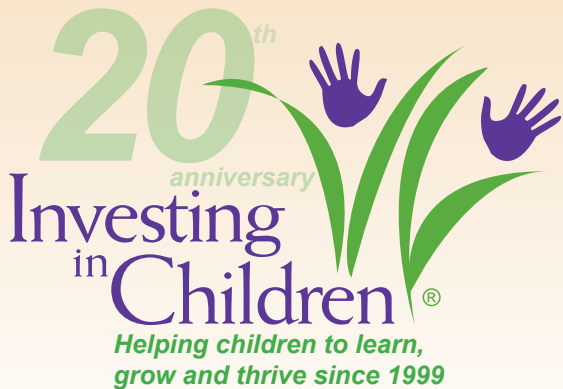


2019  
**BOOK CAMP**  
**LONDON**  
**MAGAZINE**

PRESENTED BY



&



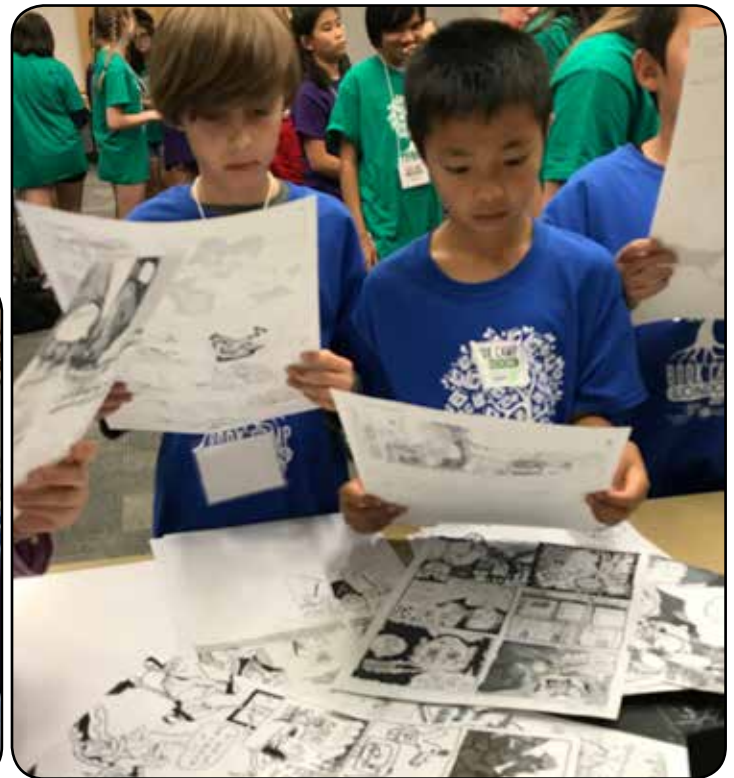
# Empire of shadows passage (Deeplamp town description)

BY EASHAN

Deeplamp town had fought off the empire for centuries. Deeplamp was built around the start of an underground river. It's buildings were quaint, in a dark yet merry colour scheme consisting of navy blues, maroons, and the likes. They were primarily made of brass frames and wood, they were uneven, and ranged from tall thin clock towers (three to

four stories, which was tall for Deeplamp town) to short, stout houses. Street vendors were lined in the free spaces in between doors, and strings crossed above the street at every meter, in which the tiny lamps giving light to our subterranean world was lit. Our sun under the shadows. The floor consisted entirely of wooden, and occasionally,

metal planks. It was said that the wood came from a tree farm which was built by our ancestors, however it is lost now, and wood is beginning to be used less and less often. There Food supply down here was often a variety of mushrooms. We are the closest independent city to the empire, almost on it's borderline.



# UNTITLED

BY ROSE

I lean back as my opponent throws a right jab, dodging it cleanly while as I let an involuntary smirk slip out. He grunts in frustration and comes at me with an inward-crescent hurricane, missing my chest by only a few centimetres. Ugh, I think to myself, This might not be as easy as I thought. I throw a left cross at his head to distract him as I launch into a primary spinning hook. Although the hook kick missed, the punch hit its mark smoothly. All of a sudden, he comes at me with an incredibly strong left hook that catches me on the side of my face, causing me to

leap backwards in pain. The surprise and shock must have shown on my face because the still unidentified male says, with an arrogant tone to his voice, "What did ya 'spect? A nice hug and can 'o beer?". Surprisingly, he spoke with a thick southern drawl.

As he spoke and paused the fighting when he had the advantage - a rookie mistake - I righted myself and hit him square in the stomach with a spinning back kick. He shrieked loud enough to be worthy of a little kid on Christmas Morning, and only when I had finished turning did I notice that

I had kicked with so much force that he had been slammed against the glass, giving it quite a few scratches and cracks in the area around his body. I take the miraculous opportunity to have him disoriented quite gladly, and chucked an office chair at his torso, cracking the half-price 'bulletproof' glass. probably along with a few of his ribs. He wobbled and while somehow managing to stay upright, he whispered deliriously "My name is Inigo Meowtoya, you killed my pineapple pen, préparez to die...", then fell out of the 25th story window.

BY JUDE



# UNTITLED

BY LILY GERVAIS

I knock on the door, and Ellie opens it, looking like she just woke up from ten years of sleep. Her short curly brown hair is a mess, and her eyes look slightly clouded over. She's wearing pink pyjama bottoms and a black t-shirt with sheet music printed on the front.

"Ari, what are you doing?" She asks, rubbing her eyes with the palm of her hand.

I hold up a flashlight. "We're going to the library!" I whisper.

She blinks sleepily. "Curfew was an hour ago?"

I shrug. "So? We just have to get a move on."

"But why?"

"Because we are at a school for magic, why wouldn't we?" I look at the other side of the hall, to check if Tori or Alison are awake. "Every magic school has a magic library, who knows what we could find?"

