A Celebration of Stories
in the City of Literature

February 26-28, 2016

Iowa City UNESCO City of Literature's
ONE BOOK
TWO BOOK
A Celebration of
Children’s Literature
in the City of Literature
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Thank you to the roughly 800 students who submitted writing for the 2016 One Book Two Book Children’s Literature Event. In addition to including writing by students chosen as outstanding writers to represent their schools, this booklet also contains writing submissions that were selected by judges at Pearson in the categories of “The Write Stuff” and “From the Heart.”

* School Representative
** “The Write Stuff” category winner
*** “From the Heart” category winner

The students selected as school representatives read their work at the February 26, 2016 One Book Two Book evening event.
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Once upon a time there was a ginormous house. The owners of this house were named Mr. and Mrs. Caw. They also owned 50 miles of land so, you probably can guess they were rich. No wait. They were beyond rich. They were so rich they had servants, chefs and maids. But most of all, they had clocks. They had hundreds of clocks. But their favorite of all of the clocks was a very old grandfather clock.

One day they found out that mice were getting into the house and chewing on the wires. One of the mice got into the grandfather clock. He bumped the gears and the clock hand started to spin backwards. But the odd thing was, when the hands started to spin, the house started being taken apart. People in construction hats started appearing. Mr. and Mrs. Caw were screaming as the construction workers started to take out the windows in the house. Then they saw people riding horses on a dirt road where the house had been. Then everything stopped. The clock was on the ground and the hands stopped turning.

Mrs. Caw said to Mr. Caw, “Where are we and who are these people?” Mr. Caw said, “Let’s ask one of these people.” So they went up to one of the horse riders and said, “Where is this?”

“This is Iowa,” said the man. “What kind of clothes are those? I’ve never seen anything like them.” Mrs. Caw said, “This shirt was $120. Why are you dressed like that?”

“Why, these are perfectly normal clothes,” said the man riding the horse. Mr. Caw said, “Well, if those are normal clothes, we must have gone back in time!”

“But that’s impossible!” said Mrs. Caw. Mr. Caw said, “Then what happened?” Mrs. Caw thought for a second and then said, “You must be right. But how do we get back?”

They said thanks to the man on the horse and then they went to try to figure out what had happened. They didn’t know that the clock had made it happen. They could see a schoolhouse. The children were at recess. They were playing on the swings and running around. Behind them they could see loads of men on horses.

“What should we do?” said Mrs. Caw.

“Can you see a castle?” said Mr. Caw. “Maybe the king wanted to see us because we’re so rich.” Mrs. Caw said, “But how would he get us here? And besides, there are no castles in this time. Let’s see if any of the kids know how we came here. Maybe one of them has a father who’s a magician and they were playing a prank on us. And if it is one of them, when we know who it is, then we can make them bring us back.”

So they walked over to the school. They questioned many of the kids but it seemed like none of them had done anything to bring them there. Mr. and Mrs. Caw were disappointed that they hadn’t found out how they got there, and it was starting to get dark. Mr. Caw said, “We’d better get inside the schoolhouse. We can sleep in there.”

When they got in the schoolhouse, Mr. Caw saw a grandfather clock in the corner. He said, “Does this remind you of something? It looks exactly like our grandfather clock. It must be our grandfather clock. Don’t you get it? The clock did it. It’s the only part of the house that’s still here. One of the mice could have been messing with it and sent us back in time. So all we have to do is spin the clock back and then the house should be where the dirt road is.”

Now that was easier said than done. It took all night for Mr. Caw to spin it back to the time when the house was there. At one point they were in a mall. But when he could see the house, he started yelling and dancing all around. “I did it! I did it!” he yelled.

They walked over to their house. Everything was where it was before they had been sent back in time. They got rid of the mice and they lived happily ever after.
He warned her about the book. Now it's too late.

As I slowly fell asleep I felt the cold, harsh, winter air. I saw my life flash before my eyes—my happy, amazing life. I remembered that only three days ago I was playing in the cold, soft, fluffy snow. Now it was all gone, I opened the book. I read it.

I was never the typical girl. I didn't believe in fairytales, I didn't giggle, and to tell the truth, I wasn't afraid to speak my mind. My mom always told me I was unique. I knew the truth. No one liked me. I was always the odd one out. I just wanted to be popular. Is that too much to ask?

I had a dream that I was walking in Mr. Linden's Library. I was walking toward something, but I didn't know what. I just assumed it was a book. Then I heard voices, some were telling me “Grab the book it will make you popular!” Then I heard Mr. Linden's voices warning me. These voices weren't friendly voices. They sounded like they were criminals escaping from prison! There was only one problem, I was walking nowhere, I didn't know what the book was, and I was scared half to death. Then the voice on top of them all shouted “Quiet!” and all the other voices disappeared like a tiger running through a field. Then the voice led me through the halls of the library, and soon I was running faster than lightning on a rainy day. I didn't know how to stop! My legs were out of control. I didn't know where I was going. Then everything stopped. Suddenly the voice said, “Here's the book, come and get it! It's your destiny. It will make you popular.” I got a tiny glimpse of the book, it was called “The Curse,” and with a flash, I woke up.

The next day at school I kept on thinking and thinking what that dream could have meant. Was the dream true? Could the book make me popular? What were they talking about when they said it was my destiny? Was there such a book called The Curse? If there was, what were they warning me about? I kept wondering to myself the whole first period. When the bell rang I sprinted over to the library. First, I looked in the C section. I got no results. Next I looked in the Mystery section and found “The Curse.” I turned it over to see what it was about, but when I turned it over it was blank! So I looked inside the book and there wasn't a word at all! What did they mean by it was my destiny when it had nothing in it? I left the library wondering......

When it was time to go home, I ran down the hallway, grabbed my stuff, and rushed home. Normally I walk home, but that day I ran. I ran and I ran and I wouldn't stop. When I got home, panting and out of breath, I ran upstairs, put my stuff down, and went to my room. Then, I took out my computer and Googled, “The Curse.” I tried and tried, but there was no match. It was like the book didn't even exist. The next day at school, the first thing I did was go to the library. I went up to the mystery section and got, “The Curse.” Next, I took it to the front desk where Mr. Linden sat. I went up to him and said, “I'd like to check this book out.” He looked at me with his eyes wide and jaw dropped. He exclaimed, “This book is cursed! If you open it up and read the first word you'll sleep for a hundred years!” At that time I didn't believe in fairytales and insisted he check it out to me. So, he did. But the last thing I heard him say was “I warned you.” I took the book home and put it on my shelf.

Late that night the book started to glow. It glowed so bright that the sky was no longer dark. I ran over to my shelf and tried to get it to stop glowing, but it wouldn't stop. Then, I heard a voice. A tiny voice. It wasn't the kind of voice you hear when your parents are talking to you. It was a shy voice. It sounded like a mouse eating cheese. I checked downstairs to see if my Dad was yelling at me to shut off the light, but he was asleep. So I went back upstairs, and that's when I realized it was the book. It was the book that was making the noise. Slowly, word by word I could make out the sentence, “It's your destiny.” So, I picked up the book and I asked it “Why?” It responded saying “Open me!” So, I carefully opened the book and then the light started to go away and words appeared. I read the first sentence and it said, “I warned you!” Then, I quickly closed the book shut, but it was too late. Vines started creeping out of the book, knocking everything down in their path.

I am slowly falling asleep. I don't know when I'll wake up. But, I do know that I will never look back........
Auntie Jen

When I was a little girl, about five years old, I had someone I trusted. I had someone who believed in me no matter what, someone who was always in a happy mood. And that was Auntie Jen. Auntie Jen would be the one who protected me from everything—everything that was happening. She would take me up to the attic when Mama and Daddy would fight. She would help me climb up the stairs, with Chester the cat following us up ever so quietly. She would place my head on a soft pillow and would pull out what she called The Enchanted Map. We would look at it, seeing all the enchanted worlds out there. These enchanted worlds were special because they did not appear on any regular map. I would stare at it with Chester hugging my legs. Auntie Jen would tell me that I could go to any of these places as long as I believed. And I did—I did believe.

"Which place would you want to go to?" she always asked.

With my left hand I would point to Acraibia. She would smile and say, "Me too."

In the attic I would always tell Auntie Jen all my secrets, and how I felt about everything going on in life. With my right arm missing I felt very different, and alone. But when Auntie Jen was there, I would feel I was not alone. I would feel safe.

"Listen," she would say, "this only makes you stronger. Hope is not lost. Hope is very much there. You are not alone."

She would hold me close and stroke my hair. Sometimes I would even cry.

Then that day came—the day I never thought would come. It was the day I would have to say goodbye to Auntie Jen. At Auntie Jen’s funeral I cried so very hard. Mama and Daddy just sat there, blankly and depressed.

Five years after Auntie Jen’s death, I went up to the attic and found The Enchanted Map. My tears fell on the map, and on Chester’s fur. I touched Acraibia. "Hope in not lost. Hope is very much there. You are not alone," I whispered.
A SHOE STORY

You put me on every day. Without a thought you put me on.
Your nimble fingers laced me up. Laced up in loops, twists and ties.
I stayed with you almost everywhere you went. I supported you on your long walks by
the shore. Sometimes you walked with other people. The girl you were so fond of loved you, but
she grimaced at me. I heard her ask you to throw me out in the trash and buy brand new
sneakers. “These boys have years and years ahead of them,” you exclaimed proudly, showing off
my gray fabrics lined with jet black streaks and pale white soles smeared with mud here and
there. My laces were usually tightly strung together, but when they weren’t the strings fell down,
my tongue found a way to flip up, and my aglets got bent.

