

*Elementary School  
Entries*

### The Orb of Good Fortune

"Come on mother, we're gonna be late for the ceremony!" I say stretching out from my cat nap in our worm but dusty den.

"Oh please Bobbi, we're never late." My mother looks crossly at me.

"Ha, not true! Whenever you say that we are always late!" I argue.

"Fine let's just go."

My mother and I leave our den shortly after that argument. When we get there, Tyrel, the leader of the tribe is on the 'Wonder Rock' talking with the Elder Cats. One of which, has a basket in her mouth. When Tyrel picks a name out of the basket, that cat is the Chosen One!!! This event happens once every 10 Stick Leg years.

"Good morning cats of the Star Flight Tribe!" Tyrel shouts out as the cats all pound at the dirt in sign of applause. "Today... we come together to find our Chosen One!" He pauses, grabs a name out of the basket and yells...

**"BOBBI MARESHKA!!"**

"Oh no," I think to myself. "That's me!" But I don't want to be the Chosen One! They never come back! Everyone cheers and looks at me as I walk up to the Wonder Rock. My black shiny fur glistens against the sun.

"Ah Bobbi, we are so proud to have you as our Chosen One!" Tyrel says to me. Tyrel glances at my mother, and I follow his glance. My mother looks worried, not her regular worried

right now I need some very badly. I grab some food from my pouch. I start walking again. The day is turning to night. Soon then the night turns into day. Then day turns into night again. Its feels like forever since I've seen anybody other than these animals that have crossed paths with me. Finally after what seems like forever, I come up to big golden doors. I knock on the doors with my paw and it opens.

When the doors open I see a bright golden orb floating above five cats.

“Ah, Bobbi. We were waiting for you.” One of the five cats says.

“We are the Chosen Ones throughout these sixty years of the tradition of the Star Flight Tribe,” says another.

I was just speechless. These are all the Chosen ones from previous ceremonies? I stood there looking at all of them.

“But I thought no one had survived from these adventures.” I stated.

“No one has come back for these adventures Bobbi, no one said that no one had survived form the adventures,” said the eldest cat.

I go forwards slowly, not quite understanding on what they wanted me to do. I am about to touch the orb when suddenly there's a big boom, the world as I know goes silent.

Kaitlynn Anderson  
Dallas Elementary  
Grade Five

## Best Friends

My name is Zoella and my best friend's name is Tanya. Tanya and I met when we were in daycare and we are still friends to this day. Tanya and I have done everything together, from baby swimming to dance classes, but one of our all time favorite things to do together is listen to our favorite band, One Direction. Right now we have been loving, "Story Of My Life".

After school on Friday, May fourteenth, Tanya and I went shopping at Bron Sanyo Mall. When we came out of Stitches we sat down on a brown bench. Not too long after we sat down, we both saw a quick flicker of paper flapping off of a bulletin board. We walked over and checked out what it had to say.

When we read out what the paper said, we stopped and our jaws dropped. It was a contest, but not just any contest, it was a One Direction contest. The prize was two front row tickets to a sold out concert and a VIP backstage pass to meet the band Louis, Liam, Niall, Zayn and Harry. We both dashed down the escalator to the front desk to get an entry for the amazing contest. The women at the front desk said we were lucky we came when we had because there were only a few entries left. We entered the contest. The worst thing about the contest was that we had to wait five weeks for them to draw the name.

On the fourth week, I couldn't take it anymore so I called Tanya and asked her if she would want to come visit my grandma for the week to take our mind off of, you know what.

Kaitlynn Anderson  
Dallas Elementary  
Grade Five

Tanya said that she would love to take her mind off of the contest and that she would join me on my vacation.

Later that day, Tanya's mom drove us to Cache Creek where we met my grandma from there my grandma drove us to Vancouver. When we arrived in Vancouver, we decided that we were going to take a nice long walk. After our walk, we were so hungry. I called my grandma on my iPhone 5c to tell her to meet us at the Cactus Club for dinner. When we got back to my grandma's house we went to bed.

Three weeks have passed and there was one day before the name was going to be pulled on live television. I called Tanya late Tuesday night to tell her to come over tomorrow before the name got pulled so we could hear the exciting news together. I didn't get much sleep that night because I had so much on my mind. I called Tanya at five thirty to tell her to come over because the name was going to be called in one hour. Tanya arrived thirty minutes after I called her. We set up pillows, blankets and popcorn on the couch ready for the big announcement.

By the time we had finished it was about to start. We turned the television on and sat down on the couch. The announcer said the winner of the the One Direction concert is..... Tanya Burr! We didn't realize the name that was pulled was Tanya's for a couple seconds. As we realized that Tanya's name had been pulled we jumped off of the couch and started screaming at the top of our lungs and shaking each other. The reason that I was excited was because I was almost certain that I was going to the concert with Tanya.

Kaitlynn Anderson  
Dallas Elementary  
Grade Five

The next day at school everyone was talking about Tanya and how her name was the one that had gotten pulled for the contest. Later that day, I saw Tanya talking to Louise. I thought it was just about how excited she was, but just in case it was something else, I crept up on their conversation. I am glad I did! It turns out Tanya was asking Louise if she wanted to go to the One Direction concert. At first Louise was uncertain but then, as I tripped over my clumsy feet and fell out from behind the the large green and violet plant, Louise made her final decision. She was going to the concert with Tanya. Just because Louise does not like me. I can't believe that she would do something like that to me, she knows how much I love One Direction! Louise doesn't even like One Direction.

As the day of the concert finally arrived, I watched Tanya and Louise drive by my small house, in their maroon minivan, all dressed up, ready for the concert. Since I was not able to go to the concert myself, I watched it live on television instead. It was not bad, but it was definitely not as exciting as being there in person.

The day Tanya got back I called her and asked how the concert was. She said it was one in a million, the best ever. After I had talked to Tanya about the concert I asked her why she had asked Louise to go to the concert with her instead of asking me to go? I told Tanya that we have listened to every single one of One Directions songs together and that Louise does not even like One Direction. I reminded her that we have been friends way longer than she's been friends with Louise. Tanya told me then why she had chosen to take Louise instead of me. Tanya said that we have been drifting apart lately and that she found a new group of friends and does not have

Kaitlynn Anderson  
Dallas Elementary  
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time for me anymore. I guess that was the end of our relationship. Tanya still talks to me, but we just are not as close as we used to be.

The Christmas Mystery  
Morgan Androlick  
Grade 5  
South Sahali Elementary School

In the cozy town of Dolphin Bay, there lived three sisters. These sisters brought in many tourists. You see, they owned a small detective agency called Mason's Mysteries." Kendra liked to play sports, Julia loved horses, and Morgan was raising wild animals. These triplets had magic in their blood, which made them super detectives, secret agents, or anything you could imagine.

It was only a few weeks before Christmas. The girls were sitting waiting for a new client, when all of a sudden a lady burst in!

"Are you the the terrific triplets?" she asked anxiously.

"Yes. Why?" Julia asked.

"I'm Sugar Peterson from Dragon City. I need your help," she requested.

"What is the mystery, Mrs. Peterson?" Kendra asked.

"Well, somebody has been dressing up as a refrigerator repair person and stealing money, Christmas decorations, presents, and even Christmas trees!" Sugar exclaimed.

"Mom said we were going to Dragon City next weekend! So, where should we meet you Mrs. Peterson?" Morgan asked.

"Meet me by the stuffed bears on the 4th story of Sprinkles Toyz," Sugar called as she hurriedly rushed away.

"Great! Then we'll see you next weekend, Sugar!" Julia called after her.

The Saturday before Christmas, the Mason's were roaming around Dragon City. "Mom, Dad, we're going to Sprinkles Toyz!" Kendra said.

"Ok, just be back at the Unicorn Inn by 8:00pm."

"Ok. Bye!" the girls called back.



The Christmas Mystery  
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The triplets were standing in the main entrance of the toy store when Morgan remembered that Sugar had said to meet her on the fourth floor by the big stuffed bears. They rode the elevator up to find Sugar waiting beside the humongous stuffed animals.

“Sugar!” The triplets cried. Then, they quickly settled into their meeting. They found out that there had been several robberies with many items missing and no one knew who had been dressing up as the repairman.

“What time is it?” Morgan asked, yawning.

“Almost eight. Why?” Sugar replied.

“Mom wants us at the hotel by eight,” Morgan answered.

“Ok. I’ll drive you to the Inn’s parking lot.”

The next morning the girls met up with Sugar and went investigating. First, they took a car ride to little Tommy’s house. There they found out that all the decorations had been taken.

Next, they went to old Maggie’s house where they found clues like footprints, note pads, and even a business card.

“Read the note pad that says the name of the Refrigerator Repair Company,” Julia said.

“The note pad says, Mr. Godzilla, Mrs. Kentucky, Mr. Cupcake, Mr. and Mrs. Moglebeak, and their dog Muggly Wuggly are the employees of the refrigeration company,” Nora said. After she finished reading it Morgan realized that she knew Muggly Wuggly.

“Morgan can you take us to him?” Julia asked.

“Sure. But let me warn you, he’s friendly, but not the prettiest dog you’ve ever seen. He’s a Bloodhound Bulldog mix!” Morgan replied.

The Christmas Mystery  
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Once they got to Rata-Tat-Tat Lane, the girls were surprised to find it was totally deserted! The only store other than the Refrigerator Repair Company was a tumbled down, dilapidated hardware store.

“Well this mystery won’t solve itself. Let’s see if our suspicions are right about this,” Morgan said as she knocked.

The door opened and Morgan introduced the crew. “Hello! It’s me, Morgan, and my sisters Kendra and Julia. We met last year in Dolphin Bay when I took care Muggly Wuggly for you. We were wondering if you knew anything about the robberies that have been done by the Refrigerator Repair Company. There are many missing Christmas decorations.”

“We have alibis,” Mrs. Moglebeak said, “We were at the dog park with Muggly Wuggly.

Kendra remembered seeing Mr. Cupcake at Sprinkles Toyz looking at the electronics while they went down the elevator. That left their suspicion on Mr. Godzilla and Mrs. Kentucky.

The girls decided they would ask their uncle, the mayor, if they could set up a trap at his mansion. He said, yes. So, Julia told him the plan, “First, we will give the suspects the job of fixing the fridge. Next, we will use the security cameras to watch the suspects to see if they steal money, the tree, or the presents in your house. Before the suspects leave we’ll put down the iron doors to trap them inside. We’ll catch them, take them to the police, and show them the footage on the security cameras.” The mayor was enthusiastic about the plan because he wanted these thieves caught as much as the triplets did.

That night....

The Christmas Mystery  
Morgan Androlick  
Grade 5  
South Sahali Elementary School

“Let’s hope this works!” Morgan said nervously as she started their master plan to solve the mystery. Julia and Kendra were waiting in the security camera room.

Meanwhile, the mayor was waiting excitedly, like a kid opening presents on Christmas day, for the suspects to come to the door. “I haven’t had this much fun in such a long time,” the mayor whispered to himself.

Soon the suspects came to the door, knocked, and were let in. The mayor took them into the kitchen to fix the refrigerator. He left them there and then went to meet Kendra and Julia in the security room.

Meanwhile, Morgan was busy spying on the repair team from behind the bannister. Her sisters and the mayor could see her on the camera. Eventually, Morgan got tired. Just as she was about to leave her hiding spot she saw Mr. Godzilla trying to sneak into the family room where the Christmas tree was. Morgan quietly crept after Mr. Godzilla, signalling the team to send someone to watch Mrs. Kentucky.

Kendra left the security room to see that Mrs. Kentucky was snooping around the kitchen. She put money from the drawer into her pocket. Mr. Godzilla started loading presents into his arms. The triplets and the mayor had the evidence they needed. They had seen everything. “I’ll go call the police right now,” the mayor said quietly.

“Tell them to come silently, without their lights on,” Julia whispered after him.

The police entered the mansion and caught the bad guys. They took Mr. Godzilla and Mrs. Kentucky to the police station to take their statements.

The Christmas Mystery  
Morgan Androlick  
Grade 5  
South Sahali Elementary School

The sisters were filled with glee that they had solved Sugar's mystery. They were thrilled that all the people were going to get their Christmas gifts and trees back before Christmas day! The girls and their family stayed in Dragon City and enjoyed Christmas at the mayor's house. Sugar and many other people came with gifts and food to thank the girls for solving this mystery that had been destroying Dragon City.

## SKY HIGH

When you reach up high  
You may see the true sky,  
That sky is full of stars and dreams that never die,  
Hopefully if you believe hard enough you may fly  
Up to that wonderful true sky .

By Emmali Benoit Grade: 5 Mrs.Telford's class

School: A.E.Perry

## Living Life To The Fullest

Life

Live your life like there is no tomorrow,  
Because you never know what can pop up next

Life

A way to learn to love and be human,  
The way the world works

Life

Just *life* .

By Emmali Benoit Grade: 5 Mrs.Telford's class

School: A.E.Perry

Brooke Blower  
Grade 5  
St. Ann's Academy

## The Legend Of Mermaid Bay

Once upon a time, in a house by Mermaid Bay, there lived two girls named Kristen (who was 10) and Katelyn (who was 8). The house they lived in had three floors. They shared a room on the top floor. They liked the top floor because it had a play room, a computer room, and a beautiful view of the ocean.

One day Katelyn and Kristen were looking for seashells on the shore when Kristen spotted a glow in the water. It wasn't a rock but it was a mermaid! The mermaid's name was Emily. She had long blonde hair, a blue tail, and a purple top. Katelyn and Kristen played with Emily all day until it was dinner time and they had to say goodbye.

At dinner time Katelyn decided to tell her mom and dad that they met a mermaid. Their mom and dad thought they both had a big imagination.

The next morning they woke up early to play with Emily again. When they saw her she looked worried. Emily had lost her necklace that her mom gave her. So Katelyn and Kristen decided to help her find it. They looked all day

The Legend of Mermaid Bay  
Brooke Blower  
Grade 5  
St. Ann's Academy

but there was no sign of the necklace.

Later that evening, when Katelyn and Kristen were in their room getting ready for bed, Katelyn was looking at the shells they had found on the shore. She discovered that inside one of them was a beautiful necklace. The necklace had a blue flower with purple, pink, and blue beads. It had to be Emily's necklace. It must of fell in the shell when they were playing. She showed Kristen and they put it somewhere safe for the night.

The next morning, they got up bright and early to give Emily her necklace. When Emily saw it she was so happy. Then Emily showed the girls two more necklaces similar to hers and gave one to each girl. She said she made them herself last night for them. The rest of the day the girls went swimming and then had lunch on the beach.

Katelyn and Kristen continued to visit Emily on the shore of Mermaid Bay whenever they could. Still to this day, the girl's parents don't know that Emily is real.



# My Best Spring Day At The Farm

Natalie Boersma Grade 5

Pinantan Elementary

One day, I went to the farm with my Great Grandma. When we got there, one side of the farm smelled like manure. The other side like flowers blooming, farm animals, and crops. But the last side smelled like BBQ, fish, steak, ribs, bacon and eggs. I think I liked that side the most.

On the way to go fishing for dinner, I was excited. When we got there, I changed into my crocs and sand got all over my feet. As I was getting into the boat, I felt the cold water drip down on my feet, taking away all the sand.

When we got back to the shore from the lake, we had caught 5 fish. As we were on our way home, I petted all the animals such as the sheep, cows, pigs, horses and two dogs.

As we got inside, my GG sat a bowl in front of me.

While I was fishing, my GG made ice-cream and lemonade, it was so yummy. For dinner, my GG made steak and potatoes they were so good. After dinner I brushed my teeth and went to bed.

The next morning, birds were chirping and my GG was humming in the kitchen. I went outside to gather the crops because my GG had asked me to do it last night, but it was too dark.

When I was outside, I heard my papa's fishing reel. He was reeling it in and then casting it out. He noticed that I needed help with the crops, so he sat down his rod and took the crops. He asked me to get the fish. But, as I went over, I saw a bear by the lake. I ran inside the farm house, grabbed the bear horn, and ran back to the lake before it was too late.

As soon as I saw the bear, I blew the horn as fast and as loud as I could. In just the flick of a finger, that bear was running away in horror.

After that, I grabbed the fish and walked inside with them.

Those were my craziest but best spring days at the farm!

# My Best Spring Day!

Fyfer Brookes-Gillingham Grade 5  
Pinantan Elementary

I woke up to a bed full of pets. My cat Jinx, was on my belly, my bulldog Abel, was beside me, and my wiener dog Nina, was on my my chest. Nina wasn't sleeping, she was giving me a look that said, "I'm going to lick your face." "Noooo!" I said in a deep voice trying to stop her, but it was too late. By the time I finished my deep voice, she already got five licks in, directly on my nose. "Aaahh!" I laughed as I pushed her off my chest and got dressed.

As I walked out of my bedroom, a delicious smell hit me. It smelled of eggs on the stove, crispy yummy bacon, and warm buttery toast. I wasn't very used to the smell of bacon, my Mom almost never got it, but I guess she was feeling happy and said, "Hey, why not."

I could hear the dogs walking behind me as I walked to the kitchen were my Mom was cooking. "Good morning," I said, startling her. "Oh, good morning," she said, realizing it was just me. "How was your sleep?" she asked. "Good," I said, lying as I actually had quite a bad sleep. Abel sat on the all the blankets and stole them from me, but I'm used to it, he does it a lot.

"Breakfast is ready if you want some," my mom said. "Yes please," I said, wanting to have bacon right away.

Just as mom finished serving me, my brother, Hayden, jumped up from behind the counter and screamed "HEY GUYS!" My mom screamed, I jumped, and the dog started

# My Best Spring Day!

Fyfer Brookes-Gillingham Grade 5  
Pinantan Elementary

barking. "Hayden!" my mom said in an irritated and angry voice. Of course Hayden was laughing his head off. He was laughing so hard that he made us laugh and before we knew it, we were all laughing.

After a few minuets of laughing, it finally stopped. "Man, that was funny," Hayden said, probably proud of how bad he scared us.

After that, there was a long awkward pause. Finally, Hayden spoke, "I can't wait for the bike ride today." Of course, the sentence reminded me of the bike trip Hayden and I planned on Monday. It was Saturday today and the reason why we waited was because we had no school on Saturday, and mom had no work. We were planning to bike to the Pinantan Store's grand opening and then to the school. Hayden and I were so excited that we set up our bikes so when we were ready, all we had to do was jump on and go.

"Oh yeah," I said remembering about the trip as I walk to the the living room to eat my breakfast. When I sat down and had the first mouth full of eggs, bacon, and toast, it was as good as I thought it would be. The delicious flavors were such a good combination it made me want to have a other bowl, but their was only enough for me to have one.

I decided to go out side when I finished my breakfast. I had to squeeze through the door to not let the dogs out. As soon as I got outside, I saw the breath taking view, a

# My Best Spring Day!

Fyfer Brookes-Gillingham Grade 5  
Pinantan Elementary

beautiful mixture of pink, purple and yellow. The warm rays of the sun made it feel as if I was wrapped in warm blankets. After a minute or two of looking into the distance, I decided to go back inside where the dogs were waiting to get out.

I squeezed through the door and asked mom if we could watch our favourite TV show until we leave. "Sure, I'll be out in a second," she said.

I ran into the living room and turned on the TV. I heard Hayden coming from his bed room. Finally we were all in the living room watching TV.

It was quite awhile until Hayden looked at his watch and said, "We should go, its 11:30." The speech was at 11:45 and it took about ten to fifteen minutes to get there. We jumped up and got ready, hugged and said goodbye to mom, and went outside to get on our bikes. We went down the drive and onto the road.

By the time Hayden got to the stop sign, he was going fast. To me it was fast. The reason why I thought it was fast is because it was the speed that I was going once when I crashed. It was horrible. I was thinking about the crash when I noticed how beautiful my surroundings were. The sun was shining brighter than it had in all of spring this year and there was so many different kinds of colourful birds. The beauty of the day only got stronger as we biked.

Finally, we got there about five minutes before the man gave the speech and cut the red ribbon. The place was packed with people wanting to buy new merchandise.

# My Best Spring Day!

Fyfer Brookes-Gillingham Grade 5  
Pinantan Elementary

Hayden and I got through easily, we were smaller than the adults. We quickly got some candy and got out. "That was intense!" Hayden said. We hopped on our bikes and went to the school.

Once we got to the school, we walked to the playground and sat down to eat. "Mmmm," Hayden said enjoying his snack. "Want a piece of gum?" I asked him. "Sure" he said, with a mouthful of chocolate bar.

After we ate our treats we went home. When we got home it was dark and we were exhausted. We didn't want to watch TV, we didn't even want to talk to our parents, we just walked in and went to bed. As I dozed off, a smile went on my face thinking about my best spring day.

# My Best Sleepover Ever!

Hayden Brookes-Gillingham Grade 5  
Pinantan Elementary

"So, in like 10 minutes you'll pick me up?" I asked Norbie through the phone. "Yeah, sure." he replied. In exactly 10 minutes, he was on my drive-way. "Bye Fyfer!" I said to my brother, as I walked through the door. "Bye!" he replied. Today was awesome! There was practically no clouds. As I got in the car, I asked Norbie, "Anything new on Scott Games?" "Yeah," he replied, "it shows the Marionette with the words 'Have sweet dreams' and if you brighten the picture up, it shows a big 9." he said, "Creepy," I replied.

"Lets go on the trampoline and have a ninja fight!" I suggested to Norbie. "YES," he replied, as we were trying to punch each other, Norbie kicked me right in the jaw! "Oh my goodness!" he screamed. "OWWWW!!!" I said.

After I got an ice pack, Norbie decided he was hungry. He gave me a cold burrito and got himself an apple. After a couple minutes threatening to put the cold burrito in the toaster, he finally gave in and let me put it in the microwave. "Wanna play Five Nights at Freddy's 3?" Norbie suggested. "Right after my burrito is done," I replied.

After my burrito was done, Norbie loaded up the game. At about 3 a.m., in the game, Balloon Boy got us! "Holy cow!" Norbie screamed. "Balloon Boy!" I said. Not three minutes later, Springtrap got us. We both screamed out loud and Carl, Norbie's dad, said from the other room, "Norbie!" Norbie replied, "Sorry!"

Norbie then said, "No more fnaf 3! No more!" "Agreed," I replied.

# My Best Sleepover Ever!

Hayden Brookes-Gillingham Grade 5  
Pinantan Elementary

After that horrible experience, we were playing Minecraft when the phone rang. "Norbie! Phone!" Carl said from the other room. "Got it!" Norbie replied to his dad.

"Hello?" Norbie said into the phone. I could faintly hear voices coming from the phone. He got a disappointed look on his face. I instantly knew who it was, Dad. Last time dad called this house, I had to go home. "It's for you," Norbie said to me.

"Hello?" I said into the phone, even though I knew who it was. "Hey, it's dad," my dad replied. "Hey," I had a little bit of sadness in my voice. "I just wanted to let you know, that I got you a bunk-bed," he said.

"WHAT?" I said into the phone. I totally thought that he was calling to tell me that he was going to pick me up.

"Yeah, I was at Stevie's today, picking up the snowmobile, and he had a bunk-bed from a baby gift. He didn't want it lying around for a couple years waiting until Stella was old enough, so he offered to give it to me for free. I knew you wanted one, so I picked it up. We're going to keep your old bed back behind the house. I'm setting the bunk-bed it up right now."

I was speechless. "Oh my goodness! Thank you so much!" I said to dad. I looked at Norbie, who had a very confused look on his face. He probably thought dad was telling me to pack my bags.

After I explained the story to Norbie, we didn't know what to do. I suggested that we get Outlast, the video game, from the internet. We pleaded and pleaded until Carl, finally gave in

# My Best Sleepover Ever!

Hayden Brookes-Gillingham Grade 5  
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and let us buy it. After we played awhile, the monster killed us, and we got really scared and quit playing. Then we decided to play Minecraft. Norbie got tired after about an hour of playing. I had to admit, I was a little tired too. As I was falling asleep, I thought about my day and I could only think of one thing.

Today was awesome!



## The Magic Forest

Once upon a time there was a forest called the Magic Forest. People wouldn't dare to enter the Magic Forest because it could be evil magic too, not just good magical. One kid was always curious about the Magic Forest. His name was Terry Wayne, and was is in grade five.

During lunchtime at school, Terry decided to go through the gates of The Magic Forest. When he entered it was like a first step of life and the first breath of air. Terry walked around for a bit until he found something interesting.

He found blue fairies dancing on ice but on the other side were red fairies dancing on black ice. When he was looking at the white spot on the black ice something happened. A dark evil shadow said,

“NEVER COME BACK.”

Terry ran as fast as he could until he was outside the gates. He ran back to school right when the lunchtime bell rang to go inside.

Before you knew it .... “TERRY WAYNE DOWN TO THE OFFICE.”

So Terry went to the office as quick as he could.

“I’m here,” said Terry.

“Good,” said the principal, “Step into my office.”

Terry walked into the office scared because he knew he was in trouble! Principal Jenn asked why he was not outside at lunch.

“Well I, I, I,” Terry stuttered. “You are gonna think I’m crazy .....but I went to the Magic Forest Gates.”

“HOW? That gate is locked up! Our city is being attacked by millions of wolves.”

“Oh did mention that I jumped the gate.”

“Pfffft NEVER do it again. Got it!” said the principal!!

“Ok,” said Terry.

When Terry got home he went straight to his bedroom because the principal did say that his parents knew about what happened. When he walked upstairs his mom saw him and came up to him.

“Why?” said his mom. “You know not to leave school grounds!”

“I know, but it was worth it because I went over the gates of the Magic Forest!”

“Never, I mean Never Ever do that! It’s so dangerous. I told you that but you don’t listen.”

“Sorry mom I could NOT stand it anymore just looking at the gate thinking about it.

“Just go upstairs. Tomorrow is Saturday so I have a shift at work. It’s only for four hours so you can stay home.”

“Ok mom,” said Terry .

Later that Saturday when Terry’s mom was gone, he decided to go back to the forest. Terry knew this was a bad idea but he was going back. When Terry was jumping the fence his friend Samantha saw him doing it.

“WHAT ARE YOU DOING TERRY!” yelled Sam.

“What are you doing here Sam?” said Terry.

“Nevermind about that. What are you doing over there? It’s so dangerous!”

“Trust me I've been here before. It’s fine except for the dark shadow and the white spot.

It’s fine, said Terry.

“Wait what shadow ..what spot ?” Sam said.

“Just go. I don't want you to get in trouble” said Sam.

“ I don't care if I do, said Samantha. “You are NOT going by yourself. I'm coming.”

“Ok,” said Terry. “ Be ready for literally anything!”

“Ok,” said Sam. “Lets go.”

Later when they were walking around there was a huge hole with a tiny pond that they didn't notice.

“AHHH HELP!” yelled Terry. Sam grabbed Terry’s hand as he dangled over the cliff.

“Don't let go,” said Sam.

“But I'm way too heavy to pull up. It’s either me or both of us and I'm not doing that Sam.”

Terry let go and landed in the pond with basically no water.

“NOO TERRY!” screamed Sam.

Suddenly a huge tower of water came up with Terry on top.

“WHAT THE?” said Terry.

“Huh! What just happened? said Samantha. “It saved you!”

Terry was so happy that he was still alive.

The water tower talked. “Be careful kid.”

Then the tower went back down in the pond.

“Terry lets keep walking and this time watch out for holes!” said Samantha.

Terry stubbed his toe on a glowing purple rock placed right in the middle of a little pond.

On the rock there was a little hole, almost like an entrance way, inside the rock. Out from the rock came a little incy, wincy, tiniest of all, pink monkey with a top hat and a cane.

“Ello Mates,” said the monkey. “I’m Wiffy. I’m here in a jiffy to do a Diffy and a Siffy.

Siffy and Diffy mean sing and dance in our language but I can’t because you humans have forbidden it in the magic forests.”

“Wait there are more forests like this? said Terry.

“Oh ya ! Millions and billions kid,” said Wiffy. “Well kids better get home. It’s getting dark and that is when the evil magic comes out hurry!”

“ Lets go Terry,” said Samantha.

We were too late.

“Run,” yelled Terry.

“What is that Terry?” said Sam. “Whatever it is, it is following us!”

It looked like some sort of an angry unicorn.

“LETS GO FASTER!!”

Terry and Sam got to his house safe and sound.

“Well, that was an adventure,” said Terry and Sam at the same time .

When they went upstairs the downstairs TV turned on magically. On the TV were the things they met . That forest really was Magic!

# Elements

Once upon a time there was a very old man and his grandson living in an old cottage at the top of shivering woods up on Snowy Mountain. Outside the little cottage Ron, the grandson, was bouncing his blue ball on the old oak tree when he heard a sound coming from behind the woodshed! Startled, Ron dropped his ball and it rolled behind the shed.

“Oh no, That’s my favorite and only toy,” cried Ron

Ron wanted his toy back so he grabbed a stick from off the ground and went to try and poke at his ball stuck behind the shed.

“OUCH!”

Ron walked behind the shed to find a man with a long blue hat with stars and a matching robe who was holding a fancy looking stick.

Ron said, “Who are you?”

The strange looking man said, “I am Mr. Zap and you are?”

“I am Ron. Why were you behind my shed?”

“I was looking for this blue ball,” said Mr.Zap.

Ron said, “That’s my toy though!”

Mr.Zap said, “Oh then you must come with me boy.”

Mr. Zap grabbed Ron by the arm and said some sort of weird word. POOF! Suddenly, Ron and the man were at a huge castle .

“Take a seat and listen,” said Mr.Zap. “This ball holds the power of water. There are three other ones: fire, air and earth. They are called the four elements. Where did you get this ball?”

Ron said, “From my Grandpa. Speaking of which he’s probably worried sick!”

Mr.Zap said, “He’s not worried, he is sleeping - I put him under my spell.”

Mr.Zap turned and touched a brick on the wall and suddenly the wall disappeared and a giant room appeared. The man took out his fancy stick and said some weird words again. Out of nowhere colourful lights appeared. Ron asked the man if he was a wizard of some sort.

The man said, "Yes I am a wizard, now be quiet and follow me."

Ron followed Mr.Zap. They walked down a long but skinny hall to a door that was bigger than a giant! He opened the door and walked through to a larger door. This door opened up into a garden full of trees, flowers and butterflies! Mr.Zap walked behind a pear tree and pulled a branch and a door opened up in the ground.

They dropped through the door faster than the speed of sound and landed on a cold white floor. Ron looked up to find a huge laboratory full of different stuff! Mr.Zap took Ron's arm and put him down in a chair. He grabbed some sort of weird looking helmet and put it on Ron's head. He pressed a red button and quietly said,

"This might hurt a bit but don't yell or scream!"

"OUCH!" yelled Ron.

Mr. Zap said in an angry voice, "NO you probably woke it up!"

CRASH! Through the wall came an ugly ogre. It took Ron! Mr.Zap said some weird words again and CRASH the ogre fell to the ground.

"That won't hold him for long. Come on we've got to start running or we'll be dinner!" said

Mr. Zap!

They ran to a door that opened up into a forest. Suddenly Mr.Zap locked the door with a weird lock. It looked like a rainbow shaped frog. They stopped deep into the woods.

Mr. Zap was about to talk, when suddenly a green ball dropped from the sky and landed in front of Ron. They stood there for about five minutes looking at it when finally Ron grabbed the water

ball. Both balls started to glow.

"It's the earth ball. We are in the forest so it dropped here. The fire one will drop in fire and the air one will drop in the clouds," said Mr. Zap.

"Look up on the top of the mountain! it is on fire!" shouted Ron.

"You're right! It's a fire. We must get there before it goes out. If it goes out, the ball will go with it too!" said Mr. Zap.

As they started to walk they saw a griffin.

"Don't move!" Mr. Zap said.

As the griffin came closer it smelled Ron. It got so close you could almost pet it's wings! It sat down and wanted to be pet. It seemed like Ron. He stuck his hand out to pet it when it suddenly it snapped and got angry!

"I told you not to move," Mr. Zap said .

Ron said "I am sorry, I forgot."

"Start running," Mr. Zap said.

As they started to run the griffin started to chase after them. They ran up to the top of the mountain where the fire was. The griffin had followed them but had now disappeared.

"Now start looking for the fire ball but don't get hurt," Mr. Zap said.

Soon Ron came around the fire and said, "I found it. Here take it so I don't lose it."

Mr. Zap took the fire ball and the fire went right out.

"We must get to the clouds-so hold on to me," Mr. Zap said.

As Ron held on to Mr. Zap they some how magically appeared in the clouds! Mr. Zap quickly grabbed the elements and disappeared with Ron.

They suddenly appeared behind Ron's house in front of the wood shed. Ron blinked and Mr. Zap was gone. Only Ron was left standing.



Beside Ron was a box that said, "From Mr. Zap."

Ron opened the box to find a Red Ball. Ron grabbed it and played with it until the end of the day.

In fact the next day too.

He never forgot about Mr. Zap .

## Trouble in Trees

One day, close to Christmas time, my family and I, with two of my brother's friends, went up to Sun Peaks for the weekend. We parked in the parking lot before we checked in and made ourselves at home in our hotel. Mom was checking in at our hotel, while I was checking out my new snowboard.

Once the arrangements with unpacking and getting passes were finished, Chad and his friends went up to 'Three Bears.' My mom and I were on the bunny hill practising my snowboarding. I went on the magic carpet a few times- gosh, that was so boring! Anyways, it was about the fifth time going on that super slow carpet, we got a phone call from Chad. When mom answered Chad sounded pretty hurt.

"Mom, I think I broke my leg!" he whimpered. My mom gasped. So we hurried down the hill, took off our bindings, and we ran to the ski patrol emergency room by Bentos. Mom told the doctor and the ski patrol guys what happened to Chad. Once they heard that Chad had hit a tree, they all hurried up the mountain with a skidoo. Mom also phoned Sarah, Tlell's mom, since they happened to be skiing at Sun Peaks that day too.

About a half hour later, ski patrol came down with Chad on a sled attached to the skidoo. I have no idea why it took so long, I guess it was because he was boarding in the trees. But he lied down with doctors checking on his leg. I had to wait and wait by the front office, with Chad's friends. I was so scared, wondering what would happen next. When the doctor came out he said that Chad had probably broken his femur.

After that my mom phoned my Grandma and Poppa, and they were already on their

Zoe Caller Grade 5 RLC Trouble in Trees

way to the Royal Inland Hospital. The emergency room at Sun Peaks phoned the hospital, and there was an ambulance coming for Chad.

Once Chad got in the hospital, the doctors took the X-ray. It turned out that Chad did break his femur.

When I got in Chad's hospital room, I said, "I'm sorry you broke your leg, Chad."

All he said was... "I'm okay."

By Zoe Caller

Cafeteria Chaos  
Siobhan Harron  
Dallas Elementary  
Grade 5

One dark and stormy night I thought I had heard a window break a few blocks away at the new cafeteria down on mainstreet. I knew I had to do something before somebody got hurt. I hopped out of bed and almost fell down the stairs I was so tired. My car had been parked in the cold icy driveway for almost 12 hours so I was a little worried that it wouldn't start.

As soon as I stepped outside I saw the guy who lived across the street go running into his house faster than a cheetah.

The next morning the entire agency was talking about what had happened. After work I made it a part of my day that I would quickly go next door to the teenagers and ask them some questions I thought it may help see if they had anything to do with this.

I walked out of my agency and walked into the cafeteria to get my usual cup of coffee and blueberry muffin. While I was quietly sipping my coffee at the very back of the room by myself I thought about the crash I had heard the previous night. Then I had finally remembered that some teenagers across the street were having a huge party and accidentally broke the window with a baseball. That totally cleared my mind about this entire story. So it was solved. Nothing had happened except some crazy teens partying. I probably didn't remember because I was so tired.

Even though there wasn't really a case we had solved it again!

# *THE SECRET KEY*

By Breanne Campbell  
Dufferin Elementary  
Grade 5

There once lived two teenagers named Joy and Anna. They lived in Turkey. Joy and Anna loved adventures. One day they went for a walk in the forest and came upon a key they found at the bottom of a tree. Joy and Anna wondered what it would open. Anna found a knot in the tree that had a key hole in it, inserted the key and turned it. A secret portal opened.

Joy and Anna entered the portal and found a beautiful river by a waterfall. Bushes, trees and flowers Joy and Anna had never seen before surrounded the river. They both thought it was a beautiful world the portal had led them to.

Joy wanted to sketch pictures of the flowers, while Anna wanted to explore, so they decided to do both. They explored first. During their exploring they found some birds that looked like turtles and parrots mixed together. They thought they were extraordinary. They drew sketches of the birds in their sketch book they always carried with them. After they finished sketching they went back to exploring.

They found some shells that were flowers at the same time. They sketched those flowers as well. Then they decided to move on.

Joy found some fish that looks like angel fish. They sketched some more pictures and went further on. Then Anna picked some flowers and put them in her bag.

After awhile they found a talking blue dog. They asked the blue dog what its name was. The dog replied that it did not have a name. Joy and Anna asked if they could

## **THE SECRET KEY**

By Breanne Campbell  
Dufferin Elementary  
Grade 5

name it. The dog said she would love that, so Joy and Anna named her after the flower that looked like a shell – “Shelly”. Shelly said she would show them the next animal that would help them get home. Joy and Anna said that would be great, “but how did you know we wanted to go home”? Shelly answered “that’s what I do”.

Shelly brought Joy and Anna to the other end of the waterfall. That is where they found a rabbit. Joy and Anna asked the rabbit if it had a name. The rabbit also said she did not have a name and that it would be wonderful to have one. Joy and Anna named her Snowball because she was white.

Joy and Anna then realized there was no sky. They asked Snowball about this, and she replied “because everything glows, except the animals”. They also realized that Shelly had disappeared. Snowball explained Shelly only helps people get to where they need to go and then leaves again. Snowball explained they needed to find the fox by the river. The fox would lead them to the next animal to help them get home.

Joy and Anna continued on their journey to the river where they found the nameless fox. Once found, they asked if he would like a name and he replied “I would love a name”. So they named him Terry. Terry explained they would find a yellow and green deer by the three big rocks that were beside the waterfall. Joy and Anna found the

## **THE SECRET KEY**

By Breanne Campbell  
Dufferin Elementary  
Grade 5

rocks, then found the yellow and green deer. Joy and Anna named him Andy. Andy said to find the shell flower and insert the key into the middle; this would take them back to their home world. Joy and Anna did as he said and the portal opened to their home world, Earth.

Joy and Anna removed the flowers they had carried in their bag all day. Terry the fox had explained to them that the flowers needed a special type of soil to grow that could only be found where they had picked them. That the flowers wouldn't be able to grow and survive in Joy and Anna's world. So they quickly replanted the flowers in their own special soil and walked through the doorway before the portal closed. Joy and Anna never did speak to anyone about the other world or about their amazing adventure.

## The Battle of Niflhiem

### Chapter 1 the Quest

Have you ever had to fight lots of deadly creatures to save your land from destruction? Well I have. I'm Tyslerin Shiler and this is the story of my battle at Niflhiem. It was a bright sunny morning in eastern Norway. My friends Kleiass, Essillic and I were on our way to the bakery when suddenly the god Thor's servant came sprinting up to us. "Thor needs to see you immediately," he blurted but I could barely understand him. Before I could think of something to say Kleiass and Essillic started running down the street towards the palace. We sprinted up the hall into the throne room where Thor was waiting with his long black hair over his shoulder and his hammer in his hand.

"Lord Thor what is the problem," asked Kleiass.

"The Reslacckn are going to try and destroy our land said Thor," worriedly.

"We must do something right away!" exclaimed Essillic.

"Yes" said Thor, "That is why I called you", "I'm going to send you to Niflheim to try and stop the Reslacckn".

"B-but Niflheim is the land of the dead," stuttered Essillic "and it's full of mons"

"Of course we'll go," cut in Kleiass before Essillic could say another word.

"So when do we leave," I asked half-heartedly (going to Niflheim was one thing that was not on my bucket list!).



“Right now,” said Thor. “Here are your things,” and with a wave of his hand three small backpacks appeared in front of us.

“Wow,” exclaimed Essilic as he stared in amazement at the bags.

“Everything you will need on your quest is in there,” said Thor “Now hurry you have only three days to try and stop the Reslacckn.” Once we were back outside we decided to take a look in our bags. Inside mine was a bronze sword that was too big for the bag, a sleeping bag, a three person tent, and at the bottom of the bag there were two more sleeping bags. Kleiass got a spear in her bag and Essilic got a bronze axe.

“Well I think we’re set to go,” said Kleiass. “Now we just have to get to the capital of Sweden, Stockholm.”

“We’re going to have to take a ferry,” said Essilic.

“There is one leaving in five minutes,” I exclaimed, “We’ll take that one.”

“Ok let’s get down to the pier and get aboard before the ship leaves,” said Kleiass.

## Chapter 2

### The Voyage

Once we got on board we had a few minutes peace before everything went wrong. We were taking a stroll along the deck, when we were suddenly attacked by a tall man with short brown hair, a bit like mine. He pushed us back until we were right up against the back rail and his spear was in my face.

"Well, well, who do we have here? Let's see dark black hair, blue eyes, short, you must be Essillic Flencoish," he said keeping his spear an inch from my face. Finally he turned to Kleiass and lowered his spear. I took the opportunity and grabbed the tiny sword out of my pocket. As soon as it was in my hand it grew to full length. Just as the guy was saying he recognised her by her wavy blond hair, I slashed him through the chest and he turned to dust. "Thanks," exclaimed Kleiass.

"You're welcome," I said. A few minutes later we got off the ship and were approached by an old homeless man. "Take these shells with you. They will help on your quest," he said and gave us each a beautiful shell. "Thank you," said Essillic.

"Thank you," said Kleiass and then I realised who it was.

"Thank you Njord lord of the sea," I said.

### Chapter 3

#### We Get In a Fight with a Guard Dog

Once we got to the outskirts of Stockholm and found the entrance to Niflheim, we got out our sleeping bags and set up our tent. We had a nice sleep. In the morning we dressed up as souls and took the elevator down to Niflheim. The first thing we had to battle was the guard dog Gram. He was 10 feet tall and had razor sharp fangs. Luckily Kleiass had a big rubber ball in her bag and it didn't take long to get by the dog.

## Chapter 4

### The Battle

We walked up to the goddess Hel's palace and as soon as we walked inside we were attacked by the Beslacckn. We started battling them off but there were too many. I slashed one that was in front of me, but then another attacked me from behind. Then I had an idea, "use Njords sea shells" I said. So we all smashed our seashells on the ground and all but five of the Beslacckn were killed. We quickly killed the other five and advanced on the ugly goddess Hel. "Fine you win," she yelled. "Just leave my palace".

## Chapter 5

### The Return

After several days of traveling we finally got home where the whole village was waiting along with all the Norse gods, Freyja, Odin, Thor, Freyr, Njord, and even Loki the trickster god. After a massive feast we went with Thor back to the palace and told him our story. "So did we really destroy the Reslacckn?" I asked. "For the time being yes, but they will return someday and we will have to battle them again," said Thor.

The End

## *The Church*

There is a girl named Mia and her friends had to stay in the abandoned church. Her friends are Alyssa, and Annabelle. They are all scared but they had to do it because a bully was trying to make them switch schools because she couldn't break up their friendship. So they told their parents they were going to each other's house and they met up at the end of their block (they all live on the same street). They got to the church there was an eerie singing and Ginny was there waiting for them to go in, she said, "You better stay the whole night."

"Ok, we will," Mia said bravely.

Once Ginny left the girls went inside and Alyssa was the first to say, "I'm scared."

"We just have to stay the night," Mia said.

"We should all stay together," Alyssa advised as they girls walked in.

# **The Church**

## **AROUND MIDNIGHT**

The girls started dozing off, then they heard a bump then a high-pitched scream with louder eerie singing. The girls got scared and huddled in a corner and the floor fell from under them they were in the basement now. The basement entrance was blocked off so you couldn't get into the basement. Annabelle said, "We shouldn't be in here, the spirits don't want us here." Suddenly a large bookcase fell behind them and almost crushed them. Then Mia looked behind her and there was a brother and sister fighting. They came over to them and asked their opinion on their argument.

"I think he should stop bringing strangers to our basement and killing them," the sister said.

The brother disagreed, "We should bring them here and kill them because maybe they will turn into ghosts and we can have friends!"

## **The Church**

"It hasn't worked for 200 years why would it work now? We only have that one ghost, what was her name? Oh ya, it was-"

"Ginny. Was her name Ginny?" Mia shouted.

"Yeah it was," the boy said, "she is supposed to bully people into coming here."

"She did th-," Alyssa started saying but Annabelle elbowed her to tell her to stop because they would kill them.

"She did that to us," Mia finished for her.

"What are we going to do-" Alyssa interrupted, "We could be your friends."

The girl said, "sure." So the ghosts took them upstairs and played with them.

Danielle Carney  
Grade 5  
Arthur Stevenson Elementary

# **The Church**

**10 a.m.**

They all started walking back to their own house and saw their parents waiting for them. Annabelle's mom was the first to say anything, "Where were you girls? We were worried sick!" Alyssa explained the whole situation except the part about the ghosts. From then on, almost every day they went to the house and visited the ghosts.

The Prairies - The Bad days

It was the drought season and my family had started to lose hope. I'm Riley. I have a little sister named Jayden and a little brother Zachery my mom's name is Jennifer and my dad's name is Patrick. We live in Saskatchewan. Our Barn burned down due to dry lighting now we only have the paddocks. "Riley!" Pa called. "Yes Pa?" I called back as I walked toward him. "Can you feed the horses please?" Pa asked. "Yep." I answered back as I went outside.

"Hello Shamus." I whispered. Suddenly I heard one of the dog yelp. I looked over and I saw a coyote in the distance. "Pa!Ma!" I screamed. They both came running out. "Coyote!!!" I yelled. Pa ran inside and grabbed his gun."Fetch me Austin!" Pa yelled. I ran to the paddock and grabbed Austin and rode him to pa. Zachery came running out just before the gun fire "Ahhhhhhhhhh!" Zachery screamed right after the gun fire. Jayden started crying inside. Ma went inside to get Jayden. When all was settled I finished feeding the horses and then I went back inside. Suddenly I heard a knock at the door.

I walked over and opened the door. "Cassie!!" I exclaimed. "Do you want to go riding?" Cassie asked. "Yeah! Ma,Pa I'm Going with Cassie on a trail ride. We'll be back before dark," I told my parents.

We went to the paddocks and got my horse Austin and Cassie's horse It was really dry on the trail. "Riley, look the stream. It is all dried up now the horses can't take a sip." Cassie said. "Hopefully we can find a water pump that works," I laughed. "Ya!" Cassie laughed back, "I just love being on trails..." "WOLF!" I screamed interrupting her.



The Prairies - The Bad days

“Go,Go,Go!!!!” Cassie yelled. “Come on,Come on!!!” Cassie and I yelled at the horses while kicking their sides so they would go faster.

The horses raced down the trail like they were on the stampede racing track.”I can see the the paddocks!!!” Cassie yelled. “Hurry!” I yelled. We were almost there when the wolf finally stopped chasing us,we decided to keep going towards home because it was almost dark and the horses needed a drink. We took off the their tack and brushed them down and fed them. When the horses ran off with each other we went inside.

“Why are you back so early?” Ma asked. We both paused. “There was a wolf.” I said. “And what happened to it?” Ma asked. “It stopped chasing us when we were almost back.” I answered. “Okay.” Ma said. We ran upstairs to my room. “What do you want to do?” Cassie asked. “Maybe we can go to your house. Let's asked my parents.” I said. We ran down stairs. “Can we go to..” I asked. “Hi Ma? hi Pa?” said Cassie. “Go to what?” asked Ma. “Oh we were going to asked if we could go you their house.” I answered back. “ Not tonight but tomorrow morning you can.” Cassie's ma Taylor said. “Okay!” Cassie and I laughed at the same time. We went back upstairs. We sat on my bed and played cat's cradle. Before we knew it, it was time to go. “Time to go Cassie!” Cassie's Pa yelled. “Remember 6:30 tomorrow.” I said as I waved goodbye “Bye.” Cassie waved back she skipped down the stairs. I heard the door shut. “Riley!” Ma yelled. I ran down the stairs. “Ya?” I asked. “Time for dinner.” Ma said. I sat down at the table. We were having mash potatoes and steak. After I sat down we closed our eyes and prayed. “Can I go for a ride in the morning with Cassie?” I asked after we prayed.

“Well if you wake in time.” ma said. After dinner I walked up stairs and went to bed.

The Prairies - The Bad days

I woke up at 6:30AM. I threw on my jeans on and shirt and socks on and ran down stairs grabbed my boots on and then ran out side. "Good morning Riley!" Pa yelled from the cow pen. "Good morning pa!" I yelled back as I ran to Austin's and Teek's paddocks, I put their tack on and brought them to Cassie's house. I saw her sitting on a chair on her porch. "Hi Riley!" Cassie exclaimed. "Hi Cassie!" I yelled. " Thanks for bringing Teek. I was just going to come over." Cassie said as she walked over to us. Cassie got on Teek and we rode to our favourite trail. The tree's are so fine and the trail is a soft grass. "How are you today" Cassie asked. "I'm really good. Why? What about you?" I said back. "I just.. I'm good, I guess," Cassie said sadly. "What's wrong?" I asked. "It's just that my dog died last night," Cassie said. "I'm sorry Cassie. At least he had a good life," I said sadly. "Ya, he was a good dog too," Cassie said back. "Just think of all the good times you had with him." I told Cassie. "Ya." Cassie said quietly back. By the time we got back it was lunch. "Do you want to pack a lunch and go to the dried out creek?" Cassie asked. "Sure." I said. We packed a lunch and headed down on our horses to the empty creek. We got there and had our quiet lunch and then we went back to our houses. Everyone had to do their jobs I had to feed and exercise the horses. Zachery had to help Pa and Jayden had to help ma. When we were done it was about dinner time so we all helped with dinner as usual at dinner we prayed. We prayed for each other and Cassie's dog; for the wolves to leave and mostly rain. We prayed for rain. Then we ate then went to bed.

The next morning my ma woke us up in a hurry. "It's raining our prayers it's raining!!!!!!!" Ma cried and we all ran out side to dance in the rain.

Katelynne Christenson  
Grade 5 Raft River Elementary  
Lucy's Baking

Lucy was a 13 year old girl who loved baking. It was the last day of school before Christmas break so Lucy decided she would bake cookies for the class. When she got to school, her teacher, Mr. Lepsky asked her what was in the box. "Cookies for the class," she explained. "You know the rule!" he shouted. "No cookies at school." So she took the cookies home.

After Christmas break it was her birthday. Lucy decided to bake a cake for the class. When she got to school, Mr. Lepsky asked her what was in the box. "A cake for the class," she explained. "You know the rule!" he shouted. "No cakes at school!" So Lucy took the cake home.

For Valentine's Day Lucy decided to bake cupcakes. When she got to school Mr. Lepsky asked he what was in the box. "Cupcakes for the class," she explained. "You know the rule!" he shouted. "No cupcakes at school!" Lucy took the cupcakes home.

Lucy continued to bake for her class on each holiday for the rest of the day. She made: muffins, chocolate brownies, apple fritters, apple turnovers and cinnamon buns. She got exactly the same answer each time from Mr. Lepsky.

Finally it was summer vacation. On the last day, Lucy went home and tried to figure out what to do with all the baked goodies. She decided she would have a bake sale.

Katelynne Christenson

Grade 5 Raft River Elementary

### Lucy's Baking

As soon as she finished setting up, Mr. Lepsky came and said that nobody would want her goodies. Just as he finished saying it, a crowd came to her and started buying all her baking. By the end of the day everything was sold. "You were wrong about that," she told Mr. Lepsky.

Lucy packed up and went inside grinning.

# The Siblings and the Wizard

Rhiannon Conde-Wright

Grade 5

Lloyd George Elementary

Rhiannon Conde-Wright

Grade 5

Lloyd George Elementary

## The Siblings and the Wizard

Once there was a mountain named Rose Mountain. The mountain got its name because everybody knew that there was dozens and dozens of roses on that mountain. Legend has it that an evil wizard named Azro kills who ever traverses the area. A god with much strength and intelligence named David, and his dragon Essix, fought Azro day and night so that once Azro was dead, no one else would lose their life. However, one night David couldn't go on and Azro struck David through the heart with a bow and arrow. Once David was dead, the evil wizard Azro slayed Essix. Once Essix was dead Azro gained the power over everything and everyone. All hid in fear of Azro, and they hid in the hopes that he would not find them. But Azro still craved power so he took me to be his slave and live forever; because once you touch Azro's magic globe, you become immortal. Of course you have to pass 'the test'. I won't go into details about the test you wouldn't be able to stomach the facts. Unfortunately I passed the test and became Azro's slave. Azro tests the children at a young age. If a child passed the test it meant that they were

Rhiannon Conde-Wright

Grade 5

Lloyd George Elementary

strong. I was seven when I had to leave my mother. I am now twenty and I have not seen my mother in thirteen years. I wonder how she is. My father left us when I was five. He told us he would he would be back with riches beyond our wildest dreams. But my father never returned. We received word that he died after being struck by lightning. "Timothy get over here, I have a visitor, get her and I some drinks, and make it pronto" I went to get them a drink and it occurred to me that Azro only invites women here if they are going to give him money in order not to be killed. Azro collects money from villagers in order for him not to kill them. Instead of working Azro just counts money day after day. I fetched them their drinks. When I looked at her I thought she was gorgeous. She had long flowing black hair with a purple pony tail. Her eyes were a shimmering blue and had flecks of grey. Wait a minute her eyes are blue with grey flecks like mine. She wore a necklace with a snake identical to one which I owned. She wore fur boots with a long black dress and had a fur bolero to match her boots. "Hi my name is Piper, Piper Hill", she offered. "Hi I'm Timothy", I replied meekly. "Where are your parents?" she asked pryingly. "I don't know" I answered cautiously. "Why do you not know?" "Well," I began, just then, Azro shot me a look that curled in my soul. "Well, my mother and father died when I was two so I don't really know who they are", I lied. "So when Azro saw me so he brought me here and let me live with him, he is like a father to

Rhiannon Conde-Wright

Grade 5

Lloyd George Elementary

me". "Oh", she responded, "I have a mother but I don't know anything about my father"; "He said that he would come back, but he never did" She said stiffly. "I always wonder what happened to him". Azro interrupted, "Any way Timothy, you should get some rest because we are going on an adventure tomorrow". I slammed my 'bedroom' door. My 'bedroom' has black walls and a little table. The table has three drawers. It is blue with a tiny, dim lamp on top of it. I have a series of books called the secrets of Notre Dame by David Charles. It is a very good series full of mystery, I treasure my books as if they are the only possessions I have, which of course they are. My bed is made of wood with plain blue sheets with little burn marks on it. I was unaware of the time but I soon fell asleep. I had a wonderful dream; it was about my mother, my father and me. I had this crazy idea that I had to run away from them to keep them safe from an evil spirit. I was just feeding my dreams with my reality. Obviously I just can't stand Azro anymore. Always lying to me and threatening me. Soon it was clear that I would have to plan my escape plan another time. "Timothy get up now it's time to go", said a familiar voice. "Go where"? I asked sleepily. "We are moving" Azro said in a sharp voice. "Why Azro"? I asked now fully awake. "Because we are, now get up you stupid boy you have to pack" Azro said. "The only items I own are books and 2 outfits" I said. "Well pack those things you stupid boy" Azro said with an irritated tone that I knew



Rhiannon Conde-Wright

Grade 5

Lloyd George Elementary

not to test. I loaded Azro's bag in the car and I was just about to load my bag when I heard a high pitched scream. I ran towards the direction of the scream, and that's when I saw Piper lying on the ground moaning softly. What I heard was "*deep in the woods by the gate is where I will wait*". "*Take the wrong turn and your stomach will churn*", "*your head will pound as you fall to the ground*", "*meet me at nine and all will be fine*". "Piper, Piper are you all right?" I asked with genuine concern as her eyes did not appear as bright as earlier. "Yyyyes", but where is Azro", Piper asked fearfully. "What do you want Azro for?" I implored. "I had a vision", she gasped with the faintest of audible breath.....

## Imagine

So here I am in the back of my sister's closet. Dreaming. I am Megan Stote. I am small, so I can fit in between all of those big, elegant dresses. Yes, my sister, Hailee, has that need for style. I don't care all that much. Today I am wearing a long, leafy green half-sleeve shirt, with chocolaty brown capris to match my hair. I never take my shoes off in the house, so I am wearing lime green and white runners.

I am really tired today. I woke up at 6:00, and didn't fall back asleep like I usually do. I wandered into my sister's room to grab my book back from her (she was borrowing it last night), but she wasn't there. I heard the bathroom light click off, and footsteps coming down the hallway. I quickly jumped into her closet, and scurried to the back, but she didn't come in. I was as surprised as you are. I wondered where she went, but at that moment, tiredness was taking over. Just before dreams took me away, I saw a black long sleeve shirt with a blazing Phoenix on it. Probably from before she started wearing these big fancy dresses on no special occasion. Well, no wonder this was in the back of the closet. But anyway, I dozed off without a second thought.

When I woke up, the first thing I saw was the face of a bird. It took me a few seconds to realize that the whole thing was on fire! '*A phoenix*' I couldn't quite remember where I got that thought.

"Hello."

"Ahhhh," I shrieked, "That wasn't me! I didn't say that!"

“Why are you scared? Saying hello is a way of greeting,” said the squeaky voice.

“Ya, I know, but birds don’t usually talk!” I screamed back, louder than I meant to.

“What is this ‘bird’ that you speak of? Is it a stone? It must be very precious. Anyway, I’m a phoenix.” Just like I thought.

“Hop on my back.”

“Um, no?”

“Why not?”

“Two reasons. You’re way too small, and won’t I get burnt?”

“Oh, sorry.” Then, right before my eyes, he snapped his beak, and the fire went out.

Then, he grew to about the size of a small horse.

“Right. I TOTALLY saw that one coming,” I said sarcastically.

“What did you say down there?”

“Oh, uh, nothing.”

I clambered onto his peachy colored feathered back, and he took off into the clouds.

We landed with a great THUD, and I hopped off of his glowing back.

“Where do we go now?” I asked.

“We’re going to see Emerald, of course.”

“We’re going to see an emerald?”

“No, not *an* emerald. Emerald.”

I wanted to ask more questions, but Phlame had already disappeared into the undergrowth.

Oh, by the way, I decided to call the phoenix Phlame, because 'the phoenix' is just silly.

We soon arrived in front of a glorious cave, and Phlame waddled right in, but I needed to enjoy the moment. The top was stone, encrusted with rubies, sapphires, diamonds, but no emerald. My wonderful thoughts were interrupted by Phlame quacking in my face "Hurry up! We haven't got all day!" AARRGH! Why can't I have a moment of my own? But I didn't protest. As I walked into the cave, I saw tons more stones. Crystal, topaz, still no emerald. Phlame took me into a circular room made entirely of pearl. It looked like I had walked into an oyster. In the centre of the room there was a great marble throne and in it sat who I later found out to be Emerald -a wonderful woman with green eyes as vibrant as a summer day's grass. She wore a tight green dress with green beads on long strings. "Ah, I see you have brought Megan. I'm guessing that you would like to see the emerald?" asked Emerald.

"Yes, please" Phlame replied.

"We must protect this emerald," Phlame was saying. We were outside in another cave. This one was made of grass. I wasn't really listening because I noticed that something was moving in the tall grass. Before I could think another thought on it, a head shot out of the grass, followed by a long, slithering body. Phlame slammed the door as Emerald screamed, "What the heck was that?!?"

"I think it was a snake!" I exclaimed.

