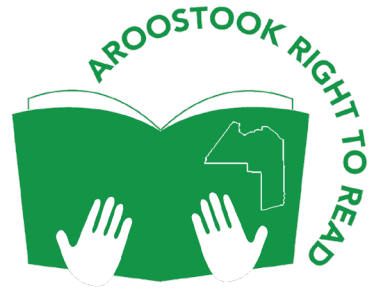




# **Anthology of Young Authors**

*Aroostook Writes To Read*



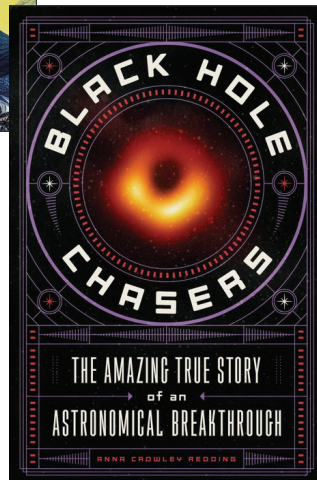
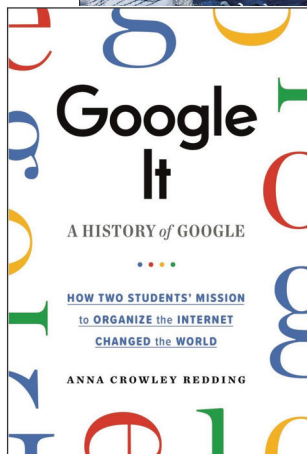
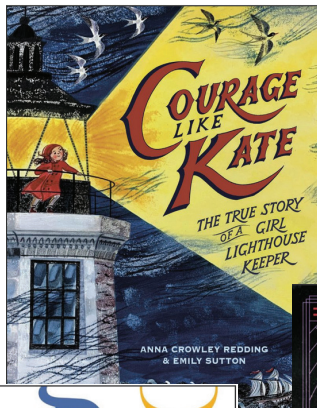


Aroostook Right to Read  
presents the

2024 Young Authors' Conference  
May 10, 2024 at the University of Maine Presque Isle

## Guest Author: Anna Crowley Redding

Anna is an Emmy-award winning investigative journalist turned children's author who lives in southern Maine with her two sons. An avid writer and question asker since elementary school, Anna was meant to be a writer from the start. Her curiosity led her to the newsroom first, but her continued love for history, technology, current events, and super cool science brought her to her newest adventure of writing books for young readers. Some of Anna's books include *Courage Like Kate: The True Story of a Girl Lighthouse Keeper*, *Black Hole Chasers: The Amazing True Story of an Astronomical Breakthrough*, and *Google It: A History of Google*.



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# **Friends and Family**

## **Ice Skating**

I unbuckled myself to open the car door and woosh the car door opened. The cold air hit my face as we got out of the car and walked toward the rink. My mom came inside the skating rink with me. As we stepped inside I saw other people walking in from their cars and people finding seats.

After many minutes I finally got the white sparkly skates after following the wait in the boring line. My mom paid for the white sparkly skates for me. I told my Mom, “I want a snack.”

But she responded, “No! I don’t have the money.” Then I raised my eyebrow at her and made my lip straight for a serious look. I knew better. She bought the snack. Then my mom rented me a blue walker so I could hold myself up. It's like a walker, but blue and made for ice. I sat down and put my white sparkly skates on. I was shaking, scared to walk on those thin blades. Somehow, I managed to walk out to the rink and stepped onto the ice with my skates and my blue ice walker.

My eyes stared at the people when I got on the slippery ice, I couldn’t believe how they zoomed around so easily. When I got done staring and taking it all in, I started to try skating. I tried gliding on the ice, then I fell. I scooted to the wall in the rink.

“WATCH OUT!” a boy yelled as he darted towards me.

I tried to move as quickly as I could but on ice skates it was hard. The boy slowed down. Thankfully!

“Thanks for the warning,” I mused. I continued ice skating like I was walking. Then a girl asked me,

“Do you need help?” I nodded my head towards her-she was a junior skater. She told me to skate sideways, and I managed to do it. Just when I got the hang of it, my mom told me my time was up.

I walked off the ice, found a seat and took my blade covers and put them around my sharp skate blades to protect the blades. Then I took my ski pants and mittens off. After torturing myself with an hour of skating, I sat my sore body on a bench. My mom told me I would be fine.

I walked to the car slowly while my mom carried all my items I had bought. I buckled up waiting for my mom, wondering when I’d put myself through that torture again.

**Oswin Fowler**

**Van Buren District School**

**Miss Theriault**

**Grade 4**

## **Made for Eachother**

It was as early as could be and Gwen was just waking up. She was getting adopted today! Gwen had been living at the adoption center for as long as she could remember but that all changed today! She was getting adopted by husband and wife whose names were Ben and Lisi. They were a very happy couple who were looking for a little girl to adopt, and they thought Gwen was perfect.



Once Gwen was ready she ran out to Betsy, the owner of the adoption center. "Betsy!" she yelled.

"Good morning sweetheart!" said Betsy. "Are you excited!"

"I sure am!"

Gwen had waited for this day almost her whole life. Her mom abandoned her when she was only three so she had spent almost her whole life there. It has been a hard subject for Gwen to think about ever since it happened, so she tries not to think about it even though it's hard not to. A tear slowly dripped down her face.

"You ok hun?" said Betsy.

"Yeah, I'm ok"

"Ok well.....Oh! They're here!"

Lisi and Ben both walked in with smiles on their faces. Betsy greeted them and handed them the papers. When they were all done with them, Betsy left Gwen and them to talk for a little bit. She was a little shy at first, but then she warmed up to them.

"So what are some of your hobbies?" Said Lisi.

"Well," Gwen said slowly, "I do like drawing horses."

"That's perfect!" said Lisi. "We have a whole farm full of horses!"

Gwen was so excited! When they were all done, Betsy came back in. Betsy was so happy but also a tad bit sad. She had known her for almost Gwen's whole life, so it was kind of hard to say goodbye. Gwen hugged her and said, "I will never forget you."

Betsy smiled and let go.

"Good bye," Gwen said. And then they were off.

On the car ride there it was very quiet. When they got there, there was a huge field of horses. Lisi showed Gwen her room and let her settle in. Out her window, she could see all of the horses. There were many but one stood out to her. It was gray with little dapples on its back side. It also had lots of bruises and cuts.

Lisi came back up and saw her looking at it. She explained that it previously had an abusive owner and had been through a lot of trauma. She said that It wouldn't let anyone touch it.

"Oh," I said sadly.

"Yeah, it really is sad. Well I best be going now," Lisi said.

As soon as she left, Gwen changed into some jeans and an old tee shirt. She wanted to go look at the horse. When she got out to the pasture, a girl was there. She saw me looking at the horse.

“Hey!” she yelled. “I’ve never seen you around here.”

“Yeah,” I said. “Lisi and Ben just adopted me.”

“Oh cool! I see you like this one here. His name is Grover.”

She explained to me how he never lets anyone touch him and is very sensitive. “But you might be the one.” Then she left.

That night as Gwen went to bed, she thought about what the girl had said. Her words just kept playing in her head. She stopped thinking about it and went to bed.

The next morning and every morning, she went out to see Grover. He eventually let her touch him. She would do this every morning. She would groom him and even give him treats. It got to the point where both Lisi and Ben saw how good she was with him. They also knew that her birthday was just around the corner, so they made the craziest decision to give him to Gwen for her birthday!

Weeks passed and my birthday came. She woke up like it was any other day, until she went outside. They were standing there with Grover. He had a big bow on him. Gwen started to cry and then went to hug him. They were made for each other.

**Shea Birmingham   Fort Street Elementary School   Ms Graham   Grade 5**

### **Snorkeling**

Have you ever been snorkeling? I went snorkeling at my cabin last summer. First, I got ready and grabbed my gear. I was with my mom and dad. Then we got in the water. The water was nice and cool on a hot day. Then I jumped into deeper water and saw lots of fish, rock, and shells. Next, I swam into even deeper water. There was a bottle in between two rocks. I picked it up and put it on the dock. I jumped back in the water. Then I found a crayfish! It was a big one so it was hard to catch. My dad dove in with a splash to get the crayfish. He had it in his hand when he surfaced and he gave it to my mom. Finally, she got scared and dropped it into the water (I was a little scared too). I hope I get to go snorkeling again next summer!

**Evan Conarro   Limestone Community School   Mrs. Branscom   Grade 4**

## Friends

Was it enough? That was the question he kept asking himself. Was being satisfied enough? He looked around him at everyone yearning to just be satisfied in their daily life and he had reached that goal. He knew that he was satisfied.

The rain was coming. Everyone thought this would be a good thing. It hadn't rained in months and the earth was as dry as a bone. It wasn't a surprise that everyone thought a good rain was what was needed, but they never expected how much rain would actually arrive.

It's always good to bring a slower friend with you on a hike. If you happen to come across bears, the whole group doesn't have to worry. Only the slowest in the group do. That was the lesson they were about to learn that day.

The bowl was filled with fruit. It seemed to be an overabundance of strawberries, but it also included blueberries, raspberries, grapes, and banana slices. This was the meal Sarah had every morning to start her day since she could remember. Why she decided to add chocolate as an option today was still a bit of a surprise, but she had been in the process of deciding she wanted to change her routine. This was a baby step to begin that start.

He collected the plastic trash on a daily basis. It never seemed to end. Even if he cleaned the entire beach, more plastic would cover it the next day after the tide had come in. Although it was a futile effort that would never be done, he continued to pick up the trash each day.

I haven't bailed on writing. Look, I'm generating a random paragraph at this very moment in an attempt to get my writing back on track. I am making an effort. I will start writing consistently again!

Jameson McDonald

Zippel Elementary School

Ms. Watson

Grade 4

## Swish it for Swift

**We've waited for this moment our whole lives:** The day we see Taylor Swift in person. Me, (Natalie) and my best friend Samantha, have been Taylor Swift fans for...well, forever, and this is the story of how we got tickets to her concert...

"When's practice tonight?" Samantha asked.

"I'm not sure." I replied. I was walking down the hallway to Social Studies at the time. "Bye."

"See ya!" She turned and walked into the math room.

"Before we start today's lesson I'm going to hand out these fliers for a school competition," said Mr.Blackstone.

He set a flier on my desk and I began to read it. "This year to raise money for the school we have decided to hold a Partners Hoop Shoot; you and one partner will have to make as many foul shots as you can within five minutes." A Hoop Shoot! My partner (Samantha obviously) and I HAD to win.

### **After class:**

Samantha and I make eye contact...

“Partners?!” We both say. “YES!”

“Let’s meet after school to practice at the Rec Center,” I say. We wrote our names on the sign up sheet and walked away, ready to win the competition, and whatever mystery prize came with it.

### **After school:**

We walked into the Rec Center and that’s when we spotted the competition. We were up against the best basketball players in our school, but we were still determined to win. We laced up our shoes and got ready to practice. We set the timer for five minutes and started shooting. After the five minutes, Samantha had thirty-four points and I had thirty-two. The other competitors all had over forty points...

The competition:

We decided Samantha would go first, and I would go second. After her five practice shots, the real competition began. *Swish*. After the five minutes were up she made thirty-seven baskets. So far we were in second place, and in first place were the best players we had ever met. The pressure was on.

Miss...miss...miss. Come on! *Swish*! Yes! Three more minutes and I had to make at least twenty points. *Swish*. *Swish*. Miss! So far I have had seventeen points. I just needed eight points or more to win. *Swish...swish...swish...miss*. Twenty points! I had one minute to make the rest of my baskets, and we were only down by five. *Swish...swish...swish...swish... miss*!

“Ten seconds!” Samantha yelled “you got this!”

Ten.. miss! nine..miss! eight.. miss! seven..Come on! Six..five..four..three..two..*swish*! “YES!”

We screamed. “Oh my gosh!”

The announcer walked up to us and asked us our names.

“I’m Natalie!”

“And I’m Samantha!”

“Thank you so much!” We both say.

“You’re very welcome! And I’m sure you guys are very excited to find out what your prize is!”

“Yes! We are so excited!” Samantha said. “Alright, you won.....”

Our hearts were beating so fast.

“You won.....one thousand dollars!”

We made eye contact and screamed. “OH MY GOSH!!!” “Thank you so much!”

“You are so welcome!”

### **The decision:**

“What should we buy with our money?” Samantha asks. “Oh my gosh!”

“What?”



“How much do Taylor Swift tickets cost?” I said, smirking. “No!!!” She screamed excitedly. “Yes!!!”

### **The concert:**

We walk into the stadium and that’s when our song starts playing. “STYLE!!!” We both yell. “MIDNIGHT! YOU COME AND PICK ME UP NO HEADLIGHTS!”

### **Now:**

So that’s the story of how two best friends followed their dreams and worked hard to see their favorite musician perform in The Eras Tour! Taylor Swift made their friendship stronger, connecting them by music, and changing their lives forever. Thank you Taylor!

### **The end**

**Natalie Putnam**

**Presque Isle Middle School**

**Mrs. Bosse Grade 7**

### **A Wonderful Lady**

My grandmother was a beautiful, kind hearted, caring lady who loved her family. She had nine grandkids, and two on the way. Their names are Emily, Oliver, Lydia, Edith, Henry, Isaiah, Quinn, Theo and Vivian. All her grandchildren called her Nana. She loved cooking, and she was good at it. Nana made pies, cookies and dinners for the whole family! Sometimes we would have pizza night on Fridays. She and my grandfather, Glen, owned The Pizza House in Mapleton for 18 years, until they closed in 2018. That was the best pizza ever!

One night, in October of 2020, we were eating dinner at the dinner table and my dad got a phone call. He took it, and within ten minutes my parents left the house without telling us where they were going. My grammy came to stay with us until they got home. When they did, I could tell immediately that something was wrong, but I didn’t say anything. The next night when we were at the dinner table, they told us Nana was really sick. The first thing I said was, “Does she have Covid?” My parents told me she did not have Covid, but that her brain was sick. We went to Nana and Papa's house a few days later, and they told all of us that Nana had a brain tumor and it was cancer. When she told my parents, aunts, and uncles what she had been diagnosed with, she said, “It's ok, because if I die I go to Heaven, and if I live, it’s a miracle!” I have never forgotten that.

The next few months were really hard for our family. Nana started to get really sick. Our whole family would gather at her house almost every night. There were a couple times that my mom asked me if I wanted to go to her house to spend time with her and help clean the house. I would spend the day there, and during that time we watched old movies, looked at pictures of her and

her sisters as kids, and she told me lots of stories about when she was little. I will remember, and cherish that time I had with her, forever.