I wish that more people knew about aglets. My aglets are probably my best feature. They
are pitch black with white lines looping around them like lightning breaking through a midnight
sky. Sadly, most people don’t think about aglets, or the little plastic sheaths that hold the ends of
shoelaces together; they don’t find them worthwhile. Without aglets everyone’s shoes laces
would unravel and be useless... But no human being would ever have enough gratitude for this
small detail.

That girl you knew loved you so much, although she never had enough time to think
about aglets. I do not know of love. I have never felt it before. I do not shower myself in sorrow
when something is gone.

I remember the big yellow beach hat that your cousin once possessed. I remember the day
when the wind blew furiously and sand flew across the town of Astoria. I remember the weeks
and weeks afterward still trying to get the sand out off my soles. To this day my soles are like
sandpaper. But mostly I remember the big yellow beach hat flying off with the wind. As if it had
wings it flew. It flew into the sun, peeking through the clouds, with Haystack Rock casting a
long dark shadow upon you and me and your cousin. I had come to like the hat, and I felt
deserted as the last yellow speck splattered across the light gray sky.

I took the liberty to take a moment of silence. I don’t think your cousin felt much for that
hat, because she said in her nasally voice, “I wanted a new hat anyway” and walked on without
looking back.

I do feel that we had that special bond once. Not as strong as love. Not as weak as hatred.
But a bond still. Somehow that thin lace between us broke and I am left alone.

Alone.

The word itself has a hollow feel to it. The emptiness of it can leave anyone with chills.
But the concept can leave a hole somewhere deep inside. I am now alone left to rot.
You are with a new pair of shoes and a new girl. The girl is not the one you devoted yourself to
for years. She, like the shoes, is new. A fresh start in the story of your life. Sometimes you wish
you could erase parts of the story. However, the story is written permanently in ink on parchment
paper.

I will soon be forgotten. Forever lost in the elements of time. But, I will still be a part of
your story. Even though, in the story, I will be forgotten also. I will be as little as the robin you
saw at the park. Forever alone. Forever forgotten. I will remember you.
Rabbit Changes Himself

Once upon a time there was a rabbit. All the animals thought he was just an ordinary rabbit. One day, he went to play with his friends, his friends said “hello cutie”. He hated it, and then he saw a turtle. He went to the Turtle and asked him “Is there anything you can do to help me be scary?” The Turtle said: “Yes, but why do you want to be scary?” “Because all the animals in the jungle think that I am just an ordinary cute rabbit” said the Rabbit. So the Turtle said: “I have a friend who could help you to become scary like a monster”. The Rabbit said: “take me there now please!” The Turtle took him to his friend. Before he went with the Turtle, the Rabbit asked: “Who is your friend?” The Turtle answered: “My friend is a witch!” “What!!!! How could your friend be a witch?” said the Rabbit. The Turtle said: “Don’t worry, she is a nice witch.” “Okay. Then let’s go” said the Rabbit.

When they got there, the Rabbit thanked the Turtle, and then he knocked on the witch’s door. The Witch said: “what do you want?” The Rabbit said: “I want to be a monster”, “Why do you want to be a monster?” said the Witch. Rabbit said “All the animals in the forest think I am just an ordinary cute rabbit, and I hate it”. “Are you sure? Because there is no turning back” said the Witch. “I am sure” said the Rabbit. So the Witch mixed the soup, and she let the Rabbit drink it. When he drank it, he broke the Witch’s roof because he was so big.

Then the Rabbit went back to the forest, when he got there everyone ran into their houses right away, because everyone was so scared of him. Rabbit was so happy, he said “Oh Good, now I can play and do whatever I want”. The next day he was sad because all his friends didn’t want to play with him, because he was so scary. He could recognize that. So he saw the Turtle, and ran back to him. The Turtle said “Please, don’t eat me”, “Don’t worry, I am not a monster, I am just the little cute rabbit” said the MONSTER Rabbit. “Of course you are not the little rabbit, you are a monster. Okay, but what do you want?” said the Turtle. The Rabbit said “I want to go back to be a regular rabbit, because no one wants to play with me because I am so scary”. The Turtle said “But remember no going back”. “Please, there has to be one way” the Rabbit said, “Let’s go ask the Witch” said the Turtle.

They go back to the Witch, when they got there, the Rabbit asked the Witch “Is there any way you can help me go back to normal?” “Then let’s try to find it together” said the Witch. They looked, and looked, and looked, and looked until they found the recipe. The witch mixed her soup, so the Rabbit can drink it. When he drank it, he came back to normal. The Rabbit thanked the Witch, and went back to the forest.

When he got there, everyone peeked out of their doors, they saw no monster, so they went out to play, but they did see the Rabbit. When the Rabbit saw his friends he jumped to play with them, and he was so happy. The Rabbit realized that YOU should NEVER change yourself, yourself is the BEST. And they all lived happily ever after.

The END
Morning Jay
Jay woke in the rays of the morning sun.
She shall work 'till the day is done.

She eats acorns, two by two,
then she flies off in the morning dew.
Jay sits on her branch and pecks at some seeds,
in her nest in the hollow tree.

She sits on an oak and scratches her wing,
then grabs a few twigs for her nest.
She pats on the twigs to straighten her nest,
then makes sure they are ready for when she rests.

Jay swoops near the small glistening river,
she flies through the sparkling drops without a shiver.
Jay was excited, a flurry of feathers,
She was getting a mate to share her life together.

She makes her nest neat,
in one single beat.
She goes outside right as he arrives.
Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!

He's handsome and standing up tall,
The sun falls like a giant ball,
Jay lands on a branch in the field of light
and she says to her mate, “Good night.”

In the morning Jay suddenly wakes and coughs a great cough,
it hurts so much she thinks her beak will fall off.
Now i must warn you, because this is the end,
You shall never see Jay ever again.
A Knock at the Door

Once upon a time there lived a poor little old lady who always wore black and white. She lived in a cottage in the forest. Her name was Sarah. She had a husband who was very old, his name was Nalad. Nalad had coffee every morning and always wore a tie. They loved each other very much but always wanted a child.

One morning they heard a knock at their door. Nalad answered it. “Hello” said a high pitched voice. Nalad looked left, then right, then up. Finally, he looked down and saw a tiny little girl who had a little blue bow and a puffy blue dress with ruffles. She had curly black hair and dark brown eyes. “Hello,” she squeaked again, “my name is Lauren.” Nalad just stared at. Finally he spoke, “Sarah, come here NOW!” Sarah stumbled down the steps and stood by Nalad. “What’s the mat,” Sarah started but then stopped to look at Lauren confused. “Who-What,” she sputtered. “I know,” Nalad said, “let’s take her in.” Sarah agreed and they offered her some bread and asked her if she wanted to stay there. Lauren said “yes” and told them how she lost her parents one day in the forest and had no place to go.

The very next day, Sarah took Lauren to her favorite spot in the forest. It had a rope swing and a little yellow slide. It brought Sarah joy to watch Lauren enjoying this special spot. When they got home they baked chocolate chip cookies.

As time passed they grew more and more attached to Lauren and she loved them very much. No one ever came to visit so they were startled when they once again heard a knock at the door. Lauren yelled, “I’ll get it.” She opened the door to find her parents standing there. By the time Nalad and Sarah arrived at the door they saw them hugging and crying. Sarah knew what was happening and her heart broke. Her mother and father thanked them for watching after Lauren. Sarah prepared them food for their journey home. Sarah and Nalad cried as they watched them leave.

A month later and the little cottage was filled with sadness. All of a sudden they heard a knock at the door. They opened the door to find Lauren and her parents. Sarah and Lauren immediately hugged. Lauren’s mom said “She hasn’t been the same since she left your house.” We were hoping you would come back and stay with us. We could use someone to help watch Lauren. Sarah and Nalad’s dreams came true as they were able to keep Lauren in their life.

The End
When Pride Takes a Fall

I fake a huge, toothy grin as the Duke of Samamria announces me as Prince Mark II at the annual celebration of Seilla. This festival commemorates the allied union of two kingdoms: the kingdom of Samamria and the kingdom of Sartopia. It’s a rather silly celebration, people dress up in weird costumes and extravagant masks. It’s way too much for my taste. But what baffles me still to this day is why my father, the king, would ever become allies with such an inferior group of people. I mean they’re farmers for Christ sake! What do they bring to the fight when our enemies come knocking at our door, plows and watering cans? I think not! When I become king I plan to break bonds with these Sartopians, we call allies. There’s only one thing standing in my way, or should I say one person—my father. To the public he’s a revered and well-liked king, but to me he’s quite a fool! I don’t think I’d ever be able to persuade him to cut the Sartopian kingdom off. I have to get rid of him and I know just the thing. Poison. It’s the only way I can get the job done and get away with it.

I’m brought back to reality when I hear the light strums of the Rebec, one of my favorite instruments. I reach into my pocket to confirm the bottle of poison is still there. Making sure no one is watching, I slip out of the gathering hall and into the kitchen. I swipe one of the wine glasses from the table and as I’m about to pour the poison in, I hear footsteps. My blood goes cold. My eyes scan the kitchen before I resume my task. With quick feet I walk out of the kitchen and the sudden noise difference hits me like a freight train causing me to almost drop the precious glass of poison. Once I recover, I saunter over to my father with the upmost confidence in the world and casually hand him the glass. Obviously without thinking, he takes a long gulp almost emptying it. As I turn to walk out onto the dance floor, the music starts to speed up and a young woman takes my hand. I start to dance like nothing ever happened. Then, I see my father’s eyes roll back in his head and his body slumps like all the bones in his body were stolen from him. Then, the screaming begins and the lights go out.

