

All Teen Entries

A feathers Memory

It was probably too good a party seeing as I don't remember leaving. I can't even remember how I got home or why there were yellow feathers everywhere. I later overheard a man speaking of how a giant yellow chicken "highway surfed" a bus back from a wild party down the block, he claimed it unsafe. I thought nothing of the claim as I hid the clump of yellow feathers in my pocket. I guess I caught the bus home.

Zakery Forsyth

A glass bowl is a prison cell. A small organism is confined to only a dozen centimetres or less. Every day on the hour flakes of tasteless food float on the water's surface. Blurred echoes of voices are heard as people beam their eyes at the new house pet. Several rocks shield and camouflage the creature. Fingerprints are smeared on the glass from the impatient people. The fish hides in the shadows, avoiding the world beyond its watery cage.

Catherine Chinn

A homeless person living on the street was trying and trying to get money. I watched as he kept going to people wishing that someone would give him money for food or clean clothes. I kept watching till it got dark and he moved along probably going to find somewhere to sleep. I kept watching but I still did nothing. Does that make me a bad person?

Lauryn Mackenzie

A Journey through lost time

A journey through lost time, in a place where no one can find, a place that only I can wander, I am constantly trapped in a place where I cannot be saved. Where the walls are dark and it's a never ending maze that I cannot escape. I run in circles to realize there is no way out, somewhere nobody should be trapped, trapped in my mind.

Blake Fawkes

A shiver of weakness, of truth, and of cold, I began to lose hope. Struck by the intense surrealism of my situation, it wouldn't be long before I would be reduced to no more than a critter; feedings off those above me. I would rather die than to have my humanity stamped out like the rogue fire ablaze in my heart. Timidly gazing up at the foreboding chimneys, it won't be long before that fire in my heart dwindles out.

Mark Hamilton

A strong crashing noise thundered through my ears. Was it part of my dream? I felt a trickling stream of blood ooze down my forearm, a jagged shard of glass embedded in my skin. I jolted upright, noticing the shattered window beside my bed, a small boulder laying still on the floor. Unfamiliar voices. I grabbed my phone, ready to call 911.

Emily White

Alas, the beast isn't imaginary nor simply manifesting itself within us, it is us. Our eager desire for power has corrupted our humble beginnings. All along, we were oblivious to our changes; society extirpated like unwanted root, names forgotten. We are losing humanity and turning into mammals. Now out of breath, the topic mustn't have any more pondering. The others must be made aware afore their time has expired.

Mark Hamilton

Another Universe

The craft flew through space at warp speed, its destination: Jupiter. Alien experiments had resulted in an army of cyborgs that were hell bent on destroying the Earth. Mankind's salvation lay in the hands of Captain Jack. Time was running out. He ordered his crew to arm themselves. An urgent voice came from below decks. "Jack, your pancakes are ready!" Jack dropped the mini lego spaceship, and ran for breakfast.

Desiree Young

Apocalypse

Ever since the apocalypse began, life has been difficult. It's all because of them. They hunt us down just to kill us. Sure, we've taken many of them down, but it's nothing compared to what they do to us. They're smarter, faster, and deadlier. It's hard to understand how we even had an advantage to begin with. Surviving is the only goal.

After all, it's hard to be one of the walking dead.

Justin Johansen

Arachnophobia

Raindrops hit the charcoal cement like spiders. They twist and spin in the air consuming the sky. Exploding on contact, covering the floor, sweeping away the toasted caramel covered leaves. Crawling their way into your shoes and under your sleeves. Fall tortures with endless downpours, trapping you under its web. Tricking you with new beginnings when everything's ending. The leaves fall and the spiders come.

Helen Fitzgerald

As I closed my eyes, my inner subconscious took over. Sight was non-existent, stripped of my senses, trying to find my place. Heartbeat, breath, I could feel it, feel my entire body working together to maintain on thing. The unity and diversity, entranced, gravity no longer holds me by its chains. I was spinning, flipping, and not dizzy but intrigued. Yes. The flow of the universe, captivating, but I had to wake up.

Justin Coombs

Best friend

I have known my best friend ever since I was born. She was always there for me. She was my guardian. I always felt that we shared something special. It was heartbreaking when I came home one day and she was not there. I looked all over for her. It was then that I realized that she had left us. She had passed away. I will always miss you Ashley, You were the best dog ever.

Lynn McQuarrie

Best of Me

You never know just how much you truly love something until it's ripped from your life. My best friend was always there for me, would play with me every day, and listen to me when I cried. He was always happy to see me, as I was to see him. The day he left was the most painful of all. The day his tail ceased to wag, I lost the best part of me.