"So, lemme get this straight. A snake is roaming around, trying to get your precious emerald, and *I* have to stop it?"

“Yep. And you better hurry.”

I found the snake! I am so glad to have my runners, and my camouflage clothes (obviously not on purpose). This is what Phlame said to me, “*All you have to do, is climb the tree, and drop the cage around the snake. I’ll handle it from there.*” That might’ve been easy, if it wasn’t living. Hate to break it to ya Phlame, but animals move. He should’ve known that if anyone. Okay, I would climb the tree. But I still hated that bird. In a way.

Climbing was my real work-out. I had no idea how to get up the tree.

“Come on, Stone!” Phlame egged me on quietly.

“STOTE,” I whisper screamed.

Anyway, he ended up giving me a boost.

He threw up the cage (not from his stomach) and I was just about to throw it back down, onto the snake, when . . .

I woke up to the sound of a familiar voice. Why do you always have to wake up just when the adventure is starting? Anyway, I guess we’ll never know what happened.

“Um, Megan? Why are you in my closet? And, why are you sleep talking?”

This is gonna take a while. Not that Hailee would listen anyway.

Dreams are a marvelous thing, but the best thing is that there are no limits. So here I am, in the back of my sisters closet. Dreaming.

*The End*

Braden daburger grade 5 RLC danger in the alpine

## Danger in the alpine

It was a great day to go up in the extreme alpine terrain and shred some pow with my dad, so up we were at six in the morning, bright and early with all our gear on, and ready to go and shred the snow.

We had to skin up to the top, and it took about two hours but the two hours was worth the fun. When we got to the top, we took off our skins, changed our skies to skiing mode and started to head down. There was about one point five meters of snow at the start and it only got better. Once we gone about half way down, it got very vertical and a lot harder. Later we got to a cliff about thirty feet high and we had no choice but jump over it. I went first, so I had to have a lot of speed to make, so I gave it all I had... when I was in the air I knew I was in trouble. I yelled as I passed through the foggy mist, but then I couldn't see anything; it was like heaven, white and quiet. Moments later I woke up, I felt fine, but where was dad? I thought he was just up the hill, so I tried to get up, but as I did, I felt a strike of sudden pain. It felt like a bullet straight to the shin. I looked at my shin and I was shocked, as there was a big cut all along my shin with a huge bruise too. I was worried, so I yelled as loudly as I could, but there was no answer. I tried to crawl up as far as I could but the snow was very deep, so that just made it a lot harder. I called once more, and I heard a slightly quiet voice that mimicked me, and I thought it was just my echo. I sighed with anger and stress, but then I heard it again.

As I listened again, I heard the sound clear up. "hello" I called as loud as I could as the voice also got louder and louder, and finally, without a doubt, my dad was in sight, As he

Braden daburger grade 5 RLC danger in the alpine

walked toward me, I was happy,relieved and and most of all safe. I showed him my leg and he fixed it up with the little amount of medical supplies he had in his bag. Finally we got to the Monashee Chalet and warmed up by the fire, and we were sure that we were not going to that cliff in a long time.

So the moral of this story is that you should never go up in to the alpine without the right safety gear, but until then the snow awaits you.

Sophia Dimopoulos

Grade 5

St. Ann's Academy

## The Tale of the Yellow Diamond Necklace

Kellie and her sister, Elizabeth, moved closer to their grandmother as she told the girls a story. "Once upon a time," said their grandmother, "there lived a beautiful young girl named Kianna. She had raven black hair and sea blue eyes. She often wore a purple dress made of silk and hanging daintily around her neck was a necklace with a yellow diamond. Yes, a yellow diamond. It has been said that the diamond was yellow because a drop of magic from the golden sun that shone brightly above fell into that necklace. You see, Kianna found this diamond necklace on the ground. Little did Kianna know, that hundreds of years before her time that diamond was being fought for by soldiers who wanted to win the village princess's hand in marriage by presenting her with the precious jewel. When Kianna found it she didn't know that the necklace had power within it. So she put it on and did her everyday chores – cleaning clothes, making meals, sweeping her cottage, and many more. Though, while she was doing all those



The Tale of the Yellow Diamond Necklace

Sophia Dimopoulos

Grade 5

St. Ann's Academy

jobs, strange things happened. While Kianna kneaded the bread dough, it suddenly turned into warm, sliced, buttered pieces of bread. Also, when she went to grab a broom to sweep, she returned to find her cottage floor already swept. These things happened for a very long time. One morning she forgot to put on the necklace and when she went to clean her clothes there was no extra help. After this, she began to think that these strange things were happening because of the necklace. She then decided to throw the necklace away, and once she did, everything went back to normal. Now that was sixty years ago and where Kianna put the necklace remains a mystery."

"Wow!" exclaimed Kellie. "One day I hope to find the magic yellow diamond necklace."

"Me too!" shouted Elizabeth.

"Well, I bet you will if you look long and hard," said their grandmother.

The Tale of the Yellow Diamond Necklace

Sophia Dimopoulos

Grade 5

St. Ann's Academy

"We will!" yelled Kellie and Elizabeth in unison.

With a twinkle in her sea blue eyes, their grandmother chuckled, "I bet you will."

# Snow

Promise Dirkson

Dallas Elementary

Grade 5

As I spring out of bed, I am greeted with the silence of the falling snow. The only sound I hear is the sound of the crackling of the scorching fire. I sit for a moment and watch the snow silently dance down to join the others in a thick blanket that shields the frozen ground from the outside world. My concentration is then broken as the smell of pancakes drifts into my room. At this scent I practically float to the kitchen and enjoy a delicious breakfast.

Afterwards it is time to head outside. I reach into the closet and pull out my snow suit and start to gag! It had a musky smell, like dirt and wet dog. I make a fuss about how it smells and try to convince my parents that I need a new one. I think they were prepared for it because they showed no sign of concern for what I was blabbing on about. Finally, I *dramatically* put on my gear and tried to make them understand what I was talking about. They booted me out the door and told me to "Have fun!"

Once outside, I see my friends and they call me over. I grab my bright, colourful sled and race to them. I pass kids also on colourful sleds and adults shoveling driveways and walkways, mumbling to themselves things I cannot hear. When I finally get over to my friends, they yell, "**SNOW BALL FIGHT!!!!**" and bombard me with snowballs. After that we go sledding down a huge hill in the park and build jumps! Before we know it, the day is done and the sun sets into the mountain range to the West.

# *Snow*

Promise Dirkson  
Dallas Elementary  
Grade 5

We say our farewells and head back home. When I open the door my parents ask, "How was your day? Was it fun? Are you hungry?" I don't know if I heard them but I did not respond. I kick off my snow gear and stride like a zombie to my room. I fling off my clothes in midair and pull on my pj's. I think my mom knew I was hungry, because she came into my room and gave me some steaming hot soup.

Later, with a warm feeling in my tummy, I watch the snow silently fall once again onto the blanket of snow. While my mind replays the day I slowly drift off to sleep and think, "I wonder what will happen tomorrow?"

## Sebastian Steals!

One day, there lived a boy named Sebastian. He lived in a mansion and he had everything a boy could ask for. He had a mountain of toys.

He had a family, including his mom and dad.

He also had some good friends.

They did lots together. His friends came over a lot to play.

His friends' names were Will, Zack, and Hudson. They played lots of street hockey together. They also went to the bowling ally a lot.

Sebastian had a good life, but one day he started to have a problem, a problem as big as Mount Rushmore.

The problem was that he started stealing. One time he stole Will's brand new Hot Wheels Car. His friends were as confused as a dizzy monkey. They wondered why Sebastian would steal?

Another time, Zack and Sebastian went to the beach and Sebastian

stole Zack's yellow shovel. Sebastian liked the color yellow.

His friends and family started to worry as much as a human stuck in a desert with no food or water.

His family was also as furious as a potato getting mashed.

They confronted Sebastian, but he just brushed it off like stealing was no big deal. His friends and family were not sure what to do!

Soon it was the night of the big Neon Bowling Bonanza Contest.

Sebastian's friends decided that this would be the last activity they would do with Sebastian because of his stealing.

Sebastian was usually the big winner at the Bowling Bonanza and he could not wait to win.

When he went to get his lucky bowling shoes, he was told that someone had stolen his lucky bowling shoes.

Sebastian was more upset than a baby with no soother.

“How could anyone be so rude and low that they would steal my lucky shoes. Now I don't want to bowl!”

Sebastien steals, By: Colton Day, Grade 5, McGowan School

Sebastian wailed like a deer being attacked by a coyote. Then he listened to himself. Sebastien realized that he was a thief, too.

When he stole all the things that he had stolen, he must have made people very angry and sad, like he felt when his lucky shoes had been stolen.

From that day on, Sebastien never stole again!

Name: Colton James Day

Age: 10

Grade: 5

McGowan School

Sebastien Steals, By: Colton Day, Grade 5, McGowan School.

## NATIONALS

Excitement and laughter.

Stress and frustration.

The gleaming whirls, twirls, lunges and leaps.

Team against team from across the nation.

Blinding lights shine over outrageous outfits.

Killer moves

in perfect unison

using all their wits.

Judges in controlled vexation.

Tears shed with inspired delight.

Who will win?

Who will go home in spite?

Prepare to dance!

NATIONALS.



**ACRO**

Bone breaking moves into poses.

Small split leaps to big flips.

Bridges to chest rolls

to ordinary - - cartwheels

Duets and solos

Crazy nightmare stunts.

What more will there be?

Handstands,elbow stands,

Back handsprings,

front handsprings.

Huge falls or small jumps.

The art of acrobatic dance.

## **Peace is...**

To me, peace is when you do not have to worry about the war.

Peace is when you have a house to sleep in at night.

Peace is when you have a family to love you and hold you tight in the warmth of their love.

Peace is when you can go outside and play with your friends in the sun, with the songs of the sweet blue birds and a wide blue sky.

Peace is when you can be quiet all by yourself and you do not have to worry about anything.

Peace is when you can go to school, come home, and see a smile on everyone's face.

Peace is waking up in the morning and knowing you can smile, laugh, play, learn, and sing.

Peace is loving kindness with no war or terrorism between our countries.

That is what peace means to me.

## **My life with Friends**

My life with friends is hard,  
We sometimes fight and argue.  
We go through hardship and struggles,  
We think badly of each other,  
We think we will not be friends again.  
But in the end,  
We become friends again.  
The sky clears,  
It's sunny,  
With no tears.  
In the end,  
We sail the world together.  
We will fight whatever comes between us,  
We will help each other,  
We will love each other with all our hearts,  
We will let people in and always care for each other.  
We will be friends until the end.

# THE SHOE KEEPER

---

Twin brothers, Harry and Berry, walked to their auntie's house from school. Harry and Berry live in New York. They're 12 years old, they have blonde hair, blue eyes and they love to wear matching clothes. Their auntie lives in an apartment building in a nice neighborhood. Today, they had an exciting adventure to start.

The twins went outside, since they were getting bored. While they were outside, the paperboy, Denny passed by. Denny was the twins age, so they liked to hang out.

Denny took about 15 minutes to deliver newspapers to 3 floors.

After he was done, he played outside with the twins. After an hour, Denny went home and the boys walked upstairs for dinner. When they were finished eating, someone knocked on their door. Harry and Berry opened the door and saw it was their aunt's neighbor,

"Hey Mack, are you okay?" asked Harry.

"No someone stole my shoes!" replied Mckenzie.

"Well do you want us to come help?" asked Berry.

"Sure, thanks guys, you can come tomorrow."

Mckenzie went home, but the boys were already on the case.

“Thanks for dinner Auntie,” said the boys.

“Okay, good night guys.” Replied their aunt.

The boys snuck off to bed so they could plan their detective names.

“Okay, I’ll be... Agent Bear!” said Berry.

“I’ll be Agent Hairy Harry Potter.”

“Ok.”

The boys made badges, then fell asleep. The next morning when they got up, they quickly got ready, grabbed their supplies, and went to Mckenzie’s.

\*\*Knock knock \*\*

\*\*Opens door\*\*

“Hi guys,” said Mckenzie, in a tired voice.

“Why are you so tired?” asked Berry.

“It’s six o’clock in the morning!!” yelled Mckenzie.

“Uhhh... it’s ten,” said Berry.

“Really? Oh, sorry guys, come back in a half an hour, I’ll be ready then.”

“Ok,” said the boys.

Harry and Berry walked back to their aunt’s house to watch some TV.

“Boys!! Can you get my paper!?” yelled their aunt.

“Ok!” yelled Harry.

Harry went down to his aunt’s mailbox, but he didn’t see any papers in the mailboxes.

“But I swear I saw Denny with the papers,” Harry whispered to himself. Harry decided to not worry about so he got Berry and walked to Mckenzie’s.

\*\*Knock knock\*\*

\*\*Opens door\*\*

“Hi guys,” said Mckenzie.

“Hi.”

“Come in guys, my mom’s making cookies.”

“Awesome!” said Berry.

After they finished eating, the boys starting asking questions.

“So when did you notice your shoes were missing?” asked Berry.

“About 5 o’clock last night.”

“Okay, and who was at your house before you lost them?” asked Harry.

“I’m pretty sure Denny passed by, and Grandma Anne.”

“Interesting,” said Harry as he wrote down that clue.

“But Denny didn’t come in, and Grandma Anne came for dinner.”

“Huh, well we’ll go talk to Grandma Anne, in the mean time, you look in your house again,” said Harry.

“Ok, thanks guys.”

“By the way, what shoe size are you?” asked Harry.

“A size 5.”

The boys walked to Grandma Anne’s house.

\*\*Knock knock\*\*

\*\*Open’s door\*\*

“Hello boys! How are you?” asked Grandma Anne.

“Pretty good, may we come in?” asked Berry.

“Yes, of course!” said Grandma Anne.

“Mckenzie said you went over for dinner last night,” said Harry.

“Oh yes!”replied Grandma Anne.

“I also noticed you got new shoes,” said Harry.

“Oh yes, I got them from...uhhh...Sears! They are a size 5.”

During that time, Harry writes down that clue.

“So did you get your paper?” asked Berry.

“No I didn’t.”

“Grandma, we have to go, our auntie’s making lunch.” said Harry.

“Ok boys, thanks for the visit!”

“Bye Grandma!” said Harry and Berry.

“You know we didn’t get our paper this morning, right?” asked Harry.

“No, but I noticed the Mcdoodles did. They moved in this morning.”

“That’s weird, well let’s go say hi,” said Harry.

Harry and Berry went to the Mcdoodles to investigate.

“Hi.” said Harry.

“Well hello! I’m John Mcdoodle, this is my wife, Dawn Mcdoodle, and these are our kids, Taryn and Myron!”

“Umm....” said Berry.

“So did you guys get your newspaper today?” asked Harry.

“Ya,” replied Dawn.

“Ok, we’ll see you guys later,” said Harry.

Harry and Berry went home to sleep.

The next morning...

“Ok let’s go.” said Harry.

“Ok, umm, have you seen my shoes, I wore them yesterday, and I put them right here,” answered Berry.

“Huh, that’s weird, just get another pair.”

“Ok.”

The boys went to their auntie’s mailbox to get her newspaper and



meet up with Denny, but the papers were missing.

“Harry look! The papers are gone again!”

“Wow that’s really weird.”

“Actually, why don’t we set up cameras in the halls, then that way we might see who did it.”

“That’s genius!” replied Harry.

The boys rushed to their house to get their cameras, and set them up.

“Once again Berry, you’re a genius.”

“I know.”

“Dinner!!” yelled their aunt.

“We’ll be right there!” shouted Berry.

“We’ll get the film tomorrow after Denny’s finished delivering his papers,” said Berry.

That night, their auntie lost a pair of her shoes, but she didn’t want to make a big deal about it. That morning the boys got ready, then went to get their cameras. Again, there were no papers, so they ran through the halls, and got all the cameras, then rushed back to their auntie’s house.

“Ok, ready to see who did it?” asked Berry.

“Of course, hurry!”

“Ok and... there!”

“Wow, I didn’t even think it was that person!” shouted Harry.

\*\*Knock knock \*\*

“Hello boys, how are you?”

“We know Grandma! You stole the papers and shoes!” yelled Harry.

“Ok you caught, but it’s only because, well... nobody would have Sunday dinners with me.”

“Well why wouldn’t you say so, why don’t we have one tonight!” said Berry.

“Really?”

“Yeah, and we can have it at our house and you can help cook.”  
mentioned Harry.

“Oh, thanks boys.”

That night, all their friends came over for a nice dinner, Grandma Anne returned the shoes and papers, and the boys, lived happily ever after.

## **Bikinis and Burqas: What I Learned on Spring Break**

By Claire Garson  
Grade 5  
Mrs. Montalbetti  
Beattie Elementary

My mom, dad and I just got off the plane from our Spring Break vacation to Malaysia. The plane ride was twenty-one hours; Malaysia is all the way across the Pacific Ocean. Now we're home again and I am so excited to see my classmates. I loved Malaysia more than I thought I would. I learned many things on Spring Break. When we first left, I didn't think it was going to be very different than where we live in Canada. Boy, was I ever wrong!!!

First, it was so hot and there were so many people. The people all looked different. Some looked Chinese, some looked Indian, some wore headscarves, and some wore burqas. A burqa is a full dress and head cover that some Muslim women wear and you can only see their eyes. They even wear it all in the pool. All the Muslim women wear long sleeves, pants and headscarves in the pool. None of them wear a bikini, that's for sure! My mom forgot her bathing suit in Canada and had a very hard time finding one to buy even in the capital city where there are a billion shopping malls.

Although there are many Muslims in Malaysia, you can see all kinds of different religions. You can go to a Chinese temple, an Indian Hindu temple, a

Muslim mosque, and a church all in the same street. We visited a Chinese temple where everyone was lighting big sticks of incense and there were piles of fruit and oranges people were offering to Buddha. It smelled really good. Everyone was praying and monks were hitting gongs that vibrated through the room. It sounded really cool. In the Hindu temple there were lots of statues of gods in small temples built into the walls. Some men started playing drums and a horn instrument. The drums were loud because the drummers wore a kind of wooden cymbal on the end of their fingers and then drummed their fingers to make the rhythm. When the music started, we went with everyone around the temple to each god. Two men were wearing a cloth wrapped around their waist with a belt and things hanging down from it. They were priests. The younger one carried a bowl with water and flowers. The older man splashed water on the god and then sprinkled flowers on and some powder from his belt. They lit candles and put flower necklaces around the god's neck. At each station everyone prayed and raised their praying hands above their heads. The drums were beating really fast. At the very end, the priest came out and put the ash powder on everyone's forehead. A man told us that this was to make a wish and to remind us that everything dies. There are also many Muslims in Malaysia. Six times a day a man goes into a tower and calls all of the Muslims to pray with a song. There are mosques in every town and even small villages. In hotels there is an arrow on the roof showing Muslims which direction to pray to.

Before we left Canada I thought that we were a multicultural country, now I think that Malaysia is more multicultural because in Canada you don't see any of the temples or mosques and you don't hear calls for prayer or drums or gongs in the street. Canadians don't really learn about all the different religions and cultures but Malaysians all learn about each other and try to understand and respect all the differences. In the Hindu temple, we saw Chinese Malaysians doing the prayer. In Canada we have a few temples and mosques but they are hard to see. In Malaysia there are lots of them and they are very obvious. In Canada churches are the easiest to find.

Now that I have visited Malaysia, the first thing I'm going to do is talk to my classmates about their religions and cultures. I used to think that all Canadians were the same. I knew people came from different places but I didn't understand how different religions were. I thought another classmate was weird because she was a vegetarian because of her religion. Now I know that some people wear a hijab (headscarf) and why they don't eat some foods. When we went inside the temples it made me feel really dumb because then I figured out that some of the things people wore or ate was because of their religious beliefs. I felt bad because I had just thought they were weird. Now that I'm home I'm going to get to know them and become friends and I might just go to a temple with them because I think it would be really neat to see. I only know I would like to get to know a little bit more about their religion so that I can learn more about what different people in my own country believe.

Nic Gillespie  
Grade 5  
Aberdeen Elementary

### Retrieval

I, Isaac Stone, 17 years old, was in the middle of another case, and, as usual, it was hard. You don't go to C.T.S. (Canadian Teen Spies) for the easy ones. Three hours earlier a couple had rushed in, crying, and told us that armed men had roared up their driveway, shot the man's brother dead on sight, and grabbed his amulet, a cherished family heirloom. The license plate number was 640 TSO and they wanted to get the amulet back and have the men brought to justice. I should have been at the mall with Sydney, but nope, I had to cancel our date so I could go get an amulet.

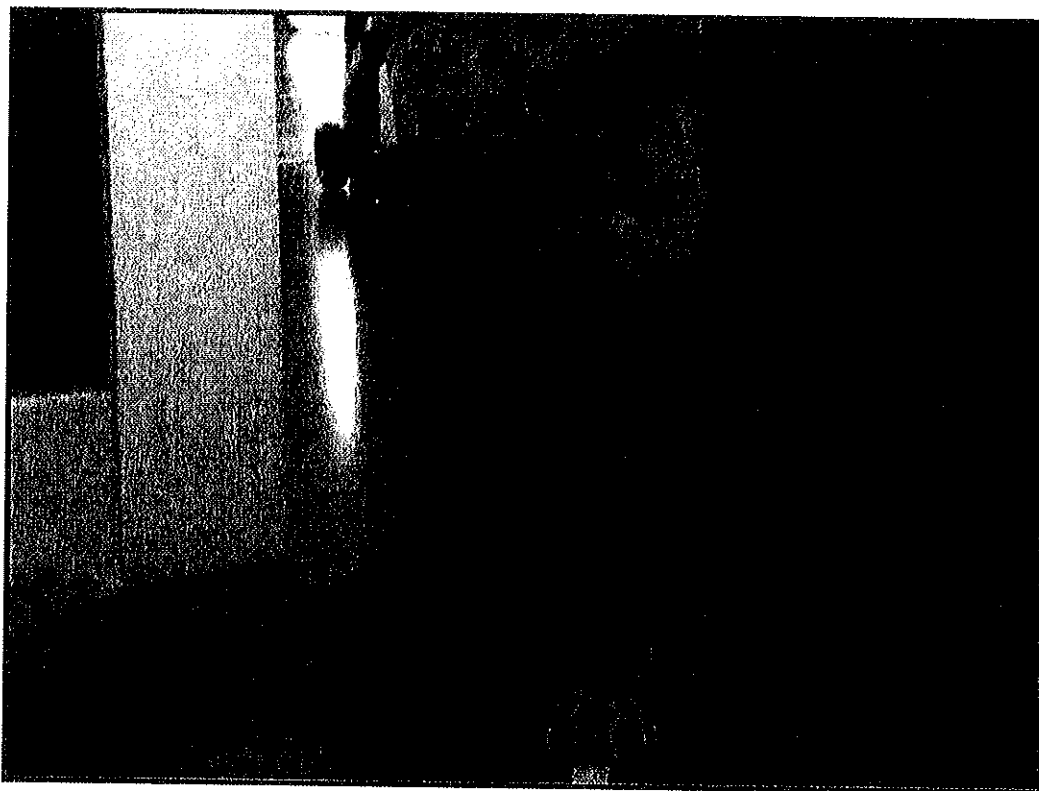
So here I am in my Camaro looking for clues. That's right, I have a black Chevrolet Camaro, and I'm proud of it. It's loaded, too. I have a Gatling gun in each rear door, ready to fold out, and the rear doors drop if I need to escape, plane-style. Anyway, I was driving pointlessly around town when my radio crackled to life. "Agent Stone, a van with the same licence plate was spotted in West Vancouver. Get over there as fast as possible." said Agent Commando McCallum. "2-4, Commando." I switched into plane mode and flew as fast as I could towards West Vancouver. I saw it, and flew in close. Activating my radio broadcaster, I aimed and fired a small EMP. My voice filled the van. "Hand over the amulet peacefully, or get blown up then assaulted. Make your choice in ten seconds."

Ten seconds later, the van sped ahead and down a closed road. I radioed the police and told them to make a road block at the end of Vimy Ridge Street. I then dropped down and activated my Gatling Guns. Speeding down the road, I caught sight of the van. I didn't want to actually hurt anybody, so I aimed to pop the tires of the van. I just missed as the van shook from a crack in the road. We were now at the roadblock, so I thought we had him for sure. I

thought. He suddenly swerved to the side of the road, tires squealing, going up the entrance to a parking garage. He hurtled to the top, put on a burst of speed, and smashed through the barrier at the end of the garage, flying into the air 5 stories up. Personally, I thought he was going to be smashed into a metal pancake, but suddenly his wheels were gone, replaced by jet thrusters. I quickly activated my own wings and gave chase. As I flew through the air, I thought vaguely that this was a long chase for an amulet.

Suddenly, the van dropped, diving downwards. At the last second he leveled out, and I followed. He flew towards a large office building, and landed on the roof. The thieves got out of the van, and the leader laughed. I was circling the building, when the leader (I decided to call him Rocky, he looked like a Rocky) pulled something out of his pocket. When I realized what it was, it was already too late. Seconds later, gunfire filled the air all around me. I maneuvered to the best of my ability, but the inevitable happened, and my thruster was shot clean off. I smashed into the building, coming to a stop right in front of the leader.

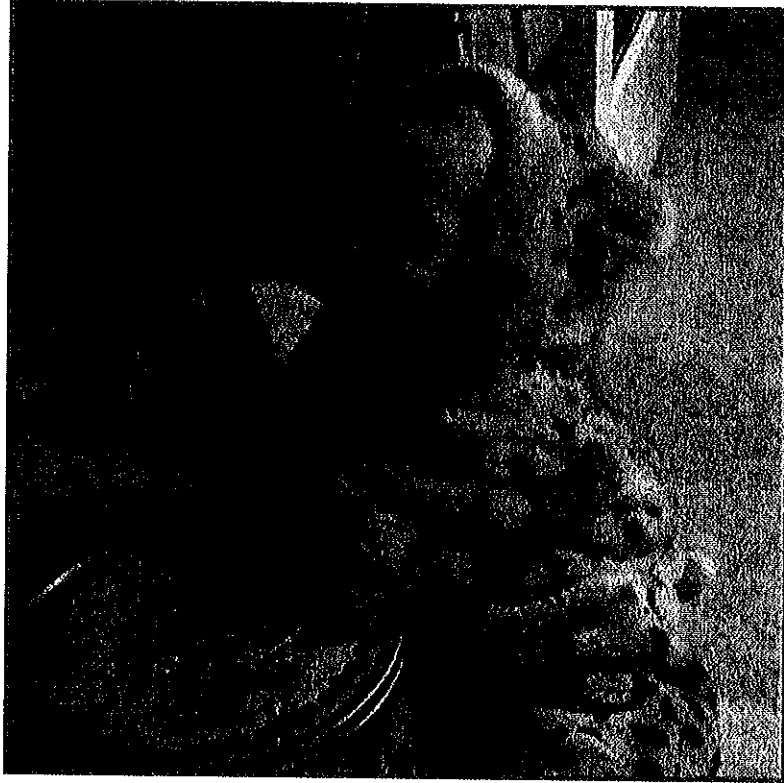
I grabbed a handgun and stepped out of the car. What happened next I did not expect. I had stepped out of the car with my gun raised, but the thieves did not jump to some violent action like most do. Instead, they dropped their guns and when I told them to get in the car, they did. I was being quite stupid at the time, and foolishly did not call the Removal Squad. All I did was take the amulet and made them get into their own car. I was driving, of course. I didn't search them, and I regretted it. Suddenly, everything in the car turned off. The next second the thieves had parachuted as I freefell in the van towards the ground. Of course, I had had good training, and knew exactly what to do. I grabbed the amulet, and activated my wingsuit. When I landed, a quick glance told me that the thieves were gone, and I went back to base. McCallum told me to go get some rest, while he sent Agent Kent after the thieves. Poor guy.



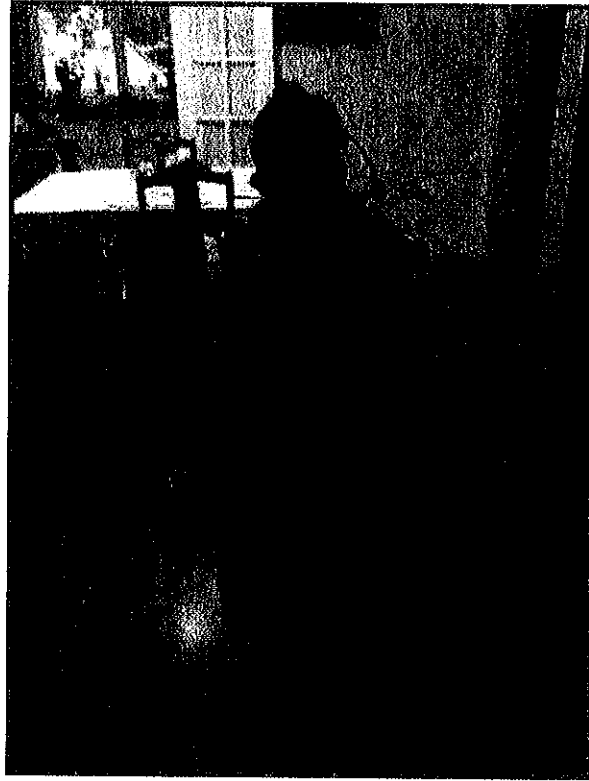
I Have A Little Brother... By Kai Gotro

Written with support from Paul Gotro

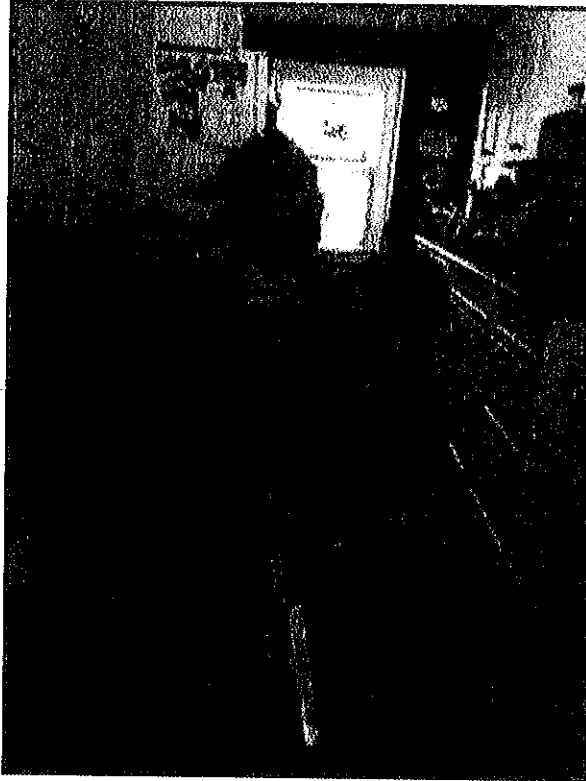




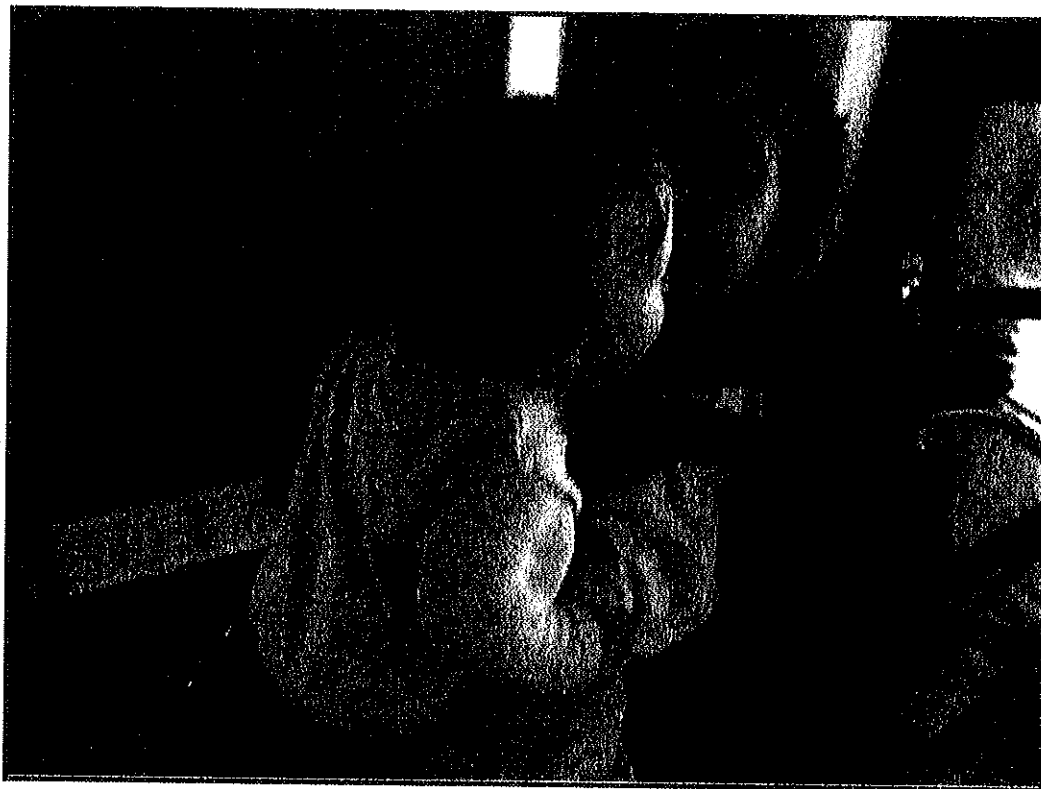
I have a little brother, his name is Oberon...



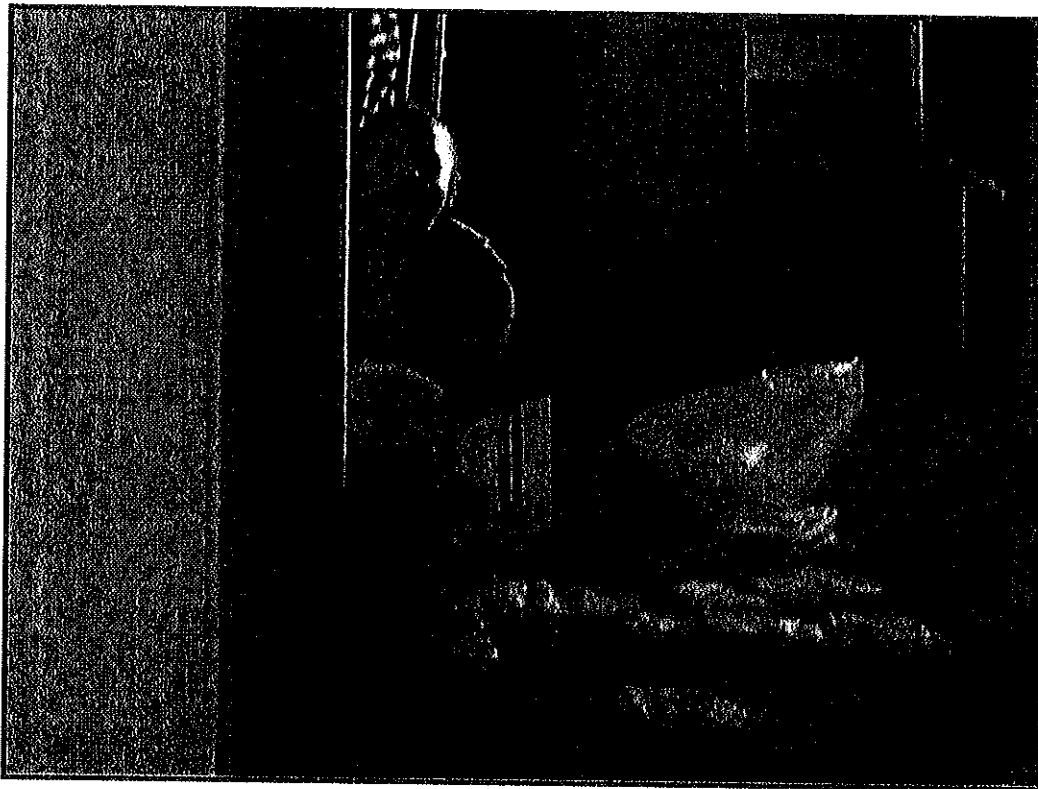
His name means "Royal Bear," that means  
he's kind of strong...



He really likes to climb on things, sometimes  
he climbs on me...



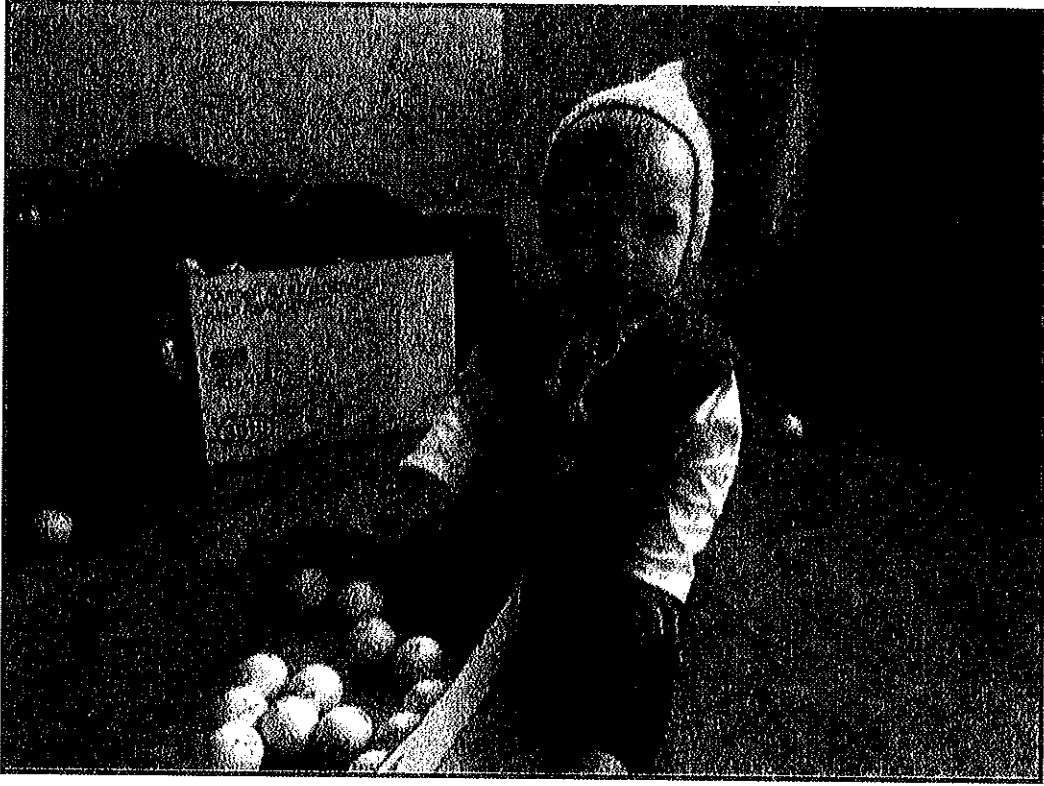
Just to get to the top of me to see what he can  
see!



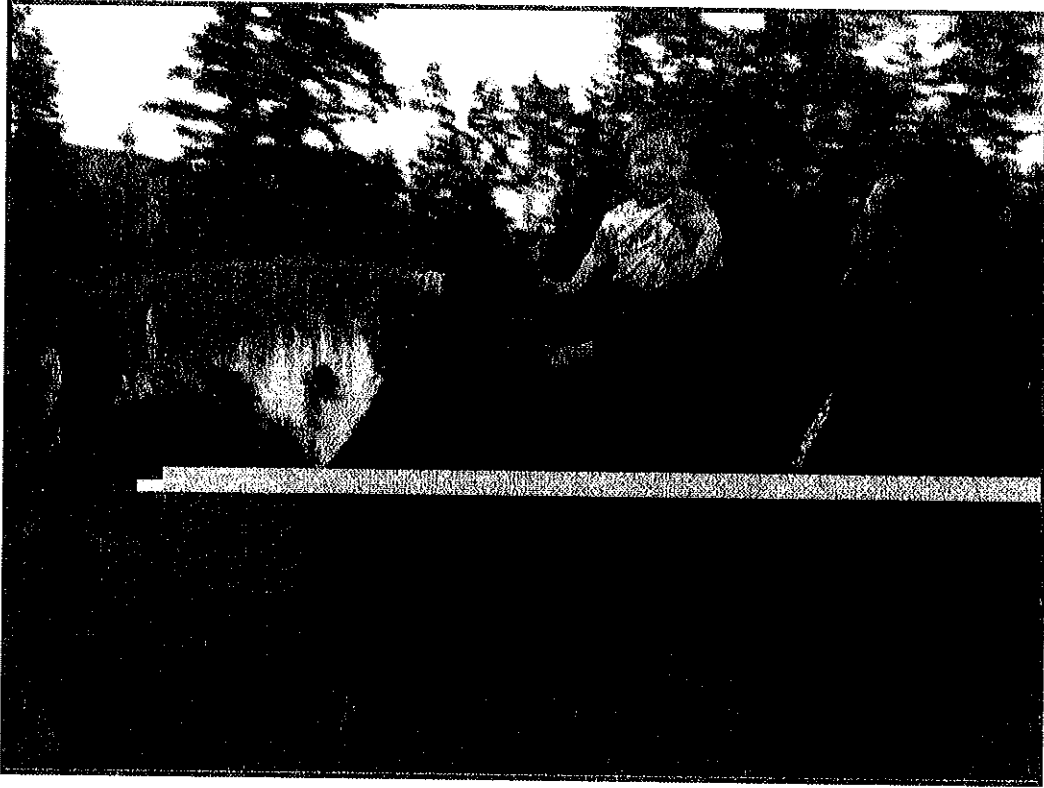
He's always getting into things... He pulls them out for fun!



Pots and pans, old tin cans, he really doesn't  
care....

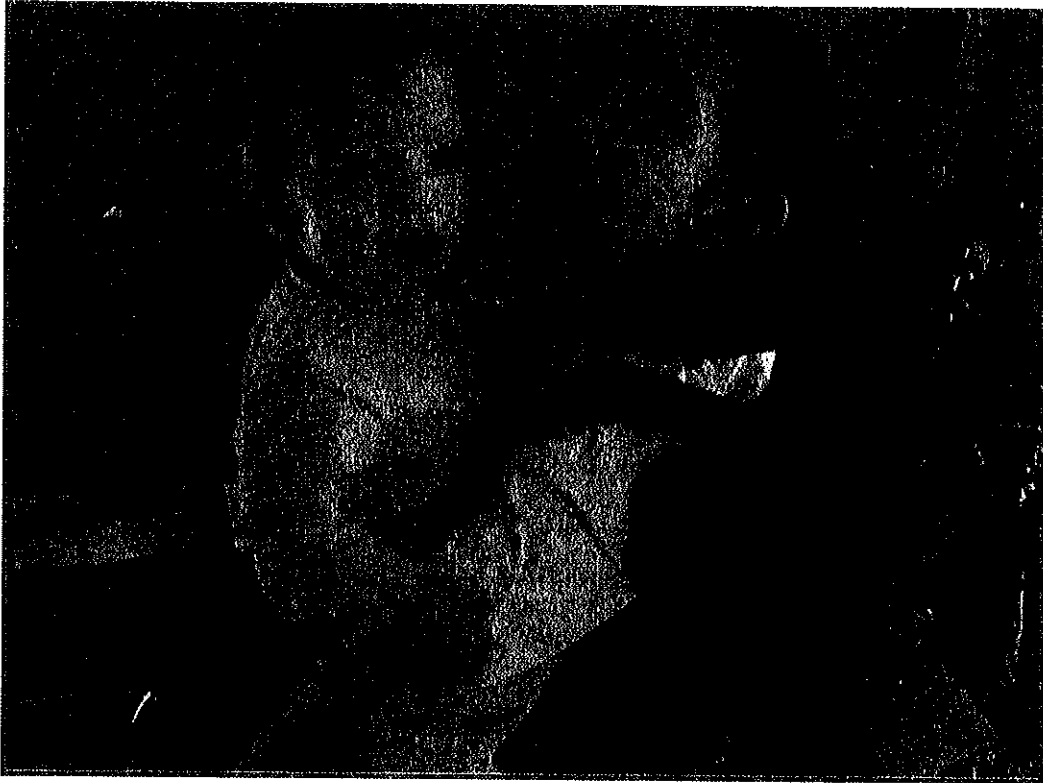


As long as he can pull them out and then just  
leave them there!



The other day, he rode a horse...

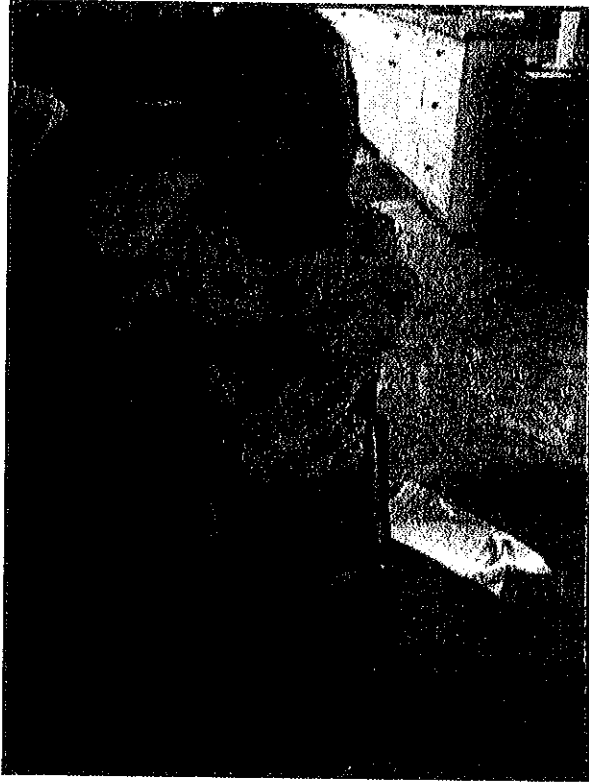




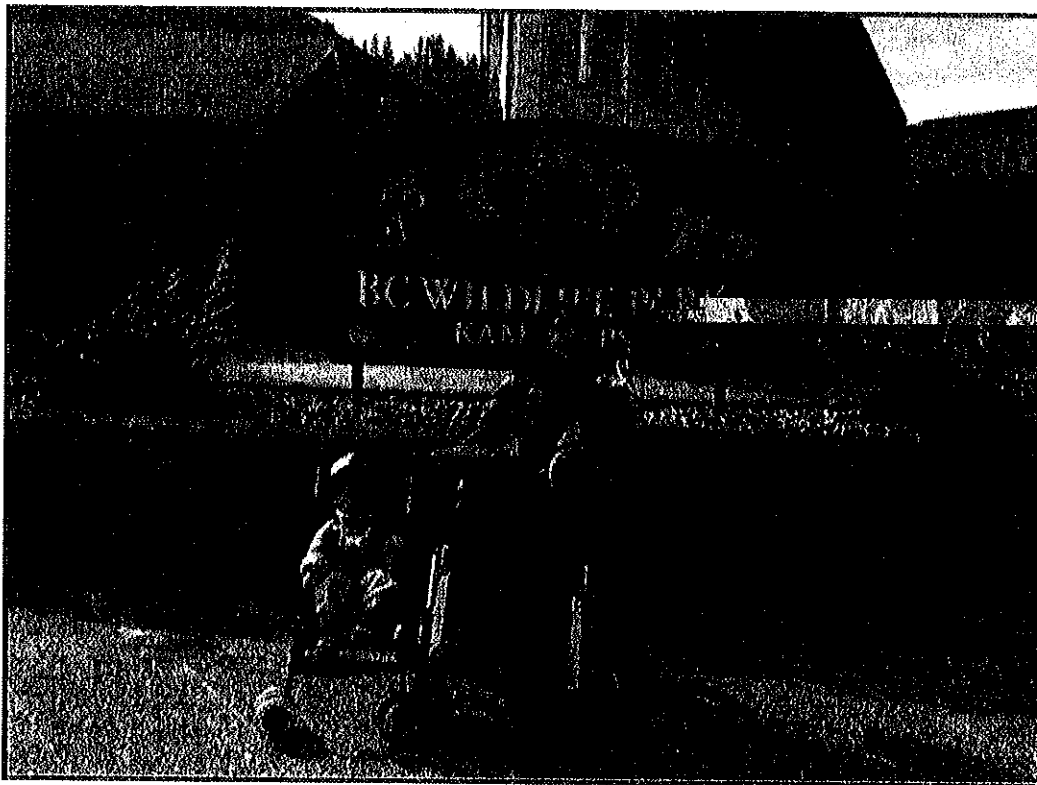
And then he rode on me!



And then he rode his wagon...



He's busy as a bee!



I love my little brother; we do lots of things,  
you see...



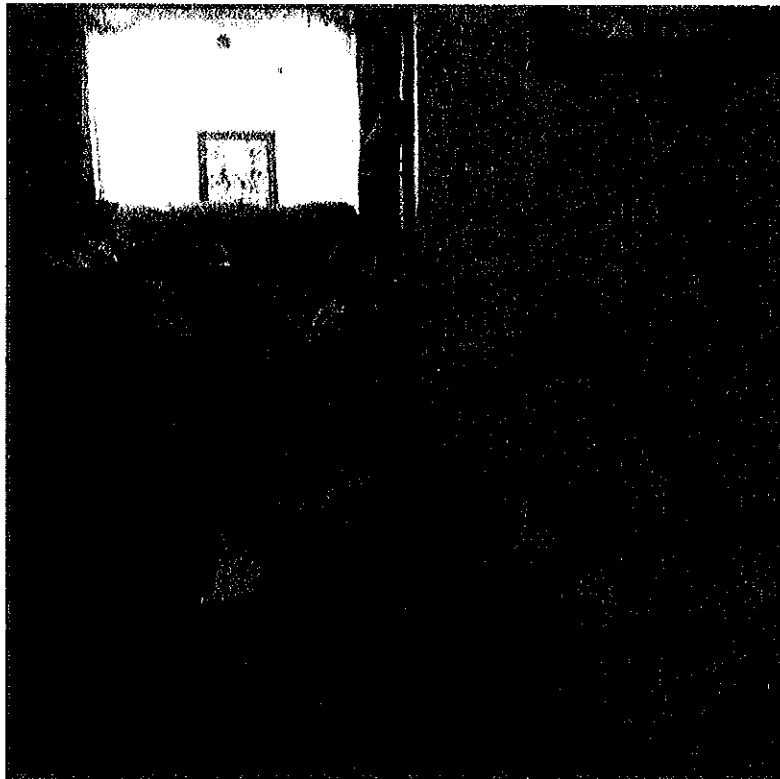
He sits on me and we watch TV...



And he helps me feed my bird...



Sometimes we just sit together and never say  
a word...



Yeah, I have a little brother, his name is Oberon... I kinda sorta like him, we're both where we belong!



## The Dock

The wind blew in her silky hair. Heather found herself running away from home never to be seen again, tears streaming down her freckled face. She knew somebody would come and sooner or later find her (her father was the mayor). She didn't know that days could be this bad .

Mr Bates was calling her name. She could still hear him calling, "Heather, get back here. Your mother would be very disappointed in you." Over and over.

Her mother had died one year back. Her father was right. She would've been disappointed in her, but she kept running.

Heather's father had been a good guy but he did something, something that she just couldn't accept. Earlier that day her father had told her to go feed the chickens so she did what she was told, but she saw something in the forest. It was glowing like the sunrise so she followed it. The glowing light kept on going until it took her to a beautiful golden ring. She knew she should have shown it to her father but she thought he would take it... He would do anything for money.

So she fed the chickens and rushed inside. She felt the excitement starting at her fingertips and going to her toes. Then her father grabbed her arm. She stopped. He asked her what she had in her hands. She didn't answer. He tried to pry it out of her hand,s but she kept her hands clenched..... Her father hit her, hard.

She ran, still holding the ring. That exact moment she knew she would never see her father again.

Heather was exhausted, it had been over 2 hours. She was about 10 km away from a nearby village, and trying to get there before dawn. But she didn't think she would make it. Her mouth was watering for food and water. She kept thinking to herself if she would've given her father that stupid ring she would've been eating a delicious dinner and been warm and cozy in the mansion. But instead she was hungry, cold and scared....

Finally she arrived, but it smelled as if there were pig farms everywhere... She knocked on the door of a small cottage. A little boy appeared with a slim body looking angry, "Hello, my name is Heather Bates", said Heather as proud as can be. The boy had a strange look on his face but he calmed down and waved his hand to come in. When Heather entered she was astonished to see his collection of beautiful wood carvings on the ceiling. Heather sat down at a nice little table. The boy had prepared a nice pot of peppermint tea and handed her a cup. The smell reminded her of when she used to go and prance in the beautiful fields with her mother.

"Do you need a place to stay?" Asked the boy.

Heather nodded. They didn't talk very much the rest of the night and she had to sleep on a very prickly cot but it would do for a night...

In the morning she woke up very happy. She had asked him for a map earlier and she had decided it was time to go. The boy had told her about a wonderful orphanage just one days worth of travelling away. She walked out the squeaky wooden door of the old cottage. The boy stared at her as the door closed.

The day was a long and hard journey with only berries to eat. She felt as if she might as well just walk back to the village, but then she saw kids playing. She had made it.

She ran as fast as her legs could carry her up to the building. She went up to the door with her head held high. She knocked quite confidently. A tall woman in black answered. Heather

wasn't confident any more. The lady shut the door in Heather's face, she turned around.

There were no more kids in the yard. She had just imagined everything. But how? She had never done anything so foolish. The field that she was standing in met with a lake and all that was there was a stupid dock.

She took out the ring that was in her pocket and stared at it. She hated that ring. It messed up her whole life. She didn't know what to do with herself it had been the worst day of her life.

Heather mustered up the courage to walk over to the dock. She took off her purple shoes and her socks, and put her feet in the water. She felt a lot better now. Water had always made her feel better.

She jumped into the water.

But then a arm grabbed her and yanked her out of the water. She was scared and when she was pulled out... She felt worse. It was her Father.

Her father dragged her to the carriage, she looked back at the dock. The boy was there with a row boat. She yanked her arm out of her dads rough grip, and ran as fast as her legs could take her.

She could hear her fathers footsteps coming closer and closer as she ran. She leaped into the boys arms and together they rowed as fast as they could.

Heather could hear her father yelling and she didn't even care. After a while, her hands got sore so the boy told her to rest.

"What is your name?", Heather asked curiously.

"Thomas" said the the boy.

She told him her whole adventure and he thought it was quite hilarious. After that she threw the ring into the ice blue lake and they rowed into the sunset.

## SWEEPING BEAUTY

Sydnee Hayes

South Sahali Elementary

Grade 5

Amara spent most of her days sweeping, cleaning and singing. She was a maid for the royal family, the Steels. They had provided her a house, food, cleaning supplies and all the clothes she needed. She has had this job since she was eleven years old when her mother died.

So here she was six years later as a maid. She got up early that morning and put her chestnut brown hair effortlessly into a red bonnet that matched her grey dress. Her dress swung down to her ankles and her white under bloomers were far too big. Her slippers were red and worn out. She sighed as she shined the king's utensils.

When she was little she had hoped she would be rich and empowered like the king. All of a sudden her thoughts were interrupted by a crashing noise coming from down the hall. Amara fearlessly ran down the hall into Prince Lexar's room. She looked pale and shocked as she gazed at the empty room. Had they been robbed? Amara flinched as she heard a grunt outside the window. She looked down and gasped at the sight of prince Lexar escaping.

“Your highness, may I ask what are you doing?” she asked curiously while holding out her hand for him to climb up.

He accepted her hand and spoke, “Amara, my father is very foolish and is forcing me to marry Karina princess of the east” He put his hand on his face, and said, “I'm running away to slay a dragon, it will give me a wishing scale, come with me my lady.”

Amara was mortified, but her lips managed to say “yes.”

## SWEEPING BEAUTY

Sydnee Hayes

South Sahali Elementary

Grade 5

He glanced at her and smiled, “ We leave at sundown. She nodded and left the room.

Amara had just finished sweeping the halls when she looked out the window. The sky was a murky pink sunset, with splotches of orange and white. She went to her dark room and packed a bag of clothes, then she walked to Prince Lexar's room. He was in a black cloak and silver pantaloons, was holding a shield and a sword. He turned around and smiled at her, “ For you my lady,” he said as he shoved a sword into her left hand and a shield in her right. Lexar gracefully tied the rope to the window cell, and climbed down. Amara climbed down after Lexar, who caught her at the bottom. Their journey was going to be long, hard and damp.

They started going down a narrow forest path that was dark and creepy. Lexar led Amara, through a creek, and eventually to a small house. “we will be spending the night here, I know its not super fancy but we need to keep a low profile,” said Lexar.

Amara smiled then said “It's alright,”

Amara woke up to the smell of porridge. She shyly walked down the creaking wood stairs and saw Lexar sitting down with a man eating porridge. She heard their voices saying, “ she will cost ten gold” Lexar pulled out his satchel and pulled ten gold out, and handed it to him.

Later that morning Lexar showed Amara what he had bought, a bright red brown horse. “Hop on,” called Lexar. They were riding through shallow creeks, jumping over fallen trees and stopping ever so often until they reached the cave.

Amara remembered the folk tales of anyone who dared to enter the cave. Lexar hopped off and spoke quietly, “we must be quiet my lady, the beast is in here. Do you have your shield and your sword?” Amara felt frightened and pulled out her shield and grasped it tightly. She pulled out her sword and crept into the cave slowly. It was dark and smelled of rotting flesh.

## SWEEPING BEAUTY

Sydnee Hayes

South Sahali Elementary

Grade 5

Lexar must have read her mind when he lit a torch. They were so close to the dragon they could feel its icy breath. Lexar got close to his tail and cut off a shiny rainbow scale: the wishing scale. Amara started to throw up violently, which woke the dragon.

“RUN!” shouted Lexar. He picked up Amara and rushed outside. He got on the horse and rushed away with Amara on his lap and the dragon scale in his hand. They got to the small house and ran inside. He laid Amara's weakened body on the bed, and fell asleep.

He woke up to find Amara was still sleeping. He was about to get up when he realized she wasn't breathing. He listened to her stopped heart, and started tearing up. He held her head and stroked her hair he couldn't believe his love was dead. He remembered that his father had lots of doctors to help Amara.

He carried her to the horse and started riding to the castle still crying. When he reached the castle he rushed to the King. “ Father! Father! You must help Amara, she is dying. You must help!” he demanded.

His father sighed then spoke, “ My dear son, if she is dying there is nothing for me to do, I am truly sorry.” Lexar started to cry even more than before, when he noticed a shiny rainbow object fell from his pocket: the wishing scale. He decided to use his wish to revive her.

He held it tightly and wished, “ I wish Amara were alive, I want her with us, please, please, please.” He closed his eyes and hoped it had worked. It hadn't. He decided to get some rest.

When he awoke he stared at Amara , “There is no hope” he said. He held her tightly and kissed her lips.

“ I love you, “ he whispered.

Just when he was about to leave the room, he heard a groan. “Lexar, wait, I love you.”

SWEEPING BEAUTY

Sydnee Hayes

South Sahali Elementary

Grade 5

Then he shouted “ AMARA!! You're Alive!!”

And they lived happily ever after ... Until the Sequel .

# Camouflage In Plain Sight

By Izabella Hopaluk-Paul, Grade 5

## Chapter 1

Zoe is an extraordinary girl living in Texas. How you ask why she is extraordinary? Well she has a chameleon named Skittles. Her little sister Brittany always says that having a chameleon was weird. Actually most of the kids in her gr.3 class said that too, but her parents said that it was really cool. “I wonder if someone else has a chameleon”, Zoe said putting hot pink sunglasses under Skittles’ leg. Zoe was one the “odd” ones at school, at least that’s what I think the kids called it.