El sighs. "Fine. Just let me wake up a bit." Then she closes the door.

After a minute, she opens it again, and she looks definitely more awake, and like she brushed her hair. She looks at me. "If we get caught, I'm blaming you."

I smile. "Let's go."

We duck around a corner, and we aren't seen by Professor Low-Life.

"This is crazy." Ellie mutters.

I roll my eyes and peek around the corner. "Oh, lighten up." I whisper.

We make it to the library, and manage to get to the back section.

"And now, we look for something interesting." I say, handing El a flashlight. "Let's meet back here in ten minutes."

El nods, and turns on the flashlight. "You are so dead if someone finds us." She says. Then she disappears behind a bookshelf.

I make my way to the history section, because that's basically this places idea of fiction. Yeah, you



heard me. People here read history, for fun.

I search around for something interesting, then I stumble upon a lovely little book called The Yearbook. Meaning, I get to creep on people I don't know, and who are probably stuck in dead-end jobs in Demes by now.

I grab it from the shelf, and start flipping through. The pictures are ever so slightly faded, and the kids look genuinely happy. Or, some of them. A lot of them look awkward and uncomfortable.

I end up on a page, and there's pictures of fourth-year graduates, dressed in white, with trim signifying their original realms.

I skim through the pictures, reading some of their graduation quotes, then I stop.

That's my mom.

My mom, who died a year ago, smiling, in a white gown with violet trim, in a yearbook in another dimension. I can tell she's from Dilla, by the violet trim.

I know that's my mom. I just know it. She has the same brown eyes, warm smile, and curled brown hair with blonde highlights as all the pictures of her before university.

I stare at the pictures. I didn't know

my mom actually went to school here. So she was the Traveller that I got it from. I mean, I knew it was her before, but it's her. It's actually her.

"Hello." A voice says.

I scream a little, and jump about ten feet in the air. When I turn around, there's Emma. Her arms are crossed, and she has a smug smile on her face. Her strawberry blonde hair is on top of her hair in a loose bun, and her piercing blue eyes are slits on her face.

"What are you doing here?" She asks. All business, as usual. (Shes even wearing her uniform, which I think is a bit much, even for her.)

I stutter. "Uh, What are- what are you doing here." I try to mimic her compusure, and raise en eyebrow.

"I followed you." She rolls her eyes. "You're loud."

I opened my mouth to say something, and someone cuts me off by stomping in front of me. It's Ellie, and she looks passed.

"Oh, there's two of you?" Emma smirks.

El glares at me. "Oh, you're so dead." She mutters, just loud enough so that I can hear it.

Oh boy, I can't wait for that conversation.

BY MADI B

We live in a world full of hate  
Be it age, love, gender or colour  
We all know what it's like, we can re-  
late  
But I believe with hard work we can  
recover  
From the wounds before us, emo-  
tional scars  
We're all different but still stars  
Be it boy, girl, or none of the above  
We're all worthy of some type of love  
No matter who you are or how you  
look  
We're all just a different type of  
book  
My task for you is to be kind  
We're human keep in mind  
15 or 50 we still have emotions  
So don't make so many big commo-  
tions  
That's my piece I've said what I could  
I hope this poem will do some good  
I bid you farewell on the journey  
ahead  
But keep in mind all that I've said  
treat other the way you want to be  
treated  
And maybe someday the world won't  
be so heated



# UNTITLED

BY CLARE

It's a beautiful night out by most people's standards. Naomi despised it. She turns the solid weight in her hand around, fingers shifting as they circle thick plastic. Her index finger rubs absently over steel, the scent of oil meeting metal sharp in her nose. She releases a breath, more of a sigh than anything as she maintains her pace down the cobbled road. Her stride tells of confidence and perhaps an amount of impatience. Her target is the same.

The tall, thin houses rise above her on the sides of the street. This is an old part of town, older than any of the people living in the area. But they are not who she is looking for. They are sinners, yes, but not monsters. Naomi is on the hunt for real monsters.

Judy Swanson lives in a large house in a tiny neighbourhood, but she is not a monster. She's stolen money and shoplifted enough cigarettes for her husband that she too, is an addict, but she is not a monster.

Alexander Blake lives in a tiny apartment in one of the many tiny buildings that line the street. Tall, perhaps, but not large. He is part of

the local gang who steals and hurts and lies, but he is not a monster.

Penny Jordan has just gotten out of jail after serving a year for vehicular manslaughter, hiding indoors under the delusion that her neighbours are out to get her for her crimes. A murderer, yes, but not a monster.

Reginald Newman lives in a mansion at the top of a steep incline, his house marking the end of the road unless you turn. He is a politician, and he is good at what he does. He runs an insurance company on the side, and he advocates against blacks, illegal immigrants, and homosexuals.

Reginald Newman is a monster. He deserves what comes to him and more. He should not have wealth, fame, support. Naomi wants him to hurt, wants him to suffer, to burn. To watch everything he's built crumble around him as his supporters run riots in the streets against him. She wants him to meet her green eyes with his own and cower at the rage that boils and bides its time.

The butcher's knife she holds in her hand trembles slightly from the force of the grip she has on the handle.

She forces herself to relax, taking in a deep breath and releasing it in a sigh, long brown hair falling on her face as she does. She brushes it behind her ear without a second thought, stepping forward with new purpose.

Reginald Newman has to die.

Coming to a stop in front of large wooden double doors, she pulls out her lockpick kit, inserting tools into the keyhole. After a minute of tinkering with it, the door pushes open with a soft whine. A smile works its way over Naomi's pale face, stretching her freckles and dimples appearing on her cheeks.