When Nana got really sick, we moved her to The House of Comfort. She was there for a while, but then she got worse. We brought her home and set up a bed in the living room. One day in June there was a big thunderstorm. We were at Nana and Papa's house in Mapleton, and the storm was all around us. You could see it on every side of the house, but it never rained on the house! That was the last day I saw my nana.

On June 22, 2021, Nana passed away. The day of the funeral was the hardest day ever, but it reminded me how much she was loved. That night there was the most beautiful pink sky I have ever seen. Now, every time I see a pink sky, I think of her. There's not a day that goes by that I don't think about her.

I love you, Nana, and I know I will see you again someday.

**Emily Braley**

**Presque Isle Middle School**

**Mrs. Bosse**

**Grade 7**

### **The Red Sox Game**

Last fall my dad and I went to Boston to watch a Red Sox game. We got to our hotel, The Verb, which was just right across from Fenway Park. This was a huge trip for me as it was my first time out of Maine and my first time to go to a Red Sox game.

Dad and I got up the next morning to eat breakfast in the hotel. After eating, we spent some time exploring Boston. Before the game started, we were able to take a tour of Fenway Park. During our tour we sat on the Green Monster and watched the players warm up. After the tour ended we went to a sports' store across the street and explored there for a while. We ate lunch and headed to the game.

Dad and I chose this game for a specific reason, because if we got there early enough we got a free Refael Devers bobblehead. Shortly after we made it through the line and got a bobblehead, we entered the stadium, got some food and headed to our seats. After making it to our seats we met and made a friend. He was funny and from the United Kingdom. He was at this game because he was waiting for his friend and the plane trip back home. So, before he had to leave, we watched the associates set up the field and plates.

Later the game started. It was slow for the first five innings, but with our new friend it went by fast. Sadly though he had to leave in the top of the fifth inning, and that's when the game got really exciting. In the bottom of the fifth inning the Red Sox scored a run and they were in the lead. At the top of the sixth inning the other team, the White Sox, loaded the bases and got two

runs. In the seventh inning nothing happened, but in the bottom of the eighth inning the Red Sox hit a run and scored two. Nothing happened in the rest of the game and the Red Sox won three to two.

After the game Dad and I talked about how much we enjoyed the game. As we headed back to the hotel we took a detour to explore more of Boston. We got some supper from McDonald's because it was the quickest way to get some food. Then we went to the hotel, changed, cleaned up and watched a high school football game. It was an amazing day!

**Joseph Barker   Washburn District Elementary School   Mrs. Hernandez   Grade 8B**

### **Finding Friends**

I woke up to loud **THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!** Outside my bedroom door, I could hear a very high voice call me.

“Sally Smore! Wake up!”

It was Mom.

“Sally Bullon Smore! Wake up right now and get ready for school!” Mom yelled.

I responded tiredly, “Okay, Mom.”

Just then, I remembered that tomorrow was Christmas! I rushed to get dressed and then I ran downstairs for breakfast. When I sat down at our dinner table, Mom gave me 2 eggs and a piece of toast as my breakfast

“Sally? Why aren't you making any friends at school?” Mom asked.

I looked at her and rolled my eyes, “I've told you before, I just can't make friends.”

She put her hand on my shoulder, “Sally, I gave you chances to make friends. Many chances. Now I have to make you some friends.”

F.Y.I. My mom is **TERRIBLE** at making friends.

“Mom, please don't do that! I'll do anything, I'll clean my room, I'll do my chores, **ANYTHING!**” I begged.

My mom said, “Fine. ONE more chance.”

**BEEP BEEP!** My bus was here.

“Well, time for school. I love you!” Mom said. “Have fun! And remember, this is your last chance to make friends.”

I got on the bus and sat in my usual seat. Everything was the same until lunch. As soon as I got my tray I looked for a seat but the whole cafeteria was packed. So, I sat by a trash can. When I sat down, I looked at my food and the words replayed in my head over and over again.

“ONE more chance. ONE more chance. ONE more chance. ONE more chance”

Tears came to my eyes. I didn't want anyone to see me crying so I ran outside to sit by a tree. 2 minutes later, I heard a dark voice.

“I heard of your problem,” The dark voice said.

I looked up to see a tall figure dressed in a dark, black cloak.

“Dad, I know that's you,” I said.

“You got me,” Dad said as he sat down beside me.

“Dad?” I said.

“Yeah, Kiddo?” Dad asked.

“I don’t want Mom to make my friends,” I cried.

“Can I tell you a story?” Dad asked.

“Yeah,” I mumbled.

Dad slightly smiled at me, “Once, when I was about your age, I couldn’t make friends either. One day, my mom said that she’d make friends for me if I didn’t make friends by the end of the day. Just so you know, my mom was **really** bad at making friends.”

I smiled, “Sounds like Mom.”

“Very,” Dad confirmed. “Anyway, my mom told me that I’m just making friends the wrong way.”

“How?” I asked.

“By acting like others. All I needed to do was be myself,” Dad informed.

“So you’re saying,” I asked. “That why I can’t make friends is because I’m not being myself?”

“Yes,” Dad responded.

Dad helped me stand up.

“Now go make some friends,” Dad smiled.

I went inside and grabbed my tray.

“Excuse me,” I said as I walked to the table. “Mind if I sit here?”

“Not at all!” One kid responded.

That day, I made 20(!) friends! When I got to my room at home, instantly I heard a knock on my bedroom door.

“Sally,” Mom said as she walked into my room with a small package. “There was a package for you.”

Mom gave me the package and walked out of my room. There was a label on the package that said:

To: Sally Smore

From: Lisa Nova

Lisa Nova was a friend I made that day. On the other side of the box there was another label that said:

Merry Christmas, Sally!

I opened the box to see...

A friendship bracelet!

The End

**Swan Pugh**

**Fort Fairfield Elementary School**

**Mrs. Sutherland**

**Grade 5**

### **Mary Paige**

At this point, I might miss the flight. My mom was freaking out about the time (9:15). The plane was leaving at 9:30 for Utah, and we were still at home packing! Five minutes



later, we finally got to the car. My little brother, Brady, made the time ten times worse! My sister, Lucy, was on the phone with her friend, and she was just standing around, getting in the way. It was chaos!

We got to the plane and went to Utah. We got to the new house. It was amazing. Mom set up our beds because it was getting late, so I slept with hopes and dreams that tomorrow will be a good day.

“Mary! Lucy! You’re going to be late for school!” Dad screamed.

“Wait. Do we have school?” I asked Lucy.

“Yeah, Mom signed us up last night. Her friend owns the Belling Talent School.

“Don’t we have to audition?”

“She said that we don’t have to.”

I just sighed and got ready. But wait, I don’t have a talent.!

“Mom, really? A talent school?” I asked. But she just talked about how it will be good for Lucy and me.

A yellow and pink bus, which was huge, honked at our house. I ran outside and got on. A girl my age was sitting by herself, looking out the window. I decided to sit with her.

“Hi, I’m Mary. I’m new here. Who are you?”

She kind of waited and then turned around.

“I’m Kate Duty.”

“Nice,” I said. I got to know her more, and we finally got to school.

It was huge! I was surprised at the type of school I was going to.

“Hey, are you the new girl everybody is talking about?”

Oh my gosh! This girl is on tv.

“Oh, I guess.”

The girl welcomed me inside. I didn’t even know where Kate went.

“And that’s all.”

“Thank you.”

She ran away.

I got a card from the office that said, “Mrs. Trenton, Room 678.” I walked down the hall and bumped into door “678.” As I walked in, lots of noise filled my ears: kids with microphones, puppets, magic sticks, and acting were all being loud. I went over to the teacher’s desk. She was grading art papers.

“Excuse me. Where do I sit?”

“Anywhere you’d like,” Mrs. Trenton said.

“Oh, thanks.” I went toward the kids doing magic, and there was a boy and a girl.”

“Hey, what’s your name?” the boy asked me.

“Oh, I’m Mary.”

The boy nodded and said, “I’m Tom.”

“I’m Sylvie,” the girl also said.

After the day, Mom picked me up.

“How was your day?” asked Mom.

“It was great.”

We got home, and it was late. I went to sleep early, and the day went by faster. Next thing I knew, it was the next day. I got on the bus and sat with Kate.

“Did you hear about the talent show today?”

“What? A talent show?” I asked.  
 “Our class is participating,” said Kate.  
 “But I don’t have any talent!” I said.  
 “Then how’d you get in here?”  
 The bus stopped and we got out.  
 “Hello class. I’m going around the room, and you tell me what you guys are  
 broadcasting at the show today.”  
 After Tom, “You, Mary?”  
 “Um, cooking?”  
 Tom and Sylvie laughed, “Cooking? That’s your talent?” scoffed Sylvie.  
 “Yeah, it is.”  
 The teacher scribbled on her notes.  
 “Huh, ok.”  
 When we were ready, Tom went. The crowd was full of teachers, adults, and  
 judges. After his performance, the judges gave him a seven out of ten. Kate went. She got a  
 five out of ten. I felt bad. Sylvie went and got a ten out of ten. The judges wrote on a note.  
 “Next!” I waddled out.  
 “Hi, I’m Mary, and I’m cooking grilled cheese.”  
 The crowd gasped.  
 As I cooked, classical music played in the background. When I finished, I had the judges  
 taste it.  
 Confetti fell down.  
 “You won!”  
 Applause filled the air.  
  
 Moral of the story: You can be anything.

**Alexis Saucier      Washburn District Elementary School      Ms. Silver      Grade 4**

### **The Great Adventure of the Hershey Store**

It was a cold afternoon and the sun was covered by the dark clouds. I was in  
 the car with my brother Elijah, my sister Isabelle, my meme, and poppy. The kids  
 were crammed in the back of the car and longed to get out. Then my meme told us,  
 “Since you guys were so good on the road we are going to go to Hershey.” we  
 jumped with joy, we were so excited.

We pulled into the parking lot and we all got out. We left the car in the first  
 spot we found which unfortunately was the farthest spot from the door so after 15  
 minutes we finally got to the door and we went in.

It was so crowded there were probably more people there than at a Taylor  
 Swift concert so we tried to push past and finally we made it to the back of the store.  
 We found super cute blue and gray sweatshirts on a rack in the corner and I got a  
 blue one and Elijah got a gray one. Then we went toward the candy part of the store.

Isabelle and my meme went to the pillow part of the store and me, Elijah, and my poppy went to the pond that was filled with coins. There were so many coins. There were so many coins that it would probably take 5 years to count all of them. Then Isabelle and my meme came back and they were carrying a huge Jolly Rancher pillow and then we went to the check out. It took about another 15 minutes in line to check out.

We got to the checkout counter and we paid for the 2 seatshirts and the huge Jolly Rancher pillow and then we left.

**Simone Palmer**

**Caribou Community School**

**Mrs. Randazzo**

**Grade 4**

### **My Cruise Vacation**

On Tuesday, April 10, 2023, we were getting ready to go on the airplane, meanwhile we were going through security. After we went through security we waited for all the luggage to get on the airplane. Soon we got on the plane and it took off. It's about a 3 hour flight, and soon it landed. Then we got an Uber and were on our way to Universal Studios. I was so excited I could scream, but I didn't because we were in an Uber. **Yes!** We were there ,we were finally there, then we got in line to enter the park.

The first ride we went was the Spiderman ride. We waited in line for 2 hours. I was bored the whole time. We went on more rides after that, the whole day went by then it got dark and it was time to go back to the hotel.

The next morning it was time to go, I was so excited even more excited than going to Universal. It was a long drive to the boat landing, and while we were just pulling in I puked in the Uber. It was not pleasant. Soon we were going through security. I was worried that they wouldn't let me on but they did. The first thing we did when we got on was go to our room and check in.

After that we explored the cruise ship and saw a whole bunch of fun activities, even water slides! Later that night we went swimming. It was really fun, then we got dried off. A few days later it landed at the first stop. We went to a beach. It was really fun. Soon we got back on the cruise and went to eat dinner. I had french onion soup for dinner then we went to our room,watched TV and went to bed. Soon it was the last day on the cruise and we went to one last stop and this one was my favorite. I had such a fun time there. Then one day later it was time to get off the ship. That's the reason why I will never forget this vacation.

**Giselle Raymond**

**Caribou Community School**

**Mrs. Randazzo**

**Grade 4**

## **The Road Trip To York**

August 24,2023 me and my family went on a road trip to Old Orchard Beach and let me say it was awesome and I wanted to stay there for two whole weeks but sadly we stayed only five days . The story begins the day before we packed for about 2 hours straight and we went to bed and the next day we woke up at about 8:30. I got my toys , an Ipad and pillow. We got in the car and started driving. My brother Warren and I sat in the back. In the second row was my sister Baylee and my baby brother Theo. In the first row my mom and my dad, Shelly and Justin . I played on my Ipad till I got bored in five minutes. "I am bored", says Warren. I said, "Play on mom's phone." He doesn't have his Ipad. I got bored too so I played with my Barbies and played with my family but again "I am bored still" says warren "Ugh just play with my slime." I say. Finally-peace and quiet.

We stop at a gas station to get drinks and food because we need food "I am hungry." says my brother good thing we are and the gas station. We went inside and got sandwiches and some slushies and we got back on the road .We ate our sandwiches and we drank our slushies. We arrived five hours later. Finally, we were at the motel .We picked our rooms. My sister would be sleeping on the couch and me and my brother have to share a bedroom. My baby brother, mom and dad had to share a room . All of us wanted to get in the water so my mom said, "Come on- we're going to go get in the pool!" We got in our swimsuits and CANNONBALL! My brother jumped in without a second thought . It was night so we went inside and got our pjs on and - bed time for everyone. Warren and I were out in 5 minutes.

The next day we woke up and got clothes on, we went to a candy store and "WHOA!" said my brother. We went back to the motel and got lunch and were off to the York Zoo. We loved the birds and got to hold them. I loved it. We got snow cones and stuff from the gift shop then went home. We ate dinner and went to bed . We packed up all our stuff and got breakfast . Off we went to home and that's the end of the road trip .