At the school there is a lot of groups. Like the “cool kids”, “popular girls”, “odd group”, and the “flexies”. They each were different especially the “odd group”. One of the popular girls came up to Zoe and said, “Hi! My name is Carol and what’s your name?” Zoe startled to look up. Her voice was as quiet as a mouse. Finally her head got up to Carol’s flawless face.

“My name is...”

“I really don’t care sweetie. The reason why is because you are odd”.

“That’s not a reason!!”

“I don’t care if it is or not sweetie”.



Carol was mean and greedy. She was always bullying kids. It stopped after a year and she didn't do it any more, but I think it has come back to her like when someone is dead and somehow they get their soul back. Maybe not properly, but I think you get the idea. Zoe was now starting to think that Carol was a *mean*. Not just mean, but *blunt*.

The bell rang and Zoe decided to walk home on the dirty sidewalk. She wished that she could be more social in her life. "I live myself in *shame* and Carol lives herself in *fame*", she told herself. She heard someone running past her. "Are you the girl with a pet chameleon?". It was Carol. Out of all the choices, why did it have to be Carol. Carol was asking Zoe in a sarcastic voice, "I bet its name is oddy number 2. Or the odd one's secretary. Anyway it would still be weird." Zoe closed her eyes and counted to 10, "1...2...3...4...5...6...7...8...9...10..". Zoe likes holding her peace but she had to let her tears fall out on to her rosy red cheeks. She ran swiftly home still crying.

She tooked off her Nike purple shoes and tossed them in the closet. Zoe bolted for her room when all a sudden her mom sees her. "Honey, are you ok?" she looked at Zoe. Zoe's eyes were red, but still white. "I'm fine" she said with her puffy cheeks. Zoe's mom cared for her. I know a lot of parents do, but Zoe thought that she was the only one that understands her life. Zoe hugged her mom so hard that she had to let go. While

explaining what happened, her face started to look more normal.  
“ I love you mom” Zoe said.

## Chapter 2

Zoe looked at her phone. 5 messages. She got on her phone looked at them. Just that minute, another text message popped up. “I better read them”, Zoe said.

@CattieonTwitter typed: Hi zoe!!

@MyLittlePonyFan typed: I'm your worst nightmare

@madManiaNicole typed: That's not nice Carol

@MyLittlePonyFan typed: Stop saying that Nicole

@CattieonTwitter typed: Ya Nicole

@madManiaNicole typed: Stop trying to scare zoe. She  
is really nice so there is no  
need to be saying that!!!

Zoe looked up from her phone and told herself, “Someone stood up for me!!!”. She felt so happy that she decided to text Nicole saying...

@SkittlesTheChameleon typed: Thank you so much for  
standing up for me.

She tucked her blonde hair behind her ear. “Ding”, rang her phone. Zoe looked at it.

@madManiaNicole typed: I wasn't helping you! I was helping myself. Sheesh.

Zoe's life has just shattered again. The second time. Again. She smashed her head against the wall. Tears started to fall down her cheeks. Sadness filled her life. She sniffed and sighed for about an hour. Finally her mom got home. She slowly came down the stairs. Down the first one. Then the second one. Third. Fourth. Then she finally reached the bottom. Zoe showed her mom her blue iPhone 5c. Her mom read the text messages. "Let's talk about this to their parent's."

### Chapter 3

Zoe's light blue alarm clock woke her up. Skittles was on her face. "Silly Skittles", she said. It was April 24th today. So Zoe decided to wear her bright blue shirt and her rainbow coloured skirt. She wore her hair in pigtails and put her fake glasses on. Carefully slipping her hot pink Converse All Star shoes, she noticed that she had Gymnastics today. "Oh great. I get to see Nicole today!" she said sarcastically. She did not feel safe to go to school. Or anywhere. She was like a turtle that would not come out of it's green, hard shell.

The school bell rang and there was the 2 girls hanging out. Carol and Cattie. "Would Zoe Carshelle please come to the office", the announcements said. Zoe felt people staring at her. Maybe not staring, but glaring. She was not wanting to go to the office. Zoe felt trouble coming towards her. The announcements repeated again, "Would Zoe Carshelle please come to the office!". Zoe dragged herself there. Half of Zoe wanted to go and the other half of her didn't. She finally made it there. Mrs. Carrington stood up from her chair and said, "I'd like you to meet Paige Saturnile. Paige this is Zoe Carshelle.". Zoe smiled and waved. Paige was shy. Really shy. "I hope we can be friends!" Zoe said. Paige smiled back. Zoe went back to speaking, "I'll take that as a yes". Paige finally was able to talk to Zoe. "Don't tell anyone this!!! I have a chameleon named Gurple," Paige whispered. She giggled. Zoe told her that she has a chameleon named Skittles. They became best friends pretty fast.

Zoe got home and looked on her phone. 5 text messages.

@PagieHasCake typed: Hi Zoe!!!

@MyLittlePonyFan typed: who r u?

@PagieHasCake typed: um... Paige. I'm the new girl

@CattieonTwitter typed: NEw GIRL!!!!?????

@MadManiaNicole typed: Do u actually have cake??

Those were all 5 minutes ago. Zoe started to think that Paige might have started to get bullied

## Chapter 4

The TV was on in Zoe's bedroom. She has just woke up. *What happened?* Thought Zoe. She had Lays Salt n' Vinegar chips scattered around her floor. Zoe looked in her mirror and saw a total mess of make-up on her face. Sparkly confetti was all tangled up in her wavy, blonde hair. *What has happened?* She thought again. She looked for Skittles. Zoe saw that Skittles was wearing a tiny pink, fluffy tutu. *OMG*. Has she been partying all night, and not noticing it? She looked on her phone. 3 text messages.

@SkittlesTheChameleon typed: Look at this photo of me

@PaigeHasCake typed: omg! R u ok?

@CattieonTwitter typed: Totally texting it to the whole school

Zoe felt so embarrassed. "MOM!!! I NEED YOU NOW!!!". Zoe's mom bolted upstairs. Zoe showed everything. At first her mom laughed and then her happy face turned into a frown. This was not good. She couldn't believe she did that. Zoe hoped the it was a dream.

"Zoe? Honey wake up!" Zoe's mom said rubbing her shoulder. Zoe's eyes slowly have awoken. She rushed to her mirror. No make-up. Anywhere. A sigh of relief has came from Zoe. She looked at her calendar. It was Saturday. She had to do

Rainbow A Week on YouTube. Zoe was the colour purple.  
There was the notice.

This weeks notice:

Hello Rainbow a week!! This week's theme is a social  
media questions. For an example... Twitter or  
instagram. Get the word spreaded.=)

-Rainbow A week Manager: Thalia.

Zoe closed her white, apple laptop and picked up her phone.  
to text messages.

@AnnieScouty typed: Hello? Is this Cassidy? It is Annie!

@CassidyLatte typed: Hi Annie!!!

@flowerKitty typed: ANNIE!!!

@PaigeHasCake typed: I've missed you so much!!

@AnnieScouty typed: Paige!! Casssidy!! Alia!!!

@MadManianicole typed: who is this Anne??

@CattieonTwitter typed: idk --

@MyLittlePonyFan typed: R u a girl scout???

@CattieonTwitter typed: Lol :)

@AnnieScouty typed: :c

Zoe just received a private text message from Nicole.

@MadManianicole typed: Zoe we need to talk

@SkittlesTheChameleon typed: um... I don't know

@MadManianicole typed: plz!!!! I'm begging u

@SkittlesTheChameleon typed: Fine!! Let's meet at Sunday Cream.

@MadManiaNicole typed: See ya there!!!

Zoe quickly did her Rainbow A week video and headed straight for Sunday Cream.

## Chapter 5

She arrived there and saw Carol, Cattie, Nicole, and Paige. “What kind of joke is this Nicole?!” Zoe said. Carol was asking Paige a question, “So would you like to be in the popular group?”. Paige was speechless. Everyone heard Carol asking Paige the question. Paige started to speak, “Only is Zoe can come too”. Zoe looked at Paige like a *it's ok Paige. Just do it. I can survive with Skittles. \*sigh\* face*. Carol shook her head no. Paige started to shout, “Then I’m not coming. I like being in the odd group! That’s what makes us different! I like being different!! Zoe isn’t what you think she is! She is kind, determined, caring, and confident, but when you start to make fun of her she starts to feel not safe to come to school or go anywhere!! I am tired of you being a bully. Us two matter. We all have a purpose on the earth and you are not doing yours. Oh and by the way, you are bullying Annie too”. Tears started to fall down Carol’s face. Nobody has ever seen her cry like this before. She sniffed, “I’m so sorry. I don’t know what I was thinking. It’s just that I only have a couple of friends and I don’t

feel special. My parents are never around. They always have a meeting to go to. I'm sorry. How can I make it up for you?" Zoe said, "You don't. You already have made enough damage." Zoe and Paige started to walk away. "Wait!! What if I quit being popular and be different with you!!" Carol shouted. Zoe said "Well..."

"Please!!!"

"I guess so, but it does come with a price tag."

"Oh"

"Just no more bullying."

"I understand"

Zoe walked up to Nicole and said, "Thanks for sending me here! You did the right thing!!". Nicole nodded.

Later that night Zoe told the whole thing to her mother. "Too bad dad wasn't here", she complained. Just then that moment her dad walked in. "DAD!!!" Zoe shouted. They hugged for a long time. Now that the whole family was there, they ate their dinner while telling how their lives have been. Zoe has just finished eating dinner. She heard her phone go off. 3 messages.

@MyLittlePonyFan typed: I got a chameleon today and I named her Lacy. I love lacy :].

@PaigeHasCake typed: YAY!!! Tell Lacy that I say hi!

@SkittlesTheChameleon typed: LOL <3 well I have to go but, I'll see u guys tomorrow!! Bye!!!



**The Underwater City**

“Bye Mom, bye Dad. See you in two weeks.” Melanie states to her 4 minute 37 second older sister Jade who is too busy doing her hair for the third time today to notice Melanie. “Finally, some freedom.”

“Ya let’s have a sleepover in the living room tonight.” Jade replies.

“Okay I will go make some popcorn for us.” Melanie runs down the grey hallway in their log mansion with a beautiful view of the forest behind them and a view of the crowded city of L.A in front of them. Once she gets to their modern, newly finished kitchen she opens the huge, wooden, pantry door and pulls out some popcorn. She opens up the microwave and cooks it, separates it into two bowls and goes back down the hallway to the living room. Jade has already grabbed Mom and Dads new sheets and two mattresses and set up where they are going to sleep. “Jade you can't just take mom and dads stuff if we stain it we are dead!” Melanie angrily says to Jade.

“It'll be fine just don't stain it.”

“OK then.” Melanie states in her unsure voice. Melanie gets up and walks toward their big bookshelf full of movies “Let’s watch a movie.” she says.

”What movie movie do you want to watch?” asks Jade.

“Hmmm...” Mumbles Melanie. In the silence of their thoughts Jade hears a faint creaking sound in the woods behind them.

“Did u hear that?” Asks Jade.

“Hear what?” Melanie asks curiously.

“That creaking sound.” Jade gets up and slowly walks to the glass sliding door and curiously goes outside onto the back deck.

“Wait!” Melanie screamed as she ran outside to catch up with Jade who was now starting down the trail into the forest, trying to find out what is making the noise. Melanie finally catches up to her and says, “I don't think this is a good idea Jade.”

“It will be fine.” Jade assures Melanie. As they continue walking down the path the noise gets louder and louder. Jade looks down and realizes she is wearing her hot pink high heels. “Um Melanie..”

“Ya?”

“I am wearing my hot pink high heels!”

“I wanted to turn around anyway it is creepy out here and..” Melanie doesn't even get to finish her sentence because Jade cut her off.

“No we are NOT turning around!” States Jade. Just after Jade stated that they aren't turning around they hear a noise in a bush. It isn't the creaking noise that they heard before, it is more of a rustling sound.

“AHHH!” Screams Melanie. Though Melanie is a sporty girl and Jade is the fashionista in the family, surprisingly Jade is more outgoing and is not scared of many things, she is the exact opposite of Melanie who gets scared very easily.

“It's just a rabbit.” Says Jade as a cute little white bunny hops across the path in front of them. Then they saw it, the old broken rusty dock in a green spooky marsh in the middle of the forest with no sight of the city. The creaking must be coming from the dock! Jade runs out onto the dock in her hot pink high heels to the edge of the dock and looks over. Before Melanie could warn her that it wasn't safe the old rusted piece of plywood breaks off below her and \*SPLOOSH\* Jade falls into the water and immediately sinks to the bottom. Melanie jumps in behind her and sees Jade swimming toward a shining rainbow ring on a tall glowing stand with a big wall behind it.

“JADE NO!” Melanie screams but it was too late. Jade had already grabbed the ring and put it on. \*POOF\*. Jade transformed into a shiny rainbow fish! Melanie gasped and is stunned at the sight in front of her, her sister had transformed into a rainbow fish! The large old, rusted, cement wall behind her opens up. There is a message written in handwriting that reads: ‘*Find the hidden stone that matches the print.*’ Melanie looks back at her sister who is now a fish and realizes that she has been underwater for over 5 minutes! “If I can stay underwater for a long time I must be able to speak underwater!”

Melanie thinks to herself. “Jade?”

“MELANIE!?!” replies Jade who is still a fish.

“I need to go find a stone that is the same print as your scales in order to transform you back into a human.”

“Ok go I will be fine here”. As Melanie is getting out of the water and going back on shore she sees something shining underneath a boulder on shore. She pulls the boulder out of the way to find the shining stone with rainbow stripes on it. “This must be it!” Melanie exclaims. Melanie jumps back into the water and tells her older sister the exciting news. “I found the stone.” “OMG thank you so much put it on the stand” exclaims jade. Melanie walks over to the stand where the rainbow, shiny ring had been sitting and put the stone down. Melanie felt something wrap around her waist tightly.

“AHHHHH!” Melanie turns around and realizes it was her sister's hands. Jade had transformed back into human. Melanie had saved her sister.

## Halloween

### 12:00 Midnight

It's Halloween and I can't wait for trick or treating tonight, this time my parents let me and my friends go on our own. I had just finished putting on my witch costume when the doorbell rang. I flung open the door ready to say that we don't have any candy to find a zombie, a werewolf, and seamonster. They were the same costumes my friends Sarah, Josh, and Carter were going to wear, *it must be them*, I thought.

"Are you guys trick or treating without me?" I questioned them with a sarcastic tone in my voice as I stepped out the door to join them. "Which house do you..." I started to ask locking to door to the house. But when I turned around they were already heading off down the street towards the old mansion on 8th street. "I d-don't think we sh-sh-should go there guys," I stuttered. "Isn't it h-h-haunted?"

Carter turned around and in a crackling voice said, "That's the point." Then kept walking. *I wonder what he meant by 'Thats the point.'* and *I remember Carter's voice, it wasn't that jagged.* I kept going over it in my head the whole way to the mansion. When we step into the yard I suddenly felt a draft of warm air

"Does that headpiece have air conditioned fur or something Josh, you haven't taken your headpiece off yet and it's really hot in here?" I asked Josh stepping closer to him to take his headpiece off.

"Grrrrrrrrrrrr!" Josh jerked away and faced me. "Don't touch the head!" He yelped like a little dog. *Since when does Josh care if I take off his headpiece? And why did he growl at me for getting to close?* I puzzled and puzzled until we were in a dark cold room inside the mansion.

*Isn't Sarah getting cold, she is only wearing a tank top a skirt and sneakers?* This just didn't make any sense.

"Aauugh." Sarah moaned as she bumped into the wall. That's when I realized how limp Sarah had been this whole time. *This day just keeps getting weirder and weirder.* I thought. Suddenly a shriek came out of nowhere.

"Ahhhh!" I screamed. Then the mansion started moving. I race back home to find Sarah, Josh, and Carter sitting on my porch steps. "How did you get here so fast?" I asked.

"What do you mean Carly?" Josh asked. "We have been here this whole time," he said standing up.

"But if you were here, who did I go trick or treating with?" I asked.

*To be continued?*

## 14 Times and the Graveyard Mystery

By Kendra Kaczur

On dark and starry nights in Turtles Hollow, the many people who lived there went out and sang and danced in celebration. However, since the gloomy days arrived, only a few families remained.

Turtle Hollow was a very swampy place. In the old days, it always had sunlight and never had darkness. Then things changed. The dark and gloomy days started when the mayor's daughter wanted the dark days. So of course, he gave her what she wanted. Many of the families couldn't find food so they moved away. The Nickles and the Jordans were the only ones to stay. The Nickles were a very small family. They had only two daughters. Their littlest was Morgan and their oldest was Julia.

One dark summer evening, Morgan was at her Grandma KC's house for a sleep over. "Right before you go to bed, do you want me to read you a bedtime story?" asked Grandma KC.

"YAAA!" shouted Morgan.

"Once upon a time there lived a young princess. Blah blah blah."

"ZzzZZzz Oink," Morgan snored.

The next morning after Morgan returned to her family's house, Grandma KC went to the graveyard as she usually did after Grandpa George passed away. When Grandma KC was in the walkway of the old graveyard, she paused for a long time. All of the tombstones and some tombs had been destroyed. As Grandma KC slowly wandered to Grandpa George's grave, a small drop of water trickled down her flushed, red cheek. Grandma KC took a terribly long time at Grandpa George's grave. When Grandma KC returned from the graveyard, she called the repair people to repair the tombstones and tombs.

Grandma KC was devastated because of the damage so Morgan's parents invited her for dinner. During dinner, there was an extended moment of silence. Grandma KC was saying goodbye

to the Nickles family when a CRASH! BANG! BOOM! occurred.

Grandma declared the noise was coming from the graveyard. "Aha!

I knew it, I knew it," Grandma KC exclaimed. "Somebody is going

to the graveyard and smashing all of the tombstones and some

tombs." Granma KC's face was turning as red as a tomato.

"Grandma, are you okay?" Morgan wondered.

"I'm going to the graveyard," Grandma KC stated.

"Can I come?" Morgan pleaded.

"No."

"Please, please, please."

"Only if Julia will come with you." Everybody stared at Julia.

"Fine," Julia mumbled and off they went.

At the graveyard, it was gloomier than a cloud full of rain.

"Grandma, I'm scared!" quivered Morgan.

"Don't be a scaredy cat," Julia announced rudely.

As they were walking cautiously, Grandma spotted a torn  
apart fir needle by one of the tombstones. On the ground, they



noticed purple lines. In some of the dark black soil, there were teeny tiny finger prints. There were also deep holes in the ground. That night, Morgan couldn't sleep a wink.

The next day, the same thing happened. All the tombstones were smashed and even some tombs.

That night, when the three of them returned to the graveyard, Morgan saw a bright light shining through one of the deep holes. Morgan caught a small glimpse of the person before she got shot by water.

"Grandma! Someone shot me with water in the eye."

"Poor girl. Are you okay?"

"I'll be alright."

Julia rolled her eyes. Grandma gave her a glare.

"Did you see the person?" Grandma asked.

"The person was miniscule and was crawling underground."

"The underground tunnels," Grandma remembered. "When your mother was young, the way they put the tombs in was in the

underground tunnels. They had a machine that carved out the circular tunnels and pushed out the dirt."

"Like that ever happened." Julia sneered.

"But it did," Grandma declared. Julia rolled her eyes again.

"Grandma, can we go home?" Morgan pleaded.

"OK. We'll come back soon."

On the fifth day, Julia caught a glimpse of a small person wearing a cloak. "Grandma, look over there!"

"There is a small person walking into the fir forest." Morgan cried.

"Look closely. Maybe we could find a clue," Grandma KC wondered.

They stared hard. "I see something," Morgan shrieked. "It's a purple streak of paint."

Julia looked on the ground. "There are purple lines here too." Julia exclaimed. "That might be the culprit. They are small and probably have tiny hands. Second thing, they have a streak of

purple paint on their cloak and lots of streaks of purple paint on the ground. Third thing is that the person was walking to the fir forest. Remember there were fir needles by some of the tombstones."

"Good job, Julia," Grandma KC cheered excitedly.

A day later, Grandma KC was on her own. On the seventh day, the three of them thought of the people that had had been sent to jail in Turtles Hollow. "The only people that were sent to jail were Mr. Pumpernickle, Mr. Ardvarg and the twins, Mrs. Mupple and Mrs. Mupplely," Grandma mentioned.

"It couldn't be Mr. Ardvarg because he is too fat."

"And it couldn't be Mrs. Mupple because she is afraid of the dark." By now they'd narrowed it down to two suspects.

On the thirteenth day, Morgan, Julia and Grandma KC were going to the graveyard's underground tunnels. When they got to Grandpa George's tomb, they saw the same cloak with the purple streak of paint. As they got closer to the suspect, Morgan and

Julia saw the suspect's long nose but Grandma KC didn't because she forgot her spectacles. When they got out of the underground tunnels, Morgan and Julia told Grandma about the suspect who had a nose as long as an enormous carrot.

"I think I know who it is."

"Who?" Morgan and Julia asked.

"Mr. Pumpernickle."

"Why do you think it is Mr. Pumpernickle?"

"When I was a little girl, Mr. Pumpernickle's nose grew two times as big as a normal kid's.

On the fourteenth day, Morgan, Julia and Grandma KC just watched as their prime suspect walked into the fir forest. He was never seen again nor were the tombs ever damaged again.

## Escape

My family is horrible. All they do is “protect” the village from tiny bugs, all the way to unsuspecting travelers. Another thing my family does is take advantage of every traveler that comes near the village. Every time someone visits, they come back to a ship without fuel, valuable parts taken, and people from my village waiting to murder them and take everything off their person. Now to tell you about myself.

To start off with I’m Hydroxative, a floran, like everyone else in my village. That means I’m a plant. A walking, talking, writing, plant. Yeah. For some reason nobody in the village makes anything. Everything we have, including our homes has been stolen. All we had to do for our homes knock out the ceilings of a car, or ship, and flip it over. Easy. One dark morning decided that I would leave, because life here for me, is just eating, sleeping, and avoiding work. I pulled my roots out of the ground and went outside. I noticed a lot of ash falling from the sky. Another ship must have been taken down. I went to the food stack in the middle of the village to get my day’s meal when the chief stopped in front of me.

“You are not contributing to the community enough. This is the last meal we will provide you with unless you go looting or hunting. I’ll give you weapons for hunting, but that’s all you get,” he informed me.

I decided that I would go pretend to loot. Instead of looting I went for a nice, long walk, and on the way I looked for aargarians, and things to trade with them. I found

## Escape

some delicious looking fruits. I finally came across cave. It was full of aargarians hiding in a hot pink liquid.

“Ke murekha bhaugyl!” one of them screamed.

They all started to run out of the cave frantically.

“Wait!” I commanded.

No response. I pulled out some of the fruit I got on my way, hoping to trade something. Big mistake. I immediately collapsed under the weight of them all, itching to get some of my food. By the time only a few were left, I quickly pulled my knife from under me and ran as fast as I could back home. I was really hungry now, so by the time I got home, I just went straight to sleep.

On my way back I thought about leaving, never needing to worry about getting eaten by my family, having to eat my family, or anything like that. I also came up with a plan: wait for everyone to leave for their jobs, and simply find the ship with the most fuel in it. I know it's a bit simplistic, but I was hungry. In the morning I got into position to bolt for the ship lot. While everybody was eating it took all of my concentration not jump out, snatch it out of their hands, and shove it down my throat. No, I won't, I'll just buy some food later if the ship I choose doesn't have some... That's what I forgot, money! I quickly ran to my house to grab some money. Turns out, I'm poorer than I thought, I only got 22 rhi. I returned to my previous spot and continued waiting. By the time everyone was done eating I was really tired, but was still able to run to the ship lot quickly.

## Escape

Most of the ships didn't even look like they could fly. After a long time, I found a very nice looking one. I went inside and checked the fuel gauge: full. I realized that I had no idea how to fly this thing. I decided to sit down at the control panel to figure it out. As soon as I sat down, a blue holographic man appeared. Cool!

The hologram began to speak. "do you wish to select your destination or fly manually?"

"Select," I commanded.

He turned into a map. There was also a button that said: highlight planets. I pushed it. I don't know if it can read minds or what, but it highlighted all civilized planets. My planet was very dark. I found a very bright one close to me, so I selected it and looked for something to make me go. How convenient, a big red button that said: GO. I pressed it and I shot up into the air with massive acceleration.

Space was weird, as soon as I was up there, it felt like I was falling, fast. The ship stopped in orbit of what I could only guess was the planet I selected.

"There are 4722 ports that you have permission to land in, which one you like to go to?" the hologram asked.

"Wherever I can get a good meal," I replied immediately.

"We will land in Axlebrere airport," the hologram informed me.

"Okay."

I landed in a very busy place with a solid looking stone ground. As soon as

## Escape

touched the ground, something started moving my ship, zig-zagging through crowds of people lots of other ships. I finally went inside a giant house full of vehicles. I finally stopped inside a cramped little hole in the wall. I jumped out of my ship to be immediately greeted by a smelly but joyful looking robot.

“Please present identification,” it commanded

“Umm... my name is Hydroxative, if that’s what you want,” I answered.

“Please present **proper** identification,” the robot commanded.

“What else do I have to tell you? Where your parts will be sold after I cut them off you?” I replied harshly.

I will take you into custody until you can present proper identification,” it informed me as it grabbed my arm.

At this part I was done with this stupid robot, I pulled out my knife and started forcefully cutting every exposed wire I could see. An alarm went off. Dozens of robots came out of nowhere wielding guns. I ran as fast as I could, but then something sharp went into the back of my neck. Everything went dark and silent.

I woke up on a cold concrete floor in a small room. There was a giant glass wall with a hallway behind it. I looked up, my room was labeled: 愚蠢的白痴. There was a small handwritten note on the glass, it read: *enjoy the rest of your life being stared at like an idiot*. The hallway flooded with laughing people. I’m stuck here forever.



Nate and the Leprechaun  
by Sophie Lovett  
Grade 5  
Dufferin Elementary

## **NATE AND THE LEPRECHAUN**

Once upon a time there was a boy named Nate. One day, on the day before St. Patrick's day, something amazing happened. Nate saw a little man in a green jacket. Nate could not believe his eyes. Was that a leprechaun he saw or was he just dreaming? No, Nate was not dreaming so he ran back to his house and got all the things he needed for his leprechaun trap. He got a cardboard box then he fell asleep.

It was morning time. Nate had just woken up. It was 6:00am and the sun was just coming out. Nate walked over to get his trap and headed for the last place he saw the leprechaun. But, this time, there were five leprechauns. It looked like a big village of leprechauns but there was no pot of gold. As Nate was sneaking up to the village, he saw a lot of little leprechauns. Suddenly, he spotted the pot of gold! Nate grabbed the pot of gold and a little angry leprechaun ran after him. He chased Nate for hours. Nate had no more energy so the angry little leprechaun caught up to Nate. Nate fell asleep and the leprechaun got his gold back.

The next day, when Nate went to school, oh boy, did he have a story to tell! It was amazing. Nate was the most popular kid in school . Until one day. Make sure to be careful with leprechauns on St. Patrick's day. Nate will tell you the every same thing!

The End

## The Three Mysterious G's

I knew those weren't ordinary guinea pigs. When Mom walked through that door after school my life changed. Oh hi! I didn't see you there. You probably have no clue what I'm talking about. I'm talking about guinea pigs. Let me start all over. Then you'll understand.

I wanted guinea pigs. Every penny that I had, I planned on spending on guinea pigs. I wanted a black one, to match my dark elegant hair. My goal was never reached. It was the day before my birthday, April 22nd. My Mom was waiting at my locker after school to take me to hockey practice. She was carrying a box and I couldn't make out the blurry letters. When I got closer my books fell out of my hands and I jumped up and down with joy. It said, "pets make life better." I knew what was inside instantly. I got everything in my bag before you could say "April's guinea pig."

I guess I should say my name is April Elexie.

When I practically destroyed the box to open it, what did I find? Not one, but THREE guinea pigs inside! I didn't want to squeal now, but I DEFINITELY would at home! But something wasn't right. One guinea pig had pink eyes, one had teal eyes, and the only black one had purple feet and claws. When I crawled into the car I found things to meet guinea pigs' needs. We drove home and I kept urging my mom to go faster. Later that night, after hockey practice, Dad got home and everybody helped set up the cage. Well, my parents did. I'm an only child. That night I slept for three hours until I heard a soft

sound. I sat up and rubbed my eyes. As I reached over to turn my lamp on, I remembered the guinea pigs cage was in my room. I pulled the string of my lamp and peered over at the cage. No guinea pigs were there. I got up and lifted the house. The bedding seemed fluffed up and poofy unlike the rest. I leaned in for a closer look and saw a circle outline that was barely noticeable. How did that get there? I pulled away the plush bedding and found a hollow tube. My face was now an inch away. Suddenly something sucked me in. What was happening?! What is this?! It stopped. I opened my squeezed shut eyes. I was in clothes again. I felt fur on my bare ankles and realized I had gray and green marbled flats on. I was surrounded with guinea pigs!

"April Elexie, we are enchanted guinea pigs and the Queen has called you down here to talk."

WHAT IS HAPPENING?! Talking guinea pigs! What?! I'm having mixed thoughts now!

"Am I dreaming?"

"April! How rude of you!"

"I will escort you to the Queen."

"O-O-Okay."

"Katy and Perry would you take our little April to the Queen. Or rather, our big April."

Two guinea pigs made a squeal of delight and scampered up me to perch on my shoulders.

"Onwards!"

"What?"

"Go forward!"

I started walking.

"Go faster maiden!"

"Excuse me!"

"Go at a faster speed."

I ran.

"Right."

I turned right.

"Where now?"

"Left."

"Now?"

"Stop being a nuisance!"

"EXCUSE ME!"

"Stop being annoying!"

"Katy, looks like she's a dumb one."

"I UNDERSTAND YOU!"

"Go right in those brass doors studded with rubies."

They scampered off of me and ran down the hall as the doors creaked open.

"Come in April."

I walked in and saw a glowing face. She's human. The dark hair of hers reminded me of mine as I studied her. Blue eyes glistened in the light flowing from the window.

"H-H-Hello."

"I have brought you into this world for a mission. I will tell you about it now. The king of the hamsters lives twenty minutes away and we are enemies. No guinea pig has gotten past the border and we are hoping you will. We hope that you can make us friends as every guinea pig wants. I have written you a speech to announce in front of the king."

She handed me a piece of parchment and said, "Be off now."

I walked through the doors once again. The purple exit sign seemed to glow extra bright at me. I popped through the door and a glass case of maps sat outside. How convenient I thought. I picked one up and opened it. If I walked it would only take 5 minutes! I set off following the map and finally came to the border. I swallowed the lump in my throat and stepped through. I did it! There's the castle. It was tall and majestic. It glimmered in the sunlight. I knocked. The door creaked open like the Queen's door had. I walked in and the King in a gold emerald studded throne said, "What do YOU want April?"

"H-H-How do you know my name?"

"Oh, a little hamster told me."

I ignored his joke and read the speech. It was in some different language. He thought. A smile crept onto his face and he said, "Why tell the Queen yes."

He handed me three guinea pigs and I realized they were mine. I eagerly grabbed them and said thank you. I ran all the way back and it only took me two minutes. I rushed into the building, told the Queen the good news and found out how to get back to "my world." I just had to stand under the tube I came out of. I realized I should leave my guinea pigs here for the night as they said. They come back in the day apparently. I

stood under the tube and felt the same sensation as last time. I opened my eyes once more and I was in bed again. I drifted off to sleep moments later.

I knew those weren't ordinary guinea pigs!

By: Ashlyn Luison  
Grade 5  
Mrs. McCauley's class

Mya Mack  
Grade 5  
Westmount Elementary School

4 Cats Art Studio

friend's birthday party  
Splatter!  
Painting my canvas  
not a care  
in the world  
doing  
my  
own  
thing  
Paint flying  
every  
where  
Kids laughing  
Fun!  
Best day  
of my life  
laughing  
painting  
on  
the  
teacher?  
then  
time to go

Mya Mack  
Grade 5  
Westmount Elementary School

I would love to be

I would love to be an eagle,  
soaring across the morning sky,  
while the little birds are singing

I would love to be an eagle,  
gliding over the sparkling water,  
while I watch all the sea creatures

I would love to be an eagle,  
chasing mice in the field,  
while my heart is racing

I would love to be an eagle,  
flying over the rough cliffs,  
while my heart sings, "I'm free."



1.

## The Cougars and the Bear

Sophie Macrae

Grade 5

Bert Edwards Science and Technology School

One early spring morning, with the sun coming up on one side and the moon just dipping under the horizon, eight cougars woke up and went out to smell the air.

“Lets go hunting,” said one cougar.

“Yes.” The others agreed. All eight cougars jumped over puddles, ran across fields and chased the sun until they saw some cattle nearby. The cougars hid in some tall grass, waiting for the right moment to pounce.

They jumped upon the cattle, biting them and scratching them with their claws until the cattle grew silent and took their last breath. “We are excellent at this job,” one cougar said.

“Indeed we are,” said another.

Happily, the cougars began to eat their meal. “Delicious,” The cougars all agreed.

“Oh, how I do feel sorry for all those mountain goats. They have to wait for the snow to melt.” Said one cougar, chuckling.

At last, the cougars food was all gone and they began to feel tired. “Lets sleep,” the cougars all seemed to say at once. Within five minutes, they were all asleep.

About an hour or so later, the cougars woke up from their nap and stretched. “I had the most wonderful dreams,” said one cougar.

“So did I,” agreed the others. The cougars looked up to see how much the sun had moved since they fell asleep.

“The floor is shaking,” said one cougar. “I’m frightened.” The cougars ran away - there was an avalanche!

The cougars were soon getting very tired of running so fast for such a long time. “The snow is chasing us!” said one cougar.

“Look! There is a cave!” said another .

The eight cold and frightened cougars quickly dove into the cave. They were huddling together to keep warm. “That was so close,” each cougar said.

Suddenly, the cougars heard a low, strong sounding voice. It was a bear! At first, the cougars stood back, the older ones putting the young ones behind them to protect them. “Mother, is he not like one of us?” a baby said, sure of every word he spoke.

“No. He is a vile creature.” said his mother, with a voice that was firm and strong. They injured the bear badly, so aggressively although the bear had

2.

The Cougars and the Bear

Sophie Macrae

Grade 5

Bert Edwards Science and Technology School

meant no harm.

Later on, the sun was visible again and the snow from the avalanche was almost all melted. "Lets go outside again," said one cougar.

"Alright," said the others.

And again, they went hunting and killed some cattle. "Lets eat at Great Cougar Hill," they all agreed. After their meal was all gone, again they decided to take a nap.

An hour later, each cougar woke up and stretched. "I had the most wonderful dreams," said the cougars. Again, their was a strange rumbling on the ground. "Its another avalanche! Run!" cried the cougars, with memories they hoped would not come at them again.

Meanwhile, the bear which had been falsely judged by the cougars, was trying to get all the animals visible in front of the horizon into the cave. When the animals got there, half of the cave was covered in snow and there was no time to get it out.

When the cougars got to the cave, there was no room and no way in. "Goodbye, family, goodbye Earth," said the baby who had refused to hurt the bear. All at once, the bear reached out and the miserable cougars knew that this baby was truly the only one of them who deserved to live. Before the snow buried the rest of the cougars, the bear came out of the cave and pushed the cougars in, saving their lives doing this. A few days later, the snow had melted enough to let the animals out. "I am so ashamed of myself," said the tiny baby's mother. Suddenly, the bear rose from the ground, his blood sticking to his fur.

"May you get your reward," he said and then he grew limp and was gone.

Years later, Great Cougar Hill was changed to Sacrifice Hill, as was the cave. Although the bear was no longer here, everyone still knew him in their hearts.

When it came time for the kindest cougar to go, surrounded by family and friends, he said "Goodbye, family, goodbye Earth." and with that, he passed on. His children lived long lives and were kind.

## Eerak's Attack

by Rachel Mayrhofer  
Grade 5  
Arthur Hatton Elementary

Once upon a time, farther than far, far away, there was a little country called Sugarland. Sugarland happened to be quite a beautiful country. Its rulers, King and Queen Choclatina, were the best royals that anyone could ever intend. Queen Choclatina had a wicked twin sister who had become jealous of her sister being the chosen one to rule over Sugarland. She had just about destroyed all of Sugarland, and she had been banned to the awful country of Orobas. The devastation was all behind them now. Sugarland was a quiet, peaceful country again, or was it really? They lived on a beautiful candy mountain with their little pooch, Sweetheart. It would be dreadfully awful if anything happened to her. She was like a daughter to the king and queen.

One gorgeous spring afternoon, when the Choclatinas were just about to slip out for a picnic lunch, something horrible occurred! An atrociously hideous evil sorcerer dressed in dark fell upon them with a BOOM! and a CLAP! and a puff of fog. She reeked of the revolting scent of rotten eggs and frogs' legs. "MWAHAHAHAHAHAHA!" she screeched.

"Eerak! What are you doing here?" shouted King Choclatina. "We banished you from Sugarland long ago."

"Oh, just paying a little visit. Gasp! What is that... that... BEAST doing here?!" thundered Eerak, the lady in black.

"What?" whimpered the royals. Just then she pointed to Sweetheart. "She is our pet," cried the royals.

"Well in that case..." cackled Eerak. With a snap of her devilish fingers, Sweetheart

## Eerak's Attack

by Rachel Mayrhofer

Grade 5

Arthur Hatton Elementary

vanished!

"What have you done with our beloved Sweetheart?!" sobbed King and Queen Choclatina.

"Oh don't be such a drag. Your flea bag is fine over in Orabas," explained Eerak.

"What?" bellowed the king and queen.

"I said, she's perfectly safe at my home in Orobas," scolded Eerak. Queen Choclatina toppled to the floor in a state of shock and disbelief.

Sadly, when Queen Choclatina came to, the present was no different except that Eerak had returned to Orobas. She was planning revenge on Queen and King Choclatina by shipping Sweetheart into orbit, where there is a lack of oxygen. Meanwhile, in Sugarland, the queen and king were hatching a magnificent plan with Eerak's absolutely favourite treat: dark chocolate covered hornets. Ding dong! They were at Eerak's evil lair's stoop and were secretly delivering the chocolate covered insects to Eerak with invisibility cloaks on. Click, clack, click, clack, click, clack! King and Queen Choclatina could hear Eerak's dyed black cobra skin high heels marching along her dull, rotting, periwinkle, wooden floor. But when Eerak opened her door she saw nothing except for a fine black box filled with scrumptious, creamy, chocolate covered hornets. "My, my! What a delicious looking box of cocoa wasps!" (Eerak called them that.) She took them inside and devoured them before you could say Sweetheart! A few moments later, you could hear Eerak plummet to the floor because of the

## Eerak's Attack

by Rachel Mayrhofer

Grade 5

Arthur Hatton Elementary

sleeping medicine that was infused in the hornets.

The king and queen rushed inside but sadly, they couldn't find Sweetheart. Then suddenly, "Yip! Yip! Yap! Woof!" Sweetheart had found the king and queen!

"Sweetheart!" they gleefully shouted.

Suddenly, "MWAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!" Eerak's voice boomed. Apparently sleeping medicine did not affect Eerak for very long. Suddenly, BAM! Eerak's door split open. "FREEZE!!!" Sugarland's chief of the cookie police and his best team scrambled into Eerak's secret lair.

"We're saved!" shouted the queen.

"You'll be banned farther than you could ever imagine!" one of the cookie police hollered to Eerak and she was. You can't even imagine how heartbreaking it is to ban your own sister from ever, ever seeing you again. It's very hard to do, I bet. Anyway, back to the story....

About a year later, everything was just so nice and gleeful. It was springtime, the time of year when flowers and trees are budding, and new families were starting. Speaking of new families, there was about to be a few changes in the Choclatina royal family. Sweetheart was about to have a litter of seven adorable puppies! They all lived happily ever after, and Sugarland was reborn with peace and lots of happiness.

The End

# Animagic

By William McGauchie, Grade 5, Sun

## Peaks Elementary

“That was a weird day”, exclaimed Will as he was walking back from school. Will had just remembered it was Thursday, March 12th. This only meant one thing, “Spring Break” shouted Will as he started sprinting home with a huge smile on his face. When Will arrived at his house no one appeared to be home. In fact, nothing was there besides Lilly, his dog. He walked into the kitchen and there on the counter he saw a note. It said,

*Dear Will,*

*You might be wondering why everything is missing. We have taken everything including your mom and sister to the land named Animagic. It does not exist in your galaxy, but you will get here if you want to see your mom and sister ever again.*

*Sincerely, Francesco De Banana*

Will’s smile started to fade as he realized it was a very weird note. Will took Lilly for a walk to see if he could track down the owner of the note, Francesco De Banana. As he and Lilly walked outside everything seemed to be frozen in time and they were transported to a very unusual place. It was very tropical.

“Is this Animagic?” Will said to Lilly.

“Woof, Woof” barked Lilly.

“What is it Lilly?” wondered Will.

All around them, there was a whole forest of unique and amazing animals Will had never seen before. He heard a noise,

# Animagic

By William McGauchie, Grade 5, Sun

Peaks Elementary

“Hey who are you?” said a voice.

“Hello,” said Will curiously.

“Hi, I’m Ronald” said the creature.

“I’m Will”.

A monkey came out of the trees with a banana in his hand. He burped an enormous

“BRRRRRRRP” as loud as a trucks horn.

“Excuse me,” said the Scottish monkey.

“Are you a talking monkey?” asked Will.

Ronald took Will and Lilly into his house and let them sleep there for the night. Ronald seemed like a very nice and intelligent monkey which Will was very pleased about.

The next day Will explained what had happened to Ronald and how everything was gone. Ronald was very curious why Francesco De Banana had done this but he wanted to find out. Later that day Ronald took Lilly and Will down a trail where they arrived at a very big dog house. They heard a rather distinguished voice almost like a Dutch accent. Will was wondering where it was coming from. Ronald took them around to the front and they knocked on the door.

“Hello, my name is Oscar Woofsalot,” said Oscar

“Hi it’s Ronald.”

“Oh yes Ronald I remember you,” said Oscar

# Animagic

By William McGauchie, Grade 5, Sun

Peaks Elementary

"I brought my new friend's Will and Lilly," said Ronald

"Hello I'm Will."

"Woof woof woof," barked Lilly.

"Hello Lilly!" said Oscar.

Oscar gestured them to come inside and Ronald told Oscar all about the problem with Will's family. Suddenly there was a knock at the door,

"Hello," said a quiet voice from the door.

Lilly answered the door and she saw an... Armadillo.

"Hello my name is Arnold," said the funny looking animal.

"Hi, what would you like?" asked Lilly curiously.

"I was being chased by a big robot tiger!" said the armadillo loudly.

"Oh well come inside, sorry what is your name?" asked Lilly.

"My name is Arnold," replied Arnold.

"What a nice name," said Lilly.

The next day the friends began the hunt for Will's family and to discover why they were taken in the first place. Oscar took Ronald, Will, Lilly and Arnold to a tree with a telescope on it so they could scope out the area. Only Ronald could climb the tree though.

"This is Ronald's look out," said Oscar.

Oscar showed them another look out but this time it was underground.



# Animagic By William McGauchie, Grade 5, Sun

Peaks Elementary

“Lilly and I will go to the underground tracking room,” said Oscar. The underground tracking room had a huge telescope that stuck up above ground but was very carefully hidden under bushes so only Oscar knew its location.

Will and Arnold could see Francesco De Banana from both telescopes. He seemed to be loading a truck with Will’s mom and sister who were tied up with strong ropes.

Oscar and Lilly began tracking where the truck was going. Oscar radioed the look outs asking them to move up into a bunker or a bush to get a better look of what was happening.

Oscar followed the truck to a second base three kilometers east in Animagic Land where Will and Arnold managed to release his mom and sister. Ronald leapt from the tree and tackled Francesco to the ground. Later that day Oscar and Will took Francesco to the police and put him in jail for life! But why had he captured Wills family in the first place? Francesco De Banana had wanted to make his mom and sister clean and cook for him for the rest of their lives because he was lazy and liked planet Earth’s food.

Will and his family finally got back to Earth with all their new friends knowing that Francesco De Banana was safely in jail and hopefully doing his own cooking and cleaning.

## Fear Over Faith

By Kennedy Michels

David turned his head and spat off the front porch. It had been a long day and it felt good to be home. He turned the key, his brain releasing a little squirt of dopamine at the familiar sound of coming relaxation, and waited on the next two sounds he heard every day at 5:30 : Scruff 2 banging at the door. There was no banging, though. No panting, either. Nothing at all to signify that the dog even knew he was there. After a decade of driveway-key-door-dog it was easy to notice the silence. He shouldered the door open, failing to compensate for the dogs missing weight, and stumbled into the threshold. More silence. "David?" Now there was a sound he noticed. He hadn't seen Linda's car when he pulled in, but he supposed he could of missed it. "It's me," he said making his way to the back of the small house they shared. "How are you?" "Good." Linda's voice made him feel a bit better. The missing dog was still nagging at him. "Where's Scruff?" "Down here," Linda's said. "He followed me down to do the laundry." David froze with his hand an inch away from the doorknob. Scruff never went down stairs. Heck, Linda never did either, at least not since... not since they moved the washing machine upstairs. "Linda? Are you ok?" "Yes, I'm fine!" Her response was quick and sounded unusually defensive. "'You sure?' 'Yes, hon.' A little softer this time but still not right. David easee his hand toward the doorknob. "Can you help me? Her voice sounded clipped again. "I have a lot of st- clothes I need to carry and I can't get to the door." "Sure" he replied with a shaky voice. He opened the door and stepped on to the first stair of the basement stairwell. Then he realized that the lights were off. He stood there and looked down into the darkness. He knew he had to go down but a

part of him told him not to. He looked to his left and saw the flashlight. They always kept a flashlight at the top of the stairs in case of an emergency. He picked it up and flicked it on. He continued down the stairs and stepped onto the cold concrete floor. He looked to his left - nothing. He looked to his right and screamed. It all went dark as he fell to the ground. When he opened his eyes he couldn't believe what he saw.

## Rosezan's Death.

By Olivia Jones

"I'm going to the Library," Rosezan called. Rosezan was a young teenage girl who loves books. Her family was poor so she didn't wear very pretty clothes, however Rosezan does not care because all she needed was a good book to escape into and be whatever she wanted.

"Ok." Her dad called back. Rosezan chose a book that she hadn't read before. It was very old and had a bit of a spooky cover, so she was very curious about it. When she got home it was bedtime so she got in her bed and read her book. Rosezan fell asleep while reading the book, but she did not wake up in the morning. Rosezan had died while reading her book.

Her parents were heartbroken and they needed help because they didn't understand how she died. They tried the police, but they didn't think anything was strange about her death and thought she just died in her sleep. Her parents knew there was more to it so they went to a detective agency. The detective agreed to help them find the answers.

"I need to see her room." Detective Olivia said. At the house Olivia looked around for clues. No smashed windows, no broken door, just the library book open on Rosezan's bed.

"Where did this book come from?" Olivia asked.

"Rosezan got it from the library yesterday." Her dad said.

Olivia had a feeling she knew what happened, but she had to do some research before she could tell Rosezan's parents.

"I will be back in a while, I need to talk to someone." Olivia called back as she went out the door.

Olivia walked through the doors of the library and up to the checkout desk. "Hi, I'm Detective Olivia, I need to ask you some questions."

"The library is closed! Go away!" The librarian snapped. Olivia interrupted, "There was a girl who came in here yesterday, but she died last night and I need to figure out how. Do you know anything about the book she borrowed?"

“Well...She didn't listen to me when I warned her not to read that book!” The librarian hissed. “It is about two girls who turned into monsters and it is really scary. I warned her that it would scare the life out of her!!” The librarian boomed.

“Now GO AWAY!!” he yelled.

Olivia went back to Rosezan's house to tell her parents what she had discovered. After taking one last look around the bedroom, she sat Rosezan's parents down to explain what happened.

“Rosezan died from fright. The story she read was really scary and it scared the life out of her. I'm sorry for your loss, but I best be on my way.” Olivia turned and walked away.

Rosezan's parents were thankful to Olivia for finding out what happened to their daughter, but they regretted not checking her books before she read them.

Young Authors' Conference

Evan Morrow

Grade: 5

School: Parkcrest elementary

### The Monkey and the Elephant

One day there was a monkey looking for fruit in the Amazon<sup>1</sup>. He found an elephant looking for fruit on the edge of the Amazon. The elephant came along with the monkey to find fruit together. The monkey said, "You look on that side of the Amazon and I will look on this side of the Amazon." They both found fruit but they are both really high up. They worked together to get the fruit. They were both full after they ate the fruit. A squirrel came to see if they had any nuts. They had some nuts but they didn't share the nuts. The next day the monkey and the elephant were looking for fruit. The squirrel found fruit. But the monkey and the elephant did not find any fruit that day but they found nuts instead. They still did not what to trade for the fruit. The squirrel ate some fruit and after he ate it he found some nuts in a field of oak trees.

The moral: If you don't share you don't get anything back

1. A big jungle called the Amazon

## The Plover Bird and the Crocodile.

One day there was a Plover, a bird looking for food. She found crocodiles in a swamp trying to get their teeth cleaned by the Plover birds. So she went to clean one of the crocodile's teeth, but he tried to eat her instead of letting her cleaning his teeth. Her wing was injured from the Crocodile biting it. She went to her nest to feed her babies some worms, but the babies were gone. Where did they go?

"An owl," said the crocodile.

"Where?" said the Plover bird.

"Just kidding," said the crocodile.

"You're so mean," said the monkey.

"I ate them," said the crocodile.

The crocodile left to find more food. The Plover bird heard a chirp it was her babies under the nest. The monkey and the Plover bird went to trick the crocodile. The crocodile was in a cave by the Rockies. The cave was very dark and had tons of water. Then the monkey got an idea. The idea was to be like ghosts. They scared the crocodile so much he moved away from the swamp and he never came back. From that day forward the monkey was best friends with the Plover bird.

1 A bird that cleans crocodile's teeth

the moral: if you're mean to someone they are going to do something back to you



young Authors Conference

Kennady Newton

Grade:5

School: Parkcrest Elementary

## The Fox and The Duck

one day there was a mean old fox.

The fox saw a duck in a pond he was about to jump in at the duck but then he had an idea so he went over to the duck and said, "Hey duck do you want to come over to my house?"

"Sure," said the duck so later that night the duck went over to the fox's house.

"I've been expecting you" said the fox while locking the door.

All of a sudden the fox started chasing the duck around trying to eat him.

Finally the duck jumped out the window and ran away.

The next day the duck invited the fox to dinner so the fox went to the duck's house.

The duck gave the fox a squirrel on a plate and the fox ate it but what the fox did not know is that the duck poisoned it and the fox died.

If You Do Something Mean To others It will Come Back At You.

# Thief

Eilidh Nicol

Grade 5

Beattie School of the Arts Elementary

A boy crept into the alley. The smallest, thinnest and murkiest alley was the one this boy knew best. The dark alley was the only home this boy knew, for he was no ordinary boy. He was a thief. A master thief. He was thin and would not rest on this night. He needed to *eat*, he needed to *drink*, and the best source of these resources that the boy knew was *the restaurant*. This was the boy's target. He slipped out of his alley and started to head for the restaurant. The boy was deep in thought. He was thinking about what scrumptious dinner he would have. Suddenly, the boy heard a noise that he did not hear often. The sound of voices. The boy pressed himself against the wall and slid silently along. The voices grew louder and then softened to a whisper. The boy smiled a cold, icy smile. He could slip past anything with no problem at all. Many passed the boy but they were unaware that a boy, no older than ten, was silently slinking past them. The boy was drawing nearer to his destination when voices came again. The boy sucked in a sharp breath and hoped that he was late enough for the restaurant to be closed. The boy peeked out from behind his wall and to his dismay, there were people chatting and eating on the outside porch. This meant only one thing. The restaurant was open. The boy must wait. The boy curled up behind the wall and waited so long he fell asleep... The boy awoke to the sound of silence. His heart leapt with joy. He could now eat a meal! The boy looked at the building. He would climb up to the roof and slide in through the large kitchen vent. This was the route he always took. The boy easily scampered up the pipes and felt for the

vent. Soon, the boy was devouring a scrumptious dinner of pasta, bread and cheese. The boy grabbed a tea towel and filled it with food. He then found two water bottles and filled them with water. He added these to his towel of food. The boy slung the towel over his shoulder and scrambled up onto the oven and climbed back out through the vent.

The boy was soon safely in his alley, drifting off to sleep. The night's thieving was done and all that he could do now was wait in his alley for morning. Then he would eat another meal with the food and water that he had so carefully packed before coming to his alley. He did this because when he woke up in the morning, the restaurant was already open so he couldn't take anything then. The boy tried to stay awake longer, thinking about life, but he was simply too tired. Soon, the boy had drifted off into a deep, deep sleep, dreaming of the next night's theft.

## Thief

Eilidh Nicol

Grade 5

Beattie School of the Arts Elementary

## Imagine...

### Carly Orozco

Imagine you were sitting on a beach in Costa Rica. The sky was a dazzling blue and the sun was beaming right down at you. Everything was perfect.

Then your best friend called you over to go paragliding over the ocean. You don't really want to but you do it anyways. When you start walking over an enormous breeze of wind comes flying at you. You don't think much of it so you keep going. When you get to the paragliding equipment and start getting strapped in, another gust of wind comes. Before you can say anything, the boat starts and seconds later you're in the air. You are scared of heights so you scream like you're about to die.

After a couple minutes up in the air you start to feel more calm. Another great gust of wind comes right for you. The parachute starts to get tangled up. You are spinning in circles and you're falling. You are trying to scream as loud as you can, but nothing is coming out. A couple seconds later, you hit the water with a bang.

You're in the middle of nowhere. No one is near you. You find a piece of driftwood for safety. you look at your leg and it has a giant cut in it going from your calve to your ankle. You see a helicopter flying around and try to signal it. You try to throw a rock at it, but it only splashes back in the water. Your standard. It has been about four hours and you see a boat. You try to signal it and it sees you. When it comes over you start to hallucinate from all the bleeding from your leg. You fall asleep.

The next thing you see is a car. The car is an ambulance taking you away. You say with tears in your eyes, "What happened to me?" All they say back in a calm voice is, "You passed out because you lost a lot of blood, but you're gonna be fixed up."

After that you are taken to the hospital. They stitch up your leg and your cut arm and then x-ray you. You don't know what's going on but then they say "You have two broken bones in your leg, but thankfully your arm has no broken bones. Two of your ribs are also severely damaged."

You're grateful that your arms okay, but worried about your leg and ribs. Later, you go into surgery for your ribs. Everything goes great and then you get a cast for your leg and ribs. You have to stay in the hospital for a couple of days. When you get out of the hospital you fly back to your home in Florida. On the plane ride there was terrible turbulence. The plane rocked back in forth back and forth. The plane flipped over and started to go down at full speed. While going down, one of the engines flew off and hit the back of the plane. The whole back of the plane flew off along with 22 of the passengers and two workers. You're in the front of the plane. You unbuckle your seatbelt and hobble up with your broken bones. The wind sweeps you out and you land in the ocean seconds later. You land with a BANG! Everything is blurry. You try to find something to grab onto but there's nothing. Then you see something. It's a piece from the plane. You try to swim to it, but you can't move. Hours go by and you start to get hypothermia from the water. Then you hear a sound of a boat. It's a rescue boat! You wave for the boat with your hurt hand. The boat comes over to you. You're saved...

## **Fifth-Grade Ramblings**

### **Baby Talk**

Life can be pretty tough when you're the youngest. From my sister yanking on my hair to make a ponytail, to my brothers bouncing me off the trampoline, from my mom making me fold endless laundry, to my dad calling me "Baby" in public (including during a soccer game!), I just want to be invisible. Sometimes I feel like the world is against me.

I know nobody has a perfect life and mine definitely has pros as well as cons. I like to think about Beethoven. He became deaf, yet he managed to create delightful music such as Fur Elise and Moonlight Sonata. I may be the baby in my family, but I've experienced a lot in my nine years. And I've learned a lot too.

### **Skipping Ahead**

A major thing that happened in my life was skipping a grade. I skipped kindergarten so, from my perspective, I missed out on all the fun things. I always hear my friends talking about kindergarten. If it can get any worse (oh it does), I've been in the kindergarten classroom in my school and it looks amazing! I saw countless dolls, a deluxe play kitchen, amazing (and probably very messy) art projects, and even a goldfish. What a year to miss!

I like that I skipped a grade though because even though I am younger, I have to admit I do pretty well in school. I'd be bored in grade 4. On the other hand, I've heard we are learning about puberty soon and it will be pretty weird learning about it with older kids—especially when one of them is my eleven-year old brother!

## **Moving Around**

Another important event was when my family moved from the small town of Clearwater to Kamloops. It was hard. I spent a year making tons of friends at Aberdeen Elementary, but the next year we had to move all over again—and I had to make new friends at St. Ann's. This gets harder the older you get because kids get closer and closer, and they don't always welcome newbies. I'm really happy now though. I have amazing friends who care about me and I'll be with them for a long time. No more moving!

There are a couple of downsides to moving to Kamloops. For one, I don't get to pick sweet juicy huckleberries from the lush forest down the road from my old house. And I loved Clearwater's May Day Parade. The weather was always beautiful and the float candy was abundant. There's no parade that can compare—at least for me.

On the other hand, there are many things to do in Kamloops. There are fairs, movies, a mall (unheard of in Clearwater), and Costco! You may think a grocery store is not a big deal, but my parents had to make the 1.5 hour drive to Costco and back every week. And I had to unload the car . . .

## **Dog Days**

Probably nothing matters more to me than my dogs, your dogs, dogs, dogs, dogs. Yep. Ask anyone who knows me. I love dogs. I have two Great Danes who are almost taller than I am. Their names are Moses and Delilah and they are brother and sister. I don't know when or how I became obsessed with dogs. It could be that I've been around them since I was a baby. I love

Lolita Persad  
Grade 5  
St. Ann's Academy  
Fifth-Grade Ramblings

my Great Danes because they are gargantuan and sometimes I can ride them. Most times I ride them it ends up with them sitting down or with me falling off. What a catastrophe! Also, my brother and I taught both of them to shake paws. Sometimes they walk in the garden and give the paw when we don't want it. Then we get smeared with dirt. But I don't care. I love dogs clean or dirty. When it comes to dogs, there are just no cons!

### **Looking Forward**

One of the best things to happen to me recently is that I now have my own coral pink bedroom. I have shared a blue or blue-green bedroom with my brother since I was born. Okay, it's actually my sister's bedroom (who is in Switzerland), and I'll have to give it back in June. But I can dream.

I'm pretty excited about playing rep soccer this spring (and nervous too), and there's a class trip to Barkerville around the corner that everyone says is amazing. I guess I have a lot to look forward to. Spring will turn into summer and grade 5 into grade 6. Maybe the world isn't against me after all. Life is looking up.



Three MORE Little Pigs.

Once upon a time... well, I can't really say that until I introduce you to my family.

Well of course, my name is Penny Penelope and this story is about my family. My daughter is Pinky Penelope and my husband is Billy Bacon. I guess you are all thinking, "Isn't that the pig with the brick house in the story the Three Little Pigs?" Well, yes, it is. Now that we have got that over with, let's get back to the story.

Once upon a time my daughter Pinky Penelope asked me how my husband Billy Bacon and, of course myself, Penny Penelope met. I had to think about it for a bit but then I remembered. I was 16 and a waitress at the Drop In Pig. When I saw him the first time, he was sitting at a table. He had long brown hair and blue eyes. I noticed his nose was a little oinkier than most pigs. He was drinking his morning coffee with a plate of eggs, bacon and toast. I had never seen him at the Drop In Pig so I decided to ask what his name was. I walked over to him. He was kinda faster than me so he said "Hello, I am Billy Bacon. What is your name?"