Katelyn Bevans

Bombs booming. Debris darting. Sounds of crying and explosions fill my ears with sorrow. I see my neighbors, family, friends stumbling out of the rubble, trying to escape this war torn society. It was all about a battle for religion, and we were losing. How sad it is that our lives of current poverty are crushed and demolished at its base. Burning light blinds me, things go silent, dark. Religion matters no more.

Curt Kondra

Broken Pencil

Test almost finished. One minute left. But what's this? My pencil has fallen and rolled to the side. Excuse me sir, but would you be ever so kind as to passing me that pencil? No! How rude! Would moving your hand be ever a pain? Would helping your fellow man be a crime! Well there we go that wasn't so hard. Although, I would have enjoyed it much more in one piece.

David Nadalini

Clouds are strange. Clouds come and go with the wind but never stay in the same place forever. They can change color from grey to transparent white. We take for granted what clouds can give us. They give us water for the plants and animals, shade from the burning sun. Without the lightning that came from a cloud and hit Ben Franklin we would not have power. Clouds are weird. They are everywhere but still are nothing at all.

Lauryn Mackenzie

“CRASH!” “BANG!” Thunder and lightning roared across the foggy sky as waves washed onto the deck of my ship. A violent tremor shook the plastic hull of the timeworn vessel, and before anything could be done the bow was almost entirely engulfed by waves of the strangely warm water. In the distance, across the dreary sea of steam a woman’s voice could be heard. It was my mother’s voice. “Time to get out of the bath!”

Anonymous

Crunch shuff crunch... All the colours. The crisp air. I walk a long, wide path full of fallen autumn leaves, and with every step I feel so enlightened and fresh. Scarf around my neck. Boots on my feet. There’s a squirrel to my left scurrying up a thick fir tree trunk. Cold hands. Red nose. *Crunch shuff crunch...*

Rachel Peckford

Deadly Shadows

Ally started to breath heavily, looking down she noticed a dark figure. She swam for her life, she still had to swim a bit to shore, arm over the head into the water, retract and repeat. Legs cutting water like a knife. 'Almost there. Don't look back.' Finally, meeting the rock, she climbed as fast as her strength would allow, turning to see her chaser she then realized, she was swimming from her own shadow.

Briannon Hebert

Differently Damaged

Mr. Twamley ambled into the room with a brace around his neck. A gawk to the right, a look to the left, how did this injury come about? Murmurs of questions filled the air. "Stop!" he shouted, "Think as you wish, ask how you'd like. I. Hate. Leapfrog." Laughter nor silence made sound, it was the beating of his still young heart that made rhythm for round two. One by one, the children made their way outside.

Sydney Hanson

Facts about E

"E" Is the most commonly used letter in all of the English language. Why is "E" the most commonly used letter you ask? Well around of the 1,025,109 words in English, 12.5% of them contain the letter "E" Another reason for it being the most common is because it's a vowel so it has to be frequently used. Electrotelethermometer has a lot of e's in it, a total of seven. Z is the least frequently used letter.

Josh Redekopp

Falls Mess.

The wind was howling last night. The leaves were swirling around like little colourful tornadoes. This morning when I woke and peered out my window, the red, brown and yellow leaves had completely covered the neighborhood. It looked like a Picasso painting in all its beauty. No sooner had they fallen when the wind began to pick up again taking them to places unknown.

Taylor Morcan

Feeling Free

Gazing at the slow fading sunlight behind the clouds, the young teenager pranced upon the fluorescent dandelion field. Her hair would wave back and forth against the mild and ponderous wind. She gently leans on a fence with her legs resting along the damp lawn. She comes across a vivid lake and sees vibrant sea creatures swimming steadily away from shore. But the pinnacle of the mountains had eased her sullen vibes.

Taku-Samuel Ball

Five owls sat on a branch, waiting for the perfect moment to play their devilish prank on some unsuspecting humans. Who knew what mischievous tricks they were planning? Anyone who stopped to watch these owls swooping down on a group of grade five boys would see the glint in their eyes as talons hooked on to hats. The parliament of owls with the hats in their grasp circled higher and higher into the air, above the boys who were looking up in shock. They released the hats, which spun down, down, down into the boys' waiting arms. Seemingly satisfied, the owls flew away, towards the vast expanse of tree line in the distance.

