throbbing. His parent's words were still ringing in Damon's ears as he stood, and stumbled to the bathroom. He looked at himself in the mirror. His pupils were dilated. He was sweating. Again he was thrown sideways, and his stomach lurched. Everything was fuzzy.

Damon woke in a white room. Glaring lights reflected off the walls. The brightness made his head pound. He squeezed his eyes closed. He rolled over and tried once more to get a bearing on his surroundings. He saw a boy laying in the bed next to him. The boy opened his eyes.

"Dominic?" Damon croaked groggily.

"Damon!" said the boy, his voice cracking.

Damon laughed. His best friend was in this room. They were here together.

"Do you know why we're here?" asked Dominic.

"I have no idea," said Damon.

"Well," said a voice from the corner of the room. Then dripping with sarcasm, "I could sit and watch you two drool over each other until grass grew on this marble floor. However I have amateurs to train, boredom to cope with, and mission preparations to follow through with, so before you start hugging, could we possibly move things along?"

Damon turned to see a girl with ginger hair and an expression of suppressed amusement.

"Who are you?" said Dominic.

"Your worst nightmare," said the girl. "Call me Emily though. Let's get started."

"With what?" said Dominic blankly.

"With your training, dufus," Emily said.

"For what?" asked Dominic.

"Let's start with this," said Emily "You have the power of helmets" said Emily pointing at Damon. She frowned and glanced at her hand, upon which Damon could see black writing. "Sorry, Azelmet. Translates to Telekinesis in, Swahili or something," she said apologetically. Emily produced a tennis ball from her pocket. "Catch this".

Damon tried to raise his hands only to discover that he was handcuffed to the bed. Damon closed his eyes. When he opened them again, the ball was hovering inches from his face.

"I...I'm doing this?" said Damon, his voice faltering.

"Oh, you're a genius," said Emily. "Your turn," she said to Dominic. Another tennis ball flew through the air, this time caught by a jet of ice. "There you go," said Emily. "Mr. Freeze all over again."

Two weeks later, initial training complete, Damon, Dominic and Emily were in an aircraft hangar boarding a stealth plane.

"Nervous?" Damon asked Emily.

"Hardly," said Emily, rolling her eyes.

Damon, Dominic and Emily, were supposed to destroy the power source of an evil crime group called the "Five Hunters". Damon had learned that he had magical abilities that were called Legends. Abilities triggered when Damon's parents broke up.

"It's time," said the pilot.

The ship soared into the sky. After an hour the pilot appeared in the passenger area.

"This is where you get off," he said. "Don't steal the power source. Destroy it. The commander wants it for his own gain. You're not safe here, you'll have to jump!"

The back of the plane opened.

"Wait, what?!" said Damon stunned.

"Use your Azelmet when we're about to hit the ground." said Emily.

She grabbed Damon and Dominic and pulled them from the plane. Damon flipped in the air and saw the ground hurtling towards him. He focused and caught all three of them with his Azeletemet. They touched down gently and Emily took the lead.

Together they reached a big steel building that reflected the light of the moon.

"Hey!" said an angry voice.

Damon wheeled around and saw two guards charging them.

"Hi guys! Nice knowin' ya!" Emily said. Both guards fell to the ground snoring soundly.

"Whoa," said Damon.

"My power is Hipnoz," said Emily, "manipulation of consciousness".

Dominic pushed open the large steel doors and they entered.

"Quickly," said Emily. They emerged into a huge room with a domed ceiling. On the far side of the room there was a pair of colossal doors. "Through there!".

They rushed into the room and stared in awe at a glowing purple orb in the center of the room.

"What's that?!" said Dominic.

"The power source" said Damon.

"Uhh...no Damon, that!!"

They turned to see a humanoid figure. Humanoid yes, human, no. It had a huge mouth with razor teeth. Its hands were elongated and tipped with ragged claws. It jumped an impossible distance towards them.

"Run!!!!!!" cried Emily. They ran. "If you can get it to look me in the eyes I can kill it!!" yelled Emily as the monster swiped at Dominic's face.

"One problem," he yelled. "It doesn't have eyes!!." Dominic tried, uselessly, to freeze the creature. It opened its mouth and emitted a terrible noise. All over again Damon was listening to his parents screaming. The creature's cries targeted him. Dominic and Emily watched Damon worriedly. Shaking, Damon suddenly felt anger beyond what he had ever felt before.

"Look at me!!!" he screamed at the vile thing.

The creature turned toward Damon. Its eye sockets were empty and black. Damon stared with disgust at the putrid thing and concentrated his every cell into destroying the creature. BANG!!!!!! The creature exploded in a white flash. They were all were thrown to the floor. They turned their heads to the pulsating orb.

“We’ll destroy it together” said Emily.

“Now,” said Damon. Each of them focused all of their energy into the glowing object.

The orb shattered.

Damon woke up from what seemed to have been a long dreamless sleep. He sat up and looked around. He felt the warm sunlight on his face. A canopy of golden leaves hung above his head. The beams of the sun cast pleasant shadows around the grove.

He was content. He was happy. He was phenomenal.

Skylar Hay  
Gr. 7  
Dufferin  
Sudden Loss

Slowly, memories begin to fade, sinking into the black mass of space at the back of my head. People dear to me evolve into strangers and places called home start to mean nothing. I feel their worry heavily pressing on my shoulders, with the persistent “Are you okay?” and “Marie?” To be frank, I have no clue as to who “Marie” is. I fear I am beginning to forget what I cherish the most.



Skylar Hay  
Gr. 7  
Dufferin  
Isolation

The crisp wind tumbled through her hair, teasing the flowy chestnut strands. Ocean waves lapped hungrily at the cliff walls, threatening to devour the hard rock. She sighed wearily, barely acknowledging the water, before returning her gaze to the horizon. Placidly, she raised her small and delicate hand to the sky, feeling the soft breeze swirl around her fingertips. Then, with absolutely no hesitation or doubt, she jumped.