I said, "My name is Penny Penelope." Then I said, "Do you have a place to stay?"

Billy said, "Not at the moment, but I have a feeling that I soon will."

"I am off at 4:00. I will be at 123 Piglet Drive. It is a white house with blue curtains. When you walk in, you'll see a white coat rack on the blue wall. Look down and you'll find the boot shelf to put your boots. I have a extra bedroom down the hall to the left. It has off white walls, a bed with blue covers and a blue lamp on the bed side table."

That day I got home at 4:35. I went in and within ten minutes Billy got there and said, "So where do I stay again?"

"The bedroom to the left." I said again.

He said "OK".

Later on at 6:00 I said, "I am gonna go to work. I will be back at 8:00." When I got home that evening I got home to the smell of cooking, the scent of roast chicken stuffed with garlic filled the room.

Billy said "I hope you don't mind, I decided to help myself to make dinner. Would you like some?"

I said, "How could I say no to mashed potatoes and chicken?" We ate together at the table and then went straight to bed.

I woke up and there was a breakfast feast of waffles, crepes, pancakes, bacon, eggs, strawberry syrup, blueberries, raspberries and a note that said, "I wish I could have stayed to eat but I had to go to work." The word work triggered my mind. I remembered, I was late for work! I stuffed as much food as I could down my throat and while chewing, I got dressed and then I put on my shoes and ran to work. By the time I got there I swallowed and then I saw Billy. I ran to the back and I said I was so sorry I was late.

My boss said, "Don't be. The great big pig in the booth over there told me everything."

I went out there and said "Thank you so much, but I thought you were going to work?"

Billy said, "It's my coffee break... oh! I didn't realise the time. I only have five minutes to get back to work. I better go. Bye."

And then I said bye and got back to work.

Five years later Billy asked me to marry him. The crazy thing is I said yes! We got married three months later. We had beautiful lilac trees blooming all over the place, a strawberry cheesecake the size of... well, a really big

By Imogen Proctor grade 5  
Bert Edwards

cake. My wedding dress was made of mud puddle silk. We danced all night to the band, Pigtastrophy and my little sister caught the bouquet. Then three years later my daughter Pinky Penelope was born. She was the most pretty pink pig in the world (and now you know why we called her Pinky). We have been happily married for 12 years and to this day Billy still makes me breakfast, lunch and dinner, like a real gentleman pig.

### Jamie and the Three Soldiers

Beep! Beep! Beep! Beep! Jamie groaned. She forgot to shut off her alarm for the weekend! Jamie got dressed and headed down the stairs of the brown log house. She decided it's a good day for a walk, so she went outside. Jamie hiked down the trail. She noticed something that she hadn't seen earlier. A little bit off the trail, there was a bunch of twigs. They were twisted and bent into an arch. She crept toward the arch slowly, frightened, but curious. Three little men, about the length of a pencil and wearing shiny armor suddenly came out of nowhere. They pounced on Jamie, knocking her to the ground.

"Who are you? What are you doing?" cried Jamie.

"Just hold still," Said one of the tiny men. He took out a weird looking device. It scanned her eyes, then beeped like crazy!

"It's the She! It's the She!" Cried the three little men as they danced all over Jamie.

"WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?!" Jamie screamed.

"You, my dear, are the She. The girl selected to rule our kingdom." Said the skinnier one.

"You must be mistaken," Said Jamie. "I couldn't possibly rule a whole kingdom!"

"Oh yes you can! We need your help more than ever now that **He** has come."

**POOF!!** Jamie felt a rush through her body, her heart pumping. In a few seconds she was standing within eye level with the midgets.

"Why am I so sma-?" Jamie started.

"Did you hear that?" A faint sort of cackle echoed in the distance.

"We must not waste time! He's coming!" cried one of the small creatures.

"What? I am so not ready for this!" said Jamie.

"Please!" All 3 creatures cried.

"Ok fine, but first I need to know what he is planning to do," said Jamie. "What's his plan?"

"He wants to use his freeze laser thing, freeze everyone in the kingdom, and put them in his dungeon!"

"That's pretty bad. Let's go!"

\*\*\*

"We can't get pass the security, we need a plan," Said Jamie as they walk up to **He's** castle. So they made a run for it, dashing into the dark woods. They ran and they ran, never stopping.

"Let's, sit, over here." The strong one said panting. They sat down and made a new plan. Scheme, scheme, scheme.

"Ok, here's the plan," The skinny one said. "At the gate, there's a pass scanner that triggered the alarm last time. Using Jamie's phone she can find exact replicas of the passes, and then print them off of my laptop. Since the replicas don't have the barcode scanners on them, I'll hack into the system at the same time you pretend to swipe the card through the scanner so it looks like the cards are working. Once we get in we go down to his lair. We'll get into the lair, go to the laser's emergency stop button, and save the kingdom. Any questions?" When no questions were asked, they all continued running, this time back the way they came.

"Alright, let's do this." They all walk towards the entrance, as calmly as they can. *If this goes wrong, we're dead meat.* thought Jamie. *Swipe! Access permission granted.* They did it! 3

more times it went smoothly. Now all they had to do was go to his lair. Down every step they tip toed. They arrived at a big sign that said The great He's lair.

"Well that was easy." Jamie crept forward and opened the door. Jamie could hear a voice. She could see that in between the person and the door, there was a couch. She crouched down, made herself as small as possible, and slid through the door. Jamie sat up against the back of the couch, motioning for the tiny men to do the same. All 3 of them did, as fast as they could, closing the door behind them.

"Two more minutes!" He said to his mirror.

"How are we going to get to it with him there?" The chubby one whispered.

"Like this." Said the skinny one. He took out his laptop, and pulled out a microphone from the side, and spoke into the mic.

"Mr. He, you are needed in room 174. Its an emergency."

"They probably want my exquisite fashion opinion! But I better hurry, I get to fire that laser in a few minutes, and then it can just be me and all the staff here who will bow down to me every day." he said. The quad squeezed tight against the couch, praying to god that they wouldn't be seen. Thankfully He was too busy admiring himself. As soon as the door shut, Jamie and two of the men ran over to the giant laser. The skinny man hacked into the security footage so he could keep track of He.

*Freeze laser ready to activate in 1 minute.*

Jamie went over to the control panel and found the stop button.

"Uh oh," Said the skinny man.

"What's uh oh?"

"**He** figured out there's no room 174. We have 15 seconds tops before he gets here!"

"Okay Jamie, You can do this," she said to herself. Her trembling finger reached toward the button.

*"Initiating emergency stop,"* said the laser. *"Laser shutting down forever."*

"**He's** outside the door! Hide!"

"There's nowhere to hide in this place, but there is parachutes over there. Let's go!" They all jump out of the window and glide to the edge of town. There, they listen to the **He's** shouts and screams.

"Well, I better go home," said Jamie.

"But you can't go! You need to stay and rule our kingdom!"

"Are you kidding?I can't rule your kingdom. I'm 11! So as my first duty of leader, I make you 3 the leaders of this kingdom. Goodbye!" With that Jamie walked through the arch and back into the real world. Soon she was human sized again. She rushed back home and bursted through the door.

"I'm home!"

## Tayler's Cowgirl Boots

by Tayler Sanford  
Grade Five  
Arthur Hatton Elementary

This morning my owner, Tayler, put her feet in me. Yuck! She was not wearing socks. I guess she forgot. Anyway, I'm pink, blue and lime green. I was taking Tayler up the hill today to go pick some apples and when I was heading up I trudged right through mud. I was drenched in mud and icky-sticky slime. When I was taking her back down the hill, Tayler slipped, and down she went. In my mind I was like, T-I-M-B-E-R, down goes the tree log! When we finally reached the bottom, I was covered in mud, grass and leaves. I had a cut, too. Ouch! After lunch Tayler went to chase the cattle across the river. She was on her horse, but the water was too high and inside of me was my own river of water filling me and it was ice cold. I think I almost turned into an iceberg. When we went home she took me off to warm up her feet. Then about an hour later she put me back on and she was wearing socks this time. Yay! Anyway, we went for an hour drive to go to the store because we needed to get chicken food, cat food, dog food and some baby formula for the baby pigs and horses (so, so cute!) When we got home Tayler gave them all food and we went for a picnic down by the creek. That is what I do in a tiring day.



# Young Authors' Conference

Sanna Schaak

Grade: 5

School: Parkcrest Elementary

## Spring Paradise

**S**ome fruits and vegetables,

**P**eople playing at the park,

**R**unning around in the rain,

**I**f you like outdoor activities go out and play,

**N**o one should be on the electronics,

**G**one camping for the weekend.

## A 105% Poem

20% Math,

14% Gym,

13% Fine Arts,

12% Writing,

11% Social Studies

Sanna Schaak

Grade:5

School: Parkcrest Elementary School

9% Science,

8% Library,

7% Computers,

6% Outside time,

5% French.

This all equates to a great 105% day of school!

## Jumanji

I watched the toy train glide under the big striped chair as my younger brother, Jack, waited to watch it also. He leaned over watch it, his glasses almost slipping off his his nose.

“When is it coming ?,” he moaned. The train finally slid by. Soon he became restless.

“I'm bored Annie, bored,” he wined.

“Come on,” I sighed, “let's go outside.” Both of us went to the large round door. He ran, while I shuffled there without enthusiasm.

We passed through the the circular door passing the massive statue of the soldier whipping the horse he was riding on, as well as the green trees and the tall shrubs.

For hours we played until I stumbled on something.

I whispered, “Ouch!”.

Jack unburied the object.

“It's a board game Annie!,” Jack squealed with excitement, “ It's called Jumanji. Can we play play it? Please? I'll be your best friend!”

“Okay,” I sighed.

When we got home, Jack already had the game set up before I even got inside.

“This is a funny looking game Annie,” I thought so to. He went first before I got to even finish the instructions. Six was what the dice read. He moved his piece to the sixth colourful spot.

Then a sudden loud slam filled our ears!

“What was that Annie!?,” Jack wailed.

I replied, “It's probably just Mom.”

“Are you sure?,” he asked firmly.

“Yes I'm sure, I...,” I paused then gasped at what I saw “Don't move! Whatever you do...do not move!,” I ordered calmly, but in my head I was freaking out!

“I feel heavy breathing Annie,” he wailed.

While he turned around, I clamped my braids in my hands, fastened my eyes shut, and let a scream fall out of my mouth. Behind Jack was a fierce lion with a wild golden mane! It chased us down the hall, I sprinted downstairs but Jack had gone into the bedroom.

“I have to go to the bathroom Annie.”

“Come on then,” I mumbled.

I was waiting for him to be finished when I saw a long camouflage python wrapped around Grandmas china vases!

Jack heard me scream and got out quick! We darted upstairs. I rolled the dice and slammed my piece down.

“ Six,” the game cried. We both blink in astonishment.  
“Player two wins!”

We squealed with excitement and relief. We decided to bury the game.

“Where will we bury it?,” he asked.

“Where no kid will find it,” I smiled.

## Grade 5 Agent Colleen Avani Sharma

I, agent Colleen, was in the museum, undercover as a security guard. My partner, Miranda and I were looking for John Abraham, the smartest criminal in history. There was an ocean exhibit, where the museum set up a hands on station. That station was the centre of everything, but it was also the target of the criminal, there was a shell worth 3 million dollars, it was called the precious jewel of the sea. Miranda, and I didn't know how John Abraham was going to distract the crowd to get it, but we knew he had a great plan. The headquarters knew most of his plan by hacking into his phone, and told us that he would dress as a businessman. But what the headquarters didn't know was that he came with a team.

John Abraham had just entered the museum, with 2 people with him, he talked to them, and they all went different ways. I chose to follow John, and my partner went with the suspicious looking one who was wearing boots and a really big hat. However, I followed John around the whole time. He was wandering around different places, and finally he went to the ocean exhibit. This was his target.

John Abraham slowly walked to the hands on station. Coincidentally at the same time, the fire alarm rang and everyone started running to the exit

door. John quickly grabbed the shell and ran towards the door too. I immediately followed him and grabbed him by the wrist just outside the door. I may have caught him but I didn't get the shell quite just yet. To my utter surprise, one of his partners came running and snatched the shell from his hand. He ran away from us towards the opposite direction. Since everyone was so busy yelling and screaming and running to the exit, nobody noticed this whole scenario. However, my partner was very aware and active. Luckily Miranda chased the other guy, and just caught the shell from his hand.

I was having John and Miranda had his partner. Miranda took the shell out of the partners hand and gave it to the real security guards, the shell was safely returned to the museum, this time put in a sealed case. As for the criminals, they were arrested and sentenced 6 years in prison. And Miranda and I were given a promotion and became junior presidents of the headquarters.

### Divisions

I stood at the window, hoping for a new life. I don't like this life I'm living now. My life is a prison, and I'm the prisoner. I keep waiting to escape this life, but it never happens. I would LOVE to live a different life where I'm not imprisoned and where I'm free from all the stress that my mean Aunt Lily causes me. As I looked out of the window, my aunt said, "Come to the table, Pristine!" I went to the table with a straight look on my face. I ate without emotion, then I darted out the door. I ran and ran so far away. It was pitch black, and it was too dark even to see.

Then, I saw a hint of light in the distance. I went over to the source of light and I grew sleepy. The light faded away when I fell to sleep. I was asleep when it happened. I don't know what happened but I woke up in a field of flowers. The people that surrounded me wore elegant flowered dresses and flowers on their sunhats. They said to take my favourite flower and dig around its roots. I did so. Then they told me to put it in a flowerpot. I did. I got to put wishes for freedom in the dirt. Then I saw Dad. He held a flower exactly like mine. Then he faded away just like that. After he faded, I was so tired that I leaned against a tree and fell asleep again.

When I woke up this time I was under a bridge far from the field. I felt dizzy and sick. I never liked getting dizzy. When I recovered from the dizziness, it was almost like I was in another dimension. I was holding my flower when I saw a message in the clouds. It said, "You are nearly home, Pristine Jackapple." Then, my dad appeared again. He smiled at me, and faded just as I was going to hug him. Again, I grew sleepy as I stood staring at the blank space above me.

This time, I awoke at my dad's cabin. I actually saw my dad; not an hallucination. I yelled, "DAD!" and ran to him. I was home at last. I told him the whole story about my journey through the worlds. Dad said, "Pristine, you have passed the Divisions Test. It is a test where you pass through the Divisions to see the ones you miss. You must overcome hallucinations in each Division.



### Divisions

When you grow sleepy you see the ones you miss at a place you like. That is what both of us have done. I did it as a kid, too.” He told me all about it. I said, “ Do I have to go through the Divisions again?” He said, “ I don't think so, Pristine. I never did.” We talked for hours and hours. Then, Dad said, “Do you want to go to the Secret Division with me?” I said, “ Okay, Dad.” Together, we went to the flooded basement of my dad's half-submerged cabin. From there swam to the river bed. I saw a humongous hole at the bottom of the river that the cabin was built in, and I swam into it. Dad followed me, and all of a sudden, we fell through a barrier that blocked the water from flooding the Secret Division. When we landed, we saw a shiny, platinum door. It glimmered in the fantastically bright sunlight that nearly blinded us as we stepped through the door.

I pointed out that there was a weird looking stone. Dad said, “ That is no ordinary stone. That is my other sister's secret stone of memory and wishes. She wanted a child like you. A year after she planted this, she had a little girl named Lilia.”

“ What about Aunt Lily?” I asked. He sighed with grief and said, “ She planted hers nine feet away and put the same wishes in her stone but they never came true. So, she stole you and I never saw you for one long, weary year.”

I asked, “ Can we go back now?” He said, “ Sure, let's go to the cabin.” We went back through the door, and up through the barrier. After we swam through the flooded basement, we arrived in the living room of the cabin. We dried ourselves off and put some dry clothes on. We laughed and cried chatting about Aunt Lily and how she wanted everything she never had, like me. I said, “ I never, ever liked the way she treated me. It made me feel like a maid being told to do this and that. I always felt trapped.”

“ You're with me now Pristine. You chose me. You are safe and you are free.” I never saw a

Divisions

trace of the Divisions again.

# The Dinosaur Mystery

By: Adrianna Shupenia Grade: 5 School: SSES

It was the middle of winter at Lub Murphey's house when Dub Clarke was staying over for the night. Lub is a 13 year old boy with blonde hair that enjoys to wear white clothing. Dub looks exactly the same, but loves to wear black outfits. They both have blue eyes and medium tanned skin. They are both addicted to mysteries. Did I mention that they are also extremely dumb?

In the middle of the night, Lub got a phone call from his old friend Dr. Palerado, while Dub was sleeping. He said that he had just opened a new dinosaur attraction park and that he wanted Lub and Dub to visit for a few nights. Lub woke up Dub and told him everything.

“So where does he want us to go?” asked Dub.

“I don't exactly know. In the middle of nowhere I guess,” replied Lub.

“Then let's pack our bags and go!” exclaimed Dub.

## AT THE ATTRACTION PARK

“Hey! We made it to the dinosaur place, island, thing, or whatever,” said Dub.

“Look at all the dinos!” commented Lub. Then they noticed Dr. Palerado rushing toward the boys.

“Hello! I hope your flight was nice! We have a catastrophe! Somebody's controlling all my dinosaur replicas, causing them to come to life! I know you two are the best detectives ever so I'm leaving it to you!” Dr. Palerado said in a hurried voice.

## The Dinosaur Mystery

By: Adrianna Shupenia School: SSES Grade: 5

“WOW! He talks fast!” they both said at once.

“Looks like it's up to us!” yawned Dub.

“First we should get some rest here at the hotel,” replied Lub.

In the morning, they heard a piercing scream. They both looked out their window and saw a huge walking T-Rex heading their way, so they ran to Mrs. Zookeeper's janitor office.

“That was close!” said Lub.

“Too close!” answered Dub.

Suddenly Lub noticed something hanging out of Mrs. Zookeeper's janitor cloak, that was hanging on the closets door. He peeked into the pocket and found a dinosaur bone! He took it and stuffed it into his empty shirt pocket. Then he whispered, “We should get out of here before we get caught!”

“Good idea!” replied Dub. They sprinted out and saw two kids named Maxwell Fasty-Pants and Sydney Prickle-Pants, putting a little contraption chip thing in a stegosaurus replica. Then they ran off.

“Add them to that list thing with all the names and stuff,” said Lub confusingly.

“You mean our suspect list?” questioned Dub.

“Sure!” answered Lub.

“Check!” exclaimed Dub.

Lub went to the stegosaurus and carefully pulled out the chip that said “Dinosaur mover 101” and stuffed it into the pocket with the dinosaur bone. Then he heard Dub scream, “Hey, you should come check this out!” Just then he noticed foot prints leading from the janitor's storage

“Add the janitor to the list!” Lub growled.

“Check!” replied Dub.

## The Dinosaur Mystery

By: Adrianna Shupenia school: SSES Grade: 5

### AT THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

“Ready? Dub?” asked Lub.

“Ready!” replied Dub.

It was the middle of the night and they were going to investigate the storage room. They knocked on the door and it fell to the ground! Before it fell to the cement ground Dub caught it with his bare hands and placed it on the ground right beside him.

“Nice work!” commented Lub. Then they noticed Mrs. Zookeeper trying to control a stegosaurus replica with a little joystick.

“It's the janitor! It's th-” Dub couldn't finish before Lub covered Dub's mouth.

“Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhh! We've got to stay quiet!” whispered Lub. “We don't know if it's her yet!” They peeked around and saw the two kids from before watching the dinosaur that wasn't moving. Then Lub felt the tiny “Dinosaur mover 101” start to vibrate in his shirt pocket. “She's doing it!” Dub whispered.

“I told you kids to put the chip in the dinosaur!!!!” screamed the janitor.

“We are sorry!” said the two kids, “Lub and Dub caught us!!!”

Just then Lub jumped out from behind the wall and shouted: “You are going to **jail**, crazy lady!”

The kids ran and Mrs. Zookeeper raised her hands in the air.

## The Dinosaur Mystery

By: Adrianna Shupenia school: SSES Grade: 5

“Dub, call the cops!!!” demanded Lub.

“OK!” replied Dub.

## A FEW HOURS LATER

A few hours later the cops came and arrested the janitor and sentenced her to jail for 99.99 years. “Well done boys!” exclaimed Dr. Palerado , “Would you two like a reward?”

They both nodded in agreement and said at the same time: “Some sleep!” Then they both yawned and collapsed in sleep right on the spot!

**THE END!!!**

**Ember Simms-Godwin**  
**Grade five, Raft River Elementary School**

The Fire And The Fall  
**Ember Simms-Godwin**  
**Grade five, Raft River Elementary School**

*Foxena was a Dragon. A Dragon of Fire and Flames. She arched gracefully through the Sky, a glowing trail of Fire following her every move.*

*Artemis was a Hunter of many Names, Windchaser, Dragonhunter, Wolfrunner, Dragon's Bane. You'd never see what was coming for the Dragons, proud and fierce as they were. One time, Foxena went flying during the day, soaring over the Land on resplendent wings of red and orange, yellow gleaming at the edges. If you had never seen a Dragon before, you'd think she looked like a fiery gem, gleaming like molten metal, deadly and beautiful at the same time.*

*As she soared away from the Nest, Artemis fell a Dragon who had gone hunting alone. He stood watching as the ignorant silver Dragon stalked a stag, unaware of the danger it was in. Artemis nocked an arrow, one with a lead tip to pierce Dragon scales. He felled it like a stag. Foxena felt the death, and mercilessly pursued him. Yet he fell three more Dragons in the time it took her to find him.*

*There she stood, on the peak of the mountain. She was wreathed in Fire, glowing like the sun itself. She roared, spitting Fire over the forest, yet the trees weren't consumed by it. In her grief and fury, Foxena spat Fire that would hunt*

**Ember Simms-Godwin**  
**Grade five, Raft River Elementary School**

*Artemis till the end of Time. He stood there, smiling haughtily. Twirling on the spot, he disappeared.*

*As Foxena searched for him, pain seared her scales, so powerful it could have been hers. Jirou, her son, flesh of her flesh, had been killed. She then vowed not to rest until she had killed that Hunter, that foul blight on the Land, and brought justice to Jirou. She could not have rested anyway. Pain and hate seeped into her scales, turning them to acid again and again.*

*She searched for years and years, yet Artemis was always a step ahead of her, a few dead Dragons ahead. Two more of Foxena's children got killed, Frou and Fila, both girls, little ones, five decades old in human years, five years in Dragon years. She flew and flew, never stopping to rest.*

*It took a decade, and twenty Dragons, to get near enough to curse him, which Foxena did. She cursed a dart to search until it found his heart. A poison dart. She waited for him. He came into her line of vision. "You are DEAD," she snarled. "Imprison!" Red liquid wrapped around him. "Now who's going to be killed?" She asked, a sneer creeping across her face. "Not me," he responded. "Destroy!" The liquid dissipated into mist. Foxena sprung up, pouncing at him. "No!" she wailed as she caught nothing but air. "You will NEVER escape," she vowed, baring her fangs.*

*And so came the Fall of the Dragons.*



**Benjamin Sinclair**  
**Grade 5**  
**Aberdeen Elementary School**

**Skiing**

The satisfying click of the boots into the skis.

The working of your muscles as you skate toward the  
buzzing lift.

You sigh with contentment as you finally get approved to  
advance and get on the lift.

You're silent as you look down and see the shining snow  
that you will soon be sliding downward on.

When you get to the top you feel a rush of excitement as  
you stumble with control of the ramp onto the shining  
snow. You rush down as you spread your arms and turn  
from side to side.

Finally you get to the bottom and go up for another run.

**Benjamin Sinclair**  
**Grade 5**  
**Aberdeen Elementary School**

**The Deer**

You bound out the door in all your snow gear.

You start to roll a big round snowball.

You have to bend over at first but it gets bigger as your feet  
start walking on wet grass.

You repeat this process and when you have made two more  
you are quite tired.

You take a rest and have some freshly roasted chestnuts.

Warm washes over you and goes down to your toes.

You grab a top hat, an old scarf, some pieces of coal from  
the fire bed and a carrot.

You put the coal on as eyes, mouth and buttons.

You put on the top hat and scarf and put the carrot where  
the nose goes.

Finally you step back to admire your new masterpiece.

Four small footsteps are taken.

A head with ears perked sniffs the air.

With one little flick the carrot is gone and only footsteps are  
left.

Name: Jordan Smith  
Grade: 5  
School: Parkcrest Elementary

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MMM (Mad Marshmallow Massacre)

Page 1

Once upon a time there lived a fat hamster named Marshmallow who lived in an animal city. He was light brown and white with light brown eyes. Marshmallow didn't quite have a job. His friends and family helped him find a job but no one could find one. One day Marshmallow was watching TV and a commercial came on. He couldn't believe his little ears. He kept rewinding it. The commercial said "Are you looking for a job? Sign up for this job today! All you have to do is go to any fair that we assign you with and sell cotton candy! Meet us at 555 Candy Street." Marshmallow was so excited! He brushed his fur, got dressed in a tuxedo, and drove to Candy Street. Once he got there he saw a small building with lots of windows. There was a sign close to the ground. It said "Now Hiring." Marshmallow walked in and saw three chairs outside a door. Marshmallow guessed that inside the door was an office where some animal was hiring other animals. In one chair there was a boxer dog with dark brown fur. He didn't really look scary, he looked sort of friendly. Marshmallow sat in the chair beside him and talked with him. Marshmallow found out his name was Sparky. Marshmallow was getting nervous just talking to him. Sparky was really nice. He said "I think it's about time I go in." While Marshmallow waited he heard an argument.

Name: Jordan Smith  
Grade: 5  
School: Parkcrest Elementary

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MMM (Mad Marshmallow Massacre)

Page 2

Sparky came out and he look incredibly mad. When Marshmallow walked into the office, he didn't feel as nervous anymore. The manager looked mad too. The manager (named Burt) was a turtle with grey hair and a grey moustache. Marshmallow told Burt that he had never had a job before and was looking for one. Burt felt bad for Marshmallow so he smiled and said "You're hired!" Marshmallow was so happy and thanked Burt. Burt told him to go to the fall fair and set up his cotton candy stand in two days. Marshmallow thanked him again then drove home. He told everyone even the mailman! Two days passed and Marshmallow was super excited for his first day of his job. It was like going to school for the first time. Marshmallow drove to the fall fair and met Burt. Burt was standing there with a giant cardboard box and a paper. Burt smiled and handed Marshmallow the paper. He told Marshmallow that the paper was the instructions to building the cotton candy stand. Marshmallow got scared because he wasn't very handy. Three hours flew by and Marshmallow was only half way done. Burt got mad at Marshmallow, but instead of yelling at him, he helped him. Finally Marshmallow was done and his first customer came. Burt was so happy to see the customer. Marshmallow told the customer that the price was five dollars each.

Name: Jordan Smith  
Grade:5  
School: Parkcrest Elementary

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The customer paid and Marshmallow gave him the cotton candy. More and more customers came to Marshmallow and got some cotton candy. At the end of the day Marshmallow had a total of fifteen customers. Burt paid Marshmallow seventy-five dollars because there were fifteen customers and each cotton candy was five dollars. Everyday Marshmallow got better and better at his job and Burt was super happy! After two months, Marshmallow was a whole different hamster. He had a better house and a better life. One day Marshmallow was serving cotton candy to some customers. He noticed a familiar face. It was a dog who had a happy look on his face. When the dog was at the front of the line, Marshmallow was shocked! It was Sparky! Sparky said with a happy voice "Hi there, long time no see! I see you got the job. I'm glad to see that! Congratulations!" "Thanks," Marshmallow replied. Marshmallow still felt bad about the whole thing so he asked Sparky if he would want to come to his house for dinner. Sparky said "Sure!" After four days Marshmallow dressed in fancy clothes, cleaned, and made dinner. Sparky came when Marshmallow was done. Marshmallow had made chicken and rice for dinner. Sparky loved it. The two animals talked and ate for awhile.

Name: Jordan Smith  
Grade: 5  
School: Parkcrest Elementary

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They got along very quickly until Marshmallow said something. Marshmallow said that the cotton candy job was the best job ever but Sparky disagreed and said that the best job was staying at home, doing nothing and still getting paid. Marshmallow called Sparky lazy after that. Sparky was really mad now and started arguing with Marshmallow. The only thing they did was argue for the rest of the night. At one point of the night Sparky bolted out of the door but before Marshmallow could catch him, he was already gone. Marshmallow couldn't believe it. He tried to make a friend but it just didn't work. He ate both Sparky's and his own food and just flopped on his couch and slept. The next day, Marshmallow drove to his job and saw Burt and Sparky standing in front of the cotton candy stand. Burt explained that Sparky did a really nice favour for him and got the job. Marshmallow was furious and told Burt that Sparky was a lazy man and shouldn't get the job. Burt fired Sparky and re-hired Marshmallow. Now Sparky was furious. He whispered in Marshmallow's ear "You got me this time but I'm getting you next time." Marshmallow thought "Next time?" That day was a great day. Everyone at the fair bought cotton candy. Every month Marshmallow came up with different kinds of flavours for cotton candy. Marshmallow got rich and even got famous because he wrote a book about the whole thing. He was the happiest hamster ever!

# The Dance Of One: BOOK 1

By Hannah Stone

*“The Journey To Stardom”*

## Table Of Contents

Chapter 1: Avery, Jane, and the shoes

Chapter 2: Grandpa Kris

Chapter 3: The art museum and Zayn

Chapter 4: Dance class

Chapter 5: The 8 weeks

Chapter 6: CAST OFF!

Authors Notes

Chapter 1: Avery, Jane, and The Shoes

My name is Avery. I live in a town called Windermere as an only child with my grandmother. My parents died 5 winters ago on a ski trip in an avalanche. They found their bodies, but it had been too late to save them.

I had always loved ballet. When I was little, I even made up dance shows for my family to watch. Now, I am 16. Since I was 3, I wanted to become a famous dancer, and I was determined to make that dream become reality. I've been dreaming of the National Ballet Competitions, and now I'm finally old enough!

I now live, as an only child, with my grandmother.

My grandmother's name was Jane. Jane was beautiful for her age. She wore her hair curled, and it sat on top of her head. It looked as if she had just unraveled a ballet bun, and her hair was naturally curly. It wasn't though. She had it perfectly formed every morning, unlike I did for mine. Jane wore a long, navy-blue skirt and a white blouse. Her green eyes sparkled because of the suncatcher in the window. They always sparkled, suncatcher or not. Her eyeglasses were a yellow gray colour. They started out clear when she got them in 1998, and it was now 2010. Although they had gotten mustier over the years, she still wore them happily.

I looked in the mirror. My thin, black hair sank down to my chest and my tired face brightened in the sunlight. My hazel-brown eyes stared at myself as I seized the brush from the white, marble counter. I changed into my gray sweat pants and a blue top with a gold hummingbird on it. I tied



off my hair into a messy bun and rushed into my grandmother's room. Today was the day I would get new ballet slippers.

I got into the car, with my grandmother right behind. One strand of her white hair flowed in front of her face. She pushed it back with a huff. The car started with a rumble, and off we went to Dance It Off, my favorite dance store.

As we walked into the store, my grandmother pointed out a fluffy pink tutu. "Avery, dear! How about I buy you this as well!" she shouted across the room in a jokey way.

"No grandmother! You know I hate pink!" I replied with a shudder, then a giggle. We both laughed until something caught my eye. I stopped laughing and walked over to the sight. "Woah, shiny object!" Jane exclaimed. "Ya tell me about it! These shoes are awesome!" "You found some nice ones, honey?" Jane asked, "Yep. And I'd like to buy them, if we can grandma...?"

The shoes were baby blue and had clear sparkles all over them. The bow at the top to tighten the shoes was an egyptian blue. They were my perfect size. I tried them on and danced across the room. Jane chuckled. "They're a beauty, eh?" said the lady at the till. "Those shoes are 50% off and today is the last day to buy 'em. You interested?" Ya, I am!" "Go ahead dear," Jane said handing the money to me. "Gee, thanks Grandma!" I said in awe.

I took them home in a silver bag with rhinestones embroidered on the sides. I was so happy, although I couldn't find a way to thank her enough! As soon as we got out of the car, I seized her

into a tight hug. She kissed the top of my head. “Well I guess I’d better get lunch started!” “Ya I guess you should!” I replied. “What are we having?” “Hmmm, I was thinking I could make a ceasar salad and hot dogs, that ok?” she answered. “Are you kidding?! That is my favourite lunch ever!! You know that! That is for sure ok!” I shouted, not loud enough to shatter her eyeglasses. “Ok ok,” Jane replied in a happy way.

### Chapter 2: Grandpa Kris

As we walked in, I noticed a picture on our wall that I hadn’t noticed before. “Grandma, has that picture been there before?” “No,I put it up yesterday while you were watching TV.” “I like it. It almost feels like grandpa is still with us.” My grandpa was a firefighter. He was always so passionate for his job. I guess you’re wondering “Well, er, um what happened to him?” Yeah. Jane and I got a call saying that he was killed in a fire after a flaming beam fell on him. He was so deep in the building, he couldn’t breath, and no one could hear him calling. It wasn’t until after the fire that they found his dead body, with a metal beam crushing him. Jane had cried that day all night, I remember. Although that was 5 years ago, sadly, the same year my parents died.

### Chapter 3: The Art Museum and Zayn

We finished our lunch and decided to go to the art museum downtown. The museum was a peachy-pink building with the words “Museum of Ancient Art ”. I guessed that was the name of it. “Wow, look at that one!” a girl in front of a display said. “Yes. that is an ancient sculpture we THINK came from the Pyramids Of Egypt.” said the assistant art director. His ruffled, gray hair was down to his ears. He looked about my grandmother’s age, which was 64. His eyes met

Jane's. "Hello" he said. His name was Zayn, and for some weird reason, I had the feeling Jane and him were falling in love. "Hi" she replied. "D-d-did you know th-th-this paint-t-ting was f-f-found in Rus-rus-russia?" Zayn stuttered "Why no, I didn't! How do you know all this stuff about art?" "Oh it isn't just stuff! I have always been so into history and, of course, art! I decided to go to university to study the history of art. I got my degree and decided to travel here to work at your museum. Ever since then, I have worked to get promoted to the official art director, and I have one more step to go!" "That is honestly amazing!" "Oh that is j-j-just what I d-d-do!" "Well it was nice to meet you Zayn, but Avery and I better be on our way! Her dance comp is only 9 weeks away and she can't miss one now!" "W-w-wait! can you p-p-please come to my birthday Wednesday night? It was o-o-only going to be me and my parents, and Avery is welcome too but I'd love it if you c-" He was cut off by Jane "Of course we will come! Just give me your info about where to come and your phone number!" "O-o-ok! My phone number is 250-469-7244. I live on Cobbler street, and my address is 3473. See you on Wednesday at 6!" "Yes for sure!" my grandmother replied as she finished writing down info on her notebook. I shot my grandmother a look. I had dance that day from 6-8! How could she forget?? That was easy. SHE COULDN'T!!!! "Ah yes. Zayn I am getting the "grandma what are you doing?" look. I almost forgot. Avery has dance that day from 6-8. She also has it today so we'd better get going. Is it ok if I am a little bit late to your party? I mean I could always drop her off a bit early, but then-" "That is fine!", Zayn rushed to say. "Well thank you, Zayn. You are very kind, and I will see you on Wednesday!" "Yes sure thing! Bye!" "Bye!"

#### Chapter 4: Dance Class

“Hurry up, grandma I will be late!”, I shouted as I pulled her out of the museum. She was looking back at Zayn and Zayn was looking at her. Yep, definitely in love. How could anyone not tell? “Ah. He is something, isn't he?” she replied having completely ignored my words.”Ya totally something!” I sarcastically said between gritting my teeth. “Ok alright I'm coming!”, she said under her breath. We both hopped in the car, and the key twisted into the wheel. “Ugh, finally!” I exclaimed not loud enough for Jane to hear.

We pulled up to the parking lot, and as soon as the car stopped I rushed into the studio. It was called The Flying Colours Dance Academy. “Hey Emma. Hi Melissa. What 'sup Karin? Yo Kayla! Oh hi Tara!” Tara is my coach. She is always telling me to keep it up and is so supportive! Last year she had picked out these frilly little tutus for our show and NO ONE in our class liked them. She could tell, so picked out a less puffy one! Is she great or what? “Hi! Hey! Hi! Hi!”, the whole class replied. “Hello Miss Avery! How are you doing today?” Tara always addressed our names with a “Miss”. “Great. How about you?” “Well I am doing just fine, thank you.”, she replied. Tara had bronze-red hair that was tied up in a ballet bun. She had a freckled face. She wore pink tights with a black bodysuit over top and light pink leg warmers. Her nails were blue, but they had chipped over the weekend. It was Monday today. “Well now that everyone is here we should start.”, Tara said. “I agree.”, I replied. We all gathered onto the dance floor (use your imagination to picture what it looks like). The music started booming. The song was “Love me Harder” by Ariana Grande. “You've gotta gotta gotta gotta loooove me harder gotta love me harder!”, the music played. “And side to side! side to side!” Tara shouted

over the loud music as we twisted our heads side to side. “Ok ready 5,6,7,8! Go!” We were doing our across-the-floor jumps. “The ones who love me that I tend to leave behind!”, the song was almost over. “Nice Melissa! Ok that was amazing Avery!! Now lets work on our dance. Jete Jete! Plie! And 5 and 6 and 7 and 8!” Tara kept shouting. Our song was called “Black Widow”, by Iggy Azalea. “I’m a black widow baby!” it sang. “I’m gonna love ya I’m gonna love ya I’m gonna love ya I’m a black widow baby!” “Come on girls! Karin keep up! You’re falling behind!” “I’m.....trying.....to!” Karin missed a step and crashed into me, sending me to the ground. I fell so hard, I ended up breaking my left ankle. “Ahhhhh OW!!!”, I screamed. Tara rushed to my side with her cellphone. “Are you ok?” everyone coincidentally said at the same time. Tara could tell my ankle was broken, because it was formed in an odd shape. “9-1-1”, I heard the phone dial. About 5 minutes later, I heard an ambulance pull in outside the door. “No I won’t go without telling my grandmother!”, I protested. “Your ankle is severely injured and we need to pop it back into place. We HAVE to take you to the hospital now so we can get a cast on it. We will see if it is bad enough for you to need surgery, but we’ll let the doctor take care of that.”, explained the paramedic. “I didn’t ask what you were doing I asked if I could talk to my grandmother first.” “Here Avery”, Tara handed me the cell phone with my grandmothers number dialed in. “Hello? Hi grandma. I have bad news. I am on my way to the hospital with a broken ankle. Ya I’m alright. I’d better go now though. Can you meet me at the hospital in 15 minutes pleeeeeease? Ok thanks bye. I love you too.” I hung up the phone. As the paramedic lifted me onto the stretcher, I wondered what it would feel like to have my ankle popped back into place. Tara and the rest of my class stayed behind. They watched with sad faces as we drove away.

The stretcher felt cold and hard. *Prick*. I felt something prick my arm just below my shoulder. Ahhh, the bed suddenly felt warm and cushy. I was feeling a bit dazed. I had been pricked with anesthesia. “Ok we can start the operation now, she is asleep.”, the female paramedic said to the male paramedic. “Good. All we need to do is pop her ankle back into place so the doctors can put the cast on. Lets get started.”, she said. “Ok here is the stethoscope. Do you need the bandages?” “I think I should be ok without them. Ready 1,2,3!” It made a sound sort of like this: CRICK! “Whew, glad we did it now. She would have to go through a lot more pain at the hospital and it would take so much longer!” “Ugh, ugh.”, I started to wake up. I woke up about an hour after they had done the pop-in. I was in a hospital gown lying on a bed in a room with blue and gray paint. I was fine, but my foot wasn’t. “Avery! Oh thank goodness you’re ok!”, my grandmother exclaimed as she hugged me. My foot was strung up on a cast hovering about the bed. “Hi grandma.”, I mumbled. All of the sudden, I jolted up in the bed. “Grandma I just thought of something!! How long do I have to wear the cast?” “8 weeks. Why?”, she replied in a worrisome voice. “8 weeks?! That is only a week before we go to the National Ballet Competition!” “Oh honey I never thought about that!” “Well I will cope with it as long as you promise me the first day I get the cast off, I can go to the dance studio and practice 24-7.” “Well not 24-7, but how about 7-7?” “Ok fine.”, I grumbled. “A good dancer needs to have a daily dose of sleep, my girl..” “Ya ok ok.”

### Chapter 5: The 8 Weeks

“What am I going to do? Ha ha, I sound like Anna from Frozen!” I said, still slightly affected by the anesthesia. “Did you want to stay home or go to school with your cast?”, My grandmother

said. It was 7:16 in the morning. I had to sleep in my cast that night, and it felt like I didn't get a wink of sleep. "Uh, I think I can go to school, but if I feel a lot of pain, can I call you?" "Girl, you just broke an ankle! Of course you can call me and of course I will pick you up." "Ok thanks. Can you pass me my crutches?" I said as I got up and sat on the edge of my bed. Jane passed them over. I leaned onto them and struggled to keep my balance.

The 5th week had gone by and my anticipation to get the cast off was growing. I kept asking: "How many more days until this cast comes off?" My grandmother's answer was always the same: Honey you are 13. You can figure it out." But I was too lazy that day to do so. So I kept on asking until finally she said: "21 more days! Ok? Now don't ask again!" I was smart and kept quiet.

2 days later the doctor called. His name was Dr. James. "Hello?", my grandmother echoed into the phone. "Yes Avery is here. Would you like to talk to her? Ok here you go.", she passed the phone to me. "Hello? Oh hi. Ya it still hurts a bit but I'm doing fine. Oh really? Ok I will tell her. Bu-by. Grandma he wants me to come in tomorrow at noon to take the cast off early! Well he is going to check it first and if it is doing alright he said he will take it off! Weeee!! I'm so excited!", Woah that was sudden! I felt a burst of energy to go run over to my dance studio and tell my friends. It was nearly a quarter a mile away. I started to get up, then fell back down with a huff. My ankle was still in a cast. I was in a terrible mood for the rest of the day.

It was now the day I would get my cast off. I grabbed my crutches and started down the hallway to our front door. I called for my grandmother to come downstairs. She came. “Wow Gramma you look really fancy this morning.” I said, shocked at her. Jane almost never wore her turquoise dress. It was, turquoise like I said, and had little purple flowers floating next to her right left collarbone on the shirt. It was long, down to her feet. They were slipped into two purple shoes that looked like old beach sandals. But I didn’t care. She was beautiful. I thought she looked a lot like a pussy willow. “Why are you so fancy?” “I’m hoping to run into Zayn again. His party was *tres* fun!” “Wow you really like him don’t you!” “I really do!” “Grandma I am going to go have a shower and cool off now ok?” “Go ahead,”

### Chapter 6: CAST OFF!

I woke up the next morning thinking, “YES!” It was the day I’d get my cast off. SQUEEEEE! I hopped into the car at 10:17 am. I was SO excited! “Hey grandma,…” “Honey no time for talk we are here!”

That night I thought about my past few weeks. They had been amazing. Yet, I hadn’t even gone to National Ballet Comp! I was psyched! Zayn's party was cool, too. The best part was his buffet! I can STILL taste those mashed potatoes! I totally forgave Karin for knocking me down, but I was pretty bummed about sitting on the sidelines when I could’ve been practising our amazingly awesome dance! Oh well! I have it down in my head, but I hope its as easy as that!



My foot was so much better! I could walk and stand, but not yet run. He and Jane are now apparently “dating” so that will be odd ball weird! I had an amazing time in the past few weeks and I was excited for what was to come!

*Stay tuned for my next book: The Dance Of One: Book 2*

### Author's Notes

My goal was to capture the image and put it in the reader's head. I wanted the reader to feel the pain and happiness and sorrow the characters were feeling and care about them. No story is “just a story”. It is a work of art. Maybe different then you picture when someone says art, but it is art. No not a painting or drawing, but a type of abstract. An abstract that isn't really visible. Oh great, now I'm talking about art! But it is true, it art. I hoped you like my book. By the way, this book was written in 2015 when I turned 11. If I please my audience, I will continue writing! Well, weather you like it or not I'll keep writing because I enjoy it! Enjoy my other books, too!

## The Four Talons

There were once four young, orphaned dragons by the names of Vine, Cactus, Lily, and Rain. They each carried a talon from their ancestors and guardians which they had to keep and protect from enemies and thieves of the world. Each talon carried ancient powers which all of the dragons had to find throughout their lives.

5 Years Later...

"Where are we going to start, Rain?" asked Lily as she sketched out a map with a piece of charcoal Cactus had collected from the campfire.

"I think we'll start by flying to the Lake of Lies," Rain explained, "then fly towards the Great Pine Mountain."

"Sounds good to me," Vine said happily.

"Of course, it's always Rain that has the ideas," Cactus muttered from the corner of the cave.

"Cactus, cheer up. You have great ideas but don't just keep them to yourself, share them," Vine said as she tapped him on the shoulder.

"Well, it's just since mom and dad-

## The Four Talons

“Just think of it this way, we are here for you and all we can do now is remember them and appreciate them for how much they did for us,” Vine explained, “I’m going to go take a quick fly around before we leave here to find the Griffins, Cactus wanna come?” Vine asked as she spread her wings.

“Sure.”

“Okay, come on Cactus,” Vine flew through the trees outside of the cave with Cactus by her side and soared to the top of the mountain they lived under. She looked over the endless plains of grass and trees with a couple of lakes including the Lake of Lies. Cactus kept flying over the mountain and found a sunny patch where he landed and spread his wings on the dark gray rock. Vine tried to make a map of where they’ll be flying to find the Griffins in her head. She thought of Griffin, the leader of the Griffins, with her feathers instead of scales for wings. A quick flash of Spark crossed her mind. She was the evil sister of Griffin who had a large army of dragons who fought along with her in battles. She thought of what might happen if she and her brothers and sister got caught by Spark. Would they ever have a chance to find the Griffins and find the powers of their talons? She glance over to Cactus who had his eyes closed but Vine could tell he wasn’t asleep.

“Hey Cactus?”

## **The Four Talons**

"Yea, Vine?" He said but didn't move from his spot.

"How are we going to avoid Spark? What if she asks us where we're going? We can't lie about it because then she'll find out we lied to her."

"Rain will find a way around her," he said with a bit of a smirk.

"What ever, Cactus," Vine smiled. "Trust me, your great ideas will save us all one day."

"Wake up everyone! We're leaving today," Rain yelled across the cave, "We're leaving today!" Vine, Cactus and Lily all started to shift in their moss piles and slightly opened their eyes. "We need to go before midday so we can avoid Spark." Rain started to thump his tail on the stone floor impatiently.

"Fine! We're up!" Cactus poked his nose out from his tail which was covering his eyes. Lily sat up right away and started to flap her wings so she could stretch them out.

"What's the plan for avoiding Spark?" Vine asked. She was already standing up and going to the entrance of the cave to catch breakfast for everyone.

## **The Four Talons**

"Well for one, I already caught breakfast," Rain shifted sideways and revealed a pile of pig and sheep, "and two, we are going to have to fly along the border of the Lake of Lies instead of across it.

"Isn't flying around it going to be harder for us to avoid Spark?" Asked Vine curiously.

"Actually no, I figured out from what I saw on maps, if Spark sees us flying along the border we have some time to find a tree to hide in. But if we fly over the lake, we have no where to hide unless we go under water, which will do us no good because Spark's army has probably had some sort of swimming lessons," Rain explained.

"Okay, lets do it!" Vine said as she took a step outside to feel the sun cracking through the clouds.

"Everyone eat a little bit of breakfast each and I'll carry the rest in the wood basket on my back," Rain took a pig and brought it over to Vine for them to share. Lily took a small sheep and started to eat the side of it's wooly body. "Are you having any, Cactus?"

"I'll eat later if we stop for a break," Cactus said. He walked into the sunlight which was completely shining through the clouds. Cactus flapped his wings and flew to the nearest pond and started to dip the tips of his wings in the water.

## **The Four Talons**

“When everyone is ready meet at the Talon Tree,” Rain said with his voice muffled from having his mouth full. The Talon Tree was the tree where the four siblings' eggs were laid and hatched. They each heard voices from the Great Lights in the sky saying the talons they found moments after hatching in the tree had great power and that one day they would find the powers of the talons.

“I think I'll head over there now.” Cactus shook his wings off and ran over to the tree. A memory of when he and his brother and sisters seeing their parents running off into battle with three other dragons to defend the small dragons but they never returned. Cactus shook off the memory and kneeled at the base of two boulders where their parents were buried. A tear ran down his face when he started to push away the thought of never seeing them again. Vine, Rain and Lily slowly walked over to Cactus and held out the talons. Cactus took his out of a pouch hanging around his neck and held it over the boulders.

“I think it's time to go,” Vine said holding back tears in her eyes.

The four dragons flew along the sandy beaches of the Lake of Lies. All of their scales shone in the bright sunlight while they slowly flapped their large wings.

“Where is the Griffin lair?” Vine asked.

## **The Four Talons**

“Do you see that big mountain with the point at the top? That’s called the Great Pine Mountain, it’s just barely past there,” Cactus explained.

“So then where is Spark’s cave?” Lily asked nervously.

“I actually don’t know because it is not written on the map,” Cactus said with a frown.

“Maybe it’s because the one we have is old and no one knew where her cave was then?” Rain suggested.

“Yea that’s probably why,” Rain said. “When do you want to stop and eat, guys?” Rain asked glancing to the wooden basket on his back that held all the food.

“Do you want to stop now? My wings are getting tired,” Lily asked. She slightly glided down towards the trees.

“Lets do that and maybe we could sleep for a while,” Cactus said. He was that first one that landed on the ground. The four dragons took out their talons and hid them under a tree incase anyone tried to steal them. “I’ll take the sheep if no one wants it.”

## **The Four Talons**

"You can have it, Cactus," Rain said while he took out the sheep and handed it to Cactus.

"Take whatever you want, I'll eat what's left." Lily and Vine shared a pig and Rain took what was left of the other sheep Lily was eating earlier.

"I think I might sleep for a while if that's okay with everyone," Cactus said as he finished the last bits of food off.

"I think everyone should sleep and we'll start flying again tomorrow," Rain said with a yawn.

"Okay, good night everyone," Vine said. Eventually all the dragons were sleeping and there was no sound but the quiet, shallow breathing of the dragons.

It was half way through the night when four shadows came from behind the trees and shot the four sleeping dragons with tranquilizer darts and found the four talons under the tree. Vine, Rain, Cactus and Lily were taken to a large cave with many stone cages which the dragons were thrown in. Their talons were taken away and no one could do anything about it...

"Where are we?!" Vine exclaimed.

"Finally awake are you?" A mysterious voice came from the darkest corner of the cave so Vine couldn't see what or who was talking.



## The Four Talons

Vine quickly woke up the others and said, "Who are you?" quite loudly so she could get the others to look at the shadow in the corner

A beautiful blue-green dragon with bright orange wings came slithering out of the dark and a mischievous smile on her face. "I am Spark! Evil sister of Griffin and out seeking revenge on Griffin and on the hunt of the four talons," Spark smirked, "is there a chance you might know where those talons are?" Rain looked at Vine and nodded. The four dragons huddled together to make a plan. "Yea, you go ahead and make a plan to take me to the talons, I wont look."

"We will take her to the talons, unbury them and right before she takes them, we'll fly away. We fly as far as we can and try to make it to the Griffins," Vine whispered. The rest of them nodded but Rain had a bit of a worried look on his face but slightly nodded. "Okay, Spark, we will take you to them," Vine said calmly, "but you have to free us right after, deal?"

"Deal," Spark smiled once more and called four of her army members. One of them unlocked the gate to the cage and Spark followed. "Don't try to do anything tricky because these dragons sure can fly fast," Spark said as she pointed to her army members who spread their huge wings.

## **The Four Talons**

Vine walked over to where they buried the talons and found they had already been dug up and taken! She looked over and saw Spark with a bag that had all four talons in it. Vine tried to pretend she didn't see the bag and put a fake worried look on her face. "I'm sorry Spark, they have been taken by someone already. Take a look they aren't there." Spark stuck her head into where the talons would have been. Vine nodded to the others and they all attacked Spark, grabbed the talons and started to fly towards the Great Pine Mountain. Spark screamed and called to her army members to get the talon but they were already gone and flying. Rain was panting looked like he was about to faint. "Keep flying, Rain!" Vine exclaimed.

They were half way there when Rain started to slowly glide downward. The Spark's army members started to catch up to Rain so Cactus went to go attack them. The members quickly flew off into all different directions and they caught Rain. Cactus tried to fight them but he couldn't do anything.

"Come back with Rain!" Lily yelled at the army dragons. "I have the talons!" Lily tried to fly away but Spark's dragons were too fast. They just about caught Lily until something came from the sky and attacked all four of Spark's army dragons. The dragons dropped to the ground and the something that came from the sky was a big dragon that had feathers for wings a big, strong talons. "Griffin! Thank you for saving us!" Lily said excitedly. They all landed on the ground to see if Rain was okay.

## **The Four Talons**

“Rain! Rain, can you hear me? Are you okay?” Vine asked worried. Rain open his eyes a little and nodded but closed his eyes right after.

“We can bring him back to my base,” Griffin said as she lifted off into the air with Rain in her talons.

“Thank you again, Griffin,” Lily said a bit shyly this time.

“Rain is okay and he is able to fly and walk,” Griffin said with a smile. “We need to take you four to see Orca with those talons you have. She will tell you about them finally.” Lily looked at Vine excitedly. The four dragons each took their own talons and followed Griffin to a big cavern with water dripping from the ceiling into a big, blue pond. “Orca, you have visitors,” Griffin said calmly.

“The four talons? They are finally found?” Orca said. Orca was a dark black with many white spots down her back and tail.

“We have the four talons and would like to know what powers they hold,” Rain said nervously but a little bit excited. Orca turned and smiled.

## **The Four Talons**

"Now, I can't tell you exactly what they hold, but I can tell you this; mistakes have a good and a bad side," Orca turned away and didn't speak again. Griffin signaled to to leave Orca's cave.

"I think we'll leave now, thank you for everything, Griffin," Cactus said.

"No problem," Griffin smiled. "Have a safe flight home, and if anything happens, you can always come here."

"Okay, bye!" Lily said. The four dragons started to fly back to their cave and Griffin's lair was getting further and further as they flew.

"I'm kind of hungry," Vine said.

"Yea, me too. Lets stop and eat something," Rain said as he flew down to the ground to land, "I have some left overs in the basket." Rain took out the last two sheep in the basket and they all shared the food.

"Lets go, guys. We need to get home by dark. And hopefully Rain doesn't freak out and faint from a tiny mouse running across our path," Cactus joked. Everyone laughed except for Rain.

## **The Four Talons**

“Hey! I panicked! I think you would be scared, too, if a big dragon was almost about to grab your tail,” Rain yelled.

“Take a joke, Rain,” Cactus frowned. Rain didn’t respond and he stormed into the trees.

“Nice one, Cactus,” Vine said sarcastically.

“You laughed, too!” Cactus argued. Vine and Cactus walked in opposite directions, leaving Lily alone.

“Guys! Come back. We need to get home,” Lily exclaimed. Her tail drooped and she looked at the ground. She heard rustling in the trees and went to go see which of the dragons it was. “Lets find the others and go back-” the dragon was Spark. Lily screamed and Spark lunged forward to grab Lily but she ducked just in time. Vine, Cactus and Rain all came running back but Spark had already grabbed Lily.

“Come with me and she will be safe or leave her on her own,” Spark said with her eyes almost looking like flames.

“I’m coming,” Vine said. Cactus and Rain nodded and followed Spark. Spark threw all the dragons back into the cage where they had been trapped before.

## **The Four Talons**

"Now, tell me what the talons can do or you're staying here forever," Spark said with a hiss.

"We don't know-" Lily started but then all four dragons dropped to the ground and everything went black for a few seconds then they all opened their eyes, but they weren't in the cage, they were back at the Talon Tree. The day was exactly like when they hatched but when they turned around there were six dragons standing where the boulders should have been that marked where their parents were buried. Four out of the six dragons were unfamiliar but the two at the end-it couldn't be- their parents were there! Vine, Lily, Cactus, and Rain rushed over to them for hugs.

"We are so proud of you four, we didn't doubt your courage for one second," their mother said.

Their father nodded, "Kids, these are your great ancestors." Rain, Lily, Vine, and Cactus all bowed their heads.

"Could we see our talons?" One of the old dragons said. The four dragons took out the talons and the older dragons picked which was theirs. "How about we trade? Our talons back and you get powers."

"We have a deal," Rain said. The others nodded.

## **The Four Talons**

“Okay, for you, Cactus, the power of a leader. You show great bravery to your brother and sisters.”

“Rain, you have the power of courage. You will try your hardest until you can’t try any harder.”

The next elderly dragon stepped up to Vine, “And you have the power of freedom. You can keep your self happy even in the hardest times.”

“And last, but not least, Lily. You have the power of peace. You make the biggest efforts possible when trying to cheer someone up or solve a problem.”

The four dragons smiled but Lily was the first one to say, “But are these really powers?”

“Yes, these are great powers, we have been waiting for this a long time now. You all need to believe in yourselves.”

“Now, it’s time for us to rest, we have found our talons and you may say good-bye to your parents,” one of the elder dragons said.

## **The Four Talons**

“Bye, kids,” their mother and father said. Tears were rolling down the dragons’ faces while the elders and their parents slowly faded.

The four dragons woke up in the cage and saw Spark in the corner looking terrified. Rain stepped up to Spark. “You don’t have to be bad, Spark.”

“But Griffin is so much better than me, I can’t do anything she can,” Spark frowned.

“Just believe in yourself.”

*The End*



John was an ordinary ten year-old kid who loved pizza nights. He got home from school one Friday afternoon, opened the door, ran inside yelling, "Pizza night!" His mother who was making pizza dough greeted him.

"When will the pizza be ready, mom?" John asked.

"John, it's two forty-five. We're eating at five." his mother told him.

"You just got home."

John walked to his room. He sighed, "I wish it was ready now."

A few hours later John's mom called him to the dinner table. This was it! The pizza was ready! He sprinted to the table and sat down before his mom even put the pizza on the table. But right before she put the pizza on the table it fell out of her hands and landed on the floor.

"NO!" John shouted.

"Isn't there anything else to eat?" asked John's dad. John's mom looked around the kitchen.

"Nothing." his mom said. So John went to bed with an empty stomach and tears dropping from his eyes. He just couldn't go to sleep.

At eleven o' clock he was finally starting to fall asleep, when he

heard a faint creaking sound. He heard it again. Creak. Creak. Creak. It kept on getting louder. John tried to sleep through the sound but he just couldn't stand it anymore. So he got up and closed his bedroom door.

"What is causing that noise?" John quietly said to himself. The noise came back, but this time it was louder and faster. John jerked his head up. "What is making that noise?!" He saw his door open, and a floating pizza box that had the words: Papa Pepperoni's Pizza written on it. "What is happening?" John asked himself.

"Take it... Take it..." said a ghostly voice. The pizza box slowly flew toward him. When the box was right in front of John, the voice came back. "Open it... Open it..." John slowly lifted the lid. There right in front of him was a super pepperoni pizza with cheese.

"No, no I can't. It's probably poisoned or past it's best before date. I'm not taking that pizza.

"I heard you didn't get any tonight, so take it. It's not poisoned."

John looked confused. "How do you know?"