**Amelia Rockwell      Caribou Community School      Mrs. Randazzo      Grade 4**

## **Rainy Day**

Tip tap tip tap I wake up to the sound of rain dripping down my window. Whenever it rains I always feel tired but I know at some point I will have to wake up. I got out of bed and got ready I was kind of mad knowing it was 6:30 in the morning and I wanted to sleep in because it was the weekend but I continued to get ready and I went downstairs to find my mom in the kitchen making sunny side up eggs and bacon. I could hear the bacon sizzle on the pan It kind of sounded like bees were everywhere. My mom saw me and she said "Good morning" I said "Morning Mom" I could tell by her facial expression she was kind of surprised I was up so early but she didn't say anything. I went to my TV room to find my sister lying on the couch with our dog sleeping on her my sister looked like she was going to fall asleep in two seconds. I pat my



dog and she jumped off my sister ran into my arms and started licking me. She has always been a hyper but loving dog, I walked back to the kitchen, and she soon after followed. She was always following me when I wanted water because she was obsessed with ice cubes and I never really figured out why. My mom said, "Breakfast is ready get three plates." "Okay Mom," I said. I got three plates out and told my sister "It's time for breakfast" She came to the kitchen she looked pretty tired but she was hungry I could tell. We ate our breakfast and my bacon was so crunchy it sounded like I was eating a Jolly Rancher when I bit into it. Soon after I finished my breakfast I put on my rain boots and rain jacket my sister did the same. Then my sister and I said "We're going to play with the Smiths love you" "Okay love you guys come back at noon for lunch" "Okay love you" I said. Me and my sister were on our way. We knocked on the Smith's door and asked if they could play and they said sure, so we played tag in the rain, rode our bikes around town, and even made mud pies! We have to go eat lunch but we will come back out and get you guys when we're done. My mom said to me "Love you honey have fun come back to the house at noon for lunch" Okay," I said we went back into our house and our mom made some grilled cheese sandwiches and they were so cheesy and buttery I felt like I was in heaven. After those sandwiches I asked my mom if we could go to the library so we told the Smiths and my mom drove us and the Smiths. When we got inside the library it smelt like warm vanilla. I loved that smell! We first looked at the RL STINE books then we looked at the Diary of a Wimpy Kid books, but then we went to my favorite section the section where all the books about pirates and Ancient Egyptians I checked out five of those and I checked out two Diary of a Wimpy Kids and one RL STINE book. My sister on the other hand got two comic books. We left the library and we brought the Smiths back to their house then we drove back to ours and sat down. We watched TV and started to make dinner. We made pork tenderloin and mashed potatoes. We ate that in our tv room while we watched Harry Potter, and then we got ready for bed I got to turn my TV on and watched Trolls, my favorite movie. I said love you to my mom and sister and fell asleep.

**Camilla Boma**

**Caribou Community School**

**Mrs. Levasseur**

**Grade 5**

### **Life**

When I was about seven years old, I was exposed to death. I lost someone very close to me, it forever changed my life...

Late one night I said goodnight to my grandmother. Before I went to bed I gave her a huge hug and said I loved her. Little did I know that was the last time I would see her. That night I had a dream; it was like I was floating. I saw an ambulance, my father and mother crying, and my brothers in the basement with my little sister, and flashing lights that came from my grandmother's room. I went to see what happened, I saw two men bringing her away. I tried to stop them I went right through them, I was so confused it was like I was dead. No one could see or hear me, suddenly my body started shaking. I didn't know what to do. I closed my eyes and I woke up.

I didn't know if anyone could even see me. I ran right into my grandmother's room...It's empty, I'm worried. I run into my living room, I see my whole family sitting on the couch with blank expressions on their faces. I ask "Where is she?" my parents have tears in their eyes. They walk

up to me, they say “James, listen your grandmother was sick, she has passed.” I run, I run as fast as I can into my grandmother's room, I throw myself on her bed and cry. I blacked out from there. When I wake up I say “I must have been sleeping.” Six years later...

I still think about her. I miss her still, but I know she won't come back. I've learned a lot from then, made a lot of friends... I miss my home, I moved to Maine about 2 years ago. I miss all the people I was close to back in Rhode Island. I've learned how to cut off and not show that I'm hurt about something. I fell in love and got my heart broken, There has only been one person who has been there for me, and that person is one of my closest friends right now. I appreciate him a lot, I take him as a brother. No matter what I do he's going to have my back and I'm going to do the same thing for him.

Present day. School has been going great for me, I've been working on myself instead of worrying about other people. Well, I shouldn't say that because I still worry about a lot of people. I help many people by letting them tell me what's wrong and what's been bothering them. I've always been like this. I don't care what's going on with me as long as I can help other people and chase my dreams I'll be ok.

In life, I've learned lessons. You cannot control everything that goes on. You can't change the past but you sure can change the future. Don't hurt people, help them. You never know what they could do in return. They could do nothing or they will do something. Life is full of challenges, no matter what comes at you, push through. It doesn't matter what they say it matters what you think of yourself. Don't let the people that are insecure of themselves mess up your life.

Everything happens for a reason. If you work hard enough you will make it. You will get your dreams. You have to work for it, you can't just sit there and watch your life slowly fade. You keep moving forward and not looking back.

So in conclusion, I will help everyone and anyone that needs someone to talk to or to just tell someone something. I've never really got something burdensome and concerning all of it was mainly about school and stuff. I'm one of those kids that really don't care what you think about me but sometimes it can get to me. When you lose someone you love it can hurt. Sometimes it is not a dream. Never, let people bring you down. If you do get right back up and keep moving forward, don't look back at the past. Always have your head up never down because it leaves you open and shows that you care.

**James Jencks**

**Caribou Community School**

**Mrs. Barnes**

**Grade 8**

# **Animal Tales**

## **A New Bunny**

I was at my Mimi's and so excited to go home. I zipped into Mom's car. In the car my mom exclaimed "You will be happy!" When we got home, I raced out of the car.

As I walked toward the front door I whispered to myself, "I wonder what my surprise is." I was so excited I could feel myself almost jumping. I opened the door and I saw a big cage with a pink fluffy blanket on top of my surprise.

"What is this?" I mumbled. As confused as I was, I took the pink fluffy blanket off to see the surprise. I was so shocked that I could feel my hands shaking. That's because I saw a fluffy, baby bunny. The first time I saw her she was in the corner of the cage. Then, *crack*, I could hear her hopping over the shavings in her cage. She was so adorable! I was so shocked I could barely move because my dad had said, "No!" to a bunny for two straight years!

After that second of seeing my white fluffy rabbit I asked to hold her. Once I did, I was already attached to her! I loved her even though I just met her. She was so fluffy and cute and tiny. She was afraid at first but she got very comfortable quickly. I was still shocked; I thought I was dreaming, seeing that cute little face and fluffy rabbit in my arms.

I looked and I saw my mom's smile. I wondered why my dad finally said yes to a rabbit. I put my bunny in her cage full of excitement that I got her. Even though I still had questions, I was beyond excited. It was my most special birthday gift I've ever received!

**Myah Cote**

**Van Buren District School**

**Miss Theriault**

**Grade 4**

## **The Autobiography of Dakota**

I woke up in a strange place, I am black, brown, and white, but that didn't matter, because I was HUNGRY! I wanted food so bad, so I started barking and barking and waited to be fed. After what felt like 10 years (5 minutes) I was fed. I am looking at the two people who own all the dogs in the house.

I found out this weird place is called a house. I get fed twice a day, and people adopt puppies. One day two adults came in to adopt a dog. I heard they were talking about my species, Beagles. I had to go and do number 2, so I went in a corner and ahhh, I felt so much better! The adults pointed at me and filled out paperwork and put me into their weird moving machine.

They wanted to name me Dakota. They looked so nice and cool. It also looked like they had lots, and lots of food! At first they seemed good, but then they seemed GREAT! After a few more days of being with them, I soon learned the name of the male adult, his name was Scott and the female adult was named Christy. Christy had a tiny man, he was short and cute. They named him Cameron. I then had a dog brother named Kona! He looked like me but bigger and more golden. A few years went by, and I loved my new life, but then they had a tiny girl, they named her McKaley.

They had an apartment in California, but later moved to freezing Maine. When the kids grew older they went to a place called "school?" (I always had the hardest time with that word.) Christy soon got a job at the same school that Cameron and McKaley went to! Then Scott also got a job, so Kona and I were left all alone in their "mud-room?" We had a blanket and water



bowl with us so we should be fine. Their school normally lasts 6-7 hours, (I think) so Kona and I spend a lot of time alone together. As life started to move so did people's interest and age, for example Cameron and McKaley got older.

Cameron started getting more mature so he didn't like or want to play "Baby games" anymore. As others became older Kona and I also got older, and some say when you get older you feel pain and "cramps?" (I always wondered what cramps meant.) I sometimes think about being young because now I'm old and cranky. When I was young and alive, I could run fast and feel nothing but the wind flapping my ears, but now I feel some pain. The pain has lasted for a while. Christy and Scott took me to a vet, she said I was in pain and gave them pills to help me. The pills didn't help. I felt worse and worse, it felt like something was stabbing me with pain. I have been in pain for a few days now.

I heard people talking about being put down, I have know clue what that means but it can't be good. Christy and Scott always frown when they say it. I have been getting lots of attention lately. I was told I would be put down, but last night everyone was crying and saying "we will miss him" "It's the circle of life hon!" So I went near them and let them pet me. The next day the kids went to school like normal, but I went somewhere different then normal. I went to a building with Scott, inside the lights were dim and made me feel calm. I got lots of treats! I then got a shot that made me very sleepy, I suddenly felt relaxed and all my pain went away.

**McKaley Casey**

**Van Buren District School**

**Mrs. Levasseur**

**Grade 5**

### **"Saving Raven"**

One day last year in the morning my mom came home with news. "My friend Juile asked me to take care of her four chickens!"

"Wow, what did you say?" I asked with curiosity.

"Well I wanted to talk to you guys first," my mom replied.

I thought for a minute, "I'm fine with it!" I said. I could feel my cheeks burn up with happiness.

"Me too," said my dad after a minute.

"Well that settles it," Mom said.

After getting the girls, Stuart, Sapphire, Queenie, and Raven, we got into a good routine with them. We would let them out, check on them, and at night put them away. On that warm autumn day I woke up and let them out. I was relaxing at home, watching tv and eating popcorn, when I heard, "Bak bak bak!!!" the sound of a very nervous chicken. I thought I was hearing things, so I went back to my movie. "BAK BAK BAK!!!" Every few minutes it got worse and worse. Finally, I got up and looked outside. Raven was face to face with a very skinny, hungry, reddish-brown FOX!!! I rushed to the living room with fear shooting through my body like lightning through the air.

"Dad! Dad, there's a fox outside trying to get Raven!" I was shaking him like an earthquake shakes the ground.

"Huh? Oh, okay, let the dog out," Dad said.

By now I was shaking like I'd never stop. I ran to the door feeling the sweat from my nerves glistening down my face like mist over a lake. I ran to the door and let out my

Wafflebot. She clearly saw the fox too because, although it looked like slow motion, her waffle-printed front paws slammed down onto the pavement. She went deep into her throat and let out the most defensive growl I had ever heard. It spooked the fox so much his body was quivering. I came out too. The fox had backed off. I took a stick and threw it at him. It almost hit him, but it missed. The fox still sprinted off across the road.

Then I checked on Raven. She was fine...scared, but fine. I went in with Waffles. Dad was up by now and looked like he was scared.

"She's fine," I said to him, still shaking. "Do you think we should look for the others?"

Dad nodded. We walked outside and looked around for the others. It didn't take long to find Raven, Sapphire, and Queenie. They were in our prickly raspberry bushes hiding.

"Okay, there's three of them. But where's Stuart?" asked my Dad.

"I don't know."

We walked for what seemed like hours to where it felt like we were in the hot Sahara desert. We searched the raspberry patch, the pond, the barn, and still nothing.

"Where is she?!" I asked in despair.

"I don't know, but let's look at their coop," Dad said.

"Ok, let's hope we find her."

I felt like she was gone, but I had one sliver of hope left in me. We went to the coop and we looked and looked. We couldn't find her. Then, as my Dad was looking down, he smiled.

"Found her!" he said in a joyful voice. And there she was plain as day just sitting there relaxing. I did the happy dance. I learned a valuable lesson that day...if you hear a chicken squawking come a running.

**Ellie Moon      Southern Aroostook Community School      Mrs. York      Grade 5**

### **The Adventurer**

There once was a cat named Jasper. It's hard to believe he's not a human, but Jasper the cat loved to go everywhere, especially outside. Jasper is a black cat with a white heart on his chest and forest green eyes, pretty unusual for a cat. He is a sucker for food. You give him food; he will lick it clean. Jasper is currently 3 years old.

Jasper was the cat that would do anything to get outside. He'd meow so loudly, and scratch anything (often throw tantrums!). Some of the time he's a little rebel, well all of the time.

When Jasper is outside, he is as relaxed as a bear while hibernating. Jasper loves climbing trees, but the thing he loves most is sitting on the cold, damp branches. If he sees a bird, he gets wild. He runs and jumps, clawing and scratching. When he gets the bird, he brings it to his owner and sits there proud.

.....

Hi, I'm Jasper, the cat. I guess Grace may have told a little of my adventures, but I'll tell you more of my adventures. I once got in a fight with a fox. The fox was kind of scared though, because when I pawed at it, it whined and then went into a hole. Or there was that one time I annoyed a chihuahua, and let's just say that didn't end up well...

One day I woke up early and kicked my owner so she'd wake up because she needed to get me my breakfast. She woke up an hour later than normal so when she had made her coffee, I snuck up to her coffee and might have put a hairball in it, for revenge of course. After that she got mad at me, like why get mad at me. I'm a harmless cat...with tricks and revenge up its sleeve.

After my owner went to work, I saw something outside. I hissed at it, but it wouldn't go away. When I got closer it was a raccoon! He looked confident walking towards me, but I wasn't about to let that stop me. I ran and pounced on him! I didn't want to hurt him, just give him a warning that he shouldn't mess with our house. Plus, my owner taught me that violence was not the right answer... and the raccoon never came back.

When my owner came home, I wanted to tell her about what happened today but I'm a cat so I can't talk. She was tired when she got home. She sat on the couch so I cuddled up next to her. I guess it wasn't such a bad day after all. I laid with my owner until dark, and she went to sleep. The next morning, I went outside looking for birds for my owner's breakfast.

.....

Jasper is a great cat, except for when I get hairballs in my coffee and birds on my breakfast plate. Every day is an adventure with Jasper the cat.

**Grace Robinson**

**Ashland District School**

**Mrs. Belanger**

**Grade 4**

### **Lucy's Adventure...a True Story**

It all started a long, long time ago. I was born...I didn't know when I was born because it was a really long time ago. It's pretty much all a blur, but I remember my mother. She looked just like me but bigger and stronger. Instead of running around with my siblings, I stayed close to her. Then one day, people were picking up my siblings and taking them. This person picked me up. He brought me into his vehicle and drove away from my mother. I started to cry, but then the man driving whacked me in the face. I stopped crying and went and huddled up next to the door. When we stopped driving, he picked me up and brought me into a house. Inside, there were lots of toys and a bed for me. I ran to the bed and laid down. Later, I went to the toys and started to chew on one. I dragged it to the bed, and then I accidentally started to chew on the bed. It broke a little hole in it and stuffing started to come out. I started to chew on the toy again. As I was happily chewing, the man came and saw the hole in the bed and took the bed from me. Then, he whacked me in the face again. I cried and didn't know what to do. I just laid there doing nothing.

