

Investing in Children's Young Authors' Camp Magazine 2021



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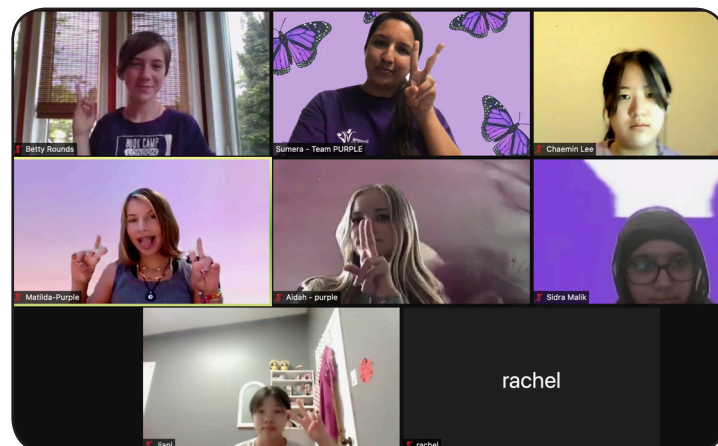
RED GROUP



BLUE GROUP



PURPLE GROUP



YELLOW GROUP



ORANGE GROUP



GREEN GROUP



REX AND MAX

BY ANDREW A

Rex and Max were chatting as they walked down Second Street. Rex was a golden retriever and Max was a mastiff.

"I wonder if humans—" Max started.

"Can understand us?" Rex finished. "You took the words right out of my mouth."

As the dogs rounded the street corner, they saw a group of tourists taking pictures of flowers.

Max ran up to them. "Oi! Can you git's understand me?"

The tourists looked downwards. "Awww! Look at the cute little doggies!"

Rex ran forward, his eyes flashing. "Cute?! I'll show you cute!" He lunged at a tourist and bit down as hard as he could on her leg.

"Arggh!" She squealed in pain. "Bad dog! Bad dog!" All the other tourists cleared the area. Max noticed as the woman called the Animal Control Centre.

"Rex!" He shouted over the noise of screaming. "The git called the ACC!" Rex let go with wide eyes and dashed away with Max. Sirens blared close by. They ducked into an alley full of garbage bins and jumped in.

"Hey, Max," Rex said while munching on piles of trash. "This food tastes great!"

"I know right?!" Max said. "It's so sad that people have no taste. But I gotta say, kibble tastes pretty good too." After eating piles of trash, the dogs jumped out of the garbage bin. They turned out of the alley and

came face-to-face with 5 control guards. The guards had nets in their hands.

"Gooood doggies," they soothed as they inched forwards. Rex and Max growled. The two dogs looked at each other and nodded. They dashed forward and under the legs of the control guards.

"Get them!" The leader yelled. But the dogs were too fast. Before the guards could get into their trucks, Rex and Max were already in the forest.

After losing the guards, they took a long drink of water from a nearby stream.

"Ahhh," they breathed in unison. After all, they were wild dogs!

BY AIDAH ROBINSON



GIRL ON FIRE

BY AIDAH ROBINSON

Seraphina Ember Jones was a regular girl. She had regular things, had regular friends, and had a regular life.

Had.

Seraphina Ember Jones is no longer normal.

Seraphina was thirteen years old. Her favourite thing to do was art, and she even had her own art room in her basement.

"Okay, now I need the cherry red paint," Seraphina muttered to herself. She pulled her long brown hair into a ponytail and glopped red paint onto her palette. She dipped her paintbrush in it.

"Sera! Taylor's here!" Seraphina's mom shouted from upstairs. Sera was Seraphina's nickname. Seraphina put down her palette and brush and stood up.

"Coming!" She shouted. She quickly untied her apron and set it down on her chair. She ran upstairs. "Hi, Taylor! How was your vacation?"

"Oh, it was great! We went to this restaurant, and they have the best food." Taylor brushed her short blond pixie cut out of her face with her fingers. Taylor was short, loved the colour green, and had a cat.

"Wanna go to the beach?" Seraphina asked.

"Yeah!"

They walked twenty minutes to the Wasaga beach and dipped their feet into the lukewarm water.

After about ten minutes of chatter and walking around, Taylor cried, "Hey, Sera! Check this out!"

Sera ran over to where she was standing. An orange gemstone on a gold chain was floating in the water. As the small waves rushed towards the sandy beach, the necklace came ashore. Sera scooped it up with her fingers.

"Wow," she breathed. "Magnificent." Then she glumly handed it to Taylor. "Finders keepers."

"I don't want the necklace. If you

like it, then keep it." Taylor pushed her hand away.

"Really? Oh, thanks, Taylor!" Sera slipped the necklace over her neck. All of a sudden, her entire body started to heat up. A burning sensation came upon her chest, but it did not hurt. She looked around to see her friend staring at her. "What are you looking at?" She asked Taylor.

"You - Sera - why - how did you grow wings?!" Taylor exclaimed in confusion.

"Huh? Wings? What are you talking about?" Sera asked.

Sera looked behind her. Sure enough, she did have wings, and they were on fire. "How is this possible? Oh, it must be the necklace!" Sera reached for the clasp in a fast motion. Her hands slipped off the clasp from sweat. "Ugh, my fingers are slippery!" Sera threw her hands in the air after trying to take off the necklace several times. Then, as if it couldn't get any worse, fire shot out of her hands when she threw them up!

Taylor gasped. The fire turned into a fireball and shot upwards. As most things do, it started to descend. Both girls ducked and the ball narrowly missed Taylor's head.

"What the heck?" Taylor yelled.

"Oh my gosh, I am so sorry! How is this even happening?" Sera stomped her feet, and that's when her wings took action. She started to soar upwards and into the clouds before anyone could do anything. "Help!!" she screamed. Sera flailed and twisted her body to try and get back to land. Unfortunately, she kept going up. Sera looked down, but she couldn't see anything but clouds. She quickly moved her arms in a star position. She stopped moving upward. Sera was floating in the clouds. She spun around and giggled. This is fun! She thought. She floated upside down and pretended that she was swimming. Then, she started to go down. She had full control of her

wings. She felt like she was on a plane and swimming at the same time. Sera flew down to the beach and landed safely on the sand.

"Sera! Are you okay?" Taylor asked, and bent down to where Sera was sitting.

"Yeah, I'm fine. But guess what? I went all the way up to the clouds! It was insane!"

"Wait," Taylor said. "What does 'Seraphina' mean again?"

"Oh, 'Seraphina' means fiery wings in Hebrew," Sera said.

"Oh my gosh, you have fiery wings!" Taylor exclaimed. Her eyes widened. "It's like you were born to have wings." Then she frowned. "Can you take off the necklace?"

"Sure. Well, I can try. It wouldn't come off earlier, but it was because my hands were sweaty." She reached around her neck and pulled off the necklace.

"Wow, you don't have wings anymore!" Taylor said. Then she frowned. "That necklace is no good. We better throw it into the lake!"

Sera looked at it longingly. "I guess. We should go to the boat and throw it in deep just in case someone else finds it."

"Good idea," Taylor said.

So the next day, they went out on Sera's dad's boat and went deeper than they had ever gone in the lake.

"I think this is good," Taylor said after an hour in the boat.

Sera reluctantly dropped the necklace into the water. They watched as the glowing orange gemstone sank to the very bottom of the lake, and then they couldn't see it anymore.

The girls went back to land and no one ever talked about what happened.

And now, more than one hundred years later, the necklace still lives, deep in Lake Huron.

But someone is after it.

Someone evil.

MY POEM'S FOR CAMP

BY TAYLOR IRWIN

Words:

List 1: brick, alley, broom, kittens, nervous, window, slam

List 2: red, swing, squeak, envelope, gust, photo, exhilarating

List 3: forest, jeep, gate, key, blue, rickety, wild

List 4: open, light, air, left, man, excitedly, time

List 5: peacefully, discover, little, walk, pain, deep

List 1

Above an alleyway was a witch and she was riding on a broom with her kittens. The witch was very nervous about being here but then she saw a window but the person opening the window saw her and got scared and SLAM! The window was shut.

List 2

Once there was a boy on a swing in a red hat and he saw a mouse "SQUEAK!!!!" squeaked the mouse but unfortunately for the boy the mouse ran off but it was exhilarating for the boy to see a mouse. The boy tried to get a photo of the mouse but failed, *WOOSH* a gust of wind blew and his red hat flew off his head and he was sad. He went home and when he got there he had an envelope waiting for him.

List 3

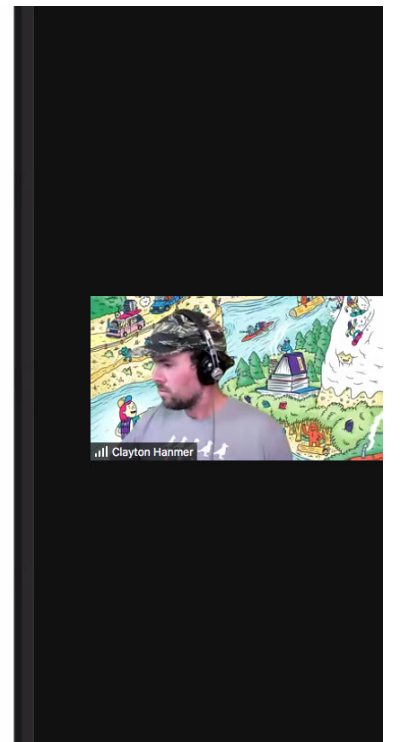
Once there was a man in a jeep going home. When he made it home he went inside and grabbed a blue key and walked over to the rickety gate that led to a wild forest.