Erinn Hobson

Goodbye

I remember the day they dropped. Scorching earth, turning children to ash. I was ten. I used to run free before the hellfire came. Now I live in this vault, my lead prison. At night I see my parents and their fleshless faces, begging I join them. After so long, I cannot do this anymore. Drawing my gun I placed it against my temple. "Goodbye," I whispered, a tear running down my cheek, and pulled the rusted trigger.

Kelly Bleaney

"Goodnight mommy get some rest, xoxo." Reads the last message I sent her. She is now resting in a more comfortable place than a hospital bed. Battling cancer for four years, my mother was the strongest woman that I had known, and the strongest I will ever meet. I am sixteen now, and I still remember everything that she taught me; I will never forget it. I hope you are getting some rest up there, xoxo.

Cheyenne Adrian

Graduation

"We made it." three words every grade twelve student finds great relief in hearing, and knowing. It lingers in each graduates head, and ring out like church bells on a Sunday morning. The world-renown phrase shows the end of a generation and kick-starts a new chapter in each graduates' lives, as they begin a brand new journey in this big, scary world. As they step out into adulthood, a new birth of the working class.

Nicole Shigeoka

He stumbled through the mist of poisonous stench, drunkenly tripping over fallen bodies. The sound of gunshots and screams of agony filled his ears. The green fog emerged. He hurled and regurgitated the last of his stomach's content. He gasped for breath and rolled on his back revealing his wounded face and fresh boils and finally took a last breathe.

His wife is makes surprise dinner for his 'arrival'.

Tanya Mapisa

His wings helped to propel him to the surface of the water. He was new to being a fish. He used to fly high and touch the luminescent clouds with the tips of his wings. Then one day, he fell. Tumbling down towards the circle of darkness growing bigger and bigger the longer he fell. He just couldn't pull his wings up. The wind was too strong and the pressure too great. When he hit the water, he thought he was dead. He noticed the light above him. He tried to flap his wings like he was flying, and that's when he realized that he could swim.

Erinn Hobson

"I made a time machine!" Linus proclaimed. He sold so many time machines he made thousands over night! He jumped from city to city advertising "All it takes is a AA battery!" at eighteen, Linus became a millionaire! he was shot one night, the gunmen wanted his money, while on his death bed he revealed "I have been selling clocks, look at a clock and wait an hour, then you will be in the future of an hour ago."

Darrian Gaudet

I rapidly flipped through the book in search to find the page that I had been looking for, for a while. Suddenly I felt the thick piece of paper slice threw to fine top layer of the skin on my finger. As I inspected the delicate cut a slight droplet of blood hit the paper. My eyes following then gazing over to the page number, this was the page I had been looking for.

Karrah Mckone

I stand apart from the rest. I stand as the last line of defense. I am a dream wrecker and a moment killer. I defend my like it's my home and nothing comes in uninvited. Every save I make fuels the next. Om only satisfied after I stop everything. My job is to go out on the ice and repeatedly get in the way of a frozen hard rubber disc that moves faster than anything you directly interact with on daily basis. People call me crazy and ask why? All I have to say is I AM A GOALIE AND I LOVE IT

Paloma Houle

I strum a chord, listening closely to the soft hum of the tone. safety in the sound, a warm, homely calming feeling fills my brain, and a sense of complete and utter happiness explodes in me like a strong fist to my stomach. This is where I am my own person. I strum another chord, I am myself when I'm with my guitar.

Rachel Peckford

I'd Rather

Death is highly painful, but I'd rather die slowly to know what my fate was. Life on the battlefield is

cruel with red blood oozing all over, lungs filling up with foul water, and bullets cracking the skull. There are so many noises to focus on and everything goes black. Who used to be comrades now turn rogue and literally stab me in the back. Thankfully my progress is saved and have multiple lives to spare.

Sherry Smith

In the dark I awake in a small cage. I barked to let my ruler know I'm hungry. He feeds me the same boring food. I spend all day in the yard. I was sitting in the shade when as I look over I see a squirrel! I play cat and mouse with the animal. The squirrel rushes to the No Land. I've been to the No Land before but my ruler said NO a lot to me. I go inside and at 3 o'clock and fall asleep. Life as a dog is the best.

Lauryn Mackenzie

Intense

The boy. Standing with his hair slicked back, hand in leather jacket reaching for the last single cigarette. Flick, the lighter is in flames. He is so smooth in his way it feels like slow motion. He looks over to a group of young girls, giggling at him like his eyes told a hysterical joke. His head slowly turned, my heart started to race. He looked at me, and his eyes said one single word. Intense.