## I'm Seen

Vroom, vroom. My heart was racing. Where was it? Was it chasing me or was I?

It was an ordinary starry night as I gazed out into the clouds all comfy on the roof where I rested my head which wasn't that comfy but you get used to it when you have to sleep on it for many passing nights.

"Hahaha," chuckled my Auntie and sister all cozy inside playing some marbles on the kitchen counter. My parents had left me and my sister with my Auntie to, "Live life to the fullest," which means living without kids and all that stuff but ugh, my parents are the worst, but they're all that I've got left to remember of my parents. You may be wondering why I'm not with them but instead outside on a chilling night? Well, it's because ever since I died outside of my house in a fatal car accident. My twin sister and my Auntie have been living in sorrow from when they lost me, but since I have a twin it's like I never left. Yet after they started forgetting about me, my soul has been rejected and no longer welcome to roam around my old little bungalow of a house, instead I'm being slowly dragged away into the ghost realm. Logic that I've been told has been stated that once you die, your soul is still drifting around where you have been welcomed until they start forgetting about you. You may not be welcome, and since there's nowhere else to go, you must go down, deep deep down into the realm of the ghosts. My only goal is for me, Ellie Anne, to be remembered, just like the soldiers, except I did nothing great to save my country and the nation. Sigh. There's no light left to shine, it's hopeless...

"Ah! Shellie hold on to me!" yelled my Auntie as she grabbed my sister from something scary, it seemed. I had to check this out. I drifted towards the window of my house to find my Auntie

and sister screaming at the top of their lungs like some scream cheese! My eyes widened as my eyes were shocked to believe in what I saw. Roots and gravel covered the floor like a messy pig pen but it was too hard to look up. Sigh. The window was too small, so I flew to my roof but where was it? Where was my roof? I peered upwards where my roof should've been to be shocked at the appearance of the monster I saw. Long and very tall, rusty brown with green, a mammoth sized spruce tree towering over my Auntie and sister. It looked as big as a mountain. As the dirt pounded our flooring, he looked down and stared right at me with his eyes as dark as tar. His mouth was as evil as the Grinch's grinning look. As he squinted his eyes to see me he said,

“Love the trees til their leaves fall off, wait for them to grow back and stop caring after,” the tree spoke which started to make me cry.

“Ellie is that you? Oh my gosh! I missed you so much!” my sister squealed. She could see me! Finally, I figured it out, finally felt love again as I flew towards my sister and gave her a hug...

“Ellie where are you sweetie? We miss you.” Then I realized all I had to do was cry sad tears for my family to see me and maybe even never get sucked into the ghost world. It was worth a shot. If I could figure out how to be seen, I just wish I could figure out how to become human again. Even though people are afraid of ghosts, in one aspect, many people do believe in ghosts, but we create them. We haunt ourselves, so why don't we love and accept ourselves. The only issue was there was still the tree, but if I could start crying I could be felt and translucent. I could fly. I could defeat the tree.

"Tell me something sad," I called out to my sister hoping she would remind me of sadness.

"Ellie remember. Remember that car and well, vroom vroom?" I didn't understand what she was getting at, wait.

"Remember the car and how it all came to a stop" she started tearing up as well as I was, remembering how Shellie lost me and I lost her. Tears dropped from my eyes as I zoomed through the air towards the tree like an eagle soaring to protect my family. I took a swing at his face like a door swinging open in rage. I kept remembering all terrible things that happened to me to continue my tears until the tree fainted to the ground and closed his eyes forever. I drifted to my sister with tears down my cheek and my sisters hair soaking in water as she laid down in a puddle not able to get up. I grabbed my leg with her foot dangling like a broken, saggy snake.

"My legs broken. I can't feel it Ellie. What do I do? Wait, where's Auntie?" I felt bad for my sister Shellie but the worst had come, we couldn't find our Auntie and I couldn't help my sister.

We went home. Hours went by and Auntie was not found. We decided to go back around the lifeless tree to search again. But when we came back to the tree, three fingers appeared from one side of the tree. It was Auntie. The wind blew on my face as I realized that was Auntie. Our Auntie was gone. Wait, but if we forgot about her she must... Oh no...

# A Terrarian Warrior

As Sophie violently swung her pickaxe at the hard lead ore, she heard a man talking to himself about how he never should have come to this forest. Sophie followed the voice until she found a man wearing blue jeans and a beige shirt along with brown shoes and dark sandy hair. As Sophie walked over to him he noticed her and said,

“Hi, I am your personal guide to be a warrior, my name is Levi, what’s yours?”

“Oh my name is Sophie, nice to meet you!” as the two had a conversation night slowly fell upon the land, Sophie hadn’t noticed it was dark out until she saw a zombie creep up slowly behind Levi and that’s when she yelled.

“WATCH OUT!!!” Levi jumped forward, pulled out an arrow, and stabbed the undead creature in the blink of an eye and just then they realized they were surrounded. Sophie pulled out her copper short sword and thrust it through three zombies but just then she got knocked over. the first zombie was about to take a bite but just then Levi saw what had taken place and he shot three arrows taking out the zombies. One of the three zombies had something fall off Sophie went to investigate, she realized it was a shackle made of very strong metal so if anything tried to hit her she could block it. Sophie and Levi had fun fighting off the zombies until they both noticed something flying through the sky.

“WATCH OUT!!!” yelled Levi “DEMON EYE!!!” the demon eye launched itself at Levi but Levi had been holding an arrow so it impaled itself and all that was left was a lens and two silver coins, Levi then said.