Several days later, I stiffen as calloused hands jerk my slender body to a standing position. These hands forcefully lead me through the familiar halls of a castle that once belonged to my father. A man that is now dead. Even though I haven’t seen his face, I can tell that the person attached to these calloused hands would rather be doing something else than escorting a prisoner, by the continuous breathes of irritation on my neck and his loose grip on my forearms. This is my best chance to make a run for it, I tell myself, but I don’t try it because I know my chances of escape are bleak. I am snapped out my thoughts when I’m suddenly tossed like a rag doll into a cell. I mumble a few curse words under my breath as I rub my hipbone trying to ebb the pain inflicted by the man attached to the calloused hands. The man shoots me a dirty look before I hear the slam of the heavy metal door and the click of an unpickable lock. My breath hitches in my throat as I take in my surroundings. The first thing I notice is the eerie darkness and horrid smell of what seems like decayed human flesh. I know this castle has been around for a long time. It makes me wonder how many people have died in here. My body shivers as numbers flash through my head. Those wretched thoughts are pushed away when distant music fills my head. I can hear the steady beat of the drum and the joyous sound of laughter. There must be some sort of celebration going on, one that I wasn’t invited to. A small smile appears on my lips but quickly fades when the music triggers the memory I’ve tried so hard to forget. The night when my own opinions, frustration, and immaturity clouded my judgement, causing me to make a stupid, rash decision. A night I’ll never forgive myself for, and being in this cell will never let me.
The Fastest Avocado Ever

Once there was a vegetable named Mr. Rotten Avocado. Mr. Avocado thought he was a really fast roller so he tried something he’d never thought he would do. He went to the Guinness World Records headquarters and signed up for the 21st Annual Rollathon.

But there was one problem, a guy name Mr. John Apple, an apple. Mr. Apple was always jealous of Mr. Avocado and now Mr. Apple wanted to compete in the race too. But he knew he was going to lose because Mr. Avocado was way, way faster than he was.

So he stayed up all night making up a plan. He would try to make Mr. Avocado never to be seen again... So the next day he invited Mr. Avocado to his house for something tasty... When Mr. Avocado got there, Mr. Apple tried to make Mr. Avocado into guacamole. Mr. Avocado got out of the house quick enough and went to Guinness World Records headquarters and reported Mr. Apple. Mr. Apple got disqualified and Mr. Avocado won a 6ft. tall trophy and lived a great life. Mr. Apple on the other hand spent the rest of his life in the freezer for attempted murder.

The End
Brain Damage

Jake is an E.M.T. he had just started work today. He got on the ambulance. As soon as he got on, the driver yelled, “We’ve got a call, let’s go!” The sirens and lights were turned on. When they got to the destination a kid was screaming and crying in pain. The kid’s mom said, “My poor baby boy! He fell of his moped!”

As soon as Jake heard that he ran with his medical bag to go to the kid but soon found out he was a teenager.

He picked up the teen and he asked “What is your name?”

The teenager replied in pain “Justin.” When Jake put Justin in the ambulance, he set him on the bed. Jake yelled, “Start the vehicle!” “Justin please breathe!” Jake said. “AAAAAAAAAagh!” screamed Justin when the ambulance arrived at the hospital. More E.M.T’s came running outside. They took Justin inside and put him inside an x-ray room. The E.M.Ts x-rayed Justin and found out he cracked his skull. They wheeled Justin into trauma and they prepared him for surgery. The surgery was over in about four hours. It turned out that he had internal bleeding in his head. When he was conscious he told them what happened.

Justin said he got hit by a truck that was being chased by the police (that’s another story) and they hit Justin. He suffered with a head injury because he didn’t wear a helmet. When Jake found out Justin was okay, he was relieved.

Jake found Justin’s mom in the waiting room and told her what happened. She was so happy Justin was okay.

By the time he left the hospital it was time for Jake to go home to his wife and newborn baby. When he got home he saw her feeding the baby. He sat by his wife and said “Today was one of those days-happy and sad.” His wife replied, “It was one of those days for me, too. My cousin was robbing a bank and hit a kid driving from the cops.”

“No way I brought that kid to the E.R.!” Jake replied in shock. When he turned on the news the anchorman was speaking “A man robbed a bank today and during the chase, the robber 37 years old Jessie Alexander, struck a teenager while trying to evade the police. 16 year old Justin Jones, Mr. Jones received a severe head injury. Video at 11.”

The End
If I were the President of America

If I get a chance to be the President of America I would hope to make a difference
I would work hard to make people love each other
I would ask all parents to love their children and all children to love their parents
I would want to help the poor find jobs so they can feed their family
I would try to make college fees less so everyone can be smart
I would convince people to not cut trees so our earth can stay beautiful
I would want to help the soldiers, firefighters and police because they are brave and keep America safe
I would urge other presidents to not fight wars
I would want to travel and learn about other countries
When I am tired after all the hard work, I will go to sleep with a hug from my mother and a kiss from my father.
LONE WOLF
When you hear that chilling howling,
A creature near you is quietly prowling.
Crouching on a hill, his nose raised to
the moon,
With no one beside him he is a lonely
goon.
Suddenly, you hear a second noise,
Another bark of another voice.
They howl and bark in harmony,
But, like any good song, they need a
melody.
Right on cue, there's a high-pitched yip,
Followed by a series of yaps and pips.
You realize that your dog is gone,
You lean out the window, and see he's
gone along.
Three voices pierce the night,
And now you are the lonely one, frozen
in fright.

FREE AT LAST
Soaring through the trees,
Traveling over land and sea.
Perched on a pine, she hears a voice.
"What a fine eagle! Let's get it, boys!"
The eagle spreads its wings, tries to
escape,
But alas, it is much too late.
Calling, calling, for her friends,
Flapping, flapping, inside a box.
Waiting, waiting, for the end.
Hearing, hearing them click the lock.
Two years later, he is finally set free,
To be the eagle he should always be.

FLY LIKE A SNOWFLAKE
As light as a feather,
As white as a cloud.
It lands on my nose,
My fingers and toes.
Sometimes it glitters,
In the moon’s shining gleam.
Sometimes it flutters,
Like a butterfly’s wing.
Many a time, I imagine,
What would it be like?
To be able to fly,
Like a snowflake, in the sky.
The Chickadee Snowplower

Oh the chickadee, whistling his happy tune,
He’s the snowplower all right, ...brushing snow off the bushes.
I wonder if he works ‘til noon?

He has to stay all year long, brushing leaves off bushes.
But when winter comes you can see, all the snow he mushes.

When he wakes at dawn,
He begins with a yawn.
He goes out into the neighborhood, the bell goes ring ring,
He is a clever little thing.

Oh the chickadee, the black capped chickadee,
He’ll never leave, he’ll never go.
He’ll only brush the leaves and snow.

He will always be with us.
One Shot

I’m standing at the line, and the ref passes me the ball. One sharp bounce pass and the ball snaps into my hands. I breathe in... I breathe out. I look down at the wood floor. I bend my knees and settle into this familiar position that I have practiced for days, weeks, months, and years. The whole world seems to be going in slow motion. And I remember how I got here.

It was Monday morning and I was walking into math class. I saw the posters on the lockers supporting the first game for the junior high girls’ basketball team. I wished that I never injured my knee and missed tryouts. As I walked in to Mrs. Chesler’s room, I heard two girls talking about the game. That only put me in a worse mood. The rest of the morning all I could think about was how much I wanted to be on the team. Suddenly I got an idea.

During lunch I went to Coach Miller’s office to ask him if I could some way get on the team. I explained how I wasn’t able to try out because of my knee injury. I asked if maybe sometime I could come to practice or play in a game. He took a long pause and answered, saying, “Sure I don’t see why you couldn’t.”

“Thank you” I said. Coach Miller replied, “Come to practice after school and the game tonight.” “Ok sure. See you then.” I walked back to lunch with a new skip in my step.

The rest of the week I was so excited and eager about Friday I could barely concentrate on anything else. I would constantly be talking about it. I remember how Friday seemed like it would never end. However, when the practice was about over, I thought to myself time just flew by. Suddenly the coach called me over to ask me something. He invited me to come sit with the players at the game later on against our biggest rivals.

“Yes! Yes! Yes!” I exclaimed. “Okay we will see you there, Rory,” Coach Miller said and patted me on the back. I walked away grinning from ear to ear.

When the game started and the players walked in looking fierce and determined, I knew that I had to make this team. The teams went back and forth the entire game. By the end of the game I was on the edge of my seat. The game was tied. When one girl injured her ankle, the coach said, “Rory you’re in!” Surprised, I ran out on the court. The clock timed in and with 30 seconds left the point guard passed me the ball. I saw the open shot and went up...and got fouled.

Now here I am with no time left, a tied game and two shots to win or lose. I dribble the basketball four times, like always. I go through my routine. I look at the basket and barely whisper to myself, “I got this.” I take the shot and right as it leaves my hands I know it misses because it’s too far to the left.

I know I can’t let it get to me. I have one more chance to prove I can be on the team. I dribbled and looked at the basket, knowing that all of my practice came down to this moment. I shoot. I close my eyes and a roar erupts from the crowd. I won the game! The coach calls me over.