"I'm the Ghost of Pizza Night, so of course I know." John still looked confused. How did he know? Was he in the house when the pizza fell?

"Good-bye!" yelled the ghost. John didn't say anything. Unfortunately, John's parents heard the ghost yelling. They came into John's room and saw him eating the pizza.

"Who gave that pizza to you?" John's mom asked.

"A ghost did." said John, feeling uncomfortable.

"John, did the Ghost of Pizza Night visit you?" John's dad asked.

"Yes. I didn't really like him though. He was kind of rude."

"You know, that same ghost visited me when I was your age. It all started a-

"Dad it's too late for stories," John said. After John's family finished the pizza, everyone went to bed with food in their stomachs. John was happy that the ghost visited him. He just wished the ghost had come earlier because now it was way past his bedtime.

# SADNESS

LOOKS LIKE A BROKEN DOWN RAINBOW WITH NO POT OF GOLD.

SOUNDS LIKE A PERSON ALONE IN A CORNER WITH NO FAITH IN LIFE.

SMELLS LIKE DEAD BROWN ROSES CRUMPLED UP IN A VASE.

TASTES LIKE THE SALTINESS OF TEARS.

FEELS LIKE A LUMP IN MY THROAT THE SIZE OF A WATERMELON.

Bullying makes me sad.

By: Faith Van Meer

Grade 5

McGowan Elementary School

Age: 11

# Winter Bliss

The mystical wind blow through  
the frigid Willow trees.

I slip and slide on the steep hills with my toboggan.

My family enjoys hot chocolate while my toes freeze, freeze!

Elegant soft snow gently falls from the fluffy cotton candy clouds.

I chatter with two crows, discussing the magnificent, dreamy white Winter!

By: Faith Van Meer

Grade: 5

Age: 11

McGowan Park Elementary School

# The Adventures of Chomp and Chew

Word Count-994

Pages-6

Author-Kasha Vitoratos

School-St. Ann's

Grade-5

Once upon a paw, there lived two very smart black bears. Chomp and Chew. Now, these two very intelligent black bears had a very odd beginning. First of all, they were raised in a rancher's barn along with cows, pigs, and horses. As you can see none of these farm animals hibernated. But, Chomp and Chew knew what it was and always wanted to try it.

One brisk November morning, Chomp and Chew stood outside gazing at the grey gloomy sky. They were so tired and thought when they might get the chance to sleep in a warm cozy haystack, even though later that day they had farm work to do. That's when they saw Susan (a black bear who passed by the ranch once and awhile) and her two cubs on their way to their den where they will be sleeping for the rest of the pesky winter.

## The Adventures of Chomp and Chew

He thought for a brief moment and said in quieter tone, "Chomp there's just one flaw to our plan how do we get out of the ranch without the manager finding out?" Chomp thought for a second and then shouted at the top of his lungs, "WE CAN WRITE A LETTER SAYING WE ARE AT A FAMILY REUNION SIGNED BY MR. RANCHER HIMSELF, WE MIGHT FOOL OUR MANAGER AND HE WILL NEVER DETECT THAT WE WROTE THE LETTER!" "THAT'S SUCH A BRILLIANT IDEA, CHOMPI!" Said Chew.

After all that screaming they were exhausted. So, they decided to go to bed really early. Since Mr. Rancher was leaving the next day they wanted to stay asleep until he got the truck going in the morning. Chomp and Chew got up and hopped on the back of the truck as soon as he started it. This started these two courageous comrades big day. 6 hours later they arrived at the cabin. The first thing these furry mammals did was hurdle out of the truck and hurry into the woods so that the rancher would not see them.

## The Adventures of Chomp and Chew

On the first day of March, Chop and Chew woke up to the sound of small little birds singing a song that sounded like an orchestra of one thousand flutes. They only had about fifteen days until they had to go back home well rested and ready for spring. The last fifteen days they decided to only eat this way they were fat and could work to lose weight once they got back. The days went by so fast that before Chomp and Chew knew it, it was time to go home.

Once again, they went to bed so that they could get up early and jump into the back of Mr. Rancher's truck to go back to the ranch.

The only difference this time was that this was the end of the two courageous comrades winter adventure. After their long way back home they arrived at the farm. They waited for the manager to leave this way he would not suspect anything suspicious. That night, they had a really exciting conversation. "Chomp?" Said Chew " What would you say if we decided to do the same thing each year?" Said Chew, "Well, that is a really good idea except what about going to a different location each year?" Said Chomp.



Beattie  
6r.5

## THE DOCTOR....by James Waterman

One time, in south England, there was a man called Dr. Herburt D. Schermburt. He ran a small clinic that was inconveniently located right beside a hospital. The hospital was constantly streaming with patients. The clinic rarely had customers. One day, a panicky, hysterical man came bursting in. "Doctor! Doctor! Help!" I have a date in 24 hours! You HAVE to get this weird rash off me!" The doctor looked him over. "Well, where is the rash?" he asked. "It's not anywhere that I'd show to the public, you know," the patient said. "In that case...", said the doctor. "Excuse me for a second." and he walked away. Several x-rays later, the doctor said to the patient, "You have a rare disease that will presumably make you speak backwards for the rest of your life." "Well, is there a cure?" asked the patient. "Not that I know of," replied the doctor as he began packing up prescription papers and bags, "But I'll try to find one, okay? Bye." The doctor wondered how he would get a cure, if there was one. How could he get it? Then suddenly, he felt like a little lightbulb had popped up over his head. He jumped. "That's it! I've got it!" he yelled. "Since no one knows what disease it is, I'll discover a cure that nobody's made yet!" With that he drove home, (thirty two blocks away), parked his car, put down his bags and went into the kitchen. He brought out a big pan he used for spaghetti and put it on the counter. Then, he went to the cupboard. He was going to take all the medicine, pills and cures in the house and mix

them up into one giant 'mega-cure'. The first items to go into the pot were several large orange pills called 'OMEGA THREE-FOR EXTRA BRAIN FUNCTION' and the whole contents of a bottle of 'TYLENOL EXTRA STRENGTH', to give him extra-strong brains. Next, were a dozen tiny, dark green, juicy spheres entitled, 'COUGH DROPS-POP THEM IN YOUR MOUTH FOR INSTANT RELIEF', and a 'DANDRUFF CURE -TO GIVE YOU A CLEAN, SHINY SCALP.' Then, it was 'ADVIL- FOR HOARSE THROATS' and some sticks of lip balm and antibiotics, (with a splash of honey, too). After that, he decided to add some variety and tried putting in some of his own homemade medicines. There was 'DR. HERBURT'S TURNIP-SCENTED LIVER CONDITIONER-FOR SORE LIVERS.' Several squishy blue 'INDIGESTION PILLS-SUCK ON THEM FOR INSTANT RELIEF.' A gloopy, yellow liquid called 'HAIR GROWTH FORMULA-FEEL IT WORKING ON YOUR CHEST, ARMS AND LEGS.' Then, a thin red liquid called 'FRECKLE REDUCER-FEEL THE FRECKLES DROPPING OFF!' Next, was the medicine cabinet. However, just as he was opening it, the front door burst open and the doctor's patient came flying in. "Cod! Cod! Pleh! Pleh!" he yelled. "Excuse me? I like fish, but.." started the doctor. The patient interjected ."Shar! Shar!" The doctor considered this. "Ooooooohhhh, the rash. I get it," he said. The doctor looked him over. The rash looked worse than ever. It was almost covering his whole body. The doctor knew what to do. He put down the medicine he currently had in his hand and plopped the pan onto the stove. He flipped the heat up to 400 degrees Farenheit, then got out a spoon for mixing and started to stir. The pan now contained a thick, bright green liquid. The liquid kept emitting large, colourful

bubbles that made wonderful sounds, like a balloon being pricked by a pin. The doctor poured some of the liquid into a large glass. The patient drank it down quickly with a "Sknath." The doctor waited. It started faintly at first but there was a small popping sound coming from the patient. "What is that?" cried the doctor. "I t'nod wonk!" shrieked the patient. The doctor quickly spotted the sound source. "Look!" cried the doctor. He looked at the rash. All the bumps on the patient's body were falling off in one piece. "Ouch! Ouch! Ouch!" yelled the patient. "I'm on fire! My insides are boiling up! There are worms in my belly, jiggling around in there like it's a bouncy castle!" Steam started shooting from the patient's ears. As the pressure was released from within, the patient gave a large, ridiculous belch. "I think it worked!" exclaimed the patient. "You're not speaking backwards anymore," stated the doctor. The patient looked at his watch eager to get to his date which started in twenty minutes. He ran out the door. "Well, that's that," said the doctor. The doctor ended up selling the elixir to the hospital next door to his clinic and made millions of dollars. He later opened a hospital of his own, twice as big as the one he used to sit next to and was the one to have the patients streaming through his doors.

## EPILOGUE

The patient met his date at a restaurant called 'The Ivy'. She showed up ten minutes late. "Sorry I'm late," she said. "I had this weird rash on me." And she was right. She was covered in purple spots the size of cherries. Do you know a doctor who can help?" The patient replied smiling, "Yes, as a matter of fact, I do."

# THE END

### **Lost In The Woods**

One cold October day, my dad and I were out in the woods hunting deer, and I was about 6 years old when this happened. We finished hunting, my dad was outside on the right of our black truck cleaning his gun, since the day was almost over. I was sitting in our truck on the left. I got curious and opened the door quietly, and stepped out onto the snow-covered dirt. I kept walking forward into the forest, away from my busy dad and our truck. Dad didn't notice me leaving. It was starting to get pretty dark, and I was far away from my dad by then. I turned around and all I could see was snow, trees and the darkness of the sky. Then I heard a loud sound of a motor. It scared me, and my first thought was "run," so I ran about 10 meters and hid behind a thick tree. The motor stopped and I could faintly hear a voice saying my name over and over, but it didn't sound like my dad and I could hear footsteps. I wanted to keep running, but I stayed put. It started to get cold so I put my hands in my pockets, and then I noticed that every time I breathed, it made a little cloud. I watched it disappear and reappear when I breathed again. It calmed me and my mind wandered. No longer afraid, I got up and yelled "daddy!" I could hear the walking footsteps turn into a jog, then a sprint. I stood alone in the dark, but I stayed brave, for I knew then that nothing in the woods could hurt me. I could see my dad running towards me yelling my name happily, so I started to run towards him too. I ran into him and he wrapped his warm arms around me. He carried me to our truck telling me how worried he had been, and we went home safely.

others. The bystanders are all humans from age 12-55; mixed genders and races. But I still don't get why they are all here in the basement of old Vernon middle school? A short old man walks up on the stage and gives an announcement about needing to find the last world wizard. What? That does not make sense? Soon enough he notices me. He walks off stage, grabs my arm and pulls me toward two guards. They lead me to a small room that resembles an office. The first guard asks me some questions – why and how did I come here? I told him the truth then I ask a question “Why do you have a skull on your desk?” The skull’s pink eyes and green nostrils make me quite nervous. Then the second guard answers “It is for the 50<sup>th</sup> Wizard. If he or she can revive the skull then it proves that he or she is the last world wizard.”

“Why is it so important to find the wizard?” I ask in fear.

“The more wizards we have, the higher our powers are. If we find the last one, our powers will go sky high!” He asks me to grab a pen and sign a contract. As I reach over to grab a pen off the desk, my sleeve brushes against the skull. The skull’s teeth chatter as its pink eyes become darker and darker. It grows a neck, then shoulders, then arms. The guards sit at the desk in shock. The first guard, screams. The old man with the beard and cap comes rushing in. “We found another wizard!” he screams. Forty-seven other wizards come crowd around, including Tanya and Jami. The skull turned out to be a person but as soon as he was human, he shrank. His arms and legs became colourful wings as the little butterfly fluttered off.

The important part is that I'm a wizard now. This should be fun.

Pyper Ansley  
Grade 6  
Lloyd George Elementary

## Ready... set... carnival!

If you could go to the Quebec Winter Carnival, would you? Would you risk potentially getting frostbite for all of the wonderful activities? In this paragraph you will be able to make that decision, learn interesting facts about the carnival and discover all of the activities. The first carnival was in 1894 and Quebec has been doing it ever since. This carnival is the biggest winter carnival in the world and I am proud that it is canadian. In 1955 Bonhomme Carnaval made his first appearance as the carnival's mascot and a friend to all. Another mascot of the carnival are the Knucks, (which means canadian) mischievous jokers who made their first appearance in 1998. A different emblem of the carnival is the french language, probably everyone who goes there speaks and it is held in Quebec and french is their first language. Last year, (2014) was the 60 anniversary of the carnival, so this year it turned 61. There are so many activities at the carnival like the snow bath, the ice and snow sculpture building contest, skijoring and many more! In 1987 the snow bath officially became an activity, and what it is, is people in swimsuits jump in really cold snow. Skijoring is an extremely cool activity, there is a person on a horse that would attach a person on skis to the horse by rope and pull him over the terrain and all the jumps. There is also the giant game of foosball, which is foosball with real people but there are no controllers on the side. You could also skate with Bonhomme along with your family on a huge outdoor rink! There is also the canoe race, an extreme race over ice and water where you run, paddle and get really cold and wet! I would give nearly anything to go to the Quebec Winter Carnival, would you?

The Story of a Lifetime

My name is Mariah Mc'Kinly. I was born and raised with my little brother Hayden and my lovely mother Sandreah. My brother Hayden had blackish brown hair and dark brown eyes. My mom had long beautiful black hair with bold golden eyes.

I was about six, Hayden was about three and my mom was about forty. We lived in a small old house with a deep slant in the roof and everywhere you went a door or a floorboard would squeak.

My dad went missing two months after my mom got married to him. I was only four then, but I can still remember his shiny black tuxedo and my mom's long, silk purple dress.

We were shocked when my father went missing. We don't know why he left, but we suspect it had something to do with our family's issues. His parents had always hated mom. They told him not to marry her. But when he refused to leave her and told them he would not leave her and her children, they became enraged.

One day they came and picked up my dad to go "golfing" and he never came back. The last thing he said was: "Sandreah I am going golfing with my father and mother, I will be back in about four hours."

My mom sighed and quietly said "O.K, but please don't get in a fight with them. I don't need you to be mad at your own parents."

Everyday after that Hayden would sit by the window and wait for father to come back although he never did.

One day when Hayden was on father watch, an old blue car just like my dad's pulled into our driveway. Hayden went crazy, he jumped and laughed and danced around everywhere. It turned out to be the pizza delivery man. Hayden was pretty upset but he survived.



The Story of a Lifetime

One quiet night in November when I was ten, I was staying home all by myself. My mom Sandrea and Hayden had gone out to get some food from the nearby grocery store Down Price Savings. Suddenly the phone rang. I can still remember the words that changed my life forever.

“Hello is this this the Mc'Kinly household?, We have some terrible news. Ms. Mc'Kinly and her son have been in a car collision. Your mother died on scene. The boy has been rushed to hospital. He is not doing so well though. We are very sorry and are sending a social worker to your house immediately”

A young women showed up at my house later that day. She insisted I should get my stuff and go with her but I refused to go with her until I saw my little brother. When I saw my brother I cried and cried. I stayed with him the rest of the day and into the night.

At 2:00am he died with me beside him stroking his hair. The social worker insisted we leave. So I kissed his soft, pale cheek and left.

After that I started living with my caregiver. Four years passed and I had a whole new life; a whole new routine. I had a caregiver, a dog named Charlie and an older sister named Colorado. I lived in that house with those people all through my elementary and high school years.

Eight years passed and suddenly, I was twenty-two years old. One day at the pool, I had met the nicest, most wonderful man in the world. He gave me his number and we just kept talking.

Finally the day came. He got down on his knee and said “Mariah Mc'Kinly will you marry me?”

“Yes!”

The Story of a Lifetime

On my wedding day I smile so bright as I marched down the aisle my wearing mothers long purple dress that meant so much to me. As Mackly Mason Grey placed the most beautiful ring on my finger, I stared into the congregation. There, seaming to sit in the chair right beside my aunt, was a young women; about forty years of age with long beautiful black hair. She smiled and, her bold, golden eyes lite up. She waved and without thinking, I waved back.

## Radioactiva

A long time ago in far away land there lived a superhero named Radioactiva! She had dark purple glasses. Her powers were so powerful nobody even remembers anything but me. She could control radioactive matter. At this moment she is 22 years old and her birthday is July 12 1996.

It all started with a curse. When she was two days away from birth, she was cursed with Cumacalia, by a witch named Delia. So if she were ever to touch any chemicals her curse would become active.

When she was born her name was Sarah Walker, her mom was unhappy. She didn't want her daughter's life to be this way. She made a promise that she would never tell Sarah. She didn't know that the curse wouldn't become active until she touched chemicals.

Sarah Walker had a happy life up until she was 7. After her 7<sup>th</sup>

## Radioactiva

birthday Sarah became a little suspicious of her mom. Whenever Sarah went somewhere, even to play outside, her mom was concerned and frightened as if that would be the last day of her wonderful daughter.

When she was at school she was teased and laughed at because of her glasses and the way she looked. She went through that everyday at school and never told anyone.

At the age of 12 she went to visit her dad for a weekend because it was 'Father Daughter Work Day'. Her dad worked at a chemical plant and so did her arch enemy's dad.

She put on a chemical suit and went in with her dad. She did not like this kind of work, but she did not want to disappoint her dad. As she was walking through the halls going to her dad's office she saw her arch enemy Sasha Berg. She quickly ran and hid behind a corner. After Sash was gone she walked to her dad's office.

## Radioactiva

Once she got there she sat down and waited for her dad to be done his meeting. After half an hour her dad came back and they went down to where they stored the chemicals. As Sarah was walking down the stairs she immediately wanted to go back because she saw her arch enemy Sasha Berg, but she was forced to go down by her dad. When she was walking around the chemical tube Sasha ran up and PUSHED HER!!!! right into the chemical tube. Sarah's glasses shattered and chemicals got into her eyes. Just then out of her eyes came a beam of light, it was green. The last word she said was, "EXPLOSION" and then bombs were dropping out of the sky.

The next day, everybody was in the hospital with a case of amnesia, even her dad. When Sarah's doctor came in she said words like, 'chemical, glasses, green light, work', but she didn't remember anything. Then the last word she said was "explosion", and she

## Radioactiva

started hovering over her bed. Sarah couldn't believe her eyes. As her mother came in she kept having flashbacks. Her mom told her that her dad didn't make it and lot's of other people didn't either. Sarah went through a series of tests and results that made her doctor worried. The final day of her misery arrived and it was time to reveal who she was and even what she was. Outside of her room in the hospital she heard whispers and cries. The doctor and her mother came in and sat on her bed. "Sarah" said her mother "ever since you were little you have had a curse called Cumacalia." "It is a curse and ever since you were little I have kept it from you." " It was a I should have been wiser and told you." That was the last Sarah saw of her mother because after that she fainted and was sent straight to an institution for people with powers. She got to know herself better and played around with her powers until she became a master.

## Radioactiva

Becoming a master took ten years and by the time she got out of the institution she started using her powers for good.

She was never heard from again until one day when she came back to retell the story of Radioactiva.

Hershey

Jane Robertson was startled at the echoing growl coming from the basement. The noise grew louder. An ominous sign for a young thirteen year old girl alone at home. "Grr ri-ri rr." The sound seemed to slowly become higher pitched. Slow steps in a rhythmic pattern scraped the wooden floor. Claws scratched the hard wood. Thundering steps escalated the staircase.

Jane waited by her bedroom door, holding her breath, not daring to move. Her instincts were to run, yet she stood tall, ready to carry out her plan. If there was anything watching horror films at midnight taught her was that you should never confront the monster, yet she wished to defy that rule. An evil plan she had, ready to be sprung.

Then she glanced at her gray sneakers and saw her lace sticking through the bottom of the doorway. If the creature saw it, the shoelace would give away her location. Still if she pulled it into the bedroom, to hide it from the creature it would cause enough movement to capture the beast eyes. She silently cursed as she crouched down. Her tangled red hair fell in front of her eyes. She pushed it back and lay her delicate fingers on the shoelace. She decided that she'd quickly pull it in, hoping not to attract too much attention.



1,2, 3... Jane yanked at the troublesome shoelace. She held her breath waiting to see if the rhythmic footsteps would come in her direction. To her surprise the footsteps stopped altogether. She slowly rose to her feet and took a hesitant step back. Fear took over her mind and dark thoughts clouded her vision.

The doorknob rattled and turned side to side. The door slowly opened and Jane saw the reflection of the beast in her mirror. It had scratchy oak brown fur, and a long snout. Its tail swung at the creatures calves. Its claws were over three centimetres long, and were full of dirt. The creature took a raspy breath. Jane fought to remember her plan.

She stood her ground and crouched. Her arms were out at her side. The beast swung its massive head. Then as it was just about to look her way...

"I love you!" Jane said as she threw her arms around the old dog. A surprised yelp escaped Hershey's mouth, until he noticed who was hugging him. He squirmed around and started licking his owner face.

Jane doubled over in laughter. She rose to her feet and whistled for Hershey to follow. She went to the kitchen and opened a small bag of treats. She fed one to the old dog, and Hershey gladly licked it out of her hand. Then she crouched down and hugged

Lindsay Barkworth Gr. 6 Pacific Way Elementary Hershey

Hershey. His tail wagged and hit her on the arm. She ignored the fact it stung, and the fact Hershey needed a bath. She loved her dog.

**Into The Light**  
**By Morgan Beatty**

"Emerald please don't go!" said Jamie.

Hey, wait a minute I'm telling this story. Let me start from the beginning. Hi, I'm Emerald. I'm a 16 year old girl and I need to explain how that happened. It all happened 2 days ago. I was at my locker, putting my math textbook away and getting my Science textbook out.

Jamie walked up. "Hey," said Jamie.

"What do you have next block?" I asked her.

"Science, you?" she replied."

"Same," I said closing my locker door. We started walking to class.

When we walked in we took our seats at the back. Garry walked in and took his seat. Our teacher walked in, he went straight to the chalkboard and wrote Professor James.

"Do not call me Mr. James I am a professor!" he said annoyingly

"Well that ruins science!" I whispered to Jamie. She giggled.

Professor James looked at us "If you have anything to say, speak in front of the class." he stared at me the whole time he said that.

Garry spoke up. "Professor James, you might think you're scary, but to me you're not".

The class went dead silent. Professor James looked at me "You all might just fail science now so keep your mouth shut," he said.

"Because of the behaviour I've seen today you all need to write a 20 word essay on how you think you should be able to behave in my class due tomorrow!" The bell rang. We all scattered out of his class giggling.

I went to my locker to pull out my stuff. Jamie ran toward me. "He's gonna ask you out!"

"What?"

“Calvin.”

“OH MY GOD! Go” I said.

Calvin walked over to my locker. “Hey, wanna go out with me tonight, great see you at 6:00!” He walked away before I could answer.

Jamie ran to me. “So?” she said excitedly.

“I can't write my essay with you tonight.” I said.

“OH MY GOD yay.” she sounded so excited.

Professor James walked by. “Well Emerald, I'm happy for you but school comes first. You are the reason there is an essay,” and he walked away.

Jamie started mocking him. I giggled. “The shortest essay ever.” I said to Jamie.

When I got home I started to work on my paper. Sitting on my bed I wrote:

*"I think that acceptable behavior for class is to sit and listen to the teacher without disrupting the whole class."* There I'm done that. I went to get ready for my date. I picked out a cute blue dress. It had many sequins on the bottom of it and I wore light blue eyeshadow to bring out the dress. At six Calvin knocked at the door, I ran to it.

I opened the door. "Hey, you look amazing" said Calvin.

My mom walked by. "You picked that dress!" she said.

"I'll be back late so don't stay up for me." I walked out the door with Calvin. We walked over to go to the car. He opened the door for me and I stepped in it. Once he got in he put some music on. The weird thing was that the music was the type in movies that's all romantic, I mean AWKWARD!! He looked at me and blushed as I giggled at his nervousness.

When we got to the restaurant he opened the door. "Thanks" I said trying to act cool. We walked into the restaurant and we got seated. We

were sitting right next to the kitchen where it was really hot. I took off my sweater. When we were looking at menus a burst of heat flew in the air. A fire had started in the kitchen.

Calvin jumped up pulled me away from the flames. He ran in the kitchen trying to stop the fire when I ran in after. "Go!" he said worryingly,

"Not without you," I replied I ran toward him. He screamed and pushed me away. I ran toward him again, he grabbed me and he accidently spun me around. I felt so much heat my back and arm starting to burn. That's when I realized I was in the fire.

I woke up in a strange place. Everything was blurry. Jamie walked in, I still couldn't move or talk. She sat on the bed next to me. "Emerald, please don't go!" said Jamie. She started balling her eyes out.

Suddenly my hand moved and her crying paused. I sat up. "What happened?" I asked her. She hesitated and told me the whole story.

{Two Years Later}

Jamie is currently still my friend and has received an application from a College and is moving to Quebec. I passed Science and I'm majoring to become an optometrist. Calvin and I are dating now and going to the same college.

(Car horn) "Are you coming?" yelled Calvin.

I ran outside and put my boxes in his car. I got in "Let's go to college!" I said. And we drove away.



**Brave**

I opened my eyes and looked at a cloudless blue sky. Or at least, I thought I was, I'm not sure if you have eyes when you're dead. The second thing I noticed was that I had a fiery pain running along my left bicep that probably would have been five times worse if I wasn't laying in three feet of ice-cold snow. I thought I wouldn't feel anything when I was dead. *Could I still be alive?* I flexed my toes and fingers, and tried to sit up but, immediately fell down again as a searing pain shot across my back. Yup, definitely still alive. I painfully turned my head to take in my surroundings.

I saw an endless expanse of land covered in bone-chilling, glistening white snow with small, densely packed forests of icicle-tipped pine trees that were scattered throughout the rather barren landscape. I turned my head the other way, neck still hurting, and spotted a trail of black smoke rising over the top of a distant hill. What could possibly be burning in a place like this? I sat up again, my back hurting like it was being torn, and got to my feet. Fortunately, the pain lessened as my back went straight, but still hurt a great deal. I looked down at my arm and gawked at a deep cut that stretched the full length of my bicep, my bone exposed on one side. The bleeding had stopped from the cold, so I could see the muscle, which had a bluish tint to it. Ouch. I stiffly waddled over toward the black smoke, taking a full five minutes to cover the short distance.

In a large valley between two hills, including the one I was standing on, lay the plane I had recently crashed in. It was in ruins, various sizes of pieces

Cassidy Caunt 6 RLC Brave

scattered throughout the vast valley, all completely enveloped in flames. Where the lightning struck was clearly visible, black and charred on a broken wing. I cautiously moved around the largest piece, the middle section, until the opening to the inside came in to view. I squinted, peering into the flames. The whole inside was being roasted: the aisle, the walls, the seats. I heard a weak moaning behind me and sharply whipped around, only to crumple to the ground as a harsh pain spread across my back again. Another moan came, in front of me now. I looked ahead to see a dark gray shape, starkly standing out against the blinding white snow. I tentatively approached the dark figure, and prodded it with my foot. It groaned again. I turned it over and was suddenly looking at the face of a man. He looked to be in his late sixties with neatly trimmed gray hair and tight wrinkles around his eyes (which he currently had closed) and mouth. One of his arms bent at an awkward angle, probably broken. He wore a dark suit and his bone-white skin practically looked like it merged with the snow. I knelt down and felt his pulse. The steady *bum bum* of his heart vibrated over my fingers.

“Hello?” my voice was scratchy from lack of use. I cleared my throat and tried again.

“Hello?”

“Here I am thinking I’ll die alone, and you show up like some kind of angel,” he croaked feebly. “What’s your name, boy?”

“Uh, Owen. Owen Darr.” I looked back at his broken arm. “Look, we should probably go search of help.”

## Cassidy Caunt 6 RLC Brave

He opened his eyes. "Oh, no no. I have had my fair share of life. Though I would like to leave this world knowing that my efforts weren't wasted, at least once. Promise me you will make it to safety, and do all you can to help others, no matter how small a thing. It will seem to me that the rights you do will make up for both of our wrongs. It is a lot to ask, but with that promise I will rest much more peacefully. I have done some grave things in my lifetime, but your life, Owen, is just starting. Make sure you don't turn out like me. Help humanity."

I hadn't expected a speech like that. I looked him in the eyes. He was serious.

"I promise."

He reached in to his pocket and pulled out a folded piece of paper. He held it up to me, arm shaking with the effort. I took it from him.

"Good luck." with that he smiled, closed his eyes, and passed away.

I smiled back and started burying his body in the snow. I wasn't used to this kind of thing, but he had somehow made the atmosphere so calm and peaceful. When I was finished, I unfolded the piece of paper he had given me to find it was a map from the plane. The route of the flight had been marked with a thick black marker. I searched out my location and found that I was six miles from a radio station.

I then set out, and I eventually collapsed on the grounds of the radio station. The man that worked there saw me out his window and immediately

## Cassidy Caunt 6 RLC Brave

called 911. The next thing I knew, I was in a hospital back home. I had kept my promise, both parts of it.

I am currently working in the U.S. army, writing this before going into battle. I might not come out of there alive but that is a price I am willing to pay. If I do die, I will accept it willingly, because I can pass away and know that I have done all I can for the people I protect, and that I have righted that man's wrongs, whatever they were. I owe my life to that man, and even though he will never know it, he made me a better person.

He made me kind.

He made me strong.

He made me brave.

## Save Me

“Hey, Ember,” my friend Autumn said through the phone.

“What up girl?” I said.

“Nothing, just wondering if you’d like to come to the lake with me and some friends today?” she asked me.

“Sure” I replied.

“Yay! We’ll pick you up at 12” she told me.

“Ok” I said.

“Bye girl” she joyfully said.

“Bye” I said giggling slightly at her silliness before hanging up.

It was 11 o'clock, so I had enough time to get ready. I hopped in the shower. I let the steaming hot water wake me up. Once I got out, I got dressed. I went downstairs and told my mom that I was leaving soon. After I ate breakfast there was a knock on the door signaling that Autumn and her friends were here. I jumped from my seat and headed to the door. When I opened the door, standing there was Autumn and a couple of familiar faces.

“This is, Michael, Jazz, Maia, Piper, and Luke.”

Autumn said pointing to each person as I smiled.

“Let's go!” I said closing the door behind me. I ran to their car and got in as the others did as well. We cranked the music and sang along to the words until we got to the

lake. As soon as we got there Luke grabbed a boom box out of the back and cranked it loud as we danced.

Once it became dark we all sat around a fire and told scary stories. I was becoming good friends with everyone by the end of the night.

“Guys I’m just going to go for a walk,” Piper said getting up and walking into the darkness.

After awhile I noticed that Piper had not come back. “Uhh where’s Piper?” I asked everyone. “Who? Whatever, let’s go play tag or something in the trees over there,” Maia said clearly not knowing or caring about Piper.

As we were walking over to the forest I heard someone scream but no one seemed to care at all so I ignored it and assumed that it was all in my head.

Once we got there we picked Maia to be it since she was the one that wanted to play. We all scattered through the forest as she counted down. As I was walking I found Piper leaned up against a tree crying. As I got closer I saw that there were claw marks on her and blood surrounding her. When I was finally close enough she disappeared into thin air. Now this was freaking me out. I decided to run. I ran and found Jazz and Maia looking scared and lost.

“Guys what’s going on?” I asked as I walked up to them.



Jazz tried to walk to me, it looked like her body was just.. frozen in time. Her face was full of fear. "What the heck is going on!?" I thought to myself. I looked away for a second then turned back to Jazz to find nothing there, not even Maia. What is going on?! Ok, I'm just going to walk a bit now. As I was walking I saw Autumn and Luke, but something was different. It was almost that their eyes were all black. I walked a bit closer with both still not noticing me. I noticed a liquid coming out of Luke's mouth. It was like... Blood!? Oh my gosh, I'm getting out of here! This is so creepy. I ran hoping that they didn't notice or follow me. But guess again, they were right behind me.

I kept running but I ended up running to a firm body. I looked up to see Michael. His eyes were the same as the others. He looked down and smirked. "Watch where you're going princess," he spoke in a scary tone. I began to back up slowly. Then I turned and ran. I could feel his footsteps almost touching my heels. I turned and saw Luke putting his hands around Autumn's mouth and pulling her into the darkness of the forest. I turned back forward and tripped on something. I hit the ground with a thud as I felt a sharp pain in my back.

These guys were like vampires. Kids this is why you don't trust boys! The pain tore through out my back as if all

of my muscles were being shredded to pieces. "Help me!"  
I tried to scream.

"Ember! Ember! Wake up." I heard from the unknown.  
"Ember." I was being shaken by no one as I layed on the ground. What was happening?! I looked over to my right and saw a tunnel, of white. It kept getting bigger every second. I couldn't move throughout the pain. I just closed my eyes. The screaming of my name started again, as well as the shaking. I decided to open my eyes as the shaking became stronger. The bright white light had faded away as I sat up. The room I was in slowly cleared up and focused from the blurriness. As the sight I was seeing, I

was in my lovely room on my bed. I fell back onto my pillow with a light laugh.

“Are you ok?” my concerned mother asked me as she had a ‘what the heck’ look on her face.

“Its ok mom, It was just a dream”.

Shadow

I look around intently, scared out of my mind. "Help," I scream, "help, please!" My voice fades as it echos into the distance. I start to cry. "Why?, Why me?".

When I was about 10 I had wavy long blonde hair. I was at the store with my mom. "Mariana," she called out, "come over here. There is less people in the line." "OK mom." "I'll pay you go and walk home OK." "Yes mom."

Then there was an accident. Well, there was a robbery. Well lets just say my mom didn't make it. My dad got a call from the hospital saying, "Is this Mr. Lanssi?"

"Yes? May I help you?" " Your wife, Anna Lee Lanssi, has passed away from a gun wound to the heart. There was a robbery this after noon." Beep. Beep. Beep. "Hello? Mr. Lanssi are you there?". Beep. Beep. Beep.

"What was that about Dad? Dad. Why are you crying." "Your mother... has passed away," said dad. "What does that mean?" I asked "It means your mother died!" **\*sob sniff\*** " But when!?" I cried as I burst out into tears.

"When you left the store while your mom paid.". That was all my dad heard as I was already out the door was. I ran. I ran to my mom's best friends house to tell her the news. She hugged me and asked a whole bunch of questions but all I could say was "She's dead. Dead. Why."

Shadow

"Who? Mariana who?" said Hannah "My mom" "But how? When? Let me call your father." "NO," I said. "OK What exactly happened? How? When? "When I was at the store with my mom. She was paying. I walked home and well that's when it happened". "I'm sorry Mariana. I'll talk to your dad about something that we can do to help, OK?" "OK. Can I sleep over please?" I asked. "Yes of course, now get to bed please" "night" I said.

When I was half asleep, I heard Hannah talking to my dad Mike, about where I was and asked if he was OK. Everything like that. I woke up to my alarm playing my favourite song Bulletproof Love by Pierce The Veil. I rubbed the sleep from my eyes and I realized I was in my own bed.

My alarm said it was time to go to work. I guess it was a dream; a memory. I said in my head but "why that memory though? WHAT? Work! right." I got ready and started to go to the lawyers office where I work. On the walk, I remembered that there was a gathering at Fancy's for a person that I didn't know that was retiring.

When I got to the office, I noticed that it was very quite. I got a little spooked and started to worry about the quietness of the building. I said to myself , "Come on I'm 25." I suddenly I herd a voice; a soft voice saying "*Come to me.*" I yelled "Who's there?," I yell. I heard it again and again. I started to follow the voice. It lead me to a room, a dark room. "*Mariana.*" "How do you know my name?" I shout. I heard a creepy clown laugh come from the back of the room.

The door locked. I look around intently, scared out of my mind. "Help," I scream, "Help,

Shadow

please!" My voice fades as it echoes into the distance. I start to cry "Why! Why me?" I waited at least five minutes and then the door knob tried to open. It was a voice. A voice I didn't reconsign. "I'm trying to get this door open," said the voice. The door swung open "You're OK"

"Thank you," I said. "My name is Shadow," he said., "Hello? Can you hear me". I was passed out in his arms and that is all I remember. Now I'm walking down the aisle with my dad and ready for my new life.

The Third Floor Bedroom  
Amber Delage Dallas Elementary Grade 6

Pg 1

It all began when someone left the window open. At around 6:00 pm, a storm was raging, the wind screaming, and the Rock family was home watching a movie.

"Children, dinner is ready, come downstairs please," called Lauren.

"But Mom, we're still watching the movie," whined Lucy.

"Your Mom is not asking you, she is telling you to come downstairs," called John.

"Dad, we need to finish the movie," roared Hunter.

"Come downstairs right now," demanded John.

"Fine".

In the morning Lauren told Lucy and Hunter that she has to go out to town to buy some groceries with John. It was Saturday and Hunter said to Lucy, "Let's play outside and invite over Cindy and Luke, okay."

An hour later, they were all playing outside under the the big willow near the creek when they heard a loud bang. "Did you hear that?" asked Lucy .

"Yeah, it was a loud bang," replied Cindy.

"What do you think it is? We should go check," stated Hunter.

"Yeah." They all replied. They went to the basement, and found nothing. They searched the main floor and found nothing. \*Thump, thump, bang\*

"Aaaaahhhh," they all screamed. They ran upstairs to the third floor. They checked every room, then they got to Hunter and Lucy's room. \*Thump, thump, bang\* It was really loud now.



## The Third Floor Bedroom

Amber Delage Dallas Elementary Grade 6

Pg 2

Hunter opened the door. "Aaaaahhhh," screamed Lucy.

"What?"

"Nothing, I just wanted to scream."

"Why did you do that?" asked Luke. Hunter opened the the door, and everyone walked inside the their room. Puzzled to see what they found," Doves? Real life doves? Coming off your guy's wallpaper?" said Cindy and Luke.

"Hunter?"

"Yes, Lucy."

"Why are doves coming off our dove wallpaper?"

"I don't know" \*Thump\* that was the sound of everyone passing out. One minute later.

"Guys, wake up, the doves coming off are wallpaper was just a dream." cheered Lucy.

"No, it wasn't look at our wall, some doves are missing." stated Hunter.

" Cindy, we should go home," said Luke.

"Bye Hunter, bye Lucy, talk to you guys at school," said Cindy.

About an hour later their parents got home, and they told their parents what happened. You can guess what they said.

By Amber Delage Grade 6

"Oh, how cool when we were gone you played a game where you pretended the doves on the wallpaper came off the wall and flew out the window. With Cindy and Luke." They didn't believe them. Who will believe. It's almost like magic.

"Did you kids have fun today?" asked Lauren.

"Yes, of course we did, but we're really tired so we're just going to go to sleep".

"Okay, see you guys in the morning".

"Good night".

## Sandy Cove

It could be a place of innovation and creativity. A place where we would convene to unite the power of imagination. We could talk slang and surf all day long. We could lay on the sand and watch the clouds pass by. No one else would know about our secret place, our special place, called Sandy Cove!

First we'll run over to Sandy Cove. Over the hill and down the rope we will go. We can kick off our shoes and lay on the soft white sand. We will watch the waves roll in and the waves roll out. When the time comes we will enter our beach shack and host a meeting. All of the surfers will gather and share a speech or a story. Then we'll hit the waves and hang ten, no 20, no 50! It would be the perfect place. There is no place I would rather be than Sandy Cove. The rules of Sandy cove are simple: Rule one Smile, rule two Surf, and most importantly, rule three Have fun. In Sandy Cove we will talk surf slang, such as: hang ten and, surfs up. The sights, smells and sounds of Sandy Cove will always keep me on the edge of my seat. Sandy Cove looks like picturesque views and beighey white sand. The water is crystal blue, just inviting you to come in. The beach shack is a tall wooden structure, loaded with surf boards galore. Sandy Cove smells like the salty sensation of the ocean. It sounds like the waves rolling in and out. When I get home into my cozy bed, I toss and turn wondering what memories Sandy Cove will bring to me tomorrow.

A day in Sandy Cove begins like this:

“Sam, Sam come on, we're going to miss out in all the good waves!”

“I'm coming, I'm coming Rylie”

As we run through the lush palm tree forest, we talk about all the fun we're going to have surfing in Sandy Cove. The past couple days the surf has been high, making it perfect to get inside a curl. We enter through an enormous palm tree, then down a long rope ladder. At last, Sandy Cove!

“You don't know how long I've been waiting to feel the silky smooth sand on my feet once again”

“Sam, it's only been one day”

“Well Rylie, that's a long time to be away from Sandy Cove”

“I guess so Sam”

We hurry into the beach shack to see millions of eager surfers standing before us.

“Welcome everyone. I just have a few rules to go over before we hit the waves” I said.

“So as you know, rule one, smile, rule two, surf, but most importantly, have fun!”

I look back to see Sam already in the water. Rushing over to him makes me feel like I'm walking on clouds and soon that sensation will feel so real, I'll be flying.

“Come on Rylie, you're going to miss all the good waves!”

“Cowabunga!” I yell as I hang ten, no, twenty, no, fifty!

“Look Sam, a huge wave!”

“I'll let you have this one, but you owe me!”

“Ok!”

I paddle as hard as I can towards the massive upcoming wave. It sweeps me up off my feet. My heart thumps, my palms sweaty. Silence sets in focusing on getting through this curl. You know when you get an incredible gift for Christmas and you're face just glows with joy? Well this is the expression I have when I get through a curl. I felt so much pride swimming back to Sam knowing I just surfed the biggest wave of my life.

"Sam, did you see that?!"

"Course I did, that was incredible!"

We lay on our boards watching the sun go down.

"Sam"

"Yes Rylie"

"Did you ever think this could be our place, our special place, called Sandy Cove!"

Bryanna Dyer  
Grade 6  
Summit Elementary School  
The Last Feline

Have you ever considered that there were aliens or an unknown civilization out there beyond the stars? An old friend named Fiona told me that she had experienced an alien invasion on her own planet. She is a Feliness. One day she was walking to school when the city alarms went off. Her teacher ran up to her and told her to go to the escape pods and head to Earth. As Fiona blasted off, she watched as her planet was destroyed. Soon a soldier's face appeared on a screen. The face said that their planet had been destroyed by the dogs and the rats, the sworn enemies of the Feliness. He told her to convince the humans to help fight the dogs and the rat. She arrived on Earth and hid her escape pod, changing her form into a common ginger cat. She ran to a nearby house to hide, discovering a veterinarian lived there. The vet immediately took her in, bringing her into the living room and setting her down on the couch.

A man came into the room and yelled, "Jasmine, not another one! You promised not to bring another one into this house."

"Harold I'm only caring for it till I find the owner."

"That's what you said last time," he complained. Fiona wanted to say something but she would give herself away. The man continued to complain until Fiona couldn't take it anymore. She changed her form back and the couple stared in silence as she explained what was going on.

Jasmine was the first to speak after the long pause. "So these rats and dogs are looking for you and you need us to help you fight them?"

"Yes," said Fiona thankfully.

Then Fiona said, "Have you seen anything strange lately?"

"Yes there have been a lot of cats dying from an unknown disease," said Jasmine.

"I knew it! The dogs and the rats have arrived."

Bryanna Dyer  
Grade 6  
Summit Elementary School  
The Last Feline

"Look! I think they're outside," said Harold as he pointed.

"Everyone hide!" said Fiona. Fiona changed form while the couple hid in the basement. In a matter of seconds the door was ripped to shreds as the enemy barged into the house. The dogs and the rats left when they didn't find Fiona, but not before they had made an outside cat very sick.

Jasmine took the sick cat to an examination room with a table. She took a sample of the cat's fur and began analyzing it. Later she came out with a vial of orange liquid.

"What's this?" asked Fiona.

"It's your only hope to stop the dogs and the rats," said Jasmine.

Harold quickly picked up the phone and minutes later there was a man at the door. "This is my friend, an officer in the department of defence," Harold explained. Fiona presented herself to him and explained what was happening.

"I will alert the armed forces of an attack," the officer said.

"Before you go take this," Fiona said, handing him the vial. "Take this to your best scientist."

Fiona ran out to track the space ship of the dogs and the rats. Eventually, she found they were hiding in a lair with a secret entrance. The door to it was propped open with a large box. Fiona crept toward the box, hearing faint purring coming from inside. Carefully she opened the box, finding strange weapons. Underneath were two young Feliness.

"Who are you?" Fiona asked.

"I'm Amelia and this is Dandelion. We were on a trip to Mars when we saw our planet destroyed."

Suddenly there was a loud crash; a patrol of dogs were charging. Quickly, the Feliness' grabbed

Bryanna Dyer  
Grade 6  
Summit Elementary School  
The Last Feline

the weapons from the box. The dogs froze in fear and ran to the ship.

"Grrrr, they got away!" said Fiona.

With a loud explosion they watched as the dogs and rats left in a ship. Fiona ran to the house of Jasmine to see if she was okay, Dandelion and Amelia at her heels. All she could hear were explosions; the war had begun. When she got to Jasmine's house it was torn apart. Fiona rushed in and found Jasmine limp on the couch. Harold was missing.

"Fiona?" said Jasmine weakly.

"Dandelion, this is Jasmine" said Fiona.

"Nice to meet you," she said as she checked for injuries.

"Amelia, get her to a hospital" said Fiona, "I am going to stop this war." She lunged herself onto the battle field, fighting as she searched for the enemy ship. One of the men fighting pointed to a tower. Fiona looked up to find the ship circling the tower spraying a green chemical.

Fiona flew to the tower shooting the ship's engine. There was a loud sputter and the ship fell.

The men fighting cheered as the rats and the dogs retreated to their ships and flew away.

Only one dog remained. "Cat got your tongue?" Fiona said. Suddenly the dog sprayed her with an unknown chemical. Fiona fell weak on the ground as Jasmine ran to her side.

"You monster!" Jasmine screamed, lunging at the dog. A bright figure of a cat began to glow around Jasmine's body as she attacked the dog.

"You are the chosen one..." Fiona uttered with the last of her strength. As she said these words, Jasmine changed elegantly into a Feliness. A golden crown appeared on her head.

"I am Jasmine Stardust, leader of the Feliness', healer of the cats of earth."

Jasmine walked to Fiona and put her hand on her heart.

"You will not die this day," she said as she healed Fiona. "Take me to your planet's remains



Bryanna Dyer  
Grade 6  
Summit Elementary School  
The Last Feline

Fiona, we will celebrate there," proclaimed Jasmine. Soon the planet was re-formed through Jasmine's power.

On the balcony of the palace Jasmine stared at the stars.

"You miss home don't you?" said Fiona.

"All I know is that there's finally peace," Jasmine said.

The story continues.

Name: Kayli Elwood  
Grade: 6  
School: Beattie School Of The Arts  
Title: Positive Outlook: Happier Life

## Positive Outlook: Happier Life

*People say their life is depressing, when really they have a great life, and they don't know how to express it. Trust me, I found that out last year in March. I had the worst grade seven year in history! First my older brother passed away of lung cancer on my thirteenth birthday. Second my grandpa passed away of Alzheimer's. Third my mother caught breast cancer and fought it off...but it took five months. Lastly my father got in a car accident and needed his left leg amputated. Oh! I almost forgot, the same week my father got his leg amputated my only friend Emily..."let me go" because I got help when she was beating up the school newsletter writer!*

*I know you're probably thinking...how am I not depressed? Well let me tell you. It starts just two days after Emily dumped me as a friend. I was waiting after school for the bus, which I really don't like to*

Name: Kayli Elwood

Grade: 6

School: Beattie School Of The Arts

Title: Positive Outlook: Happier Life

*hard as mine or yours or his or hers...because, they would be perfect and there's no such thing as perfect. If everybody was perfect we'd all be the same, like robots. That's impossible, so live life to fullest...it could be shorter than others, and you could end up in a record book for living the longest. I'm not saying go be crazy and break some laws, but do what you have to do to be as happy as you can without hurting yourself or anyone else. Take my advice, and go live. You don't have to, but you have a choice every single second of your life...and this is one of those bigger choices. It could take one minute and it could take five years for you to choose, but do what your gut tells you to, and listen to what your heart wants. I hope this has inspired you to have a positive outlook and enjoy your life.*

Claire Fortems  
Grade 6  
Aberdeen Elementary

**Cherry Blossom (Haiku)**

A cherry blossom  
drifting through a midnight sky,  
settles in the grass.

**By the Lake (Tanka)**

Loons warble softly.  
A lake reflective like glass.  
Two suns blaze red hot,  
One in the beautiful sky,  
One in the glimmering lake.

## True Love is Sarah

It's been three years since the accident. I can't tell you what happened, at least not yet. "So how long have you lived in Blue River?" I asked

"About one or two years now, I guess. How about you?"

"This is my third year." We talked for a bit.

"Sarah," called the doctor.

"Will I see you later?"

"Maybe"

While I waited for my little sister Felicia, I went to get some food and I saw Sarah. "Hey, Sarah."

"Hey," Sarah learned that his name was Finnic. "That's an amazing name. I love it"

"Oh, thank you"

"Would you like to have lunch with me?"

"Sure. Are you okay?"

"Y, its just that I have had cancer."

"I'm so sorry"

"It's okay."

"My little sister, Felicia fell and we think she broke her arm, so she is getting an x-ray"

"Oh well, I hope she will be okay."

"Me too. Do have any siblings?"

"Not anymore. She was in an accident three years ago, in the winter."

"So was mine, Did other people die in the car accident that she was in?"

"I think that the person in the passenger seat died, but I'm not sure. Do you think that maybe my sister's car accident and yours was the same car accident?"

"Yeah."

"FINNIC, WHERE ARE YOU?"

"Gotta go. Do you want my number so we can talk about the whole car accident?"

"Sure." After I gave her my number I ran off to find my sister and foster parents.

"There you are Finny!" said my foster mom.

"Ya, so is Felicia okay?"

"Ya, I'm fine, its a clean break, but whatever." We went to the car. When we got home Felicia asked me who the girl at the hospital was. I just said a girl named Sarah. Later on, I got a call from Sarah.

"Hello" I said.

"Hi. Well what happened during the accident?"

# True Love is Sarah

“Okay, well three years ago, when I was eleven, we were in an accident. Our car got hit in to the mountain next to us. Right when it happened, my mom was passing me my book that she had just read to us. My mom died later that night. Felicia remembers what my mom looked like. They checked me, then let me say goodbye to her.”

“I’m sorry, Finnic.”

“When she was driving, I guess she bumped into a car and they went in to the mountain. They said to us when she died, that a lady in the other car died and that she had children.”

We made plans to meet the next Monday at ten in the morning. In the morning I walked over there. When Sarah got there, she asked me if I wanted to go to her place. “Sure” I replied. I was there till eight.

“Finnic, do like Sarah?” asked Felicia

“She’s nice.”

“No, do you have a crush on her?”

“I dont know,” I said. The next day I went back to her house to see her, but her dad told me to go away. Later on that night I texted her and asked her why her dad was so mad but she said that they got really bad news about her cancer. I asked her what it was but she didn't answer. The next day I got a phone call from her mom asking to speak to my foster mom.

“Hello?” she asked

“Hi, um, it’s Sarah's mom. I know we haven't met but I didn't want to tell Finnic this.”

“Oh okay. what is it?”

“Sarah has only a few more days left.”

“Oh.”

“Could you tell him for me? I know that over the past few weeks they have become close friends.”

“Yeah, of course and I am so sorry”

“Okay, I got to go. If he wants to come see her he can and tell him I’m sorry about my husband.”

“Okay.”

“Finnic, Sarah’s family got bad news and they want me to tell you for them.”

“Okay, what is it?”

“She only has a few more days left.”

“I have to go see her.”

“Okay, let’s go. I’ll drive you there.” I went to her room, she looked so sick . She had large bags under her eyes, she was really yellow, and she could barely talk. I held her hand and said “Sarah, will you be my girl friend?”

## True Love is Sarah

"Yes," she said very quietly. The next day her mom called us again. She was in the hospital. We got to the hospital and we went straight to her. Sarah woke up a few hours after I got there. We talked for a bit, then the nurse asked me to leave for thirty minutes while they did more tests, so I went down to the cafeteria. My foster mom was waiting for me.

"Hi honey," she said

She grabbed me and pulled me into her and held me in her arms like my mom used to when I was little.

"Mom," I said, "I love you"

We went up to Sarah's room again to see her and I brought her some flowers. When we got to her room her mom and dad were there. She was sleeping so I put the flowers by her bed. She woke up two minutes later. "Well, we will leave you two alone for a little bit," her parents said and my mom followed them out.

" Sarah, I love you" I said proudly

"I love you too, Finnic," she said back. Her stats were down and she was looking even worse than yesterday. All of a sudden the machine started beeping and she was gasping for air. I could tell that this was it. The doctor was helping her. After ten minutes of struggling she died. I held her hand the whole time.

I miss my mom and Sarah but now I know that true love is Sarah.

Lauren Fulton - Grade 6 - Lloyd George Elementary School - Under The Rug

The ground flew by me as I raced through the network of tunnels, occasionally darting into one of its many branches. My heart pounded as I ran, faster, and faster. Shouts rang out behind me, closer now than ever, and I quickly ducked under one of the many stalls that line the tunnels. Footsteps thundered past me, villagers scattering in their wake.

I slumped down in relief. Looking down, I unfurled my tail to reveal a small stone. It glittered in the shade of the stall, and its many colors bounced around me. I stared, transfixed, at the beautiful thing in front of me.

Suddenly, I was startled from my daze by a loud gong resonating through the tunnels. I jumped. Mags! I was going to be late for dinner. Hastily, I pushed my way through the crowd, headed toward our nest. Finally, I reached a small, round door with the words 'Mags' Orphanage' above it. I knocked cautiously. My sister, Jemima answered. "Oh, Ian, there you are! We've been worried sick!" A low, deep, female voice called from inside. "Is that the little thief? Good, now he can make my supper." "Well, almost everyone." Jemima said with a nervous giggle. "Come on." We weaved our way down the tunnel, passing many bedrooms with names over the doors. 'Timmy, Gertrude, John, and Mercy' one said. Eventually, we reached a worn, wooden door. "Now, be careful, she has a bit of a temper today." Jemima warned. "Isn't she always." I muttered, and pushed open the door. Three long tables occupied most of the space in the



Lauren Fulton – Grade 6 – Lloyd George Elementary School – Under The Rug room, where children and teenagers were sitting and eating. At the far end of the room, there was a big, purple couch, and on it lounged Mags.

She was big and fat, her fur was unkempt, and her tail stretched two and a half meters long. She spoke in a low, gravelly voice. "Ah, there he is, the little thief, here to make my supper." All the children in the orphanage ate gruel, but Mags got one child to make her a good meal everyday. I sighed, and as I made my way to the kitchen, my sisters, Iantha and Jemima, shot me sympathetic glances. When mealtime was over, we were all sent to bed. I sleep with my sisters and two of our friends, Lucy and Baie.

I climbed in bed with the others and waited. When I thought it was safe, I crept out of bed and through the corridor, until I reached the front door. Silently, I cracked it open and slipped outside. After only a few minutes of walking, I reached a small path I had found two weeks before. It was unlit and a sign blocked the way. It read: 'Do not Enter. All Violators will be Prosecuted.' In big, bold letters. I looked around to see if anyone was watching, then slipped past the sign and plunged into darkness.

After a while, my eyes adjusted and I began to trot up the twisting tunnel. Finally, after what seemed like ages, I saw a blinding light up ahead. A few moments later, I had reached a hole in the wall. Pale cloth covered it, and pulled it back with my tail. Edging out carefully, I saw again the strange upper world. There were huge cushioned chairs and a sofa in an even bigger room. On one

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side, there was a big wooden dining table with chairs. I took a few more tentative steps into the room, and saw that a beautiful abstract tapestry blocked the hole. "How very convenient." I said aloud.

Just Then, I heard a noise. Thump. Thump. Thump. Closer it came, and closer! I panicked, and darted forward under the rug. The noises stopped. I pictured a giant towering above me, raising one of the chairs high in the air, ready to strike. I braced myself, and WHAM! There was a huge crash beside me, and I shot out from the rug, through the tapestry, and down the tunnel. I didn't stop running until I reached the bottom. Gasping for breath, I started walking back to our nest.

On the way, I decided that tomorrow I would sell the rock for enough money for my sisters and I to live in our own nest. No more Mags, no more orphanages. We will be free. But I will never, not ever return to the upper world. It is a far too big and dangerous place for one little mouse.

The End

Once upon a time, under a deep dark forest, there was a wonderful place called Treelandya. There was a beautiful Queen named Weed and a handsome King named Leaf. Queen Weed and King Leaf had the most beautiful daughter that you could ever imagine, named Twinkleberry. Twinkleberry wasn't like most princesses. She possessed magical powers!

One day Twinkleberry decided she wanted to get married. So she approached the Queen and exclaimed, "Mom, I, Princess Twinkleberry, want to get married."

"MARRIED!" jumped the Queen.

Then Twinkleberry declared to the King her wishes to get married. "MARRIED!" yelled the King.

"Yes, married," said Twinkleberry shaking her head.

The King proposed, "Very well. When you turn 16 years old you can get married."

So as the days passed, Twinkleberry's 16th birthday approached. On that day Treelandya was filled with excitement as the King and Queen threw a big ball. To find her husband, Twinkleberry danced with seven Princes. Then finally she met a handsome Prince named Root who swept her off her feet. Root had three older brothers, and he was last in line for the throne. For the rest of the dreamy night Twinkleberry fell in love with Root. Unfortunately, Root didn't like Twinkleberry, he thought she was a pig.

The day after the ball Twinkleberry discovered that her crown was gone! She frantically looked around, and then notified the King. The King called his trusted messenger named Harber, who went around Treelandya spreading the message about the missing crown. Two days later Prince Root brought back the crown. It didn't make any sense why Root had her crown, but Twinkleberry was still going to marry Prince Root. But something was not quite right. Twinkleberry started feeling drowsy and feverish!

Prince Root's plan to gain all of Twinkleberry's powers was working. He kept getting stronger, while she was getting weaker. Twinkleberry discovered Root's plan from Harber. She shared her thoughts with her parents who immediately called the guards to create an army to battle Root. They battled evil Root long and hard, until Twinkleberry's army was defeated, and there was no one left on the battlefield from Treelandya. It was just the Queen, King, and Twinkleberry. "What will I do?" Twinkleberry cried. "I will risk my life and fight Root myself, and I will win! You will see." She battled Root with all her powers but she was still so weak. Root was using all of his might, but got weaker by the minute! Twinkleberry kept attacking and attacking until Root got so weak that he fell to his knees and surrendered. Finally Twinkleberry declared victory and slammed obnoxious Root and all his evilness into the dungeon.

Even though Twinkleberry never found her true love, Treelandya was saved and she lived happily ever after.

## The Forgotten

A forgotten, an unwanted. That is who I am. Every morning I wake up and train. I have one friend, no family, no life. Until my powers awaken and I become the great "Ever" I can't live a true life. Long ago my parents sent me to The Black Academy, an academy for the dark ruthless werewolves, blood sucking vampires and some exceptions, myself. One week after I got dropped here my parents got hunted down and killed. That was when I was 1;, it has been 1 year since.

"DING, DING." I almost cover my ears in protest. The bell is booming so loud, I start to scurry to the T.B.A. house, the main building in the academy.

"Ever! You are late!" Mrs. Lambea scowles down from her great height. I ignore her and rush past her as she greets the male vamp behind me the same way. The house is where we have classes and practice our powers.

"Wow, what a awesome teacher!" The boy behind me sarcastically exclaims from my left.

"Says a vamp," I mutter, making the boy laugh. He was clearly amused by me. As all the students squeeze into their seats Mrs. Lambea whistles loud and clear.

"Today you will be working with your fellow students on your powers" she states lamely, "don't fight with it and don't lose control, here are the groups: Lana, Jacob, and Charlotte are in the first group. Ever, Archer, and Crag are in the second group."