List 4

There was a left-handed man excitedly opens the window to let air and light inside but now it's time for coffee

List 5

There was a woman walking on a little street peacefully then she discovered a deep hole! She looked down there and her stomach felt pain and sickness of how far it went.



CHAPTER 1 - A PRISONER IN DISTRESS

BY THOMAS CATOR

Wave sighed as he added yet another tally to his increasingly long chart on the side of his prison wall using one of the many white rocks that littered the ground. over time, he had forgotten how to count but he knew it must have been well over a year since he was brought here, maybe longer. he heard a metallic clang and turned around to find

breakfast lying on the floor of his cell. he wasn't very hungry though. especially since it was the same food, he had been eating for breakfast ever since he was imprisoned; boiled mushed-up oats and a glass of Luke-warm water that was barely half-way full. Outside the bars he could hear chewing and gulping from other jail cells. He had tried

talking to his fellow hostages a couple times but most of them where either deaf, had been driven insane or where just simply didn't care about one measly boy. He tried to remember what was like before he had been kidnapped, by the electromancers (who where mages who could control electricity and bend it t there will)... it all started when....

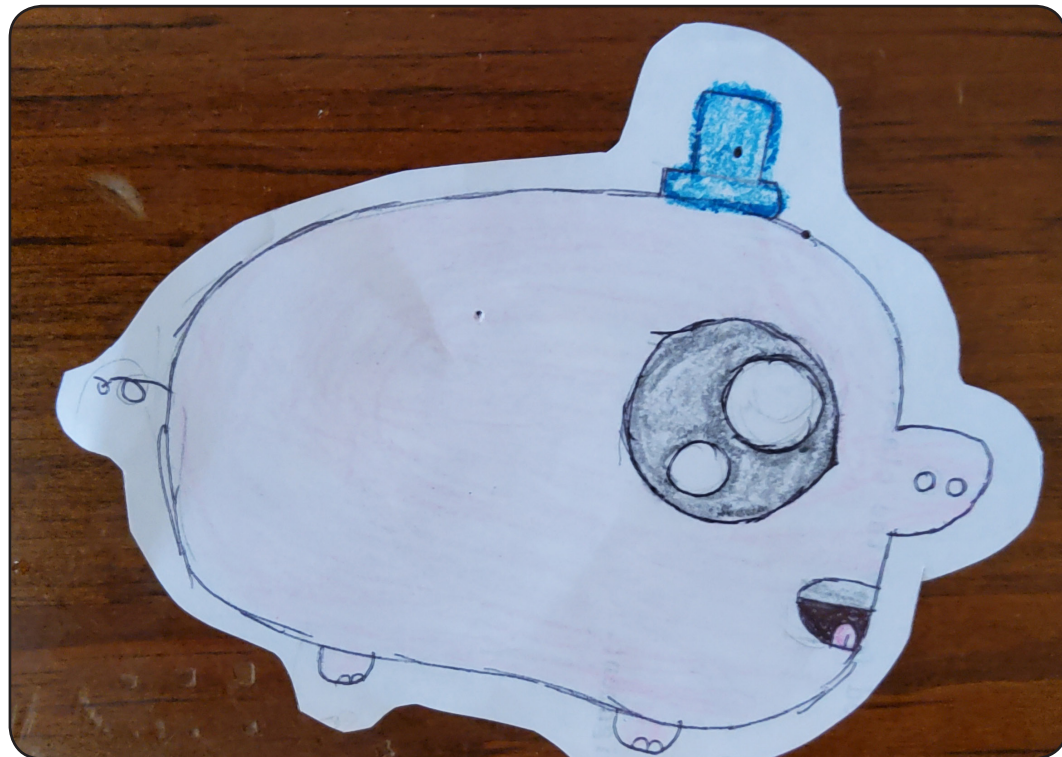
THE LIGHTHOUSE

BY MATILDA G

"Look there's the lighthouse!" I said. "That's going to be a great home!" She said sounding like she meant it. We slowly let the hot air balloon go down and it landed on the ground. We both hopped out of the hot air balloon and brought our luggage. We opened the door to the lighthouse and looked around. It has blue and light blue tile walls with big

clear circle tiles scattered around. The floor is plain white. There are even rooms in it! "This is the best!" Fleur said happy about our new home. We put our luggage down and went up the stairs to the little balcony to see the water. "This is amazing, Thank you, Sorin!" Fleur grinned! "No problem!" I chuckled back! We started to blush. The pink on Fleur's

cheeks looks so adorable. Then out of nowhere, she pressed her lips against mine! We are kissing, just like in the movie! It is a lovely kiss, gentle but passionate! Her lips taste sweet just like her! My mind is somewhere where I don't even know. Our lips dancing together, my hands on her hips, her hands in my hair. This is a life that is worth living!



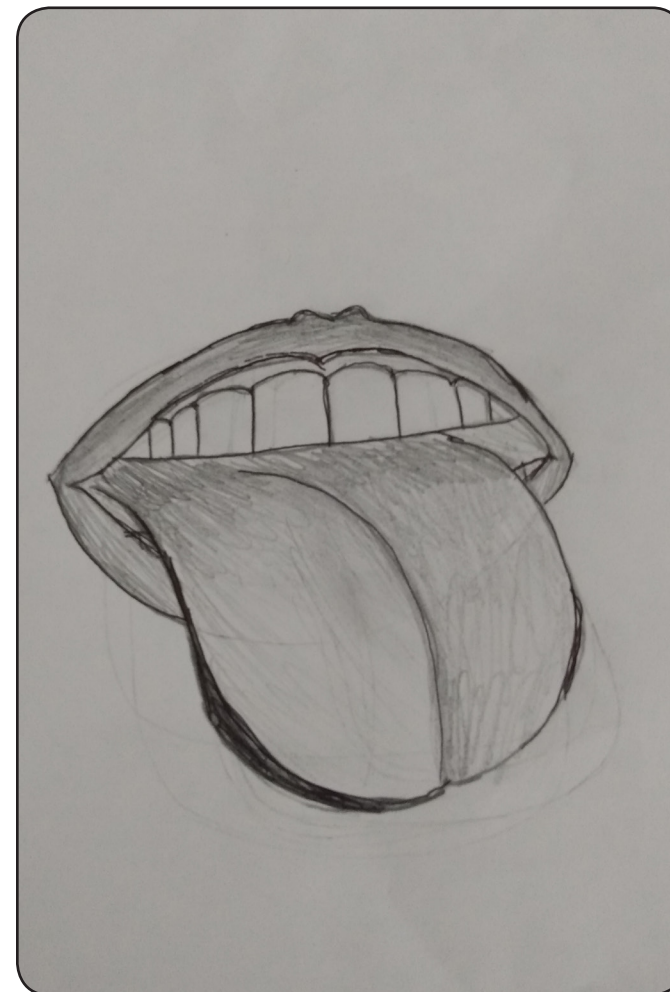
BY ARIELLE

CUTSOUL - MAGIC IS INVISIBLE

BY EMMA MACDONALD-MUHLBOCK

Magic is invisible
Only known by
Faint traces of luster
Between futures past
The spring in your step
Ebbing weight from your
Ascent to the skies
Your spirit may be split
Reality can be a fantasy
One never really knows
When you wake
If you wake
If you want to

BY AVA LEES



BOOK TEASER

BY SOFIA FRANCO

My name is Sofia Franco and I am writing a book named Unlucky. This book is about a girl named Emily. She goes to Sunny Hill high school where life isn't so sunny, well at least for her it isn't. In this book Emily has to figure out how to get out of the mess that the "popular girls" got her stuck in. Will Emily be able to make things right? Well you have to read the book to find out!

BY SOFIA FRANCO



IN THE PARK

BY ARIELLE

In the park a tree went sway,
in the park a little bunny ran away,
in the park a kid went 'yay',
in the park a little baby went to play,
in the park the river went drip,
in the park a dog went yip,
in the park a bell went ding,
in the park it's time to sing

THE RESTAURANT

BY CHAEMIN LEE

The door swung open.

"Raymond I found it..! I found it!" Isaac said in a voice that was urgent and could not contain his excitement.

"What? What did you find?" Raymond, who has a lake-like voice, said as he looked at Isaac with his eyes rounded.

"The restaurant we're going to eat at tomorrow! Aren't we looking forward to it? It has even 128 menus! And the best thing is it's not expensive." Isaac was excited as if he would fly away in a few seconds.

"Hey, you don't have to say this so urgently." Raymond, who had eyes full of anticipation, sighed and continued playing the game he was playing.

"The name of the restaurant is 'Have this please,' and it seems to be a new restaurant these days. It seems that there is only one restaurant owner, and no one has ever seen the owner of the restaurant."

"The owner of a restaurant makes 128 menus by herself? That's awesome." Raymond didn't believe Isaac, but he responded to what his friend said, who looked so excited.

"Shall I call Mark too?" Mark is the friend who studies the most among the three, plays a flute, and lives a busy life every day.

"Do whatever you want. But Mark eats a lot these days. I think he has much stress these days from studying. Anyway, if you call him, it will cost a lot for food." Raymond looked at Isaac and said.

"Hey, how much would he eat if he did? I know him better than you." Isaac put his hand on Raymond's shoulder and patted him.

"Come to the restaurant by 2pm tomorrow. I'll send you the address." Isaac said a short goodbye and then he rode his favorite Ramond's skateboard and left.

