

Investing in Children's Young Authors' Camp Magazine 2022



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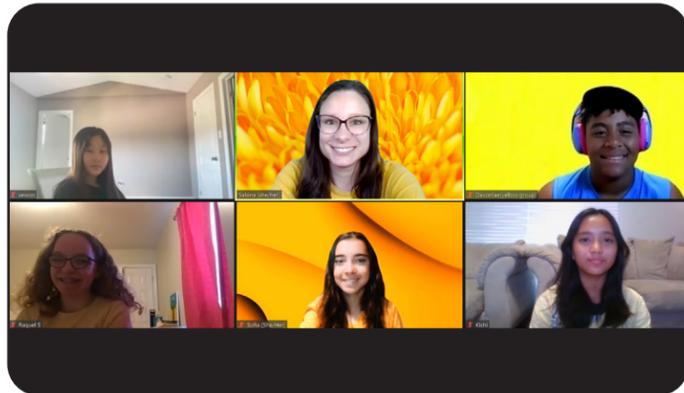
*Helping children to learn,
grow and thrive since 1999* ®

COLOUR GROUPS

RED GROUP



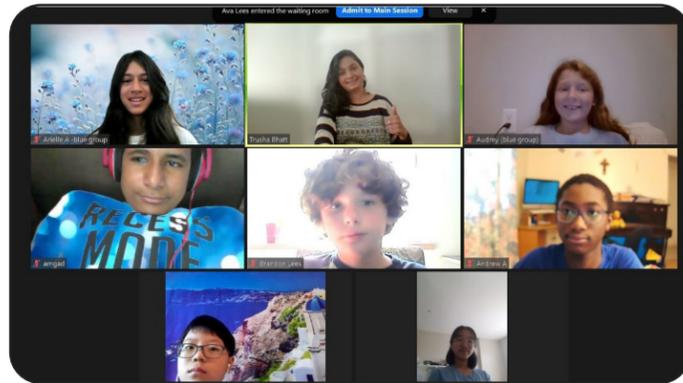
YELLOW GROUP



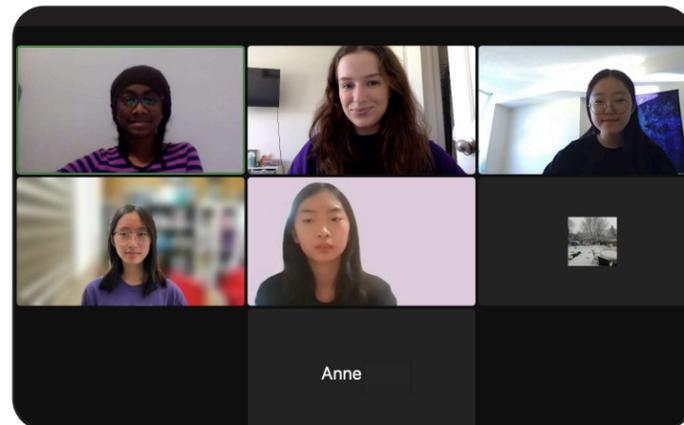
ORANGE GROUP



BLUE GROUP



PURPLE GROUP



EXCERPT FROM THE REDBRICK HOUSE

BY BETTY ROUNDS

The house sits on a short road, with narrow sidewalks covered in cracks. The grass in front of the house is a little too long and a little too dead, wilting flowers lying long forgotten on the lawn. The house's most recent family had planted them, sprinkling wildflower seeds to "make it feel more like ours." It didn't help, they were gone not two years later. No one stayed for longer than three years. It seemed no one ever got attached to the house, it was just one more forgettable bungalow.

The house doesn't like to think it has favourites, but there was one person it remembered more than anyone else. The person wasn't the first to live at the house nor the last. She probably came twenty-five years ago, when the house was half as old as it is now. The house smiles as it remembers.

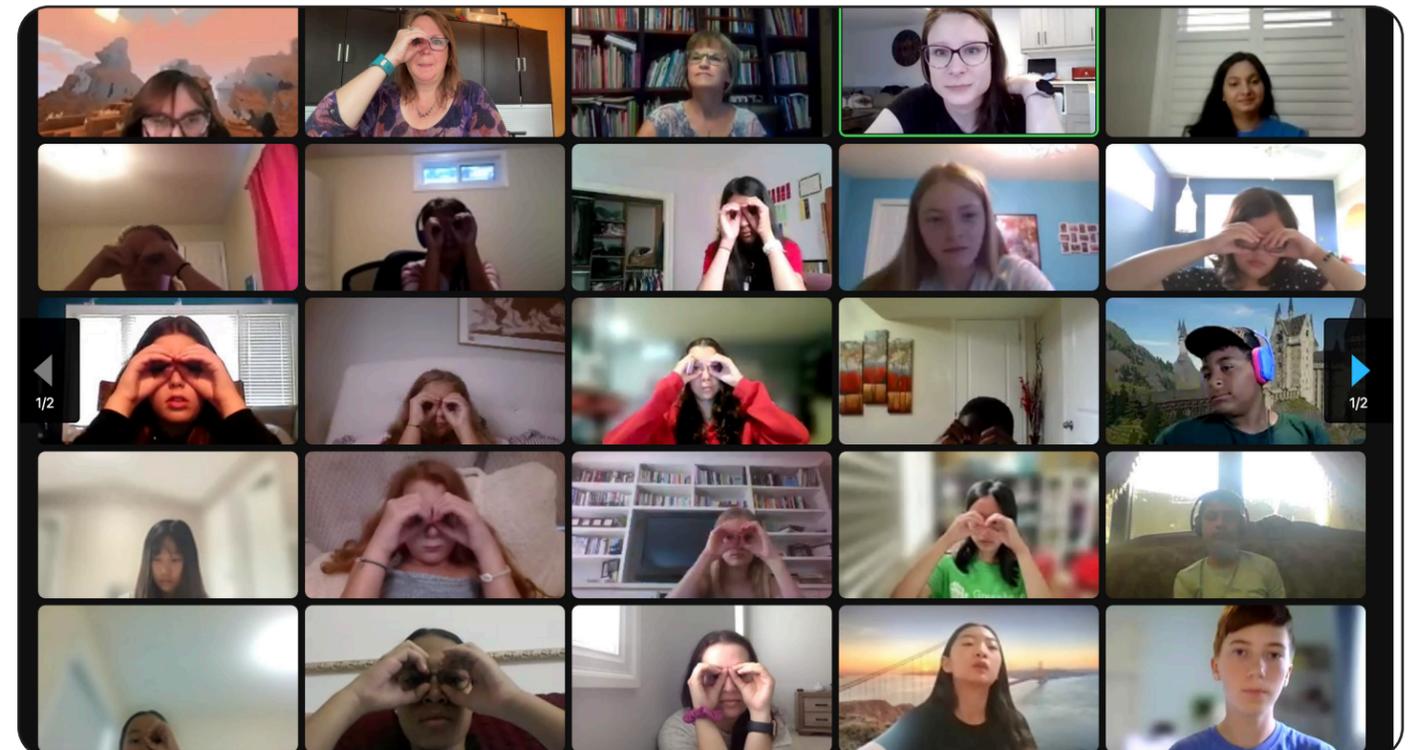
Walking home from school in the shadows of late afternoon, Amber

thought through that day, starting with breakfast and ending as she walked out of an empty classroom. It had been an exciting day. She walked her usual route home, through the old playground that was never used, past the abandoned corner store with boarded-up windows and faded graffiti. Though it took much longer to wander through these streets than the main road, Amber liked the peacefulness in this neighbourhood. Not many people lived here, and though she liked studying people and what they did, she had recently realized she was not supposed to do things that got her stares from people.

After so many years of watching, she thought that many people felt uncomfortable when others yelled at them and told them not to do things. Some people even started to feel negative about themselves. Amber wondered at these people, and how affected by the world they were. It confused her.

When she arrived at her sloped driveway, she had concluded that she was kept late because she was a bystander and a witness. She furrowed her brows as she recalled the afternoon. After the paramedics left, a teacher, trying to feel important, sat her down and tried to decide what to do with her. But when the police arrived, the teachers ran to greet them and she was left sitting in an empty library. Seeing no one around, Amber stood up and walked out of the room, not bothering to push in her chair.

After years of attempting to understand society, Amber could objectively understand how watching intently through the window in the science room door while Kaleb Myers went into severe anaphylactic shock was not a typical response. She had never seen it happen to anyone before and was curious about what would happen. She didn't think he might die.



THE SHATTERING GLASS

BY ARIELLE ARROYAS

It was a warm Monday morning, so early the sun was still rising. The birds chirped ever so magically from within the trees and droplets of dew lay softly across the grass. My teacher was calling attendance, and the whole class stood in the front yard outside of the school. He called my name Arielle first and then my best friend Charlotte's name and continued reading names off the list.

Meanwhile I was busy daydreaming about all of the rides that I wanted to ride at Canada's Wonderland. Yes, we are going to Canada's Wonderland today. I thought, my mind filled with excitement. After we boarded the bus the bus driver explained that the GPS was broken and that she was late for work and didn't have time to pick up a map. She claimed to have driven many classes to Canada's Wonderland before and knows the directions.

We had been driving on the 401 highway for about an hour when I spotted a fork in the road. "I've seen this fork before" I told Charlotte, left is to my grandma's and right to my uncle's. Just as I finished speaking, the bus driver jerked the bus to the right side of the road and a boy in my class shouted "I thought it was the other way!" quite loudly from the back of the bus, but the bus driver didn't hear, or maybe she just didn't listen.

We were arriving somewhere loud with lots of people. It looked almost exactly how I imagined Canada's

Wonderland when Suddenly the bus slowed down and we heard two piercing noises, one seconds after the other, two of the tires had popped. So many thoughts were running through my mind.

I jumped out of my seat on the bus and ran to the front. I yelled at the bus driver to open the door for me. She eventually listened and pressed the button making the doors slide open.