As I got older, the meaner this man got. Once I was playing outside with a toy and the man and some of his friends saw this and started to hit me with the toys. That day, I stopped doing anything with the toys. The next day, the man came over to me with a toy. He placed the toy right next to me and kept moving it closer and closer to me. Then, I snapped. I tried to bite the toy, but instead I bit the guy's hand. It started to bleed. He then grabbed me by the collar and brought me into the vehicle. I stayed in the back, hunched in the corner. I didn't know

where we were going. After a while, we made it to a building. The vehicle stopped, and the man got out. He opened the door by me and dragged me out of the vehicle. Right when I stepped out of the vehicle, I heard barking and whimpering. I tried to pull back away from the building, but the guy was dragging me in the building. Once he got me into the building, he handed me to a woman and walked away. All I did was lay there by the woman, listening to the barking and whimpering around me.

The woman just stood there next to me. She went from looking at me to looking out the door where the man had left. She then brought me into the room and put me up in this tub. She gave me a bath, which I did not like at all. Then, she dried me off and brought me to a tiny little room type thing. It had a little dog bed and a couple of bowls. She took me off the leash and she took off my collar. After that day, there became a routine that I followed for years and years. I would wake up, eat breakfast, watch people look and go past me, eat lunch, watch people take other animals away, get a treat (sometimes), and go to bed. That was my new life. I started to get used to it. Then one day a man came and was trying to get my attention to go near him. I stayed in the back of my kennel for a while, but then I decided to go to him. He took me out of my kennel and took me on a walk. After a while, he put me back in my kennel and left. I thought that would be the last time I saw him since no one else comes and takes me on a walk. But then the next day he came back.

This time, instead of taking me on a little walk, he took me in a pickup, and we left the building. He even gave me a new name Lucy. He took me to this house, and I explored it. There were two vehicle type things in the living room. I later learned that it was a motorcycle and a dirt bike. I also figured out that I had a bed. It was a lot higher than my first two beds, and there was a lot more room but I loved it.

After a couple of months, I met this big light brown dog named Tyson. After a couple of days, I let him become my friend but I had boundaries. He couldn't be that close to me when I didn't want him to be close to me, and he couldn't eat my food. Tyson then left, and I didn't see him for a while.

Some years later, two little kids came into my life. First, a woman came; then these two little kids came. The two little kids were in the living room with me, but they were crawling all around. I laid on my big bed and watched as they started to crawl everywhere. I then barked at them just to let them know not to be crawling around, and they started to get scared. The woman and the man came to make sure the little kids were okay which they were, and we all went on with life. We moved to some different houses but ended up in a little house with a big field surrounding it. After a while there, Tyson came, and we all lived there.

So much had happened there over all my years. I can only remember some, and some things were scary. One night the man was driving side by side with the two kids, and I was chasing after them on a track. It was so fun. Then, I decided to cut the track, and I ended up in front of them. The man didn't see me because I cut right in front of them. They ran me over on accident, and the kids went running inside the house. The man stayed with me and later picked me up and brought me to the car. We went to the vet, and I had surgery, but after that, my back wasn't the same. My spine had a divot in it, and my hips became messed up. I wasn't mad about it, though, because I lived. Another memory I have is when me and Tyson found a hedgehog. Tyson grabbed its face, and I grabbed its butt, and we both pulled it. Me and Tyson also later found a porcupine. It was my first time seeing one, but Tyson had seen one a couple of times, so he didn't go as close to it as I did. I will just say I looked like a porcupine, and all

Tyson had a couple of quills on his muzzle. We both went to the vet to get them out, so we were fine.

Then life started to get hard. Tyson became sick, and I wasn't doing the best either. Tyson started to get really skinny, and his eyes didn't look good either. He went to the vet, and we found out he had cancer. I could see his body getting weaker. Then, one day the man, woman, and kids put Tyson in the trunk of the vehicle. I could sense this was going to be the last time I would see him. I didn't even really say goodbye. I knew I would see him soon.

Almost a year later, I went to go see Tyson. The man and the girl put me in the vehicle. I went in the back seat and laid there with the girl. We first went through a drive thru, and I got to eat a couple of donuts. Afterwards, we went to the vet. There was a nice little blanket on the ground, and me and the girl went to lay on it, and the man sat in a chair. My favorite vet person walked in and talked to me, the girl, and the man. She hugged me a couple of times, and then she gave me a shot. I started to get sleepy and laid back down on the blanket. I could feel the girl petting me, and I could hear them talking to me. I could see all my memories play in my head. I saw things that I forgot about. Then, I saw Tyson. He was playing in a field chasing a hedgehog. I started to follow him. I felt another pinch on my leg, but I didn't care. I kept running to get to him. I could feel the life go out of my body, but I was finally back with my best friend, Tyson.

**Millie Craig**

**Ashland District School**

**Mrs. Merrill**

**Grade 8**

### **When I Let My New Horse Out**

*Slam!* The big blue door closed behind me. Today was the big day. The first time I was going to let my new horse out. It was a beautiful morning, and I could smell the fresh crisp air. It was the best morning of all because spring was here. I could hear my feet squishing as I walked to the pasture. I could hear the water trickling down the rocks. Today was the day I got to let Mack out to his new herd. When I opened the gate he took off running, and I could hear his feet going *thump thump*.

When I came back later, the sun had risen more. It was bright blue outside. I saw Mack standing there waiting for me, but I saw that one eye was closed. He normally has his eyes wide open and they are hazel, like mine. They always sparkle in the light of the sun but not today. Today I saw that he had a cut in one eye. I could feel my eyes getting teary. The vet would have to come. As we waited, Mack had his big head on me.

After the vet came, we learned that Mack would have to have a surgery on his eye. He ended up having his surgery when I was gone to school. After surgery the vet declared to mom that Mack was going to be a little bit blind in that eye. He now has to turn his head to see from that eye. Even though this happened, he is living a perfectly happy life on our farm.

**Alivia Smith**

**Mapleton Elementary School**

**Mrs. Fox    Grade 4**



### **Dogs**

Fuffy, slim, small, and tall too,  
They don't always smell the best,  
But that shouldn't really matter to you.  
They are God's gift to the world,  
And we don't deserve their love.

They are always there,  
During good times,  
And bad.

We will never know  
How much we need them,  
Until they aren't there.

You only have a short time,  
Until you can't see them again.

Tell them you love them,  
That they mean everything to you,  
That the world will now make sense,  
Because they are here with you too.

**Kendal Lawlor    Southern Aroostook Community School    Mrs. Russell    Grade 8**

### **Limerick: Cats**

*Cats are cute and sometimes crazy  
A good name for a cat is Daisy  
Cats love to lay in the sun  
They think it's really fun  
They are also sometimes crazy*

**Brooklyn Hall                      Zippel Elementary                      Mrs Hoffses                      Grade 5**

## The Hidden Rose

The grass was warm like the sun's rays on a cool summer day. The wind was blowing through my fur and I felt like a leaf that had fallen gently off a tree that had landed on the ground. I laid on the grass when I awoke from a dream that I could not comprehend. I opened my eyes to see a small, yellow and white flower planted in the ground right next to the tip of my nose. I slowly sat up and breathed in the soft smell of a warm spring day. Then I realized that my mother was nowhere in sight. I tried to stand up but immediately landed on the ground. I gazed upon the flower again calm like a bee would fly across a rose meadow. Even though I could not stand, I skimmed the forest as I saw oak leaves scattered across the grass. The only thing that I could see was a snow white rabbit hopping across the leafy forest floor. As I examined my hooves I could tell that I was much smaller than some of the creatures in this forest.

"H-h-he-hello?" I whispered with fear in my voice and as quiet as a barn mouse sneaking past a sleeping cat. I had failed to take into account why I had said that so quietly, so I tried again.

"H-hel-hello?" I knew at that moment that was the most anxious I had ever been in these last few weeks that I had been prevailing.

Everywhere I looked, everything in my line of vision was starting to get blurry and I started to hallucinate that there were a million eyes watching me. Staring down into the core of my soul as if I were a fly trapped in a spiderweb realizing that he would not be able to escape but looked up and saw that the spider was staring at him with hunger in his eyes. I was lying in the damp, dew-drop infested leaves when I opened my eyes to see the same exact yellow and white flower resting its petals on the stem as a bird would perch on a branch and rest its wings after a long journey. My ears twitched as I heard a soft rustle in the holly bushes. I had the same fear I did before as I slowly realized that my mother was not here to protect me from harm. Every way I looked I couldn't tell where the sound was coming from as I swung my head around to attempt to see what could have been making that noise. Everywhere I looked the only things I could see were leaves scattered across the ground and holly bushes aligned across the grass as ants would march to feed their queen. I swirled my head down to see that I was standing upright for the first time in the amount of days that I have been alive. I was more excited than a penguin who had finally found a salmon after long and cold weeks of searching.

Within a few moments of realizing that I was standing, I suddenly heard "*Rose! Get down!*" My mother, with a tail as white as newly fallen snow, was standing in a poppy flower meadow foraging for fresh blueberries and mast in the hundreds of poppies growing row by row in this place as big as the sky. I fell to the ground and my knees collapsed under me as I landed on the pile of leaves that I was lying on before. The clouds were as fluffy as a newborn kitten ready to climb out of its barn and explore this big, open world. I rested my head on my leg with the wind blowing past my ears. I gently fell into the stars of my dreams; ready for the next day to come with piles of rose petals to fall onto the leaf covered ground.

Willow Perry-Cyr

Presque Isle Middle School

Mrs. Bragg

Grade 6

## Speckles and the Bear

Speckles was a small and agile bobcat who enjoyed the winter season; she loved to hunt and climb trees in the winter. However, something was off about this winter morning. Instead of gallivanting through the snow, there was a mystery in the air around her path. She slowly edged forward as she saw the sight before her. A black bear! It rose on its paws, and let out a warning growl.

“Stay away!” She roared. Something was off about her. Bears hibernate, so why was she awake? And there was a small hole where a bullet seemed to have shot her in the back. It seemed pretty deep, and Speckles stepped forward to get a closer look.

“I’m warning you!” She roared louder, birds taking to the sky at her roar.

“I just wanna help...” Speckles said, fighting her instincts to assist the helpless creature. She licked her wound, hoping to comfort the bear.

The bear relaxed but was still clearly in discomfort. She shuffled around as Speckles did her work, and then spoke in a gruff but thankful voice.

“Thanks...” She grumbled.

“No problem.” Speckles mewed, smiling.

“The name’s Amber,” The bear said, her amber eyes shining. “Your’s?”

“Speckles.” She meowed back.

“Well Speckles, thanks for helping me back there. Y’know, winter’s harder every year. These humans come out with their pistols and shotguns for who knows what reason. Survival of the fittest I guess, but I’ve seen them leave without even taking a bite of some animals.” She nodded her head towards a small snow bank, where rabbits lied lifeless in the snow, just left to rot in the cold. Speckles frowned, feeling a sort of sympathy for them.

Amber rose, but then fell back, her wound wasn’t anything ordinary. It seemed to be from a shotgun. The bullet wound was getting worse. Speckles ran by her side to support her once again.

“Hold on, I’ve seen that wound before, it looks pretty nasty. Was it a shotgun?” Speckles grimaced just looking at it.

“Yeah, speak for yourself. At least you weren’t woken up by some maniac waving around a gun for my hide and cubs.” She grumbled, as Speckles bit the bullet out, and she winced in pain.

“Okay. I think you should be fine now, where’s your den so you can hibernate or

whatever you bears do.” The sun was beginning to set, and the woodland creatures could be seen entering their homes, waiting for the new day.

“It’s this way.” She said, walking slowly to a large cave surrounded by icicles and trees. Speckles looked around in awe. It was fascinating to see what another creature’s home looked like. There were two small cubs sleeping in the corner of the cave, almost blending into the stone walls. Speckles began to take a step forward, but Amber stood in front of them protectively.

“I guess this is goodbye then?” She said, a bit sad to see Amber go, it felt like they had been through so much together in just one day.

“I guess, and thank you again Speckles. If it weren’t for you, my cubs would be motherless,” Amber responded, nodding her head to the two cubs in the corner. “I’ll remember this.”

So Speckles left the den, and as the seasons changed, some might say they could see three bears and a bobcat together in the meadows, enjoying their lives together.

**Naomi Rice**

**Presque Isle Middle School**

**Mr. Carmichael**

**Grade 8**

### **Dakota’s Pride**

A fool was born on a ranch in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. The baby horse was a beautiful American Quarter Cross Blue Roan. Sixteen-year-old Willow and her family have been trusted horse breeders for barrel racers for over a decade. Willow and her mother were the ones that bred the horses. Willow's mom had been breeding horses for over ten years. Willow's mom loved horses and had a passion for what she did. Willow couldn't wait to start training Dakota to be a barrel horse because Dakota's mother had been a good barrel horse. Just nine months later, waiting patiently, Willow could finally start training Dakota in the basics.

Willow had been working with Dakota for almost two weeks, and Dakota would finally wear a halter. Willow went to find Dakota but found her lying down in the field. Willow started running to see what was wrong; Dakota had a broken leg. She started running home to get her dad. Willow's dad started following her to see Dakota. Willow's dad said Dakota was going to be put down later that day because of her broken back leg. Willow disagreed; she was sixteen then and had been saving up for a while. Willow then decided to try to help Dakota get better. Almost 20,000 dollars later, they were able to save Dakota. Dakota had to go through lots of physical therapy.

Nobody thought Dakota was going to live, let alone do barrels. Dakota is now almost a year and a half years old, and in two more months, Dakota will be training to do the barrel pattern. Dakota went to her first show at two years old, and everybody knew the story behind Dakota and Willow. Dakota's time at her first show was thirteen-fifty. A few years later, Dakota, the horse Willow's dad tried to put down two years ago, is now an all-star barrel racing horse.

She is only three years old and has won first place thirteen times. Dakota is now pregnant with a horse. Willow is hoping it will be a fantastic horse, just like Dakota. Everybody hopes Dakota's genes will be passed down to the baby.

**Savannah Kienzynski**

**Dawn F. Barnes Elementary**

**Mr. Ouellette Grade 7**

### **My Dream of Saving the Animals**

I had a dream where I had a pet Panda named Galaxy.  
We had a treehouse where we hung out.  
We went on adventures to save animals.  
We had fun doing that.  
My name in my dream is Emma Lajoie.  
One of the animals we are trying to save is the White Rhinoceros.  
Two of the animals are Blue Macaws.  
Three of the animals are Macaroni Penguins.  
Four of the animals are Red Pandas.  
Five of the animals are Giant Pandas.  
Six of the animals are Bengal Tigers.  
Seven of the animals are Polar Bears  
Eight of the animals are Canaries.  
We saved them all after a while.  
We were tired and excited that the animals were safe.