“Wow, that was close but look we got some money maybe we can get the merchant to visit”. the guide and Sophie battled all through the night right until the morning at four thirty a.m. when the sun started to rise, Levi, asked Sophie if she had any wood and she answered

“No, why”? He told her that if she wanted him to stay she would have to build a suitable house with a chair and table. So for the next hour or so she built a house for him, well at least until someone had thrown a knife at the wall, right when that happened Sophie and Levi ran out the door as fast as they could to see a bearded old man with a brown shirt and hat throwing knives at a tiny pink slime. The old man told them he was the merchant and that would sell them items if they would save him and build a house. So after a few quick swipes of a sword the man was saved and exchanged the gold coins dropped by the slime for a sickle, one hundred arrows, and fifty feet of rope, after that the man said his name was Isaac. Night fell once again but this time there was a deathly glow covering the sky, and Levi knew exactly what it was

“A blood moon,” he whispered in disbelief and at that very moment the three heard something bang on the door they were all frozen in shock until a zombie covered in blood burst through the door sprinting but its flailing was put to a stop by ten throwing knives from Isaac. But that wasn't just it three Demon Eyes flew through the already open door one of which knocked Isaac into a corner and was just about to deliver the finishing blow when \*SWOOSH\* the Demon Eye was cut in two from a quick slice from Sophie's axe, and a blackened lens landed on Isaac's foot as Isaac admired the rare lens the pair of fighters fought of the zombies and demon eyes. It

was going great and they were getting lots of loot until a swarm of floating, flesh monstrosities with blood coating them. Sophie ran out jumped and swung her sword she luckily hit one but it was not over, yet four of the five creatures targeted Sophie, she dodged the first two but the third and fourth took the opportunity of her being out of breath to counter strike, and at that very moment. Sophie was lying on the soft cold ground, dead, the last thing she heard was Levi and Isaac in sync yell.

“NO!!!” one hour later Sophie woke up in her bed to see Isaac and Levi staring at her, Isaac looked like he was gonna cry, then Sophie said.

“What just happened? Where did I go? Did I just die?” Levi answered softly with

“The strange workings of this world cause you to only drop your money upon death than about an hour later you will come back unscathed in your bed. Now that we have that covered how about we check the loot we got from the blood moon that finished ten minutes before you woke up?” So the three went outside to find all the loot: four gold coins, money trough, a shark tooth necklace, a zombies arm that can be swung like a sword, a wedding veil from the zombie bride, and a top hat from the zombie groom. Isaac and Levi gave the loot to Sophie, excluding one gold coin which Isaac had stolen as the cost for his aid.

The following days mostly took place in biomes of the map: the frigid air of the snow biome, the humid atmosphere of the jungle, and the calming waves of the ocean until they had finally found the grotesque appearance of the Crimson. Levi was explaining about how the Crimson would spread through the whole map until it was the dominant and most prominent area around, this thought frightened Sophie,

and Isaac because of its eery and monstrous atmosphere, but they hadn't truly seen what the could do. As Levi had finished explaining a monster jumped out from a hole in the ground, the creature looked like a person but there was something odd about it. As it got closer the trio noticed its mouth was dismembered and was stretched out to be half the size of its body, the monster quickly gained speed and lunged at Sophie and what happened next astonished both Levi, and Isaac...

To be continued...

Key:

Crimson = a blood-red forest like biome where terror lurks

Demon eye = a dismembered eyeball with the ability to fly

Zombies = undead beings

Terraria = the game the story is based on



**THE PROJECTS****Tyrell Inyallie, Grade 7  
Marion Schilling Elementary**

Dazed, Jack sat up slowly and cautiously. A wave of nausea hit and set him on his back. Jack looked around the small room he was in. It was a dark and decrepit room. As his eyes adjusted to the darkness he noticed a ringing in his ears, but, ...something was wrong. The ringing wasn't as shrill or steady like it normally was. This was different. It was distant and had a soothingness to it. Then his eyes adjusted to the darkness and suddenly he wished they hadn't. In the corner of the room, humming was a small girl whose black eyes seemed to dig into his core. She smiled then vanished. Jack lay there, dumbstruck. It was so quiet, that his now racing heartbeat seemed like thunder as he lay there. A while later he passed out.

Several hours later, a loud scream woke him. Jack sat up in fear and managed to get to his feet. A deep cut in his torso made him scream in pain when he stood. Jack went to the door and was met with a cold breath down the back of his neck. He froze and heard drops of liquid hit the floor behind him and raspy breaths...above him. A cold, deformed, hand guided his head toward the roof and Jack was frozen solid. He was met with a slimy creature with no eyes and a hideous smile that ripped into his cheeks. It hissed at him menacingly, and Jack yelled at the top of his lungs and ran.

He could hear the creature crawling behind him, gaining on him and panting heavily. Jack ran past some doors and shut them tight, locking them and jamming a piece of wood that had fallen from the roof into the handles. While catching his breath Jack heard the loud, mournful scream from that creature behind the door - he almost felt sorry for it.

While wandering the hallways of whatever building he was in, the pain in his stomach grew and Jack knew he couldn't hold on for much longer. Tears ran down his cheeks for many reasons. For one, he was nauseated by the pain of the gash; two, he was also crying at the loneliness of everything; and three, the worst pain of all, he was being watched, and he knew it. Everywhere he looked he saw nothing, but, he had that gut wrenching feeling you have when you're vulnerable and there's nothing you can do to protect yourself from whatever may be lurking in the corners. Jack didn't see the shadow that had manifested itself from nothing, just to silently follow him. The shadow sped up and merged itself with him and in that moment Jack fell to the floor.

Darkness, loneliness, and a wondering hum loomed over the dark space. Invisible eyes followed Jack's every move. Light breezes whispered menacingly at him, and then a voice.

## THE PROJECTS

Tyrell Inyallie, Grade 7

Marion Schilling Elementary

"Hello, Jack" a raspy voice said.

"Wh-who are you!" questioned Jack.

"Do you know why you're here? Don't you remember?" it asked.