I stop listening after that and scope out my group. Myself, a forgotten, Archer, a werewolf, and Crag, a vampire. I groan as I realize Crag was the vamp I was talking to earlier.

"Hey Ever." Archer smiles at me, I've talked to him a few times to know he is really nice.

"Ever!" Story shouts from across the room, " I got Luna, Will, and Sarea." she winks at me and gets back to work because Mrs. Lambea was staring at us. Story is my one and only friend.

"Well, well, well, looks like Mrs. Bane is in this sorry little group!" Crag smirks and I immediately demand, "How do you know my last name?" He just throws back his head and gives a booming chuckle, "That is for me to know and you to find out!" Then he stalks away.

"Ok then..." Archer and I say at the same time and laugh, still unsettled by Crag's interesting behavior. "Let's actually practice our powers now." Archer says, trying to lighten the mood.

"Yeah, if Crag doesn't want to know what my amazing skills are then that's his problem." I giggle, "Ok, since I'm a werewolf, I have *lopustil*, that means I have earth and water powers, nothing special like yours but that means I'm good at making shelter. All forgotten's have special powers like invisibility, telekinesis and mindreading, so he expects me to have great and powerful powers."

"I, ummm I don't know my second power yet." I stammer, trying not to be nervous.

"That's great!" Archer exclaims.

"Why?" I ask curiously.

"That means we can test all the power experiment machines and find it!" He almost yells at me in excitement.

"Shhh!" shushes Mrs. Lambea, glaring our way.

"Great," I think but, he seems excited so I don't say anything.

"Let's go!" He bounds off and I rush to catch up. "Wait! I haven't told you my other power yet!" I scream at him but he doesn't stop, so I shapeshift into a cheetah to catch him.

"Holy man!" he yells as he sees me pass him and tries to stop but he's going too fast and falls flat in the long tickleish grass. I shapeshift back into my human form and start laughing.

"You didn't ask me what my first power was." I can barely breathe I'm laughing so hard. Archer groans in defeat and gets shakily to his feet. "You suck." I laugh again and ask him where we are going.

"To my place, to do some testing." he winks at me and I start to blush a scarlet red.

"Let's just go," I say as I shift into an eagle and fly off towards the training arena with Archer trying to keep up in my wake. What will Evers second power be? What will happen with Crag?



**Kaitlyn Humphrey  
Aberdeen Elementary  
Grade 6**

**Gretchen and Charlie**

Have you ever found an insect and decided that its life had no significance? If so, you most likely have killed many bugs in your lifetime. I'm sure we have all done the same. It's impossible not to. Gretchen used to be just like that, but one day it all changed for her.

It was like any other day, blue skies with the birds chirping. Gretchen was skipping through the forest without a care in the world. For about half an hour she carried on like this, until she finally stopped. Her eyes widened as she looked around. Realizing that there was no hope on finding her way back, she sat on a mossy rock. Squeezing her fists tightly, Gretchen tried to find something familiar about the area. There were plenty of unique trees and rocks, but none that were familiar.

Gretchen was about to give up when a little caterpillar crawled up onto her hand. Shrieking, she stood up and tried to flick it off. After she realized it was hopeless, she plopped back down. As her thoughts darkened, the caterpillar crawled up her arm and continued up to her face. It stopped once it was in front of her eye. Gretchen was petrified and could only stare at the caterpillar. Her eyes focused on its green fuzzy skin and shiny black eyes. Slowly, it lifted up the front of its plump body. It looked as if it were trying to tell her something.

**Kaitlyn Humphrey  
Aberdeen Elementary  
Grade 6**

**Gretchen and Charlie**

something. Suddenly, it dropped down to her hand and lifted the front of its body again. It was pointed towards the creek bed. Gretchen got up and walked towards it, mystified.

The creek was full of running water and sharp rocks. Just as she was about to jump over, the caterpillar turned and pointed its body down the stream. The path was riddled with roots and vegetation that would be a breeze to stumble over. She scanned the area for a clear path and found one in between two oak trees. As Gretchen got closer, she realized that it was going to be difficult to fit through. Mustering up the courage, she slipped through the tight gap, praying to fit through.

As soon as Gretchen emerged from the gap, her feet tripped over a root. Immediately, her face was planted into the dirt. Groaning, she stood up and brushed herself off. She felt like something was missing, like she had forgotten something. As soon as she realized her green furry friend was nowhere to be seen, the young girl began searching everywhere. Gretchen filtered through vegetation, lifted up rocks, and looked on top of every branch. After searching everywhere, she gave up and plopped her self down, just as before.

While looking around the hidden sanctuary, she realized something. Her carelessness

**Kaitlyn Humphrey  
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Grade 6**

**Gretchen and Charlie**

caused her to possibly take a life. Not just any life, her friend's life. Not just any friend, her only friend. Tears began to trickle down her cheeks as she begins to feel alone. Through her waterfall of tears, she feels a familiar feeling on her wrist. As she lifted her wrist so that it was in view, she saw her plump, green friend. Crying out with joy, she leaps up and starts babbling about how worried she was about him.

Once Gretchen became at ease, she realized how close her and an insect became in such a short time. To the young girl, the caterpillar wasn't even an insect anymore. She felt as if it were family, not an icky bug that only exists to annoy humans. She made her hands into a bowl so that her new friend was comfortable. Quietly, Gretchen began to speak of how she wanted to stay in the forest with it as it crawled into her shirt pocket. She decided the green, fuzzy little creature she had such a close bond with, would be called Charlie. She repeated his name with a clear voice as they began to fall asleep.

A warm breeze brushed over them as the sun began to rise. Gretchen sat up and yawned, stretching her arms out. She scanned the forest, looking for Charlie. Her heart began pounding in her chest as she saw that it was gone. Beside her, a path of torn up grass ventured into the trees. Without a second thought, she followed the pathway.

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Aberdeen Elementary  
Grade 6**

**Gretchen and Charlie**

The girl was recklessly sprinting, desperate for a sign of her friend. Gretchen halted to a stop as she came to a pit. It was dark and seemed endless, but that wouldn't stop her. Fearlessly, she grasped onto the rocks and climbed down. After half an hour, she finally came to the bottom. A small tunnel filled with light was attached to the room. She crept through the passage and into a large room. It was bare except for the scattered lanterns. Suddenly, a large, ferocious beast crawled out from behind her.

As she stared with horror, she realized it was Charlie. The beast slithered forward, blocking the entrance. Gretchen was petrified, and just stared at the creature she once loved. Just as she was about to attempt to escape, she felt sympathy for Charlie. The look in its eyes was not bloodthirsty, but welcoming. Gretchen approached the beast with a sympathetic look. As she brought it into a loving embrace, the young girl made a decision. She would stay in the forest with Charlie. They would become family to each other, and grow an even deeper friendship. She squeezed him tighter and told him that she would never leave.

# What Just Happened?

Jasmyn Icton

Bert Edwards Science and Technology School

Grade 6

Hi my name is Bree. I live in Saskatchewan and I have a bratty brother named Zayne and a sister named Summer. My mom and dad are divorced. I am a sucker for good books. I love being in 7<sup>th</sup> grade because you get to experience new things and it is my first year in middle school.

One of my favourite things of being in grade 7 is you get freedom, but when you live in Saskatchewan it is no delight. All the kids are rushing past you to go to Tim Horton's. The only bright side is I get to sit in the library and read all lunch.

I've been bullied and pushed around like crazy, no one ever noticed before. I should have said something earlier. I said something in gym class but no one believed me.

The guidance console said to ignore it and tell the teacher in private. Every time I do I

chicken out and my friends always say go to the teacher or we will. Olivia is my best friend.

she is not like my other friends she always says things like "You are a very beautiful person and that I

shouldn't let the bully's get to me get to me I will be there when ever you need me if you need a shoulder to cry on I will be there for you." Hearing that makes me so happy. I go to bed every night thinking about standing up to the bully's.

Later that night the fire alarm went off, there was a kitchen fire! I opened my eyes in shock. I ran to all the bedrooms in my house to get my siblings and find my mom. My mom

## What Just Happened?

Jasmyn Iceton

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was in the kitchen trying to fight the fire. Summer was crying and Zayne was freaking out.

My Mom had tears in her eyes, she was not quick enough it had spread to the bathroom.

She demanded me to go and phone the fire fighters. It was midnight so I was trying to stay awake and talk in the phone and not yawn, so that they could understand me. In minutes more the fire

fighters came through the door that was on fire. After they finished our family walked through the house. My room, Summers room, Zayne's room, the bathroom and the kitchen. Luckily my moms money was safe so we could afford something. My mom calmly explained how the fire started and asked us if we wanted to go to school tomorrow. I said yes, Zayne said no and summer said yes. As we were walking to school I heard a bunch of laughing and pointing. I was

not sure what they were pointing at, but soon it became obvious, they were laughing at me and calling me names for wearing my mothers clothing and not brushing my hair.

I walked in school like it didn't bother me at all. I walked into the guidance councillors crying, he asked me what was wrong. I told him about the fire and how it started and I lost all my stuff and how every one was calling me names and pointing and laughing. Then he asked me if I would like to stay in here for the day. I said yes, it was the only way I could stay the whole day with out getting made fun of. Even then they could look threw the window and laugh.

When I got home the fire fighters were standing at my door and said "welcome to your new home." I was so shocked when I got through the door. I ran up to my room and my mouth

# What Just Happened?

Jasmyn Icton

Bert Edwards Science and Technology School

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dropped to the floor! I had the perfect room, everything was perfect. The floor, walls, dresser, bed. Everything. My mom was so happy she couldn't believe her eyes.

I went for a bike ride down the neighbour hood I knew there was construction ahead so I slowed down my bike. The chain locked in to place there would be no braking. I went straight over the concrete, there was a cliff straight ahead. The construction workers could not save me it was to late it was to late! Then, I was falling it felt like I was flying for a second. I closed my eyes and said goodbye to the world, I waved at the construction workers and surprisingly did not scream. BOOM! I hit the concrete. It was over, my last memory was my dad and mom fighting. Maybe next time people will be a little bit careful.

I could hear my family talking to me every night, but they were extremely sad. Was it my fault or the person who made the bikes?

THE END

**Lily Imus**

Grade 6, Lloyd George Elementary School

**Dark**

When I step into the darkness I feel cold and alone.

The absence of light weighs me down.

Like yin without yang I have no hope.

For I need the light not to drown.

**Light**

When I stand in the light, I feel free to dance.

But without a partner, I can't take the chance.

I feel like I'm falling, there is doubt in my stance.

But as I peer at the darkness, I have faith to advance.

Perhaps in the light, there will be a sweet glance.

And the light will be brighter, because I knew black.



Abbie Israel-Armand

Grade 6

Bert Edwards Elementary

## Reaching The Stars

Which way's up? Which way's down? I have no idea! How long has it been? I have no idea! I am so dehydrated. I ran out of water. I don't remember when, mainly because there is no sun here. So, I pretty much sleep whenever I want to. I still don't understand why I volunteered to do this. I didn't even get to say good bye.

It was Tuesday, May 9th. There had been a scientific breakthrough. NASA revealed a safe way to travel out of the galaxy in a shuttle to go "sightseeing" and then return back to earth safely.

"The shuttle can only supply the food for one person to go up at a time." The Radio Announcer had said. "So, there will be a contest. Go online and enter the necessary information for a chance to win a free trip. You will leave the Milky Way for one earth day. Then, you will return safely."

I was sitting in my room at the time. As soon as he had finished the last sentence, I ran over to my desk and went to the website. I went through the questions so fast.

I don't know why I wanted to go so bad. But I felt as if I **had** to go. I couldn't miss it. I couldn't wait for them to announce the winner on Friday. I was so excited, I went straight to sleep.

Abbie Israel-Armand

Grade 6

Bert Edwards Elementary

## Reaching The Stars

Friday: "Settle down. Settle down. Thank you all for coming." The President was there. I guess he was going to be announcing the winner! I knew I wasn't going to win. Over 1.6 million people entered the contest.

The President spoke again: "I know all of you have been waiting for this. So here it goes: The extremely lucky winner for this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity is..... Blair Shellington."

The look on my mother's face was just as amazing as the look on my face. I had won! I had won the contest of a lifetime! I was so happy. I ran all the way to the stage. I was given a NASA t-shirt and a handshake from the President of the United States. I just wish my father was alive to see this.

My father died a couple years ago from cancer, but he had lived a full life. He had donated all his life savings to cancer researchers. He also turned his house into a bed-and-breakfast for homeless people. He was the best man who ever lived. He was my father!

The president had told me I was going to leave the very next day at 8:00 am. I was allowed to bring a camera, and a change of clothes. I couldn't wait. As soon as I got home, I called everybody I knew.

Abbie Israel-Armand

Grade 6

Bert Edwards Elementary

### Reaching The Stars

"Blair, thats amazing! I am so happy for you!" My mom said, for the seventh time in a row. She invited my Grandma and Grandpa, my Aunt, and my older sister over for a celebratory dinner. We had my all time favourite dinner: grilled cheese!

After dinner, they all left. To be honest, everything was kind of boring. (Except for the food of course.) All they talked about was pie recipes, and other typical adult stuff. My sister was on her phone the whole time.

Then, in what felt like an instant, I am standing in a small, round room. There are many boxes of snacks, water bottles, and oxygen tanks. The small room is covered in windows. My mom is outside crying.

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All of a sudden, there is a huge jolt. I am going speeds that would make a racecar look slow. They said this would be safe. This is anything but safe.

Now, we are going through the atmosphere. It gets really hot. The shuttle starts spinning, and the next thing I am on the ground. And I black out. Which way's up? Which way's down? I have no idea! All I know is that everything in the shuttle is floating all around. Myself included.

Abbie Israel-Armand

Grade 6

Bert Edwards Elementary

## Reaching The Stars

I am so angry. The people at the launch pad didn't even let me say goodbye to my mom. I don't get why. There was plenty of time to say goodbye when I got there.

There are beautiful stars, and galaxies everywhere. I wish my mom was here.

I have a feeling that the shuttle has gone off course. I can no longer see the earth. Or the sun for that matter. I guess I have drifted off into deep space. All my food had weirdly gone stale. And I drank all my water.

I am going to die up here.

I must have been sleeping or something, but all of a sudden we I crash into a small planet. The ground is purple. And there is a sun. But oddly, green. I have a feeling that I'm hallucinating. I grab an oxygen tank, and walk outside.

I have no idea how, but about 50 feet away, I see a small shed. I slowly take my oxygen mask off. I can breathe! There is a cool breeze. I snap a couple of pictures.

"Hello! My name is Tommy. What is your name?" I look over to the left to see a small boy. How is he *human*? I scream, laugh, and faint.

### The Unknown

*Ding, ding, ding.* Melissa's alarm clock went off suddenly beside her on her small, delicate night table. She abruptly sat up and stared at her clock. It was 12:03 am.

"What is going on?" thought Melissa, still staring at her small clock, "I never set my alarm, and even if I did I wouldn't set it for 12:03 am!"

She was so confused that she had to find out some more. She sprung out of bed and raced to her window in her bedroom that was covered up by the blinds that she has had all her life. Melissa wasn't just upset about the fact that her alarm went off so early, it was also a Saturday! Melissa ripped open her blinds and stared out the foggy window, she didn't know what she was looking for but still she stared. Nothing was outside.

Feeling frustrated Melissa ran out of her room and slammed her door behind her. She ran upstairs where her parents, Lily and Ricky were sleeping and her brother, Cody. "Hello? Cody, Mom, Dad? Anyone there?" She was screaming at the top of her lungs. Again she didn't know why she was, she just felt like she should. No one answered her. "Mom?" She weakly asked "Are you there?" Still no one.

Melissa decided to go into Cody's room to wake him up. She ran and burst through his bedroom door. When she turned straight to her right there was Cody sleeping silently underneath his lightning bolt sheets. Melissa crept up beside her little brother and whispered "Cody, Cody can you hear me? Cody." He didn't answer. Melissa started shaking him, still no response. "Its almost like he can't hear me or feel me!" thought Melissa. She decided to try her parents room instead. She decided to walk into

their room this time instead of run. Quietly opening the door Melissa crept into Lily and Ricky's room.

"Mom? Dad?" she spoke to her parents who were happily sleeping just like Cody was. Still no sign that they had even acknowledged that fact that she was even there. Melissa started to panic she ran outside to experiment with some of the animals to see if shy animals such as deer to see if they would notice.

A deer was silently eating fresh green grass in the distance. Melissa was nervous and scared at the same time. She slowly crept up beside the deer and the deer didn't even see her. "Maybe I should run behind it to scare it," thought Melissa, "but it might jump and hurt me, whatever its worth a try." Melissa sprinted towards the innocent deer and without thinking a single thought she leaped onto the deer's back, nothing, not even a flinch as a reaction from the deer. "What is going on?" thought Melissa. She jumped off the poor, innocent deer and ran to the small, delicate pond that is placed in the exact center of Melissa's backyard, her plan was to jump into the pond, and again for the last time today she didn't know why, she just felt that it was a necessary thing to be done. Before Melissa went for a swim she sat down on an old, birch log stump and just thought. She thought about why this was happening to her, what did she ever do to deserve this? Melissa was terrified she started to cry, but there were no tears coming down her face. Melissa was so upset she pulled on her hair and got up and jumped into the pond.

Melissa landed in the center of the pond, she looked up towards the sky and noticed that there were no waves at the top of the pond, in fact there were no signs that anyone had even touched the water. On a positive note, Melissa tried to think happy

thoughts. "This would be a great thing for hide and seek, just one small problem, this isn't a game, it's real life!" Melissa felt like she had no purpose in life. "I should just go back to my room and just look in the mirror and go to bed." Melissa jogged happily to her back door and pounded on the door, no answer. "Obviously," thought Melissa "no one can hear me."

Melissa bursted through the door; she felt anger pump through her veins. She looked around the dull decorated foyer to find no remains of the broken door.

"What is going on?" thought Melissa in fright as she sprinted up the carpet stairs in desperation of looking in a mirror. She burst in her room, turned around, and faced the dust covered mirror. She looked straight ahead to find the most horrific sight...Nothing. She screamed a scream so merciless, her mirror cracked, and shattered. She sprung to her feet and began to run to her bed. Only to find a stomach churning sight, one that made her heart sink. A dead body, laying upon her satin sheets, but it wasn't just any dead body, it was her own!

# Secrets of the Forest

Rory Jakubec

Grade 6

Dear Stranger,

I have to tell someone the incredible thing that happened to me but I am not allowed to so I will tell you, someone who has no idea who I am. In the story I am about to tell you I will use fake names and places but the story, I assure you, is real.

My "name" is Lily. When I turned thirteen years old I ran away from my aunt and uncle's house where I had been living for the past year because my father had disappeared and my Mother had died when I was a child. The police who were investigating the case needed me nearby so I went to live with my aunt and uncle who lived in the area. I had never really been close to my aunt and uncle and living with them didn't make us more affectionate.

The day I ran away was a normal, sunny spring day. The flowers were just beginning to bloom. I went to school in the morning like everything was normal. I attended all my classes so my aunt and uncle would not get a phone call from the school. Then, at the end of the day I walked to the edge of the forest and picked up a few things I had left beside a tree that I would need to live in the forest on my own - my flashlight, a water purifier, some freeze-dried food, sleeping bag, my credit card, just in case, and a few changes of clothes. Instead of heading to a different town like you might expect, I set out walking deeper into the forest.

As the sun set, I sat down and made camp, snuggled into my sleeping bag and fell asleep. The sun rising and beating against my face rose me early the next morning. I shimmied into a new set of clothes and set off. A few miles away from the town I began to feel like there was a strong



magnet pulling me in a certain direction. I smiled as this is what I had been waiting for. A few months before, I had been camping and felt the same pull as I did now. I knew I needed to figure out what was causing the pull so I ran away to find out why. My plan now was to follow the pull until I found out why it affected me so much. I turned my body and followed the pull until the sun set and I fell asleep again.

The next morning I awoke to find the pull as strong as ever. I leaped out of my sleeping bag, packed up camp and set out quickly. It was about midday when I heard melodic voices through the trees. I ran, the pull pushing me along. I broke out into a clearing full of strange looking beings. At that time, the pull suddenly disappeared. They noticed me and broke into nervous chatter. I spoke softly under my breath, "So this is where the pull came from".

One of them suddenly broke out of the crowd and asked "What did you just say?"

I answered timidly "I said this is where the pull came from".

They all burst into excited chatter then one stepped forward to ask, "Are both your parents alive and if not would you agree to a blood test?"

"No, My mother died when I was a baby and yes I will take a blood test," I answered.

With that the same one who had asked about the blood test stepped forward with a knife and a bowl. He gently took my arm and nicked the skin. He let the blood flow freely into the bowl. Once he had gathered enough blood, he placed a soft leaf against the cut. Then, he muttered a few words and watched the blood separate. Three fourths turned silver and went to one side, the other fourth stayed red and went to the other side.

The person then turned and congratulated me, "You're mostly elf. You can stay with us if you want."

I answered, "Yes, Please, You're elves?" and just like that I was part of the group. I have been with them three years now and I have learned magic, what berries to eat and other useful things you need to know when you live in a forest.

I hope you believe my story and If you want to ask me any questions, mail me at this address:

192 Kilbride Road, Wickland, Ireland

Lily

Dear Lily,

My name is Killian and your story is amazing. You could just be insane and leading me on. I doubt that though, because I have figured out your real name from the missing person reports. It is Aislin. You have a very pretty name. You do not need to worry about me telling anyone. I promise I won't. I will tell you this. Your aunt and uncle might like to know you're alive. In all the news reports, they seemed pretty torn up about the fact that, like your father, you disappeared.

I am also very curious as to why this address isn't more secretive. It is very easy to figure out where you and the elves are. Here I'll take a guess - Wicklow Mountains National Park. It is the closest forest area to this address. If this is a fake address, I have no idea where you and the elves could be hiding. I live really close to your aunt and uncle if you would like me to pass on a letter or to tell them something. Have a nice time with the elves in whatever forest you are in.

Killian

## Deserted

By Abby King  
Grade 6

I was at the kitchen table, looking on the computer for camping spots when one came up.

It said: "Looking for a cheap campground? Well have we got news for you! Here we have an almost FREE site available! For only \$30 a night for a cabin and a site! It's not a deal it's a steal!" Then it had directions after that.

I thought that it was a great place since my kids, Lucy and Charlie, always wanted to go camping. We weren't very wealthy, had just enough to live on, but the price was so cheap. So I decided to book it.

Lucy, Charlie, Carri, my wife, and I all left that Friday. I followed the directions to the campground. Just as we were almost there I thought I saw a strange shadow-like figure, but when I took a second look there was no one there, so I just brushed it off. When we got to the campground it was very foggy. I kept seeing that weird shadow in the distance, but then it didn't seem like anything. So I went to go check in but no one was there. It was very strange. So I just left the money there on the counter and we went back to the site.

When we finally got settled in, Charlie, who was 7, said, "Daddy, who's that man in the woods?"

I looked, but there was no one there.

Later that night Lucy, who was 12, said, "Uh Dad? There is a guy standing outside our cabin!"

Again when I looked, there was just trees and the darkness.

Soon Carri and I were quite tired and we decided to go to bed.

"Kids only 10 more minutes and then it is bedtime," said Carri sleepily.

"Awe but Mom!" Charlie started to say.

"No buts! 10 minutes! I expect you two to be in bed, lights out, in 10 minutes."

"Fine," they both said.

Soon it was quiet all around, nothing except for the bugs were out. I woke up and turned over to look at the clock, 2:38. I went downstairs to get a drink of water, and there was Charlie just standing there in his pyjamas and looking in the right corner of the room.

"Charlie? You should be in bed it's very late."

"Daddy, who is that man in the black suit behind you?"

I dreaded looking behind me, but I did anyway. There wasn't anyone there. I went to get Charlie back to bed but when I turned to face him where he was, he wasn't there. I went back upstairs to see if he was in bed, he was. I was starting to think that this was not a place I wanted my family and I to be, but then again it was a real campground. I decided to give it one more night and see if anything happened.

The next morning it was still foggy and quite cold, so I went outside to get an axe to chop up the firewood, but it wasn't there. I went a few cabins down the road and found one there. When I went back everyone was still asleep and I started the fire.

When Carri got up she made some coffee and came out to join me. "This is just what we needed Jerry, a weekend out in the wild."

I jumped up "Holy! What was that!"

"What was what? Jerry, you're scaring me!"

"Carri something scratched my leg" I looked down, there were dark red bloody scratches on my right back bottom leg.

"But honey, I don't see anything."

"It's right there! It's all red and bloody can't you see it?"

"Ok Jerry lets go inside"

"No, no, no. I hear something." I looked around, the sound was kind of like a rope being pulled. I looked up and there it was, or, he was hanging there above Carri and I. It was a corpse. I collapsed on the ground still and silent.

"Jerry! Jerry! Come back to me Jerry!" Carri brought me inside, she didn't know what was happening.

I started to move, having an attack but no one knew what kind of an attack it was. I was moving off of the ground.

"Jerry!!!" Carri was now screaming.

"Dad!" Lucy and Charlie were out of the cabin.

I was foaming at the mouth, I was barely conscious. There was this image in my head, there was a man, a shadow man with no face. He came closer with every movement my body made, until he was right in front of me. He looked me in the eye and screamed a ear piercing scream. "Ehhhaaahhhh!!!!"

I dropped to the ground, hard.

"Jerry!!!" Carri was sobbing.

"I'm ok honey," I said.

"I thought I lost you."

"Carri I'm fine. I am fine."

\* \* \* \* \*

I saw the man, the shadow man I called him.

He showed me another image, one with a page, but not written with ink, but blood.

I knew, he wasn't just an image, I saw him, Lucy and Charlie saw him, he was obviously there.

I saw him one last time before I left, walking with Charlie and Lucy, I called out to them, but when they turned I wish they hadn't. They weren't them, they were, I don't know what to call it, lifeless, yes, lifeless. For the last time I had seen my children I never really knew them.

One thing I will never forget were the last words the shadow man said to me. He said, "Never forget, you will never forget you killed them, but now they are mine, all mine."

Never forget, never ever forget.....

The Unknown Girl – By Sarah Anderson  
*Gr. 6, Lloyd George Elementary*

Clap! Clap! Clap! the class applauded.

"Thank you Britney" the teacher smiled.

"Alisa, it's your turn" called Miss McOfstin.

When the teacher calls my name, my heart stops. Performing. In front of twenty-four other students!

"Alisa?" she said again wondering if I hear her the first time. I stand up, grab the cue-cards from inside my desk and head to the front of the class. "Today I will talk to you about Helen Keller", I stammered. Not even the people in the front row could hear me. "She was born in 1880 of Tuscumbia, Alabama." The dead and unimpressed expression on people's faces made me wonder whether to continue or not. "Sh-e-e was deaf and blind." That's it. I had enough with all the unpleasant looks on their faces. I cut the presentation short by saying a quick thank you and scurry off to my desk. They gave the sarcastic and slow three claps. It was embarrassing!

The bell rings for reses. I grab my book and blue and pink sweater and sit on the bench near the basketball court. I take out the book mark on page 238 and start to read. I get the feeling like I have to pee. I walk into the school and hurry to the ladies washroom when I see Tanya and Jami. I overhear them talking about ditching school. It sounds quite intriguing; after all, I could use a break. As they tiptoe out the door of the school they did not notice that I was following. They walk over to the back of the school and tap a brick on the wall. Suddenly stairs appear at their feet. They walk down the stairs and into a shimmering purple cave. They still do not know that I am here.

As the walk into the cave I creep up right behind them. Soon enough I see a short man with a long white beard and a blue star cap. He seems to be in a training centre with about forty



## Water

By: Simone' Kruger, grade 6,  
St. Ann's Academy

Splash!! "Mom, Mom!" I yelled frantically into my com link. There was silence. Then I heard a crackle and finally, "Calm down Katie. I'm okay." It was my first dive and I didn't want to lose my mom as we explored the deep caverns of the Caribbean Sea. I was an unusually tall girl at age 14, with blonde hair that almost turns green in the water. My mom is short and in her mid-forties with long black hair. We like to dive, but my father is more interested with space than us. In fact, he left us when I was four to explore space in the U.S space station. Now, ten years later, we are living alone together in an old, rundown bed and breakfast on the Caribbean coast with the occasional guest coming to stay. When I came out of my thoughts I saw my mother swimming towards the nearby coral reef with determination etched on her pale face. "Mom slow down," I said into the microphone of my diving helmet. "Sorry Katie, I'm just so excited to show you the cave I found," she said in a distracted voice. We swam in silence for a few minutes then we found the cave. Suddenly, amphibian like creatures came out and grabbed us. I wanted to scream but I realized that it wouldn't solve anything except deafen my mother. They took us inside the cave that was lined with crystals and rare gems. There was a strange light source coming from somewhere. I looked closely at my captor. It was about 5 feet tall and very slim. It had very green skin with webbed hands and feet. I can only compare it to a human but mutated in an aquatic manner. Then I heard it speak. It was hard to hear because it spoke in mumbles but it sounded like gurgles with a few pig squeals. After examining the creature I realized that we were in a different chamber than before. The space was enormous and the walls were a beautiful magenta with fossils inside but, after I looked for a bit longer, I realized that the

## Water

By: Simone' Kruger, grade 6,  
St. Ann's Academy

fossils were moving. It was a hollow wall! To further prove my point, I saw other creatures, like the ones holding me captive, swimming in and out of the wall to various groups of them that I could glimpse through the glassy barrier separating us. Suddenly, our captors began speaking in raised voices and I saw the largest pearl on Earth! It was at least 8 feet tall and the purest white. After the brightness of the pearl the thing emerging from behind it was so dark and wrinkled that it sucked the brightness from the chamber. It was a human and was, by the looks of it, very old. It had the darkest of green hair and was dressed in some type of black fabric that looked a lot like squid skin. I couldn't tell but it seemed to be male by it's body structure and facial features. Only then did my mother talk to me. "Katie are these some of your friends or are these creatures an underwater race?" I thought about this and finally began to laugh. "You actually think that I have friends? People avoid me and call me names because of my height. Even if these were my friends I would know. I think that these creatures are protecting their home." Suddenly, I was slapped by my guard and nearly fell. Apparently, the elderly man was talking to me and I didn't hear a word that he was saying. "What did I say," the elderly man said in an American accent, "no respect from children nowadays. All right, send them to the Lagoon and don't forget to feed the others. We don't want them to eat their new friends." Then he cackled in the most horrendous way as we were dragged into the pearl. I blacked out the second I touched the pearl and was dragged into a dark chamber with my mother and a few bundles of food. I awoke to a grinding and crunching sound coming from the far end of the metal chamber. "What happened?" I asked groggily, "where am I?" Then I remembered. "Mom!" I yelled. There was no

## Water

By: Simone' Kruger, grade 6,  
St. Ann's Academy

Answer, so I began searching the floor. I couldn't find anything. I was alone.

Suddenly the most brilliant light penetrated the darkness from the far end of the vast chamber. I squinted and was finally able to make out a man's profile standing outside. Then I realized that the water surrounding me in the chamber was spilling out. The space with the light had air. I took my helmet off and said, "Who are you? Where is my mother?" He chuckled and said, "You will find out...In time." Then he came in, grabbed me and led me outside, but not before searching the chamber. When I asked him why he did this he ignored me and sped up his searching. "Fine, don't answer me," I mumbled to myself. Finally he finished and we could leave the dark chamber. Once we were outside I saw that we were in a warm, sunny meadow with a mountain on the far end. The light was coming from a sun but we were so far underwater that it couldn't have been the real sun. In the distance I could see a ship. "How can there be a ship here?" I wondered aloud. "We have a sun, anything is possible," the man said. Now that I could see, I could tell that he was African-American and about 6 feet tall. We traveled quickly to the ship and I could see that it was a cruise ship. Without warning, people of all races came out and swarmed me. They yelled, "She's one of them," or, "see her green hair." Then they advanced toward me and I saw their weapons gleaming in the sunlight.

To be Continued

Colour

The deep colour as you look up on a beautiful day.

The splashing sound of the sea.

Ice cold winter gum chewing between your teeth.

The amazing smell of a sky coloured rose.

The rough feel of a person's jeans.

Blue.

Freely...

Freely, the little kids take a ride.

Freely, the water sways side to side.

Freely, the small girls skip back home.

Freely, the princess brushes her hair with a comb.

Freely, the birds fly in the sky.

Freely, the boy dreams to fly.

Freely, I could see the water spill.

Freely, the kids run down the hill.

Freely is the word that everyone dreams.

Freely...

Thunderstorm

Clouds are shifting fast  
Whirling into a deep grey.  
When thunder is heard  
And when lightning is crashing  
You know a storm is brewing.

Midnight

Inside the forest  
The owl calls when midnight strikes.  
Moonlit stars come out.

Winter

A blanket of snow  
Shimmering against the sun.  
Angry spikes of ice  
That tell me to stay away.  
A winter wind blinds my eyes.

### One Large Wolf

Hi! I'm Cupcake, or the "Big, Bad, Wolf" which you know me as, but I'm telling you those three little pigs know nothing! They're just hairy, screamy, wimpy, walking strips of bacon, yet to be cooked. Okay, sorry that wasn't very nice, but I can't help it, *they* are mean. Sure you know their story where they pretend to be helpless little angel turds but you've read my story about the truth haven't you? WHAT? YOU HAVE NEVER READ OR EVEN HEARD ABOUT IT! Okay Cupcake take a deep breath, don't let your temper get the better of you. Hey come back! I'm fine now, sheesh I'm not scary. So since you don't know my story, which is a little irritating, I guess I should tell you now. Quick note, some suggest I may have anger management issues. I think otherwise.

So I was going for my regular afternoon stroll when I came across a pig buying straw from a farmer. I walked up to the pig but before you could say "pigs in a blanket that I will eat out of revenge and hatred", he was gone. I knew it wasn't something I had said because he didn't even give me the chance to say "hi there moronic pig!". I thought I should go and find him because I just wanted to find a friend. So I followed his hoof prints in the mud to the end of the street. I hid behind a bush so that neither him nor the farmer could see me and call the cops (trust me, they would do that in a heartbeat.) I soon noticed the pig twisting the straw he had bought into what looked like a wall. I watched for a while because I thought I should wait till he moved in before I paid a formal visit, but I ended up falling asleep. I awoke about an hour or so later and the house was complete. So I got up and went to knock on the door. I knocked on the door but because it was made of straw it made no sound. I kept trying harder until the door finally made a light poof and thump but it wasn't just the door, it was the whole darn house. The door had came crashing (er, I mean poofing) down and brought the house down

with it. I was freaking out “what a bad first impression” I was thinking when a gaping jaw’d pig slowly approached me. I decided to try to make conversation. “Beautiful weather we’re having eh? Not a cloud in the sky... except for those six.” I said pointing to a group of snow white clouds. Okay, Okay, so I’m not the best at small talk, but who *cares*? Now back to my story. So this little pig was all freaked out so he ran out of sight.

Then I saw a pig almost identical to the first one talking to a farmer with a tractor load full of sticks. The pig walked away with a wagon of sticks and again, I followed him to the site where he started building his house. When he was finished I went to go knock on his door. I knocked on it without the door falling which meant the sticks could hold that much, but that pig took quite a long time to answer his door. Oh, and get this did you know a twig house cannot hold a wolf’s body weight? Well I learned this the hard way. Since that little pig took so long to answer his door I got tired and wound up leaning against the house. Guess what happened next? Another house came crashing down and another pig was fleeing for his life. I felt so bad but he was probably halfway to China by now so I did not follow him in case anything bad happened on his way.

So I was slumping down the trail when I saw smoke coming out of the roof of small brick house and a farmer driving away with *half* a load of bricks. I started sprinting towards it. Through the window I saw some pigs inside eating right in front of a flame. It looked like they hadn’t noticed me and were completely undaunted. Just smiling and serving up, wait for it..... HAM!. Those dirty cannibals. I was about to say something about their horrid behavior, but I thought it might be better to get them out of what I thought was the beginning of a house fire. I started banging on the window because I wanted to get them out. Only then did I realize

that there were three pigs. "So that's where the two other pigs ran" I thought to myself. Then I burst into action! I ran to the door to open it but it was locked. "Little pigs, little pigs, let me in!" "Not by the hairs on our chinky chin chinky chins" they replied rather rudely. I pressed my face on one of their windows. "Little pigs, little pigs *let me in!*" I yelled again. "What did I just say?!" the oldest pig's pitchy voice squeaked as he turned around rapidly causing his *I heart Bacon* apron to swish. "What is wrong with these pigs?" I asked myself. Then I start climbing the wall onto the roof. I had to get them out of the house somehow. When they noticed what I was doing they put a cauldron of boiling water over the fire in the fireplace. Oh, wait a second....that fire is *in* the fireplace, it's not actually a house fire....but before I knew it I was falling down the chimney and landed in the pot of boiling water. With a high-pitched howl I scrambled back up and ran to my home to plot various plans to turn *them* into the ham they deserve to be. I went to Walmart and found a) a net, b) a large cauldron, and c) an XXL oven (at half price) which is everything I needed for my plan. I assume that you want to see it?

*Step 1: go to house of pigs. Step 2: knock on door, leave cauldron of boiling water on drive. Step 3: hide beside house, when the pigs open the door trap them in the net. Lower slowly over water and freak them out. Step 4: put in closed oven for 5 minutes and freak them out again. Step 5: let them go and make them promise to never be mean to me ever again or even come near me.* So far the plan has worked and I've never seen them ever again....thankfully.

What was the point of this story you ask? Every story has two sides and it's only fair to listen to them both before you judge. Not to mention, pigs are dumb.



**How the Sand Dollar got its pattern**

Once there was plain Sand Dollar. He was very lonely and had no friends. He would sit and observe the world around him. He would watch the fish swim by and look at the crabs crawl on the ocean floor. One day the Sand Dollar sat watching the ocean as normal. He saw the many multicoloured starfish sitting on rocks chatting and gossiping with the big fish about many important things. Then he noticed a little red starfish sitting all alone. He felt sad for the little starfish. So he walked over to the starfish and asked, "Would you like to sit with me?", The little starfish nodded and smiled .The Sand Dollar and the Star fish became friends. They played games and did a lot of fun stuff together . Soon it became dark and the Starfish needed to go home. The Starfish started to cry. He had become lost and could not find his way home. The Starfish returned to the Sand Dollar. The Sand Dollar being caring and kind said "You can sleep on my back for the night." .In the light of the morning, the little red Starfish climbed quietly off the Sand Dollars back and found his way home. When the Sand Dollar woke he found his new friend gone from his back. The Sand Dollar never forgot about his lovely Starfish friend and anyone who sees a Sand Dollar today can see the mark that friendship and kindness left behind.

### Too Late

She tied off her rickety old boat, and started to climb the cliffs. She knew that no one lived to tell the tale of what was behind the clouds, but still she climbed. Thalias feet ached and were red with blistering, festering, pus filled sores. The sharp, damp, cool rocks plowed into her skin, as her dry cracking hands gripped the mountain. Thalias hot pink leather backpack weighed down her frail body, but still Thalia climbed. She looked below to see her boat swaying back and forth, creaking and moaning. As the damp moldy, burgundy paint chipped off and fell into the deep dark thrashing sea. Leaving its bare, plain hand carved body tied to a jade rock. To Thalias left, Koda, her middle aged female lynx was grunting and whining. Both of the girls were exhausted, and soaked. Fur and skin soaked the sought shelter. The pair slipped amongst the damp charcoal coloured ash, and gravel into a cave. The cave was dimly lit. As Thalia dragged a pine tree branch along the dirt wall trying to ignite it. Thalia and Koda had earlier collected twigs and bark, small pieces of wood from the boat they had voyaged in. Suddenly the walls began to crack and cave in. Rocks of many various shapes and sizes, began to comb through Thalias hair. As a shriek so filled the pungent, smoky, island air, a shriek so high pitched and merceles it could only be a dragon! The two covered their ears in fright of the beast. The shriek soon died down, as a blast of grey, putrid air filled the cave. The air immediately cleared the cave, to reveal a golden, yellow, sinister eye staring at the girls. Thalia drew out her sword, but it was too late. What will happen next is up to you. As Thalia did not live to tell the rest of the tale, or did she?

**The Hunt**  
**By: Jadyne Michael**  
**Dallas Elementary Gr.6**

**Chapter One**

“Hello, my name is, Moon,” Moon yipped excitedly to the elders. Moon lived in the strongest Tribe of the Tribes, the Tribe of Falling Snow. The two Alpha’s names are, Silver and Bone. Moon was the first daughter of the Alpha’s. Her mom and dad’s parents died in combat while fighting a grizzly bear with cubs. Many believe that they were the bravest wolves in the mountains. Moon was extremely proud to be related to them.

“Humans!,” howled Silver.

“Evacuate!,” barked Bone.

“Mom, Dad,” Moon yelped fearfully.

As fast as her legs could carry her, she bolted off. When Moon, ran off Blossom and Bloom, the elders she was talking to, leapt to their paws and ran as fast as their frail legs could carry them. Suddenly trees started to falling over camp. Wolves were running in all directions, trying to dodge the falling trees. As Moon, ran Silver, came up to her and told her the area to go to. The area was the across the river which is to the Tribe of Running Wind.

## Chapter 2

“What?,” yowled Moon.

“Just do it,” shrieked Silver.

“Kay, Mom,” Moon barked back.

Racing off across the land Moon, leapt into the river. Paddling as hard and as fast as she could, she quickly reached shore. Breathlessly she raced off into the Tribe of Running Wind’s camp. The leader was named Sky. Sky is a grey and white wolf with blue eyes.

“What do you want young, Moon?” boomed Sky, “why have you come?”

“I come in peace,” whimpered Moon, “Alpha Silver, sent me here. She says that we are all in grave danger from humans.”

Snarling, Sky replied, “What are they doing?”

Quickly Moon, shot back, “They are taking land to build homes.”

“We’ll never leave,” growled Sky.

“Suit yourself,” replied Moon.

“Get out of my camp,” snarled Sky.

“Yes, Sky.” Moon backed away, dipping her head respectfully.

Racing to the Tribes meeting spot, Moon, got out of Tribe of Running Wind’s territory. Feeling disappointed she met them at a great oak.

“I have terrible news,” announced Moon, “ the Tribe of Running Wind will not leave.”

Shocked murmurs ran through the pack, many howled protest.

“ I’m sad to hear that they will not leave to ensure their safety,” growled Silver.

Leaping to their paws the pack got ready to leave for the gathering. Everyone knew their time with the other packs was done. Tonight they would announce the leaving of the Tribe.

### Chapter 3

That night at the Gathering, some of the Tribes whimpered for the loss, while others howled in happiness.

“What are you so happy about?,” growled Bone, shooting a glare at the Tribe of Fallen Leaves.

Immediately they fell silent. The Tribe of Fallen Leaves were exchanging nervous glances at one another.

Still growling Bone barked, “ If you want to survive the humans, come with us.

Hushing glances to the crowd suggested that they should leave. Finally the Alpha of the Tribe of Rushing Water spoke up, “ We will come.”

Nodding respectfully to Star and Kate, Bone stepped back. The Tribe of Rushing Water wolves were clearly agreeing.

“We respect your choice,” barked Silver.

Jadyn Michael The Hunt Dallas Elementary Gr.6

“As yours,”they replied.

Howling their good-byes to the other Tribes they set off. Finally, slowing down for a breather, they set camp for the night. Some ready for hunting sent off those wolves to bring prey for them all.

Finally full and ready to sleep they settled down for a night of peace. In the morning they went to the stream for a drink. Seeing a fat squirrel, Moon raced after it. Quickly she caught it for the elders. Everyone was glad that prey was good in this area for summer. The elders, happy and content padded at the back of the pack. As they walked they rested and hunted a little bit. Almost far from the humans they started to think about setting permanent camp. When they set camp they realized this was the place for them. Prey was plentiful and lush green forests surrounded them. Ready to begin, they settled down and live with no humans they peacefully set camp and stayed there.

Jadyn Michael

Dallas Elementary School

Grade 6

Spark

There is something terrifying...and yet so...beautiful..about darkness. The way you feel when you're locked away in a world, where everything in life is scared, and trembling with that fear of lost, a feeling of hope. But then you cry away with that there is more than just darkness. There's light. And with that light you're with a power, more powerful than death, or something worse. And you have that power to influence people. To help people. To change something in your world that is closing you in. That power is what will set you apart. That will change this. That you follow for freedom of your own world.

That power is a dream.

And then it fades.

And you're left with something less than darkness or light.

Something even scarier than that world that you dreamt of.

That you woke up screaming from.

Life.

You realise that you're left with it.

It has darkness and light.

But altogether, they are nothing without a spark.

Without you.

You become a spark in the darkest of worlds.

In the lightest of day.

With the world bringing you down.

You fight without a label.

Drowning with any last words..

For only one reason

To show the world.

You are that spark.

With everything moving, you stand still, with your head up, waiting for that chance.

To prove the world of more.

Of you.

So there will always be crime, but it is always solved. It usually ends up being someone you know, like the brother of a friend or the man who washes your car. This case however, was a little different. It all started three months ago when Sebastian Collins went missing. He disappeared at about three in the morning. When he didn't come back, people started looking for him. They didn't realize that he was in the sewer with his arch-enemy, Max Miller.

Then the phone rang and one of the police officers answered, "Hello, this is not an emergency, just reporting the murder Sebastian Collins. The hilarious thing is that you will never find out who I am!" cackled the distorted voice.

An hour later the police were trying to crack the code. Why on earth would the criminal call the police to say that he or she had murdered Sebastian Collins? Giving them this information could just speed up the investigation. After all the police officers finished in the coffee shop, they met up in the meeting room to discuss the evidence from the murder of Sebastian Collins. Where could Sebastian Collins have been killed? No one had filed a noise complaint. There were no reports of screaming, so where could he have been killed? Who could have done it?

"Ok, let's listen to the phone call again. Linda, play the evidence," the Chief of Police said.

After they listened to the message they realized that the person used a filter to disguise their voice so that person couldn't trace the voice back to the person. The police would not be able to trace the voice back to the culprit.

"Wow, that person is smart," said one of the police officers sarcastically.

"Linda, take him to my office. He's a distraction," the Chief yelled, annoyed by the police officers sarcasm.

Later that day, they began walking around town looking for evidence of a struggle or blood traces with a UV light. The only evidence they found was the smell of a rotting body. They went into the abandoned buildings and found nothing. They searched the rooftops of the buildings and still found



nothing. When they were eating lunch, they came up with a good idea. Maybe the killer had killed the victim in the sewer!

The sarcastic police officer said, “well in New York there is over 300 miles of sewer. Good luck finding enough officers to look through all of it!”

“You know, he may be right for once,” another officer commented. “But you know what? We can get a hold of some older, retired officers and ask them for help. Then we would have more than enough helpers.”

So a week later, after contacting all of the retired officers, they started searching through all of the sewers. It only took six hours for them to find the body of Sebastian. They called in a coroner to look over the body to determine what had killed him. Once they got the evidence back it was really weird to them. He wasn't shot, he wasn't poisoned.....he was killed by laughing gas!

“That would have been a non-painful death. At least he didn't suffer, but this doesn't make any sense. If you wanted to kill somebody why would you make it not painful?” the Chief of Police asked.

“ Maybe they used to be friends and they just had a fight? Or, maybe because you can't trace laughing gas back to the person,” another officer replied.

“But who would have that much laughing gas to kill someone?” Asked one of the retired officers.

“Someone who works in health care, like a paramedic, a doctor, a nurse or.....Oh no it could possibly be a police officer. One of us could be the killer!” Said the sarcastic officer sounding scared and not so sarcastic any more.

“So, now we need to hand this case over to the FBI. Now you guys, if we find out that one of us did it, it could ruin the police station. For once be nice and please just try to be helpful.” said the Chief

“If we catch you lying to us you will be sorry.” The FBI agent barked.

Suddenly, the phone rang. The FBI agent answered and the filtered voice said through the earpiece, "you guys better stop trying to find me or else you're next."

"Your threats don't scare me," replied the FBI agent. "We will find you, and you will be in jail for the rest of your life!"

Suddenly, the phone went quiet and they heard a screechy voice say, "hi welcome to McDonald's. Can I take your order please?"

Then the FBI agent said, "get in your vehicle, he is at McDonalds! Go, go, go!" The police officers jumped into their vehicles and went to the only McDonalds in New York that's open at that time of day. When they got there it was too late. Then they saw something peculiar. They saw empty laughing gas containers. When they saw the vehicle next to them, they were furious! It belonged to one of the police officer, but the bad thing is that it was one of the nicest officers at the station. A quiet but friendly man named Max Miller. When they found out who it was they froze in shock, giving him the chance to get away!

"Oh darn it," the Chief exclaimed when he realized Max had escaped.

They kept on trying to find him and they never did. Max never hurt again, so they never found him and they never solved the mystery. Twenty years later they were reminded of the crime when they received a phone call from Maxx and he said "Try again next time!"

"Stop!" He yelled as we bashed his head on the ground. We heaved him up and laughed at his puny frame. This kid is such a dweeb. I punched him hard in the nose and then watched him crumple to the ground while we howled with laughter.

"Oh, I'm sorry did I hurt you?" My voice dripped with sarcasm. He moaned and we all laughed.

"Let's go guys, this dweeb doesn't deserve anymore of our energy."

I walked home and found my dad smoking on a lawn chair talking on his phone. I rushed inside before he could get angry at me and quickly shut my room door. Moments later I heard his heavy footsteps pound against the stairs and he barged through my door. He held a leather belt in his hands and slapped it intimidatingly on his hand. His eyes gleamed with a murderous rage and he had a wicked grin plastered on his face. He moved towards me and swung hard at my arm. I winced and retreated farther into my room. He came after me and yelled, "A real man needs to feel pain. Stand still you weak fool." He lashed out again this time hitting me in the face. I fell to the floor sobbing. He left my room laughing and slammed the door shut. I slowly rose onto my feet and looked in the mirror. I stared in horror at the welts that were starting to take over my left cheek. I got up early the next morning before my dad woke up and looked around to make sure no one was watching me. There was no one there so I went to the river and sat quietly cradling my head in my arms. I found some rocks on the riverbank and began skipping them across the water. As I was skipping my fourth one, an eagle swooped overhead. I envied this stupid bird. It had everything, freedom, choice and all I had was a dad that openly despised me. I hurled a rock at it and watched maliciously as

the bird was thrown sideways and swept away by the swift current of the river. I checked my watch 8:15, school would start in five minutes. I raced along the river path and through the forest. I got to school right when the first bell was about to ring. I briskly walked across the classroom to my desk right across from that Michael kid who we beat up yesterday. I malevolently grinned at him. He turned his head away and looked at his feet. The day slowly dragged on, so when the final bell rang I was anxious to get outside. To my surprise that Michael kid wasn't there. As I thought more about it I don't recall seeing the kid for the last hour. I wandered around for a bit and then came to a halt when I saw a shadow behind me. The darkness hid his face, but as he reached out, I saw a gnarled hand protrude from an old black cloak. Before he could touch me I bolted towards my house. The shadowy figure followed me for a few blocks but as I veered onto my street the figure dissipated into the shadows. When I opened the door I found that it was empty which meant that my dad was off drinking again. On nights like these my dad would come home drunk and start whipping me senselessly. I went to the kitchen and grabbed a glass of water and slowly began to feel the tug of a deep sleep pulling me. I climbed into my warm bed and pulled the covers over my head as to protect me from my father. No one understands my troubles; no one understands what it's like to have a parent that hates you and no one will ever feel the pain that scars my days. I arrived at school the next few days with increasingly more bruises and all of that anger from those vicious attacks from my father was directed at other losers that lived a perfectly good life with two loving parents. Weeks and weeks went by until I saw Michael again and it wasn't at school. I was walking home when I saw him carry a bouquet of white roses out of Mary's petal shop.

I walked up to him and swiftly shoved him, "Who are the flowers for loser?"

Fear filled his big brown eyes and he started jogging towards his house. I grabbed the hood of his sweater and snarled,

"I asked you a question. Who are the flowers for?"

"My father." He mumbled quietly.

"Your father." I smirked

He tried to get away but I held him back. He turned towards me and instead of fear a fierce fire danced across his eyes.

"My father's dead." He yelled. "He died fighting for our country." The fire left his eyes and fat tears rolled down his cheeks.

I stared; my mouth gaped open at him and watched in shock as he slowly stumbled away. Oh God, I thought. That kid understands what it's like to have his days scarred. He understands what it's like to be hated. This kid lives the same lifestyle I do. Except it's not his parents that scar his days, it's me. The next day, I looked for him at school but I couldn't find him. I asked the teacher where he was and her eyes filled with tears and she said, "Michael is dead. He committed suicide last night." I walked away and silently cried into my shirt. I was the reason this kid died. If only I had known sooner. He kept it a secret and now he's dead. All because of me. I ruined this kid's life so much that he decided to just end it. I ran to Micheal's desk and rummaged through it. I pulled out a piece of paper. There was a drawing of me and above it the words *If Only He Knew* were written carefully above it.

# The Save of the Sprites.

By: Anthea Neves

Once upon a time there was a sprite named Alex.

Alex was not like the other sprites she was adventurous.

If you have never heard of sprites they are a type of fairy which lives in the forests.

One day Alex and all her best friends went on a walk together. Alex didn't want to stay on the trail so she wandered off. None of the other sprites noticed that Alex was gone until another group member named Daisy mentioned to the others that Alex was missing from the group.

As Alex was walking it started to get dark so she went into a cave she found. In the cave she saw sprites locked up in a cage and they were calling for help. "Help, help he is going to eat us" said the group of the locked up sprites. Alex asked "who locked you up and going to eat you?" They all responded in fear and said the dragon is. At that very moment Alex felt heat on the back of her neck so she turned around and when she did she saw the dragon, an arms lengths away.

Meanwhile, Daisy and the other sprites built a camp for the night. Once the camp was completed they all agreed to go out and search for Alex in the morning daylight.

In the morning the girls retraced their steps to the point where Daisy last saw Alex. At the spot where Daisy

last saw Alex, they saw footprints going west. They all decided to follow these footprints and soon after found a cave and decided to go in together. Once they got inside the cave they found Alex locked up with the other sprites. Alex explained to them that there was a dragon and that he was going to eat all the sprites. As Alex finished they heard a large thump on the ground and heard the dragon coming back into the cave, so the girls went to hide. The dragon noticed something wasn't just right so he started to look around. Every time the dragon moved closer to the girls, the girls would go hide somewhere else until they got close enough to the entrance where they were able to run away.

The next day the Alex's friends came back but this time to save Alex and the other sprites. When they got



to the cave they looked for the key, luckily Daisy found a key behind a chest and they were able to use the key to unlock the cage and let all the sprites out. Alex hugged all the girls and said "I will never leave the trail again." "Ok" said the girls. As they were leaving the cave the dragon came back. All of the sprites worked together and defeated the dragon and now all the sprites went home together.

The end

## **This Cozy Coop**

**By Laura Nixon, Grade 6**

I don't remember how I got here. But I do remember being here. This is the place that I have spent the last 17 days. This room, with this note book, where this is being written. With my only companion being a figment of my imagination, named Marcie. I think that I'm in a test of some kind, where there are doctors and scientists somewhere behind these walls, studying my every move. I don't know what they would study, though, because my life has been pretty boring, but something will change. Something big is about to happen any day now. Something that will change my life. Though Marcie failed to tell me what that something is.

I have no idea how I came to be in this room. I do, however, know one thing for sure. I was not kidnapped and they have not just sent me somewhere to rot in a room or drive myself out of my mind. I'm not sure how I know, I just do. Now I haven't ruled out kidnapping completely yet, but I feel cozy and happy here. In this room. With these four walls and a little slit for a window with a view that seems to change with my mood. My squishy yet firm bed sits in the far corner with blankets equipped with the image of a sunset on it, that always seems to keep me warm at night.

“Well Marcie, time for bed, don't you think?” I say with a yawn as I glance over at her sitting beside me.

“I guess so. But can we please have one more round of charades?” She replies with her little puppy dog eyes.

“Ughh, fine. It's your turn.”

“Okay, you'll *never* guess this,” Marcie said as she was *clearly* reenacting Peter Pan. I opened my mouth to say so when something caught my eye. Something was being pushed through the little food tray slot, an envelope maybe? I walked over and saw that was marked “Conceal this in your pocket and wait until in bathroom to open, as we are watching.” Curious as I was, I obeyed and slyly took the envelope into my little white bathroom. Once I stood on the pristine tiles, I tore open the envelope and resting inside was a note, a key, and a wristwatch. I barley glanced at the key and wristwatch before I grabbed the note and cautiously unfolded it, my mind racing about what could lay inside. Before I realized it, my eyes were already examining the handwriting. The note read,

*“Dear Amelia,*

*My name is Martino, and do not be scared of where you are, we are all on your side and want only the best for you. The room that you are in is to keep you safe. I cannot say what we are protecting you from at this stage, but if you wish to find out, then you will follow my instruction. Now, you are not supposed to be released for another month, but all of us here only care about your safety, not your happiness. All*

*except for me. I must keep this brief, but basically our supplies for your survival are starting to run out. Now, the key enclosed in this envelope is the key to your room door, but it is not safe for you to leave yet. That is where the clock comes in. At exactly 10:45pm, when you are usually sound asleep, we all pile into the control room for about 6 minutes while we shut down for the night. In that time frame, all of the hallways are clear and the alarms are temporarily shut off. At this time, you are to unlock your door, make only right turns, and then run, not walk, run until you reach room 36B. I will be waiting there for you. Be aware of wandering security guards. Good luck.*

*-Martino”*

The first thing that came to mind was confusion and then excitement. I glanced at the watch and nearly dropped it. The time read 10:34. I started to panic. Where had the time wandered off to?

“Calm down,” said a commanding voice.

“I can't talk right now Marcie,” I said as I reached for the bathroom door handle.

“Yes, but--”

“I have to be out that door in 10 minutes!” All the emotions were pulsing through my body. I haven't seen anything besides these dull grey walls in weeks, but I knew that that would soon change.

“I know. I just wanted to remind you to--”

“Goodbye.” I pushed through her and threw open the door. I never did find out what Marcie wanted to say to me. My guess was the charades, but that wasn't important. *This* was important. My escape from this cozy coop.

Ten minutes later, at 10:44pm, I had gathered my things (and emotions) and had the key in the lock, ready to go. After a big deep breath, I glanced down at my watch. 10:45. I turned the key, heard the *click* and was on my way.

The hallway was cold but greatly illuminated. As instructed, I ran down the corridor, passing many rooms. ...24B, 26B, 28B... I turned right...30B, 32B... I nearly had a heart attack as a security guard rounded a corner, just shy of 100 meters in front of me. Luckily, he was starring down at his phone (like everyone in this century) and didn't notice me as I ducked into room number 32B. Inside was a deserted desk, a yoga ball, an empty doughnut box, poster of a cat hanging off a tree that read “Hang in There” and many other little nic-naks. Just outside of the door, the security 'Trainee' (as his uniform stated) passed by. Right as his little feet left my line of view, I bolted out the door.

The wind was in my hair until I heard a tiny 'ding'.

“Oopsy daisy,” said the guard. A candy had slipped out of his pocket. He turned to bent over. *Maybe he didn't see me*, I thought as I sidestepped into 36B. “Hey! Stop! Freeze, you little punk!” He pulled his radio over to his chin and requested backup. I whipped the door closed and locked it. *Never mind*, I thought to myself.

“Good, you made it,” said a voice. I screamed like a little girl and turned around to face a man with chocolate hair, a scruffy beard and a name tag that read *Martino Collins*.