She's not going to kill Newman silently or quickly. That isn't the death he deserves. He will go slowly and painfully with a scream of terror and agony. She's not going to sneak up on him. She wants him to run with a glimpse of hope, and then she wants to smother that light until the only thing that's left is cold, aching darkness.

After all, Naomi loves the thrill of the hunt.



BY ALEX LEE

What is love like      BY MADI B  
 Is it like happiness  
 I've never had it  
 I've always wondered though  
 People always tell me  
 It's the best feeling  
 I wish for love  
 But it never comes  
 I wish on stars  
 I wish on dandelions  
 But still doesn't come  
 Why won't it come  
 I've been so patient  
 so hopeful, so caring  
 so kind, so nice  
 Please love please come  
 I try to search  
 I try to pray  
 Please just come someday



BY CLARE

## Summer

by: Miranda

The suns out shining brightly and  
the birds are chirping melodies.

The flowers are in blossom and the  
dew is glistening in the sun.

The waves are crashing onto the  
sand in rythmical order as the bees  
buzz collecting sweet nector.

The sky is blue like the ocean and  
the butterflies are a breathtaking sight.

The summer wind blows my hair as the  
sun sets on a beautiful summer night.

# SOCCER

BY JASON S.

The most popular sport across the globe has more to it than what meets the eye. Millions of people dream to be like Ronaldo, Messi and or Pele but very few people even get the chance to fulfil that dream. Eventually that dream will become a distant hope and then nothing. Nothing at all. But Ronaldo and other great players at a young age dreamt that same dream of becoming a legend. They trained and trained and trained,

listened to coaches, and most importantly they went outside of their box. Tactics for teams were all from people who went outside a little bit. More and more teams are getting old players to coach for them because they thought outside the box and were not afraid to do anything. For example, Chelsea's manager is Frank Lampard who used to be a legend at soccer, Manchester United's manager is solskjear who was also a

former legend etc. A week ago I followed a game between those two sides, Chelsea and Manchester United and the final score was 4-0 for Manchester United. I thought like most people; Chelsea are AWFUL and that Manchester United were pretty good. I now realize that all it was, was that one teams risk paid off and one teams didn't.

BY HANNAH BROWN







# SKYTRIBE

BY VICTORIA AUSTIN

Lavender slid down against the cold metal bars of the cage. "This is great, just great." She thought bitterly. Here they were, stuck in a cage inside a dark cave by angry pixies. They did not have time for this. Especially when they needed to get to Twilight Hill and investigate this mysterious darkness. In fact, the situation was so unlucky, it was almost funny. Lavender heard someone sigh beside her and looked up at Celeste.

"-Look on the bright side, things couldn't possibly get any worse." She said lightly.

"-Are you kidding me." Raina growled angrily from across the cage.

"-Did you see those dark clouds when we were outside? We don't have time to suffer whatever punishment these little demons sentence us to. We need to find a way out of here." Pushing her dark hair out of her face, Raina drew a dagger from her satchel and began hacking away at the bars. Clank, clank, clank. The sound resonated in Lavender's head like an echo.

"-Oh my gosh Raina would you stop with the noise." Zaud complained from the corner of the cage. He sat with his back against the wall, sharpening his knife. His shifty green eyes focusing on her.

"-Well I don't see you trying to find a way to escape" snapped Raina.

"-You can't." Spoke Ather from Lavender's other side. He was casually leaning against the wall, his dark skin blending with the shadows of the cave. Lavender felt a knot form in her stomach and quickly looked away before he could see her blush.

"-What do you mean?" Asked Celeste quizzically

Ather pointed to Raina's dagger.

"-Your dagger is made of Thundermetal, the most powerful substance in Spheneros. It can break through anything except itself. So

therefore....." Ather knocked on one of the bars casually. "Indestructible" Raina glared down at her dagger.

"-So how are we supposed to get out?" She pressed.

"-I don't know." Ather confessed.

"-Hey guys, maybe should take this as a sign and rest." Proposed Celeste Calmly. Zaud arched an eyebrow.

"-You think I'm going to be able to rest with her?" He pointed his knife at Raina. She rolled her eyes.

"-Do you really think any of us will be able to sleep Celeste?" Raina asked. Celeste pushes a thin strand of thin brown hair out of her eyes.

"-Well we are all clearly at at each other's throats, I think it will do us some good." She insisted.

"-I agree with Celeste." Lavender declared already feeling the exhaustion taking over. Plus she really couldn't stand another minute of her friends arguing.

"-We can figure out a way to escape tomorrow." Celeste added

"-She's right guys, and we have had a long day" said Ather sitting down across from Lavender. Celeste nodded at both of them before shuffling through her bag. She pulled out a small luminescent vial and shook it vigorously. It started glowing as she set the vial down in front of her. The light became brighter, illuminating the whole cage.

"-Glow potion." Celeste explained. Lavender nodded. The sudden light in the cage aloud her to observe her friends more closely. Zaud's dirty blond hair seemed bleach in the new light. His clothes tattered from hiking all day. However, he still wore a playful smirk on his face. As if things couldn't be better. Raina sat down beside him, (perhaps a little closer than necessary) and gave a long sigh. She seathed her dagger, her pale skin and long dark hair made her look like a ghost. Zaud pretended not to notice how close he was to

her, but Lavender could see a blush creeping up his cheeks. Ather leaned back across from Lavender. His dark eyes sparkled in the light, making her heart flutter. He had a few scratches on his arms from the pixies, but over all he was in the best shape out of all her friends. Celeste however, looked terrible. The scar on her face from the manticore attack was still puffy, and she had several bruises from when she fell of the hill. Her short choppy hair fell in front of her face, obscuring the scar ever so slightly. Lavender pushed a strand of brown hair out of her own face, feeling the guilt settling in her stomach. It was her fault that her friends were hurt. It was her fault they were trapped here. It was her fault that they were on this quest in the first place. Lavender had been willing to go alone. But they all had insisted on coming on account that Celeste was her best friend, Ather was, well...her crush, Zaud was like her older brother and Raina was the only one trained in combat. They were so stubborn. Though Lavender had to admit, her friends did make the trip far more interesting.