"No, I don't remember anything that happened! But, first, who are you". Jack asked desperately

"Me, oh I'm no one, but...they called me Project 9. I am merely an illusion. You came with some friends, then that creature came and they abandoned you. It ripped up a decent amount of your stomach, I see," Project 9 said calmly.

"Yeah, but who is "it"? Why can't I remember anything and what do you mean "they called you Project 9?" asked Jack who by now was getting mad.

Project 9 just laughed and disappeared, but Jack still felt a presence looming. He wept quietly in the small room which was now a prison. It felt good to cry, to let everything out. Once Jack had finished wiping his face and thinking about what had just happened to him he slowly stood up, nauseous from fear. Once the door opened he fell. And when he hit the ground he felt his stomach scrunch up in pain and he screamed in agony and was certain he had died. Over his screams he heard...voices?. Yes, there were voices, and when Jack opened his eyes he was in a new place and there were people grabbing him and putting him onto a stretcher.

While being treated in the hospital, Jack felt worse and worse. He'd have night terrors of being grabbed by an off white creature with long, gnarled fingers, eyes that were black but, somehow they glowed. Its body was long and lanky and disfigured. One night while dreaming Jack saw that foul creature look up at him from the corner of the room. It smiled then it jumped onto him. Again Jack awoke, but he wasn't screaming - he couldn't. His stomach was in too much pain and he needed help. Just then a doctor came in to investigate where the sound had come from and when he saw Jack shuddering and twitching he called all the doctors in at once. He heard them announce a "code blue" over the PA system, then, everything went black.

Jack's eyes shot open at once. He was about to scream in pain but...he stopped, there was no pain. Jack mind raced. Why was he in his normal clothes? Why was there no pain?. He called for a nurse and almost instantly one walked in. Something was wrong. She walked almost robotically, every move she made was perfect. He couldn't figure it out until she looked at him.

## THE PROJECTS

Tyrell Inyallie, Grade 7  
Marion Schilling Elementary

Her eyes, they looked normal but without life, like whatever light that shone behind them had died out a long time ago.

"Uh, I need to go to the washroom," he said hurriedly.

"Very well sir, down the hall, second door to the right," she said without flaw

"Th- thanks." and Jack left the bed.

On the way to the bathroom nobody took notice of him. Once he got to the washroom he looked in the mirror and froze. He wanted to scream, but nothing came out. Jack had no reflection. He turned and was faced with darkness.

Out of that emptiness came that horrible creature from his dreams. It came unsteadily, looking as though it may fall at any moment, but it never broke eye contact.

"Jack, you must be scared," it said

"PROJECT 9 !?!" yelled Jack. "It was you!"

"Yes, yes it has been me," it chuckled.

"WHY?" yelled Jack furiously.

All it did was slowly approach Jack, touch him, and then disappear.

Jack went limp.

"Hello project 10." ...

# Snow, Cliffs and Skiing

“BEEP BEEP BEEP” My alarm wakes me up and I jump out of bed.

“Today is the day” I say. I quickly throw on my clothes, brush my teeth and run downstairs where my dad is waiting.

“You ready dude?” he says

“Oh yeah I am.” My dad already has packed our blue Toyota with all the skis and ski touring gear such as shovels, skins for hiking, avalanche transceiver, food, radios and tons more of equipment. I hop into the car preparing myself for the 3 hour drive ahead of us to Revelstoke BC. I'm really excited because we aren't just skiing the lifts there; we are going out behind the main mountain and touring up the back. My dad opens the driver seat door, sits down, puts the key in the ignition, turns the key and the engine sparks to life. As we turn out of the driveway I put on my headphones, sit back in my seat and close my eyes for the long drive.

I wake up just as we are pulling into the gravel parking lot for the backcountry area. There are a couple other cars there, but they're all empty, My guess is that they are already up there or are camping overnight. My dad and I are doing a two day, but we are going to drive to a hotel in Revelstoke, not camp. My dad opens the trunk of our car and starts taking out the skis and all the equipment. I get out of the passenger seat and help him take out the stuff.

"You ready for the long hike?" my dad asks me.

"Yup" I respond to him looking up at the trail we're about to hike.

"Remember all things I taught you? If we get seperated blow your whistle, if there's an avalanche open up like a star and do swimming like motions to get out of it, and if-"

"Yes dad I know" I interrupt him "I'll be fine, let's just get the stuff out of the car get up this hill so we can do a run before the sun goes down".

My dad smiles at me. "Okay let's do it".

We finish getting the gear out of the car and start putting the skins on our skis, and the equipment in our packs. We pick up everything and make our way over to the trailhead. We put our skis on the ground, click our boots in and start hiking. At first the hike is very gentle and we don't really have to put in any effort, but when we get to about an hour the hike starts to get steeper, and harder, but we both knew that it will be worth it. At about three hours of hiking we take a break for lunch. We make little seats out of the snow, sit down and pull some sandwiches out of our bags. I pull off the plastic on mine and start eating it. As I eat, I look around at the mountains in awe. They are so big, with ominous valleys and snow that looks like the vanilla icing my mom makes for my birthday cakes. My dad finishes his sandwich and turns to me.

"You ready? Only about an hour and a half to go". I turn from the mountains and nod yes. We put our skis back on and put the food back in our bags and start hiking again, and soon enough. We're there. I look down at the trail we hiked up. From up here it looks like a trail that ants used not me and my dad.

“Wow” I say under my breath.

“Pretty cool huh?” My dad says as he puts his arm around me “Everything is worth it when you get to the top.” I nod my head and look out at the mountains around us. Best view I’ve ever seen. All the mountains with the snow covered tops and the town of Revelstoke in the distance.