Fairah Peterson

Internal Struggle

“Skinny girls don’t eat cake”, Kate’s words echoed in my head as I watched my mother’s knife pierce through the frosting covered slab of guilt. Each slice transferred onto a piece of my grandmother’s fine china. “Here you go sweetie” she said, handing me one of the fat laden plates, a smile decorated her face. “No thank you, I’m still full from dinner” I said politely as I could, and excused myself from the table.

Cloe Rowell

Invisible

It is as if I am there but I am not there. As if I leave my body and watch the scene unravel from above. Sometimes I feel invisible. And sometimes I feel like no one knows I am there. But that is how I like it. I do not like drawing attention to myself. But sometimes I wish that I had the confidence to include myself. I hope that one day that I will be brave enough.

Lynn McQuarrie

Isolation

My mind is telling me to open my eyes but my body is telling me different; I’m weak. I hear my Brother Kyle’s faint voice at the back of my mind, calling my name “Davin”. The voice sounds calming until his voice turns into a screech. My eyes pierce open. I feel blood tickle down my face as I sit up, and all I see is black from the dingy setting around me. My heart feels cold, I am one of them now.

Carla Carta

Lies

This life is a lie. There is no humanity, no order, no purpose. This life is not real. Chaos rules. No one understands. We are no real. We do not exist. We are nothing. Ruled by a strange race, our lives already planned. We make no choices. We are controlled. But, some of us realize this now. We want change. This life will one day be true. We will soon choose our own paths. Soon we will live for the first time.

Sandra Stapleton

Life

Is the moon afraid to shine? Are angels afraid to love? Why are we so complicated? And why is it so hard to love? Humanity is complicated, love is confusing. Human nature is a part of life. We are all living. We ask questions all the time, like can trees hear us cry? But the only answers we can come up with are always: why?

Sandra Stapleton

Lighthouse

Your smile was the way an anchor keeps a ship steady and safe in the seas of everyday.

For I have no fear of depth but a great fear of sinking and your smile was a lighthouse that could always guide me home.

Chloe Walford

Magdalene

It has been twelve years, four months and nine days since Mags passed away. But today, today I can feel her. In the air, all around me. My bones creak and crumble as I settle into Mags' old chair. I close my eyes. My breath soon becomes shallower, my heart's ever-present beat growing slower, slower. And as I look to the ceiling and all becomes white, I hear her voice, my Magdalene, "Welcome home."

Arianna Shannon-Oliver

My cousins essay

My cousin was writing his essay for his English teacher. He spent hours writing this. It had to be 1500 words to 5000 words. Just before he finished his computer shut off and he started crying. He told me that it was the last day you could work on the essay. From that day forward he has always saved his work often. Whenever I'm writing something I don't just save I double save to make sure the computer saved my work.

Josh Redekopp

My hands fumbled as I tied my tie. I felt a bead of sweat run down the side of my face a drop from my chin to the wooden floors. I looked at myself in the mirror and rehearsed what I was about to say in front of a big crowd. I checked my watch. Three minutes until the most special event in my life begins. I quickly ran through my lines then my friend walks in. "Ready?" I nodded and stood at the alter waiting.'

Melinda Boyd

My Kingdom Come

I thought I was fit for a king. The people, they loved me. I did what I thought was best for whoever came to me with an issue. I couldn't say "no". I would get preposterous requests, but I did them, I had to. For years, I had citizens executed for reasons unbeknownst to myself. The power felt good. Now, accused of extreme corruption, I stood upon the gallows draped with a large noose. I thought I was fit for a king.

Kenneth Gassen

Never Ending Darkness

I remember a world, a world of peace, and a world of happiness. Now it is just black. Darkness covered every inch of the world. Tints of red stained the ground, as I crawled through the thick mud that was swallowing my body. Often I would hear gun shots that sent shivers down my spine, it was the only way I knew I was still alive. I was surrounded by the bodies of my brothers, this was war, a never ending darkness.

Carolyn Smith

On Silver Wings

The gentle breeze flowed through the glowing wood. A mighty monster tread the sky. All at once a squall shot the wind into a swirl. The precious gem flew in the roaring gale. Panicking in a dreary bramble the tiny critter shrieked. Deathly black the gem awoke in the darkest crack. Shivers grew and night brew. The little bat on silver wings than flew in dark trying to catch every little bit of night.

Evander Foss

One Cold Winter Morning

One morning Peter slept in past his alarm. He peaked out of one eye then with a burst of energy shot out of bed from the horror of the time on his iPhone 3gs. Peter ran for the big yellow bus like a groundhog on groundhogs day. With one sprint from Peter's cheetah like legs he came inches from the Thomas built behemoth wagon of a bus. All of a sudden his titanium ankle blew into smithereens like a dodge ball joint.