"-Hey guys, what do you think the tribe is doing right now?" asked Raina hesitantly after a while.

"-Probably sleeping." Zaud replied. Raina glared up at him, and Zaud smirked at her. Lavender rolled her eyes.

"-They're probably too worried to sleep." She assured Raina.

"-My dad probably isn't." Said Ather quietly. Lavender gave him a sympathetic smile. She knew all about Ather's issues with his father.

"-Hey, at least you have a dad!" Zaud jokes. But Lavender could see the sadness in his eyes.

"-Right, sorry man I didn't mean to..."

"-It's ok. Really." Zaud assured him. Ather smiled, and an understanding

seemed to pass between them. Lavender smiled and began fiddling with the bracelets on her wrists. "My bracelets!" She thought suddenly. She looked down at her silver chain bracelets. One on each wrist. Lavender silently chastised herself

for not thinking of this sooner. She then looked around and glanced at each of her friends.

- "Guys....."

- "What?" Raina replied

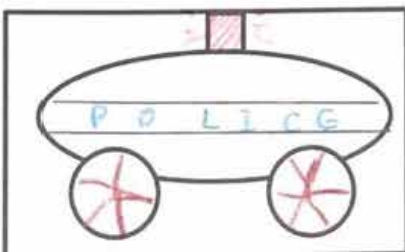
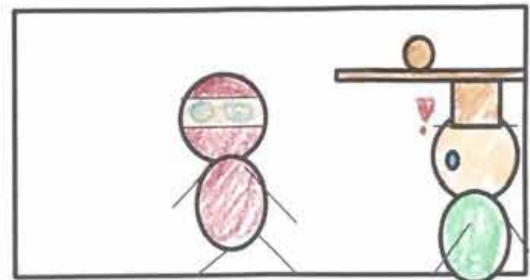
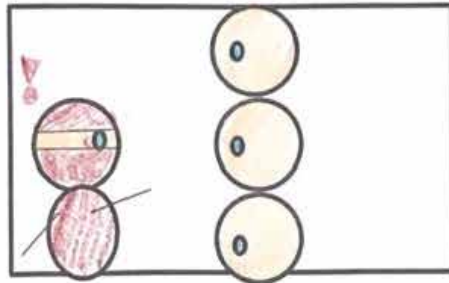
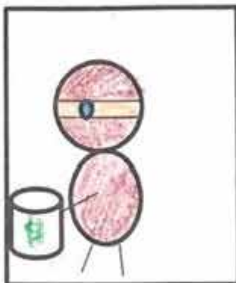
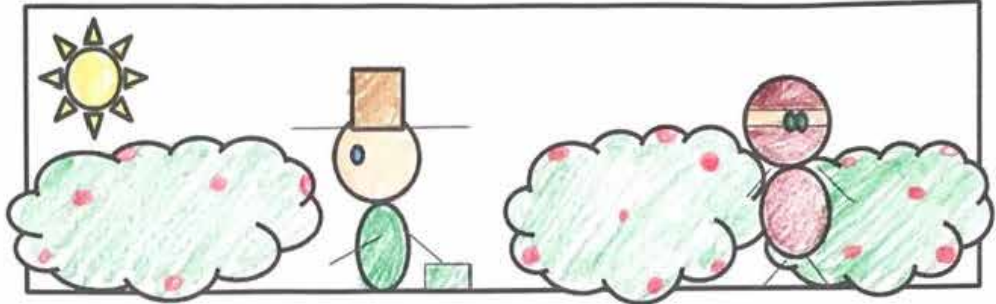
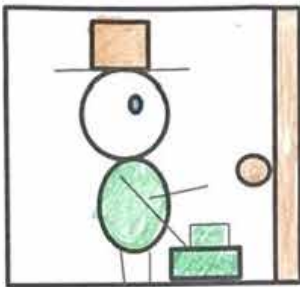
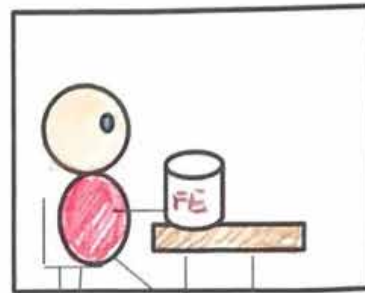
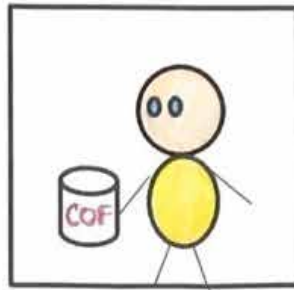
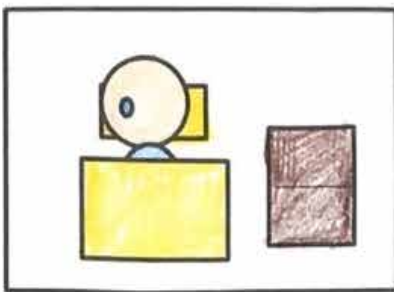
- "What do you say we get out of here?"

- "How?" Celeste asked exparatingly. Lavender gave her a mischievous grin.

- "I haven't tried using my magic yet."

## Why you shouldn't go into other people's houses

by Amy







# COLLISION COURSE

BY MAREK LANCTOT

"10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, we have liftoff."

The three men in the shuttle smiled. They were going to be the first men on Mars. As the spacecraft flew out of the atmosphere, their transmitter crackled.

"Mission control to Rosen 9, we have an asteroid set to enter the atmosphere in approximately 3 hours, over."