“You wanna keep sightseeing or go skiing!!” My dad says. I turn to him and say “Let’s go!” So we rip the skins off our skis and put them in our bags. We look down the hill choose our lines and start skiing. It’s the best ever. The snow feels like nothing as you go through it and sprays into your face. Hitting drops and zipping through pine trees at top speed, best thing I have ever done. As we are nearing the bottom I see this big drop off to the right so I decide to try it. I cut over, jump off it and as I’m in the air I see the ground disappear beneath me and I start falling. I fall for what feels like minutes then hit the soft snow and my vision goes dark.

I wake up in a big pile of snow and the sky is dark. I look around wondering where I am then remember the cliff I fell down earlier. I look up at the cliff and gasp as I see how big it was. Probably 200 hundred feet at the very least. I try to push myself up with my arms and pain shoots up my left arm. I fall back down and say to myself “Not a good idea”. So I roll over and push myself up with my back and legs and look around. Thoughts like ‘where is dad’ and ‘did he leave me’ cross my brain but I push them away and think to myself ‘I need to get out of here’.

I lean down and pick up my poles that had fallen in the crash. Surprisingly my skis had stayed on this whole time so I start pushing my way through the snow. My arm

hurts so much and I have a booming headache, but I keep on going because I know that if I stop I might not get back up. I keep going. Eventually after a long ski down I see a road off in the distance, the road gives me hope to keep on going and eventually after some more down and a hike through tight dark trees, I make it. As I step over the metal barrier on the side of the road my eyes begin to shut and I collapse into a deep slumber.

I wake up in broad daylight with a family of 4 surrounding me and staring at me.

"Hello?" I ask as I open my eyes.

"Omigod Richard, he's awake" I hear the mother whisper to her husband. "Um, are you okay honey, where are your parents, why were you sleeping on the side of the road?!?"

"It's a long story" I respond to her. "Do any of you have a phone I could call with?"

"Uuuh ya just this way" says Richard as he points to the car and motions me to follow. So I try to push myself up with my hands and I let out a yell as an explosion of pain shoots up my arm. The mom rushes over to me to help but I swat her away. I got this. I roll onto my back and push myself up with my legs. The dad comes back from the car and hands me a phone. I dial in my dad's number and wait. It rings for a couple seconds then he picks up.

"Hello?" he says

"Um hey dad it's me, so I'm alive" As soon as I say that my dad's voice turns to very emotional.

"I-Is it really you, you fell off the cliff and I just well assumed that-"

"Dad, I'm alright. Just a bit broken in several places."

“Oh god, um where are you?? I waited for hours upon hours waiting.”

“I’m at a road somewhere. Would it be possible to pick me up or..” But before dad can respond the family interrupts with

“We can drive you down to the Revelstoke hospital”. I turn back to them and say

“Thank you.” I turn back to the phone and say to my dad. “I’ll meet you at the hospital in Revelstoke.

“Um ya totally. How did you get to the road, were you knocked out, are you okay are you-” I interrupt my dad with

“I’ll tell you everything when we get to the hospital. I’ll see you then.”

“What um ok see you, oh my goodness I can’t believe you’re okay. See you I guess bye.” After my dad says that I hang up and turn to the family.

“Thank you for not driving by me and stopping for me. I’m very thankful for that.”

“Anytime!” Their son says “Get in the car!” So I hobble over to the door, pull it open and get in. I get into a chair, sit back and await for the moment when we get to the hospital so I can see my dad

The End.



From Top To Bottom

I was there already, the top, the popular kid of the school, where no one would dare to get on my bad side. But then, there was always the one who wished they could be you. Christian was her name, to be exact. She is the “me wanna be”.

I never like people who think they need to be “all that” to be happy, but if I happen to be that popular one, I’m not going to go taking advantage of that. Next year, I’m going to be a freshman in Pinewoods High School and it’s going to be great! Will I be the popular one in high school? My mom always said that that was the best thing in the world. There are going to be so many more cute guys, better friends and teachers than this year I hope. This week is our last week of summer break. Just think, next week I’ll be a freshman in a new school. I bet it will be everything I’ve ever dreamed of and more.

Two weeks later, it’s our first full week of high school and I have come to the conclusion that high school is a terrible place, where no one belongs. It is torture; the teachers hate me. All my friends left me and everything is going downhill. I feel like my grandma when I say this but, I wish I could stay young forever and never have to leave Middle School. I have actually thought about faking being sick just so I can stay away from this place.

We are now in our second week of high school, it’s just as bad. There are so many people bullying me, calling me names and being super rude. I don’t have anybody to talk to about it because my parents are always at work and all my friends left me.

From Top To Bottom

It is now three weeks into the school year and I mean it when I say that this school makes me feel suicidal. I am really serious when I say that! I have been bullied to the point where I just don't want to live to go through this torture. I don't understand how I can go from loving my life to absolutely hating it. I have even started cutting myself, which is bad enough on its own. I mean, as if the bullying isn't enough, I have so much homework that I can't get done. Also, our teachers gave us a sneak peek at our grades and I'm almost failing all my classes.

We got our first report card today and let me tell you, my mom is going to be so mad when she finds out that the highest Grade I got is a C minus. As if I haven't been punished enough with the amount of chores I have to do around this house because my dad slacks off and my mom's quickly becoming an alcoholic.

You never know what's going on in someone's personal life and how much they could be struggling to be happy, until you actually have that happening in your own life and then you look at people differently. I am thinking about committing suicide because I am so unhappy with my life. My parents don't care about me, I have no friends, my dog has just been diagnosed with cancer, and we don't have enough money to get the treatment he needs, so he is going to die and I don't know what to do! I have actually planned in my head thirteen ways to kill myself. I just don't want anyone to know that I am having these thoughts because then people will book me appointments for therapy and be all concerned. I will have an earlier curfew and the treatment will be a lot of money, so we will go broke; thanks to me. But, if you think about it, if I do commit

From Top To Bottom

suicide, then my family will have a lot more money because I won't be there to make them waste it all on me.