I jumped out of the bus and sprinted down the street, I knew exactly where I was and where I was going. I could hear the faint voices of my teacher screaming at me in the distance and the pounding of Charlotte's feet told me she was hot on my heels but I just kept on running. At the next turn when I skidded around the corner and I was standing right in front of my uncle's repair shop. I hurriedly twisted the handle to the door, but it was locked.

I assumed he was on vacation so I had no other choice than to pick up a huge rock off the ground and throw it against the large glass window of the garage. Glass shatters everywhere.

Charlotte sprinted around the corner, breathing heavily she asked me "what was that loud-" her mouth dropped open as she stared at me and then at the huge pile of glass on the floor. "I know it looks bad, but no I haven't gone crazy" I laughed and quickly explained to her that this is my uncle's repair shop and I come

here every summer.

I also told her that the door to the garage was locked and that was my only option. Together we walked inside making sure to step over all the glass. I hauled a huge tire off of a shelf 'label bus.' I was trying to flip the tire over on its side so it was easier to roll when my eye spotted Charlotte who was attempting to pull another tire off the shelf "I think there's another tire under the bus" I said my memory floating back to the lesson we had about school buses a few months ago "right I totally forgot" she responded.

She asked me if I was ready to go "one second" I called to her from the other side of the garage. I snatched up a scrap piece of paper from the ground and grabbed a pen from around a tiny container. I hurriedly scribbled a note to my uncle telling him that I was sorry and I would call him later. Together, Charlotte and I rolled the tire down the street and around the corner towards the bus. The bus driver wondered how we got the tire and I told her and the other students that I could explain when we were back on the road. A few minutes later the teacher arrived with a few of the students, and a couple of the kids found a map from a visitors booth. We were in the city off Niagara Falls.

Everyone boarded the bus and finally, after hours of delay the bus arrived at the gates of Canada's Wonderland.

BY KEON



UNTITLED

BY AUDREY DUCHARME

Yesterday, a young girl around age 12 was found missing after going into, what's rumored to be, a haunted house. Now the police have sent their best detective, Detective Mona, to find out where the girl is and what happened to her. When Mona arrived she did a quick look and knew right away where she had been in the house before she disappeared. The girl had left a muddy

footprint trail that went into the master bedroom. As soon as Mona got into the room she saw that the footprints mysteriously stopped at the bookshelf. She looked at the bookshelf and only saw one book on it. She wanted to get a closer look at the book, but when she reached for the book she was sucked into a portal. She was let out a couple minutes later in an untouched pyramid in

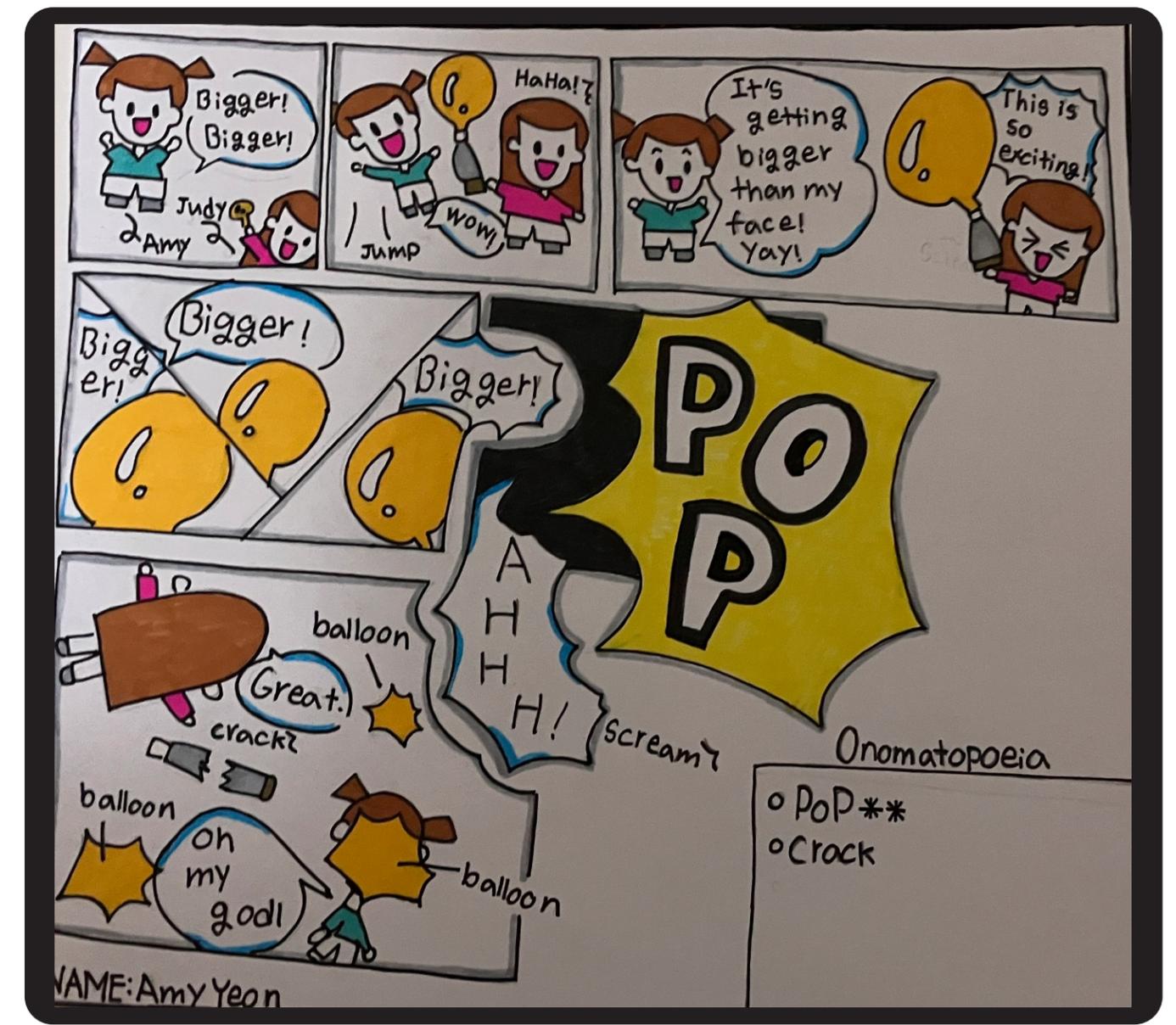
Egypt. Mona was just looking around when she saw a note.

The note said:

**To get back home
You must not roam
Find the end and find your friend
- T**

To be continued...

BY AMY YEON



STREETLIGHTS FLICKER

BY EMMA MACDONALD-MUHLBOCK

Streetlights flicker
In the dead of night
Straying shadows
Cast a lantern's light

Up the street and down
it's to remain the same
While hardly any stars
share spotlights won't be tamed

The worth of my old street
no phenom can uphold
for who can understand
why stars aren't real gold?

GRIEF

BY MADELINE BAPTISTE

If I don't see it it's not real. If I don't see it it's not real. That's what I said as my mother tells me. I act normally. It's not real. It can't be real. I keep this way of thinking for months.

If I don't see it it's not real. I tell myself that as we talk about how you're doing. I push it out of my mind. I keep busy. The busier I am the less I'll think about it, right?

It isn't real. I keep thinking this as we drive to you. I fall onto the carpet sobbing when we arrive. This isn't real. Please don't let this be real. I can't have this be real.

As I hear the news I try to keep calm. The first night nothing feels okay. I miss you. I push it out of my mind. My friends either comfort me or brush it off as though it never happened. I don't know which is better. I pretend it's not real.

We wear black. I try to pretend I feel your presence when we're there. I don't. Not really.

I spend time with him. He says your name before he goes to bed. I bite back my tears.

I see everyone who loves her. I go outside to keep busy. When I come inside it feels like it's broken.

Even now, with the months that pass I still miss you. I still wish you were here.

THIS IS AN EXCERPT FROM A SHORT STORY

BY AIDAH ROBINSON

She sat down at the table, knowing one of them must have done it. But how? Her family was gathered at the oddly shaped table; it was a perfect square with three seats on each side. It was made from all glass, and Dalia noticed that it hadn't been dusted in a while. Also, one of the legs of the table was slightly shorter than the rest of them. Under this table, she could see a broken plate in her Aunt's hand.

Dalia's grandfather coughed,

waiting for someone to say something, and she glanced out the open window in anticipation. Dalia peered at the rusty barbecue, and she realized a rotten smell was coming from outside.

Dalia's mother stood up. "Tell her parents I'm sorry," she whispered, and left the house.

She didn't know what to think of that. Was her mother sorry that Annie was killed, or sorry that she killed Annie? Her mother was never

stupid enough to break the law, or even more stupid to admit it.

Her aunt stood up as well. "I didn't kill her. I wouldn't. Annie was my best friend." She turned away and sobbed. "It had to be Carol. It had to be. She practically just admitted it."

I shook my head. There's no way that my mom killed her. I looked up.

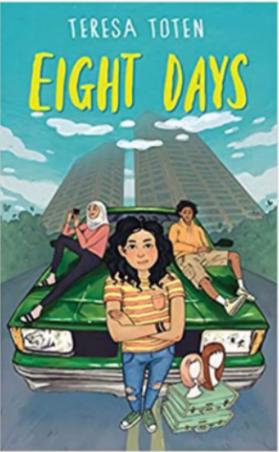
"Dad?" I finally said. "Did she?"

My dad swallowed. "I don't know, Dalia. I don't know."

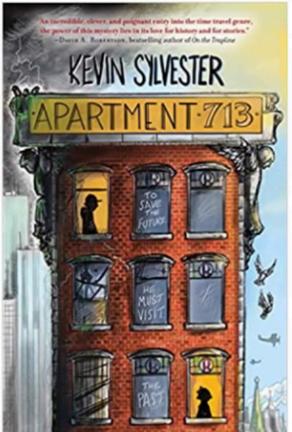
BY AIDAH ROBINSON



Eight Days
by Teresa Toten



Apartment 713
by Kevin Sylvester





VAMPIRES & DISTRESS

BY RAQUEL S.