"What!" Blurted out Michael Samson, the captain of Rosen 9.

"How big is it? How much damage can it do?"

"We're looking at a blast zone the size of a country, about the same area as three states and it's headed for Moscow."

"And what are you going to do about it?" Asked Jackson Holder,

the youngest of the three men. Mission Control replied.

"Us? Nothing. But you can blow up the asteroid."

"And how do you expect us to do that?" Said John Braun the third member of the crew. Mission control elaborated.

"By flying into it."

"We have to do it." Said John

"And die?" replied Michael.

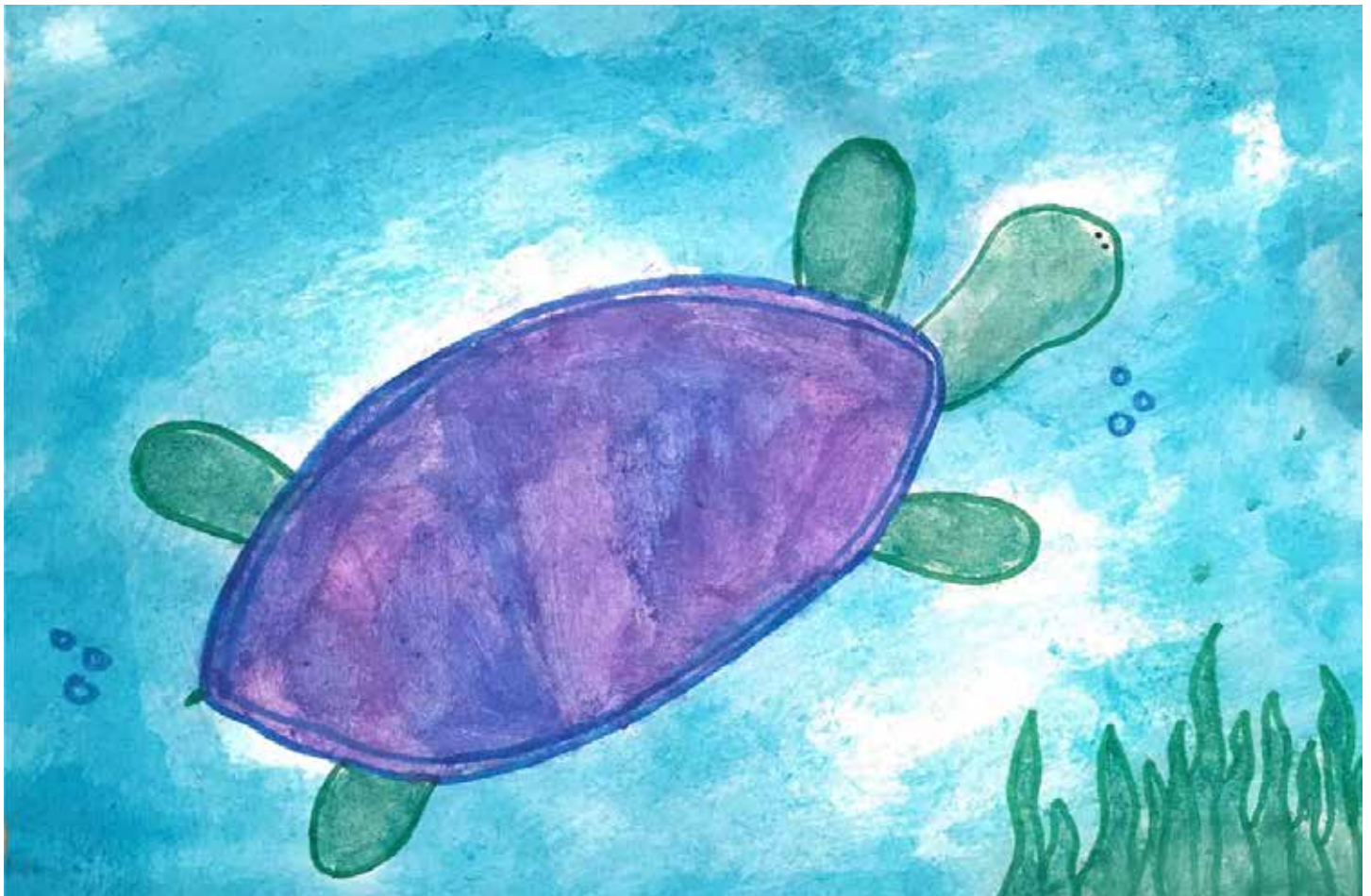
"Die a hero" said Jackson who had been relatively quiet the entire argument.

"Then it's decided. We're doing it" Said John.

"Fine." Said Michael.

Two hours later, the trio were in front of the asteroid, ready to sacrifice their lives for the planet.

"Yesterday an asteroid crashed into eastern Belarus, creating a massive explosion which has destroyed most of Belarus and Latvia and parts of Russia, Ukraine, Lithuania, Poland and Estonia. Many people are still being rescued from the surrounding area. We now have reports from NASA that the three astronauts John Braun, Michael Samson and Jackson Holder of Rosen 9 en route to Mars were sent on a collision course with the asteroid to destroy it. They reportedly only clipped the asteroid, badly damaging their ship and changing the asteroid's course from the Moscow area to the border of Russia and Belarus. More information will follow. That's it for now on LLN."



# All about crusted geckos and to take care of them

BY THOMAS

Do you know what crusted geckos are?



If not then you are in for treat if you have then you are still in for a treat!

Crusted geckos are small brown-orange lizards. I have a crusted gecko and his name is Leo. He is only 4-5 months old he's about as long as my finger. They go through 3 stages of age: Hatchling' (Baby) juvenile' (teenager) and adult.