Devin Kenmuir

Over there what it that? I leaped out of my chair, starting to sprint toward the deep unforgiving ocean. Five agonizingly long seconds later this gigantic ugly looking thing washed up onto the golden shore. What is it? Where did it come from? How do we get rid of it? The sun danced off the ocean, with a lightning flash the unnerving creature just dropped off the face of the earth.

Parker MacLean

Record Breaking

I wake up knowing what I have to do. I got to beat my record of 25 pushups or I will never lose weight. I do a quick stretch and start counting 1...2...3. Sweat starts dripping from my face as I make it to the double digits. I'm over halfway now 17...18...19. I reach 20 and continue further to feel the taste of success. I finally reach 25 and continue going on, "Oh wait". I say, I realized I was on my knees the entire time.

Josh Redekopp

Reflection

I stand there happy and healthy. She sits there sad and alone. We are the same age but she looks much older and tired. She begs for money. All I can think about is how similar we are in age yet we have lived such different lives. I am sick with sadness and guilt. I give her some money, thinking this world is unfair! I see myself in her like looking in a mirror. In a different world this could be her staring at me.

Ciara Maguire

Regret

You regret nothing you do in life; what you will regret is not doing it. As the memory replays and replays on and replays itself some more. We live in an ephemeral loop, so why not make every moment count? Every day last, every tomorrow a beginning. We are very acumen to the darkness but subjective to the light. Live likes it's your last breath, love like you don't care that you could be lonely any minute. Because life isn't a regret, but a gift.

Emily Bolton

Revenge

The childless mother knew they were coming. Crawling from their cozy tombs. Coming for their maker, their mother, their murderer, after all she had done. "This time mother won't survive." "We will drag her body till she's dead." Finally it's time to avenge, to plan our bloody revenge. "Pitter, Patter... Pitter,

Patter..." The mother knew they had arrived. She did not fight this time. The mother accepted her fate.

Sandra Stapleton

Reverse Psychology

When I was little, I played in my yard as my father watched from the porch. "Never grow up," he would say. But it seemed every time he repeated that phrase, time would pass a little faster and I'd get a little older. Now I'm a grown adult, living paycheck to paycheck, dealing with custody battles. I longed to be as worry-free as my son. I saw him playing in the backyard, "Grow up!" I shouted from the window.

Olivia Williams

Roadside Paradise

I often found myself browsing the roadside paradise they called the 'fruit stand'. Revering over the array sunset hued mangoes, the balmy melons and the most ambrosial citrus I ever did taste. My favorites were the kiwifruit and their speckled green flesh.

What overwhelming pleasure I received from indulging in the magnificent arrangements of produce. Those fragrant summers were the most remarkable i've ever had.

Lola Calder Williams

Seasons

The woods creaked with the push of the wind. The leaves spun like ballerinas as they descended from the ancient oaks. The twigs snapped from under the animal lurking nearby. The sun

of all the noises made the forest felt so alive. As fast as it came, the noise seemed to dissipate. The silence became so loud, you could hear the worms slithering from beneath the earth. There was no silence like this one.

Emily Mayenburg

Seized

Where am I? The bag over my head and the cloth between my teeth prevented me from screaming. It was at this moment I knew what had happened, that I failed. I was captured like everyone that had tried before me. My heart raced as the hairs on the back of my neck began to rise. I could feel the eyes of a predator on me. I took one last breath and wished that I hadn't followed the red brick road.

Fiona Devereaux

She

Her eyes wide, truthful and brilliantly blue, she looked up at me. Slowly, she dragged on her cigarette; blood red lipstick staining the filter, her teeth, my clothes. As the silky tendrils of smoke were exhaled she said to me, in a diminutive, mousy tone, "You know you're the only reason I get up in the morning, don't you?"

Arianna Shannon-Oliver

SLUMPS

Justyce is going through a tough time in her life, she is on a huge scoring slump and has not scored a goal in roughly four weeks. It is a terrible tragedy but she needs to learn to keep her head high because slumps do not last forever.

Tyrus Brach

Splendor

The day's first blush was a lilac sky and the aurora radiated through my icy window and filled the entire room. As the dogs howled at the morning sun as if it was coming to destroy them, I knew this was a day to remember. I stepped out the door and onto the carpet of frost, and my mind and body melted into that moment and I became one with everything around me. The glory of that day will never leave my soul.