Of course I was in Romania. In the vampire era, nonetheless. I would love to assume that there were no vampires in this timeline or place, but Romania was always known for it's vampires in the stories I was always told.

I looked around and realized that I was in fact, standing in front of a castle that was undoubtedly crawling with vampires of some sort.

I sighed and was about to panic, but realized that if I panicked, my heart rate would go up and I would become a vampire's lunch. I took seven deep breathes and turned around. I hoped I could just strut out of here and find an object that would help me, but with my luck, there was

a gate and giant walls. Because this is a castle. In the 1700s. Right.

With my knowledge of most time travelling journeys that have occurred, I probably need to enter the castle and encounter at least a few vampires. I began to walk to the door and then realized that there was a moat. There probably was a lever to open it. I looked around and spotted many different carts of sorts, all with food or sandals, but I saw no people. It looked abandoned. I saw an apple, half eaten, and then a trail of blood, leading towards another entrance to the castle. How fun. I might as well follow it to my doom.

I walked over the bridge and across

the moat. The water was a murky brown with things floating around or swimming in it. I knew they were bones, without even getting a good look at them.

There was a pool of blood on the floor in the room I entered and saw a corpse. And then another one. And another one. There was a trail of bodies and body parts. It was a wonderful gory mess and I figured I probably will join this trail. My breath quickened as the blood got more red and fresher. I felt cold breath on my neck. Maybe I will finally get my punishment for what I did.

EXCERPT FROM THE FLASHMIND SAGA: PART IV: HERO'S LIGHT

BY DYLAN GRUBB

Darcnes struck first. A huge torrent of dark fire erupted from his spirit staff as he yelled "You cannot stop me this time! This staff gives me more power than ever!"

"You may think you have gained strength, but so have we!" retorted the brothers, Jax and Karn as they stopped the inferno, with golden phoenix fire, the most powerful flame a Fire mage can create...then the necromancer tried to help Darcnes by summoning a shield of quicksilver. The golden flame was so

strong that it even ate through the silver shield, like it was paper. Darcnes pressed his hands to his temples, he telekinetically forced the Phoenix fire into a ball and launched it off into space.

Jax struck back, launching a net of lightning bolts at Darcnes, who blasted them away like they were nothing. With an evil laugh, the Necromancer flicked his wrist and bricks from a nearby building flew at the brothers. Jax stabbed at the bricks with his staff and they

shattered into a thousand jagged spikes and flew back at the two Dark wizards. Darcnes blocked it with dark fire and the Necromancer summoned a column of spiralling shadows at Jax and Karn.

Karn destroyed the fire with a flick of his burning whip, but the shadows arched around him. Jax tried to shatter it with another lightning bolt blast, but it split the shadows in half and attacked both brothers...

IMAGE OF JAX FLASHMIND BY DYLAN GRUBB



THE MYSTERY OF EMPIRE MUSEUM

BY ALEXANDRIA L.J. OSBORNE

MapleView Secondary School's grade 10 class were on a field trip to The Empire Museum. They were on a tour, exploring the history of some ancient artifacts. A few students were intrigued by this, while others just preferred to be on their phones. Mia, Sylvia, James, and Adam, a small group of friends, were growing quite bored of being with their teachers and classmates. So, they decided to sneak off and do their own thing. After wandering around aimlessly for a while, they wound up in the storage room. While there, their attention went straight to an object covered with a dirty, white tarp.

"Do you guys want to go see what it is?" asked Mia.

"Sure," replied the two boys.

"Are you guys sure we should?" said Sylvia.

"Why not?" asked Mia.

James pulled off the dusty tarp and under it was a box with red stamps all over that stated: "DO NOT OPEN". As if they weren't already curious, this made them even more so. Adam had conveniently spotted a crowbar, and this made opening the box even easier. When he got it open, they all eagerly looked inside. They couldn't quite figure out what it was so they took it out of the box.

"Hey, let's take a selfie," suggested Sylvia.

"Imagine how cool it would be if we could show our friends back in class some pics," said James.

"Oh yea, that would be cool," agreed Adam.

"I'm gonna post a few pictures, and get some likes," added Mia.

"Anyway enough chit chat, let's take the selfie!"

"I'll do it since I'm the tallest," said James.

Everyone quickly got into their spots for the photo. The girls did peace signs and the boys did rock and roll signs with their hands. Right as James was about to press the button to take the photo, they were all of a sudden in an entirely different place. "What the heck happened!" They all exclaimed. They were on what seemed to be an unusually quiet and weirdly colored planet. But what planet, the group wondered? They really wanted to know what happened to take them from the museum to this strange place. The friends started to worry if the rest of their classmates and teachers realized they were gone, and if they did, how were they going to send help? Mia, Sylvia, James, and Adam were in serious trouble.



YOUNG AUTHORS' VIRTUAL CAMP REVIEW

BY JUDY YOUN

It was my greatest pleasure to attend this Young Author Writing program. Thank you again for the wonderful opportunity you have given us. Before taking part in this program, I had struggled with my writing and was uncertain of my skills. I was often hard on my self, due to this feeling of unsureness and anxiousness. Honestly, I was not looking forward to it and was denying of its positive impact that could help me.

But I noticed that after starting this camp, I was getting better and better day by day. Through out the week, I had the opportunity to meet 5 amazing authors who provided me with practical and down-to-earth advice. I surely was able to get touched and encouraged, as well as some sense of achievement.

It was also indeed a delight to hear all five author's amazing works and also to hear how they overcame their

difficulties. A person like me, shy and introverted, gained more confidence and more interest in writing during this camp. I also felt very welcomed and included in the group, and got to know friendly friends who inspired me to fall further into the great wide ocean of "Writing". Thank you to all the presenters, authors, and participants for this wonderful opportunity! Thank you!

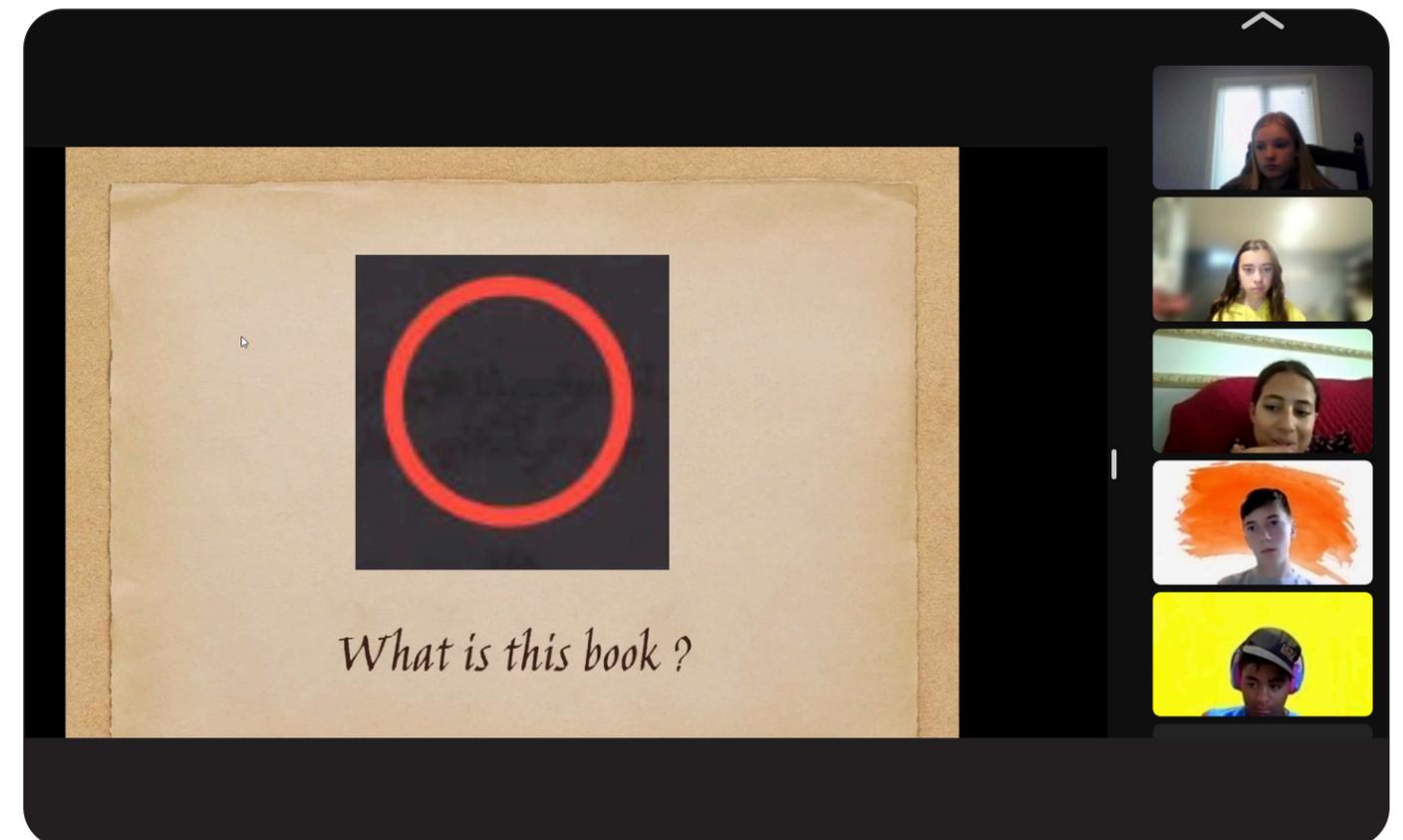
YOUNG AUTHORS' VIRTUAL CAMP REVIEW

BY KISHI

Last week, I had a summer book camp. I hoped that it would be different from the other camps I've gone to. At first, I got anxious because I know I'll be socializing with people in my age. But, it wasn't bad

at all. They made me feel welcome. I met new people and friends who would suggest new books and I got to see some Authors discussing virtually. It was fun, not gonna lie. I get to share things and get new ideas

from other students, and the authors taught me how to write and draw since I could barely draw a stickman! I really enjoyed this week.