Crusted geckos do not eat very much because their bodies don't need the same energy we do. When taking care of crusted geckos I suggest feeding them like this:

- hatchling: gecko formula
- juvenile: crickets
- adult: mealworms

And spay them with reptile safe water daily.

Some Fun facts about crusted geckos are...

1. Since crusted geckos like many reptiles they cannot blink and must lick their eyeballs



2. crusted geckos can actually come in multiple colours



3. they can hang off your finger using only their tail or hand



I hope you learnt something about crusted geckos

like my gecko and all but...



# THE UNKNOWN DRAGONS

BY ARWEN WILLSON

TO RICK RIORDAN, FOR OPENING THE GREEK WORLD.

Isabeth awoke in her bed. She looked around her room, her walls were gold, and there was a desk, a dresser, and a makeup station.

It was her birthday; she was turning 16! Isabeth heard footsteps approach her room. Suddenly she heard a knock on the door.

"Come in." she said, trying to hide the excitement in her voice.

Her father, Cosmo king of Athens, came into her room and sat on her bed. He had blue eyes, brown hair, and had many smile wrinkles!

"Good morning dear. Feeling older?" Cosmo asked stroking Isabeth's strawberry blond hair.

"Aye father, I am! I feel like I'm 60!" Isabeth said jokingly.

Her father's laugh made Isabeth smile, it was so rich and sweet.

"Ha, ha, ha! Enough with the jokes. Get up, get dressed, nicely I must add, and come downstairs for presents and then we'll leave for the gathering at the kingdom square, you'll find a great future husband there!" Cosmo said.

Cosmo left while Isabeth got out of bed, her eyes purple with excitement. She dressed in a teal dress with sapphire jewelry.

She walked out of her room and saw her brother, John with his wife, Lily at the bottom of the stairs.

John was 20 and had blond hair and grey eyes; his mischievous smile was very popular to the ladies before he was married to Lily. Meanwhile Lily was 20 and had golden hair, unusual pink eyes, and her pregnant belly was so big it looked painful.

"As Isabeth, the new 16 year old, steps down the stairs her brother wishes her a happy birthday!" John said.

Isabeth smiled.

"Aww, John loves his little sister." Isabeth said, hugging him.

"Well... to a certain point." John replied.

"Hey!"

Lily smiled at John's and Isabeth's interaction.

"Good morning Isabeth! I wish you a happy birthday!"

Isabeth went over and delicately hugged her.

"Thanks Lily!"

Lily nodded her welcome.

Cosmo realized Isabeth's arrival and called her to the table.

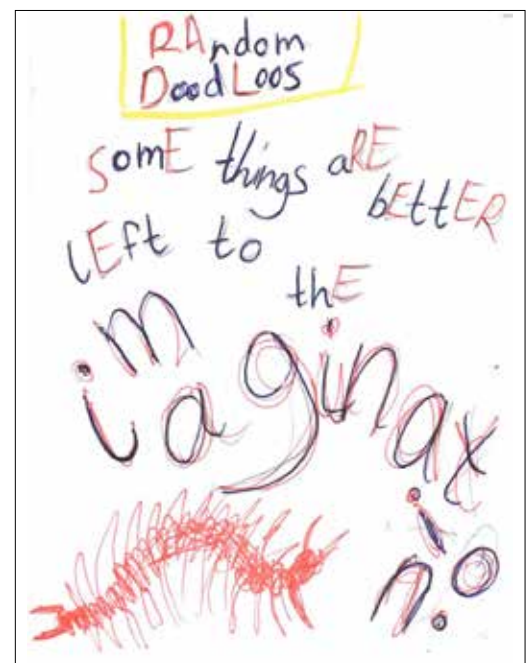
To Be Continued...



BY MIRANDA



BY LELIA



BY JAIME SKIRTEN

ALONE

Its dark. Black surrounding me.  
My demons are everywhere. Screaming for help.  
This is my hell.  
Alone.  
An empty room with no memories, no light and no happiness.  
Alone.  
Nobody to care, nobody to go to.  
Alone.  
Never happy. Keep my emotions in. Left with nothing.  
Alone.  
I can't see it's dark, like there's nothing around me. My fear comes out and my sadness rises.  
Alone.  
Alone is a big word with little meaning.  
Alone is me.

BY EASHAN



BY ETHAN



Pollinate 80% of world's plants including 90 different food or crops.



The honey bee is responsible for \$15 billion in U.S. agricultural crops each year.



Honey is the only food that does not spoil because of its low moisture content and low pH.



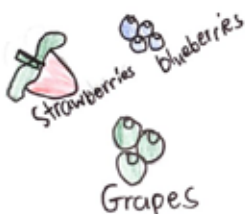
Threats to the bee are Wax Moths, Varroa Mites, Tracheal Mites, American Foulbrood, Colony Collapse Disorder.



California Coffeeberry  
 Large-flower phacelia  
 CA Desert Bluebells • CA Phacelia  
Summer Plants

- Germander Sage • Oregano
- Catmint • Spearmint • Horehound
- Elegant Madia • Deerweed
- Toadflax • Lavender • Mardi Gras
- Lemon Queen • Sunflower
- Gum Plant • Hairy Gum Plant
- Oranges and Lemons • Gaillardia
- Sea Holly • ~~Buckwheat~~ • CA Buckwheat
- Seaside Daisy • Bush Sunflower
- Skyflower • Pumpkin • Squash • Zucchini
- Cosmos • Dusty Miller • Blue Mist
- blue beard • Calamint • Purple Haze

1 out of every 3 or 4 bites of food you eat is thanks to bees.