"Give it back until tomorrow," Raymond said calmly as if Isaac taking his skate board was familiar to him.

After Isaac left his house, Raymond went to search the restaurant that Isaac talked about today, whether the food was good, how famous it was, and looked at food reviews. In fact, Raymond likes food the most among the three, knows a lot about food, and is a great gourmet and a cook. But he doesn't go around saying that he likes to cook and is quite talented. His friends and also his foodmate Isaac and Mark also know that he likes to cook, but don't know how much he loves cooking and food.

The next day, Raymond and Mark arrived at 2 o'clock on time, but Isaac, who made the appointment, was 20 minutes late.

"Ah sorry. I overslept a little bit." Isaac looked at his friends and smiled mischievously.

Raymond and Mark looked at the restaurant without responding Isaac as if this was nothing special to them.

Outside of the restaurant, like any other restaurant, there was a large signboard and door and window, and there seemed to be nothing special.

"Isn't it pretty normal?" Mark said he was disappointed than expected.

"You have to judge a restaurant by its food. Let's go in." Isaac pushed Mark, who seemed to be disappointed, and Raymond, who was standing next to him, urging them to enter.

The inside of the restaurant was very green. It was like being in a forest. There were many wallpapers and plants painted with trees, and the windows were all covered, so it wasn't too bright and had a

mysterious atmosphere. And there was a sign that read, "Call the clerk, not the restaurant owner," and it seemed like there was another room inside the restaurant. On the door of the room was written, "The owner is cooking. Entry is prohibited except for officials." The three were very curious about who the boss was.

First, the three of them went to the table in the corner and sat down. After looking at the menu, Isaac, who was confused after seeing too many menus, called the clerk and asked.

"What is the menu that people ask for the most?"

"Many people order pasta and Gorgonzola pizza."

The clerk, who had long dark blue hair and purple eyes, made the atmosphere of the restaurant even more mysterious.

"I think this place is unusual." Mark couldn't take his eyes off of anywhere in the restaurant, as if curious.

"But I think it's a little bit scary. Do I have to eat in this dark during the day?" Raymond responded as if he was annoyed but also horrified.

After a few minutes, the clerk came and brought pizza and pasta. The pizza looked five times bigger than a regular pizza, and the pasta had more noodles than they could have imagined.

"Can we eat all of these?" Mark said looking at the giant pasta and pizza.

First, Raymond ate a bite of pizza.

Raymond nodded looking at his friends as if it was delicious. His friends could guess that the food was incredibly delicious when they saw picky Raymond saying it was delicious. The three who were originally huge gluttons had food leftover. "It was a good meal." Isaac said. As they were about to pay for the food they ate, the door to the owner's

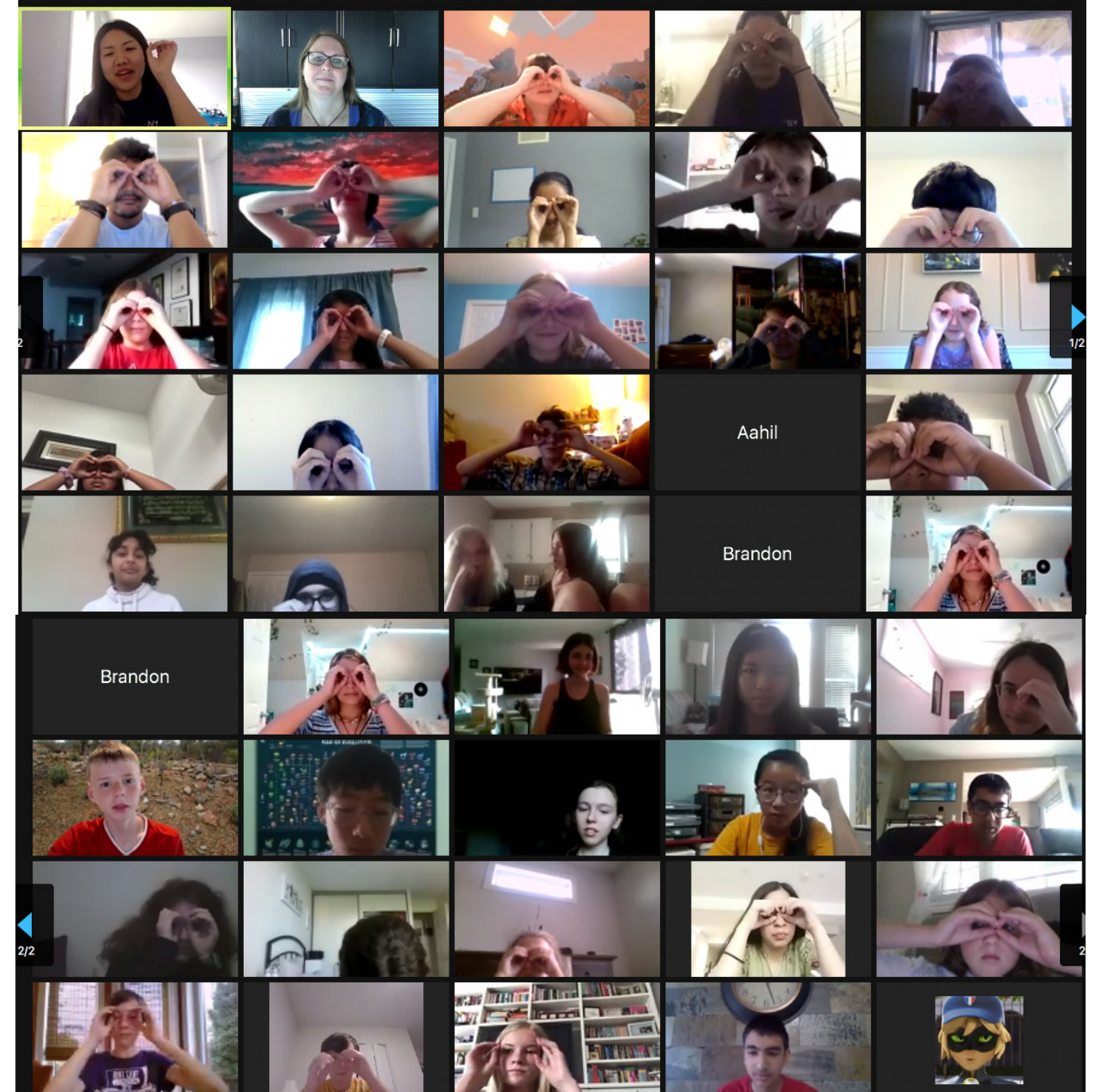
room opened and a strong wind from nowhere was pushing them in to the room. The clerk was waving at them and smiling creepily, and they were put into a dark, dark

room. As they slowly regained consciousness from this strange phenomenon, a woman, whose body seemed to be sewn like a stuffed doll, appeared in front of

them and spoke in a creepy, cracked voice.

"If you ordered the food you want to eat, you shouldn't have left it behind."

GOGGLES AND MUSTACHES



THE PHENOMENAL FANTASTIC FOREST

BY QASIM PARDHAN

I was slowly walking in the forest admiring the beautiful scene, watching the colourful leaves as they blew wistfully along the never-ending road. Tall, brown trees were blown back and forth by the light, cool breeze. I felt the colourful, old leaves crunch under my stiff feet. White birch trees stood stiff, welcoming birds that would land softly and take off again. A brown, narrow nest sat in the joint where two old branches met. Hidden birds were chirping a soft, melodious chorus. A skinny twig snapped as I saw a fluffy, little bird lift off, airborne.

There was a bundle of red, juicy berries hanging off the edge of a rough, brown stick suspended off a green bush. A microscopic scent of juicy berries filled my sensitive nose and made my greedy mouth water. I

plucked a red berry from an immense bush and felt the smooth texture of it. I popped the berry in my mouth and the sweetness of it overwhelmed my tastebuds.

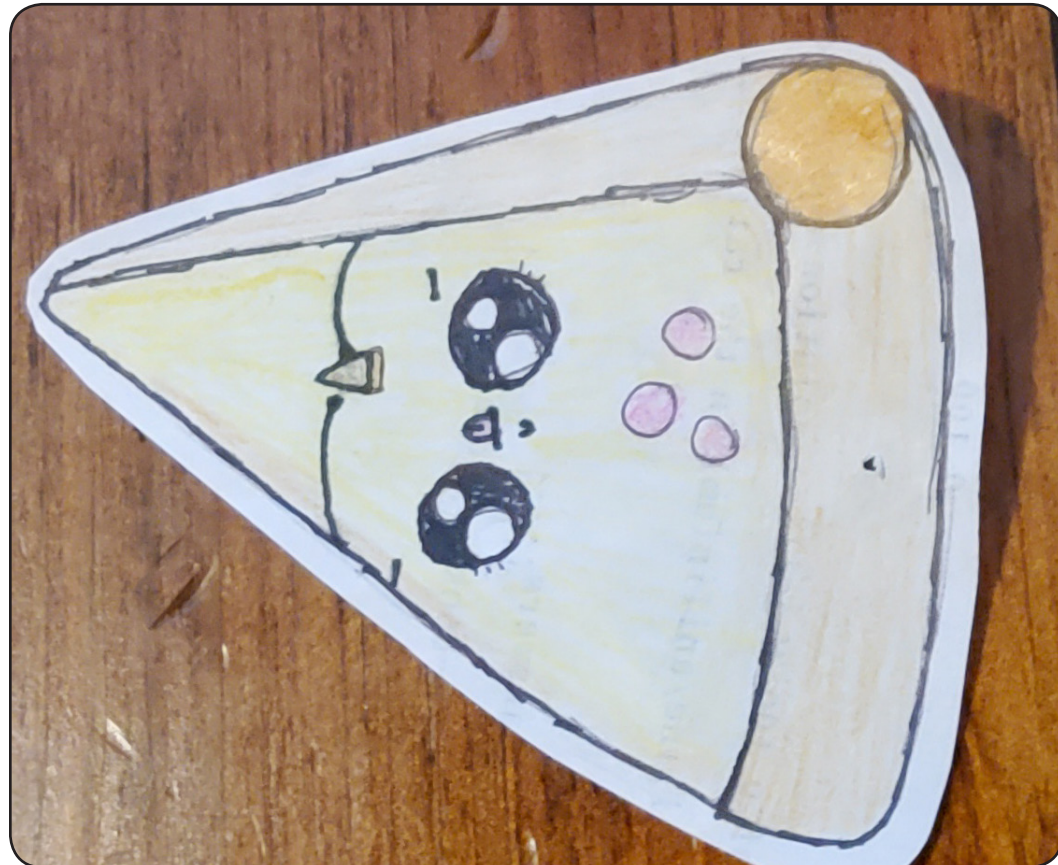
I spotted a sticky blotch of something on the rough bark of the tree nearest to me. A hint of sap flew into my nose and I realized what the sticky spot on the tree was.