**Evynne Oquendo**

**Caribou Community School**

**Mrs. Randazzo Grade 4**

### **The Special Butterfly**

One summer a girl named Rose went to a campsite and found a butterfly while she went hiking with her mom and dad. The butterfly had lavender wings and black designs on her that looked like flowers. Rose was outside and it was beautiful outside, it was sunny, with a lot of flowers and trees. Rose found a flower with that same butterfly. She slowly went closer to the flower then the butterfly flew away and Rose chased after the butterfly but it was too fast. Rose was so disappointed so she went to go pick up the flower and suddenly as she went to pick it up, the butterfly landed on her shoulder. She was so happy, then the butterfly landed on the flower that she picked.

When they were done hiking they went into a meadow where the flowers had a soft pink color to them and specks of periwinkle. The butterfly was still on the flower but then Rose's dad said, "Oh I didn't notice that butterfly it is pretty." The "Oh" that her dad said scared the little butterfly away. Rose started crying because of how sad she was. Her dad asked, "What's wrong?" Rose didn't say anything she just cried and cried.

A few days later she went hiking again and she saw a rainbow flower. She went to pick it up and saw the same butterfly! She was extra excited, maybe a bit too excited, and the butterfly flew away. For the rest of the hike she was silent but she kept picking flowers hoping the butterfly would come back. It did not.

When she got back to the camp she couldn't believe her eyes. There was the butterfly! She was so happy then she did the strangest thing. No one could believe what she did. She let the butterfly go. Rose was happy for the butterfly.

**Emma Goodwin    Caribou Community School    Mrs. Randazzo    Grade 4**



# **Seasonal Lore**

## The Christmas Tree

“Usual teams?” I asked eagerly, ready to run and catch up. Have you ever gone through a field to get a Christmas tree, for the winter, where they are up to your waist and others are like towering buildings? Learning out which field and the Christmas tree we got was exciting and intense.

First, I got out of the truck and I felt the cold splash on my face. The sight of small, tall, and normal sized christmas trees were covered in sparkling crisp white snow.

“The real big ones are in the back,” the man at the Christmas tree farm said.

My grandparents, Mammy and Bubba went right through the column of christmas trees on the right. My Mom, Dad, Kendal, and Thatcher went left. I was in between the two paths so I raced over to my Mom. I felt my heart thump hard in my chest as I tried to run. I regretted wearing a sweatshirt and winter coat as I started to sweat a little.

Eventually, when I caught up to them and caught my breath, I repeated “Usual teams?”

At last my Mom answered “Yes.”

I felt my legs ache with the heavy snow piling on my boots and ski pants trying to run. Finally, I spotted a bright pink coat and a lime yellow one. It was Mammy and Bubba. I stopped when I caught up to them.

“You're on our team again this year?” Bubba questioned.

“Yes, yeah,” I said, squinting in the light of the sparkling snow with my head facing towards the ground, little sweat drops drizzled down my gloves.

Finally, we saw a Christmas tree. “How about this one Ashton?” Bubba questioned.

“**MAMMY COME LOOK AT THIS TREE!!!**” he shouted to Mammy a few rows of trees over. His voice boomed over the Christmas tree fields.

When Mammy got over there she looked the tree up and down, then said “Not this one, it's too short.”

“Ashton over here,” My mother yelled.

“Coming,” My voice ran through the fields faster than a car, followed by my panting and crunching through the snow.

“Your vote,” My father told me.

Suddenly, I was faced with two perfect green trees. I immediately noticed that the first tree had a better stem than the second one. I looked them up and down and I inspected the first one an extra time smiling.

“The first one has a better stem by a little,” I said happily.

All of a sudden, splat! Sharp little pieces of ice punctured my face and white dots covered my eyes. “Thatcher! Stop throwing snowballs.” I yelled, clenching my fists.

At that instant, I turned around and saw Kendal was hiding behind me. A moving white blob zoomed inches past my face and splashed on Kendal's jacket. My eyes widened.

“Oh, sorry Ashton, I was trying to hit Kendal”, he said with a strain. He was making many more snow balls.

Suddenly, **VVVVRRRRROOOOMMMM**. ‘Thunk.’ Our tree had been cut; it felt like it was in slow motion.

“Time to go,” my mom's voice echoed.

Finally, starting at a slow jog at first and turning into a run, I got closer to the tree. Cccccccccccccc, it scraped along the snow.

I was excited to go get a tree but sad when it was over. I learned that finding a tree was so exciting and fun, so make the best of it. When you pick a Christmas tree, do it carefully, make the best of it, and have a good time!

**Ashton Lawlor      Southern Aroostook Community School      Mrs. Boisvert      Grade 5**

### **The Day I Got in Trouble**

I was gazing out the window and my snowman moved! At first, I thought it was the wind, but no, it wasn't the wind! First his eyes blinked, then his carrot nose twitched, his stick arms moved, and lastly, he started gliding across the snow. He stopped at the hot top so I quickly got on my hat, coat, gloves, and boots and ran outside.

Luckily, I was home alone so Mom did not know what I was doing. When I went outside and I couldn't see him, I thought he had moved to a different spot so I went around the house and looked for him, but I couldn't find him.

I went inside and grabbed some candy canes, peppermint bark, and some Christmas decorated cookies and went back outside to find my snowman. There my snowman was, just sitting there and I gave him the treats, named him Elvis, and we became friends.

When Mom pulled in the driveway, I told her my friend and I were going for a walk, so I took Elvis on the sidewalk and we walked to Matthew's house. He had a snowman too. It could do everything my snowman Elvis could do. Matthew told his dad he was going for a walk with me so we took our snowmen and walked to Miss Hailey's house. She was building a snowman too! It couldn't walk and I don't think it was magic like mine and Matthew's.

We decided to go to Lizzie's dad's store and Lizzie was there. We asked if she wanted to come outside with us and she said yes! When we all went outside, we told her about our snowmen and at first, she didn't believe us, but when we told her more, she changed her mind and believed us.

Lizzie started to build her own snowman. When she finished it, she said abracadabra alacazam, please make my snowman magical like Ellie's and Matthew's! It didn't work even though she said please. Lizzie tried four more time, but it still didn't work. She was really bummed out so I asked her if I could try and she said absolutely, so I tried.

Abracadabra, alacazam, please can you be magic like mine and Matthew's? It worked, it actually worked! Now Lizzie has a snowman too. We left our snowmen outside the store and went back in to get some food.

We decided on raspberries, strawberries, apples, and some cosmic brownies. Miss Hailey bought it all for us. We said thank you then went outside to see our snowmen, but they were gone!

We looked on the trails and out back, but we still couldn't find them. We looked out front and we saw them in a truck. Elvis was driving! As we watched, Elvis thought she had put the truck in reverse, but she didn't. She put it in drive and almost crashed into the ice machine, but at the last moment she slammed on the brakes. I don't know how she did this as she has no legs!

We yelled to our snowmen and they got out of the truck. We gave them the food Miss Hailey bought for us. They enjoyed it. We said goodbye to Lizzie and went to drop off Miss Hailey. Next, we said goodbye to Matthew and went home.

When I got home, Dad wasn't home yet so I took off my things and sat at the table. Mom was in her room and when she heard me, she came out. She asked me where I was. I told her I was at Miss Hailey's house with Matthew and we built three snowmen who came to life. I also told her we went to Lizzie's dad's store and how I helped her bring her snowman to life. I even told her the part about the truck almost crashing.

When I was done Mom told me she didn't believe me and sent me to my room for lying. Mom even said I had to eat in my room! She told me we would talk in the morning. I hoped Matthew wasn't in trouble with his dad like I was with my mom.

While I was in my room, Mom talked to Matthew's dad and to Miss Hailey and they both told her I was telling the truth. Now I'm not in trouble anymore and I hope I will never be in trouble again!

**Eloise Michaud**

**Ashland District School**

**Mrs. Beaulier**

**Grade 5**

### **A Turkey's Plea**

*I was on a fluffy white pillow, eating the most delicious meal, and getting a wonderful back and head massage in my huge mansion and my eyes were drifting.... drifting...drifting.* Wait! No,no,no. NOOOO! This isn't how it's supposed to go. Why am I back in this dusty, musty, barn? I open my eyes wider to see more turkeys fluttering around acting like complete hooligans.

I saw that my breakfast had been delivered so I wobbled over to see that Karen, (This stupid little turkey that bosses everyone around and threatens to tell our farmer if we don't listen to her.) was eating my breakfast. Like, uhh, what are you doing lady that's *MY* breakfast. I waltzed over to her and flapped my wings in her face.

"What do you think you're doing??", she screeched. "What do you think you're doing eating my food!", I clucked back. "It's everybody's food! It's Thanksgiving!", She yelled.

I took a step back. I completely forgot today was Thanksgiving! Fear rushed through me as my mind went blurry. Karen took another step towards me.

"And you know what that means," she paused. "One of us gets slaughtered."

I turned around and started to walk away. I'd lost my appetite. "I hope it's you." I muttered. "What did you say?", she snarled. "I said go tie your shoe!" I shouted back at her.

She scoffed as I walked away. There was a loud bang and a grunt before the barn doors slammed open. Our farmer walked in and glared at us all.

"Today," he said "I will choose one of you to be our *special guest* at our feast."

He walks over to a turkey and picks them up. "No." He grunts "Not good" He drops the turkey and walks to me.

*Oh no. Oh no. Oh no.* I thought as he grabbed me by the neck. I felt like my eyes were going to pop out of my head when he said, "very good."

He brought me to the dark rotting cabin where all the other turkeys go. He puts me in a cooking pot full of boiling water. “That feels kind of...”I started to say. “Shut up”, he yells. He puts the lid on and I start falling asleep.

Well, it wasn’t falling asleep, I kind of died. If you’re wondering how I’m telling you this story, I’m one of the rare chickens that turn into a ghost when they die. I have a wife and two kids and living my best life. I have an actual mansion with an actual masseuse. I’m not dreaming this time! Sometimes I haunt Karen just fun as well.

Have a good Thanksgiving! Gobble Gobble.

**Rose McCarthy**

**Zippel Elementary**

**Mrs. Hoffses**

**Grade 5**

### **Fall**

The leaves are blowing  
The days are getting shorter  
The trees are barren

### **Water**

Pretty essential  
Fast thirst quenching powerful  
Healthy springs in Aroostook

### **Animals**

They are food for us  
They are pretty and helpful  
We have some as pets

**Trace Brewer**

**Mapleton Elementary**

**Mrs. Langille**

**Grade 5**

### **The Star**

It was just one snowy, cold December evening at the Smith’s house. Out of boredom Danica and James decided to go get all the ornaments ready, so in the morning they could set up the Christmas tree. They headed to the storage room.

When they opened the door it looked strange, like someone, or something had been in there because all the boxes were out of place. Danica remembered what it looked like because she had gotten into trouble, and her parents made her clean the whole basement. Danica and James ignored it and carried on. As Danica rummaged through all of the boxes of special

ornaments, she found one that looked kind of weird, it looked like a little bottle with a note in it. So of course Danica, the oldest Smith child, opened it. As she finally got into it, she realized it was just a little piece of paper with bumpy dots on it. She was very underwhelmed at this point, but then she realized what this was, it was a note written in braille! She was so excited because her younger brother James, the middle Smith child, was studying braille in school. She rushed over to him and James ran his fingers across the strip of paper.

"This says that if you want to complete this quest, you have to complete this task: jackets, shoes, and hooks." James stated.

They thought about that for a moment.

Little Chloe crept up behind them and shouted, "I know! I know! It's the foyer! It's the foyer!"

"Chloe what are you doing down here? You should be in bed." James said.

"I was bored upstairs, so I came to see what you guys were doing. Come on, please let me stay, I'm so bored!"

"Okay fine, but don't tell mama." Danica said firmly. So they headed to the foyer. As soon as they got there, they searched the foyer up and down, but still nothing.

"Wait, we forgot to search the shoes." Danica said. Finally they found the second clue!

"It's those silly dots again!" screamed Chloe.

"It's called braille, and you don't have to scream. Okay, now can I say what it says?" James said calmly.

"Okay fine, but hurry up, I want to set up the Christmas tree tomorrow, not the next day, you guys are going so slow!" Chloe said grumpily.

"It says... you made it this far, let's see if you can solve this next clue: pencils, notebooks, and crayons." James read.

"Hmmm that is a tough one, but I think it is the school supplies storage room," said Danica. So they headed off to the school supply room. They darted through the kitchen, sprinted up the stairs, and scampered through the library. Finally after all that hard running, they were at the school supply room. They searched that room up and down, but they couldn't find anything. Then they turned around and saw a bunch of notebooks.

"There must be one hundred notebooks in here!" Chloe yelled.

"Well come on, if we want to find this clue, we need to get to work." Danica sighed. They flipped through all the pages of the notebooks, one by one. Still nothing! They just kept on searching, and did not give up.

"I found it, I found it!" Chloe screamed.

"Give it here, let me read it. It says... you found your last clue, yay good for you! Now you need to solve this last clue: dust, junk, and boxes."

"It is the attic, it is so obvious." Danica said.

After four flights of long stairs, they finally got to the attic. They opened the door and a cloud of dust blew across their faces. They saw a glowing object in the distance. They walked over and it was a star, it twinkled in the dim light. Chloe picked up the next clue.

"It's in braille again, I wish I could read it." Chloe sighed.

"Maybe someday I could teach you, but for now let me read it. It says..... yay, you made it all the way through the scavenger hunt! This is the star for the top of the tree! We won't be able to put up the tree tonight, but don't worry, we will tomorrow. Sincerely, mom and dad."



## **The Best Christmas Ever!**

Violet Williams woke up on Christmas Eve and looked out the window. It was snowing! Violet could barely hold her excitement in - Christmas was her favorite holiday. Most people love Christmas for the presents and want their Christmas to be the best; but not Violet.

Violet has a younger brother named Chris and she has only ever wanted him to have the best Christmas ever! Violet ran downstairs and got herself breakfast. Her parents were bringing Chris to a doctor's appointment and would probably be there all morning. That would give her just enough time to decorate the house. Violet went to the basement and brought up the Christmas tree first. Once she put it up, she looked for some lights, but couldn't find any! So she went back into the basement to find some. She got distracted by some mistletoe! "This will be perfect!" Violet said excited again. Violet then began putting up the mistletoe and some wreaths she had found. As soon as she looked away, they fell down. "UGH!" Violet went back downstairs to look for something to make them stay, but she got distracted again. This time it was a box of candy canes. After she brought them upstairs, she started hanging them around the house. When she was done, she started to go downstairs again but froze when she heard a car door slam outside.