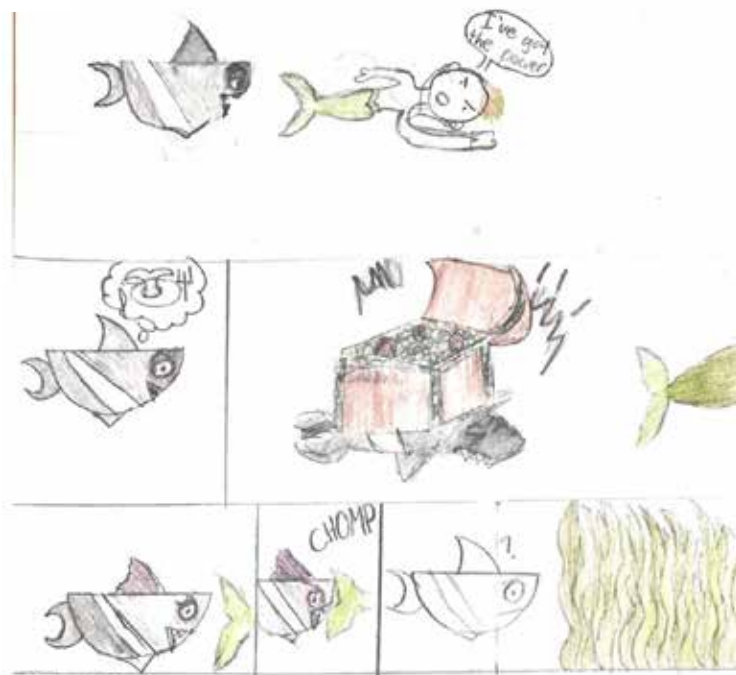
And more

Plants Loved by Honeybees

- Native and old-fashioned "heirloom" varieties.
  - Borage, sage, mint, thyme, lavender (and most other herbs too)
  - Butterfly Bush, daisies, honeysuckle, sunflower, blackberries, raspberries.
  - Pears, peaches, apricots, apples.
  - Maples, willows, poplars, locusts
- Spring Plants
- Tidy tips • Horehound
  - Toadflax • Catnip
  - Western Verbena • Sticky Phacelia
  - Black Sage • Germander Sage
  - Salvia Indigo Spires • Tansy Phacelia
  - Autumn Scilla • Brandegees Sage



BY DANIKA & MAY



Credits

Some illustrations by May Ly  
 the rest of the illustrations by Danika Eden  
 dedicated to Merman Emo guy (M.E.G.)



P20

KAYLA L.



BY JASON

BY SABRINA



BY MAY



BY KAYLA LACROIX



BY KEIRA



BY DANIKA

# How to draw M.E.G

Danika Eden



Jude



BY JASON



BY MADELINE H.

# BLOOD

BY SOFIA LEBRON

Blood of us humans turn darker with every evil act we commit. If you are a top criminal and you've robbed more banks than anyone can count, your blood would probably be pure black. If you never did anything bad in your life ever since childhood, it would be as white as fresh snow. I've done some stealing here, a little bit of donation there, and mine would probably be gray like everyone with a regular life.

And then there's my husband. He's amazingly sweet and he helps anyone no matter what the problem is. Sometimes they reject his help and my husband ignores them and helps them anyways and then they feel better, both of them. His blood would be such a bright white it would shine so much everyone would be blind.

Then there's his murder.

I didn't mean to kill him. He was always nice to me, gave me comfort around him and others I barely knew, and even could train wolves with a smile. I had to kill him. That was the only way for me to get a new house

and he wouldn't want that. And I'm such a good actress that I can fake cry and fool the cops when they told me he was dead and found in a cooler (I put him there so it was impossible to tell when he died) I knew I couldn't tell them it was me! I'd go to jail!

Now a week has passed since and while I'm packing up the last of his belongings, I hear a knock on the door. I was expecting someone (a date) to come pick me up so I ran over to the bathroom, checked my reflection, and went to go open the door. The people outside were just about to knock again. It was the cops. They suspected me

Dang it! I think. I knew that I let it slip that he died that day even though they told me there was no way to tell for sure when he died! Knew it would haunt me later...

"Are you Mrs. Turner? We want you to get in our car. We believe you killed Mr. Stewart. George Stewart, your husband. Is that correct?" the first cop with the strawberry jelly-filled donut.

"Yes, that's correct. I'll go with you," I reply, acting a bit confused and repulsed at the fact that they thought I would kill my own husband.

They brought me to a blood testing facility. I knew what they were going to do. They were going to test my blood to see if it was black (which is what happens when you kill someone. It turns black even if it was white before) and that would mean I killed him and I'd go to jail.

They took my blood almost instantly the second I sat in the chair. The test results came back and my blood was pure white like fresh snow. The cops realised that I haven't done anything bad in my entire life. There was no way I killed George if my blood was white, but I attended his funeral yesterday.

Then the realisation dawns on me. If I to another evil act my blood would be whiter than ever. I have no idea how long I'll be able to use reverse psychology before they catch me, but it's helping me way too much right now...