A man on a bicycle sped by and the sound of the broken chain clanking against the metal gears disturbed the beautiful peace of the birds and scared them away. The man was holding a freshly made sandwich and the scent of it filled my nose. Rap music was blasting from a phone he was holding and he was bobbing his head to the beat. A fragment of light peered through the old weary branches, shining on the long grey

path as the man on the bicycle dashed by.

A gust of wind blew in my numb face and swept through my frigid hair as I continued walking step by step. I saw rough, brown bark peeling off its old tree. I ducked as I passed a branch of prickly, green leaves suspended above my head. Moisture filled my nose as I spotted a little, wet puddle along the smooth, paved road. I watched a bright, red leaf jump off a tree and float down to the ground.

My legs were so tired and my stomach was exceedingly hungry, so I decided to head home. I turned around and made my way back to my dirty, small car. I had plenty of fun on my exquisite hike and I couldn't wait to come back and admire the beautiful nature.



BY ARIELLE

I SCREWED UP- EXCERPT

BY ARWEN WILLSON

I screwed up.

Big time.

But the cost of my failure wasn't a bad grade or a serious scolding. It was the death of a loved one. The worst part of it was, it was all my fault.

When you do something wrong, do you ever feel like if you could just fix it- everything would be better? You would be a hero; your friends would forgive you, your Clan would speak of your greatness and write epic poems.

The only words echoing through my head were, your fault, your fault.

I dug my face into my hands, trying to block out all the thoughts and feelings, while tugging on my hair. Riva rubbed my back, her soft fingers warm. "It's not your fault, Keely."

Tears rolled down my face, the salty taste burning my tongue. "What do you mean it's not my fault?" My voice was so ragged and raw I almost didn't recognize it as my own. "It's my fault, Ri. It's completely my fault!"

Riva put her lips to my ear and whispered. "Chavdar wouldn't have wanted you to blame yourself."

She was right, of course. Riva always knew what to say. I wiped the tears from my eyes and sat up straighter. There was no time for crying. There was no time for mourning. "What would Chavdar want me to

do, Ri? Because I have no idea. He sacrificed himself; I don't feel worthy to still be alive. How can I honour him?"

Her eyes welled up with tears, and to stop herself from releasing the sadness, she bit her lip so hard, a bead of blood trickled down her chin. I wiped it away before it could drip onto her midnight gown. Riva closed her eyes and opened them a second later, the brown more sharp than usual.

I remembered the time she had complained about those 'big boring brown eyes'. She had said that they were the plainest eye colour in the world and that she would rather have the rare, exotic blue of my eyes. But I love her eyes. They were always full of hope and kindness, so warm. They were the first glimpse of summer, the colour of the earth helping everything grow. So many words, but even those weren't enough.

Wild.

Calm.

Peaceful.

Hopeful.

Kind.

Warm.

Loving.

Beautiful.

"We need to take down that monster," she finally said, her voice full of venom and pain. "That's what Chavdar would've wanted us to do.

He would've wanted us to fight, but not for him. For our lives, and the lives of our people. You're Chief now, Keel. Do what your brother taught you... lead. I will remain by your side no matter what."

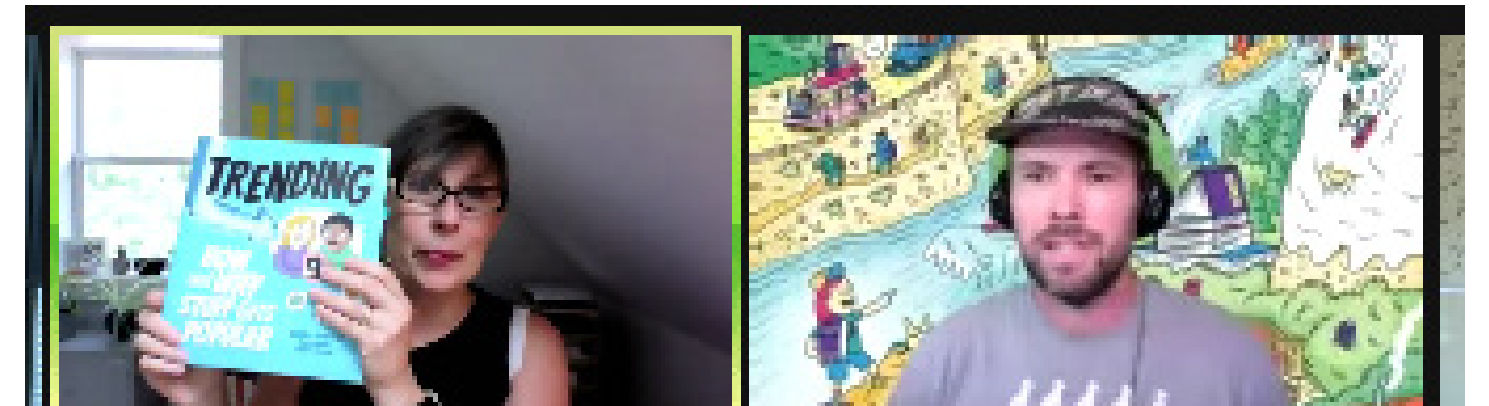
The tears started to roll down her pale skin, washing her makeup away. "The Clans deserve to have peace, but blaming yourself won't help anybody. I know that you don't think anything you do will help, but believe me, Chavdar will smile down upon you from the heavens when we succeed. I swear."

I got up, and squared my shoulders. "What would I do without you Riva?"

She smiled sadly. "I have no idea. Go, the Chiefs are waiting for us there." Pointing to the room on our left, she also lifted herself from the seat. "Are you ready?"

"Ready as our I'll ever be," I told her, taking her arm in mine, and in that moment, I made the best decision I'd ever made.

There would be no crying. There would be no tears of mourning until this whole thing was over. If Darcio laid one finger on my loved ones again, there would be no holding back. I would lay down my life if I had to. I had to avenge all the deaths we've had, including my brother's. You do not tamper with fire and expect not to be burnt.



EXCERPTS FROM THE VILLAGES WAVE OF PANICKED REGRETS

BY WISSAL NAOUI

EXCERPT 1

Anger boils in my blood
 And is clear in my voice
 The version of myself from years ago would have never doubted the strength of my promises
 The word "child" seems too sweet for me
 Ten years old and already forming promises to myself and the universe

EXCERPT 2

I choose not to believe
 That
 Magic is everywhere
 It can only be found by those willing to find it
 Or those willing to learn it
 And when you find someone who would risk teaching you something as unbelievable as magic
 You stay with them
 And prepare yourself to risk anything in their stead

EXCERPT 3

It's the middle of the night
 And i'm scared out of my mind that something will happen to me
 But I dismiss fear with a single wave to the hand
 When everyone is busy I will my steps to lighten up, feathers in the night
 I am a bird walking to my own death
 But I must at least try to save this village
 Before it's too late



EXCERPT FROM THESE FORGOTTEN NUMBERS

BY BETTY ROUNDS

The room isn't empty, just poorly furnished, with few items, as if someone was in a rush to make it livable. The room is made up of a wooden wardrobe, a small lamp, and a bed, the bed I am currently strapped down to.

A pleading voice startles me. "Count to ten, just to ten Jessica." My head snaps around to the voice. It's a boy, standing over my bed. I blink. How does he know my name? I blink again, squinting. My breath catches in my throat as I see a familiar face take shape. The voice is coming from my little brother, Cayden.

"What? Why? What are you doing here Cayden? Where am I?" My voice is raw like I haven't spoken in days. I might not have.

"Please just try Jessa," Cayden's voice is desperate now. I haven't heard my name in three years, much less Cayden's affectionate nickname for me.

"I... I can't." I wonder why this is more important than figuring out where I am and how to get out. At the moment all I can think about is my pounding headache.

"Try," he whispers in a pained voice.

"It hurts Cayden, please."

"I wonder why? Who would do this to you?" It's like he honestly doesn't know. Why is he feigning innocence?

"Cay, it was the lab of the Evolution, where I've been for the past th - " "The past" -I hold up three fingers- "years since Sal died." And then suddenly I'm ten again, watching her being dragged away, bruised and bloody. I shake my head a little to clear the memory.