Lola Calder Williams

Stolen Hearts

Our eyes shifted across the room. Each of us was a predator and the unsuspecting prey. They say the eyes are the window to the soul. I just hope right now they don't read my cards. The calm was upon us right now but from the looks I was getting I knew a storm was brewing. Those green eyes beside me flashed, a smirk appeared. Before I could even react she stole my queen, she stole my heart.

Fiona Devereaux

Success

Finding out I was sick, my family had to continue with their lives. My big sister has a husband and a girl, she would always have a petulant when told I was not to come on their trips, they travel for a living, they are very successful. My big brother talks about our illness to help others to learn they are not alone, he is very successful. My mom and dad started a sewing trade, they are very successful. I was not.

Briannon Hebert

Successful

"420 characters and that is all you have," the teacher announced. I thought doubtingly to myself, 420 characters do not seem large enough to portray an entire story. I thought for days on end thinking of an extraordinary topic to wow the judges, but nothing sparked my interest. Days passed and nothing got written down. Truthfully, I didn't think I would be writing anything down at all. Nevertheless I claim success.

Callie McNeil

Sudden Realization

I stood in the middle of the cracked road. The mysterious events that could have taken place flashed before my eyes. The empty streets made me want to go detective on this town. My curiosity kept growing. As the answers flowed like a river, the fear inside of me became unsettling. This town holds so many secrets. It reminds me of a mind especially mine. The fear became eerie. I realized I was unlocking my own mind.

Anissa Brown

Thank You

It was cold out that night, and I was starving. I sat by the fire, excited for dinner. As I bit into the freshly roasted meat, the first good food I'd had in months, I thanked my brother for this meal.

After all, he didn't need his legs anymore.

Justin Johansen

That summer seemed to last forever, they had carved their names into the maple tree on the hill. Winter had come like the pale moonlight. She looked at the cold, quiet landscape and sighed. Winter had come, and she was as dead as the tree she had carved her name into.

Ocean Coplin

The Break Up

Explaining; how happy I was, how perfect our summer had been. My hands caressed in yours, began to tense. The silence you gave me was deafening. We knew this was coming. It was a constant, keeping myself from loving you but I had done it. I opened my mouth unable to speak. The words slipped unexpectedly from your lips, landing on my chest. Without realizing I had said something I would later regret- "I love you too"

Justyce Fletcher

The Bullet

I lingered outside my best friend's window, I pulled out my empty gun out of my jacket pocket, we have a weird sort of game we play. We take amusement in hunting each other down for fun. I aimed at him, and fired. Though I soon came to the sudden realized that somebody had loaded what had been my now empty gun. I came to the vivid realization that the love of my life was now gone, how could this have happened.

Soleiya Tremblay

The Chase

"Crack!" I look around, fear in my eyes. What made the noise? I snap branches and twigs as I run. I tell myself it was just a falling tree. I feel as if something is following me, but I don't dare look back. I see the clearing and run fast until I am out of the forest. I look back and see nothing but trees. I exhale. The next morning I hear my dad say "Mr. Jones saw a bear chasing some kid in the woods yesterday."

Hannah Pedersen

The Crossing

He was a cold morning, bill had just woken up he realized he had been sleep walking and he had ended up on the across the road from the farm. He started to panic because he had never crossed the road before, and he was always told of the dangerous things the were always on it. He hesitated to step onto the hard asphalt under his feet, as soon as he got on to the road he ran across as fast as he could till he got safely to the other side, then a car drove by and the wind lifted him up off his feet and tumbling into the ditch.

The Day

I boarded the ship, not knowing if I would see him again. My heart ached, but I knew what I had to do. I needed to go.

It all started on that cold December night. Our eyes met. It was like nothing I have ever felt before. It all went so quickly, from the first glance, to the first kiss, each day our love grew stronger. Nothing could separate us; or so I thought. Then it completely changed. The day my heart broke.

Simona Ulrich

The dead leaves looked alive. Vibrant autumn colors littered the forest floor, composing a world of crisp air and crunchy terrain under my feet. Moving at a brisk and lively pace, I progressed along the trail with enthusiasm. An unexpected *crackle* behind me interrupted the serenity of my thoughts. Startled and frightened, I spun around and found myself staring into the greedy and carnivorous eyes of a wild cougar.

Emily White

The Easy Way Out

"Don't Jump!" howled Jason as Greg stood on the edge, thirty feet up. Greg was enervated by the older boys teasing him about his big ears. Looking down he was certain the only way out was to jump. Jason let out a thunderous wail when Greg stepped off the edge. Greg saw his life flash before his

eyes. SMACK. The sound of him hitting the water at the local pool.