“Rory...Congratulations, you made the team!”
What a strange state I find myself in.
Some call it an ungodly hour.
I disagree.
At times there is simultaneous
Sleeplessness,
Awakening,
Despair,
Hope.
I find myself as close
And as far
From God
As I ever have.
Suddenly, a word
Comes to me.
Then many beautiful words,
Which tumble onto a page
Of my mind.
Flittering like birds
On the horizon of thought,
Fighting for my attention
In the dark,
They whisper.
One in particular,
Sonder.
The realization that every
Single
Person
Has a complex life
Just like mine.
How often do I think of them?
Not enough.
I sit silent.
Heart
Beating.
Mind
Racing.
Thoughts
Fighting.
Reminded of all I have not done,
But could have.
And when I did not do enough . . .
Find comfort in the Word.
Struggling,
Realizing.
What a strange and beautiful state I am
in
At 3 A.M.
Our Lives Matter

I’m on this earth for a reason
I’m young and I’m free
I live on a good life some people don’t agree
Your life matters, our lives matter
We all live on this earth to live the life we choose.
Dream

It was beautiful. The expanse of land contained every color imaginable, and every unique living heart. With the sunlight of a thousand stars on your skin, you felt like the star of the morning, and the queen of heaven. Your gown seemed to blow in the warm breeze, like the flowers below your bare feet. You would run on forever, never leaving this paradise, and never frown or cry. You would sing along with the birds above, and move like the full colored leaves. You will flow with happiness like the stream, and like the rock and tree, never ever wanting to leave.

That is what I am feeling like, in my heart, and body. I also—

"Isla!!!! Come out here NOW!!" a booming voice shouted, waking me up from my deep slumber. Ughhh. I got on my feet, brushing my little white maid dress, went over to my stool and grabbed my black apron, tying it behind my back in a neat bow.

"I'm coming, Miss!" I replied while hopping first on one foot and then another as I attempted to put on my shoes. Then I rushed out the door and went towards where the voice was coming from. There she is!

"Isla Wlanie, what do you think you're doing here so late?" she crossly scolded me.

"I—"

"Well, don't just stand there! I need you to get my mail! It's Saturday! Chop chop!"

"Ye-yes, miss." I stammered with my head down, then quickly walked outside into the sunlight. The morning air was thin and chilly, yet strangely warm on my skin.

I kept on walking, looking back every few seconds, and when I couldn't see the mansion with its unhappy memories, I sprinted into the large forest.

I kept on running until I was positive I was safe. I bent over to catch my breath and slowly lifted myself back up. I put my hands behind my back to untie my apron, and once I did, I crumpled it into a ball and threw it as hard as I could into the trees. "Hopefully they will say I got eaten by a bear. They'd believe that." On my long hike straight through the forest, I kicked rocks muttering "Stupid Miss. I NEVER wanted that dream to end!" Then to entertain myself, I would imitate her in her high pitched and cross voice. "Chop chop!"

Then, I heard a rustle in the bushes. I tried to stay calm, so I just ignored it. But then, I saw a movement. I turned around and deeply sighed in relief. "Just a white bunny." Wait. White? But now that I realized it, it was glowing white. Then I saw another, and another.

"A herd?" I asked aloud in confusion. I was stranded in the forest, so, I might as well follow. I followed the herd for a long time until they disappeared into a bush. I made up my mind, and went inside. I gasped.

Inside the bush was a tunnel made of branches. Then, a bright light blinded me. When I adjusted to it, my heart skipped a beat.

"My dream," I thought to myself as I ran toward the light.
A Snowy Night

I was walking home carelessly not thinking about all of the horrible things that could be going on around me, or what could happen to me, or if I might not make it home that night. As I was walking I tripped over a rock and fell. I got a small scrape on my knee, but I was okay. But when I got up, I turned around and what I saw made my neck hairs stick straight up. It had fur white as snow, tail so long I couldn’t see the end, a beautiful white fox. It was very young and looked hopeless, yet I could see a spark in its eyes of great intelligence. For a while I just tried to ignore it and just keep walking, but it still followed me. So I stopped and waited and surprisingly, it came up to me and sat. I didn’t flinch or back away, I couldn’t move. After a long time of just standing there I got a thought that it had been abandoned, and what I did next surprised us both.
I walk across the kitchen. I open a door hung with three spice racks. I see a staircase leading into darkness. I reach out and flip the lights on. My Grandpa leads the way down the stairs. The stairs creak as we go down into the old, dark basement. I reach out and flip the downstairs lights on. To the right I see boxes of thread, an old sewing machine and boxes of old toys. I turn to the left to see a rainbow of colors on a light brown plywood table. It is Grandpa’s big model train table. I see black and orange transformers, green and red train cars, a brown and light brown model train station and a green and grey mountain tunnel.

I walk forward to look at the track and it smells like oil. I ask Grandpa, “Can we get the trains running?” Grandpa walks over to the outlet to plug in the transformer. We get an orange and blue diesel engine off the plywood and put it on the tracks. Grandpa walks over to the transformer and pushes the knobs up. The train starts running. The train is loud. I turn around and see the cat coming down the stairs softly. The cat circles the table and I get under it so I can get to the middle, which is open so I can look at the whole train track. I am happy because this is very fun looking at the engine going around fast.

I look around and see a lot of train cars, miniature toy cars, boxes under the table, extra track, mini buildings and two transformers. There are train engines, passenger train cars and another track that leads to a dead end. Most people would think this looks like a mess. But to me this looks like my dream come true because I love trains. Grandpa’s basement is my favorite place to be.
Ride

I make my way through the bus aisle, careful not to trip over any loose items. The weather is slightly cloudy, but not in a way that threatens to rain down on me. Walking down the hill, I stay close to the curb, so that if any cars drive by I’ll be safe. I watch the neighbor’s kid, falling all over his bike. I watch him lose his balance, scrape his knee, and get back up again.

I wonder what it must feel like to do that. To try and try, and fall over again. I was never able to bike. I saw my classmates come to school with scrapes and bruises, and that frightened me enough to stop me from attempting it. My parents thought it was just a phase, but once they realized it wasn’t, they didn’t push it. Ever since, it looms over me like a dark cloud, threatening to pour.

The little boy sees me and waves me over. I smile and wave back. Being sure to look left and right, I cross the road onto the Kelly’s lawn. The boy kicks back the bike’s kickstand, sets his feet on the pedals, and makes a ridiculous face as he makes an effort to bike on grass. He makes it to me successfully; he’s getting better.

“Hey!” He exclaims, still slightly winded.
“Hi.” I say, unsure of what he wanted.
“Oh yeah. Um. You’ve met my parents, right? Mmkay. So, my name is Devon, and I’m six.” He says, sticking his arm out.
I shake his hand. “I’m Hailey, I’m thirteen. Nice to meet you.”
“Do you wanna have a bike race? Down the street to the tree and back. I’ll go easy on you. I’m something of a pro.”
“I’d love to, Devon, but I... I have a lot of homework. Maybe another time?” I say, not quite meaning it.
His face drops. Five seconds later, it lights up like a lightbulb.
“I can teach you. Like I said, I’m really good.”
I laugh. “I’ll bet.”
“So yes?” He jumps up and down.
“Look, Devon, I’m sorry. I can’t bike, and I’m not sure I ever will. If you want to play something else we can do that. Do you like sidewalk chalk?”
He frowns, and shakes his head. “That’s okay. See ya later Hailey.”
I feel bad for him, but I don’t know what to say. I wave, and cross the street again. I walk home, hiking my backpack higher up on my back. I can feel Devon’s eyes on me the whole way home. Once I’m in the garage, I can’t help but notice Mom’s slightly dusty, but working bike. I don’t know what sparks me to run inside and tell Mom that I’m going to borrow her bike, but I do, and she smiles from ear to ear, telling me that I’m more than welcome to, if it’s for biking.
I run back to the garage, grab the orange bike, and slowly walk it out, making sure that my legs remain far away from anything that could scratch them. I get to the street, and Devon sees me. He grins wider than I thought possible. As soon as I get close, he starts telling me what to do.

“Put your feet on the pedals, and sit on the seat. Hold the handles, and pedal as fast as you can!” He makes hand motions to ensure that I know what to do.
I decide to start on the grass, that way if I fall, it won’t be so bad. My hands shake as I seat myself. I keep both feet planted firmly on the ground as I grab the handles. I pick up one foot, and set it on the pedal. I pick the other up, and quickly slam it back down. Both feet off of the ground for that long? No way.

“Just do it, Hailey. Just pick up your foot, and pedal!” Devon yells at me.
I glance at him, and slowly, ever so cautiously, I pick up the other foot. I stick it on the pedal and start to turn. I grip the handles so hard my knuckles start to turn white. I feel myself losing my balance, and before I can put my feet on land again, my bikes topples over, taking me with it.
I get bruised and scraped a little bit, but it’s worth it.
After all, if you don’t fall, you’ll never learn how to get back up.
A Passage from Dead Silence

I glanced over at Jacob as we strolled easily down the deserted alleyway. It felt great to be free. Our escape from the orphanage had been two years ago, but it felt like yesterday. I can still picture the fat lady with the rolling pin running after us on her stubby little legs, screaming as we leapt through the second floor window. We miraculously landed without any injuries. However, our friend Anthony was caught and could not escape. Our dream was to one day go back and free him.

Jacob is my brother, only seven minutes older than me. We were each sixteen years old tomorrow. Anthony was our best friend, without him we would’ve never gotten out of that prison of a orphanage. He was the one who had stolen a computer from the director’s office, hacked into it, and disabled the security cameras and alarms. He was the one who had also disabled the lock on the 500 volt electric fence. (I know, overkill, right?) And I am glad he did, I was tired of being beaten just for shutting the lid on the disgusting toilet too loudly. But hey, I can't tell which is worse, taking enough time to close the lid so that the awful stench fills your nose, or taking your twelfth beating that day.