"Oh, no, no, no! This can't be happening!" Violet looked around - nothing was ready! She hurried to the door and found her parents waiting there. "Where is Chris?" she asked, hoping to stall.

"Oh, don't worry. He's at a friend's house," her mother said walking in.

"No! Don't come in! There's a ...rat infestation!" Violet panicked.

"Hmmm, well it looks like you took care of them," her Dad replied.

"Violet, what is going on? There are no rats!" her Mom said, shaking her head.

"Ok, ok! I tried to put lights on the tree, but I couldn't find any! Then I got distracted by wreaths and mistletoe. When I tried to hang them up, they just fell down again! Everything is ruined!" Violet cried with tears streaming down her face.

"Oh, honey," Violet's Mom said as she wiped her tears away.

"We are sorry sweetie," Violet's Dad added as he hugged her.

"Why are you sorry?" Violet sniffled.

"Every Christmas we always let you decorate while we work and we wanted to help you, but you are so good at it. So, we thought you didn't need help," her Dad explained.

"We forgot that everybody needs help at some time," her Mom added, giving Violet a squeeze.

Violet, still sniffing, walked into the living room and gestured toward the mess. "This is the mess I made. Do you think we can fix it?" Violet asked. Her tears dried on her face.

"Honey, of course we can. We have you!" her Dad said.

They got right to work. Violet worked on the tree while her Mom fixed the wreaths and mistletoe and Dad supervised. When they were done they heard a door open and close. Chris was home! He ran into the living room and gasped, "Wow! Good Job, Violet!" he said looking around.

Violet laughed and said, "Actually, Mom and Dad helped too."

Chris smiled and they all cozied up by the fireplace. "I think I learned a lesson today," Violet announced. "Christmas isn't about the decorations or the tree or the cookies or the presents or the..." Violet stopped herself and smiled at her family. "It's about the people who you spend it with. It doesn't have to be perfect." Violet smiled even wider. "This is the best

Christmas ever!” Chris jumped up and everyone laughed. This really is the Best Christmas Ever!

Noelle Blaikie

Presque Isle Middle School

Mrs. Bragg

Grade 6

### **Feelings Of Seasons**

The leaves crunch under my heavy black boots as I creep along the stream. The clear water rushes past me as I slink down to the level of the stream. The cool mist sprays my face. I slowly walk from the stream to a squirrel storing food for the harsh winter to come. Robins fly overhead, heading south, calling to the birds ahead of them. As the sun begins to sink behind the misty mountains, I think how only this can happen in fall.

The frozen dew crunches as I walk across the grass to the cold stream. The stream is so cold it should be frozen, but yet it isn't. I slowly put my warm hand into the freezing water, and I jump back. It is so cold that it feels hot. Not warm, but burning hot. Too hot to touch. I decide to sit down beside the water. While I sit by the stream on the cool wet grass I feel the water slowly going through my black jeans. As the sun begins to sink behind the cool, crisp mountains, I think a harsh winter is coming.

The snow sinks down beneath my feet as I walk across to the frozen stream. The water, still so clear you can see everything frozen underneath it. The wind howls and my face begins to burn from the cold. I see deer tracks going deeper into the woods that surround the stream. A snowflake flutters down from the sky and lands on my nose only for a split second before the one of a kind snowflake melts into a drop of water on my skin. As the sun begins to sink behind the snowy mountains, I think only this can happen in winter.

The thin layer of snow still left on the ground is soft and smooth. The stream has tiny pancakes of ice all across the water. The water is bitter cold, but not as cold as it was in the beginning of winter. Everything is slippery from the melted then frozen again snow. As I walk back through the woods, I slip onto my back. As I lie there looking up at the darkening cloudy sky, a bird flies overhead on its journey home. As the sun begins to sink behind the powdered mountains, I think a wet spring is coming.

My muck boots splash mud all over my clothes as I jump into every puddle I pass on my way to the stream. When I get to the stream, the water is high from all the rain these past few weeks. As I slide my hand along the surface of the water, I feel a raindrop on the back of my neck. When I look up at the sky, I see fog and tiny raindrops coming down from the rain clouds. As the sun begins to sink behind the foggy mountains, I think only this can happen in spring.

As I walk across my yard on my way to the stream, the air is heavy. Not heavy like a weight, nor light like a feather as it should be. The sun is peeking through the clouds warming the air around it. Almost all the birds are back from the south. There is not a silent moment in the woods.

Always a rushing stream or the birds communicating with their beautiful language. As the sun begins to sink behind the wet mountains, I think a hot summer is coming.

My feet leave footprints in the dew on the freshly cut grass. The water in the stream is lukewarm, so warm I could swim. I do. It feels so nice, so refreshing, so calm. I wish this feeling could last forever. A minnow swims over and glides against my skin. As I get out of the water I feel the beating sun against my back. As the sun begins to sink behind the crystal clear mountains, I think only this can happen in the summer.

**Meredith House**

**Presque Isle Middle School**

**Mrs. Bosse**

**Grade 7**

### **Waiting it Out**

"Aria!" called her mother, "I'm coming!" Aria yelled back, dragging her words. Aria's mother, Nora, was taking her to dinner to get all A's in 8th grade. The girls were going to a small restaurant in their town. Skipping down the stairs, holding onto the railing, came Aria; she swung herself around the bottom of the staircase and gave Nora a big grin, letting her know she was ready. Nora grabbed her purse on the counter and swung it on her shoulder. Out the door they went, into the small red car parked in the driveway, "I wish I could drive," Sighed Aria, "Don't worry, kiddo, you'll be able to drive soon!"

When they finally arrived at the restaurant, there were few cars; her mom parked decently close to the door with lights on the frame flashing red and green. "Table for two?" Nora spoke as a waitress grabbed the menu. "Follow me!" smiled the waitress. When the two girls sat down, they ordered sodas and enjoyed their night. Once they paid and got up from their seats, they walked to the door, waved goodbye to the man sitting at the counter, and opened the door, but as soon as they opened the door, a strong wind pushed the door back closed. The snow was coming down hard. They finally got open the door and threw their hoods on; it was freezing! "Mom, I'm so cold!" yelled Aria, loud enough so her mother could hear over the harsh weather happening around them.

Once they reached the car, they immediately turned it on and sighed, "Oh my! It's the first snowstorm!" Aria went for her seat belt to tie herself, "Aria sweetheart, I don't think I can drive in this kind of weather." Aria turned to look at her mother. "What do you mean? How are we going to get home?" Nora looked around and grabbed her purse, "we will go back inside the restaurant until the blizzard is over." After Nora spoke, she opened her door and yelled, "Come on! Run!" Back outside, the wind was howling and roaring as the snow poured down, and the two ran to the door, pulled the door open, and walked back in; the same waitress that served them was standing at the door; she turned and gave them a weird look, "back so soon?" Nora gave her a small smile. "Snowstorm," Aria yawned.

The waitress sat the girls back down and softly said to Aria, "Quite a lot of other people stayed." Nora nodded, pulling her thick white and blue coat off her arms, revealing her brightly colored sweater hiding beneath. She then slid her hat off her dark curly hair, "Aria, are you going to take off your coat? We might be here a while", and then Aria began taking her coat off, laying down on the seat next to her. Aria yawned and laid her head and arms on the table; Nora took

one of Aria's hands into her own. "It's almost over, sweetheart," remarked Nora, looking around the room and out the windows.

Aria raised her head and looked around; the snow was slower and calmer. Aria jumped as a woman behind him began speaking, "Hello! I was just wondering if you and your daughter needed a ride. My husband is now picking me up from my shift, and I saw you sitting here." She stood in the uniform at the restaurant, "Yes, please, only if it's not a bother," questioned Nora. "Not at all!" smiled the waitress.

The three walked outside and walked up to a dark gray truck; opening the backseat door, Nora and Aria got in; the woman in the front spoke, "Can you drop these ladies off at their house?" the man nodded, putting the truck in gear, pulling out of the driveway Nora told them directions. After they got home, Aria kicked her boots off, lay on the ground, and yelled, "Home Sweet Home!"

**Rylee Labreck**

**Dawn F. Barnes Elementary**

**Mr. Ouellette**

**Grade 8**

### **Buck Fever**

Last year, 2023, was my first year of hunting. My family and I worked really hard to get ready for hunting. We shot all summer and before Youth Day, and I could shoot pretty well. My father's friend invited us to his land to go hunt on Youth Day. After fifteen hours of hunting on both Youth Days, we saw nothing. So, we hunted every chance that we got. It was a great hunting season, and I will remember it forever.

A few weeks before Thanksgiving, my father and I went hunting. We woke up at 4:45 in the morning. I got dressed all nice and warm, grabbed my gun, and got in the truck. It was about a 15 minute ride to one of my favorite hunting spots, and there were two other trucks in front of us.

"I really hope that they don't pull into our spot," I said. I was crossing my fingers. They... didn't! I was super happy. When we pulled in, I put my orange hat on and unbuckled my seatbelt. Then, I hopped out of the truck and grabbed my gun. My dad grabbed his pack and his chair, and off we went.

It was about a two to three minute walk. After we got settled, I sat on a stump, and my dad sat on his chair. Around 6:15, I loaded my gun. It was really cool hearing the forest wake up.

It was a pretty chilly November morning. I was ready to leave because I was freezing, especially my toes. It was about 7:50.

"Let's wait until nine o'clock," my dad said.

"Okay, fine," I said. Twenty-five minutes passed. I looked to the right, and... there it was... a huge buck strutting down a hill! I started shaking from excitement and nerves, and I was scared.

"Daddy, Daddy, look over there!" I whispered excitedly. My dad looked over.

"Holy cow, Clara! Raise your gun very slowly," whispered my dad. I slowly raised my gun. The buck slowly moved into some brush. We had to wait five minutes because we couldn't see any antlers.

“Clara, I can’t see antlers,” my dad said. We sat for two more minutes. The buck slowly inched its way out of the brush and came forward. The buck was only about twenty yards away from us.

“That’s a fork buck, Clara. Raise your gun, honey,” my father said.

The buck turned broadside. I raised my gun. It was really heavy, and my dad had to prop it up with his hand. The buck kept moving over a little ways. It looked like a perfect shot right on the shoulder. I put my finger on the trigger, but suddenly, the buck moved, so I wimped out.

“Daddy, you take it,” I said.

“No, Clara, it’s your buck,” he said.

I think we moved too much, because the next thing I knew, the buck ran off.

Overall, I will always remember that. It was a GREAT experience and an amazing memory for me and my dad. I do wish that I had shot him, but hopefully I will have many more chances with my dad because I’m only eleven years old. This was my first year hunting, but I look forward to having many more.

**Clara Powers**

**Katahdin Middle School**

**Miss Bouchard**

**Grade 6**

### **The Four Seasons**

Long ago, there were four seasons: Fall, Winter, Spring, and Summer. The four seasons lived happily in harmony, divided away from each other, they took their turns sharing the Earth. When this story takes place, winter was taking its toll upon the Earth, rapid winds knocked over trees, seven foot high snow covered the Earth like a thick white blanket, bowling ball sized hail came down, animals ran towards shelter, the conditions were unlivable and kept any human life from forming on Earth. In its own kingdom, filled with bunnies, flowers, rain, and its ruler Spring. Spring had always been jealous, being the smallest season and only lasting for two months. Although Spring had always known she was a relief on the animals, and Earth with her comforting weather, and melting all the snow and madness the Winter had caused. Although Spring had never spoken out about her true feelings, she had always been scared of Winter’s sharp temper. For centuries, the cycle repeated, the strong seasons, Winter and Summer, overpowered Fall and Spring, though they had their own totally different rulers, they had never stricken war upon each other. Months later, Winter began to wrap up its harsh, unbearable weather. Spring was appearing, flowers blossoming, birds chirping, and mud puddles forming, Winter was finally over. As Winter roams his own land, preparing to strike again. Winter has always taken pride in his harsh actions, to carry on the legacy of his ancestors, he prepares for his next reign while the other seasons lazily prepare theirs. As he watches, he often mocks Spring, why would she want to make the animals and Earth happy? Winter had hated Spring, she would always come after him, destroying his hard worked winters. As Spring was ending, and Summer was coming at a rapid speed, blistering sunburns, and heatwaves ended all the work Spring put into the Earth, animals started to die at a rapid speed, but Summer did not care. Summer lay in a bed full of silk and satin pillows, blankets made of the softest materials, crafted by Gods. Summer was treated like royalty, its long legacy of strong rulers made it so easy for Summer to lay about, without a care in the world. Winter was always wondering how Summer never cared

to prepare for her season, if Winter ever did that, how would he be noticed? Fall sits in a beautiful castle, the intricate design on the mile high walls, sculpted by Gods with only the finest materials found on Earth. Fall sits at the table in the dining hall, discussing to his parents why he has not prepared for his reign upon the Earth, why should he worry, he has to brown the leaves and darken the evening sky, how hard could it possibly be, why should the animals care as to why Fall does not give the same effect as the other seasons? His whole life, Fall has been expected to continue the legacy of his parents, from his first days on Earth he had learned the ways of his father, who whipped winds so hard they could easily blow away any object on the Earth, he piled leaves so high they could reach the Gods above that granted him the wonderful powers he has, he darkened the sky so much, that when u look up in the evening hours, all you could see was blackness for as far as the eye could see. Fall's mother had always cared, she expressed the many ways Fall could show off his amazing powers, but Fall wanted nothing to do with them. He had enjoyed his life before, he could freely roam the Earth, he had no worries, his parents had given him everything he could ever want. This was his first Fall alone, with no help, he wondered as to why his parents cared so much about the other seasons, and how they about how the other seasons felt about fall time, shouldn't they be preparing for their reign? The great toll that Winter and Summer took on the Earth, made it seem impossible for Fall to even keep up. As all the seasons continued in their endless cycles, and new rulers came upon them, nothing had ever changed. Maybe one day, the four seasons could come to the realization that they may feel or seem different, but they are more alike than they have ever known. Winter, and Spring feeling like they will never be good enough, Fall and Summer, wanting nothing to do with their powers, wishing the great responsibility of their seasons will just go away. Winter and Spring always wonder, if I work twice as hard as the other seasons why do they stand out so much, Fall and Spring always wondered, why must I have to do this? The four seasons may never truly find out how the other seasons feel, and one day each of their current rulers will look out onto the Earth one last time, and realize maybe they had more destined for them other than their assigned roles. But for today, they will each live with the occurring fear of whether or not they are good enough.