Carter Turnbull

The End

My windshield wipers wiped a thousand times per minute. The blurry road took a sharp left, and so did my car. I started to skid towards the cliff with no barriers. My hands gripped on the wheel hard. Ahead, I only saw the heavy rain and bright gleam of headlights in my eyes. Adrenaline kicked in. My heart was beating out of my chest as I felt the car drop off the ninety foot cliff. This was the end, until I woke up.

Chantel Gauthier

The Fall

I felt the icy breeze pierce my skin as I fell through the air. Spiraling uncontrollably I saw the layer of ice where I would soon land, and the snowy peak I had plummeted from. Grasping for the side of the cliff I felt each shred of hope shatter as exhaustion took hold of my hands. Why did I come here? Why did the thrill of climbing have to pull me towards this dangerous lifestyle? Regrets consumed my final thoughts, the ground came closer, and I clutched myself preparing for impact. Everything went white.

Gavin Farrell

The Fight For Survival

The city was unusually quiet, you knew something was up. You knew they were out there, but you didn't know where. Every noise made you jump. It was impossible to avoid them. No one knew

how to defend themselves from their gnarly claws and razor sharp teeth. There was nowhere to hide. They owned the world. Our world became survival.

Calli-Ann Abbott

The Final Goal

I stepped onto the ice. My skates crunched the snowflakes and the cold dry air tingled on my rosy cheeks. I can hear the puck racing towards me on slippery ice it slapped against my stick. The puck moved swiftly back and forth as my stick handled across the blue line. I raised my head and looked towards the goal. There was a defence man I had to beat. I drove wide and raced towards the net. I swung and stuffed the puck top shelf, and scoring. My ears buzzed. The game had been won.

Connor Ford

The Final Piece

There is always that one soul that feels like they have never lived. Ty is that soul. He is a boy living in a world, finding the missing piece. One foggy night he walked home from work. As Ty reached the crosswalk he stared both ways into the misty night. The boy paced along the road and as he slowly proceeded to cross the path there was a loud screech. Ty finally made it to the other side and finished his puzzle.

Sherry Smith

The fire had come to a simmer, as the cold air of November began to sneak inside my layers of wool socks and tethered worn out jackets. A chill ran through my body as my eyes no longer transfixed on the warm embrace of the flames but rather focused on the stale coldness of the sand and ice cold water crashing against the beach. While staring off into the dead of night I spotted an eerie shadow amongst the bushes. I waited silently in anticipation without the stir of a single muscle. After a few moments of intensified silence I worked up the courage to run into my tent and conceal myself in the security of my blankets as I tried to block out everything around me. Although I heard footsteps nearing the tent with each step my heartbeat became louder till it was all I heard. Finally everything came to a halt as the footsteps came to stand at the entrance of my tent and the zipper began creep open. With my heart in throat the eerie shadow spoke and said "Honey, it's time to wake up." Suddenly I arose from my slumber to find myself in the comfort of my bed.

Kaylee Reedel

The Girl with the Broken Matchstick

There was a little girl crouched on the sidewalk, with round blue eyes and luminous cherry-hued locks; cute as a button. Curiously, she was holding a broken matchstick, whimpering pitifully. A man noticed, approached her. Rummaged through his pockets and handed the little girl a bright yellow cigarette lighter. A grin spread across her face, more brilliant than day. She lit herself on fire, right then and there.

Arianna Shannon-Oliver

The Hidden Closest

Mother ushered my little brother and I into the hidden closet as a river of tears streamed down her face. "Don't make even a sound or come out of this closet, no matter what!" She huskily whispered to

me as I held my child brother Philip in my shaking arms. She leans forward and plants kisses on both of our foreheads before she says to me, "Anna, take care of Philip for me?" With that she shuts the door, leaving us in stunned silence while we listening to the screams of our friends and family being slaughtered.

Christine McPhee

The Job of an Astronaut

Through the needle, and up around; that's what they told me. I was to fly through the clouds and straight through the blue till it dimmed to a dark black pearl. To fly straight through the black ocean to find my white pearl. And told to find this pearl and once on I must observe, yet not for long as I may be lost in its gaze; however not by the pearl; But the earth. As an astronaut I must go where no-one dares to go.