"And anyway, shouldn't we be more worried about getting me out of these restraints? Who put these on me any - "

"Something is wrong with your

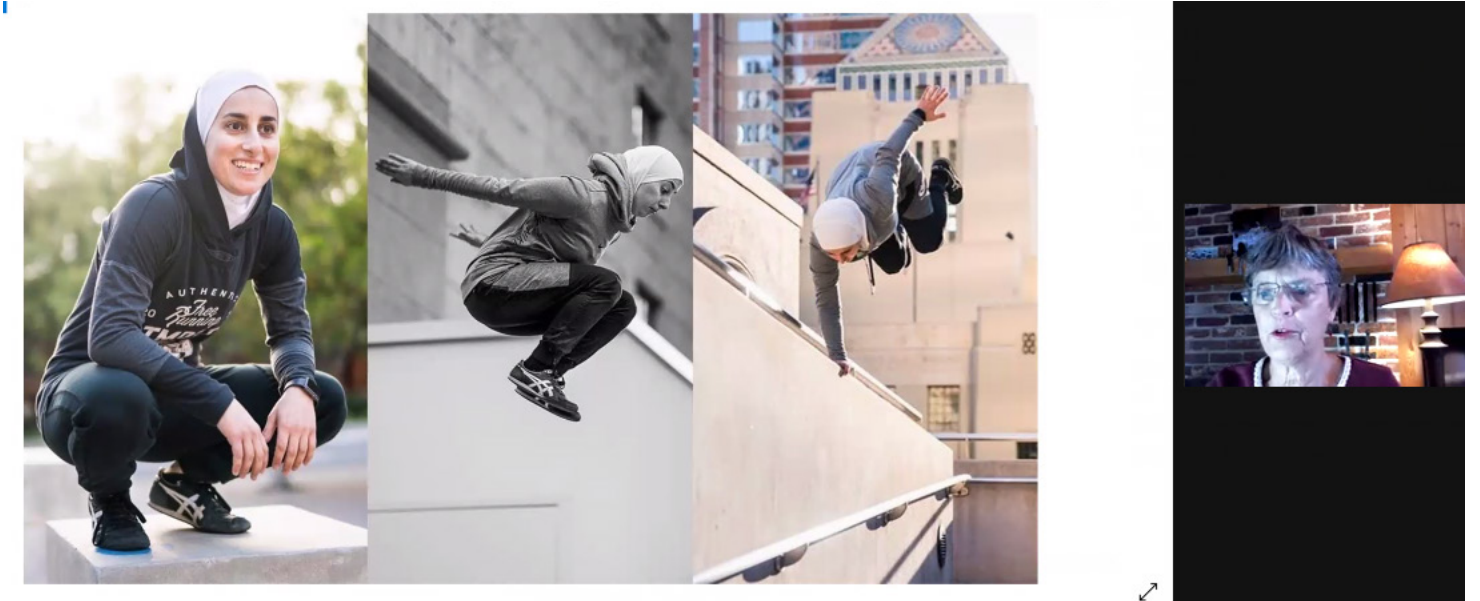
brain Jessa because Sal died five years ago. What. The.

"Oh my - Cayden, stop messing with me. I don't appreciate it, being strapped down to a bed I-don't-know-where. Where am I even? Can you tell me where I am?" But now that I look at him closer I realize he looks much older than ten. He's much taller, and his bright green eyes are heavy with understanding and concern I don't recognize. In the ten years I've known him, Cay has never expressed that much concern, for anything. What happened?

"Jessa, have you forgotten the past two years?" I stay silent, wondering what Cayden is suggesting.

My dry voice rasps as I question Cayden "What day is it today?" A look of heartbreak and utter disbelief pains his face.

A moment passes, then softly, "It's November 10th, 2212 Jessa, your 15th birthday."



THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND

BY JASON S

" Roberto! ROBERTOO!!"

Rubbing my eyes, I stretched and yawned as I came out of a vivid dream. Quickly checking my clock and seeing that it was only 5 am, I wondered what all the fuss was about. Then it came to me, we were catching a flight. Quickly, I packed my belongings and was in a full sprint by the time I was at the airport. It was only 5 minutes away, so my parents insisted we walked. My four brothers and sisters were only one stride behind me as we rounded the final turn, coming to full view with the airport. Most families would be in awe over an airport, all the large, white planes streaking through the sky and the massive clumps of people from many different countries huddled inside of a very fancy, decorative building. Our family on the other hand wasn't so amazed. We lived in a medium sized apartment on the fourth floor, and both my parents worked at the airport as security so they were very used to the area. Ruffling up my slick, black hair and tying my shoes again, I was ready for the flight. At age of 14, not having a car wasn't exactly easy, especially since the only school that was close to my was worn down and around 5 miles away. But I made due, and living in Calgary was a help, as the city did provide many places to explore and go see. The thing that I really liked and wanted to do the most was soccer. Every day I would play and learn new moves and tricks. I would also watch every game I could on the TV, my favorite team was Arsenal FC. Despite this, I was still excited to take a little break from my normal life and go to Jamaica.

The trip was exciting at first, being able to see all the land below you, although it soon got very dull and boring after the plane had breached the cloud level. The only

thing you could see was clouds after clouds and the never ending sky above. It was my first trip on a plane, as I had never been outside of Canada before, so the fluffy, overlapping clouds were quite cool to see at a close up. It also wasn't blistering hot, which is a slight change in temperature than what I was used to. I thought about falling asleep, but it was noon and I was still slightly feeling the excitement of my first time on a plane. By the time the trip had ended though, I was bouncing up and down again. I took in the crisp, fresh air and was ready to start my journey. I walked outside quickly and I realized something was wrong. It was cold, freezing cold. The airplane, I just realized, didn't land on a proper runway. There was no airport, it was just a large concrete pad, slowly cracking from all the ice. Behind me, there stood my family along with the 10 other people on board, two of which were other workers on the plane. Panicking, I went back to the airplane, and went to see the pilot

AAAAA!!!" I screamed as I saw the pilot was dead, sprawled on the floor, lifeless with red blood painting the room.

Still panicking, I went to try and see what was driving the plane. I shuffled through each compartment, searching under the soft seats and through the luggage. Nothing, no sign of anything wrong besides from in the cockpit. Worried, I thought to myself what the plan was. First of all, I needed warmth. Feeling cold to the bone, I helped bring the luggage and create a shelter. We wouldn't have much time to build the plane, as all food supplies were running out fast. Was it too late, or could we solve the mystery and fix the plane before we ran out of food.

To Be Continued.....

BY SOFIA FRANCO



GOD AND QUARANTINE

BY MADI B

Technically this story isn't about god. Technically this story is about a lost fourteen year old girl. You see this girl was stuck. This was supposed to be her first year of high school. She had a plan. Join debate, drama and book club but COVID messed that all up. The past months of COVID she had held onto her toxic friends and when one of her best friends walked away she thought her life was over. She wasn't meant to have friends.

This girl had gone to religion class thinking it would just be another class. She'd get a good grade and that'd be the end. Little did she know she was going to meet four of the most special people ever.

The girl walked into class seeing a girl she had met earlier that year on her bus. She knew she was nice so they had befriended each other. She did have one other friend who she knew was going to be in her class. She was so happy to get to see him. He was a really sweet, amazing guy

who she'd worked with before.

A few weeks went by and she thought hey, maybe I can have a few friends. Little did she know that when their teacher assigned them a group project she would meet two other really cool, great girls.

The three had to stay for study hall to work on the group project one day. That's when they befriended the two other girls. They had wanted to show the other group their presentation. They all started chatting afterwards, becoming close.

The girl knew she had met the people her mother had always told her she'd meet. She had met people who really cared. People who were kind. People who made her feel like she was enough.

She had been scared the day religion class had ended. Thinking maybe they were temporary friends. They weren't. Skip over to august. She was staying up late to talk about

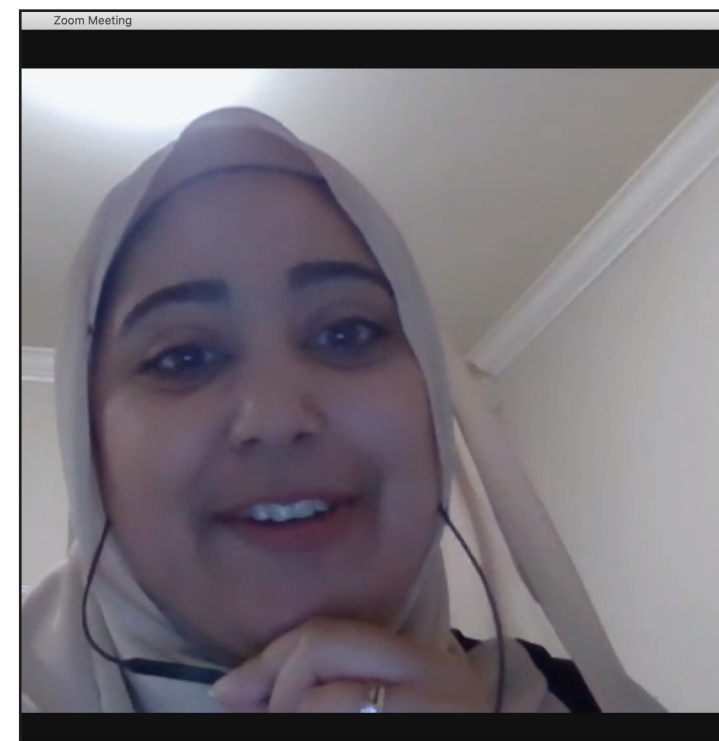
a cute anime tv show with the girl she had met on the bus. She didn't even like anime or manga before she had met that girl. Now she couldn't get enough cute Haikyuu! content.