**Tiarrah Saucier**

**Caribou Community School**

**Ms. McDonough**

**Grade 7**



**Adventure**

## **Lost and Found**

Once upon a time, 12-year-old Emma joined her family for a hiking adventure in a dense forest. Packed with excitement, they brought sandwiches, water bottles, and a map for their outdoor escape.

As they ventured into the woods, Emma's curiosity led her to explore a bit on her own. With a backpack slung over her shoulders, she followed a trail deeper into the forest, promising to stay close to her family.

The enchanting forest, filled with tall trees, the scent of pine, sap, spruce and the soothing sounds of nature, soon became a maze. The trail faded, and Emma realized she couldn't see her family or the path she had taken.

Worry crept in, but instead of giving into panic, Emma remembered survival tips. Finding a safe spot, she blew her whistle three times, hoping for a response that never came.

Determined to stay warm, Emma made a bed of dry leaves as the sun set. She added layers of clothing, conserving energy with a small portion of her granola bar and sipping water. In the darkness, she used her flashlight to follow reflective markers on trees, hoping they would guide her back to the trail.

Voices in the distance led Emma to a clearing where her family, worried but relieved, was searching for her. They hugged her tightly, thankful to find her safe.

The wilderness adventure taught Emma to appreciate nature's beauty while emphasizing the importance of staying close to family and being prepared for the unexpected.

**Tyler McCrum      Fort Street Elementary School      Mrs. Bradbury      Grade 6**

## **Lost In The Amazon**

This story is not real, but it could happen. This story is about a girl named Athena, like the Greek goddess. Her parents were obsessed with Greeks. They told stories to her and joked around with her about her name. Athena was a bright young girl and loved doing crafts, just like the myth of Athena. But this story is not all laughs and giggles. It is very sad. This story begins at Athena's house, with her tiny dog, Zeus. She was lying on the couch watching T.V. when an ad came on. It read, "Come To Bob's Grocery Store Today! One Lucky Winner Will Get A Grand Trip To Iquitos! Pets Allowed!" As soon as Athena heard this news, she jumped to her feet and ran into the kitchen where her parents were making dinner. She told them and they agreed that they would go tomorrow. Her parents have always wanted to go to Iquitos. Athena ran to her room, Zeus in her arms, and jumped onto her bed. She lay down and closed her eyes, dreaming about the adventures that just might happen.

The next day, Athena woke up as quick as a wink and got dressed. Bob's Grocery opened at 9:00 A.M, and it was already 8:30 A.M. Athena woke up her parents, and they also got up very, VERY fast. They hopped in the car, leaving Zeus at home, and went to the store. When Athena and her family got to the store, there was nobody there! It was very strange to Athena. People are just giving up a free trip to Iquitos. Even so, Athena and her family put in 30 raffle tickets! Bob, the manager of the store, came and talked to them for a bit, and then told them the raffle winner would be pulled tomorrow at 11:00 A.M. Athena got so excited! When they got home, Athena ran to pick up Zeus. She cuddled and played with him until it was time for bed.

When Athena and her family got to the store the following day, Bob walked up to them and told them they had won. Athena jumped up and down and ran right to the car. As soon as they got back home, Athena packed her bags. She packed a pillow, some rope, a carabiner, water, and food. Her trip was in 3 days, after all. Athena made a countdown to the days until the trip.

Three days later, Athena and her family drove to the airport and boarded their plane. With a little less than two hours to Iquitos, the plane started rumbling. Athena got really scared. Zeus, who was in her lap, started barking. Her family was trying to reassure her that everything was okay when the pilot suddenly announced that the right wing had stopped working. Athena screamed. Then the plane got dead silent. The engine had stopped. They were going down. An explosion, screaming, her ears ringing. That's all Athena heard as she hit the ground.

Athena's eyes snapped opened. There she was, on the ground, her whole hand bleeding. She rubbed her face and more blood came out. She looked around and saw Zeus on the ground, shaking. She got up, which took all of her strength, and grabbed him. His eyes were closed, then his breathing slowed down. Athena yelled out in sadness and pain. She started crying, but then Zeus came back to life. He jumped up onto Athena's lap and started barking. He jumped off of her lap and ran around the airplane ruins. Athena followed and saw her parents, dead from the crash. Athena cried and cried and cried. When she got over herself, Athena tried to find a way out of the jungle. Zeus followed quickly behind her for about half a mile, then her legs hurt too much. She sat down on a rock and Zeus jumped on with her, not seeing the poison dart frog as he sat down.

About 3 minutes later, Zeus fell with a yelp, and closed his eyes forever. Athena tried to scream, but couldn't. She was too weak. Athena got up and grabbed Zeus's body. She walked over to a tree and set Zeus down. She covered him in leaves and walked away. Athena wiped the tears off of her face and swore not to look back. If she walked in one direction, and one direction only, she would make it out of the Amazon. But there was only one minor problem, what if she was walking deeper into the jungle? Athena couldn't think about that right now, because she was too busy scanning the ground for venomous snakes or poisonous animals. Athena walked and walked, then she stepped on something that made her jump in the air. A tarantula.

Athena screamed as she felt the fangs of the tarantula dig into her calf. She fell down as the tarantula flung thousands of tiny hairs at her. Athena shook and the tarantula fell off, but she

couldn't seem to get up. She felt the spot where it had bit her get very warm. Athena knew that if she didn't find a village or some form of humanity, she would die here, in this rainforest, all alone... Alone. The words got caught in Athena's head as she got up, using all of her strength, and walked. Athena no longer walked in a straight line. She made left turns, and right ones too. She knew that she would find someone. Somebody else must be in this jungle. Then, she heard it.

She heard whooping and hollering, like some sort of celebration. Athena walked closer, the cheering getting louder. She stumbled her way up a small hill. When she peeked over the top, she realized it wasn't a celebration. It was a sacrifice. She looked around the large crowd and in the center of the whole thing was a fire. A fire which had a stick over it, And on that stick w-w-was! Athena gasped very loudly. The crowd heard her and came to look. Athena tried to hide, but couldn't. They had already found her. Athena screamed, but an old woman came over and soothed her. Then, she spoke in an ancient language that must have been at least three thousand years old. Athena was thinking she told the rest of the tribe to back off, and that Athena was not here to hurt them. Athena had a sigh of relief. They had accepted her.

Athena had a good time with the tribe. She hunted, learned their language, and in return, taught them how to read and count. Athena was one of their own. She was safe.

**Carter Brown**

**Easton Elementary School**

**Mrs. White**

**Grade 6**

### **The Escape**

I woke up at 3:00 a.m. to sneak out of the camp I was forced to stay in. It's been over five months since I've been here. My family's dead, and I am all alone. I was craving at least a bite of bread, but my senses faded when I remembered what they did to me. They killed everyone I knew and left me with people from all around Europe. I know why they did this to us, but I couldn't keep thinking about it because I would've thrown up. I left everything behind when the guards were getting dreary and tired. I tiptoed out the door to the barbed fence right next to the beds that were always wet and cold. They had dogs that could smell, but I didn't care. I could do anything else but stay here. Once I got to the fence, I dug a hole that I could now fit through because I was so skinny. As I forced my body through the fence, I rattled the weakened part, and the guard dogs went crazy. I knew I had to be quick, or I wasn't going to survive the torture. I got through it with a cut on my arm, but I didn't care about the pain. I ran and ran for the trees, not caring about the screaming sounds from the dogs and soldiers.

The smell of the air was all dusty, and I could see smoke in the sky. The sun was rising, but it didn't look much like it. The smoke covered most of the sky. As I was running through the forest, I found a tree to take a break behind. Covered in sweat and old blood, I started crying when I had the chance to think about my family. I couldn't go anywhere because I had nowhere to go. After a while, I got the courage to follow a small path. I followed till the trees were slowly disappearing, and the sun was beating through the thin branches to an open field.

When I walked into the field, I saw a plane snapped in half that crashed into the ground. It was still on fire, and I ran towards it to see if I could help anyone, but when I got there, I heard

a rolling sound in the distance. It was getting louder and louder. I ran for cover, and I saw a tank rolling by. It was massive and looked muscular. It stopped when it got near the plane, and two middle-aged men hopped out the top of the tank. They were laughing when they saw the dead bodies and celebrated by cheering. I felt disgusted. I felt like I needed to do something. Flames were growing in my head. I was just about to jump out and sneak to the tank with a pile of rocks in my hands. I didn't care that they had guns. I got closer and closer as the soldiers were still laughing and heard more rumbling. It got super loud, but it was above me. I looked up and saw two planes sweeping down through the gully, and then they started firing shots at the tank. The two men ran for the woods, but they didn't make it far before the plane's bullets hit them. I leaped backward and fell on my back as the plane was almost over my head. I had to get up, but just looking at the planes made me freeze. The shots were close to me, but I just closed my eyes and got in a turtle position.

I opened my eyes after I heard no noise other than flames crackling from the plane and sat up, looking around. I walked away from the crashes and got to a hill where I could see a city. Smoke floated up over the buildings. It was abandoned, and I was sick, so I threw up. Throwing up made my stomach more empty, so I craved food. I looked down at my watch to distract myself. I was glad I could keep it, and they didn't take it from me because it was my dad's. My dad was a spy for the United States but was caught after trying to steal blueprints for a new high-tech plane the Nazis were making. He was tortured, and so was my family because of what he did. I survived because I wasn't with my family; they left me behind. I loved them, but realizing they betrayed me made me cry again. I only remember the last words I overheard from my dad while he was talking to my mom; the word was the location of where Hitler planned to stay under attack. I didn't know how to get to an American soldier, but I needed to. It was starting to get dark, and I had nowhere to sleep that was safe. I just decided to lay in the tall grass, looking at the stars, hoping all of this would disappear.

I was awakened in the morning to planes flying high and over the city. It wasn't too loud, but it was loud enough for me to wake up. I decided to do something today that will help with this war. I know I'm just a kid, but I could help. I needed to find an American soldier, so I decided to follow the direction that the planes flew, hoping to come across a camp of them. I got over a hill and saw smoke coming up in the middle of the forest, so I went in that direction. When I got there, just one tent and a map were lying on the ground. There was no one there anymore, and the flames looked dull. I picked up the map, and there was a circle on the map over a city. It wasn't far, so I went there hoping it was at least someone.

On the way there, I didn't waste any time. I walked, and when I wasn't, I ran. I didn't want to lose daylight, so I booked it. I started to see similar places but didn't want to be too sure. When I got there, it was like any other city, but it looked like it happened a while ago. It didn't look like any person of some sort was there that was at the campsite. But I kept looking. I was not going to shout because I didn't want to be a Nazi, so I stayed quiet. I reached this tunnel that led to a singular light on the way back, like a cave system to a single door. I did not want to go, but I risked it, so I crept slowly and slowly. When I started getting super slow, I heard a shout and cry. I froze still for a moment.

I didn't want to scare whoever was on the other side of the thick metal door, but I needed to know. I knocked three times. Then silence stood behind the door. The silence lasted for over 30 seconds, so I shouted, "Anyone in there?" in English. Another 30 seconds, and then I heard the most frightening sound ever. There was silence, then a scream lasting 10 sec to a gunshot. I froze still, aching everywhere. After a while, I had the urge to go in. When I got in, I saw a body

lying on the ground. It looked like a typical Nazi soldier, but I could not keep looking. There was no head, but a shotgun remained in his hands.

After a while, I had to leave the bunker. It looked old, but no one else was in it except the body on the ground. The flies had already started at the body, and it made me vomit in my mouth. As I was leaving the bunker, I heard the loudest rumbling I'd ever heard. It shook the whole bunker, dust falling everywhere. I just ran. I didn't know what it was, but I ran as fast as I could. Getting to the entrance, I looked up and saw planes, ten, twenty flying through the air and soldiers in tanks on the ground fighting. Gunshots everywhere made my ears ring. I took cover behind a building and was covered in gray and brown dust from the buildings. All I remember next is something that hit the city that I won't ever forget again. A giant explosive that crumbled everything in the city, even me. I got covered in rocks and bricks, and then I passed out.

I woke up to silence but covered in rocks, and I couldn't see in front of me. I am badly hurt and have cuts all over my body, making me feel light-headed. I cannot move because I feel paralyzed. My eyes started drifting with every body part slowing down.

I knew it was over.

**Mason Pelletier**

**Easton Jr/Sr High School**

**Mrs. Hill**

**Grade 8**

### **The Big Race**

Vroom! Vroom! I was waiting at the starting line. It was so cold I could see my breath. I was ready when the green flag went down. I could hear the roar of the sleds around me. I took off! I was ski to ski with the other sleds. Then I got ahead.

I said to myself, "I can do this."

There was a sled next to me. Bang! He hit my ski! I hit my back and fell off my sled. It hurt. My friend helped me up. I ran quickly to jump back on my sled. I thought I lost.

I was disappointed but I kept going. I took second place that day of racing.

Later that day my mom, Grampie, and I went to get my prize. It was a plaque with a picture of a sled on it. I was really proud of myself.

At the end of the day, I helped my mom and Grampie load the heavy sleds into the trailer. I felt happy and tired after a long day of racing.

I felt like a champ and I was proud of my prize. When I got home, I hung it up in my room. I was so happy that night that I was crying. I could not even sleep that night.

**Jeremiah Green**

**Southern Aroostook Community School**

**Mrs. Clark Grade 4**

### **Look Up**

We all escaped and ran. Sorry. I'm way ahead of the story! Let me go back to how it all started. My friends and I were walking in the woods when Gavin mentioned that he was hungry. Gavin is my best friend, ever since we were young. We realized we were all getting hungry, but we were almost home. All of a sudden, we heard what we thought was a gunshot. Shane shouted!



He is always loud in general, but Lucas is, too. We all stopped in our tracks. The noise scared us, but a big whiff of something cooking flew in the air. Brayden ran after the smell. It smelled like apple crisp pie!

We all ran after the sweet apple smell. This must be what heaven smells like because it smelled so good. We ended up at an old rickety house, and an old lady came out. She told us to come in, so we all went in with our stomachs growling. She had an apple crisp pie on the table and there was also a nice big juicy turkey on the table next to a big cake. She told us to eat up, she seemed nice enough, and we were all so hungry, so we shoved our mouths full of food.

Once we were all full of food, she said to have a piece of cake. We were so full that we told her we did not want any. This made her so mad that she tricked us and put us in the basement. We were so full that we didn't even know what was happening. We could hear her put about fifty lock-up chains on the door.

Gavin cried, "We are locked up!" There were about five cameras and speakers in the basement. She could talk and see us through the speakers and cameras. She told us we needed to solve riddles in order to save ourselves.