Kale Wyse

The Last Fight

on a dry morning, Shallow and erratic, the once mighty stream was nearly depleted. Three resilient children sit upon a log staring down at the once mighty stream where they spent most of their joyful lives. They hide from the post-apocalyptic world arisen from the catastrophic international fight for fresh water. Fighting for survival, the three lonesome children find themselves being the last humans on the planet.

Zevier Brewer

The Monster

The monster is always there. Lurking in the background. The monster strikes when I am least expecting it. I live in constant fear. It stops me from doing things I enjoy. When the monster strikes it grabs me with its big long claws. It puts thoughts in my head, the monster is anxiety.

Lynn McQuarrie

The moon. That's what my grandmother said it was called. A big glowing nightlight with a many small nightlights, called stars, floating with it out in the darkness that back then people called space. I sometimes fantasize about what the sky might have looked like before someone on the outside decided to keep the outdoor light, called the sun, on all the time. I hope they turn the outdoor light off soon, like they used to when my grandmother was a little girl. I would love to see the moon.

Erinn Hobson

The Spectacular Finish

I stepped on the court, my nerves disappeared and my confidence kicked in. My fluent stroke got my team ahead. The close game had both coaches on their toes, screaming to push the ball and get the go ahead points. As the clock hits sixty seconds I receive the pass in the corner and immediately take the shot, nothing but net. The inbound pass was hectic as the clock hit zero, we came out undefeated.

Keegan Gowans

The steam from my tea warms my drowsy face, consoling my puffy eyes, heating my irritated nose. My aching muscles are buried beneath a thick woolen blanket, forehead scorching. My sister appears in the doorway, mild disgust across her face as she observes the sea of used tissues scattered across my lap. Car keys in hand, she says, "Come on, let's go."

Emily White

Threes in Only One Try

One, two, three. People always say "third times the charm" but why not for the first or second try, why is the number three so important? Most people would just say that it is something they just say they do not truly know what all of it is about either. Three seconds, three tries, but only one chance at life. So why all of this is and what is happening, that is the biggest question in the world.

Andrew MacNeil

Too Much

I give so much, I give space, and I give them my time. It's not fair, they take so much from me and I get nothing in return. They walk all over me just to give back things that destroy me. They overuse my resources, not ever giving back enough to replace them. I will never leave them because I know they would be nothing without me. I have no choice but to keep giving until I have nothing left. I am earth.

Keilan Guild

Trick or Treat

I absolutely love Halloween. To be honest, it's probably my favourite time of year- the entire idea of going out at night, and getting free treats, while dressing up as something scary.

I also love the idea how the treats come up to my door without me even having to leave my house. Sometimes, they even come unsupervised at night without their parents protecting them!

Trick or Treat!

Justin Johansen

Two Fingers

Solid ground below me. Clenching my hand against the ridged rock. Toe gripping the thin ledge. Sweat rolls down my face as I leap above me. Grains of rock under my fingernail. I struggle to find the perfect fitting for my foot. Strength running low in my forearm as a dangle from the split earth. Pinkie, now index fall off the slippery stage. Clinging with all I have to offer. Now my entire life lies in my two fingers.

Ali Moore

Where Am I?

Everything is black, I'm so confused. Last thing I remember I was about to crash in my vehicle, it feels so long ago now. Is this what being in a coma is like? My memory is beginning to fade the longer I spend in this darkness. After what seemed like an eternity spent in darkness I see a blinding light. As I gained shade from some apparatus, I opened my eyes long enough to notice a giant in white cloth holding scissors.

Neil Lambert

Winning run on third, I'm on deck, and the pitcher intentionally walks the batter, brining me up to the plate with the game on my shoulders. I swing and miss on the first two pitches, thinking in my head, just put it in play make the defense work. Working the count full, the payoff pitch comes in, thinking I have a walk I throw the bat. Then I hear the ump yell "STRIKE 3, YOUR OUT!" Ending the game with a blown call.

Jayden Saban

Wonders

I spent my whole life wondering, wishing I knew what was really out there, the truth. Every night I would gaze up into the sparkling sky and wonder about the many mysteries of the infinity. I looked at every glowing dot in the sky, knowing that there was something out there, but left to wonder. I know someone out there watches for me. I know that I will find life in this solar system and beyond. One day, I *will* leave Pluto.

Michael Munday

Worst Day Ever

Violet is a young florist. She has her own shop below her home. In a small town, everybody knows everybody and the days are always happy. But not today, one day out of the entire year is the worst. Valentine's Day. Being a florist, Violet has many customers coming in for flowers for their loved ones, all it does is remind her she has no one. Until one year, she meets Justin, and everything changed.