I CANNOT FIND MY HOME

BY EMMA MACDONALD-MUHLBOCK

How does this come?
The weather's changed
A different flavour is about

A newing sun,
Forgotten game
You can't be home when you are out

Every star I see is dim
in this lazy town
You know,
I wear the clothes I've travelled in
The clothes that I've made music in

And
could you know
my address
if you know not I?
Ask me any question
but none have ever tried

I've lost the place I sleep in
I've lost the place I lie
I've lost the house of all my joys

Where now can I wander by?



THE SECRET KEY IN POMPEII

BY KELLY

I am Tina Agrest. I am the greatest archaeologist in America.

Also, I am the youngest professor at the University of Perissa.

That means I am a genius. Haha
But, a few days ago, An unknown letter came to me.

It said, 'Go Pompeii, there is a key to the secret of earth.'

It was totally crazy. What secret? Huh?

So, I ignored it. But I couldn't.

ONE AND ONLY

BY JUDE MOHAMEDIN

You are my medicine, healing me
You are my hazelnut hershey's chocolate, making every day sweet
You are my treadmill, keeping me going when I give up
You are my diamond, reflecting light in every direction
You are my flashlight, showing me the way
You are my one and only mom

NOISY STEP

BY ELLA

Creak, went the floor as I slowly tiptoed down the stairs, careful not to wake anyone up only for my cover to be blown by one noisy little step. Suddenly there was a little screech, so I carefully turned around to find my cover was in fact blown by the only person who I didn't want to find me.

PROM? (PART ONE)

BY MADELINE BAPTISTE

Promposals are stupid. Why would you waste all that time and energy to ask someone to a dance filled with teenagers? My twin sister didn't think the same as me. Avery always dreamed of someone asking her to the prom with a grand romantic gesture. I always hoped to be no where near her big promposal. One of us got what we wanted.

I had been headed to my usual lunch table when Avery's boyfriend stood up on top of their lunch table with a pizza box in hand. "I've got something to ask this beautiful girl in front of me. We've been dating for two years now and I've learned so much about you. You have a pizza my heart, so I only found it fitting that I have a pizza yours." He opened the pizza box and my peers gasped. "I know this is cheesy, but will you go to prom with me?"

I rolled my eyes, headed toward where Ben sat with his head jammed in a textbook. "Did you see that stupid promposal?"

He looked up at me with an eyeroll. "You're just mad no one's asked you to the dance Ella."

"Yeah right. I honestly could not care less. I would rather be off preparing for college than go dancing." I chuckled. Dancing in a loud gym with sweaty teens didn't sound like

an ideal night to me.

"Enough about the dance. You promised to help me study for the history exam next week. Here. Read me the questions and I'll answer them." He spun the textbook toward me.

I looked down at the textbook. "You run horizontally off the diving board and land in the water 1.3 seconds later. How high is the diving board?"

"7.9 meters?" Ben guessed. I shook my head. "More or less?" I glared at him. He seriously didn't think I would help him with that did he? After a few attempts and fails I finally gave him the answer. "I was so close."

I scoffed. "No, you really weren't."

Ben and I studied in silence. We shared a pack of crackers and cheese while he studied physics and I re-read my notes from history. We stayed this way until the bell went. Ben began to walk me to my law class. We walked down the flooded hallways shouting to each other about our next classes until a girl began to scream. "Help! Call the hospital!" The girl screamed.

I saw a bunch of people shove through to look. They all began

chatting. "What happened?" One of the boys asked.

"She fainted. Duh," Another replied.

"Ella! Ella!" I heard one of the girls scream. I recognized that voice immediately. It belonged to our next door neighbour Quinn. At hearing my name I pushed my way through the crowd. I tried to call back but my voice was hoarse. I knew what had happened before I got there. Still, it didn't shock me any less.

Laying on the ground was my twin sister. I sat down by her side while I watched Ben call someone. He still had my mother's number from when my phone died at the library and I needed to text her to know when I was supposed to come home.

The paramedics arrived what felt like hours later but I knew was only a few minutes. They carried Avery out on a stretcher. Everyone watched Avery in horror and watched me with sympathy. I became numb. I remembered Ben holding my hand as we walked to the office. I remember sitting down in a chair in the office while the secretary offered me water. I remembered dad picking me up from school. I remember coming home. After that I fell asleep.



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Visit <https://investinginchildren.on.ca/young-authors-resource-page> to find writing prompts, advice, techniques, where to send work to get published and more!

EXCERPT FROM NOTHING IN PARTICULAR

BY EMMA MACDONALD-MUHLBOCK

He's seconds away from lying through his teeth about the beginning of the new era brought on by his (questionable) peace treaty when Myriam sneaks up behind him. She locks him in place with an arm around the shoulders and a knife aimed at his throat. Nightingale isn't even sweating. She could end him in a second and he's gonna laugh it off.

Oh wait - what? Gale whips a tiny oval out of his suit jacket pocket because...Why? No. Aha! What a colossal coward! A suicide pill! More important than just that, though. Nightingale is the only one in our realm who knows the Code. The knowledge will die with him! Myriam's eyes burn with anger as she lets her knife fall to the grass with a soft thud. She can't let him do this. He's only going this far because he knows how important the Code is to the Legionnaires. Ugh, he makes me sick! Still, her right hand is free, and we all know she's quick enough...

"You know you still have laundry to

fold in your brother's room, right?"

My Mom is loud enough to rob my ears of Myriam's next line. Weak agitation ripples over my face, wavelike, as I swing open my bedroom door and answer in a tone that matches my expression.

"Yep. I know."

I plod across the hall to my older brother's room and knock once - a sharp jab like dry bones clanking against each other. I was thinking of Desaphen at the time. Basically, the haunted market where Myriam's dad passed away. You know?

Jason calls out, "What do you want?" from inside his messy chamber. He sounds like he has a sliver of health left in a boss fight that just won't end. So am I really the boss?

I sigh shortly so he can hear and then say, "Uh, there's some laundry in there for me." The door is wrenched open. From my view out in the hallway I can already see the

floor. It's a nice floor underneath, but it's so cluttered with...everything...that no one can tell. I ignore the mess that's slowly filling me with anxiety as I reach for the basket.

Now Jason turns around and says, "Here, I'll help" before dumping all the clean clothes onto the landmine floor. A favourite hobby of his. I hate it, but at the same time, I never know what to say. I shove all the laundry back into the basket along with some gel pens, geodes, and pairs of earbuds before making the despondent trek back to my room. Almost all those things start with G. And I didn't steal them, by the way; there was so much junk on the floor that I couldn't tell what I was picking up. Same old story.

I sign into the laptop and punch the space bar to play the episode Mom had interrupted. Already I was smiling again, finding myself in that legendary headspace of powers and courage and heroes.

Nothing cheers me up like Legends Forgotten.



MIDNIGHT BLACK AND CHOCOLATE BROWN

BY ARIELLE ARROYAS

It was a cloudy Monday, so grey it looked like the skies were about to break open. I was walking my little brother Archer to the candy store because he kept on aggravating me for days on end, until today I finally lost my patience and reluctantly agreed to go, but only if he promised to stop asking me.

We were walking around a turn when the candy store came into view over a distant hill. Just then, we happened to pass a small yellow house with a fence that was covered in Ruby red paint. A huge chocolate brown German Shepherd with a midnight black tail jumped up from inside of the yard resting its paws ever so slightly on the top of the fence.

The dog looked like it was about to bark at us but the sound that came out of its mouth almost made my eyes pop out of their sockets. The dog made a vibrating-like noise that sounded sort of like a sheeps baa.

"Annabelle, Annabelle!" my brother said tugging at the sleeve of my lavender hoodie that coincidentally had a sheep on it "I think they trained the dog to imitate animal sounds," my brother insisted.

I gasped. "I think you're right" I say, taking a deep breath as I rethink the situation I'm in. After a short moment of silence I add "let me get out my phone so that we can try to get it to do it again, if it does then at least we will have proof."

After taking out my phone, I quickly typed in the password and opened up the camera app. Then I signaled to Archer that he could make some sort of animal noise. He for an unknown reason chose to grunt, attempting to sound like a pig and to my surprise the dog immediately started 'oinking' exactly the way Archer did.

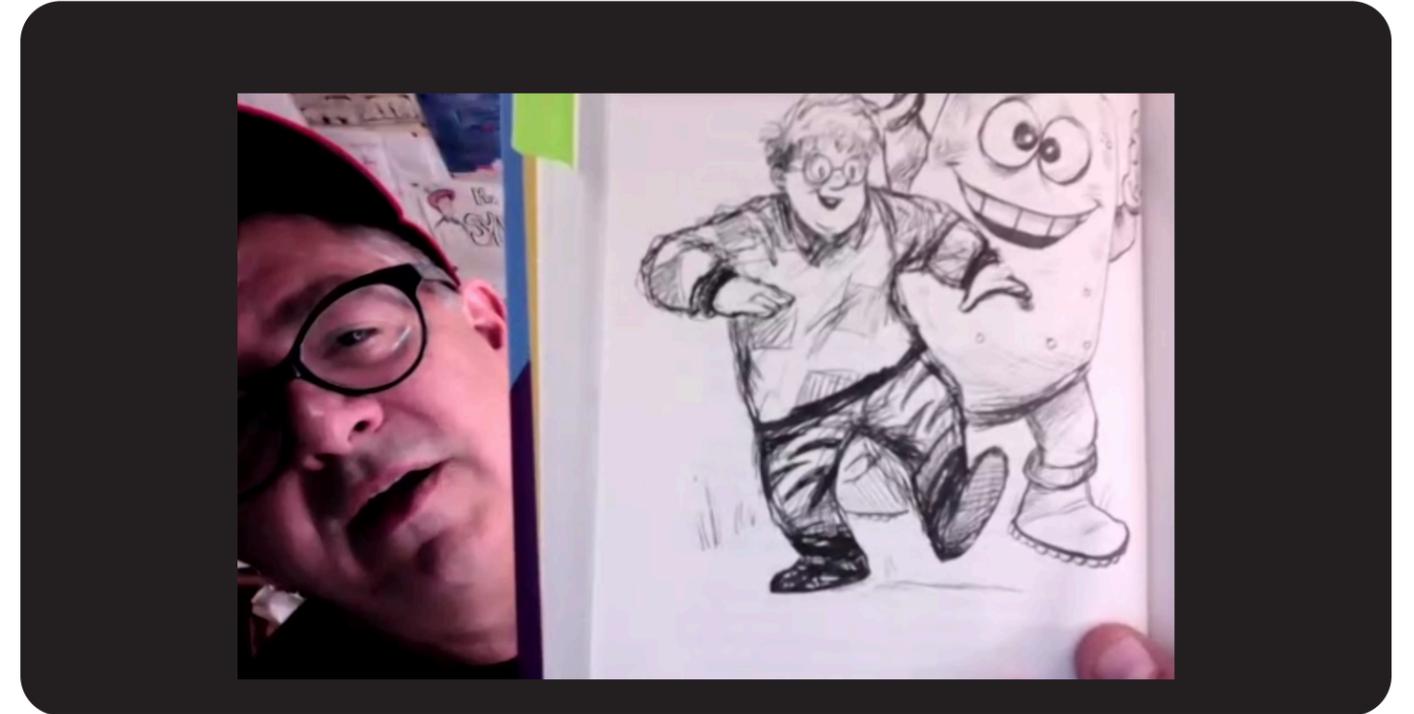
I hit the pause button on my phone stopping the video I was recording