She FaceTimed with one of the other girls she'd met in religion. She loved how much that girl could make her laugh, even if she did get scared when she said things like we need to talk at the beginning.

The group chat would blow up when she was at her beach house of everyone liking the photos, talking to each other about whatever was happening in their lives.

The guy, well she had started to hang out with him. At her aunt's pool, in her home movie theatre, even going to his house.

Every day she was so thankful for these people. Every day I don't know how I got this lucky to have these amazing people in my life.



MY BEST FRIEND BY MADI B

I remember last summer we'd text every day
About anything, our opinions, it didn't even matter what we'd say
We'd talk about boys about musicals and laugh together
I thought it was going to be like that forever
I thought we were till the end
I was positive you were my best friend

Yeah sure sometimes you were bossy and straight up cruel
But I knew you were just in a mood and in a few days we'd be cool
Then we met that guy
And our friendship started to die
Every night after hanging out with you I'd go home to scream and cry
I still thought we were till the end
I was positive you were always going to be my best friend

We split up going to a different school
But for forever was our rule
We promised to text every day
And we did, at the beginning anyway
I thought we were till the end
I was positive you were going to stay my best friend

Then your birthday rolled around and our guy friends came to hang that night
That was when you and him blew up in a big fight
I thought he was just having a fit
You guys would make up in a bit
I thought everything would go back to the way it had been
But that's where our problems really started to begin
I thought we were till the end
I was hoped you were going to stay my best friend

We'd stopped talking for a while
But when I heard your name I'd still smile
I hoped we could be friends with some distance
I never thought I'd be trying to forget your existence
I thought we could still be until the end
I prayed you were going to stay my friend

I felt like I was a traitor when there were some kids at school
I started to grow close to
For months every single one of my thoughts were you
Then the three of you rolled up to my home
But this time I knew that if I left I wouldn't be alone
I had my new friends, my new best girl
I knew that I didn't have to be sad with the world
I knew then we wouldn't make it until the end
I didn't even know if you could still be my friend

I took a deep breath and walked away
I haven't seen you since that day
Sometimes I think about what could have been
But then I think about my new life and grin
I'm sorry we didn't make it until the end
I hope your life is better, I hope you have an amazing best friend

SNOW BLOSSOMS AND APPLE FLAKES

BY EMMA MACDONALD-MUHLBOCK

Snow blossoms and apple flakes
Mixing and melding the seasons they make
Pining and pleading for bindings to break
Wishing the joint weather would separate

Snow blossoms and apple pie
Float to the ground without more than a sigh
Singing and singing for one final try
Awaiting the moment when all doubts shall die

Snow blossoms and apple stems
Writing the stories 'til summertime ends
Dropping the stones down to wishing-well friends
Mining for seedlings that make hidden gems

NERVOUS KITTENS

BY ARIELLE

Nervous kittens,
on a window,
in the night,
down the road
a broom went slam
and broke a stick,
nervous kittens ran away

THE GREAT DECISION

BY LAIBA MALIK

"Eid Mubarak!" It was Eid and Aaliyah was very excited to spend the day with family. As soon as she heard her mother on the phone, Aaliyah ran down the stairs to give mubarak to her family.

"Eid Mubarak Aaliyah!" said her dad. "How was your sleep?" "Did you sleep well?" he added.

Aaliyah said " Yes, I did!" "Khair Mubarak dad!"

Aaliyah's dad gave her 50 dollars for eidi and Aaliyah was filled with joy and very thankful. She thought of what she could do with the money and decided to make her final decision during the day.

"Aaliyah, get ready your clothes are on your bed!" Aaliyah's mom called. "You don't want to be late!"

Aaliyah rushed up the stairs and started putting on her beautiful, yellow dress, along with a pink scarf on her neck. Soon, her mom made her hair into an elegant french braid.

Aaliyah looked very pretty.

An hour later, Aaliyah's family went to an Eid haul and everyone there started praying. You could hear everyone giving mubarak to each other as people were arriving. Lots of Aaliyah's cousins, aunts and uncles were there. As all the kids were getting eidi, people taking photos, and the men giving mubarak to each other, Aaliyah still had no idea of what to do with her money. She sat down for about 15 minutes thinking of a way for her to spend her money on something that has a good purpose.

"What's wrong?" said her cousin, Rabaya. "Is your eid not going well?"

"No, not that," Aaliyah replied. "I just wish I knew what to do with my eidi." "I want to do something special for someone else."

Then at the corner of Rabaya's eye she saw a shiny red box with writing on it. She could not understand what it said since it was written in another language.

Rabaya asked, "What is that shiny red box for Aaliyah," "Why are people putting money into it?"

Aaliyah ran to the red box next to where her mom was sitting and tapped her mom on the shoulder.

"Yes Aaliyah," "Do you need something?" her mom said, with confusion.

"Actually, yes I have a question," "What is this red box for?" she asked, pointing to the table next to her.

Aaliyah's mom explained to her that it was for donation and all the money would go to the people who need it. Aaliyah's mom gave her permission to donate if she wanted to. With a smile on her face, Aaliyah dropped her 50 dollars into the shiny, red box. Her eid was officially filled with joy!

THE END



LISTEN TO THE LOCALS

BY RYTH LEBRON

Dedicated to my brother, Nico, for giving me courage, and to my mother, Carolina, who I love dearly with my whole heart.

"Never wander too deep into the woods," the locals warn tourists, "if you want to stay safe."

You had always been the village rebel, doing everything they told you not to do. Paint on the walls? Yeah! Go into forbidden rooms and hallways? Of course! Go into the woods?

Definitely.

You finally turned 16, so you finally had the freedom to go wherever you wanted without any supervision. Still, your parents were wary of your surroundings at all times. After all, you made their hair turn white in their early 40's!

A few nights after your birthday, you wait until the streets still aren't coated in inches of snow. You arrange your little sibling's stuffed animals under your blankets to make it look like you're sleeping before taking off the screen on your window and placing it gently on the roof.

"Come on!" Your friend whisper-shouts from below you. They brought a ladder so you could jump from the roof of your parent's room without breaking your legs. After using the metal contraption, you fold it up and hide it in some bushes.

You and your friend tiptoe past your back porch and into the forest. It has small trees at the entrance and you can see they thicken and grow taller the deeper you go into the forest. You hear a loud growl from the middle and grin to yourself.

"Hey, it might just be some locals playing recordings of a lion growling and putting it on speakers, 'kay?" You comfort your friend. Their legs are trembling and they stand frozen in place.

"What if it's a dragon? Or a giant deer?" They whisper, terrified to the bone.

"I'll make sure nothing happens to you. As long as you stay close to me, you'll be fine." Your assuring words calm them down and they straighten their back and march into the forest.

The only thing wrong is that you

have no clue what could be making those noises in the forest.

You follow your friend and take their hand to keep them close to you. After all, they're the only person that could tolerate you for this long.

The trees get taller, thicker, and start twisting in impossible ways when you keep walking deeper and deeper.

"Are you sure we should be doing this?"

You scoff. "Yes, now quit being scared. There's nothing dangerous here." You gesture to the snow-covered ground and trees.

You freeze.

There are giant paw prints in the snow, leading away from you. The snow around the edges is still moving, so you can tell that it wasn't far away from you before it made those tracks.

"AHHHHHHH!" you hear your friend scream and you spin around. You gasp in horror at the sight of their entire body in a giant creature's mouth. You see small blood drops pooling at their shirt and many dripping onto the snow. You shiver despite all the layers you wore.

Gulp.

No more screaming, no more sounds of struggling, just silence.

Dead silence. This is when you realize; you're all alone now.

The lion-like creature licks its lips and turns to you. It stares at you, and time stops. All you can think of is how you're going to die, and that this was all a giant mistake.

Your legs get ready to bolt, and you thank them for that. You run into the forest that looks the shortest and thinnest. The creature bounds towards you while roaring dramatically.

Tears sting in your eyes as you run for your life.

Stupid, stupid, stupid! You think to yourself. Why did you bring them? They just died because of your

STUPID decisions!

You try to maneuver yourself way back to the edge of the forest to escape this fool human-eating creature.

"HELP! HEEEEELP!" you scream, trying to reach someone. You know it won't do anything, because you made sure everyone was sleeping after putting a small sleeping draught into the town water pitcher before you came here.

You trip on a giant tree root hidden by the snow and land face first. Your face starts to sting from the impact and your breath comes in ragged, short intervals. There's snow in your mouth and up your nose, disorienting you a little bit.

Another growl. You scramble to get up and you see a small yellow light in the distance.

I guess it's a good thing your parents have a motion-detected back-light in case you snuck out.

You run to it (making sure to glance down at the ground occasionally to not trip again) and start yelling at your parents to wake up.

Fortunately, they're light sleepers.

Unfortunately, it is because of this fact that you gave them extra draught.

You start to see the shape of your house and fewer growls from the creature. The forest finally stops holding you back and you burst into the open air.

You reach the door handle and latch on, not noticing the large shadow growing behind you.

Come on, come on, come on!

You try to remember the combination for the door until you give up and turn around to go through the front door.

Large red eyes meet yours and a feline grin nears your head...

You close your eyes.

And let out your last breath.