“Whaa--”

“I’ll explain later. But grab Marcie, because we have to go!” Martino led me up a flight of stairs, and the three of us left the sound of bustling security guards behind.

### **My Ambition**

The air was foggy, misty and dark, almost too dark you couldn't see, but I kept going. I was going to be the first girl ever to hike across the largest forest without anything to eat or drink. I was prepared. I had trained all my life for this moment and I was ready. I drove down to my starting place in Ontario and soon was on my way.

Branches and thorns kept digging into my legs, the pain was so piercing it felt like I was getting stabbed. I felt drips of blood run down my leg and I was panting hard. The wind whistled loudly around me as dust flew up in the air. I felt like giving up but I kept going, I knew this journey had just begun. My heart was pounding harder and harder every step I took, I was to tired, so I put down my backpack and laid beside an old birch tree, I was barely moving. Soon I fell fast asleep.

Suddenly I woke up to a big howl. The sky was dark so I couldn't see but, all I knew was something was breathing on me and it wasn't a human. I took out my flashlight and shined it around. There standing a few feet from me, was a huge, angry, growling wolf. My heart stopped pounding for a second, I was speechless. I curled down into a little ball and started crying. I took one more look at the wolf and realized that he was gone. I was shaking with relief. I saw tracks of the wolf pointing in the way I was headed, so I grabbed my things and was my way.

I followed the tracks of the wolf and they divided into two directions. I followed the tracks going towards a dark deep cave. It was mysterious and I was scared, but I knew I couldn't give up. The tracks led to a dark, cave that was hidden behind the bushes. It looked like someone was living in it because there was tracks going into the cave and a huge pile of rotten moldy bones. My heart skipped a beat, I knew something was in the cave and it was alive. My legs were

shaking and I was scared. Then an extremely loud howl came from nowhere. I froze dead in my tracks, my palms were sweating and I was scared. I looked up slowly to see a huge, bloodshot eyed wolf staring straight at me. I couldn't describe what I felt like inside, but all I knew is that I was scared out of my mind and I was frozen. The wolf took a step closer to me, I was shaking. The wolf Soon enough was right on my shoes. He sniffed me up and down and then suddenly bit me on the finger. Pain ran down my spine into every vein. Blood started dripping down my hand. I was traumatized. The wolf licked the blood off my one finger, and he started shaking uncontrollably and then fell instantly to the ground.

I was speechless. I tried to talk but I couldn't. I tried to move but I couldn't, I was frozen. The pain from my finger suddenly disappeared. I became really shaky too. I couldn't control myself I looked down and, I felt different, almost like a animal. Suddenly I became really dizzy and fell to the ground. I laid there beside the wolf wondering what was happening. Suddenly the wolf awoken. I thought he was going to bite me again but he didn't he didn't, Instead he kept nudging me to get up. So I did but this time I couldn't stand up. I was forced to walk with four legs. I looked down, there instead of me was a grey, bloodshot eyes wolf. What happened to me? I thought. Then I remembered who ever gets bit by the king grey wolf will becomes one till the king wolf bits you again. I read that story in school. I didn't have any clue what to do, All I knew was I needed to find the king wolf as soon as possible. The journey began. I looked all over, in bushes, valleys but, he was know where. The only place I didn't look, was the cave. So I headed towards the cave. I closed my eyes and entered the cave. Big echoe sounds came from all around the cave, the walls were shinny like gold. I kept walking till I got to another small cave entrance. There sat the big, bloodshot eyed king wolf. He was, destroying a rabbits insides. He threw the



bones onto the ground. He had blood dripping down his face and onto his chest from the rabbit. My legs were shaking and my face was sweaty. I had to figure how to get bitten by that wolf again. I took a step towards the wolf and he growled. I was scared out of my mind. The king wolf suddenly stopped eating and walked slowly towards me, making me take a step back. I was so scared. Suddenly right before I could take a step back he pranced right at me he tackled me to the ground. The drooling spit from his mouth landed on me. He opened his mouth and shook his head. I was breathing heavily trying to calm myself, but then the king wolf that was on top of me opened his mouth and was going to bite my head. I screamed loudly and this time something actually came out. " Help. Help," I screamed. My mom shook me. " Get up, get up," she said, "you're having a nightmare." I looked down and saw that I was no longer a wolf, I was a human! It was all a dream! So in the end I was glad I was back and glad that in the end it all turned out!

By: Chloe Orr  
Grade: 6  
School: Lloyd George

## LIFE

Nowhere to go, nothing to see.....surrounded by white, nothing but white. Everyone goes there at some point, you don't have a choice. It may seem scary, but people go there all the time. It's not a good place, nor a bad place, it's just a place. Floating on air, soft, gentle, silence. Every breath is revitalizing like a cold cloth on your face in the morning. This is HEAVEN!

It's hot, it's cold; it's wet, it's dry; it's good, it's bad. This place is the beautiful EARTH! This place is everything you could imagine to see.....it's amazing. There is too much to see in one lifetime. When you're sitting outside on a sunny day, I wonder if you could count all the colours you see? The moon glows at night, the sun shines during the day. The brilliant colours of the sun and the moon shock me every time I look upon them.

SPLISH SPLASH! Oceans, seas, lakes, ponds, waterfalls, rivers, creeks and streams. Multi-coloured fish so many different kinds, too many to count. Fish jumping and breaching the water for air, plunging eagerly back in. When you dive in to that magnificent blue water it's so refreshing, like a glass of lemonade on a sunny day. Floating on the salty, oily, warm waters of the Dead Sea, I remember, I felt like a beach ball floating in a pool. And just remember, don't go chasing waterfalls!!!!

Jaydyn Overwater  
Grade 6  
RLC Elementary

## Autumn

Red, orange, and yellow autumn leaves  
gracefully fall through the crisp, foggy air  
onto the frosty autumn ground.

The wonder of freshly cut oak  
burns in the hot flames of a roasting fire.

Dead, lifeless trees  
fill the orange, glowing fields  
as buckets are filled with sweet maple syrup.

Black midnight crows caw  
over scurrying brown mice  
that make their cozy burrows in the big red barn.

The scent of turkey dinner  
flows through the creaky old farm house  
that is filled with welcoming relatives.

As the sunsets  
and day turns into dark,  
the gloomy sky fills with twinkling stars.

Hot cocoa with floating white marshmallows  
whispers my name  
to end a beautiful night.

Jaydyn Overwater  
Grade 6  
RLC Elementary

## **Spring**

**S**un beaming down on the melting snow

**P**onds open up as lily pads grow

**R**obins sit on the crystal whites

**I**gloos melt on warm bright nights

**N**ight starts to run away

**G**lee is spread through out the day

**Public Secrets**  
Katrina Peterson, Grade 6, Juniper Ridge Elementary

**Author's Note**

First things first, this is a fictional story about a girl who gets lost in her own world and doesn't know what to do with crushes who turn bad. Getting stuck in a wheelchair, the sadness never stops. I wrote this story about this topic to inspire people to not take things for granted and to live your life to the fullest. Hope you like it!

**Chapter 1**

Dear Diary,

Today I realized that people aren't perfect, but it's hard for me to understand because I'm "special." It would be hard for me to understand anyway I thought about it ☹ Sorry I forgot, my name is Lizzy, but my real name is...

My trance was broken by the shattering noise of "DIE! DIE EARTHLING!" It was of course you guessed it, my brother playing video games, he is three years older than me and he was STILL playing video games. That's my one pet peeve. "Lizzy, Max, time for school!" said my mom at the top of her lungs. "Coming Mom!" I said. Well, bye. It's time for school.

Later on the bus...

"Hey watch out" I said. "Why don't you watch out" said a boy in front of me. Ok, that's a great start to my day! The bus lurched forward as I squinted. "Time to get off kids" said the bus driver in his nastiest voice. Everyone knew he didn't like kids, even though he had a job with billions of them. We knew this job was not a perfect fit for him.

"Ok" I thought. One second, I have to go get ready to meet with the learning assistance teacher! I leave my diary on the top shelf of my locker 1121 because it holds all of my secrets. I put in my locker combination and close my locker. I suddenly run into a "new" kid. "Darn" I say under my breath. "Hi, my name is Riley" he says. "Um-um-um-um, my name is Lizzy." "Darn

## Public Secrets

Katrina Peterson, Grade 6, Juniper Ridge Elementary

it” I said. I shouldn’t have stuttered, now he might know I like him. “Whoops” he said smiling like a maniac. “I’m so sorry but...” I forgot I can’t tell him about my disability or he **will** think that I’m crazy. “So” he said “are you new to this school?” “Well, I started in January and it’s June, sooo yes, kind of” I replied. “Well” he said smiling “I like you too Lizzy. Do you want to hang out sometime?” “YES! I would love to!” I said. Whoops, I thought. After all of that, I gave him my number and ran off to learning assistance.

## Chapter 2

Later that day...

After school I was calling my friends Katy and Ella. I felt so much joy while I was talking about my great day at school and “the boy.” They were so excited for me. They wished me good luck as we hung up the phone and went to texting.

“OMG” Katy said on group chat because she always talks in “girl talk.” “You guys have to come to my place tomorrow after school” Ella said. “Wow” I said “you have the fingers of a cheetah.” Then she texted “☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺.” I watched as the bubble on the side of the screen appeared and then disappeared as it filled with smiley faces. I scrolled up for two minutes to find the end. After that long paragraph of smiley faces I finally got another text, but it wasn’t from Katy or Ella. It was from Riley. YAY! I was so happy. I felt like I might explode and...wait a minute. I haven’t even read the text yet. Why am I so happy? So, I read the text and realized that it said “I found your diary...” “What!” I said at the top of my lungs (which really hurt my throat). OMG, I didn’t even realize that I forgot it at school, but it’s ok because I have the key!” I checked in all four of my pockets five times, but no key. Why, you ask? I remembered that I left the key under my diary. If he found my diary, I wondered, he must have been behind me when I did my combination. “Oh no! What have I done?”

## **Public Secrets**

Katrina Peterson, Grade 6, Juniper Ridge Elementary

You big bully!" I said. "Ya!" Katy and Ella said together. I knew they always had my back. "Whatcha gonna do about it if I don't wheely?" Riley shouted. "Wheel me away please" I asked my friends. "For sure" they said as they turned me around. They looked back and scowled at Riley, AKA, the big fluffy, puffy face of bullying. "Wow" I thought. "I have got to work on my nicknames for people!" I said. "Ya" they said "it needs some work." "Oh, I forgot, I always talk out loud" I said. "Hahaha" they both said at the same time. "Jinks" they said. "Ha" said Katy.

### **Chapter 6**

Three weeks later....

I wheeled down the halls in my wheelchair when something stopped me in my tracks. I looked up at my diary in Riley's hand. "Looks like you finally showed up" he said. "Oh no" I thought. Then before I know what's happening, he starts reading it aloud. To the whole school. I felt like I was going to die right there on the spot. But once he got to the part about my disability I felt even worse. I didn't know what I was going to do.

### **Chapter 7**

Later that day...

I went home as fast as I could just to find my mom sitting, waiting for me. She opened her mouth to talk, but no words came out. "You know?" I said. "Yes" she said in a croaky voice "I'm so sorry." "I'm going to bed" I said. "Ok" she said "whatever makes you happy." I went to bed.

## **Public Secrets**

Katrina Peterson, Grade 6, Juniper Ridge Elementary

### **Conclusion**

Well, that's a part of my life that I hope no one finds out about. I wish everyone else the best of luck if they have a disorder too, but I want to help people who have disorders or disabilities and are nervous or scared about people finding out. I hope this story helps.



### To Be a Hero

"Run! Run! Everybody out of here!" A woman's hoarse voice filled the auditorium, where the talent show was being held.

"The door's will automatically shut in five, four, three....."

Outside, thunder roared, and, lightning flashed. Screams and chaos were everywhere.

Oh no! Where was Poppy?

"We've got her," a monstrous voice called from above. Cyclops from the Greek myths?

Claire didn't care. All she could think about was getting her sister back. Soon enough,

Claire was on top of the roof, sprinting towards her sister.

"Help me, Claire!" Poppy's young voice called. The Cyclops had caught Poppy in a net, and were planning to throw her out into the Pacific Ocean.

"Hey!" Claire hollered. "What are you doing?"

"We are giving this, thing to our master, Poseidon. For he is Lord of the Sea," the monsters said, smugly in unison. "And there isn't anything you can do about it," they continued.

Smoky tendrils erupted from Claire's fingertips, scorching the plaster, and turning the rooftop to dust beneath her feet. Suddenly, Claire, Poppy, and the Cyclops, were plunging to their death. A hundred foot drop into the Pacific Ocean.

Claire woke up in cold sweat. Why that dream disturbed her, she didn't know. The sleeping figure beside her was Hope, not Poppy. Somehow, though, she couldn't quite place it. It was like a missing puzzle piece. Gone.

When Hope got angry, or frustrated, the nearby plumbing usually exploded. Hope rolled over, and got out of bed.

"I know you're awake," she said.

"I'm getting up," Claire grumbled.

Claire was one year younger than Hope, who was twelve. The girls lived in an abandoned church, dedicated to the Greek Gods. Both Hope and Claire worked underground everyday to earn money. Claire worked on digging out the bones of dead people. The bones could be centuries old, a couple millennia, or maybe even eons. Whereas Hope, worked on the underground piping system, to make sure that everything was running smoothly.

Claire grumpily got out of bed, and pulled on her work outfit. The shirt was muddy brown, with matching trousers. All of the outfits of the underground workers were identical.

"What would you like for breakfast?" Claire asked her sister. "An apple, or a bun?"

"May I please have an apple?" Hope asked.

"No problem, I'll be back in a few minutes," Claire replied.

Once Claire came back from the corner store, the girls trudged along the endlessly long route to "the Underneath."

"I wonder why you like water so much, and I don't care about being near dead bodies?" remarked Claire.

"It's almost like having magical powers," she continued.

"Well, if we did, I would use mine to whip us back in time, when there weren't orphans and beggars living on the streets," Hope replied. She took a bite of her apple and chewed thoughtfully. "At least we have shelter," she said.

"True," Claire replied.

It was much later, when they reached their final destination. As the girls parted, Claire couldn't help but think about what Hope had mentioned earlier.

"Hey you!" A harsh voice snapped Claire out of her thoughts.

"Level twelve!"

Level twelve. Claire had never been down that far. Usually, that level was reserved for the experienced diggers, who needed to wear oxygen masks, due to being so far underground.

"Are you sure...." Her voice trailed off, when she realized she was alone.

"Well, here goes nothing." Her voice echoed against the walls of the underground cavern. "Oh no," Claire thought as she trotted down. "I have no oxygen mask. I'll be dead within two minutes of being down here."

She braced herself for the lack of oxygen to take her breath away, but Claire then realized she could breathe fine. Strange.

"Handy isn't it, having me,, as your father?" a manly voice rumbled.

"Eeeekk!," Claire was so surprised she nearly jumped out of her skin.

"Who are you, and what are you doing here?" she said, trying to keep her voice level, even though she was shaking with fear.

"Not feeling so brave anymore now, are we?" the stranger continued.

That was when Claire dug up the courage to look at the stranger. Dressed in black, with a red cloak that was- "Wait a minute," Claire said, "Is your cloak moving?" She was indeed correct. The "man" was wearing his cloak of Tartarus. She could almost hear the disorientated souls, silently screaming in agony.

"You are not my father," Claire said. He chuckled. "You are not my father," she repeated.

"My, my," said the stranger, fuming. "We seem to have quite a fighter here. No matter how many times you repeat that sentence, you cannot change your fate."

"My fate is none of your business."

"Well," Hades continued, acting as if Claire hadn't spoken, "Have you ever wondered why you feel so ah.. how shall we put it? At ease, perhaps?"

"At ease? I certainly don't feel at ease, especially with you. A) you are not my father, and, B) you have absolutely no idea about my feelings. Now scudatttle with this little "underground business" of yours."

"Excuse me, you do not talk to Hades, Lord of the Underworld like that. I am certainly not going to take advice from a demigod."

"You're pretending to be Hades, God of the underworld," Claire said.

"I am Hades," his vile laugh filled the cavern. Hades disappeared in a cloud of smoke, his cloak surrounding him.

"Wait!" Claire said, "Where are you going?"

Later, when she got home, Claire told her sister all about her encounter with the God of the Underworld.

"Wow," Hope said, "You're a demigod. That means you will go on quests, and fight monsters, and lots of other fun, and scary things."

"I wonder if you are one too?" Claire said.

"I don't think so," Hope replied warily.

"Oh, that reminds me," Claire said, over the wind, which was rattling the window panes.

"I was meaning to tell-" CRASH! A giant head, teeth and all, smashed through the church wall.

Jazmine Roberts, Grade 6, Dufferin Elementary

Nightmares

The screaming of something I cannot see,

I search and search but no.

I usually don't get scared easily,

But my fear is starting to show.

I run,

I trip,

I hear a crack,

It all goes black...

...I wake up in my nice warm bed.

Jazmine Roberts, Grade 6, Dufferin Elementary

The River: A Haiku

The River, it flows,  
I hear the water running,  
What a lovely sound.



My Best Friend

"Hey Thunder whats up?" I cup his snout in my hands. Thunder gave a little neigh in acknowledgement that I was there. He rolls his head along my shoulder. "I love you too buddy" I said while petting his grey snout. "As early as the mornin' bird, I see, Haily. Why don't you two go for a early mornin' ride?" said my neighbour, Ms. Rosenbel, I as she walked out of her back door.

I immediately look at Thunder as he stomps his hoof to the ground. I quickly jump onto a hay bale and over Thunder's stall. I land on the nice soft hay, as quick as I can, I grab his saddle then buckled it. I then step on a bucket near by and with one quick jump I am onto Thunder's back. Ms. Rosenbell opens Thunder's stall door then Thunder and I go running out into the open field.

I felt the wind hit my face and blow my blond hair behind me. Thunder and I rode for about seemed like no time at all but it was actually hours. Finally it was time to go back to his stall.

As Thunder and I trotted back to Ms. Rosenbell's house I saw a moving truck and boxes spread on the ground at the back of the moving truck. I quickly took Thunder to his stall and took off his saddle then I jumped over his stall and ran to Ms. Rosenbell. "Ms. Rosenbell what are all the boxes for?" I asked but I knew it was to move away. "Why sweet pea I'm movin' away" she replied. Her voice sounded like silk and was so calm. I stared at her for a moment "But what about Thunder?" I asked, holding back tears. "Why he is comin' with me" She said as she put her arms on my shoulders. "I'm sorry darlin' but I have to" she said and she hugged me. I felt a tear drip onto my shoulder, "But you don't have to. You can stay can't

My Best Friend

you?" I said and hugged her tightly.

Just then a horse trailer pulled up and my dad got out. There was one horse in his trailer that I had to take back to our house. It was Caspion, the horse that hates me. Ms. Rosenbell stood up and walked to the back of her house to fetch Thunder "Dad? What are you doing here?" I asked though I clearly knew why he was here. He was here to take Thunder to Ms. Rosenbell's new house. "Why sweetie I'm takin' Thunder to-" I cut him off. "Thunder to Ms. Rosenbell's new house," I said crossly. My dad unhooked the back of the horse trailer and out walked Caspion, a black storm, looking horse. (That's maybe why he hates me).

"Haily can you please take Caspion home?" my dad asked with a smile. "Sure...." I grumbled. I walked over to Caspion and reached out to the rope hanging down from his bridle, he tried to bite me! (Not the first time) but I was too quick. I grabbed the rope and walked him back to the barn behind our house. He was stubborn on the way back, he stopped a few times to make us late to get home so I would get in trouble.

Finally I got home and My dad's girlfriend Andrea was there! I love it when she comes over, She's an awesome cook! "Hey sweetie!" she called from the kitchen As I walked in after putting Caspion back in the barn. "Andrea! Whats for supper?" I asked, my stomach growling. "Always to ask about the food, hmm?" she said. She stopped stirring what seemed to be my favourite soup then she walked over to me and hugged me. "Your dad told me about Thunder and Ms. Rosenbell," she said softly into my ear. Just then my dad's pick up truck pulled up with an empty horse trailer.

My Best Friend

"Hey, my two favourite girls!" he said and hugged Andrea and me. We all sat down and had dinner. I didn't really say much They asked me how school was and so on so on I just nodded and said what has happened in no time I was snuggled into bed, but I could not sleep knowing Thunder is somewhere else I lay there restless, unmoving, staring at the ceiling I slowly close my eyes holding a picture of Thunder in my mind as I fell asleep.

Beep! Beep! I woke up to my alarm clock. It has been two years since Thunder left and my birthday party is today. I have been talking to Ms. Rosenbell to see if she could come and visit but she always said no. I feel bad that she can't come but she doesn't feel bad. She said she will have a present waiting at the back of the house for me she said. I just need to wait until the party is over and my friends have left.

After the party I went around to the back of the house and there he was: Thunder! I ran up to him and cupped his snout in my hands "I picked him up this mornin" my dad said. I ran up to my dad and hugged him then cried into his shoulder "Thank you so much!" I said. Then I quickly ran toward Thunder. I climbed onto his back. "This is my life, riding is my life!"

Olivia Sjokvist

Grade 6

St. Ann's Academy

### **An Opposite Dimension**

Once upon a time, there was a girl, no one special, simply walking home from school, just like any other day. She was kicking a can down the sidewalk, wishing to be popular. Her name was Sapphire. She had just moved there from California and was rather lonely at school. Even her house did not feel like home.

However, she loved walking home, because she got to see the old fashioned, mysterious house around the corner from her school each day. It was beautiful, full of dainty plants, rustic, and the size of a mansion! One thing that she wondered about was how the flowers stayed in their cozy, tidy rows on either side of the path leading to the front door, because the door was shut tight 100% of the time and she had never seen the mansion's owner.

Today, she heard a strange sound coming from the house- almost a hum. She walked up the cobblestone steps to the front door, purely out of curiosity. Just then she heard someone in the house crying, "Help!" at the top of her lungs.

"Hello? Are you okay in there?" Sapphire questioned. She got no answer. Sapphire touched the doorknob, and was surprised to find it was unlocked.

The girl in the house cried, "Help," again.

"She must be in serious trouble," Sapphire whispered warily to herself. Against her better judgement, she gingerly peeked through the creaky stained glass doors.

Olivia Sjokvist

An Opposite World

Grade 6, St. Ann's Academy

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"What..." Sapphire groaned groggily. Apparently, she had blacked out and fallen into the house. As she opened her eyes halfway, she saw the girl who called for help. She realized a boy was just trying to pull her hair, not cause grave danger to the girl. Then, she heard voices.

"Is Sapphire awake yet?"

"Can I have Sapphire's autograph?"

"Sapphire is so cool!"

Sapphire's eyes widened suddenly, shocked at her name in those sentences. Then she saw it. A completely opposite dimension! There where buildings and roads in the same places as her town, but similarities ended there. Mythical creatures stood in the places of real creatures from home. The group of girls walking by when she entered the house now had fairy wings, the sky was bubblegum pink, the garden gnomes from next door were having an animated conversation, and *she was* popular!

She got up to get a better view, although she was sure she was dreaming. Her eyes opened to the widest possible. Sapphire had *fairy* wings!

She noticed the endless wall surrounding the town on all four sides and noticed the door, some windows, and flowery wallpaper on it. So she *was* inside the house! She

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took note that she could see her dimension through the windows, but her dimension couldn't see this through the windows.

The crowd of fairies around her pushed closer, thrusting out pictures of her face to sign and birthday invitations. She wondered if that day could get any zanier or better. Sapphire refrained from pinching herself, not wanting it to go away.

Then Sapphire saw her blonde chihuahua puppy, Fufu, belch a column of fire from his new mini dragon body's mouth. Sapphire decided she would go see what her usually very overprotective mother would be like. She was unable to lose the fairy swarm of admirers around her, so she let them follow her to her house, or at least this dimension's version of it.

Sapphire was more than shocked when she saw her house. Her cramped, grey, weather-worn house was now an extravagant and well tended dream-home! "I'm home," Sapphire called, keeping to routine. Sapphire expected to see her mother race into the room and pester her past Sapphire's limit, worrying about if she was happy, if the kids were mean, if Sapphire was hurt, if Sapphire learned anything, if Sapphire was confused with anything she was taught, and much more. Surprisingly, Sapphire's mother did nothing of the kind.

"Mhmm, come in Saph," her mother called. Sapphire did as she was told, but did not recognize the woman in the living room. Hair dyed unnaturally red, way to much blue

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eyeshadow, hot pink blush, and deep red lipstick, dress way too short for her old mother's liking, and her mom's strict attitude gone, it was impossible to realize it was her mom. "Get ya'll some ice cream. Don't all those friends of yours need some? We're all out."

"Okay, Mom."

"Cash's in my wallet. Oh ya, and get me a quadruple scoop fudge delight. What are you waiting for, an invitation? Go, go, go! Why do I even bother with you, you birdbrain?"

"I'm going, I'm going." Sapphire was sure something was strange now. Was absolutely everything opposite? As soon as she stepped outside, she was buried in fans. Now all she wanted was to her old dimension back.

"Hi, I am Jenna, and you have to get the key from Bo Blackbelt, the world's best karate man and keeper of the inter-dimensional key," a young girl blurted, as if she had just read Sapphire's mind, which, here, may be possible. "He is over there, the tough, tall, strong guy in the karate uniform. No one gets past him. You're stuck here forever."

Sapphire, sure she was about to get herself killed, walked up to Bo and demanded the key, but was shocked when Bo Blackbelt, toughest guy around, squealed, " Oh my pixie dust! It's *Sapphire*! No way! Here's the key, Sapphire, goodbye! I have to go brag that I

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just met you on Flitter!" With that, he ran off giddily. Evidently, tough and mean means something else here.

She broke through the crowd of admirers and half-sprinted, half-flew through the door that leads into her world. Everything went dark.

She woke up on the sidewalk that the humming started on, as if it had never happened. She raced back to her house and tackled her mother in a fierce hug. "I love you, Mum," Sapphire whispered. She had never felt so at home.



**Name: Olivia Stella**  
**Grade: 6**  
**School: Beattie School of the Arts**

**I Really, Really, Really, Really Don't Know How To Ski**

I really, really, really, really don't know how to ski.

I try and try and try again but it doesn't work out for me.

I fall down, I fall up, I fall left, I fall right

For some reason, I can't do it just right.

I slide and slither

And scide and scissor.

It's always so cold,

And I always shiver!

I can't do it no more!

I walk through the door

And wait for the others to be done.

I got on the bus, and made a big fuss,

For I really, really, really, really don't know how to ski.

**Name: Olivia Stella**  
**Grade: 6**  
**School: Beattie School of the Arts**

### **Snowflakes**

The snowflakes fall in chunks of white,

Round and round and round they go,

Hitting the ground deep down below,

On the soft earth they melt one by one.

They land on the clear, frozen, cold ice, turning into one.

Without a silent sound, they run.

The Journey Of Life

Running up a mountain, the wind in my face  
Running divinely, running with grace  
Swimming through the river, all cold and shivering  
Walking through the sun, my feet blistering  
The journey of life is a hard one, I know  
Sadness is darkness, walking through the snow  
Hard times and hardships, a terrible show  
Lying before the moon's bright glow  
This one is tough  
The journey is rough  
But soon enough  
This gift will be gone

Cats

First, let me get something straight  
Some cats are fat, could be something they ate  
Some cats are hairy, and some cats are bald  
Some cats come even when they're called  
Some cats like to sit on your lap  
Some cats will want to chase a big rat  
But all cats will love you, I guarantee you that  
And all cats are special, even if they're fat

## The Future

It is 2091 and our world is a lot different than it used to be. The ground is full of suffocating garbage not like how we used to know our earth before. Our world technology has become so advanced we were able to build this empire in the sky, almost a replica of how it used to be. Unfortunately the platforms we live on are not connected to one another. I think it was a mistake. So each family, person or building lives on their own little island. All the plants died except for the trees so we can still breathe. The rest of the plants are made from recycled garbage. Swoosh! The gust of wind hit my face. "Mona! You're going to fall off the edge", Dave yelled at me. He grabbed my hand and pulled me back up. "Mona, you're crazy," murmured Dave; "you could of killed yourself." "Look, I'm still standing here, aren't I?" Mona said defensively. "Oh yeah, thanks for saving me." "No problem," Dave said happily. "You know you're one of my best friends," I replied. "Hmmm, does this maybe have something to do with me saving you from falling off the edge three times?" Dave said jokingly. "Maybe," I said, already knowing he knew the answer. We started walking home (we live next door to each other). We had to jump from stone to stone in between the islands. My mom and his mom always have tea together, that's how we know each other.

As we walked away in separate directions I started imagining myself on earth having to do the exact same thing every day, reliving the same moments. But when I imagined it, I was watching myself, it was kind of strange. I finally arrived at my house. "Dinner", my mother called. That night was the quietest dinner I ever had. I rushed up to my bedroom and fell asleep. I only had one dream that night. I was looking into a mirror and I couldn't see anything. Then I

awoke at 10:00. It's spring break so I can sleep in. I got dressed and rushed down stairs of our small apartment. No time for breakfast! I started walking to the school's park. On my way I passed one of my close friends named Zhera; I didn't stop to talk I just kept walking until I reached the park. Peace and quiet, everything seemed beautiful. I looked down to the earth. Aaaahh! I started to fall, but this time no one was there to catch me. Maybe this was my fate. I felt as if I was flying. The world was waving and I was like a leaf in the wind. I blacked out and when I awoke I was looking at a different world than the garbage I had seen before. It was beautiful almost like I time traveled. "That's because you, or should I say I did". I slowly turned around. I was facing myself! How is this possible? "How do you know what I'm thinking?". "I have so many questions. Well let's start by introducing ourselves," said me from the past. I said, "my name is Mona and I'm thirteen". "Me too!" "So this must be my past life. Great!" I said sarcastically. "So how can you hear my thoughts?" "Because we are connected." "What should I call you?" I said, "Because it might be weird calling each other Mona". "Since I'm Mona from the past, I'll be Monilea." "Ok, Why am I here?" I groaned. "You're here to save my family", whimpered Monilea. "Our community made a deal with a man named Mr. Clark. He said if we wanted to be rich we could only if we agreed to repeat our life. By that he meant repeat this day forever. We all know it's happening but there's nothing we can do," Monilea said in a rush. "What am I supposed to do?" I asked. "You're the savior, you can do what you want", Monilea said. "Ok," I replied. I rushed down to city hall where the deal was being made. "You're too late," Mr. Clark said, almost like he was expecting me. There was nothing I could do to save them from an eternity of this.

I went to stay at a hotel, it was fancy. I got up early and was ready to go repeat this day. I rushed down to city hall but I was too early and it wasn't open yet. I was waiting there for two long hours until they finally arrived. Mr. Clark was not happy to see me and I complained to the mayor that it was a bad idea and what would happen after. All of a sudden I felt light and fluffy. I started flying back to my home. My mom asked what happened to me on my walk. I said, "Everything I need to keep me happy."

## My Life

It was a nice, hot summer afternoon on June 17, 2003 when the birds were chirping and the frogs were croaking. It was the day my life started. I was born at Royal Inland Hospital right when my dad's watch 12:00 pm. Wrapped in my pink and white checkered blanket I was very comfortable. My whole family was excited that day because I was my parents' first child. The moment I came home my dog, Southpaw, curiously sniffed me and then growled like I was a little mouse that looked yummy to eat. After a while, he got used to me. Who could blame him though, I was really small!

At the age of 2, my parents and I went to get a Christmas tree that was perfect for sitting around on a cold, chilly Christmas day. When we brought it home I was really excited to decorate it. I got to put the shiny, golden, sparkly star up on the top of our Christmas tree! Of course I was really small so I couldn't reach the top but with my dad's super strong muscles I was lifted up into the air and I could put the star on my tree! I felt like a horse soaring through the breezy, cold wind. Wait a minute, horses don't fly! I felt like a little bird flying through the open air for the first time!

I wasn't so sure of my baby brother, Kian. At first I felt really pooped about having another crybaby around my house, getting all the attention but when I saw his droopy little eyes and his little baby feet I soon fell in deep love with him! Having a little brother around the house always made me laugh and making me so thankful to have a sibling. Holding Kian in my hands made me feel like a mother.

It was about one year after Kian was born when I had my birthday with my family. I was so excited to see my Grandma and Grandpa. When it was time to open their presents I was really excited! I opened their presents so quickly I barely got a nice look at the wrapping paper, but I guess I was young so I didn't really care about the outside, all I cared about was the present inside! My Grandma and Grandpa gave me a Barbie Doll that was named Ken and a nice dress for me that I could wear on a

hot, summer day! I loved the dress because of the bright colours and it even had some sequins on it.

After I opened the Barbie Doll and the dress it was time to eat the amazing pink and purple cake that my Mom and Grandma made for me!

Kindergarten was the best year I had ever had! I made a lot of cool friends and we got to play all day. The best thing was that we got to do was lots and lots of art the whole day! When the day was almost over my friend, Khaiya, asked if I would like to come over that day. It was my first time I had a playdate; naturally, I was excited to go over to her house! We went outside the whole time. I had a amazing afternoon! When my mom came to pick me up I was sad to go home but at least I had a fun time with my new best friend!

When the New Year finally came, I was the existed kid in the hole world. I was old enough to join soccer! I didn't know a lot about it but I listened very well and tired my absolute best! When my first soccer game came I was a little nervous but when we played, it turned out amazing! One time I was the first to play in the scary big net that's strange I thought it was not that bad well never mind, probably to you when the hard ball is flying towards your little face!

I can remember my very first figure-skating lesson. When I was warming up the instructor came over to talk to me. She said that I was too good to be in the beginning level. She allowed me to move up to be a “can-skater”! It is the second step to become a “star-skater!” Skating is my life. I love everything about it. The speed...the jumps...the turns...I feel at peace.

At 8-years-old, I felt like a grown-up. I was able to stay up late to celebrate the new year. My family was at my Auntie Sherri and Uncle Kelly’s house. Their house was filled with uncles, aunts, cousins and friends. So much love filled the rooms. I want to keep that moment alive forever. My family means the world to me.



Mikaili Tweed  
Rayleigh Elementary  
Grade 6

People tell me I'm a natural athlete; sports just come easy for me. I like to participant in a variety of school sports. Maybe one day, I will be famous. At least I know I have my family's support.

Isabella Westwood, Gr.6  
A.E.Perry

Why?

Why does it matter what time or day it is?

Why do people judge a book by its cover?

Why should it matter what people think?

Why was I chosen to be on this planet and not some other planet out there?

Why do we need love?

Why?

It's not like I am going to die if people judge me, it's not like I am going to die if I don't have love.

But still.

Why?

Tweet go the phones, not the birds.

Not reading a book, but a face.

Snap go the pictures, not the twigs.

Music on the phones, not the ice cream trucks.

We see sports, but not in person.

We pass life as we go, but no one knows.

## Friends

**"I HATE YOU!"** ----- wait, stop. Let's go back a couple of hours. To when there was no yelling and everything was calm. First I should introduce myself. I'm Alyssa, my friends call me Aly. I'm 12 years old, in grade 7, and not really liking my friends at the moment, (but I'll get to that later). I have red hair, my eyes are blue, and I can tell you that I'm not even on the top ten list of tall girls in my class. I'm not saying that I'm short or anything, but I am saying that I'm not tall. Now enough about me, lets get on with the story, (of how this yelling all started).

It was a cold, cloudy, Tuesday. I rode the bus on the way to school, like I do every day. I always sit on the window side while my friend Emma sits on the aisle side. After everyone got seated on the bus I looked out the window and saw that a girl (my age) was about to get on the bus, but before I could see her face she disappeared. A minute later I saw her walking up the aisle to the back (where I was sitting) and she sat in the seat in front of me. I had never seen her before but when she was standing outside waiting to get on the bus, I caught a glimpse of what she was wearing, and I knew I remembered her outfit from somewhere. When the bus took off I tried to get the girl's attention, but she must have been listening to music or something, because when I whispered "Pssst" over the

seat, she didn't even say anything. So then I tried kicking her seat a little bit, but when she didn't tell me to stop I got a little suspicious. I peaked over the seat a little, but when I did, no one was even there. It was like she just vanished or something. So I looked at all the seats around me but I didn't see anyone wearing the outfit that I saw. So I stood up a bit to look ahead, but she was nowhere to be seen. That's when I turned around and saw her sitting there. Then I realized that she must have passed me when I was day dreaming about this guy I like at school.

I waited until we got off the bus at school to ask her what her name was, but before I even got the chance to

talk to her, she starting running towards this group of girls that are very well known at our school. They're known as the "Popular Girls", and whenever I even get close to one I start to steam up, just because of this one stupid little thing that the "Leader of the group" did to me in kindergarten. Now before I get to anything else that happened that day, I should probably tell you what happened between me and Becca. (bleh)

One day in kindergarten Becca decided to try and make friends, so she came up to me first, (apparently she thought that I looked "trustworthy", whatever that means)

so she walked straight up to me and said right in my face  
“Hey, wanna be friends?”

At first I didn't hear what she said, so I asked her if she could say it again but she just yelled at me. She was saying stuff about how I was too needy and bossy, and that I would never make friends acting like that. I was really embarrassed, because the whole class was staring at us like owls with their big beady eyes. Anyways, long story short, we never really talked to each other ever again, and she made other friends, that apparently were not as “Bossy” as I was, so we pretty much just grew up in different groups of people. That’s the story of how Becca and I now pretty much hate each other. So let’s get back to the main story now.



I was really quite disappointed in Emma, because when I told her the whole story about that girl that I'd never seen before, she bolted straight over to Becca. At first I didn't know what she was even doing, but then she looked Becca straight in the eye and said to her "Why do you have to be so rude, I mean really, you just wave the new girl over your way because you knew that Alyssa was going to try to get her attention!". At that moment when I was still standing far away from Becca, I realized where I saw the outfit that the girl was wearing. Becca had worn it to school one day, and she must have lent it to the new girl, (who's name is actually Amanda) that day so that Becca could recognize her when she got off the bus.

Meanwhile, Emma was still giving Becca a piece of her mind, but I couldn't just let her get in trouble by herself, so I stepped in and helped her. When I walked up to the group of girls standing there I started to get sweaty palms, because Becca was looking at me like she knew what I was gonna say or something. After a moment of silence Amanda just blurted out "Girls, I can feel the tension between you already and I just wanted to say..."

Amanda never got to finish what she was saying because before she could Becca and I stepped in at the same time and said, "Stay out of this!" After, Becca and I kinda just started bickering at each other, and before you knew it we both yelled "**I HATE YOU!**" in each others faces.

That's the story of how the yelling all started, but the rest is a whole other story.

Naomi Willms  
Grade 6  
Lloyd George Elementary School  
Not Gone

## **NOT GONE**

Have you ever wondered why the unicorns or the dragons or the pegasi never walk the earth anymore? When the unicorns were of the only animals ever, they could play and run and be themselves. They were beautiful with their flowing manes that felt like ice, their pure white bodies and long silver horns. No one knows why they left or when or if they even existed. But I believe they did. And they left their wonderful gifts on Earth for us to enjoy. Like the colorful flowers that bloom in summer and the snow that falls in winter and the trees with their red and orange leaves in fall. So they never totally left. They are just never allowed to show their more distinct characteristics anymore; like their manes and tails of ice and their horns of silver. They are what humans call horses with their many colors and their strong legs to carry their riders. The horses are not closely related to the unicorns. But there are still a few. The white horses. I know this because one lives in my backyard. His name is Prince Charming and he is not only related to the unicorns, he is one. My beautiful pony is a unicorn who cannot show anyone his horn for fear of discovery. The unicorns are not gone.

Santa Claus : UNCOVERED

Madison Young

Beattie School Of The Arts

Grade 6, Age 12

In my Twelve year old, girly opinion, Santa is extremely creepy. I have plenty of reasons to support my theory. For starters, he knows when you are sleeping, he can come and rob you at any point! He knows if you've been bad or good, he is a stalker obsessed with children. He keeps elves as his toy making slaves, he probably makes them put cameras in the toys, that is the source of his knowledge. He is most importantly, a COOKIE THIEF! The phrase " Who stole the cookies from the cookie jar?" were the words of a heart broken kid that had his cookies stolen by your beloved St. Nick. I hate to break it to every Santa believer in the universe, but Chris Kringle is the greatest criminal master mind ever. My story begins with the very first Christmas Eve that I would uncover the real jolly 'ol St. Nick.

I turned on my phone and glanced at my new Santa Tracker app, just to see how long I had. I grabbed my telescope and pointed it precisely at the Christmas tree, I had to see everything that was going on. It was only 11, I slowly crept back to my gloomy bedroom and I set an alarm for 1:45 a.m, Santa was supposed to be at my house at 2:30 a.m. Before I got into bed, I (mightily) pushed my dresser in front of my door and turned the lock on my newly installed deadbolt. I crawled under my blankets and put my watch next to my ear, I had to wake up at the exact time.

Three hours and forty-five minutes later, my alarm started screeching in my ear. I sat up faster than lightning, I pushed my dresser with all the might that my tired, stiff arms had. I moved that dresser slower than a ninety-nine year old woman, in a wheelchair. I slowly crept down the hallway, stealthily avoiding the the creaky floor boards that would probably wake my parents. I checked to make sure that everything was in place and working smoothly.

Santa Claus : UNCOVERED  
Madison Young  
Beattie School Of The Arts  
Grade 6, Age 12

I startled as I heard the prancing and pawing of each little hoof (cue the tacky machine). I took my post behind the staircase and made sure that I was out of sight. I heard a faint crash and the crinkling of wrapping paper. I put my eye up to the telescope and devoured every detail of what was happening. Chris Kringle had completely turned around and was only about two away from me. I assumed that he had magic that made him super speed, how else could he travel around the world in one night while stopping in every single house? I thought that he knew I was there, never mind, he knew I was there, he was staring at me.

I got my dads hunting gun, it took down a bear, it should be able to hurt Santa. I stood up and aimed the gun, but there was no one to aim at, he wasn't there anymore. I spun around and fell over the stair railing, St. Nick was standing behind me. I shot, but didn't hit anything because Kringle had a grip around my throat like you wouldn't believe. I honestly thought that I was going to be murdered by Santa Claus. I reached for the gun, but it was lying flat on the floor and I was up high in the air.

I must have passed out because I woke up in what looked like a jail cell. I assumed that I was in the North Pole because my fingers were frozen and my nose was a dark shade of pink. I stood up and looked around, it still hurt to breath and my head had a shooting pain in it. I continued to walk around, I was looking for some kind of door or window. I found a see through door and there was someone there, they were so tiny and wearing red and green everything. I yelled at the creature, it started walking, as it approached I felt so stupid. It was an elf, a blonde lady elf to be exact. She kept looking around as if she knew that someone was watching us, I guess that Kringle had eyes everywhere.

Santa Claus : UNCOVERED  
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“ Am I in the North Pole? Like in Santa’s workshop?” I asked quietly so that I wouldn’t stress her out.

“ Yes you are, but you can’t ever leave. Once you come here you can’t ever go.” She whispered worriedly.

“ Then how does Santa do it? A magic candy cane!” I retorted sarcastically.

“ Well, not exactly. The bells on his sleigh are magical and if he has them when he leaves the North Pole, he can go anywhere for as long as he wants.” The elf blurted out.

A second later a booming voice yelled

“ All elves to the toy making factory ASAP. Teddy bear machine burst!”

After the elf left, I looked around for a weapon. I found my dad’s gun! It was so small that it probably fell in the toy bag when St. Nick knocked me out and fell out when he trapped me here. I started screaming and banging on the door, trying to cause a kerfuffle so big that Santa would have to come and see me. Then, I would shoot him and leave. After hours of banging on the door, my plan finally started working, Santa came down. I waited until he came in the cell, to kill me probably. I spotted the bells on the keys to the door, I knew what my plan was but now that it was happening, I was petrified. I took my aim and shot.

# The Game

*By Leon Zimmermann, and inspired by Chris Van Allsburg*

*R. L. Clemitson, Grade 6*

Jumi and Conji were playing inside with a train. Conji started the train and Jumi watched excitedly as the train passed a house and a ball with a star on it before disappearing under the chair Jumi was sitting on. After half an hour of watching the train go around and around, they decided to go play outside for a while.

"I'm bored," moaned Jumi. "

Then let's find something else to do inside," said Conji picking up the ball Jumi had passed.

"Ok," grunted Jumi who had go-play-run-away in his mind. So he followed his sister inside, and then something caught his attention. "What's that," he asked.

"I don't know but I think it's—"Jumanji" yelled Conji and together they raced to a shining board game on the table beside the train track.

"I'll go first," said Jumi excitedly.

"Wait, let me read the rules," said Conji with determination. Jumi waited impatiently until Conji finally let him roll the dice. He got a six. As he moved his piece onto a square that showed a lion on it, he heard a loud "ROOOAAR".

Jumi slowly turned his head from Conji to the window, then to the lamp, then to the music book, and from there he looked up to see a lion staring down at him from the piano.

"AAAAAHHI" yelled Jumi as the lion lunged after him. It chased him to the bedroom and where he crawled under the king sized bed, exiting the other end just as the lion slid under as well.

Conji came running into the room with a cook spoon ready to whack the lion in the butt. "Go and do my turn while I distract it." yelled Conji.



When Jumi ran out of the room he thought he heard a loud smack and a terrifying roar. He felt for the poor loin. When he reached the board, he grabbed the dice and rolled it. He got a five. Slowly he lifted Conji's piece and put it on a square that showed five monkeys on it, but he didn't care; all he cared about was getting rid of the lion.

After a minute or so Conji came into the room saying; "I'm going to put the cook spoon away, okay? Meanwhile you could do your turn," Before he could say anything, Conji disappeared into the kitchen.

A surprise awaited her. "Monkeys!" Screamed Conji, dropping the spoon. But she liked monkeys. They were her favorite animal. Forgetting the spoon, she called to the monkeys: "Do any of you know how to stop this?" The five monkeys nodded and ran into the playroom. As they went by, the fifth one tugged at her shirt.

In the playroom, a monkey gave her an umbrella. "Did you roll?" Asked Conji.

"Yes," replied Jumi. "Landed on rain."

"I can guess," said Conji. "Anyway, monkeys, how do you stop this?" The monkeys all pointed at the finish.

"So the instructions were right. She rolled a two and as she moved her piece the rain stopped, the monkeys disappeared, and there was a big crash! Conji had landed on a square that showed rhinos, and two of them barged into the playroom! A lamp and a chair fell, and the telephone got hung on one of the horns.

"Yikes!" said Jumi raising his umbrella like a shield. "Rhinos!" Yelled Conji; she absolutely disliked rhinos.

"What do we do now?" asked Jumi.

"I don't know but run!" said Conji as one of the rhinos ran into the table, splitting it cleanly in two. This sent the board flying across the room like a frisbee. The game pieces hit the rhinos, who immediately vanished.

"At least the rhinos are gone," said Jumi glumly. "Yeah but now we have this mess to clean up," said Conji. Jumi did clean up a bit, and set the game pieces back on the board.

"Jumi, what are you doing?" asked Conji.

"Cleaning," replied Jumi.

"No literally, what are ..." she insisted as he rolled. There was a loud crack and everything went back in order. "What a wonderful..." she heard a strange hissing noise. "...idea".

"What was that?" Asked Jumi.

"I'm not sure, but that sounded an awful lot like a ..."

"Snake!" yelled Jumi as he ran behind one of the couches. A long, wiggly thing emerged from the couch.

"AAHHH!" Jumi screamed as they ran into the kitchen, where Conji retrieved the cook spoon.

"At least they aren't poisonous," said Conji.

"Not poisonous - that thing could have killed me!" exclaimed Jumi.

"Ok then Jumi, here's the drill. I'll go distract it and you whack it hard on the head. Is that clear?"

"Yah, I guess."

"Good, then let's go!"

As they went back to the playroom, Jumi thought “that’s my mother’s vase - what if the snake breaks it?” and “what if mom and dad come home? What will we do?” Just then Jumi realized that Conji had disappeared. “Conji, Conji where are you?” Just as he said it, he wished he hadn’t. The snake stopped coiling around his mother’s vase, and started towards him. He screamed and waved the spoon wildly like it was on fire. But screaming and waving only made it worse; the snake leaped at him and started coiling around him. Then it started squeezing until there seemed to be no hope left.

Just then there was a loud crack again, and Jumi lay on the floor catching his breath as Conji stood over him. “Are you okay?” she asked.

“I ...g-guess,” said Jumi with exhaustion.

“You need a rest.”

“OK, but first tell me what you did and where you went when I needed you.” insisted Jumi.

“Ok, fine. I was in the playroom finishing the game, and I needed you to distract it so I could go and do so.”

“Ok, but...” and Jumi was interrupted by a faint car sound.

“Oh no, I forgot to do my homework!” said Conji with distress.

“Me too!” said Jumi loudly. “SH, not so loud.” Quick you go and distract them while I do my homework.” “And yours too,” said Conji judging the look on Jumi’s face.

As Conji got out their homework, Jumi ran downstairs to meet their parents. When he opened the door, he started telling them about the board game he and Conji had just played ... “then we had rhinos in our house, and then we snakes and...”

Jumi was interrupted by his mom saying "OK OK, we get it but, if you'll excuse us, we have a guest. Jumi this is Mr. Martin. Mr. Martin, this is Jumi, and Conji is probably upstairs."

As they entered, Jumi said "No, wait ..."

"Sorry Jumi, but this is not the time for stories." Jumi watched helplessly as three of them walked up to the playroom. Then he heard a yell and rushed upwards.

"What the hell were you doing if you weren't doing your homework Jumi, and what is this mess?" yelled their dad.

"I ..." Jumi started.

"I did this." Conji interrupted.

"You did this?" dad said in surprise.

"Yes I distracted Jumi from doing his homework."

Jumi gave his sister a smile as if to say "thank you".

"Ok fine, you will both go to grandmother's now. No games or fun until you have finished your homework! Am I understood?"

"Yes dad" said Jumi and Conji together. They grabbed the board when their parents turned their backs.

"I wonder what we should do with it?" asked Conji.

"Let's go hide it in the forest." Said Jumi.

"Ok," said Conji as they walked downstairs, out the door and into the forest.

They passed super tall deciduous trees and a few short evergreens. "This looks like a nice place to leave it." said Conji stopping.

"Yeah, you're right !" replied Jumi. "So let's bury this board and hope no one will find it.

## Gone

“Just get over it,” they say  
She would if she could find a way  
She's dealing with it day by day  
The memories won't go away

But even if she tries  
It'll come out as one of her helpless cries  
Just tell her one more lie

Why?

Because there's her broken mirror  
And her bleeding fist  
There are tears going to her lips un-kissed  
Ignore her 'cause she doesn't exist  
She's not the kind you'll come to miss

## Falling

Their words wrap around her neck like a scarf  
They left her down  
Made sure she would drown

But she brushes it off  
'Cause she comes off as strong  
But it doesn't mean nothing is wrong

Her cry could be heard for a mile  
But they just laugh and smile

She tries to explain  
But she's already gone insane  
It's too much to cope  
All the hope

Has drained

## The Land of Redwahld

Helpless shrieks fill the air piercing my ears. Each call for help, my heart drums out of my chest. I run and run trying to find the source of the sound. My head spinning in confusion. The sound bounces off of every crumbling rock wall that surrounds me. I turn left to an empty tunnel that is filled with nothing but darkness, but I continue on and my eyes adjust weakly. A faint red shadow paints the upcoming part of the cave and the sound becomes more audible by the minute. I come to an opening and spot a girl down by the lava lakes, a gang of fire surrounds her. I take a running start and my feet lift off the ground. I soar faster and faster toward her. I'm only inches away before the fire swallows her whole in one swift gulp. NOOOO! My voice roars and I... Beep, beep, beep. My body lunges forward and my forehead is drenched in sweat and my blood shot eyes stricken with fear. I stand up almost losing my balance and stumble into my bathroom and slap the sink handle on. I



cup my hands under the tap and splash my face simultaneously with water to only mask the bags under my eyes. I lean my exhausted body against the cabinet and sigh in defeat, “ It's always the same dream!” I walk to my terrace, back hunched and eyes sagged in sadness only faintly reflecting the colour of fog my eyes hold. I swing open the doors lightly and the thick hot air clings to my skin almost instantly. Pools of lava blanket the ground along with paths of raging fire tearing through everything in its way. My eyes screw shut and my mind swims back to the days where beautiful lakes covered the ground along with full rich grass and animals that used to roam them. My fists ball at my sides and my eyes pool with red flames. I feel the cooling sensation of tears crawling down my cheeks. I wipe them away before they leave a faint trail of red on my face. I make my way to my wardrobe that lays beside my rather large bed and I plaster on my suite, my chest piece holds a large black V in the middle. My bottom piece is intertwined with a red rose and black edges trailing down the hem of my legs. A shimmering from my wardrobe captures my soft blue eyes and I reach

out and grab it. Half a mask fits in the palm of my hand. The left side is coated in an oil black and the right is red, like the colour of the city buses in London. I plaster the mask on and it fits perfectly to my broad nose and ends just before the tip of my lips. A dark smile plays on my lips and I feel myself regaining the power that once over powered my body. I close my wardrobe harder than I meant to because lengthy cracks litter its frail skin. I take two steps flat against my wall and charge out to my terrace, instantly lifting off. The faster I go, the higher I float. The hot air stings my body as I break through the clouds that hover above the land of Redwahld. The last time I flew, was the last day of Redwahld's beauty. I was the cause of this horrific mess. My anger was uncontrollable. I turned every last piece of water into lava and before I knew it, it was all disintegrated into oblivion. I used to be a hero that was praised, looked up to even, but I wrecked it for a reason I can't even remember. Since that day, I have never shown my face again and I don't plan on it. It's funny how you don't know how much you loved something until it's really gone.

### **The Three Little Graduates**

One minute, ten seconds...ding-dong! It was the last day of grade twelve at Pigston High School for the triplets, Barry, Jerry and Perry. They were so excited, that as they walked down the street they jumped up and down all the way to their house where they were greeted by their loving parents, Margaret and Henry.

“How was your last day, boys?”

“Great!” they all replied in unison.

“That’s good,” answered Margaret. “Your father and I bought you boys a graduation present.”

“Really?” the boys inquired.

“Yes, we bought each of you boys your own apartment!! Surprise!” the parents yelled as the boys’ mouths fell open.

“Seriously?” all boys exclaimed in disbelief.

“It’s about time you boys started living on your own and becoming responsible young adults. We thought an apartment was a great start for you three.”

The triplets exchanged worried glances; they didn’t seem too excited or happy with the news. Margaret and Henry were both clearly shocked by their sons’ reactions. They had thought their news would be greeted with appreciation and delight.

The boys walked into the kitchen the next morning to find their parents eagerly awaiting an answer. “Well?” their parents asked.

"We've decided," Perry answered with the most excitement he could muster.

"We will accept your generous offer of the apartments."

"Great!" exclaimed Margaret.

"Can we have a roommate?" squeaked Barry.

"That sounds like a great idea, your father and I were just talking about that. Your cousin Eugene from Wolf Valley, California is coming here on a work exchange trip for six months. That will work perfectly, he will stay with each of you for two months." Margaret explained. Bright and early the next morning with real estate papers in hand, the whole family crammed into Margaret's mini van and left the house to look at Barry's apartment. It was a squat, three storied building with fancy architectural detail. Barry wasted no time moving in. Next, Jerry checked out his soon to be apartment with his parents. Immediately upon seeing it, Jerry fell in love with the old, groovy, hipster looking apartment, and three days later was moved in. Last but not least, Perry had been patiently waiting to go see his apartment. When they got there, all their mouths hung open in awe, as they gawked at the beautiful building and location. Perry loved it and moved right in. A couple days later, Margaret, Henry and the boys all drove to the airport to pick up Eugene. Once they picked him up, they drove him to Barry's apartment to start unpacking.

2 months later...

Barry stormed through his parents' door looking very upset. "What's the matter, dear?" asked Margaret.

“Eugene needs to leave! He is messy, immature, throws crazy, wild parties, and pretends to howl at the moon! He relies on me for everything! He destroyed my apartment. “ Barry cried to his mother.

“Well, he’s staying with Jerry now and your two months are over so you don’t need to worry anymore. Hopefully he’s settled down now.” Margaret said in a calm voice trying to comfort Barry.

2 months later....

“Eugene needs to leave!” cried Jerry as he barged through his parents’ door. “He makes a mess of everything! He made huge stains on my carpets and he broke three of my art sculptures! He doesn’t even go to his work exchange program! He invites friends over and they play video games!” complained Jerry loudly.

“Okay,” sighed his mother. “We will give him one more chance with Perry. He is family, after all.”

2 months later....

“Eugene just left without telling me, or even saying a goodbye! He blew into our town and completely destroyed all three of our homes!” wailed Perry as he stormed through his parents’ front door. “Not to mention the mess he left behind when he did. He got interested in the hobby of splatter painting and used my walls for the canvas and spilled paint all over the floors and furniture. He has ruined my apartment!” cried Perry.

Nola Clarke South Sahali Elementary Grade 7 The Three Little Graduates

The triplets and their parents were not at all impressed with cousin Eugene's behavior and knew they would never invite the wild cousin from Wolf Valley to their quiet little town of Pigston, Nebraska ever again.

**The End**

# Remembrance Day

Here we stand, day by day,  
As we watch the months tick away

The gun shots still sound in my ear,  
And I still quake with fear

A trail of tears leads the way,  
Through endless time without a sunshine ray

And yet we still strived to free our land,  
From death and war's hand

In great numbers we fell,  
Through guns and sickness, they tell

The families wept and cried,  
As they heard their loved ones died

Through our sacrifice,  
Our country is free, but at a price

Don't forget how we fought, you see,  
Because of us, our country is safe and free

By Josee Cooperman  
Grade 7  
Raft River Elementary

# The Lodge

In the morning, the snow has fallen,  
We wake up, to the slopes, which are calling

We eat fast, eager to go,  
Ready to test out the fresh powder snow

Our skins are on, ready for the climb,  
As the guide promises, the slopes will be prime

We go up, with the runs in our sights,  
We still have a long climb, to get to great heights

Tired, yet excited, we arrive at the top,  
Before we go down, we have a quick stop

When we go down, we glide across the snow,  
And are giddy with delight, as our speed grows

After we are done, we arrive at the lodge,  
Glad to have a warm dinner, that we'll definitely not dodge

By Josee Cooperman  
Grade 7  
Raft River Elementary



## Perfect Paul Lake

My eyes split open in the dim light of my bedroom. I slipped my arm from the coziness of my bed into the chilled air and shifted over slightly to push my curtain aside. I knew by the feel of the winter air pricking at my skin that Mom had not yet turned up the thermostat; she did not mind a bit of cold in the house because it burned a lot of oil to warm it. With curiosity and excitement, I tried looking outside to see the weather while still in my bed. The window was too frosted to see much aside from a dull blur, but I already knew by the cold stiffness of the air that it was going to be a fabulously stunning day!

I felt the fluffy carpet skimming my delicate, freezing feet as I bolted down the worn, wooden stairs to the kitchen which was a bit warmer because of the heat from the oven. The smell of freshly-baked, mouth-watering scones filled my body with delight as I rushed to give Mom her morning hug. I squeezed her tight, just as she squeezed me in her arms, and I absorbed her calm, loving vibe. I told her I was going down to the lake to look around. She nodded with a smile and we both gazed out the kitchen window at the glorious sunrise, its warm, orange glow just peeking over the treetops in the distance.