and just as I looked up from the camera I saw the dog's paws speedily reach up to its head. Before I knew what was happening it ripped its head off of its body revealing a person. My brother.

"Ahh!" I shrieked, making the people across the street turn their heads to stare at me "how did you get here?" I ask, breathing deeply, my body still full of panic.

"This is my friend's cousin's house, mum knows I'm here, but she doesn't know that- it's a prank!" Arlo yelled with a mischievous grin upon his face. "Archer was in on it too" Arlo said, staring down at my little brother who had been covering a laugh with his hand the entire time.

"So you can't train dogs to imitate animal noises?" I laughed "Definitely not" he replied.



THE HEROES OF MINESHAFTIA

BY ANDREW ANUKAM

Prologue

Darkness. That's all I feel. There was never a time I didn't feel darkness. Even in this dim-lit Dungeon, darkness still seemed to follow me.

My thoughts were interrupted by a deep howl that echoed on the walls. I shuddered. I knew that my cobblestone sword would not be enough to fend off the beast lurking in the midst of the cave.

As I approached a pair of massive iron doors, I wobbled so hard I was afraid I might faint. But I thought otherwise. My brother died in one of these Dungeons, and no matter what, I was going to avenge him. But first I had to beat this Dungeon. I placed my palm on the metal frame in the center of the doors. After a couple seconds of silence, the door on the right creaked open. I took a very deep breath and stepped in.

One

This day couldn't possibly get any worse. Firstly, I woke up on the ground near my bed. Secondly, I had a giant bruise that stretched from my left ear to my chin. And thirdly, my phone was nowhere to be seen.

Okay, maybe this wasn't the worst day ever, (I've seen worse) but it still started off as rotten as a half eaten moldy apple with a green caterpillar on the inside.

Anyway, I... wait! Where was my phone? I usually kept it on my crafting table. But last night, I... what did I do to it?

"Bring. Bring." I shot up off the ground to listen closely. "Bring. Bring." That sounded exactly like my phone's ringtone. I started searching around my room. "BRING! BRING!" I could promise that the sound was getting louder. "BRING! BRING!"

"Aha!" I reached under my giant pile of clothes that stood six feet tall. When I picked it up, I saw a mes-

sage on my screen:

To: Newb Sandychest
From: The Knights Academy

Dear Newb Sandychest,
We are thrilled to announce that the Headmasters of The Knights Academy have accepted you to join the lower ranks of the Junior Corps. To be given a room at The Knights Academy, you will need to bring a Student's Pass that can be found in a Set Dungeon at 7:00 am sharp! (If you are not there, the dungeon will close in 1 minute! This is also your one and only chance!)

Good luck.(You'll need it!)

Master Elric

My jaw dropped. I couldn't believe what I had just read. I had to tell my parents. I dashed downstairs, tripping on the last step and face-planting into my wolf's water bowl.

"Oh, come on! Who put this bowl here?! Oh, whatever!" I stood up and scrambled to the kitchen. I tried to tell my parents about the message, but since I was so flabbergasted, I pretty much stuttered myself to silence. Sad, right? Now I know why my parents named me "Newb".

"Whatcha got there, champ?" My dad asked. His eyes widened. "Wait a minute, is that message from the academy?"

"Yeah! That's what I wanted to tell you! I got accepted into the—" My dad grabbed the phone and skimmed through it, his eyes lighting up. He stood, eyeing me carefully. Then he gave me the biggest hug in the history of the biggest hugs and lifted me off the ground.

"Can't—breathe!" I gasped.

"Sorry, son," Dad replied as he set me down. "I'm just so happy that—"

"That we have another knight in the family," my mom finished. She had been standing at the doorway

the whole time. She walked up to me and hugged me. "I'm so proud of you."

"Thanks, Mom!" I smiled. "I better get to bed early! I don't want to be late for the Dungeon tomorrow."

I woke up, sorted my items in my inventory, (I had a wooden axe, a wooden pickaxe, and a cobblestone sword) grabbed a dozen loaves of bread, and bolted out the door. I ran to the location that was imprinted on the link in the message.

When I arrived, I spotted a blue aura coming from deep within a dark forest. I mustered enough courage before I trudged into the thick trees.

"Ah!" I was startled by a small Uloboridae (a family of non-venomous spiders). I grabbed my sword from my inventory and hacked away some annoying vines. After a while, I spotted the dungeon portal. It illuminated a blue light that seemed to pull me in. I took a deep breath, rechecked my inventory, and stepped in. This was going to be wild.

Two

The walls of the Dungeon were dark. There were about ten torches that were so dimly lit you could extinguish them if you exhaled. I tried to think of what could lay beyond this point. But I shook my head and focused on the task at hand. I had to fight my way to the Boss Room. After that I could choose a reward that most likely was the Student Pass.

A few minutes passed before I realised that there were no monsters near the entrance of the Dungeon. Which was weird considering that the job of the weaker monsters was to protect the Boss Room.

Then I heard them. A loud stam-pede that seemed to echo through every wall that surrounded me. I started to feel claustrophobic. My

breath felt heavier. Then my eyes closed on their own. I saw my brother. He stood at the top of a pile of lifeless monsters. Nothing, and I mean nothing, could stop him. My eyes teared up. Ultris was the best. If only I could hang out with him one more time. These monsters took him away from me. Now they were going to pay.

My head shot straight up. My eyes glowed. My breath formed a cloud of air around me. This was it. I was going to make them pay.

I straightened my back and repositioned my sword. Then the first wave of monsters came into view. A human-sized goblin lunged at me. I slashed at its chest, cutting it in half. It screeched as it faded away into nothing. I ran at the swarm of monsters and started my counter attack. Nothing was getting in my way, either. This was for the Sandychests.

I caught my breath. I didn't realise until later, but I sure let those monsters have it.

After a while, I picked up my sword and jogged even deeper into the darkness. Darkness. That's all I feel. There was never a time I didn't feel darkness. Even in this dim-lit Dungeon, darkness still seemed to follow me.

Then I saw it. Two massive iron doors. This was the Boss Room. I had to avenge my brother. I placed my palm on the metal frame in the center of the doors. After a couple seconds of silence, the doors creaked open. I took a very deep breath and stepped in.

As soon as I entered the room, a bunch of Soul Torches lit up. A howl echoed through my bones. Where is the Boss? I thought. Even with my newfound courage, my body still shivered at the thought of the Boss. I spotted an enormous cage. What could possibly fit into there? I thought. I slowly spun in a circle to get my bearings. The Boss Room seemed to be completely empty except for the several Soul Torches, the

giant cage, and me.

Then it hit me. There was nothing in the cage. I staggered backwards. All of a sudden, I heard a growl. It was deep and quiet but I still seemed to pick it up. That sounded like a wolf, I told myself. As I approached the cage, I noticed some red fur. The only Dungeon animal that had red fur was the Giant Red-Furred Werewolf. But there was no way that they would release that into a D-Rank Dungeon. They had to be sane to teach, right?

I searched the interior of the cage to learn some more about my opponent. That's when it hit me (both metaphorically and literally). An enormous paw slammed into my ribs, sending me crashing into the wall. I watched in horror as my HP (Health Points) dropped to 50%. I searched the back end of my memory. The Giant Werewolf had an ability called Stealth. Stealth allows the user to turn invisible for certain periods of time. The user was also granted the power of supersonic speed. If a monster had the Stealth ability, it would increase its rank by two. So if this Giant Werewolf was supposed to be a D-Rank Boss, then it was just increased to a B-Rank Boss. That was bad. I was a D-Rank Junior Knight. This was a D-Rank Dungeon. But if it has a B-Rank Boss then I'm as good as dead, I thought.

I crawled out of the wall and picked up my sword. The only known weakness of a Giant Werewolf, was that they had a weak spot right where their tails were supposed to be (so basically their butts). Since they didn't have tails, their brains were evolved to protect that area. It was kind of like how we, as humans, always protect where our livers are located when we are attacked. By raising our fists, we automatically protect our sides. This is because it is a vital part to our survival.

Anyway, that had to be it. The Giant Werewolf had attacked from behind me. It was aiming for my liver, so I had to retaliate. The only problem was that I couldn't see it. As long as it stayed invisible, it had the advan-

tage.

"WHAM!" Another paw slammed into my rib cage. This time I felt all the oxygen leave my body like it had an important meeting to attend to.