A CAT WAITING TO BE ADOPTED

BY CAILYN PUN

I am a cat waiting to be adopted. Day by day I pray to be selected. As the years fly by, One by one, I say goodbye, To all those who are familiar. I curl up, whimper, and wonder. "Don't you worry, we'll be free." My friend Blossom told me.

I was about to reply, That the opening of our rusty cage was way too high.

But then swoosh, I heard the glass door opening.

An old hunched woman had stepped in and was saying,

"Ever since my husband had passed away,

I've always longed for some company while I ride my sleigh."

She turned her wobbly wheelchair around,

And my heart began to pound.

I looked at her with large round eyes, Trying my best not to be shy.

After a thousand years, she finally spoke.

"Hello, little kitty." She croaked.

"Your beautiful big blue eyes

Remind me of my husband's favourite tie.

I am going to name you Holly, my sweetie,

After my favourite evergreen tree."

Suddenly all those years of bore Didn't matter to me anymore.

All I want is for the woman and me to walk out the door,

The way my sister did years before.

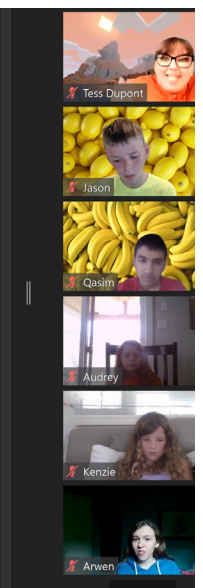
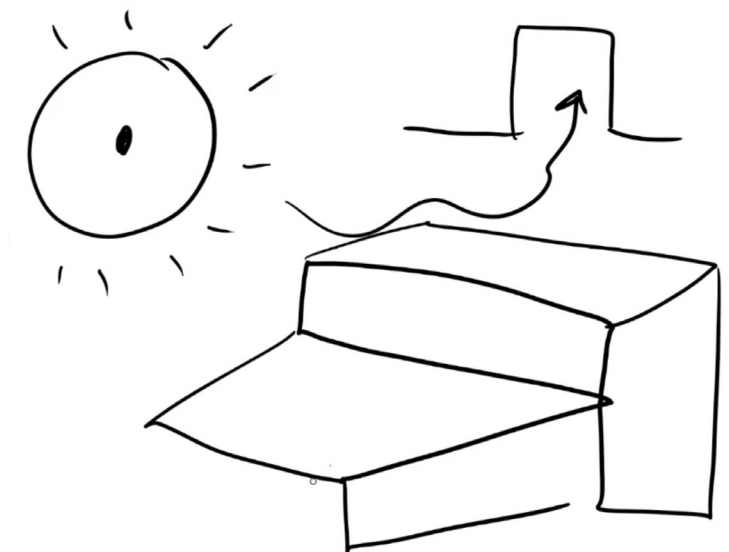
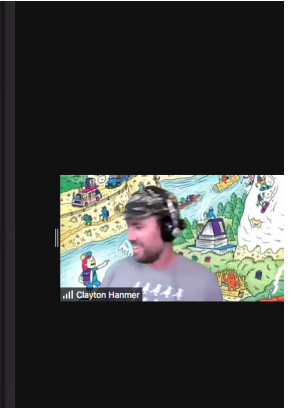
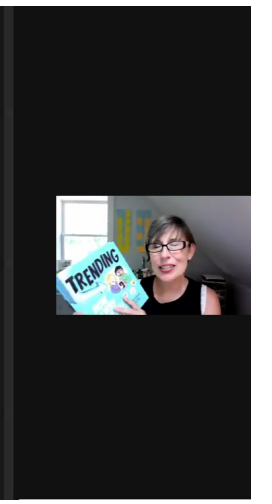
But then the woman scooped Blossom and headed out the doorway.

All the dreams I foresaw crumpled away.

That night I lay wide awake and weeping,

While my companions were sleeping.

I am a cat waiting to be adopted.



DESCRIPTIVE WRITING

BY TAYLOR IRWIN

The teacher looked tired.

It looked like the teacher was up for days, She spoke as soft as a cat, she could barely walk

The sunset looked nice

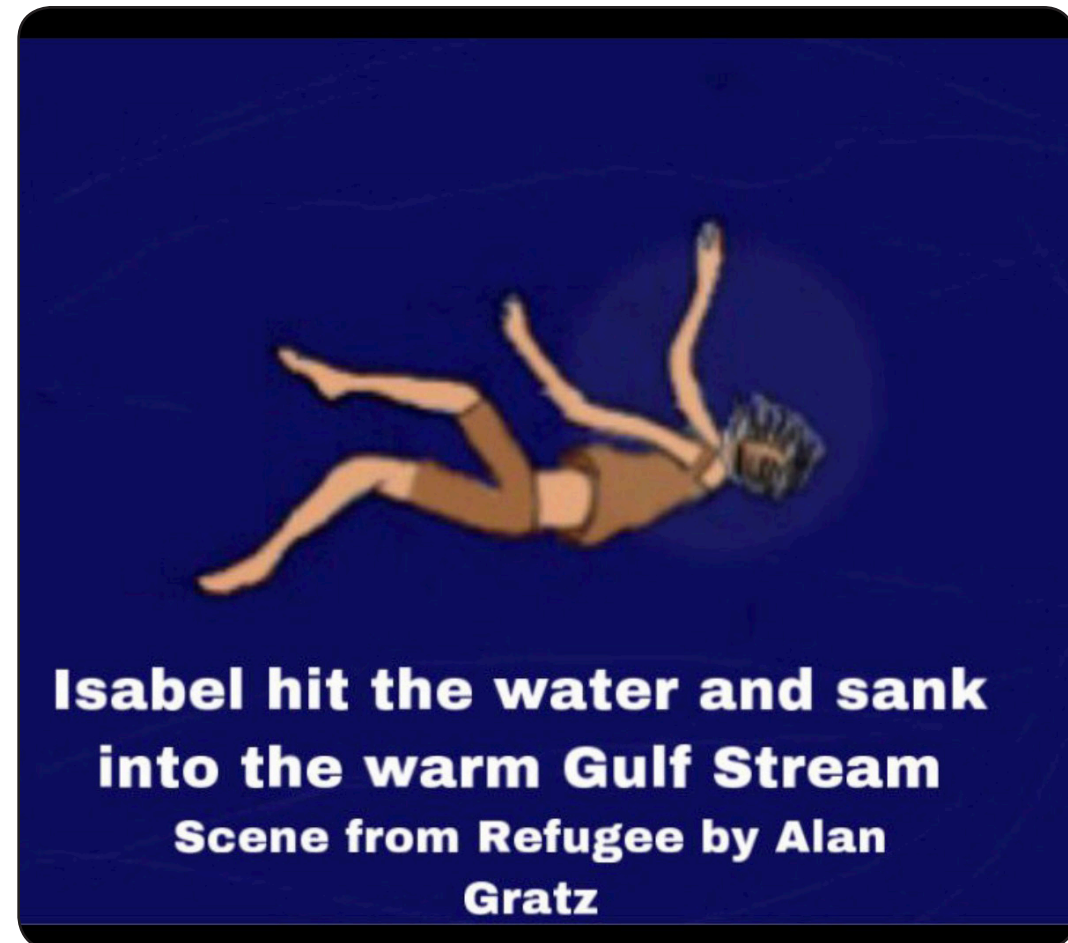
The sunset looked as soft as pastel colours, it was as beautiful as a baby deer, It was as amazing as winning a race

Something was hiding behind the door

I was as alone as a rabbit, I'm in an old house, I could hear footsteps, The door creaked open, it was as loud as a scream, I had no weapons as vulnerable as a baby fox, Something was there.

The dog was soft.

The dog was as soft as a cloud, as beautiful as a puppy, as sweet as candy.



BY SIDRA MALIK

I created a digital picture of a scene from the book Refugee by my favourite author Alan Gratz

EXCERPT FROM “IT COMES FROM DOWN INSIDE”(PROLOGUE)

BY EMMA MACDONALD-MUHLBOCK

“We’re not young enough to be doing this, huh?” Charlie said quietly.

I tried to give him a sign - a nod, a weak smile, something - that would force me to accept what he was saying. But I just couldn’t make it happen. I inhaled slowly, and then lost control of myself and my breath went out as a heavy rain of sobs. Sharp, weighty breaths, and gallons of tears were all Charlie was going to get out of me.

He was sitting on the stone ledge. I could tell he was trying to smile softly into the distance to reassure

us both that none of this really mattered, but he broke down, too, and had to bite his lower lip to keep from bawling. Charlie does not cry quietly by the way, even though he does everything else like that. He stepped down off the wall and walked towards me; this sad look he was wearing seemed almost at home on his face.

At times like this, I never feel just right unless all seven of us are there, crying on each other’s shoulders like dolts who’ve each had our hopes and dreams crushed a million times over. But it wasn’t like I could go back in

time now. I couldn’t change things. I wanted to. But of course, the universe had decided right about then that I’d had enough fun with that little loophole.

I sunk into Charlie’s arms and we stood there for a while. Not a long time, but a while. Eventually though, I stepped away and remembered I’d only been hugging empty air.

WINTER’S SONG

BY CAILYN PUN

A
Blanket
Of soft snow
Covers the town.
Silent flakes dance as
They drift down to the ground.
A cool wind blows, causing the
Blanket to wrinkle. Another
Gust makes some pine needles sprinkle. Lights from
Cozy homes ornament the chilly night.