I never learned my own name, my brother didn't know and the people at the orphanage never told me, and I doubt they would've even if they had known. My mother died half way through giving birth to me and our father, well, no one knows quite where he is. Jacob just calls me Bro.

We reached the end of the dingy alleyway and turned right onto Sunset Rd. The street sign was rusty and beaten, so unlike the perfectly polished street signs of Grand Strauss and Heaven. Our destination was the only bridge over the river in this part of town where we were currently living. It was a pretty nice place, for living under a bridge, pretty clean. The biggest problem was the heat. It was a very hot summer in southern California. Everyone in our small town of Kasket was sweltering.

Sunset would take us all the way to the bridge, but before that we were going to grab a midnight snack at Toms Bakery.

"You have the pick?" Jacob's voice separated me from my thoughts.

"Yea," I said absentmindedly.

"Well, you're walking past the bakery, so I was wondering if you were going to look for another one."

"Huh!" I turned around and went to the door. I withdrew the hair pin from my tattered pocket, and picked the lock. We have been picking locks since we left the orphanage, so we were pretty good at it. I walked inside the bakery and the sweet aroma of baked goods entered my nose, and at the same time the sound of an alarm enters my ears.
Recipe For Disaster
Livian LaVine
Lincoln Elementary 4th Grade
January 6, 2016

You wake and reach for the clock,
But your water glass tips with a knock.
It spills all over your bed and head,
Soaking your good morning mood instead.

You reach for your robe to mop up the water and
dry yourself off,
But you trip on your slippers when you cough a dry cough.

While on the floor you spot a dime,
But when you grab it, it's covered in slime!
You reach for the tissues but find the box empty,
So you grab a clean sock, of which you have plenty.

The cat has thrown up in various places...
The floor, the closet and even in your shoe!
The cat is now taboo, yet still dares to make grumpy faces
at you.

The socks end up in the laundry hamper,
A soggy mess sure to be a mother damper.

Oh, what a morning!
And listen, was that thunder, is that rain, is it storming?
Do you dare go downstairs to face the day?
Or should you perhaps just hide away?
Prologue

Pebble took a step back his gaze clouding with blood trickling down from his torn ear. His flanks heaving he heard the big dark tabby growl “Get him” two of his followers made a dash for him. Pebble turned around and darted into the bushes behind him. He ran through a thin strip of forest careful not to lead them to his friends. He glanced over his shoulder to find his chasers closing the gap, then felt the ground give way beneath him. The ravine he thought. He yowled in fear. With a splash he landed in the freezing water then blackness....

Chapter one

Pebble was trotting through the tall cold meadow grass, then a familiar scent hit his mouth mouses! He dropped into a hunting crouch and sprang. He took a step back inspecting his caught “mmm” he mumbled a bit fat for leafbare, he shook the thought away. Misty needs stuff like this she is expecting our kittens. As he was trotting back to his densite he ran into Fern and Coal cleaning each other. “Hi” he meowed happily. Coal gave him a nod and went back to cleaning his face. Misty was lying in front of the bramble woven den. “Oh you’re back, and what a nice plump mouse you have there want to share” No “he said shaking his head. He turned around and scooped up some soil with his front paws with a grunt and pulled up a thin soil plastered thrush “Food stash”. they ate their meal in silence darkness was falling curling up with Misty in their nest he placed himself in front of the entrance if anyone tries to hurt my family they’ll have to go through me first. Little did Pebble know he would have to face his promise soon.

Chapter two

Pebble woke up to grunting “Pebble” gasped Misty, “get Fern” she groaned. He nodded and dashed out. Fern who had two litters already was full of advise for Misty. “Fern,” he panted, “Misty’s starting her kitting!” Fern got up and they sprinted to the densite. When they reached the densite Pebble went hunting. By the afternoon he had caught two voles and a robin. I wonder if she’s alright he thought anxiously. When he reached his den. Fern was just leaving. “It’s official. Pebble, your a father. She delivered four beautiful kits. Two she cats and two toms. He ducked his head into the entrance the four kits were suckling greedily. “Their beautiful” he meowed softly. Misty looked up. I’ve named them I think. The light brown she cat Poppy and the light gray she cat Stone. The orange tom Flame and the brown tom Dust. “I love those names” he replied. He set down the robin he caught of him and Misty to share. They ate and gave the kits a wash. Then curled up to sleep. The next morning he went hunting.

Then when stalking a mouse then a strange mangled cat with the scent of humans people rubbish leaped at him and racked his muzzle with razor sharp claws blood splattered everywhere. “Hey” he growled then leaped. After struggling he took a step back his paws were soaked in blood. The she cats eye looked ahead unseeing blook seeped from her throat “no” he mumbled he kicked soil over her body what would become of him what would become of this.

To be continued.
The Lonely Chipmunk

Ginger McCartney

My mother died when I was 3. I have 3 older sisters. They look after me. So does my Papa. My name is Chestnut. He heads out of Happy Hollows, which is where we live. Papa’s going to the neighboring forest looking for nuts. I don’t know why everyone is kissing and hugging him. He said he is going to be back in a few days. The way they are hugging him (it is too sad) it was like he is leaving forever. If that is true, who would take care of us? After they are done hugging Papa and kissing him, they come over to me and Hazel whispers in my ear, “Everything’s gonna’ be ok.” For a split second I believe her and that’s when I notice that the idea Papa isn’t coming back is true. I am paralyzed in sadness and fear, not knowing what to say. So I just sit there and stare ahead, as Hazel, Daisy, and Maple start to understand that I know that Papa maybe isn’t coming back. Still staring ahead I start to cry. And then my sisters cry too.

And not being able to take the sadness, I venture deeper into the family’s burrow. In the burrow I have one place where I go to feel better. That place is the biggest window in the house. I look out the window watching the snowfall-each snowflake unique. Then my eyes drift to all the other animals in the forest playing in the snow. I wish I could, but I am too sad. But then I notice now the only thing I can do is pretend. Pretend to be happy and pretend not to remember my troubles. So I leave the window feeling a lot better.

After that I get my snowy coat on, that I got for my birthday last year, and burst out of the burrow, feeling the excitement rising inside me. I call for my sisters, but only Hazel and Daisy come out. We throw snowballs at each other, and roll down the hill, giggle and laugh, but something is missing. Then Daisy goes back in the burrow skipping. Hazel and I look at each other and shrug. Then we go back to playing.

After a while Daisy emerges from the burrow with three acorn caps. I am confused. What are we going to do with three acorn caps in the snow? Then suddenly Daisy puts one acorn cap down on the hill’s edge, runs backward, sprints forward, and jumps on the acorn cap. It is amazing, and I have to try it. So I do the exact same thing. I go whirling around in the soft sparkling snow. It is quite comforting. But then I see a tree, thinking I would be able to spin around it, I do not slow down, but go head first into the tree. When Daisy just starts to make her way over, I get up and start giggling. Hazel is hesitant to come down. She thinks it is dangerous and not wise, but she has to at least try it, so down she goes. Going at a tremendous speed, she makes her way all the way down the hill.

Then there is silence, not a word is spoken. Daisy and Hazel look at me and where I am looking and see an incredible sight. It is Papa. He is carrying a huge sack of nuts. Only now does Hazel tell me how dangerous his trip has been. I run to greet him. I wrap my arms around him, not letting go now… never letting go.
Home Sweet Home by keira mcknight

One rainy day Jacob and Stephanie Andrew were playing Candy Land. They had a memory of their Dad, Mike. Their Dad would always play Candy Land with them but then their foolish Dad left them. They were crushed when their Dad left them. Their eyes started to tear up, then they blinked away their tears and opened the box. But then the craziest thing happened! When they opened the box with a whirl and a swirl they got pulled into the game! They could not believe their eyes it was the most amazing sight they have ever seen!

They went all through the game until they finally got to the royal castle. They were so sleepy they wanted to take a nap, so they got some rest. Late at night Jacob woke up to a familiar voice, he wanted to wake up Stephanie to see if she new who it was. So he tried and tried to wake up Stephanie from her deep sleep but she wouldn’t wake up. So he thought to wake up Stephanie I have to think like Stephanie so he yelled, “There’s a 40 percent off sale at forever 21!”

To those words Stephanie woke up from her deep sleep. Before Stephanie even stood up she heard the voice also. They stood up and saw a man that looked just like their dad! They rushed over and gave their Dad a big hug as they asked, ”How did you get here?!”

Mike explained, ”I was opening the box and I got pulled in next thing you know I was crowned king.”

Then the kids yelled, ”Is there any way you can come back to the real world!?”

There was no way he could to the real world so they had to leave him. So they said their goodbyes. they wished they could wake up and realize just a bad dream. but they could not find there way out and they go really homesick. ”I can’t stand Dad anymore he was a jerk he left to live in dumb Candy Land!” exclaimed Jacob. Stephanie couldn’t agree more. They started to cry this time not tears of joy. they were lost they had no clue what to do. Then they woke up from their terrifying dream! they both heard a faint voice saying, ”Hi kids i’m home from work!” The kids bolted across the room to their Dad. Then their Dad said, ”I brought candy.” The kids looked at each other in disbelief. But this is the part that made the kids lose their marbles. Then their Dad exclaimed,”Who wants to play Candy Land?” The kids jaw dropped but luckily nothing happened and they NEVER played Candy Land again!