"OOF!" I rolled on the ground. My head spun as I tried to catch my breath. I turned my head in time to see my sword shatter into pieces. Not only did the Werewolf leave me at 30 HP, it had also completely demolished my sword. Although, I did weaken it at the entrance of the dungeon.

With no weapon left, (I had used my wooden axe and pickaxe to hack the trees on the way to the dungeon) I got to my feet and limped over to the Boss Room doors. Was this it? I thought. Was this really how I was going to die? In a mere D-Rank Dungeon. How pathetic. I really am just a Noob.

Three

I leaned on the Boss Room doors. I could hear the pounding on the stone floor as the Giant Werewolf closed in to finish me off. With my remaining strength, I frantically searched through my inventory and landed on a Silver Shard. Wait, how did that get there? I hadn't realised that a goblin had dropped a Silver Shard. Nevertheless, Silver Shards were pretty useless. You could only attack once and then they would break. Then, like a lighting bolt, it hit me. Silver. Silver, or any material containing silver, is a werewolf's major weakness, since they may be killed with a silver dagger. On that note, they will also be frightened by the sight of silver.

The Werewolf closed in for a final blow. I grabbed the Silver Shard from my inventory and held it high above by head.

"Shine bright my lucky Silver Shard!" I roared. The Werewolf skidded to a stop. It's Stealth ability seemed to shut down too. I finally got to witness how massive it was. It seemed to reach a height of 9 to 11 feet tall with large, outgrown fangs that dripped with drool. The Werewolf tried to sprint away, but I mustered just

enough strength to chuck the Silver Shard at it. The Shard soared through the air before making a u-turn and impaling the Werewolf right in the weak spot where it's tail would have been. I have absolutely no idea how it managed to bend that way but I guess when you're scared out of your mind with adrenaline, you can do magical things. But regardless, I had landed a hit.

The Werewolf roared in pain. I watched as it slammed into the ground and faded away. I caught my breath. Did I... Did I just beat a B-Rank Boss?

After taking a short rest (more like a nap), I had finally found the

Dungeon Loot Crate. Actually, there were two loot crates: One big—about the size of an Iron Golem—and one small—about the size of a torch. Now I know what you're thinking. That's an easy choice Noob! (I mean—ugh, now you've got me doing it.) Pick the bigger one. Why? Because bigger is better! Well, no. I just felt a stronger pull towards the smaller loot crate. Just trust me on this. The thing is, I can't open loot crates while I am inside the same Dungeon. You see, Knights, or whoever finishes a Dungeon, are only given the Dungeon key after they exit the Portal (Dungeon Gate).

Anyway, I grabbed the loot crate and started for the giant doors. When I touched them, I was immediately teleported to the Dungeon Gate. That was a relief. Sometimes you would have to fight some really weak (but annoying) monsters on the way back. When I stepped through the Dungeon Gate, I felt a gust of wind hit my face. The Dungeon Gate closed in a bright flash of blue light. I exhaled.

"Now to check out what I got from the loot crate." I sat down on a nearby rock. The Loot Crate shone in the afternoon sun. "Man, I really need to get something good from this thing. After all, I just went through..." I crossed my fingers. "Alright, here we

go." I lifted the top off the crate. Almost instantly, the air around me felt like it was being sucked into the dark void that laid at the button of the crate. "Woah!" The crate looked completely empty, but I noticed a faint dark goopy sludge that was positioned at the bottom. Instinctively, I reached for it. When I did, my hand seemed to go in farther than would have been possible. I kept going deeper until my whole arm was submerged into the dark sludge. "Yuck!" I was about to pull my arm out when I touched a metallic surface. Out of curiosity, my fingers crawled down the metallic surface. Was that a hilt? I thought excitedly. When all my five fingers had wrapped themselves around the object, I yanked my arm out of the Loot Crate. To my amazement, there it was. In my right hand I held a slick, black, gloomy sword. "Now, this was definitely worth it!"

Four

After I got past my shock, I slid my new sword into my scabbard and slung it over my back. I also noticed that I had the Student's Pass in my inventory. But being as cheerful as I was, I couldn't wait to tell my parents that I got my knights pass and was able to go to the Knights Academy! At that exact moment, a bunch of other kids walked out of an A-Tier dungeon. As they passed by, they looked at me and chuckled. Then they saw my sword.

"Is that..." one of them started.

"No way..." another stuttered.

"It can't be!" a different kid marvelled. "That's the ultimate L-Tier sword! The Shadow Slicer!" A boy stared at my sword.

"But that's supposed to be a legend..." he said like I was the king of the world. As I was puffing out my chest and beaming, my eyes tingled. I suddenly felt an urge to draw my sword and wreak havoc. Then as soon as the urge started, it stopped. I nodded at the kids and took my leave.

As I was walking out of the forest, I

spotted two moving figures. When they came into view, I saw them. Two drooling zombies were charging at me. I drew my sword and sliced them both in one swift move. I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw how much damage I did. 75 damage! Those zombies didn't stand a single, freaking chance! I could one shot enderman with this baby! I sheathed my sword in awe. What a day.

Locating The Knights Academy was no easy feat to pull off. Or at least for me it wasn't.

Quick News: I walked back home, told my parents the news, they were so happy by the way, and mounted my horse, Nugget.

After a few days of riding on my horse I came across a clearing. Um... I thought. I pulled my map out of my inventory. This was the right spot.

"This is not the right spot!" I cried. I stepped forward and heard a loud click. "Oh, wow," I marveled. I was in front of a huge castle-like structure. And I mean huge. Like, enormously huge. The Knights Academy seemed to grow and sparkle with every look. Now, I've seen many castles in Mineshafia (mostly on the Minernet) and I know that they can be extremely breathtaking. Moreover, the Knights and Headmasters were known to have a strict, but scary reputation.

All of a sudden, the drawbridge lowered and a knight on a horse rode out of the castle looking all cool like. (Hmph.)

"Hello, Newb Sandychest," he declared. "My name is Sir Agnus. Welcome to The Knights Academy!" I couldn't help beaming and puffing out my chest while the knight escorted me into the castle. I soon realized that I was not the first Rookie to arrive at the academy.

"I shall escort you to your classroom." Sir Agnus said to me. I followed sheepishly.

"Is that..." A bunch of Junior Knights stared at me. I watched them like they were another school. (Hmph.) What in the world could they be looking at? I followed one of their eyes and noticed that it landed on my sword. Oops! I forgot to put it back into my inventory.

Five

My classroom was already filled with students. When I walked into the room, there was an unsettling silence. I cleared my throat and introduced myself.

"Um..." I started. "He-Hello. My name is Newb," I heard a few snickers. "Newb Sandychest." After I took my seat, my teacher, Mr. Emeraldsword, continued his lesson. It was about how there was a knight search team on the moon (whaaat???) looking for more lunar crystals (double whaaat???) for their swords. Mr. Emeraldfur rambled on and on about how they came with really good enchantments. He also went on to say that the academy was trying to figure out how to mine bedrock and make a sword out of it. I slunk down in my seat. Whatever.

After a whole bunch of boring classes, I walked to my dorm. All right, I thought. Not too shabby. There were 3 double chests around the dorm. There were also two furnaces, two crafting tables, and a bed.

After scanning the room, I jumped on my bed, bleary eyed. I pretty much fell asleep immediately.

News Flash: Combat Training Class is amazing! It's totally awesome! And when I say awesome, I mean trash the castle training grounds awesome! Well, I mean, it's awesome for me but for everyone else, I'm not so sure. I don't know if it's me or if it's my awesome legendary sword that everyone keeps talking about. I've literally beat everyone in my class, including all the knights watching the training class. Everyone except Kozo, that is. People

say he's the best Student Junior Knight just like me. He was trained by the great Sir Agnus himself. Well, everyone is talking about how I, the great Newb Sandychest, should battle him, the great Kozo IronShard. Even the teachers agree. So see ya! I'm getting ready to trash this dude's sorry face.

This is it. Everyone in the castle has come to watch this in the Grand Arena. To be honest, I was feeling pretty hype (or "excited" for all the simple noobs who don't know what hype means). After getting geared up, I left my dorm, and walked to the arena grounds. It was amazing. Student Junior Knights and Student Senior Knights sat high in the stadium. Then the pressure got to me. What Kozo's power level was. Like if his power was put on a scale, what level would it be. Out of 100, I would say that I have a power level of maybe 70 (that's with my sword).

Anyway, a few meters away from me, a boy stood tall with a sword slung across his back. I immediately knew that was the legendary sword, Thunder Breather. Everyone in the stadium gasped. Two legendary swords fighting against each other. Kozo smiled when he saw that I wielded the legendary sword Shadow Slicer. He walked towards me as I walked towards him. He stuck out his hand.

"May the best knight win."

I shook his hand and grinned. "Ditto."

We jumped back as the ref knight yelled, "Let the swords clash!" Kozo ran at me with his sword guarding his chest. He reached me in a matter of seconds. I vaulted over him as soon as he jabbed. I landed on my feet and spun around blocking his swipe. Suddenly, Kozo's eyes turned yellow. We stopped fighting. We just stood there looking at each other. Then Kozo smirked.

"This is where we settle The Grudge for good!" A bright yellow aura

covered Kozo. The cloudless sky started fading gray. It seemed to be blowing right above the Arena. Kozo sheathed his sword into the scabbard on his waist.

"I am the great ThunderBringer!" He yelled. He dashed forward so quickly I barely had time to react. The speed at which he unsheathed his sword was amazing.

Luckily for me, my sword glowed radiant purple. Then something unpredictable happened. In an instant, I was floating in darkness.

What the—? I thought. I immediately regretted doing so because my thoughts were projected so loudly. I covered my ears. Where am I?

All of a sudden, I felt like I was floating upwards. It was like gravity had been reversed. In slow motion, I emerged from a shadow. Kozo's shadow. I shot out with my sword pointed at his neck. He stopped moving abruptly, wide-eyed.