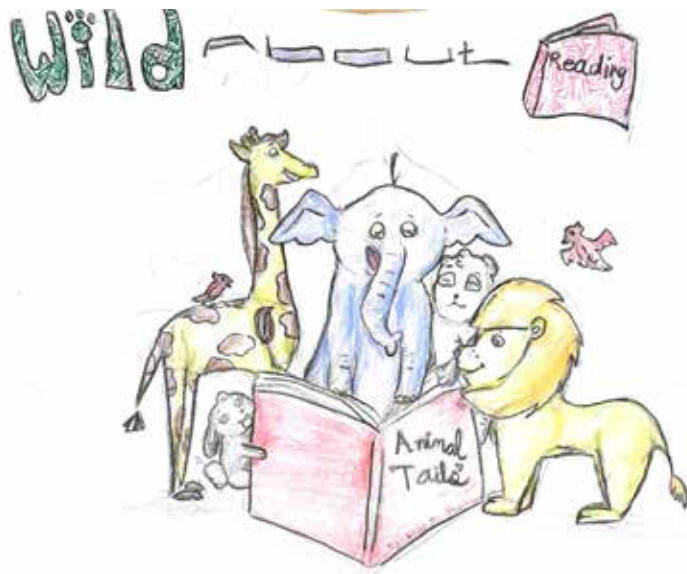
BY MAY



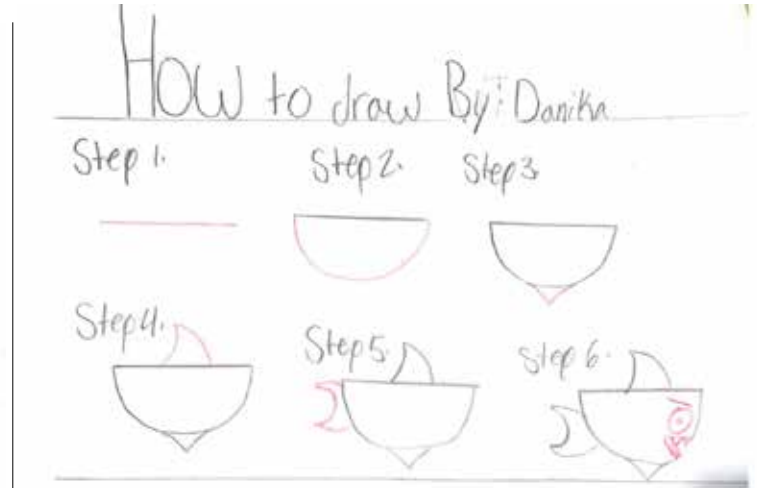


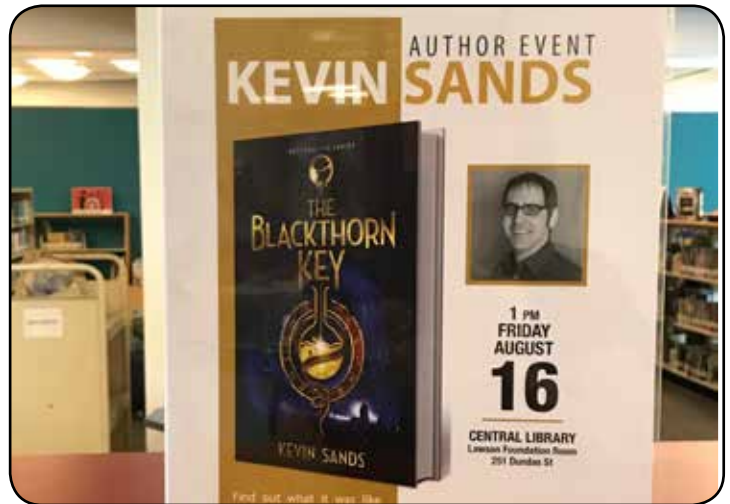
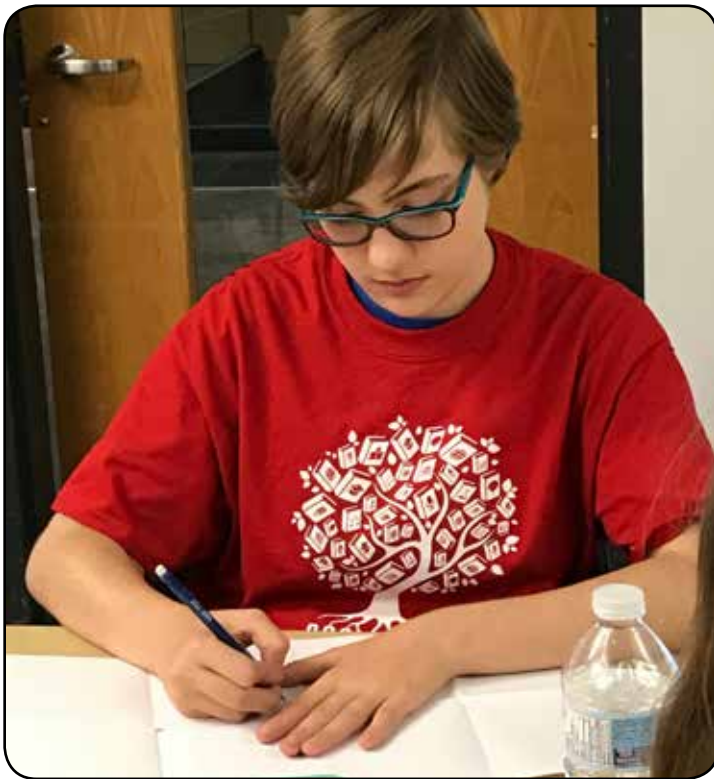


BY MAY



BY DANIKA





## Thank You!

We want to thank Rico's Pizzeria for supporting London Book Camp! The pizza was delicious!

**Rico's Pizzeria, 972 Hamilton Road, London ON  
519-455-9050**

PROUD TO SUPPORT BOOK CAMP

THANK YOU FOR YOUR ENTHUSIASM

REMEMBER...READING IS FUNDAMENTAL



EXODUS  
ESCAPE ROOMS

— Host your —  
BIRTHDAY

with us!

PRICING  
FROM  
\$299+HST

USE OF THE PRIVATE PARTY ROOM (2HRS)  
PLAYER ADMISSION FOR A 60MIN ESCAPE GAME  
Plates, cutlery, napkins, cups



Save time! Avoid cleaning! | Groups from 6-16 players

# THANK YOU!

London Public Library  
Exodus London Escape Rooms  
Ricco's Pizzeria  
Plus our amazing volunteers,  
mentors and authors!

# BOOK CAMP LONDON 2019