So you know how I said Christian was the one who wished she could be the top girl in the school? Well, it turns out, she is now that person. I've been bumped down from my throne. She found out that I have not had a good life. I guess she wants to use this as her opportunity to just bully me even more. She spilled her pop all over me and laughed. She wrote terrible words on my locker in permanent marker, and she hit me in the face with her textbooks, and said that she didn't see me walking around the corner. I don't understand why she didn't think I was suffering enough, but I guess she just wants pay back for not letting her be at the top with me or something.

I was walking home, from school today and when I got home I found my dad sitting watching tv with 7 empty ice cream tubs. My mom was asleep with three empty bottles of wine, and a pile of dishes in the sink that was so high that it's about to fall on the floor. When I walk in my room, I find my dog dead on my bed. I run to him and grab him in my arms and just cry.

I sat there for so long wishing it was me and not him, so that's what I did. I said goodbye to my parents and made that wish come true. I found the nearest building, rode the elevator to the rooftop, picked the lock to the Emergency Fire Escape, and I ran to the edge of the roof and jumped. I had never felt so free in my life! I had wanted this for so long; now all my misery is over.

## The Fire

"There are three seconds left in the game. The point guard for the Junior Lions girls team, Emma Smith, dribbles up the court. The Lions are down by one point. She dribbles through her legs, passing her check. She shoots behind the three point line. The ball spins rapidly, twirling in the air," cried the announcer.

BEEP! Went the buzzer. SWISH! The ball dropped right into the basket. They won! Via ran over to Emma wrapping her in a bear hug as the rest of the Lions toppled over her. Tears of joy streamed down the girls' cheeks. The team was buzzing with excitement. They all planned to get together at Rachel's house for a party.

Via's mom drove Emma and Via over to Rachel's house. They held each other in their arms and squealed while bouncing in their seats. Emma and Via have been best friends since they were four years old. They shared secrets and they did everything as one. Life would never be the same if they didn't have one another.

Once they reached Rachel's, they filled up on snacks and they had good laughs. Via smelled smoke. "Do you smell smoke, Emma?" asked Via worried because of her asthma.

Via had asthma so she had to be careful around smoke or, without her inhaler, it could be fatal.

"Yeah," responded Emma.

Sure enough, Jamie was smoking in the living room.

"Come on, Jamie! Put the cigarette away!" Emma exclaimed.

Jamie shrugged.

"Seriously, Jamie! Put it away!" Emma cried, frustrated. Jamie finally listened to Emma and flicked the cigarette away. The smoke never dissipated. Via began wheezing non-stop.

Emma escorted her over to the washroom, and Via grabbed her inhaler.

"Oh! Now you need your mommy, Emma, to take you to the washroom!" barked Jamie. "The door's also a bit finicky, so you might want Emma to open the door for you as you're coming out." Jamie sneared.

Via slammed the washroom door behind her. Emma clenched her fists and yelled across the room to Jamie, "SHUT UP!"

No one noticed the smell of smoke getting stronger until a flame caught the rug in the living room, right where the cigarette was flicked, and the fire began to spread.

Via was still stuck in the washroom because the door wouldn't open. She shook the door handle vigorously but no one could hear her over the sound of the girls' squeals, who were all running out of the house, including Emma.

Emma was out of the house when she heard someone scream her name three times, "Emma! Emma! Emma!" Then she could hear the painful cry no more. Emma searched the bustling road for Via, until she recognized the voice she'd heard earlier. Via was still stuck in the washroom! Emma rushed to the house but she was held back by the neighbours. Tears streamed from her eyes. The house was in flames and the firefighters had finally arrived.

A wave of smoke rose from the house. The house began to collapse. Everyone evacuated the street, except for Emma. The world was spinning around her as if she had just jumped off of a tire swing. Red flashing lights clouded her vision along with her teary eyes. The everlasting siren of an ambulance rang through her ears. She steadied herself by sitting on the curb.

Via's cries echoed through Emma's head. She waited for Via to get out of the house. Instead, she spotted a firefighter carrying a teenage girl in his arms. Soot and ash covered the girl's body and her chest wasn't rising and falling. Blood spilled from the girl's leg. She lay helplessly in the firefighter's arms. Emma realized that it was Via. Emma collapsed to the ground, drowning in a puddle of tears. Tears burned through Emma's skin. Via was dead.

The crowd thinned and the only thing that Emma could hear were her own cries. The forever inseparable friendship that Emma and Via had, had come to an end. And just like that she was gone. She dreaded the life that awaited her - a life without Via.

Emma's mom came and picked her up from the curb. It was a long, quiet, sorrowful ride.

The whole school suffered from Via's absence. All the students missed her gleaming joyful face that grinned at them as she skipped down the halls. Emma suffered most.

She refused to attend school. Her parents encouraged her, but she denied them. She wouldn't eat or leave her room. The heartbroken girl lay on her bed cradling a pillow. Her chocolate coloured eyes were reddened, the pale skin on her face was splotted with tears and her soft golden hair was sticking up every which way. She blamed herself for Via's death.

Throughout the week, mournful girls visited Emma, handing her gifts and cards to make her feel better but it only did the contrary. The gifts reminded her of the accident and sent her reeling through flashbacks of the fire.

A never ending stream of overwhelming reporters questioned Emma about the fire but she simply shooed them away.

Each night Emma woke up drenched in sweat from nightmares of the fire, with Via calling her name from inside the burning house.

Emma was forced back into school for her own good. She got back to nearly normal. She completed her schoolwork, made new friends and did her chores, but forgetting her childhood with Via would be an impossible task.

### **Three Years Later**

Emma's senior girls basketball team made it into the finals this year. Emma's mind was racing, her heart pounded. It was her first finals game since her last one, the day Via died. It was already the second quarter and Emma dribbled up the court. One of her teammates called her name three times to pass the ball, "Emma, Emma, Emma!" Emma dropped the ball and fell to the ground. The ball rolled away as vivid flashbacks of the fire replayed in her head: Via's anxious and painful voice calling her name three times and the firefighter carrying Via's dead body.