"Sword in your scabbard now," I ordered. Kozo immediately sheathed his sword. I felt relieved and decided to remove my sword from his neck. The reff knight extracted his sword from his inventory and raised it high above his head.

"The winner is... Newb Sandychest!" The knights in the stadium applauded. I glowed with approval.

"Screech!" What the—?

All of a sudden, the ground shook violently. Kozo and I were thrown off of our feet. A chasm about 30 feet wide opened up in the ground. Then we saw them. Right in front of us were hundreds of wither bosses. All of them were 3 blocks tall, with glowing purple eyes. Then came the panic. Knights from all around charged in confusion and fear.

"Defeat the Withers!" Agnus shouted from somewhere behind me. Some knights that were brave enough, leaped out of their seats. They pulled out their lunar swords and charged. I dashed towards a wither and noticed Kozo was running behind me with his sword out. I leaped 10 blocks forward and 5 blocks high. I did a front flip in

mid-air and brought my sword down on the Wither's face. 120 with a single strike! I immediately knew that was a critical hit. Kozo fell from the air and did 120 damage too. The Wither reared back in pain and then advanced. The wither bombs flew straight at us. Kozo and I had to dash left and right, roll, and jump. I sliced a bomb in mid-air immediately regretting it. The bomb blew up in my face (just like bombs usually do). I lost 4 hearts. But that was pretty much nothing because I had 2 rows of hearts, or 40 hearts. I forgot to mention that my legendary sword gave me more armour, more hearts, and a strength buff. I flew backwards and kept smacking my head on the ground until I skidded to a stop. I looked around and saw Sir Agnus 2 hit KO'ing every single wither boss in sight. I turned my head in time to see Kozo deflect a bomb zooming towards my face. I could see lightning crackling around Kozo's body as he moved at super speed. Hacking and slicing, he

waved under and over the wither. I quickly grabbed my sword from the ground to join Kozo's sword fest. I jumped 6 blocks high, did a front flip, and brought my sword down on the Wither's head. The wither flashed red and disintegrated into smoke.

Even though we were all exhausted, we held a huge party where all of us knights sat down, chatted with each other and relaxed. But I wasn't fooled. I kept looking over my shoulder as if something was about to leap out and attack me. Kozo must have noticed what I was doing because he was doing it too.

"We need to figure out how the withers actually even got into the academy in the first place," he said to me.

"That's what I was thinking. We have to be careful. I get the feeling this isn't going to be the last we see of those monsters."

"If that's the case," Kozo grinned.

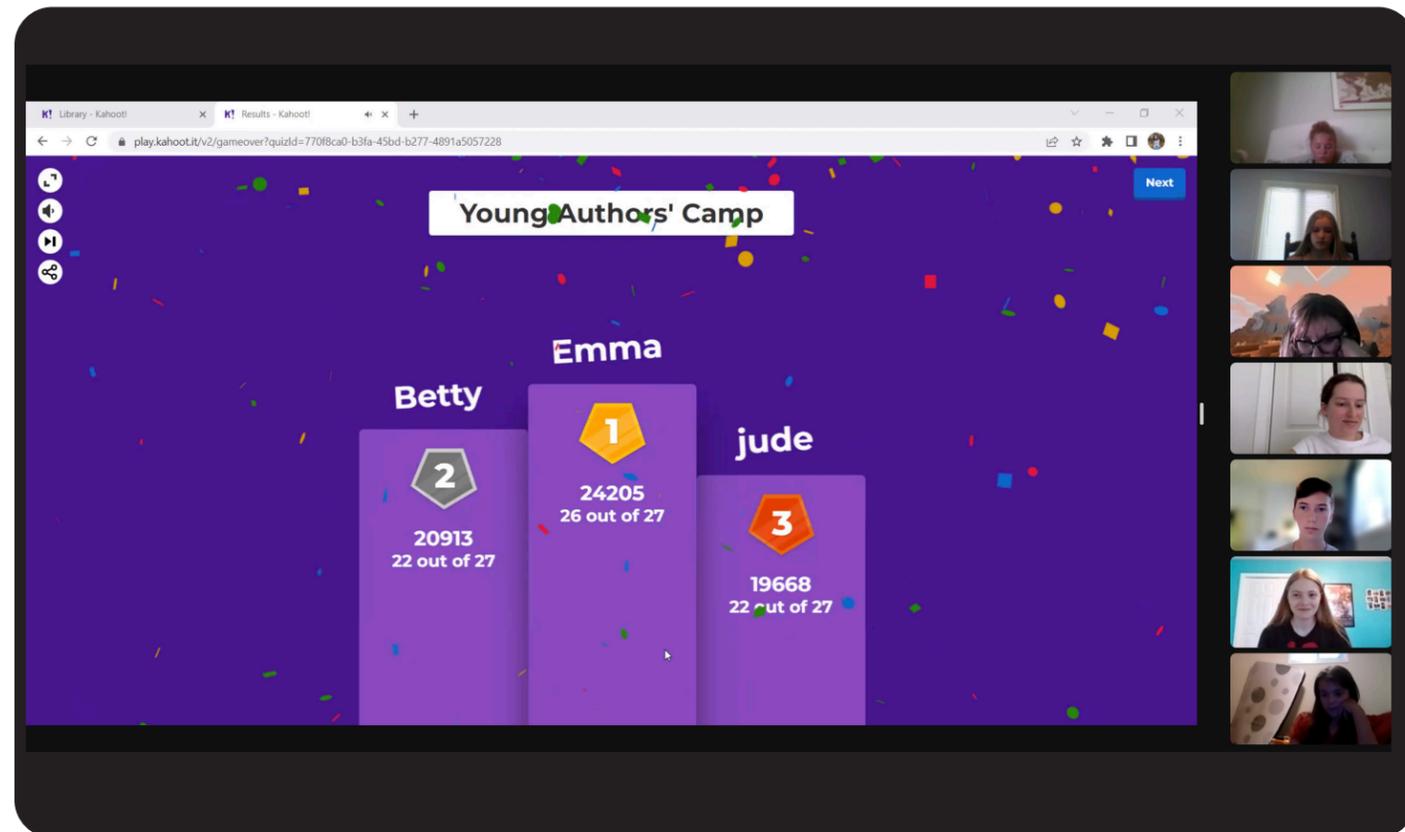
"Then we better get to training. I think after that "not so epic battle for me", I need to get a lot stronger. I still think I could've beaten you."

I laughed. "Missed one little detail, Sherlock. You didn't beat me. And besides, I don't want to get stronger than you,—even though I already am—I want to see everybody's fighting skills and see how I could counter them. Or even me and that other person were training, I would try to learn from them, and they could learn from me."

Kozo looked at me strangely. Then he stood up and unsheathed his sword. "C'mon. Let's go to the training battlegrounds. We have a lot to do."

I unsheathed my own sword. "Yeah. Let's make this thing happen."

To be continued...



2022 YAVC WORKSHOP GUESTS

Monday - Linda Ludke

Linda Ludke is a Collections Management Librarian at London Public Library. In her 30 years at LPL, her focus has been on connecting readers with books, and she received the Ontario Library Association's Children's Librarian of the Year award in 2009. Linda is also a children's book reviewer for Quill & Quire, The Canadian Children's Book Centre, and CM: Canadian Review of Materials. When she's not reading and writing, she's looking for vintage typewriters to add to her collection. Follow her book tweets @lindamludke

Presentation: Linda will give a Book Talk to start camp off. Her energetic presence and vast knowledge of children's and YA literature will inspire the campers and get them excited for the week of camp. Her enthusiastic reviews and synopses of books provide campers with some great options for books they may want to read next.



Tuesday - Salma Hussain



Salma Hussain grew up in the UAE to parents from Pakistan, and immigrated to Canada when she was thirteen years old. She has a B.A. (Hon.) in English Literature with a concentration in creative writing from the University of Calgary, a law degree from the University of Calgary, and a Masters in Law from McGill University. She writes prose and poetry for both adults and children.

Presentation -A discussion and Q&A about the author's experience growing up in the United Arab Emirates and her move to Canada. Join the author as she shares her personal insights and inspiration as to how her daughters inspired her to write a novel capturing the absurdities and contradictions of growing up female in the Middle East during the early 90s. Followed by or in tandem with a black-out poetry activity.

Wednesday - Mike Shiel

A little bit about me: I have over 25 years' experience working as a director, animation supervisor and animator. I have directed and supervised a number of children's shows including the Emmy awarding winning shows "The Backyardigans" and "Mike the Knight".

I am also an author and illustrator of children's books and I am happy to announce that the first book that I have both written and illustrated was released by Kids Can Press May 3rd, 2022. Find out more about "Linty: A Pocketful of Adventure" here: LINTY

I am currently working with Shaftesbury Films and Smiley Guy studios on an animated series based on the "GROSS SCIENCE" book series written by Edward Kay, illustrated by me and published by Kids Can Press. In addition, I have created, written and directed the "MELON SHORTS". Each short is based on one of my gag cartoons. The "MELON SHORTS" have appeared in numerous film festivals around the world and have won a number of awards. See them here: MELON SHORTS!

Here are some more places where my work has appeared: National Lampoon, American Bystander, Kids Can Press, Reader's Digest, GoComics/Universal Press Syndicate, Nelvana, Cartoon Collections, Nimble Collective, Saturday Evening Post, Prospect Magazine (UK), Phoenix Magazine (IRL) The Oldie (UK), Nickelodeon, BBC, Funny Times Magazine, Spider Magazine, Oatmeal Greetings, HIT Entertainment, CBS News, NobleWorks Greetings, Lucas Arts, Hallmark and King Features to name a few.

Presentation: Mike will talk about his background including his early days on the farm. He will tell us about how and why he started drawing and why he just kept on drawing and making funny stories despite some bumps in the road. Mike will also share his creative process and provide an insight on what works for him. May be some of our young authors can add these tips into their creative process!