KAYAKING SHORT STORY

BY BRAYDEN IRWIN

My kayak swerved as I struggled to dodge the rocks. The water was raging to the point where the water wasn't the calm blue it was just white. I guess that's why they call it white water rafting. All I could hear was the raging water slamming onto rocks and onto my kayak. I couldn't smell anything because so much water had gone up my nose over time. My head jolted as I went down the river. Another kayaker passed me as fast as the water around us. I got a bit competitive so I tried to paddle faster. Left, right, left, right. I saw a shortcut between two sharp rocks. It was narrow but it might just work. As I get closer the fear slowly starts to set in.

"Stupid, stupid, Stupid!" I yelled at

myself. I passed in between the two sharp rocks. My adrenaline was pumping faster than a cheetah could run. Bubbles shot up the walls. My kayak bumped the rocks that made it a sort of lane. My legs were numb because of the incredibly cold water that spilled into my kayak. I ducked as a branch swung into my face. Because of that distraction i hit a boulder in the middle of the path, It jolted me back into focus.

"Ow." I muttered to myself. I aimed my kayak to the left and got back onto the path.

Shortly, I was back on the regular path but this time ahead of the person that passed me. They narrowed their eyes at me as if to say, hey! It's only cool when I do it. It's a

competition now. I turned back to the path as the water got rougher. The water shot me faster. I paddled as hard as I could, Dodging rocks at the same time. At this point the other kayaker was catching up. I looked back and saw the red flag which the instructor told us to land by meaning this was the end of the kayaking trip/ race thing. The water after the red flag was more calm. My competitor was right beside me at this point. I quickly turned to the red flag and paddle as fast as I could. Harder than ever, using the rough water to my advantage. One final boost with the water and then- Yes! I made it! I won! I quickly went to the shore and got out, Where I got back into my regular clothes, packed up and left.

FAIRIES FORBIDDEN LOVE

BY MATILDA G

"I love you," I say and pulling him in for a kiss. "I love you too!" he says and kisses me! This time it is a big kiss. A kiss of passion and love. I slowly brought my hand up to sit on his hair. He moved his hands to go

on my hips. My mind is gone but I just need to keep flying. The kiss is still going! His lips feel good on mine and it makes me want more. He started to kiss my neck. Going on my collarbone then back to my lips. I

love this. He is so romantic and hot. We slowly pull away. "I love you, Cassie!" Oto says smirking. "I love you too Oto!" I say blushing.



ODE TO A LION'S HEART

BY EMMA MACDONALD-MUHLBOCK

To beat the best
You have to ask
Which kings you must
In turn, surpass

To give it all
For one lone shot
On fleeting wings,
This chance he wrought

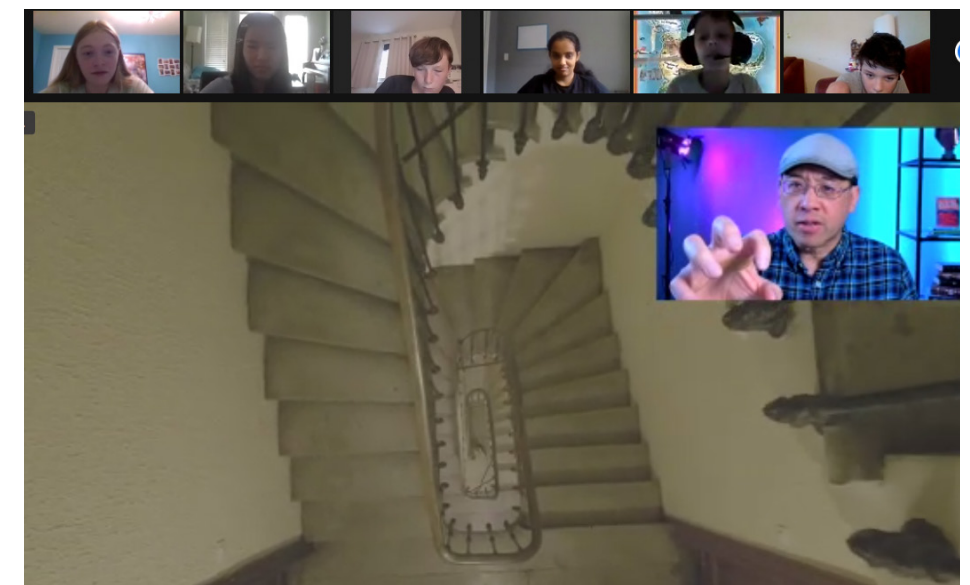
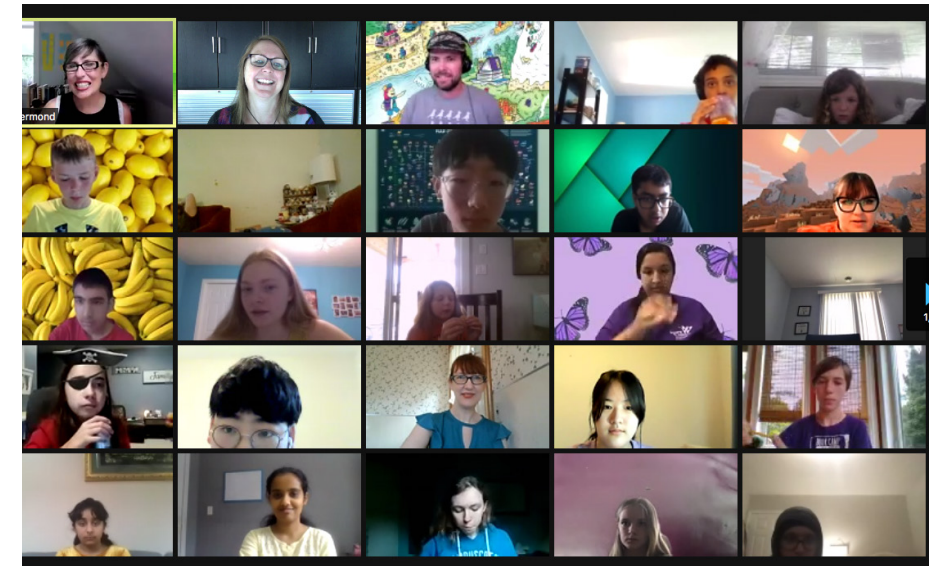
Not everyone will fight to win
And rather watch them all than claim
Honour and passion, all the worth-
By far is already his name

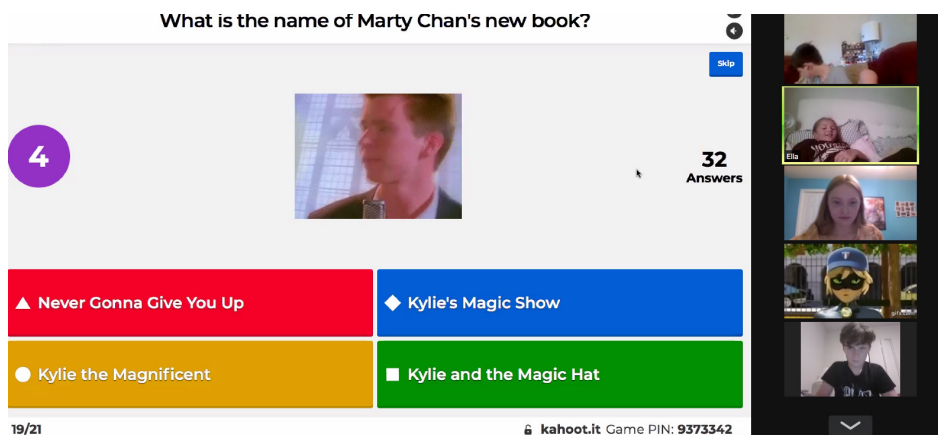
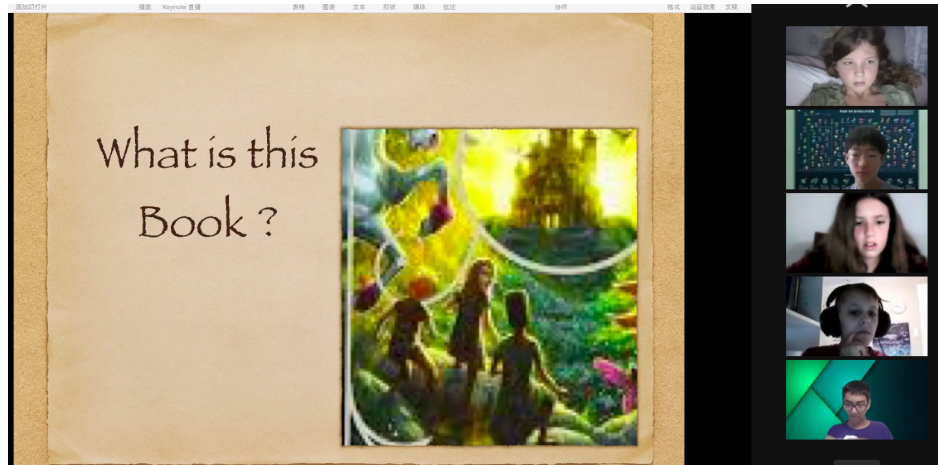
To icy waters
Fools will slip
Encased in all
Green serpent's grip

We face each other
Kingdom-bound
Concealing from them
This I've found

Until the final
Castles' clash

Your strike echoes
Its owner's ash





AUTHOR QUOTES

"Books are a uniquely portable magic"
-Stephen King

"Remember: Plot is no more than footprints left in the snow after your characters have run by on their way to incredible destinations."
-Ray Bradbury

"You can make anything by writing"
-C.S. Lewis

"Sometimes if there's a book you really want to read, you have to write it yourself."
-Ann Patchett

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