Emma passed out.

**Jenna Kidner, Grade 7, Marion Schilling Elementary School****After All These Years**

Lynn did not like stairs anymore. Ever since she moved to her new home in Pittsburg, she knew that something was up. The stairs, they just weren't right. So she picked a room on the main floor, so she had no reason to use the stairs. Lynn has always been a little off, we could say. She once went through a phase where she wore her hair in braids everyday of her life for a whole year. That was definitely weird. Lynn knew that moving schools was going to be tough. Losing all of her friends, and meeting new people. But luckily, Lynn already knew a boy who lived in Pittsburg. His name was Cody. Lynn hates him, because he always thought he was the coolest guy in town. Well guess what? He's wrong. He's probably the dumbest boy Lynn has ever met. He gets bad grades, behaviour slips, detentions, all that bad stuff. But somehow, he gets along. Lynn thought she could get by on her own, but on the first day of school, Lynn bumped into a stranger, and spilled the food on her tray on the stranger. All the kids laughed at her. She was so embarrassed. But as it turned out, the girl she bumped was also new. Her name was Cali. She was tall and thin and wore glasses. But she had the brightest personality. She was so sweet, and beautiful. She and Lynn hung out at Lynn's house after school. Cali, as it turns out, lives beside Cody. Cody was jumping on his trampoline while trying to throw a football into a basketball hoop. What a smart fella he was. Not.

"Cali, have you met that boy yet? His name is Cody, he's kind of a doodoo head," Lynn said.

"No, I haven't. But he looks like a pretty fun guy if you ask me!" Cali answered back.

"Trust me, he's not. He's gotten suspended at least 7 times. You'd really think he'd be long gone by now." Lynn told Cali.

"How do you know him? Close family friend?" Cali asked.

"He used to go to my school actually. He moved here last year I think. He looks the exact same as he did last time I saw him," Lynn told her. Cody was still attempting his trick shot. He still hasn't gotten close to the hoop. He's had to hop the fence a couple times from throwing too hard.



**Jenna Kidner, Grade 7, Marion Schilling**

### **After All These Years**

“Interesting,” Cali said. “Well do you want to go upstairs? I have a gaming system up there, we can play Rocket League!”

“Oh my gosh, absolutely!” Lynn said. They both walked down the hall to the stairwell.

Lynn completely forgot about her strange fear of stairs. She wasn’t sure if she could play anymore. As much as she loved a good couple rounds of Rocket League, Lynn thought she’d pass this time.

“Hey Cali, I’m not so sure that I want to play anymore,” Lynn told her, afraid she’d ask why. And Cali did exactly that.

“Why not? I thought you loved Rocket League,” Cali said. Lynn wasn’t sure what to do at this point. So she had to think fast, and she was really good at that luckily, because she said,

“My mom said to me that I should spend more time outside, gaming is bad for your mental health because it makes you angry often times,” Lynn told her. She hated lying, but would Cali really believe that she had a phobia of stairs? Stairs?

“Alright then, so do you want to go ask that Cody kid if he wants to hang out? He looks like a good time,” Cali said. Not thinking, Lynn agreed. They walked down the sidewalk to Cody’s house, and knocked on the door. Cody’s mother answered.

“Hi girls, did you need something?” Cody’s mother said.

“Actually, we just came to see if Cody wanted to hang out, is he allowed?” Cali said confidently.

“Well I’m sure that he would be delighted to have some lovely girls like you to hang out with. Cody!”, his mother called.

“Yes mom?” Cody yelled back, his voice was so deep now, you couldn’t recognize him if you didn’t see his face.

“There is some lovely girls at the door who came to see you!” His mother yelled. Lynn could hear Cody’s footsteps as he walked powerfully through his house to the front door.

“Oh, hey Lynn!” He said. “Long time no see!”

**Jenna Kidner, Grade 7, Marion Schilling**

**After All These Years**

“It’s nice to see you too, Cody.” Lynn said. She was a little bit happy to see him, for she hadn’t seen Cody since last year.

“Did you guys want to hang out or something? We can go in the back if you want, I’ve got some gnarly RC cars that we can fool around with!” He said, so excitedly that he looked like a kid on Christmas morning. Lynn and Cali nodded their heads and followed him to the backyard. They got out the RC cars and played with those for about 45 minutes.

“I’m Cali by the way,” Cali told Cody.

“Cool, sorry I didn’t ask earlier,” Cody said back. Maybe he had changed, he seemed much nicer than last year.

“Well do you guys want to go get a snack? Playing with those cars sure works up an appetite!” He explained.

“Yes, absolutely! I’m starving!” Cali said. Lynn agreed and went with them back to the house. But before she got inside, Lynn stopped herself. There were stairs to get back into the house. She had jumped over them when they went to play with the cars. She couldn’t get back up.

“Actually guys, I’m not hungry. I’ll just stay here,” Lynn lied.

“Really? I don’t believe you. Come with us!” Cody said, and grabbed her wrist to pull her up. Lynn just sat there, she had no such interest in getting up.

“Why won’t you come with us?” Cody asked.

“Is there a spider on the stairs or something stupid? Just show us!” Cali said.

Lynn pointed to the stairs, fully in guilt and embarrassment.

“What’s wrong with the stairs?” Cody asked. “There’s no spiders!”

“I know that there isn’t any spiders, Cody. I have eyes, I can see!” Lynn said.

“Well then what’s wrong with the stairs?” Cody asked.

**Jenna Kidner, Grade 7, Marion Schilling**

**After All These Years**

“I don't trust them!” Lynn yelled.

“Why is that?” Cali asked with a very confused look on her face.