The end!
Wini raced through the forest. It was mid-day and she was being followed by two hunters. She was a wolf. She had lost her parents when she was very young, and now, she had to fend for herself. The hunters were closing in, and she began to worry. What if they caught her? She couldn't let that happen.

She pushed forward with the last of her strength, which got her farther away from the hunters. Wini couldn't run any longer. Her energy was slowly draining away. But just as she felt she was going to collapse from exhaustion, three wolves burst out of the undergrowth in front of her, and charged at the hunters. Wini stopped. Had they lost their minds? The hunters would definitely catch them if they did that!

But those wolves didn't seem to care. They just kept on running. The hunters stopped, and Wini thought she saw fear glittering in their eyes. When the three wolves got close enough to attack, the hunters saw that they were outnumbered, and they turned and ran. The three wolves turned and bounded up to her. As they got closer, she saw the colors of their fur.

One was gray, and lean, with small ears, and a long tail. The next was dark gray, and Wini could see him flexing his powerful muscles. The last one was light brown, and had a short, stubby tail. "You saved my life." Wini said. "Thank you." The gray wolf with small ears was the one that spoke next. "You're Welcome. We are here to protect and help anyone who needs it." He flicked his tail towards the bulky wolf. "This is Thorn." then he flicked his tail towards the brown wolf. "This is Starry, and I'm Feather."

Wini guessed that those wolves must be very brave to risk their lives for the protection of others. "I'm Wini." she said. "Wini," Feather began. "We saw how fast you ran when you were being chased by the hunters." "And how smart you were to run instead of take both of the hunters on." Starry put in, with an irritated glance at Thorn. "Hey!" Thorn exclaimed. "I only did that one time!" Feather's face lit up with amusement. "What I was saying," Feather began again. "Would you like to join us Wini?" Join them? Of course she would join them! Helping anyone who need it sounded amazing. "Yes!" Wini exclaimed. She was so excited to begin her new life helping everyone who needed it, with friends at her side.
THE SPIDER

“Aaaah!” Mary Beth, the queen bee of the sixth grade screamed. “Spider!”

It was a spider unlike any I’d ever seen before. It had a gold body and long, hairy black legs. Mary Beth tried to squish it, but it skittered away too quickly.

After that little episode of drama, everyone returned to what they had been doing. As I was walking to my locker, I accidentally bumped into Mary Beth, dumping her books everywhere. I hold on a second. This would probably be a good time to introduce myself. I’m Sky Johnson.

“Oh my gosh, I’m so sorry!” I cried, scrambling to help her pick her books up.

“You better be, Smelly Sky!” She replied, making me a mean new nickname.

The hallway roared with laughter. I kept my head down and tried to ignore everyone for the rest of the day.

The next day, everyone seemed to have forgotten yesterday’s incident. That is, until we once again spotted the yellow spider. Everyone screamed and tried to stomp it. Especially Mary Beth, the best spider stomper in the whole school, but it was too fast. Mary Beth then turned around and spotted me.

“You know what, Smelly Sky? I’d rather spend an hour with that spider, than ten minutes with you”

A chorus of laughs and other rude comments bellowed from the crowd. This time I couldn’t shrug it off. I ran crying into the girls’ bathroom and locked myself in a stall.

About five minutes later a mysterious black box slid under the stall door. Cautiously, I opened it. There was a black velvet lining on the inside of the box, and a blood red pendant lay in the middle. Suddenly, the spider crawled out from the lid of the box.

I screamed and threw the box across the room. Then I picked up the stone and looked at it. I noticed a piece of paper under the place where the pendant had been lying.

It said:
This is a powerful stone. You can make one wish on it and it will be granted.
Be careful.

Still upset and carelessly disregarding the last line on the note I said, “I wish I was anyone other than who I am.”

The spider then crawled back under the stall door, and right before I passed out, I swore I saw a malicious glint in its eyes. Then, the world faded to blackness.

I opened my eyes everything was so big! Had I shrunk? I decided to find out.
I jumped up to the bathroom sink’s mirror and gaped in horror. I was the spider. Then a sickening though crept into my head if I was the spider was the spider me?

My question was answered a few minutes later as my human body slunk out of the stall.

It looked like me but moved like a spider. I felt immense relief when it left, and I jumped back down to the floor to ponder what to do.

Just then, Mary Beth walked into the room. She let out an ear-piercing shriek. She went to stomp me and this time I, the spider was not fast enough to scurry away.

THE END
The Project
Raina Pfeifer

A dot of glue here, a sprinkle of glitter there, and finally I was done with my project. I was outstretched on my bed like a starfish and was wearing fuzzy pink footie pajamas. My hair was ratted like a birds nest for it was 2:00 in the morning.

"Maybe I should try to get some sleep" I said to myself with a monstrous yawn. Seconds later I was out like a light.

I awoke four hours later to my three year old sister screaming into my ear that we were eating cinnamon rolls for breakfast. Usually I would have made a beeline directly towards the dining room, but having gotten barely any sleep and still being overly stressed about my upcoming grade I simply was not in the mood. I stayed in bed for another half an hour before I was able to get my lazy butt up. By the time I reached the last step on the staircase I was informed of the lack of breakfast pastries and that I would have to have some stale cereal instead.

Nearly an hour later I arrived at school. The queen bees of our school are the self proclaimed popular girls. Their “leader”, Bree, seemed to have only one thing that made her happy and that was making everyone around her miserable. Everyone wanted to be her friend or at least pretended to, but she hated me. Mortal enemies since kindergarten, and somehow I got stuck with her as a partner for one of the most important projects of the school year. The thought of us working together made me want to throw up. But if I was going to get through this I was going to make the best out of it. I kept reminding myself that Bree is pretty smart so if we take away our differences we could make a pretty good team. As long as she did her half we would be fine. Although, when I caught sight of her I noticed her pristine hair, designer clothes, and newly manicured nails. I hoped that she had put as much effort into our project as she did her appearance. But of course she didn’t do her part so we have to do half of the project in about a half an hour. I have to run down to the art room, scavenge for some art supplies, and lord knows where I’m going to find another poster board. By now I’ve made up a list of everything we need. The list of items pours through my brain: paint, glitter, glue, markers, poster board, and colored pencils, as I sprint through the narrow halls.

I’ve caught sight of every single thing including the poster board from the back room and am hauling them out of the room stacked on top of one another. After I brought the supplies back to my classroom I called her over to the back of the room and started barking commands out like an army general on how I wanted everything done. If she couldn’t be trusted to do her share then she couldn’t be trusted to design an A+ worthy project. Surprisingly, she looked a bit timid at first, like a deer caught in the headlights. But I didn’t have time for that, as we needed to get down to business. After about forty-five minutes of teamwork we proudly turned in our finished project.

For the next three days the only thing I was thinking about was that project. I thought that we did pretty good, but I didn’t know what my teacher thought and that was causing a lot of anxiety to creep in. When the project grade finally came back I was so nervous I almost peed my pants. I caught sight of the shining A+ written in bright red marker and I knew all of our hard work had payed off.
The Book

Once upon a time, in Idaho, there was a boy named Ryan whose mom and dad had gone on a trip across the ocean to France for his dad’s work. Unfortunately, their boat had been half-wrecked by a storm only 15 minutes from the coastline of Europe. Somehow they still made it, but wouldn’t be back for two months because the huge ship needed to be fixed. Ryan was stuck in Idaho for now. Well not really, he was actually stuck at his uncle’s creaky old mansion in California, where he had just arrived.


“This place is a wreck,” thought Ryan when he got up to his new room. “Maybe if I clean it up a bit I could actually sleep in the bed tonight.” He finished cleaning right as his uncle called him downstairs. When he got downstairs, he saw that his uncle had made a small lunch of peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. They ate in silence.

After lunch, his uncle laid down on the couch to take a nap. Ryan decided to explore. After all, he would be staying there for over a month.

He wandered around on every floor, and after about a half an hour, he got to the attic. It was even more dusty and messy than every other floor. It was pretty big compared to a normal house, but this wasn’t really a normal house. He walked over to a bookshelf. Two of its shelves were filled with old medals and trophies that were won a long time ago. Now, they were covered with cobwebs.

The other two shelves were lined with books. These books were really old. Ryan grabbed the one that looked the thickest and pulled it off the shelf. He blew the dust off the cover. The dust swirled around Ryan at least three times and then formed the words, “Open the book Ryan.” He gasped and jumped back, startled.

Slowly, he crawled forward and opened it. As soon as he did, a holographic image of a ruby floated out of the book. Suddenly, a scraping voice also came from the book, “It allows you to have one wish. Know this, Ryan, only the one who is chosen can be allowed to take it.” Ryan was shocked.

Just then, his uncle burst into the room. “Don’t touch that!” he shouted but Ryan reached for it anyway. “No Ryan!” His uncle yelled again, “You might not be the one who is allowed to take it! The ruby might burn your hand or something!” Uncle Dan made a wild dive for the book but accidently knocked Ryan into it.

As soon as Ryan touched the ruby, it became solid. Ryan gasped. Did this mean it worked, or that something bad was going to happen?

Uncle Dan’s eyes got wide. Ryan was scared, but he had a wish he really wanted to make. Trembling, he picked the ruby up, closed his eyes and said, “I wish my parents were here.” They waited for a few seconds, then there was a brilliant red flash of light and his parents were there in an instant. The ruby disintegrated.