I went down another flight of stairs, this time cold, hard tile. I arrived at the rustic front door that awaited my cheerful arrival. I forced on my black fur and rubber winter boots and snatched the closest coat, Dad's big, down, winter jacket which warmed me up as I easily slipped it over my housecoat. Even though my long hair was tangled in

knots like I'd just been attacked by an eagle, I didn't care... not when I was so eager to be outside and explore.

I began turning the door handle, but it was so ice-cold it was practically frozen and I pulled my hand away as though I'd just been shocked by an electric fence. Then I went at it a second time, preparing myself for the cold. As I stepped outside, shutting the door behind me, my inhale began freezing my dripping nose, and my exhale let out an enormous puff of steam. There was a huge wall of fog hovering over the far side of the lake, and not a single leaf was on any of the trees; they'd all fallen to the ground and were now covered with frozen droplets of dew, untouched by any human being. I felt special knowing that I was the first to run my hand over the bumpy, icy dew drops. I could feel the tops softening as my fingers ran along their curves.

I slowly crossed the road while soaking in the sun that had just hit my face. I carefully walked down the steps to my dock, making sure not to slip. As soon as I set foot on the motionless dock, it began to move and a ripple set over the lake, slowly moving outward until it disappeared into the distance. I could see no one but a lone fisherman in his little aluminum boat on the far side of the lake. I heard nothing but my own footsteps making the dock creak as I walked to the edge. There I sat hugging my knees, surrounded like a blanket by Dad's huge coat.

This was the first time since the previous winter that I had felt the harsh chill of this new season and a thrill ran through me as I gazed out onto the lake. It had a completely surreal reflection of the vibrant sunrise awakening over the motionless trees and endless hills. The fascinating and peaceful scenery that surrounded me brought

thankfulness to my heart. I knew deep inside I would forever remember that morning that mesmerized me, when I felt so at home and so free.

# Colour

Simon Decaire, Grade 7, St Ann's Academy

Colour is one of the many things in our world that is not in the community in the 1993 novel "The Giver". It is one of the many things only certain people in the community know about. It is one of many things that Jonas wants to share with the community. Colour was erased from the community when the leaders in the book's past changed to make everything neat and orderly, most likely after some kind of collapse on human kind. They changed many things, like getting rid of colour, choice, and even the past [to the general populous]. While many people think that the choice to rid themselves of colour was a bad thing, I beg to differ. Think of all the good that colour has brought to the world. Singularity, another level of reality, a tool in artwork, and the list goes on. But if you ask me, one thing I don't see on that list is anything of 100% value, something we can't live without. Colour-blind people prove this almost flawlessly. They live perfectly normal lives, and are equal in almost every single way to a person who can see colours. Their lives aren't ruined. There aren't many essential things they are missing out on. Now think of all the bad things colour has brought to the table. Bloody wars, violent racism, painful slavery, harsh bullying, even grueling deaths, just because something is a different colour. Humans are strange creatures. We tend to only like what is normal in our lives, sometimes lashing out at things that aren't regular, that aren't in our personal experiences. How did Christopher Columbus react to the Natives when he discovered America? He enslaved them, forcing them to do whatever he says, always being at his beck and call. What if there was no colour? He would've treated them as people he met back in England, [hopefully] with respect. There would be none of these "White vs. Black" fights. If everyone was the same colour, lives wouldn't be lost because of race. Also, there would be no bullying. I am typing this on Wednesday, February-25-15, which is anti-bullying day. As I type this, I am wearing my pink shirt that means I am against bullying. Why pink? Because this one kid somewhere in Canada

got bullied for wearing a pink shirt to school. Now imagine if there was no colour. He wouldn't have gotten bullied, heck, no one would be bullied, for wearing a certain colour. This, sadly, holds ties to death too. Teen suicide [from some studies] counts for about 1-2% of Canada's deaths yearly, and it's gotten worse. Suicide rates are going up, in some places dramatically. But why? Now, I have never wanted to off myself, and I know there are many other reasons than this, but we all know that one of the main causes of bullying. And what is a leading factor in bullying? Race and the clothes people wear. That last part might be a lot to take in, because this "paragraph" is getting scarily long, so let's recap. Humans hate differences, causing in-race fights with each other. This often leading to the death of our species, because people can't accept our differences. People get bullied because of the colour of the clothes they wear and the colour of their skin. Bullying can lead to suicide. Suicide leads to death. It seems the Reaper always catches up to us. And such an easy problem to fix. Wipe out colours, and we're done. No more racism, no more bullying, and while there will still be suicides because of bullying, the number will be reduced by an amount. And for what cost? Unessential decorative tools used to make things unique or stand out. What seems more important now? Honestly, I shouldn't be smashing all this into a single paragraph. Its 10:45, I'm tired, and this is getting disgustingly long. So I'll end this with a question. What's more important to you? A simple, unessential thing that can, admittedly, cause some good things like another layer of artwork, singularity, and more preferences, or hundreds of millions of human lives?

Maybe Sameness isn't the dystopia people make it out to be.

Colour, Simon Decaire, Grade 7, St. Ann's Academy

The Love Story  
By: Rohkeya Diaou Gr.7  
South Sahali Elementary School

He strode down the the path with unflinching determination in his glare and pride in his step. The skylight was shining through the cherry blossom tree branches lining the sidewalk, making the surroundings glow with pink. Cherry blossom petals fell all around him. The light breeze flowed through his silky hair, brushing it across his forehead. He tightly gripped the rose in his hand, shyly smiling at me with his adorable half smile. Once he stood face-to-face with me, his half smile turned into a handsome smile that spread from cheek to cheek.

At that very moment, I felt the true meaning of love, happiness, joy. He handed me the rose, I could see him blushing from underneath his smile. As I reach for the rose, I grab his hand. I felt him flinch. He let go of the rose and said in the most charming voice I have ever heard from a man, “ I love you.”

I froze, every muscle in my body tensing and I feel like the whole world stopped. All the weight on my shoulders had finally been lifted. After all that time of being scared to admit that I love him too had vanished. “ Me too,” my voice sounded way too soft. I didn’t think he would hear me. But he did. He wrapped his arm over my shoulder and we continued to stroll down the path. That one act of true love, that one flicker of fire in my heart, smoldered. The walk we took that day was no ordinary walk, it was the very beginning to a whole new love story.

I am sure of it.

Near The River  
(for my family)

The soundless ripples in the river,  
The frogs croaking in the fireflies glow,  
The peace around you makes you shiver.  
While the cool breeze blows through the willows,

The sight of stars twinkling above,  
The Sweet scent of flowers in the meadow,  
We can feel each others love,  
All of this I can see through my window.

The warmth in your feet from the sand,  
The tips of the trees touching the sky,  
The cool of the water on your hand,  
The happy tears coming from your eye.

The sight of the water,  
Crawling onto the land,  
It is such a beautiful sight,  
Your heart may expand.

Here, together we'll have lots of fun,  
Through the moon and through the sun,  
To me, the world is worth a ton,  
For I love it's nature, it is number one!

To Wish Upon A Star

When a lonely child wishes,  
Upon a shining star,  
It carries all her hearts and souls,  
To someplace very far,

Wishes can make you be yourself,  
And wishes can make you sing,  
Wishes can give you the strength,  
To do anything.

Wishes are happiness,  
Tied up with a bow,  
Wishes stay in your heart,  
However old you grow.

Wishes can make you laugh,  
And wishes can make you dance,  
Wishes can make the wait,  
All the more worthwhile.

Wishes can make you laugh,  
And wishes can make you dance,  
Wishes can make you,  
Stand up and take your chance.

Wishes bring hope,  
And wishes bring dreams,  
Wishes can bring you back,  
However lost you seem.

Wishes can make you take risks,  
And wishes can make you smile,  
Wishes can make the wait,  
All the more worthwhile.

So come and wish upon a star,  
Come and wish with me,  
For I will always be smiling with you,  
And singing in your dreams.



**Katie Gregson**  
**Dallas Elementary**  
**Grade 7**

**Genesis**

The midnight sky was cool and clear. It was freckled lightly with stars. Tess reached out in an attempt to grab the stars with her long, pale arms. Her windswept hair tickled against her skin sending a shiver down her spine.

“Tess Meyer.” A distant voice boomed thickly. Tess’ heart was beating a mile a minute, and the illusion of security was snatched from her grasp. The last time she’d heard that voice was when it cackled maniacally when her family was abducted. Tess had managed to escape and had been desperately clinging to the thought of somehow rescuing her family. She loved them so fiercely that no distance could sever their ties.

The voice revealed itself. To her surprise, it was a rather scrawny boy about her age.

“Tess Meyer.” The boy repeated. She stood her ground, limbs nimble and ready to pounce on whoever got in her way.

“Tess Meyer.” This time he spat heatedly.

“That’s getting quite monotonous. We both know that’s my name, so tell me what you need before I scratch your eyes out!”

“Have it your way. Would you like to come to the most prestigious laboratory in all of the world where your family is currently residing?”

At this Tess went as pale as a ghost.

“Tess Meyer, this is the opportunity of a lifetime. In your DNA, you may have these genes imparting unmeasurable intelligence, as a mutation from your parents.

**Katie Gregson**  
**Dallas Elementary**  
**Grade 7**

When we attempted to bring you to us, it was to test for it. Everyone else in your immediate family came out negative but we traced the bloodline and your great-great grandfather definitely had them. There is a high probability that you, as the oldest child, would have the genes, too.”

Tess felt her cheeks flush. Her, a genius? Sure, she’d had pretty good marks in school, but what does that reflect? Tess had learned the exact same average school stuff, just like every child in Cameria. Beyond that, Tess had no substantial knowledge of the world outside her country, or even her town. She did absorb every morsel of knowledge like a parched sea sponge. For example, she’d heard whispered rumours in the dead of night about how technology was crashing, because of all the weight we’ve put into relying on it. As they say, what goes up must come down.

“So what do you think Tess?”

“If what you say is true, and I hope it is, then I’ll do it for my family.”

“Great.” he said in monotone voice.

How enthusiastic, Tess thought sarcastically. As they strode towards the car, Tess was still ready to attack if he made a move. She asked him his name. There was an awkward pause that hung in the air like a bad stench.

“That’s confidential. But for the time being, call me John.”

**Katie Gregson**  
**Dallas Elementary**  
**Grade 7**

John propped open the car door for Tess and she took a deep breath of the tight, air conditioned, interior of the vehicle. This was the first time she had ever been inside a car, to be truthful. She'd seen cars cruising around with fancy, powerful, wealthy people all her life.

Only officials held the privilege of having vehicles. Even though Cameria was considered a democracy, citizens were treated like peasants.

"You'll receive the highest salary, so you can help to provide for your family. Just imagine what we can do with that much brain capacity! We'll save technology as it's crashing and build it up even more! Surely, the officials will make you a leader as you get older. How could they not? You'll be the brightest mind on the planet since Einstein!" John was grinning like a mad man, absolutely giddy from the thought of my intelligence.

"John. Take it down a notch. We don't even know if I have those genes yet. For all we know, I could be a future asylum patient!"

"Ha, that would be something. I guess you're right, I shouldn't get my hopes too high. But I can't help it! Your brains could be the salvation for the very human race!"

Tess had to admit, she liked seeing his eyes light up and act like an hyper little kid. No one had put that much faith into her before and it made her feel like she wasn't invisible, that she *mattered*.

As they drove farther and farther away from Tess' home, she began to feel a knot tugging in her stomach.

**Katie Gregson**  
**Dallas Elementary**  
**Grade 7**

What if these scientists had done something to her family, and when they arrived, they would do something to her too? These thoughts swirled in her mind, fogging it up. But one thing stood out clearly. John had shown genuine interest to Tess' potential brain power. That couldn't be fake, could it? No, Tess told herself. These people wouldn't lie to me. Besides, if they were going to hurt her, they would have done it already.

The car came to a screeching stop, like nails on a chalkboard. John offered Tess a hand to get out. She hesitated briefly but clutched it nonetheless. She would have to trust these people wholeheartedly, or everything would crumble beneath them. Tess took a step forward, one step closer to her future.

**Aaliyah Hansen**  
**Grade 7**  
**Aberdeen Elementary**

### **Floating**

Slowly, barely an inch. Barely enough for the millions watching to notice.

She was sinking, farther and farther.

Of course, she didn't notice; no one did.

She thought it was normal, normal to hold power in her palm.

Day and night she told others about her power. No one believed her, who would?

Eventually, she realized she was sinking.

She wondered how to reverse it.

So what did she do?

She reversed all the cosmos, because she had the power to.

So now she wasn't sinking but floating.

And she floated all the way up to her rightful place among the gods.

**Aaliyah Hansen**  
**Grade 7**  
**Aberdeen Elementary**

### **The Whole World Within a Girl**

My heart won't stop blossoming. I have a chest full of flowers and more keep blooming.

I exhale pollen and my face keeps the flowers alive.

Love, undying love; it's my fuel.

A car full of flowers that never runs out of love.

That's me, no one can shatter this car or make the flowers wither.

## Secrets

Secrets can be sweet and fun or they can be your worst nightmare plaguing you from dawn till dusk. Secrets swirl around your head like an angel's whisper or a demon's taunting laughter. Secrets can drive you insane or they can be the one string of hope that keeps you sane.

Imagine the two people you need the most in the world start fighting with each other over some secrets. All you can do is watch helplessly as you are a mere child in their gaze. There is one other who knows you and knows what's happening. One other who knows how it is to have the walls of your mind torn down and replaced by something stronger yet so fragile. Now imagine that person gone; pushed away by your own secrets. Soon your mind is a maze of truth and lies with seeds of doubt growing like weeds; all because a few secrets you keep hidden from your family? All because of a divorce? What happens if you are scared, angry, even vengeful? Yet you must keep those feelings and thoughts buried deep. Soon they became the core of the web of lies you weave.

I am ashamed of the secrets I keep. Many times I've wanted to run away from the battle in my life and leave behind the one person who really knows and understands me. I won't do that to my brother but sometimes I really want to. That's one of the many horrible secrets I keep. That's the thing about secrets, you must just carry on in life, burdened by your secrets or...

I have kept all my secrets hidden but not anymore. I have let them see the sun

Secrets

and maybe soon they will evaporate into nothingness. For now, I will let them fly free like birds because, without my secrets, now I am free.



## Beautiful Freedom

By: Grace Hetherington, Grade 7, Lloyd George Elementary

Glistening snow-fall, laughing children, ancient maple trees swaying in the cold, whispering north wind under the majestic northern lights up in the unbelievable arctic. This, is Canada, a breathtakingly gorgeous landscape situated in the legendary North America.

Have you ever traveled outside of our glorious country and have people treat you like royalty just because you are Canadian? Have you ever wondered why? It is because almost everybody loves Canadians. We have helped many countries with their military. We treat every Canadian citizen fairly. We welcome people of all sizes and races. I am allowed to dress as I please. I can be friends and marry whomever I'd like. I can do what I would like to do as long as it's within reason. I can go to school and get a job and make money even though I am a young lady. Canada also has many resources such as our glacier clear water, our evergreen, endless forests and our priceless minerals. I don't know why you wouldn't want to trade with us! With our four seasons we are also a very sporty country. Did you know our two national sports are hockey and lacrosse? But those aren't the only sports we play we have soccer, volleyball, basketball, American football and many others. Canada is also an amazing place to go touring we have beautiful tourist attractions such as Niagra Falls, Hell's Gate, West Edmonton Mall, plenty of national parks and so much more.

This is why people love Canada, it's why I love Canada.

Naomi Silverberg, grade 7, Lloyd George Elementary

## The Flip Side

Humanity is convenience; we are drawn to the path of least resistance. We are constantly building machines to make everyday activities easier, faster and reduce the physical labour needed to complete the task. We want advantages over other species and over each other. Fighting to be the best. This motivation is what propels our race ahead. This will to learn, to conquer, to thrive. Our forever unquenchable curiosity. We continue to develop innovative ideas and technology, forever pushing the limits of space and time. From tampering with our DNA to creating interplanetary space shuttles to explore our universe; we take risks, make sacrifices and overcome fear. Human kind is wise, bold and fast. Many of us live in a perfect bubble of luxury and leisure. But for one second do we ever stop our busy lives to look outside this bubble? Do we care how our lust for convenience may result in the world's downfall? Our planet is screaming out, trying to warn us. But we blindly persist. We demand equality for humans, yet we forget that we are not alone on this Earth. Countless animals are driven to extinction because of our lack of consideration. Our neglect is powerful and dangerous. We selfishly gobble up our world's finite resources to fuel nonessential machines. We are moving so fast that everything is a blur. Cars and planes whizzing by, rushing to get wherever they're going. So slow down and look around you. This planet is ideal for our survival, it has water, food and oxygen, but we are taking it for granted. We are polluting rivers, destroying forests and killing our one and only Earth. We are too preoccupied to help. Too preoccupied to try. Some are in denial and refuse to accept our possible fate. This generation could be our last hope in reconstructing a safe, healthy, clean planet. Soon it will be too late and the damage will be irreversible. Mother nature has been patient, she has been forgiving. But no longer. Now it is up to us.

I slowly turn away as Cato's last moments are within reach. I look over to see Peeta getting back to his feet from the fight he had just had with Cato. He raises his head. "We did it! I'm beat pretty bad but we did it!" he says as if he hadn't talked for five years.

"Yeah, now we can go home." I reply back to him.

We huddle in and give each other a big hug knowing that we had just completed one of the biggest challenges we will ever face. He comes in for a kiss but I back away. He backs away as well knowing that it's not the time. But something seems off. Why isn't there anyone to come pick us up? We did just win. Didn't we? Then it hits me. They want us to kill each other! " Sorry to interrupt but we have to recall our old rule about the two tributes winning! It just won't work out with the sudden happenings that had just happened here at the gamemakers' table!" Those words boom throughout the stadium. Obviously it is the gamemakers.

"I knew they were up to something!!" I scream.

"Well kill me. I never wanted to win anyway. You have a family that needs you!" Peeta replies.

"No! There shall be no winner if we can't both win!" I say back to him as I pull out the poison berries I had left in my pocket. I give a handful to Peeta and dump the rest in my hand. We slowly nod at each other and I gesture to him that it is time. We slowly raise our hand full of berries to our mouths and open wide ready to accept our fate together. They're almost in mine and Peeta's mouths. But just as we are about to eat them I quickly throw mine out of my hand

Holten Hoffman  
Grade 7  
Summit Elementary School  
How The Hunger Games Should Have Ended  
Page 2

as Peeta swallows his handful. He looks at me with a sad look in his face. "There can only be one winner," I say as if I ever had any empathy.

Peeta's body falls forward and hits the ground, immobilized. I get on my knees sitting with him till he passes. He opens his mouth and makes a very faint noise that sounds like "I loved you." He mumbles and then his body goes limp.

"He is gone." I say in my head. There was a moment of silence, no horns, no fireworks and no gamemakers' voices anywhere. "What do you expect? Have you seen Gale? He is such a hunk!"

I yell, "CONGRATULATIONS TO KATNISS EVERDEEN FOR WINNING THE 74TH HUNGER GAMES!" Fireworks start to explode left and right as a helicopter comes down to take me back to district twelve.

# Exploration Vancouver

Priya Johal Gr.7  
Pinantan Elementary

As we walked into the terminal, my nose started to quiver. The smell of sweat and gasoline invaded my senses.

"Are you excited for today Priya?" asked my Aunt Jessica.

"Yeah! Totally pumped!" I almost instantly replied.

Our plan was to go to Vancouver for the day to shop and explore.

We just arrived at the Sky train, and were waiting for our train to arrive.

As we walked onto the train, I accidentally bumped into a young man.

"WATCH IT!" he hollered.

"Uh, I'm uh, you... sorry" I almost whispered.

"It's okay," said my grandma with a wink, "he bumped into you anyways."

That was the only thing I hated about largely populated cities. The people are such snobs!

About an hour later, we arrived in Vancouver. As I walked out onto the pavement, it started to rain.

"Why am I not surprised?" I said.

"A perfect way to start a perfect day!" said my grandma.

We all started to laugh as we made our way down the crowded street. I glanced upward and saw we were headed into the Metro Town Mall. I pushed my way through the doors and entered an open room filled with people.

"Where should we go first?" I questioned.

"Well ..." said my Aunt Jessica, "we shall go wherever you wish!"

"I'd like to go to *Ardenes* first please!" I said with an excited tone.

As we entered *Ardenes*, I started to scurry around looking for the perfect item of clothing.

# Exploration Vancouver

Priya Johal Gr.7  
Pinantan Elementary

"I think I found it!" I shouted in surprise.

While I was waiting for my grandma and aunt to come over to me, I started to inspect the dress I found. It had an elastic waist and a teal bottom that flowed outwards.

"Priya...it's beautiful!" my aunt Jessica stuttered.

"I LOVE IT!!" I shouted.

Right then, a saleslady came over and asked, "Do you guys need help looking for anything?"

"No, I just need to buy this dress!" I responded.

"Okay" she said.

After I bought my dress, we headed back onto the street and helped ourselves to a nice lunch at A&W.

"I know where we are going next..." said my grandma, with a sly smile, "on the Sea Bus!"

"The Sea Bus?" I asked in confusion.

"Yes the Sea Bus!" she responded happily.

"What is a Sea Bus?" I asked again.

"Take a guess!" said my grandma.

"Uh..." I said, "a bus in the sea?"

"Close enough!" she said with a laugh.

We then took the Sky Train down to a little port that held the Sea Bus that travelled to North Vancouver.

I found out a little later that a Sea Bus is not a bus that is in the sea, but a little boat that is flat with walls and windows.

As we boarded the Sea Bus, I noticed an enormous yacht parked at the dock behind some

# Exploration Vancouver

Priya Johal Gr.7  
Pinantan Elementary

cargo ships.

"What is that?" I asked.

"Something that belongs to a really rich person," respond my aunt Jessica.

"Wooooowwwwwwwww!" I slowly stuttered.

When we arrived at the port, we started walking to this huge building that looked like a warehouse. Once we entered through the big bay doors, my perspective totally changed. The ceiling were very tall and there were two floors.

I then figured out is was a big Farmer's Market!

I glanced to my left and tucked away were a couple of food carts. Then I had an idea.

"Uh grandma....I am so hungry! Can we please get something to eat?" I moaned.

"Yes of course Priya," she responded with a smile,"I'm getting a bit hungry myself."

A couple minutes later, I was stuffing my face with a crispy Samosa and my grandma and auntie were having some sushi.

"Ewww, how can you eat that stuff? It's so disgusting!" I said with a disgusted look.

"What are you talking about Priya?" my auntie said, "This is delicious!"

"Well you're not the one eating it so there is nothing to complain about on your part!" said my grandma, hinting that the conversation was over.

Once we were finished, we started to walk around. I came around a corner and saw a little hidden room, so I went into it and found that it was a rock emporium. I started looking for my mom's birth stone, the Amethyst. Once I found it, I bought it. We decided to walk around for a bit longer and then leave before we had to go.

It started getting dark, so we left and went to Chapters to finalize our day.

At Chapters, I got two books and a bookmark. It was really fun and I didn't want to leave.

Approximately an hour later, we got back onto the Sky train to go home.

# Exploration Vancouver

Priya Johal Gr.7  
Pinantan Elementary

All I remember after that is waking up in my bed at home. I guess I fell asleep on the Sky Train.

That has to be my best spring day ever!



# Pru, The Red Panda

Austin Johansen

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Grade 7

David Thompson Elementary

The storm outside raged onward. It was 10:00 PM on a Saturday night. Everyone in the city of Vancouver was suffering from the storm. It was June 3rd, 2011. The apartment was shaking, and it's residents were scattering for a safe place. As police and the fire department surrounded the building, a young man and his companion escaped into the night, into the darkness, and into a dangerous new life.

Twenty-four year old Aaron Williams raced through the alleyways, keeping a close eye on his young, red-haired partner. Aaron's short brown hair seemed invisible in the night, but his partner's red hair was easy to see. As anxiety overwhelmed Aaron, he couldn't help but look over his shoulder. When he saw what was behind him he was caught in an uncomfortable mix between being frozen in place and running faster. The police were following him. Armed and threatening, they pursued him and his partner. Then, he finally realized they weren't after him. They were after his seven year old red panda. Of course Aaron had remembered just now that you couldn't have one as a pet, but how can someone with a caring heart like Aaron just leave a poor soul (panda) like that? He had named his new found friend Pru, and they were the best of friends. They didn't know however, that this friendship was to be cut short.

Aaron and Pru finally found an area to rest and stayed there for the rest of the night. The tiny hole wasn't very comfortable for either of them, but it was better than being

# Pru, The Red Panda

Austin Johansen

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Grade 7

David Thompson Elementary

separated. The next morning Aaron was greeted by Pru who was holding half eaten bread and an unpeeled banana in his mouth. Behind him there was an overturned garbage can that he seemed to have scavenged. Aaron thanked Pru for his work, and he let Pru eat the banana. After the juvenile breakfast, Aaron decided that they had to keep moving. He didn't know where they would go, or when they would get there, but he knew they had to go.

Hours later, they decided that it was a good time to find more food. He sent Pru to scavenge, but he only came back with a half eaten apple. Aaron let him eat it. As they continued forward, Aaron grew weaker and weaker with hunger. Pru noticed and nudged him down to rest. He curled up beside Aaron and they had a short break. When they woke up, Pru found a sausage and another banana. Night time was upon them again. While they moved onward they hear faint footsteps. They continue moving, Aaron pretended he never heard it, and Pru put his tail between his legs. The footsteps gradually grow louder, and Aaron started to speedwalk. He huddled behind a wall and looks over it, and saw lights pointing around the corner, searching. He broke into a run, keeping a close eye on his partner. Lights shone around the corner ahead of them, and they took a sharp right. Aaron decides that this called for desperate measures, and he hopped into a garbage can. He grabbed Pru and brought him in with him. Lights still shined all around him, and one pointed right beside the garbage can. Luckily it didn't shine right at them. As Aaron began to calm down, Pru stiffened. He looked

# Pru, The Red Panda

Austin Johansen

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Grade 7

David Thompson Elementary

Aaron in the eyes, and was yanked out of the garbage. With a sharp yelp and a snarl, he is shut into a small cage. Aaron is left in the garbage can in shock. He braced himself for an attack, but they leave and the footsteps fade. Aaron didn't move for a half hour, until he curled up and sobbed, knowing he lost his only friend.

After crying himself to sleep that night, he woke up in a depressed state. With clouded eyes and a fuzzy sense of direction he searched the garbage can, and came out with a smushed orange. Aaron had no passion now, he's all alone and depressed. He has no hope. He tries to make himself feel better, but he knows there's no point. After finishing the orange he clears his mind. He thought about what's next, and he realized that no matter what happens, no matter the cost, Pru would be rescued.

Aaron spent countless hours, days, and maybe even weeks trying to retrace his steps. Along the way, finding all of the overturned garbage cans, he realized that he was on the right track. He found the alley that he went in from! He bolted down it and explodes into the city of Vancouver once more. After asking strangers for directions he was given instructions to the pound. He sprinted down the sidewalks and arrives at the pound. He asked if they have any red pandas. The manager led him in, suspicion glinted in his eyes as he locked the door. Aaron started searching cages and the manager calls 911. He has checked every cage by the time the police arrived. Aaron needed to make a decision fast.

The police stormed through the building when Aaron discovers where Pru really is. In the room where animals are put down. Aaron burst through the doors and saw Pru

# Pru, The Red Panda

Austin Johansen

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unconscious on the table. He grabbed Pru and checks if his heart is beating, and it was! He had just been tranquilized. Aaron ran away with him in his arms and wrapped him in the blanket he was laid over. When he thought all was well, he found the sheriff waiting for him at the door.

He dropped to his knees and started sobbing. He begged, half to himself, half out loud, just to live happily with his dearest friend Pru. Aaron was too troubled to even realize the sheriff tapped on his shoulder. The sheriff frowns and puts his hand on his shoulder and shook it gently. Aaron looks up with tears in his eyes. The sheriff was holding what at first looks like a lawsuit, but after clearing his cloudy eyes he sees that it's actually a permit to own a red panda, signed by the Canadian Government themselves. Aaron jumped up and hugged the sheriff so tight he could have suffocated him. With tears of joy, he took the permit and Pru, and headed to find a new home.

## The House on Maple Street

It seemed like a regular house. But if you thought it was "regular" think again. This was the house on Maple Street. This house was for sale. Many families have come then left Not a lot of people knew why this was but I did! My name is Dr. Patrick Kerslake and I am the only owner of 111 Maple Street that has ever stayed more than a week. But I, Dr. Patrick Kerslake, have stayed since I first left New Zealand at the age of 20 to chase after my dream of becoming a theoretical, cosmical scientist which basically means I study the different charges in atoms, in different substances and I have made the biggest theoretical, cosmical discovery anyone has ever seen It all started in 1973 I had just stepped foot on Canadian soil and was in desperate search for a home.

I spent my first night on a park bench in Victoria BC. After the cold, damp night I went Straight to the realtor who found a perfect home for me. Unfortunately, it was infested with spiders and all sorts of insects. The second home on his list we went to looked pretty fantastic until I saw water dripping from the roof which had to lead to mold in the walls. Mold has an average of six hundred billion atoms with a negative charge so strong that if it got into your lungs it could cause a mass breathing apparatus. As we were on our way to the third house I saw a stunning sight. It had a tall, brown, triangular, roof with five vibrant stained glass windows and a double, red door entrance with a massive maple leaf knocker in the middle. I told the realtor to stop right away. I said 1. "How about that one? "No family has ever stayed more than seven days," he warned. "Whats the price"? I asked. "Forty five thousand" he replied. I took a few seconds to study the house. And that's when I made a decision that would change my life for the better and for the worst. "I'll take it"! I signed a check for forty five grand.

We went back to the office to do some paper work and drink some steaming peppermint tea. I thanked the man and he gave me a tip of the hat as I waved and walked out the door towards my new beautiful home.

## The House on Maple Street

Oh yes, The inside was even more grand than the outside. In the main entrance there was a double, marble, spiral staircase with golden railings along both edges. And in between the stair case was a water fountain with cupid sitting on top spitting a perfect stream of water from his tiny little lips. But this water happened to be brown. I walked towards cupid to notice that this wasn't water it was maple syrup! I dipped my finger in to try a taste and just as the syrup hit my tongue every thing around me was changing rapidly I think I even lifted off the ground. I don't know. It was all a big blur. I moved further towards the kitchen one of my most favourite rooms in the house. It had one long, brown hardwood, table underneath a long red table cloth with yellow maple leafs going down the centre. That's when I thought to my self, what's up with all this maple stuff, I mean maple fountain, maple table cloth, maple knocker, Maple street? That's when a loud booming door bell rang. It was the neighbours welcoming me to the neighbourhood and they gave me a gift. "Maple syrup," I said trying to be polite, "Thank you."

"no problem they replied as they left my front porch. I wanted to try some of their syrup but I didn't due to my last experience.

I spent years studying the charges in atoms in different substances but I have never tried looking at maple syrup. My life was about to change again. I took samples from my fountain and put them under the microscope. I couldn't believe my eyes. The positive to negative ratio was at perfect balance causing a gravitational repel and that's why I lifted off the ground! That's when the door bell rang again. It was more friendly folks from Maple street with more maple syrup. They kept bringing more and more then I finally got tired of it. I put bottom thrusters underneath the house and filled them with maple syrup with an ignite button in my lab. Just as more people where coming to my house I hit the ignition. It was a perfect lift off. I don't know where I'm going to land. And I'm still in space but until I run out of syrup I will remain floating in space. Just me, my syrup and cupid.

### Similar Life

As I woke up in a small room, I saw many faces staring at me. I realized I'm a experiment, a human project. I'm being tested because I'm one of the ten species of my kind: a human, with wings, wings that are beautiful, and I can fly with grace. The tests are hard but if you're one of us it can be easy. We just think it's easy and it becomes possible. The test that I woke from was a blood examination. I hate it here, and so does my family. Well not my family, exactly; we are all being tested here at Wings Experiment Project (WEP), and we're trying to find a way out.

First, I should probably tell you how we got here. It was a normal day, and we were in the woods flying and trying to find a new home. As we were flying, my mom, Cat, was trying to get my attention, when she finally yelled "Jay, look down we're here!"

I realized we were over the Salton Cave. This was it. This was where we were going to live. Our old cave was taken over by bears, so we had set out to find a new home. It had been five months, and we had finally found a new home, but what we didn't know was that the cave was a trapping ground for the WEP.

As my mom, my dad, and I entered the cave, a cage fell on us. We were trapped! Realizing it, I screamed for help, and my best friends, Katy and Dillon, came to rescue me. But the ground split in two, and they were trapped, trapped trying to help.

### **Similar Life**

It was a long night trying to escape, but finally Mom said "Get some sleep; we might be here for a while. We need to save our energy."

I snapped at her, angrily, "Be quiet, I hear something!"

Everyone went silent. This was the first time we'd encountered this and it wasn't going to be our last.

When everything was quiet but the glow bug snappers, a loud sound like a truck came from outside the cave. That was exactly what it was: a truck coming to take us to our never-ending doom. When it was clear that there was twenty men, we tried to hide but we couldn't because the cage and the pit were too small.

They were about to pull out their guns when my dad shouted, "It's okay, we turn ourselves in. Take us!"

These words were the last I heard from my dad. The men were mean: they grabbed us and shoved us into the back of their truck. It was the first and last time we would ever see our new home.



### **Similar Life**

As we drove to the WEP examination holding room, we grew very afraid. When we finally stopped we were in for a lot more than we expected. As we heard the doors open and close, we knew that something bad was about to happen.

The back to the truck swung open with a WOOSH! We weren't ready. This was as far as we had ever been and we were about to take a step in to the horrible future that lay waiting for us.

"Jay, if we don't make it out alive, know that we love you always and forever," my mom said as she started to cry. She always knew what to say when we were in danger.

As we were shoved out of the truck, the men handcuffed us and took us inside to our new rooms. Dillon, Katy, and I were arranged to be in a room together, but my mom was taken away to be put to death as the men grabbed her again.

"Mom I'll always love you as well! Good bye," I said knowing it was the last time I was going to see her.

That night was rough; it was the first of many non sleeping nights. In my head I was replaying the death of my father. I didn't know why it had happened to him just the fact that he was trying to save his family was all I could think of. Dillon was mumbling off in

### Similar Life

the corner about the last time he was going to see his family, and Katy was crying about the fact that we were still alive and what they were going to do to us.

In the morning, we were all so shocked that we were still here and it wasn't some twisted dream. We tried to stay quiet, hoping that the men would forget about us, but when the door opened we knew that the tests were about to happen. The men walked in and grabbed us and we knew this was the first of many, many more times.

So that's what happened, and now we're here and we have met many other creatures like us and that leads us to present day, where we try to escape. We've been here for two years now and it's been a living nightmare. It's about time we get out, so we have thought of a plan.

"In the main hall there is a skylight, and we think if we run fast enough we can break the glass and escape," Dillon explains the escape plan.

As we try to tell our experimental family about the breakout, we are ready to put the plan into action. It is the day, the day of the breakout. We pack our things and get ready. I look at the clock in our room and read the time, eleven twenty five pm.

It's time.

## Unintended Consequences

I sit here, looking at myself, dirty, wearing rags for clothes, a cigarette hanging loosely from my mouth. What has become of me? How did I get here, you ask? Well, that's what I'm going to tell you: my story.

A warm summer day -- two weeks until summer break! I get out of bed for school. I pull out my back and grey tank top and denim shorts. Dressed, I brush my long silky brown hair, neatly placing it in a messy bun on the top of my head. I look at myself in the mirror, dull grey eyes, so lifeless. I make my way down the stairs into the kitchen where I see my mother cooking eggs on the stove.

"Good morning mother. I can't stay again today sorry," I mumble as I grab a slice of toast.

"Again, Delilah honey I barely see you anymore. After you started hanging out with those teens I haven't seen you coming home until late at night. They aren't even good kids for crying out loud!"

"Well you're the one who told me to get some friends so stop complaining." I say, completely frustrated. How could she do this to me! I storm out of the house leaving my mother in shock.

Two months ago I would never have dreamed of disrespecting my own mother like that, but that was two months ago. I was always daddy's little girl rather than my mother's, but two months ago my father and I got into an air plane crash, and I was the lone survivor. Ever since that day

## Unintended Consequences

my mother and I have fought. I can't remember a time we talked for more than thirty seconds without fighting. But none of that matters anymore, I am putting that behind me for the time being.

Once I arrive to Hell (AKA school) I walk around to the back of the school. I slowly open the doors ever so carefully and sneak into the gym's pool. Yes, our school has a pool exciting I know. I walk around the perimeter of the pool, my army boots thumping and the low sound of my breathing all I can hear. Out of nowhere, I'm tackled into the pool. My friends all know I can't swim, so then who would do this? I don't have time to think before I'm pushed under. The water shoves me violently as I fight to stay afloat; I start to lose air and my strength starts to fade. At last I just give up, letting my limbs relax; maybe this is a good way to die, right? No blood or guts, just a body lying still at the bottom of a pool. Okay maybe that's a little creepy to picture. As I think everything slowly fades to black...

"Come on man, we're going to get caught."

"Hurry up and save her damn life."

"I'm trying, but CPR takes time." Those are the first words I hear when I come back to consciousness. Suddenly I feel pounding on my chest and then all at once lips are pressed against mine. I kiss back, not thinking. The lips move off as soon as I kissed back. Was I a horrible kisser?

### **Unintended Consequences**

"She is alive and breathing. Now let's get the hell out of here! Jake! Owen! Let's go." I know that voice it sounds just like... Alexander. Alexander is a lowlife, surprising me since grade five. But this time he has taken it too far and almost killed me. He better watch his back, because I'm going to get him - good.

I bide my time... but I get my sweet revenge by throwing Alexander in the pool. It turns out he can't swim either, but before I can see that, I am walking away out of sight. Two hours later, I am shocked to hear that he has drowned. The police search for me for days on end, but finally they give up on finding me and come to the conclusion that he was pushed, but simply fell in.

After Alexander died, I realized how empowering it felt to fight back. I began to bully, I got into drugs, and worst of all I joined a gang. I killed many people before my mother found out, but once she did my stuff was packed and sitting at the door. I remember the look of horror on her face and the shame in her tone as she said to me, "Get the hell out of this house, you murderer. You're lucky I'm not calling the police."

"But you're my mother why would you do this?" I asked, shocked.

"You are no daughter of mine. Just get the hell out of here NOW before I do call the police!" The force in her voice told me she wasn't kidding around. So I picked up my suitcase and walked out without a dollar in my pocket. I quit my gang and tried to start a new fresh, good life.

### **Unintended Consequences**

It went well at first, but things went down fast. I was laid off at work and couldn't find another job. Without a job I couldn't pay rent. With life going so wrong I found comfort smoking. Now I live in a dirty old ally, whatever money I get I use on cigarettes and alcohol. That's how I got here. I am not proud of myself. But I wouldn't trade my life for the world. Because I learned a good lesson: if God lets you make your own decision, treat it right. Don't do something stupid and reckless like I did because life will go in the wrong direction.

Taya McIntosh  
Grade 7  
Aberdeen Elementary

### **Chasing The Wrong Things**

Once you stop chasing the wrong things the right ones will catch you,  
Sometimes you just need to breathe,  
trust,  
let go and see what happens and in the end eventually,  
everything connects.

### **Ghosts**

The wind kicks stronger,  
branches clutter or maybe skeletons.  
Bones of abandonment.  
Ghosts of what will never be.  
Ghosts take shape under moonlight,  
materialize in dreams. Shadows.  
Silhouettes of what is no more.

### **Fear**

Have no fear,  
you will find your way.  
Its in your bones,  
its in your soul because fear cuts deeper than swords.  
Fear thrives in the shadows of flimsy remains of yesterday.

Chapter 1

Sweat drips down the face of the huge chestnut horse ploughing the centre of the field. Pa thinks and looks at Potter. Potter is an old family friend. He's a horse farmer so we are at his farm in search of a new plough horse. Our old one Rosemary dropped last week. "That mare'll never haul 2000 pounds," Pa says impatiently. Potter gives Pa a cross look and yells. "Andy, hook'er up to the sled with the 2 bulls carcasses," Potter says. The young boy walks the large horse to a massive sled and walks her around. "Both bulls way 1000 each. Plus the weight of the sled," Potter says. Pa looks around. Takes a chomp on his tobacco and sighs. "How much are you asking?," He says spitting out the tobacco. "300\$," Pa almost chokes on his own spit, "50\$," Pa recovers. "John. I'm giving you a great deal but 250 and you gott'er," Potter says. Pa thinks. "Throw in the carcasses," He retorts. "One," "Deal," Pa shakes Potter's hand and pays. "Is she rideable?," Pa asks. "Yes," Potter responds. "Andy'll drive the sled with the bull and Dandy," Dandy. What a name. We walk down the driveway where our carriage is. 2 horses stand patiently. I drive and Pa sits in the bottom. The bay horse throws its head into the air. "Moochie," I say, and click the reins on her hindquarters. We take off at a trot and move down the dirt road. As we ride past our mail box the flag is up. I halt the horses. *Today is Thursday. Why is there mail?* I think. One letter falls. Addressed to Mary Lincoln. That's me. I get back up on top the carriage and take a seat. Why would there be a letter addressed to me. Adults are usually the only people who get them. Not 14 year old girls. As this runs through my mind I almost steer the horses into a tree. Pa yells and I apologize. I push the letter to the back of my mind. Once we get to the corrals I park the carriage and head inside. Mother is waiting.

"We are going to town in 25 minutes. Get your dress on. NOW!," She says impatiently.

Madeline and Anne are already in their town dresses.



A good Days Work. Grade 6, Marion Schilling, Jessica Paget

“Max, James, Tomas, Rory and Gale are in the corn crop waiting Darwin,” Mother said. Pa tipped his hat and went outside. My shoed me upstairs. I went into my closet and opened the letter.

*Dear Cassidy, April 9, 2015      To Cassidy Elmer. 1950 Cash Road.*

*Ugh, I know its the old fashion way of talking but... my phone is in the shop and my mom says the home phone isn't for talking to friends. Anyways I had to talk somehow. Anyways... you know Keana... she asked Tyson out!!! SHE asked Tyson. Like who does that. And Mrs. Howard told us to study the olden days where all the families had like 8 kids and all lived on a huge farm. Like BORING. OMG have you heard the new song by Echosmith called Cool Kids? It's like totally in. Awe I have to run. Ttyl  
bae!*

*Love Mckenna, . FROM 4658 Corner Street*

“WHAT?!?!?!,” I say out load. I quickley regret it. Mother comes upstairs. “WHAT are you doing not dressed?,” She asks. I cower down and go into my closet and get a pretty green dress on. It has puffy sleeves and I also where a matching silk bonnet. I gather my basket and shoes. I walk outside and Max is waiting to drive us to town in the carriage. I step in and sit in one of the velvet seats. As we head off to town Madeline and Anne fight over whose dress is the nicest and puffiest. I simply ignore them and tighten the green silk ribbon wrapping around my waist. “Mary go get these silks when we get to town,” Mother says. She hands me some old paper with her lovely handwriting scratched across it. Once we hit cobblestone Max veers to the bakery where Madeline gets out. I get out there to and begin walking down the sidewalk. My mind wanders to the letter. 2015? It's 1889. Come on.

## Chapter 2

My shoes click until I walk into the wood floored silk shop. “Miss. Lincoln,” The store owner says tipping his top hat towards me. I smile in return and head to the red silk.

As I pay with 3 quarter and a dime I head outside where Max is waiting. “Lets pick up Anne

A good days work, Marion Schilling, Jessica Paget, Grade 6

and Madeline then head home,” Mother says eyeing my many silks. My mind gravitates towards whether I should write back to this girl.. That's right. I weigh my options.

his could be a prank from one of my brothers or this could be real. As soon as we get home I run up to Madeline's, Anne's and my room. I pull out a paper and pen and begin writing

*From 1950 Cash Road*

*To 4658 Corner Street*

*Dear Mckenna*

*Hello I am not Cassidy. I am Mary. You must have made a mistake because it is 1889. Not 2015. I live on a farm. I have 7 other brothers and sisters. Was this a joke and what is a Echosmith? And OMG... and TTYL. I must run and you are studying the old days. Maybe you accidentally got the wrong book. Farewell*

*From Mary Lincoln*

I walked down the driveway and put the letter in the mail box. I ran inside and ate supper. I opened my mouth to tell Mother but decided I'd wait. After I ate I did dishes and went upstairs to see the flag was up for the mail box. I ran downstairs and ran down the driveway. I slipped on a rock and ripped my nice white casual gown. Blood ran down my face but I kept going. As I grabbed my letter I noticed how much blood there was. I went inside as quite as I could to find Mother and Pa discussing whether or not we will be able to get 3 cuts off the hay field. Mother took one look at me and said “What happened?” In a demanding voice. “I fell,” I said looking down. “Why where you outside?,” Mother asked. “Mail” I said. Dang it. I should not have said that. Mother knows mail does not come on Thursdays. I decided to tell her., As I explained the letter Mother and Pa both thought and finally said. “Open up the letter

A good days work, Jessica Paget, Grade 6, Marion Schilling

see what it says,”

*Dear Mary      From 4658 Corner Street*

*Really? Are YOU joking? It's 2015. You must be the Lincoln family. We studied your family last week. I was half asleep. Echosmith is a band. OMG stands for Oh My Gosh and TTYL stands for talk to you later. This is crazy. We are changing History.*

*Love Mckenna.      To 1950 Cash Road*

Mother and Pa sat patiently. I wrote back and there it all began.

THE END...

## The Little Evergreen Tree

In spring all the maple trees are rather tall  
But, there is one that stood out, of them all  
Its a little evergreen tree that was rather small.

In summer all the kids like to climb the strong maple trees they think  
are fine

But there is one they do not like to climb  
Its a little evergreen tree they think is weak, and does not shine.

Fall comes and the maple trees change into beautiful colours  
But there is one that does not change like all the others  
Its the small evergreen tree that stays green, and does not change  
into multiple colours.

Next winter comes and all the maple trees loose their leaves  
But there is a proud tree that does not loose its leaves, like the other  
trees  
Its the small evergreen tree that stays beautiful, for its colour never  
leaves.

## Friends

They stick together  
Friends like you, for who you are  
They don't let you down.

*Handwritten signature*

I feel the tears slowly drip down my face as I stare blankly at Kayla's casket. I sense the warmth of the crowd surrounding me, but I can't bear to actually accept the heat. My body is numb, numb to feelings, numb to the cold, numb to the world. The tears cutting their course across my face is the only proof that I am in the possession of emotions. An arm encircles me, and I look up to see Lucas giving me a sad smile. "This isn't how she imagined it." He says, his voice quiet and melancholy. "She wanted everyone wearing pastels so that it would seem more happy. She hated grey, and despised black. This isn't how she wanted it." I nod, but really I am not paying attention. He is wearing a baby blue shirt with tan pants, and I am wearing a soft, powder orange dress with white lace flats. These are clothes you would normally never see us in. They are not clothes worn to a funeral. When we came in, I can see people judging us. People in black and grey, people who didn't know Kayla like we did. If they really knew her, they would be in pastels with us, not in the cruel, harsh shades that Kayla hated.

I look back up at Lucas, and can see tears slowly cascading down his face, maring his beauty. We are both masters at this, silently crying. Kayla was our glue, the thing keeping us from losing our sanity. We loved Kayla, the way we had never loved before. I missed her, more than a person would miss a friend, because she was so much more than that. Kayla was a angel, a person sent to Earth to save Lucas and me after everything had almost ended. After I had jumped from that bridge, Kayla had been the one to keep me in the world. She was the one who had taught me that there was more to

life than what I was living, and that you could never be done with the world. She had taught me how to love, and more importantly, how to be loved. Without Kayla, I didn't know how I was going to stay in this forsaken place called Earth. I wanted to be with her, wherever that was. She was more than my friend, she was my one true love. Now she was gone, gone forever. I wanted her back, wanted it to be me instead of her. I wanted her to stay with me, so she could keep being Kayla. I wanted to dance with her in the rain, and go apple picking at 2:00 AM, and finally finish our bucket list. I wanted to actually kiss her, not just a light cheek peck, but something that would make us see fireworks. I wanted her back.

The crowd disperses, but we stay in the cemetery. A chill ripples across my bare arms, and I involuntarily shiver. The tiny movements rack my entire body, and more tears pour out of my eyes. Lucas pulls me in for a hug, and I wrap my skinny arms around him, never wanting to let go. He brushes some of my choppy, mahogany hair away from my face and whispers, "I know it's hard. This is hard on all of us. But you just have to get over it because we will never see her again. We have to become our own Kaylas because we can't rely on her anymore. We need to become the people that make us happy, the people that keep us alive because now she can't do it." I nod, and turn away from him, not wanting to look him in the eyes. He says, "I know what was going on between you two." I whip around, tears blocking my vision.

"What do you mean you know what was going on between us? I wanted something, but she didn't. She wasn't in love with me. She was in love with life. If

something ever went on between us, if something was ever supposed to go on between us, it would have been much more obvious to see. You just want to hurt me, so you brought that up.” My voice breaks, and I sniffle back tears. “Why would you say that? You knew that would hurt me!”

He looks me straight in the eyes, shaking his head. “Why do you always have to make everything about you? Kayla is *dead*, and you are still making everything about you. You are such a pathetic, little drama queen who can’t give up the spotlight for a second, even if it is to honour your dead friend!” He said these words with vice, a spiteful tone that I had never heard before. I shake my head, mimicking him while laughing.

“I know why you’re so mad. You loved her too, didn’t you? And you’re mad that she never loved you back. You’re mad that she would always choose me over you. Well, you know what? I’m happy that you’re broken, Lucas. I’m happy that this has left you empty, and depressed, because now you know how I feel, everyday. I hate you, and I always have hated you. You never cared about Kayla, you just thought that she was *hot*, and that you guys would be *cute* together, and, and...” I broke down, sobbing. These cries were loud, filling the courtyard. Lucas grabbed me, and held me tight.

“Shh...” He said, drawing out the word as he hugged me. “It’s going to be okay. I’m sorry, Carmen. I’m sorry for what I said. She really did love you, more than she ever loved me.” He says this with finality, his words desperate, hopeless. He starts crying too and there we lay, beside the casket that holds our best friend and true love. Two beings,

Sarah Roberts  
Grade 7  
Summit Elementary School  
Just Let It Go  
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lying sobbing in a muddy field, trying to find the strength to let the one person we both truly loved, go.



# The Dragon

By: Ivan Vutev

Ron's eyes shot open. *Today is the day*, he thought. *The day I go to the city*. He had been planning this trip for years. Ron bolted out of bed and raced to the dingy bathroom, his covers falling lazily to the floor.

*I'll see the Citadel*, Ron thought as his toothbrush raked across his teeth. All the stories of his childhood were finally coming true.

He burst through the door, the frayed edges of his old coat billowed in the breeze. *It is rare that a 15 year old from the valley of dawn ever went to the city*, He proudly thought as he brushed his blonde hair out of his green eyes. A content laughter built up inside his chest.

Halfway to the city, Ron heard a deep, rumbling sound coming through the trees on the side to the dirt road. The noise sounded strained, like someone was in pain... Or something.

Curious, Ron left the path to see where the sound was coming from, struggling through the wilderness. When he broke through the final wall of foliage, his mouth fell open.

On the other side of a barren clearing, amid dark armored figures, was a giant cage the size of a small room. The iron bars looked old and rusted but still managed to hold the beast within it.

Inside the iron prison was a giant, white lizard almost too big for the cage. Its roars and whimpers were ignored by its shadowy guards. Ron saw that extra effort had been made to strengthen the makeshift roof. Why would they do that?

Then Ron saw the wings. They were snowy white like the rest of it, and pressed uncomfortably close to its body. Its eyes darted around, searching for ways out of the cramped space it was in.

Suddenly, the eyes spotted him. They were a startling blue, like shattered ice in the sunlight. Ron was completely mesmerized by those eyes. He could feel what the animal felt, its yearning for the sky, the pain it had endured in that cage and the fading hope for

salvation. Then something sparked in Ron; an attachment, a need to save the beast. But not now. Ron knew he would have to wait for nightfall, to make a plan.

As the sun went down, Ron studied the animal. It was nothing he'd ever seen before. Its flat head melded into its body with scaly, white skin. Sharp talons protruded from its four, short feet and long, leathery wings flowed gracefully off its shoulders. There was nothing like this he'd ever heard of, unless...

"Sir, how much longer do we have to keep this beast?" grumbled an armored guard.

The one who appeared to be the leader stood up. "The master will be here tomorrow to get the dragon." he replied.

*Dragon! So that's what it is!* thought Ron. *It seemed familiar from somewhere.*

The rest of the day passed without many problems and before too long, the moon had climbed into the black velvet sky.

With his plan perfected, Ron just needed an opening, but after a while he was losing hope he would ever find one. Just then a squirrel darted into the clearing. *Perfect*, Ron thought. Soon the guards started noticing the squirrel and became interested in it. Without wasting any time, Ron scooped up a jagged rock from the ground and threw it at the nearest guard. It smashed into his helmet with a satisfying *clunk* and the guard crumpled to the ground.

Ron jumped into the clearing and unsheathed the unconscious guard's sword. He then ran up to the cage with the dragon inside and whispered, "I'm going to get you out of here."

The dragon seemed to understand him and Ron started to examine the lock that held the cage gate closed.

"Well, well, well, look what we have here!" a voice rasped behind him. Ron felt a knot of dread forming in his stomach. "A thief!" the voice roared. Ron whirled around to face the leader of the guards. His armour was black as ebony with an open helmet revealing an old, but extremely angry face.

The guard swung his giant broadsword, its blade smashing against the metal bars of the cage. *Okay, new plan.* Ron thought. *If only I could get him to-*

Ron had an Idea. He stood right in front of the lock on the cage. as the guard captain swung again, Ron ducked and the sword smashed the lock. A look of horror etched itself onto the guard's face. The cage slowly opened and the dragon snaked out of it. Its throat started glowing blue as the dragon rose to full height, twice as tall as the guard in front of it.

Then the guard raised his sword and charged. Instinctively, Ron ran in front of the dragon, but there was no need.

Soft coils of blue mist shot out of the dragon's mouth and encircled the guard, freezing him into a chunk of ice, the enraged expression still frozen on his face.

The remaining guards fled from the clearing and into the forest beyond.

The dragon eyed Ron with its large, intelligent eyes. For a moment, they just watched each other, then the dragon dropped to four legs and started licking Ron's face with its blue, raspy tongue. A laugh burst out of Ron's mouth.

As the dragon got up, Ron saw a squirrel trot contently into the woods, or maybe that was just his imagination...

The dragon motioned toward its back. Ron understood. "Are you sure?" he asked. The dragon nodded its majestic head.

Ron tentatively swung one leg over the dragon's body and hoisted himself onto its back. Its scales felt cool under Ron's hands. Strangely, this sitting position felt natural to him. Together they took one breath and shot into the sky.

Long, long ago, deep in the African Savanna, there lived a young cheetah named Sandstorm. Her golden fur was smooth and sleek, with many inky black spots, providing excellent camouflage in the dry, grass-covered plains. She was so small that other animals couldn't see her above the tall, brittle grass. Her life seemed perfect, except for one thing. Sandstorm was relentlessly teased by the other animals, because of her speed, or rather lack of it. She was the slowest animal in the savanna, with a few exceptions.

One day, when Sandstorm retreated to her den after being ridiculed by Hyena yet again, she decided to run away that very night. She was driven to do this by Hyena's rude comments about how the animals should hold a race between her and a turtle.

"I'm betting on the turtle!" Hyena howled.

All the other animals burst out laughing, which was when Sandstorm fled home. Sandstorm watched the sun set in a golden halo of colours, waiting patiently for the last ray to disappear beneath the flat horizon. Then she slipped past the guards, and vanished into the growing darkness.

Many days passed with no change of scenery, but as the sun rose on the tenth day, a dark green smudge appeared in the distance. As Sandstorm approached, its true shape became clear. It was a lush green forest, full of life. Sandstorm reached the first of the trees, and waiting beneath them stood majestic Leopard, who she had been hoping to find. Leopard could grant any wish, from flying to breathing underwater.

“Hello, Sandstorm,” Leopard rumbled in his deep, calm voice. “What is your reason for coming?”

Exhausted, Sandstorm gasped, “Leopard, I need you to make me fast! Everyone is teasing me so much, and I can't stand it anymore!”

“I'm afraid that I cannot grant your wish, no matter how much I want to. Speed is not something that you can receive at will, you must work hard to achieve it. Otherwise you will not understand it, and your situation could end up worse than before. If you like, I could train you to become fast,” Leopard said softly.

After a long pause, Sandstorm agreed. Early the next morning,



Sandstorm was woken suddenly by rustling leaves, and looked up to see Leopard perched high in a tree.

“First, we must increase your endurance,” Leopard called down. “Once that is perfected, I will teach you to run like the wind itself!”

Together, they walked out onto the dry, grassy plains. A fallen tree lay far in the distance. Leopard pointed it out to Sandstorm, telling her it would be where she had to run to, and he would be timing her.

“Go!” Leopard cried suddenly.

Sandstorm ran off, as fast as she possibly could. It took her close to a minute to get there and back. Even though Leopard acted like it was okay, Sandstorm knew he was disappointed. She vowed to try harder from that point on, so Leopard would never look disappointed again. Later on that day, Leopard showed Sandstorm how to run fast, giving her many short distance runs, and slowly increasing the distance every time. After many weeks, all of her hard work paid off. She had finally beat Leopard! Over the next few days, she continued to repeatedly beat him. After being beaten by Sandstorm for

the 30<sup>th</sup> time, Leopard finally told her that he couldn't teach her anything else, and the next day, she could go back to the other animals.

“No one has ever been faster than me”, Leopard said admiringly.

“I can't believe that you are! You are definitely ready to race Hyena, and show him your speed! I'm positive you'll win.”

Sandstorm thanked Leopard for everything, and left the following morning, looking back only once to wave. In three days, she returned to where the other animals lived. As Sandstorm neared the guards, she accelerated, eager to show off her new speed. The guards, Puma and Tiger, couldn't believe their eyes when they saw Sandstorm running, a blur of gold flying past them.

“We thought you were gone for good! When did you get that fast?” they yelled in unison.

“Oops,” Sandstorm said sarcastically, as she skidded to a halt. “Maybe I should have told you I was running away, and that no one could know, because they all were teasing me about how slow I was.”

After this encounter, Sandstorm pranced over to Hyena, who was making yet another joke to a crowd of animals. He looked over in pure astonishment.

“Hyena, I challenge you to a race,” Sandstorm said proudly.

“If I win, you will stop teasing me, and be forever banished, along with the rest of your pack. If you win, then I will leave this place forever, and you will never see me again. Do you agree?”

Hyena agreed, thinking privately that Sandstorm would be lucky to win. The day of the race came, with much excitement. Almost everyone was cheering for Hyena, but Sandstorm didn't mind. She knew she would win. It was a 200m sprint, just the kind of race she was good at.

“On your marks, get set, GO!” Lion yelled.

Sandstorm shot off like a bullet, already far ahead of Hyena. She looked back for one second, just to see how far behind he was. Hyena started to gain on her, so she accelerated even more, until finally, she flew over the finish line. After the race was over, all the animals waited in silence for Hyena to be

banished. He and his faithful pack crept slowly through the crowd, until they reached the guards.

“I will never let this go, Sandstorm,” Hyena growled menacingly.

“I will remember this, and we hyenas will never give you or any other cheetah peace, no matter how they look, talk, or act.”

“Whatever you say,” Sandstorm laughed.

“See you around. Or not.”

With Hyena gone, Sandstorm lived a long and happy life, and passed her speed on to all cheetahs. However, a price was paid, for all hyenas attack cheetahs, and cheetah cubs.