Thursday - Lorna Schultz Nicholson

Lorna Schultz Nicholson has published children's picture books, middle grade fiction, YA fiction and hockey non-fiction. Her books have been nominated for many awards, including the Forest of Reading for five years straight. They are also often on the CCBC's Best Books for Kids and Teens list. She loves writing about kids and the ups and downs of life. We all have those, right? Lorna travels and presents at libraries and schools to inspire children and teens to love reading and writing as much as she does. Lorna lives in Edmonton with her husband (Go Oilers Go) and a lovable dog she rescued from Mexico. Yes, she loves hockey.

Presentation -LET'S TIME TRAVEL! Have you ever wondered what it would be like to live in the past...or the future? Let's think of different worlds, different times, different spaces, and go there and explore. What is different? Is anything the same? How will your character get back to earth if they get stuck? Let's create a mystery, or adventure, or sci-fi, or whatever-genre-you-want, story! Be prepared to have some fun and get those creative juices flowing.

Friday - Kevin Sylvester

Kevin Sylvester has written and illustrated more than thirty books for kids.

His latest novel is Apartment 713, a time-travel story about a boy who needs to search the past to save his future, and the future of the amazing and mysterious building he calls home.

The Fabulous Zed Watson! Co-written with his kid Basil, has been nominated for numerous awards, including the GGs and Lambda Literary. It's the story of a non-binary kid who goes on a cross-continental adventure in search of the greatest monster book of all time!

He also has a new series, The Hockey Super-Six. These highly illustrated books tell the stories of six nerdy kids who get zapped with radiation and turn into super hockey players. Books 1-4 are out now from Scholastic. Books 5 and 6 follow in the fall and winter.

His other novels range from science fiction (The MINRs trilogy) to mystery novels (The Neil Flambé Capers), and other super-heroes (Mucus Mayhem).

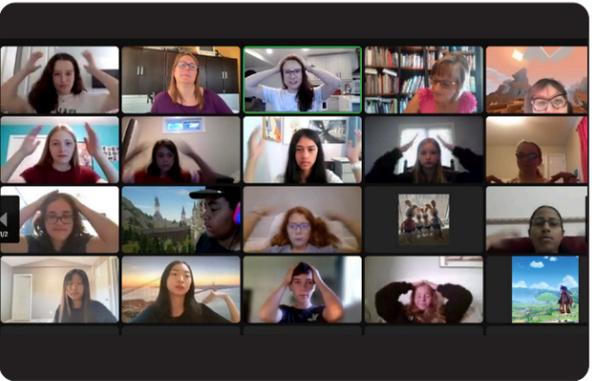
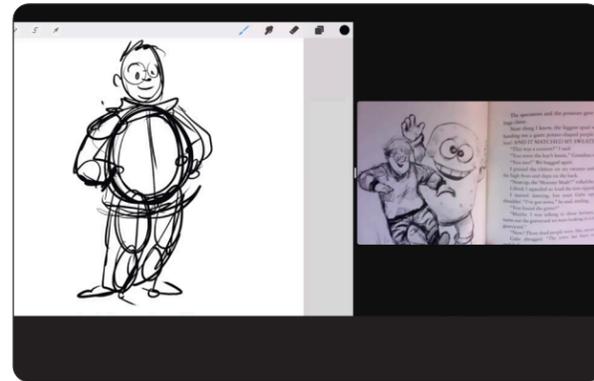
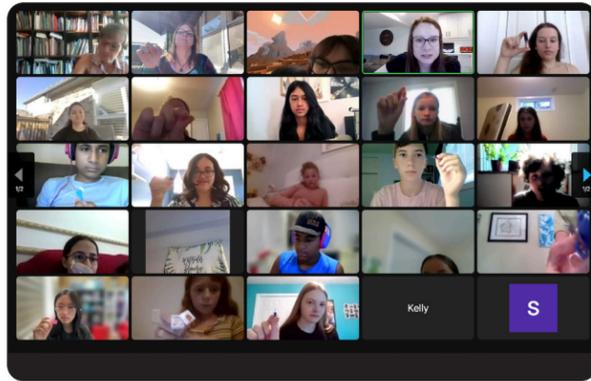
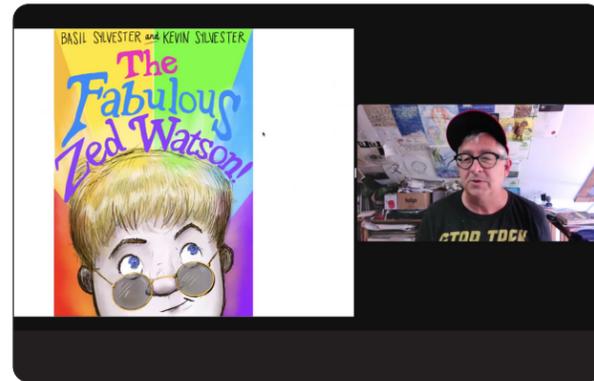
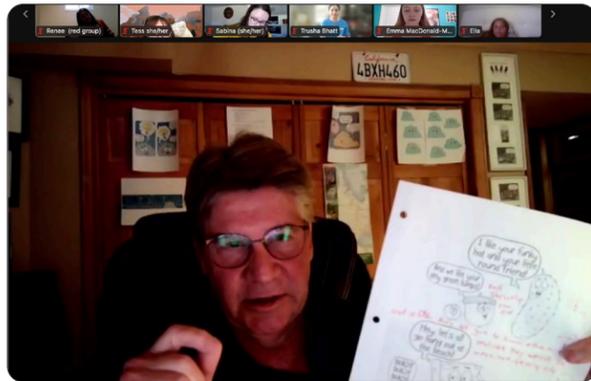
His picture books include Gargantua (Jr.): Defender of Earth, Super-Duper Monster, GREAT and Splinters.

He also writes and illustrates non-fiction books. There are sports books (Gold Medal for Weird, Basketballogy, Baseballlogy) and books on financial literacy (Follow Your Stuff and Follow Your Money.)

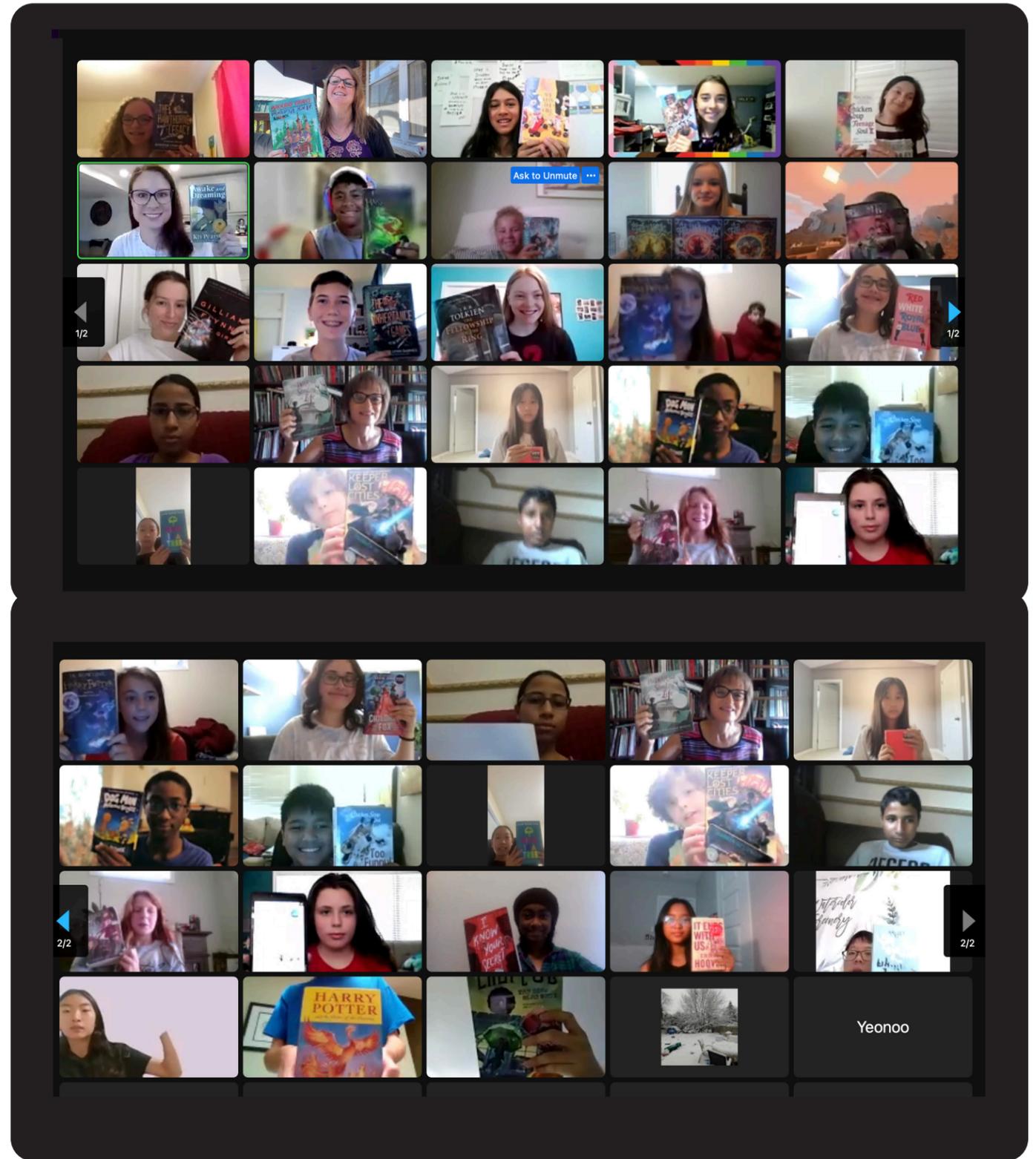
website kevinludkebooks.com facebook at facebook.com/kevinsylvesterbooks twitter @kevinarts neilflambe.com Instagram @sylvesterartwork

Presentation: Award-winning author and illustrator Kevin Sylvester will talk about character development - using words and pictures. Bring some paper and pencils (or whatever you prefer to draw and write with) and some ideas for a story you'd like to tell.





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