“What one earth?” said Ryan’s mom. “One moment we were in Europe and the next we’re in California.” She paused when she saw her son. “Ryan?” she asked.

“It worked!” said Ryan happily.
THE KINGDOM OF ADVENTURE

PRANEEL RASTOGI (Grade 2, SCHIELTZ)

I am Atlas Osbourne, Ato for my friends. I am a liger, which is a cross between a lion and a tiger. I also am a writer of adventures. Although I am an ordinary liger, somehow I manage to get into the most extraordinary adventures. My grandfather Mordecai, publishes story books and wanted me to write one about the kingdom of imagination.

I sat in my favorite chair having cookies and milk, trying to think of something to write about. I fell asleep and, then woke up suddenly in the kingdom of adventure. It was huge, bigger than you could imagine. I spotted many strange creatures; some from the past and some from future. Then I saw a wooden box with a sign written in a strange language and a scroll, which was a code to translate the sign into kinglish. I opened the box and took a good look inside. No jewels, but only an old crumpled looking map. "Hmmm!" Where would this lead to? I thought. Only one way to find out!

As I walked down the path shown on the map, I arrived at a very odd looking castle. Here everything was upside down. In the center room of the castle was a nice and gentle looking king sitting on the throne. "Ato you made it here" he said. "I have a mission for you". Meanwhile I thought to myself, how he know my name, must be some magic I guess. "You have to collect one vial of the most precious, rararest of rare invisible ink. I need it to send secret communication to other kings and queens like me in case there is danger" said the king. "This valuable treasure is hidden in the deep dungeon on an island. There is a moat around it that is guarded by a fierce sharks". The king gave me a magic teleportation device. I pressed the buttons and was immediately transported to the island.

I looked around for a cave leading to the dungeon. It was hidden behind some big rocks. I shivered as I went further deep into the dark cave and switched on my torch. Soon I came upon a path with 3 separate sections, each going in different directions. Before I could go into any of them I looked around for clues like any good adventurer should. I spotted a sneaky little button behind the rock in a corner. I pressed it and suddenly a big passage opened right by me. I started down the passage; there was a slide, which led to the moat. Luckily, I had sardines which I threw in the water. The sharks got distracted and I jumped quickly across the moat. In the torch light I could see a box tucked away carefully behind a tree root. I grabbed the box and pulled really hard. Suddenly the moat vanished and I found myself back in that maze of tunnels. To get out from here could take forever. I took a couple of deep breaths to calm myself down and thought of grandpa Mordecai. It was almost as if I could hear his voice echo in my ears "Atlas focus, focus". Echo! That's it. I shouted into the mouth of each passage and went down the ones that didn't have an echo, meaning no walls and long tunnel hopefully leading out. Finally I got out and ran towards the teleporter hoping to get to the palace quickly.

"Here you go your majesty", I said handing the box with the invisible ink to the king. "Ato I am so glad you made it back safely. This magic ring is your reward. It is painted with invisible ink and it will bring you back here when you tap on it 3 times. Only you will be able to see the ring."

"Wake up! Wake up. Atlas" said Grandpa Mordecai. "Have you thought of any ideas for your book?" And I just gave him a cheerful smile!
The Disaster Quest

One dark and stormy night two brave explorers named Daniel Smith and Mike Smith, with their brave, trustworthy and fierce dog named Ruffles, were traveling to an undiscovered island that was untouched by mankind. They could see the island in the distance, but all of a sudden Mike felt a raindrop. Then another, until it started pouring and thundering. Waves crashed against the mighty boat. Then everything went BLACK. Daniel woke up dizzy and exhausted and heard the bark of Ruffles. He got up and found no trace of Mike anywhere among him.

He found his bag with soda and snacks and started an adventure on his own with Ruffles. Soon, they found a very large, dark and scary tunnel. It was covered with green vines and you could hear water trickling inside it. They both went in and found a minecart. They climbed in it and rode to a humongous inner cave. Then they found huge bones of a very large creature. “I wonder what animal these came from?” thought Daniel. When Daniel and Ruffles got out of the cave they started to go into a deep part of the forest but all of a sudden they saw something unbelievable.

A very small village with cave people was right in front of their eyes. Daniel and Ruffles approached the village quietly. Then they snuck into the big main room with the leader of the people looking at a map of the mysterious island. Daniel and Ruffles quickly sprinted and grabbed the map out of his hands and ran off. While they were hiding in the forest they saw a very large mountain off in the distance. Daniel and Ruffles looked on the map and saw the same mountain on it. They went and snuck inside it and found Mike held hostage and with warriors guarding him. Daniel and Ruffles sprang into action. Ruffles distracted the guard while Daniel freed Mike. They ran out of the cave and dashed into the forest. They ran to the fixed up boat and paddled quickly away until they were far enough as possible from the island. Then Mike said, “Thanks” and Daniel accepted it. Then they decided to name their search. They named it, “THE DISASTER QUEST!”
Dragon Region - Prologue

As the sea witch Scylla lay submerged in the expanse of “The Cursed Sea” (one of the many bodies of deathly and mysterious waters) she was listening to the cries of her intended victims. Scylla heard a swirling sound that was coming from the “Gleaming Depths”, where the mermaids claimed their nation. She jerked her head away from watching the terror-stricken creatures and turned her attention to finding whatever was making this gurgling, targeting sound.

In the distance she could make out a shape of a human but with an irregular lower half. As the strange creature came closer to her she realized that it was a mermaid.

This very marine being was one of the mermaids she had captured a while back, so she could take water pearls from them to her treasure grotto. The water pearls were now some of the 224 different riches she had stored in her rocky cavern.

She could now see that the mermaid was gnashing its teeth in rage and charging at her. “You! Sea witch! You shall pay for the hardships of our people that you have caused! There will be no more suffering from us!”, the angered mermaid spouted shrilly, as she whipped back her green stringy hair, and got ready to tackle Scylla.

“Rock hard stone you shall be, I turn you into-” the sea witch started to chant a hardening spell powerfully.

“Y-you can’t stop me, I will get to you next time and claim my people’s rights!” the human-ish creature, clearly wanting to win but afraid to lose, insisted. In need of a distraction the mermaid swerved around a group of peach coral. Scylla followed, ready to bestow the rest of the curse, but tripped on the right curve of coral. The next thing she knew, she was swirling into a portal that had been thought to have been destroyed by a peace wanting, but powerful wizard.

Scylla opened her eyes and was introduced to a new region known as Dragon Region.

The sea witch found herself transforming into a different creation. Whirls of bubbles that surrounded her just seconds ago were now replaced with sky. Her pale blue arms transformed into massive aqua and gray clawed arms that reached the ground when she peered at them. The strangest change was that she now had WINGS!

In the horizon Scylla saw a shadow that looked to be about the same size of her dragon form. As it ranged closer a sudden chill went down her back that matched up to one hundred spiders crawling on your head, and all the spiders are ice.

“I am Azarath, a dragon.” The shadow moved closer, “And you are not a real dragon, I presume?” he finished coolly. Scylla didn’t answer due to the unfriendliness the other dragon clouded around him as he glided on the wings he carried on his back.

“Don’t worry,” he said. “I am a mere shifter. Oh, and I also would like to take an element from each region: Fey, Forest, Dragon, and Water. And to do that I need to capture the creatures, and demolish them. Starting with you.”

Scylla raced away on her luminescent wings to another part of the Dragon Region, not wanting to soon be abolished. Of course, Azarath had to follow her if he wanted to capture then demolish Scylla. Scylla then realized that she could breath fire, *Of course!* she thought and started to blow rapid lengths of blazing heat.

“If I can’t get you, I’ll get everyone else!” Azarath pointed out harshly. “Not if I can help it” Scylla burst back in a heroically sort of way. She was now racing to stop Azarath...
Once my grandma saw a monkey.

By: Malia Snyder

Once my grandma saw a monkey, not just any monkey but a bush monkey! It looked like this, ear tufts and big round eyes, like an owl's and it has a tail like raccoons, and it's gray.

One day my grandma was closing the window and curtains when she saw a odd figure hanging upside down. Don't you think it's odd to see a person hanging upside down with a tail! So my grandma went outside to see what it was and she looked and looked and what did she find? A bush monkey! My grandma rushed back inside to tell my grandpa, but he didn't believe her until she pulled him outside and showed him the monkey. (Hoot Hoot)

They think it's crazy having a monkey that thinks it's a owl!
Life of a Christmas Tree

Blue spruce trees, not to brag, are loved by humans more than any other pine tree. Yes I know. I first saw air on May 12, 2009. My home is a field tightly packed with relatives. My neighbor is my third aunt. It’s crazy isn’t it? Well anyway, here we are, a bunch of six and seven year olds, about to get the treatment. That’s what my grandpa calls it. You get a big chop in your ankle! Then you get loaded onto a box with wheels. Now back to my story. Then the humans take me to a flat place with a sign that says CHRISTMAS TREES FOR SALE! I wonder what christmas trees are?

I sit on a rack for days and days while one by one, my brothers and sisters get taken away. Finally, I get taken away, strapped onto a box with wheels, and brought to the human’s headquarters. There, the humans take me inside and put me into a pot next to a hot flaming box. (the humans call it a fireplace), some giant socks, and a squishy rack. (the humans call it a couch) After that, they cover me in heavy itchy bulbs, and strings that light up. After about a week I seem to accumulate many bright boxes at my feet. I think the humans put them there.

Then, on December 25, the kids take the boxes from me! (how dare them,) They rip the paper off and snatch the trinkets out of them.