“They`re always up to something!” Lynn told them. And so she had to hop the fence to go back to the front door, through the house, and into the pantry.

## Chapter I, The Beginning

I woke up in a sweat, fear coursing through my veins, goose bumps popping up all over my pale skin. I looked around wildly, my hands gripping onto my bedsheets for dear life. My nails puncturing tiny holes into my sheets where I held them. Beads of sweat running from the messy brown hair on the top of my head, dripping down over my freckled cheeks and down onto the newly formed puddle where my head just laid. I shook my head trying to remember the events from my previous nightmare, but the only thing I could remember was an overwhelming sense of fear. I shut my eyes to calm myself down, telling myself it was just a nightmare.

When I opened my eyes a new wave of fear crashed into me. What I saw was a *thing* with melting flesh dripping down its face into a crimson thick puddle on the top of my shirt, weighing me down. One side of the *things* face was ripped away, and all I could see was bone. The bones of the face were broken and rotten. The smell of the *thing* washed over me, making me gag. The smell coming from it was horrible, like rotting food and the stinging scent of *blood*.

I tried to scream out for help, but all I could hear was a quiet yelp coming out of my throat. It seemed as though the noise was dragged out, scratching the inside of my throat and making me cough out blood onto my shirt collar, staining the light blue shirt with a horrifying crimson red.

After the thing heard my desperate call for help, it shoved a twisted, broken, rotting hand straight *through* my throat. Its hand lingered in my body for a few seconds, silencing me. When the thing pulled its hand out of me, I saw a pulsating glowing ball of light come out with it. The ball seemed to add some light into the room, but just barely. I tried screaming out for help again, ignoring the searing pain in my throat, but as I screamed nothing came out, not even a squeal.

The ball of light pulsed faster, as if it was trying to escape the bony grasp of the demon. As it pulsed I realized that the demon pulled my voice straight through my throat. I tried to blink the sight of the demon away. I blinked once, nothing. I blinked again, still nothing. I blinked for a third time, this time holding my eyelids closed for a minute. I cautiously opened my eyelids, when I realized I couldn't smell anything I snapped my eyes open. After I realized the demon was gone I fainted slamming my head down onto my bed.

I woke up right before my alarm went off, I remembered the horrifying events of the previous night, and I looked down at my shirt, and when I saw that it was still stained with blood I freaked out. *I guess that rules out the fact that it was a dream*, I thought.

“You up yet?”. My mother called from right outside my bedroom door, In a slightly annoyed voice. I still wasn't quite sure if my voice still worked, so when I spoke I raised my voice slightly.

“Yes, I'm awake”. I realized that I still had my voice, but I spoke a tad bit too loud. I heard my mother's annoyed footsteps stomping away from my door, the sound muffled because my bedroom door was shut. I heard a knock on my door right after my mother's footsteps faded away

into the distance. I rolled to the left of my bloodstained bed but I rolled just slightly too far so I fell with a loud thump on my brown hardwood floors. I knew that the knock on my door was my friend Jason, so I quickly got up, almost slipping on a rogue piece of clothing on my floor. I grabbed my backpack and slipped it over my shoulder, as I ran to the front door, sliding as I realized that I forgot to put my clothes on. I quickly turned on my heel, quickly put my clothes on, and ran back to the door, sprinting outside.

“Why is your shirt on backwards?”, my friend Jason asked me. I quickly swivelled my shirt around on my body so that it was the right way around. I turned around to say goodbye to my mom, but when I saw her, a shroud of darkness enveloped her. When it went away I saw the *thing* inhabiting my mother's body. I heard the demon cackle with laughter, but when I heard it, I heard *my* voice coming out of its mouth. I then realized that it had stolen my voice. Almost as quickly as the thing appeared, it disappeared again in another shroud of darkness.

“You okay, it looks like you saw a ghost?” Jason asked me, with a worried look on his face.

“Yeah I'm fine,” I told him, lying straight to his face. I knew the look on my face was filled with fear and desperation, but I decided now wasn't the time to tell my friend about the *thing*.

At school, I went through my daily boring routine. I got to school, went to homeroom, and then math, science and then long break. During the long break, I was walking with Jason down to our local gas station. Counting the money I had, I asked Jason without lifting my head up, losing track of my money.

“What do you want to eat?” I spoke in a slightly frustrated tone, but just enough that he didn't notice.

“You” Jason responded. Stunned by my friend's sudden interest in cannibalism, I looked at him, a horrified expression on my face. When I saw him I squealed, The friend that I knew and loved just turned into the thing that I was scared of. I tried to run away but I seemed rooted to the spot.

“Like I said... YOU!” the demon said, in a raspy voice, my voice dissipated from its throat. The thing opened its mouth wider than humanly possible and swallowed me whole.

To Be Continued...

**Lauren Kroeker**  
**Grade: 7**  
**Aberdeen Elementary**

**The Rose Petal**

Delicate,

Crumbly,

Silky rose petal,

Falls,

Falls,

Drifts very slowly,

Side to side,

Swaying.

How radiant,

Delightful.

The feelings and emotions.

The rose,

Such grace and beauty.

The vivid colours trace your mind,

Calms your heart,

Spreads love,

Happiness.

One rose petal,



**Lauren Kroeker**  
**Grade: 7**  
**Aberdeen Elementary**

As if shattered,

Plops off it's prickly stem,

Follows its heart,

To wherever it will take it.

The story seems small,

But it truly does have a lot of meaning,

If you take the time to look at all the wrinkles and flaws

In one lovely rose petal.

**Lauren Kroeker**  
**Grade: 7**  
**Aberdeen Elementary**

**Crystals**

The night winds whispers,

Flitter,

Tap,

Very gently,

Softly,

On a crystalized branch.

Tiny extravagant crystals fly,

Snatched by the breeze,

Swirl in a spiral,

All the way to the ground.