But all the fun ends soon after. The humans betray me by sticking me out on the cold where a noisy, very noisy, box with wheels picks me up and takes me to a big pile of dirt. The (now mean) humans dump me into the pile and go away. And this, my dear saplings, is where I am now. But just remember, a christmas tree’s life isn’t all that bad!
A Wild Ride

By: Katie Tippet

Today, I, Wendy Westchester, and my brother, Wesley Westchester, have persuaded the unpersuadable Mr. and Mrs. Zucchini to come to the Wacky World Amusement Park with us. This is an absolutely, positively, amazing thing that would most likely never happen in a lifetime. The reason being that the Zucchini’s may possibly be the most stubborn elders on this earth. But today my brother and I are going to remind them what it is like to have fun.

The second we stepped out of the Zucchini’s old station wagon, we could smell the corn dogs, cotton candy, and the funnel cakes. “I knew this wasn’t a good idea,” said Mr. Zucchini. “Oh come on! This’ll be fun. It’ll be like when you were a kid again!” exclaimed Wesley. “I guess you’re right. I always did like that one ride that did loopy-loops.” stated Mrs. Zucchini. “I know that ride, they still have it!” I replied. We found the line to the loopy-loop ride Mrs. Zucchini was talking about. It was a ride with many drops, and of course, the three large loopy-loops that had been currently holding a cart of screaming people.

“Are you sure you wanna do this? It looks pretty intense.” asked Wesley. “I’d say no, but we’re next in line, so yes let’s just get this over with.” Mr. Zucchini said. “Anything you say Mr. Zucchini.” Wesley said in an uncomfortable tone. As I sat down next to Mrs. Zucchini on the cushioned cart she stared straight ahead, saying nothing. “Are you nervous?” I asked “Well of course I’m nervous. I haven’t been on this ride for over fifty years!” She replied. There was an awkward moment of silence between us, until Wesley broke the silence in the seat behind us.

The bar to the seat lowered, and then a screechy voice coming from the intercom said “Please remain in your seats for the whole ride. Please keep your hands and arms in the cart. And please, do not throw your trash or any belongings outside of the cart.” After that, the rickety cart started rolling out of the station while two employees said in a dreary tone, “Enjoy the ride.” With that we were off! We went down a small slope that Mrs. Zucchini was apparently, easily frightened from. *Thump click, thump click,* was the only thing I heard while riding up a giant hill. As we reached the top we stopped, then while we were tipping over, my mouth widened while I let out a shriek. *Flash!*

Everyone was screaming and yelling while some people tried to go no handed. I for one, was not one of those people and neither was Mrs. Zucchini. I knew it was coming soon, the loopy-loops. So while I braced myself, Mr. Zucchini must’ve been excited for them. He was the only one who still had his hands in the air. While we were going through the twists and turns of the loopy-loops, I thought about how Mr. Zucchini had his hands in the air, how Mrs. Zucchini had been laughing the whole time, and how both of them had huge smiles on their faces.

After the ride, a man handed us a photo. None of us knew what it was until Wesley flipped it over. It had been the flash. The flash I saw while I was screaming. The flash Mr. Zucchini saw while his hands were in the air. The flash Wesley saw while he had been yelling. The flash Mrs. Zucchini saw while she was laughing, and the flash that would turn into a photo that would be a memory never forgotten for all four of us.
The Spot

One day Lion, Antelope and Parrot were going to the pond for a drink. They were ALL in a hurry, because all of them wanted the spot by the pond that was shaped like a throne. They said that the spot was only fit for a king. Both Lion, Antelope and Parrot went right to the spot. Lion was furious!

“This is my spot! Which totally makes sense, since I am the mightiest.” He roared.

“No! This is my spot! Which totally makes sense since I am the king and fastest!” said Antelope.

“No! This is my spot, which totally makes sense since I am the king and the most beautiful.” Parrot squawked. “You guys must have rocks for brains to think that your king!”

They argued for a while then Lion said, “How about we settle this in the plains?” “Okay,” shouted the others. So off they went to the plains. When they got there Parrot asked Lion and Antelope, “How are we going to settle this?”

“A competition, of course!” exclaimed Antelope. “A racing competition!”

“Nonsense!” roared Lion. “It should be a roaring contest!” “PFFT! It should be a flying contest!” said Parrot.

“There will be nothing of the sort!” said Cheetah. “Don’t you remember what Cougar said? He said that everybody is equal. How about you share?”

“No!” groaned Lion, Antelope and Parrot.

“Yes!” said Cheetah.

“Okay.” groaned Lion, Antelope and Parrot. Then they went to the pond.

“Hey! This isn’t that bad!” they said.

“Friends?” asked Cheetah.

“Friends!” said Lion, Antelope and Parrot. “We should do this more often!”

The End!

The moral of this story is that everyone is special in their own way, that everyone should be treated equally.
I watch as the golden crescent of a sun rises over the foggy field, making the Lobsterbacks coats look more like blood than fabric. A sign in the distance says that we are in Concord, Massachusetts. I watch the opposing soldiers, they stand straight and still, attentive and alert. It reminds me of how my little brother and I and I used to act when we played soldier. When we still had time to play. We would command each other to “straighten your spine” or “shoot like you mean it”, but back then it was all pretend. None of it mattered. Now it does. Now it’s for real.

I glance over at Edward, my friend from Yale, the only person I can relate to. I see the color rising to his face. His eyebrows crease and a single tear falls down his face, all the way down to his coat where it waits, quivering like the man it came from, mimicking so many in its wake, and then it falls. There’s a small splash in the puddle beneath it and then silence. I know where that tear came from. It came from the desperation war creates. From the freedoms that have been stolen. From the families that have been separated. From the lives that have been taken. From the hearts that have been broken. I know what’s coming next. I know I can’t stop it, but I reach over, feeling the thin coat covering Edwards arm and whisper, “Please don’t shoot, don’t start this battle.”

It’s too late. He lifts the gun and shoots the shot heard around the world. The bullet slices through the morning fog like a knife. As if magnetic, all the heads follow the small ball and watch as it strikes a Lobsterback right in the chest. He keels over and hits the ground. The fight has begun. Bullets whizz through the misty air back and forth. The cracks of the muskets are indistinguishable from one another, like one long noise. All I hear is war. The thing my parents have protected me from, for my whole life. The thing I must now fight with. The thing I must win.

As I raise my musket I see a bullet soar through the sky. I see a beauty and a weapon, with Edward standing in its path. It strikes and Edward falls. For me the war has ended. Someone I care about is hurt, yet everyone keeps fighting. Don’t they understand they need to stop? To help? Don’t they realize a friend needs them. I know I must keep fighting. I must keep moving, I must start shooting, but I can’t. I can’t let him die without trying to save him.

I reach down and grab Edward under the arms. my hands slowly turn red and wet, but I keep dragging him to safety. If he dies, it’s on me. I should have stopped him. I should have protected him. I need to save him. I pull Edward down behind a bush and find the wound. I take out my pocket knife and use it to cut out the bullet, then I take off his shirt and wrap it around his arm. We need to win this battle. We need to win this war. We need to be free from the people who oppress us and shoot the ones we love.

I raise my musket and walk back onto the field. I must help win this battle for all the children who could have the chance to grow up in a free nation, Mother and Father who would finally see me as a man, My brother Tim, who would answer to no English King and never have to deal with the injustice of his taxes. I need to win this battle for the free and they enslaved. For the happy, and the oppressed. For the chance to live in a new nation, with liberty and peace.
EVE’S ADVENTURE

Once upon a time there was a princess named Eve. She was very kind and loved to garden. The garden had lots of tomatoes, lettuce, and fruit. It had shining soil and sparkling flowers. One day while she was in the garden watering flowers a fairy came by. “I am the fairy of flowers. I come from the Land of Sparkles or Fairy Land. I have come to get you for help because the fairies, plants, and animals are in danger”, she said. Then with a wave of her wand… POOF!! Eve was a nature fairy. Her powers were to help nature, and she could talk to plants and animals. “Come Eve an adventure awaits!” the fairy said. They started off in the Forest of Memories, a place where fairy memories and visions are stored. “Wow!” Eve said. “Hey you!” something said. Eve turned the only thing she saw was a plant. “Hey” Eve said, “What was that?” “I’m over here”, said the plant. “Oh hi!” said Eve “Can I help you?” “There is a goblin on the loose!!!” said the plant. “What?” said Eve. “Yes” the fairy sighed. “It has escaped from the vision we are about to see.” So they set off to find the goblin.

“There it is” said the fairy. Eve noticed a familiar glow. “Hey that’s my memory!” Eve said. “No” said the fairy “that is a vision.” Eve looked closer. She saw herself and the fairy flying very fast and making sharp turns it looked like they were running from something but what? Then oh no she saw a GOBLIN!!! “Oh” Eve said. “I didn’t know it would be that kind of goblin I thought it would be a nicer goblin because there are two kinds of goblins nice and evil goblins”. They heard a rustling it was the scary type of rustling the type you would hear in horror movies. “What was that?” Eve asked. “That is the goblin RUN!” said the fairy. But Eve didn’t run. “Why are you here” Eve asked. “Beeeuaaussse” said the goblin. “I’m sick and tired of being stuck in that vision and now I’m going to get revenge”. Eve and the fairy went and rounded up all the fairies. “I have a plan” Eve said. The next day they hung a piece of meat by the vision. Then the goblin came by. “Three, two, one”. They pushed the goblin in the vision. Then the fairy tapped the vision with her wand and the vision shut off. They all lived happily ever after with no goblins to bother them. THE END
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