She said the first riddle quietly, "What has two hands but no body?" We all looked at each other confused.

Nobody knew what that meant until Gavin said, "It might be a clock." In the middle of the room, there was a little tablet that we needed to enter the answers on. We punched in our answer, and it was right! Nobody disappeared. Nothing happened.

The lady said, "Now, I'm going to make this one a little harder. What question can you never answer yes to?"

Lucas said, "I got it! Did you clean your room?" It was wrong! Shane vanished. Everybody yelled, but the lady laughed. Now it was just me, Lucas, Brayden, Collin, and Gavin left.

The next riddle was coming. The lady said, "What can you keep after giving it to someone?" Four minutes had gone by. It was quiet.

I tried to answer, "Your word." The lady was mad! It was right! No one noticed, but the walls were secretly closing in when we got a question wrong. It was cold and wet, and we still had to solve six more questions.

The next question was, "What has legs but doesn't walk?" We said a chair. We heard the buzzer sound go murr! The answer was wrong and then Collin disappeared. Brayden tried to kick the answer pad because he was mad, but instead, he fell to the ground. Lucas laughed really hard.

The next riddle was, "What cannot talk, but will reply when spoken to?"

It was Brayden's turn to answer. He said, "Alexa." Mur!!!! The buzzer sounded again. Brayden disappeared and Gavin screamed like a lady.

The next riddle was, "What has hands but cannot clap?" Gavin guessed a clock. Ding!! It was right. The lady flew halfway across the room in anger. The next riddle was, "What kind of coat is best to put on wet?" The walls were closing in. One more question wrong and we would be squished.

The next question was, "What has thirteen hearts but no other organs?" Five minutes passed. Lucas disappeared. The next riddle was, "What goes through cities and fields but never moves?" Gavin gave the right answer, saying it was a road. We heard the chains drop from the basement door. Gavin said, "Look up, the door is unlocked!"

We escaped and ran. When we got up the stairs, the lady was still there and said she was a witch. She said nobody ever escapes her riddles. We tried to run, but she locked the main door.

Gavin took a chair and threw it at the window. He always thinks quickly. We jumped out and ran! The lady had a four-wheeler. We stole it. I drove and Gavin sat in the back. The lady was chasing us with a dirt bike. We heard another gunshot, or was that an engine backfiring? We didn't know. I hit the gas, and we went straight to the police station.

They arrested the witch. We found out that she has been doing this for ages. All of the missing people in town were because of her. But, we stopped her plans. We were finally safe, but we will miss our other friends who had disappeared forever.

**Kenneth Martin**

**Dr. Levesque Elementary School**

**Ms. Sonya**

**Grade 4**

### **THE SQUIRREL HUNTING POEM**

Bitter November wind whispers through the icy creek.  
Along runs a squirrel, skinny and sleek.  
Through the hollow bridge,  
Onto the bank ridge,  
Towards the wooden seat,  
Looking for something to eat.  
It sights an acorn.  
It was as exciting as me going to Longhorn's.  
It ran across the bent tree,  
Right up next to me,  
For it does not know my desire.  
I aim and fire.  
It falls on the ground,  
No longer looking to be found.  
For that is the cost,  
When it is me who has been crossed.  
It is now too late for it to know.  
For some it may fill with sorrow.  
But other squirrels do not be scared  
For I will catch you unprepared!

**Thatcher Lawlor**

**Southern Aroostook Community School**

**Mrs. Harbison Grade 6**

### ***Hawaii: Part II***

Based on the album

There once was a poet named Simon. Simon had been living in LA for all of his life. But now that he was twenty, he knew he had to follow his dreams, moving to Hawaii. He took a

plane down to the rainbow state. In the middle of the flight, it started snowing in the high clouds. He called this an “Introduction to the Snow.”

A couple weeks in, he was living the life. Living in a house right next to the beach, he’d made a few friends (quite a contrast from his life in California). As he was walking to his new home, he encountered someone. It was a beautiful girl named Stella. They talked and she agreed to see a movie that Friday. While at the movies, Stella noticed Simon writing something.

“What’s that?” she asked.

“A poem about this island. I believe it’s an ‘Isle unto Thyself’ in some respects.”

Then she asked, “Have you made one about me—us?”

Simon thought for a moment. He was pondering what he could do with the name Stella. Then it hit him. His favorite shape was the ‘Stella Octongula.’ Ironical. So he took the Hawaiian language and used it in his poem. He was naming different colors in Hawaiian: ‘ula’ula, for red, ‘Alani for orange, Melemele for yellow, Oma’oma’o for green, Polū for blue, and Poni for purple. He called it “Black Rainbows.”

As Simon started writing his next one—about the couple itself, being a duet in poem form—he started feeling... different. The way that this whole relationship was gave him a sense of dread instead of happiness. Then he finished “White Ball” and read it with Stella. No good. So he thought of the idea of them going to the woods to see the trees. Then they did.

He was originally calling it “the forest,” but soon after, the name “Murders” would make more sense. As they walked through this beautiful woodsy area, they heard a crack. She went to investigate, and as a surprise, he set up a picnic. Then he waited and waited. Five minutes later he started to get annoyed. Ten minutes later he started to get worried, so he got up and went to find her. Stella was found about five minutes later. She was in disrepair. She had a look of terror on her still face, which was covered in blood. He called the cops, who came about seven minutes later.

They brought him in for questioning, and as he waited, he wrote his next poem, “Space Station Level Seven,” which was about Stella going to heaven. Time seemed to go backward from then on until his court appearance. He had been framed for the murder, and no one believed his side of the story.

“Just look a little deeper near where you found her and you’ll see my rotting picnic!” he cried, but no luck was in sight for him.

“Resident minor, how do you plead? We’ll need your testimony on the stand. Solemnly swear to tell the whole truth, so help your son, now raise your right hand,” the judge bellowed.

Was he... rhyming? And if so, was he making fun of him for making poems? Either way, he raised his right hand and swore to tell the truth. In the middle of this, he got an idea. If he gave the insanity defense he would almost certainly be set free... right? Now he had to give his testimony. But then he started talking about other things entirely. His lawyer, catching on to what he was doing stated, “He doesn’t have enough control to understand, Your Honor.”

Then Simon said, “Father, Your Honor, may I explain? My brain has claimed its glory over me. I’ve a good heart albeit insane—”

“Condemn him to the infirmary!” He then was dragged to a car and strapped in tight. Kicking and screaming and laughing all the while. When they arrived, they showed him what he had been condemned to: electroshock therapy. He was strapped down with belts. Then they sent 100 joules of energy through his head.

He woke up days later, not remembering anything. The only thing he remembered was writing poems and Stella. He wrote “The Mind Electric” based on this experience.

After he was (barely) able to leave, he walked in circles. However, in his mind he was in a “Labyrinth” and wrote about that. He walked around for what seemed like days while in reality, only seconds had passed. Then he saw what looked like a “Time Machine.” Others witnessed him sitting in a box in an alleyway, saying he wanted to go back. A week later, he fashioned himself a raft. A raft that he went on and sailed away to find Stella.

It'd been three days, and he was out of food. He was stranded in the middle of the ocean. As far as the eye could see, there was nothing but water. A storm had recently come and broke off the sail. There was no going back. He sang himself a tune, a lullaby, a “Stranded Lullaby.” He was thin. Dying. Then he saw a sperm whale, and the whale surfaced and sang to him. He asked the whale what it was called. The whale said in a voice that sounded like it had a French accent, “Dream Sweet in Sea Major.” Then there was a bright light above them. The whale said, “Bye. Hi, Hawaii. Higher than the sun, invisible to some. It's time Simon. It's time to see her again.” The light grew. The whale sank. And Simon saw Stella's face again. Heaven.

**Julian Babin**

**Wisdom Middle High**

**Mrs. Justine**

**Grade 7B**

### **AYBL**

Three seconds left, I passed the ball to Isaiah. He shot the basketball for the winning shot. Whoa, whoa, whoa, wait a minute, let's start from the beginning. We drove to Fort Kent for the tournament. We got there early to watch their strategies. We played the games in winter. I was with my team, friends, coach and family. I was having fun, so much fun! Basketball means a lot to me. Some reasons why basketball means a lot to me are in a game, you have the crowd cheering you on, you can win trophies, you score points with two pointers and three-pointers, you can score a lot of points, and you can dribble the ball up the court and drive to get a nice layup.

After watching the early games in Fort Kent, we took to the basketball court to start practicing before the game started. With one minute to start, we had our starting five on the court. I took the jump ball, but I lost it though. As soon as the game started, Fort Kent took a shot and missed it. I was at half court and my team passed the ball to me. I dribbled the ball two times and then took four steps instead of two steps, so the referee called a travel. Fun fact, a travel is when you take three or more steps without dribbling the basketball.

The buzzer went off, the first half was over, then we ran to the bench to discuss our next plan. We took the court again. Okay, now 20 seconds left, I get us a jump ball. My coach called a timeout with three seconds remaining. We did a play we had never done before. The play was called, stack. I was crossing my fingers that it would work. It was time to play, I said break and I passed the ball to Isaiah. He took a three pointer and swished it. We all ran over to Isaiah, excited that he swished the ball at 3.8 seconds left to win the game. We were so happy we won!

**Kaiden Kelley**

**Mapleton Elementary School**

**Mrs. Bernier Grade 5**

## The Future

Crash! Bang! Boom! As the cars collide together, Stacey's mom immediately calls 911! All Stacey's family worried, police on the phone, and ambulance on their way! When the ambulance gets Birch road where the car crash is located. They picked her up with their warm hands. She felt dreadful, horrible, just awful! This was the worst thing she has ever experienced!

Stacey is put into the ambulance. She feels that the world is spinning, she couldn't move even if she wanted to. She felt so worried, she needed a loved one to hold her hand that very second. Then, her mom quickly hopped into the ambulance to make sure her precious daughter was ok. At that point the ambulance was speeding across town! All the doctors and nurses, ready to make sure that everything with this incredible family was ok.

As soon as they got to the hospital, Stacey got scurried in! Her mom was trying to catch up with the doctors, and at the same time she was also making sure all her family was there too, so they could see Stacey as well. Then the nurse at the welcome table says "Excuse me, are you Stacey Miller's mom?" "Yes, I am. Where is my baby?" Cried Stacey's mom. "I'm sorry for the unfortunate news, but you cannot go in her hospital room" Says the nurse with a country twang. "But www-why, I'm her mother" says Stacey mom shakedly. "I don't know, that's just what the doctor says. You're going to have to sit outside the room somewhere" Says the nurse with the same old country twang. So, Stacey's mom waits nervously in the waiting room for the doctors to report on how Stacey is doing.

Stacey starts breathing heavily! It was just like when you get done running a mile in gym class. All the doctors were worried, hearing the sound of poor Stacey gasping in and out with the irregular sound. Then...Stacey passed out! All the doctors were very shocked, it was all happening in the blink of an eye! "Stacy's mom was already worried enough, what will she think of this" thinks the doctor "Oh no, I have to get to work! I'll put a mechanical ventilator on her" thinks the *smart* doctor.

Suddenly Stacey awoke, fighting for, and drawing in a deep breath, as if she had just come up from being underwater! "Where am I?!" Says Stacey gasping for air. The whole world was out of the ordinary. She felt different as if she was not even herself anymore. Stacey looked at her hands, they seemed as if she was in the bathtub for an hour. Then she realized that she was in the future! She knew she was, she was in a different house than normal and she was older than she used to be. She walked down the hallway, then she entered a bare room. Stacey heard a strange voice, it sounded like some kind of Siri. Stacey was shocked when she heard "Hello Stacey, this is the living room" Then, a bunch of holograms appeared! She saw a transparent couch, coffee table, and much more! "What is going on?!" Said Stacey with an old lady voice.

Under those circumstances, Stacey had to look out the window, so she did and she saw a *flying car*! "What in the world" exclaimed Stacey. "That is a roadable aircraft, Stacey" in that same AI voice. "You again? I mean, thanks for the infor- how do you know my name?!" Wonders Stacey. "I am an AI programmer in your brain, everybody in this generation must have them" says the AI programmer. "Ww-what year is this?" Says Stacey. "It is 2083, you are 70 years old 7 months and 5 days" says the AI. "I'm 70? I felt like I was 11 just yesterday! I think I am losing my mind!" cries Stacey. "Go outside, Stacey" says the AI. "Go outside" repeats the AI, over and over again. Stacey is terrified but can't help herself and inches closer and closer to the door.

So, eventually Stacey gets out the door and she sees piles of trash all over the ground, as if nobody has cleaned the environment for years. She could hardly walk, but she went to a pizza

shack across the street. She made her way over to the shack, which was called “Pizzalicious.” So, she ordered a pepperoni pizza. Then, the employee said “What’s ya name?..... I’m just kidding with ya! I’ve known you since you were just 19. Hahaha” With a raspy voice. Stacey was spooked a bit because she had never seen this man in her life. Ten minutes later the pizza came out. “Stacey!” Said the same employee. Stacey went to the little shack, got her pizza, brought it to her table and took a bite. “Ewww” said Stacey with a sound of disgust. “It’s so greasy!” Hollered Stacey. Then, the employee comes over. “Is there something wrong, Stacey?” asked the employee. “It’s just a little...greasy” comments Stacey. “Mind if I sit down with ya?” Said the employee. “Sure” says Stacey with a trembling voice.

So, the employee sits down and talks with Stacy. He talks about how thankful he is for his grandmother. He says that her birth date caused him to win the lottery. “I entered her birth date online and two days later I got a call from a random number. So, I answered and they said that I had won the lottery!” Said the employee. “Oh really” says Stacey. “50 million! Take some, take some!” Exclaimed the employee and he pulled out a wad of cash and handed it over. There was a bit of silence. “I’m going to head home” says Stacey quietly. Then Stacey walks back home and lays on the couch. “I’m going to fall asleep.” Says Stacey with a tired voice. “Go to your bed!” Shouted the AI. “Ok ok!” Says Stacey as she walks down the hallway to her bedroom. She lays down and peacefully falls asleep.

She wakes up in the hospital bed. All the nurses were so surprised when Stacey woke up. “Stacey!” Shouts the nurse. “Go get her mom!” Hollered the nurse. “My baby!” Cries her mom. “Mom!” Yells Stacey as she gives her mom the biggest hug you could imagine. She is eleven years old again, and there is no AI voice in her head. As relieved as Stacey was to be her old self again, she wondered if her dreams about the future would come true.

**Lilly Stevens**

**Mapleton Elementary School**

**Mrs. Langille**

**Grade 5**

### **Pickle**

It was a sweltering August day, about eighty five degrees. To add insult to injury, I had three baseball games that day. I was in Bangor at the time, playing for a U12 (twelve and under) baseball team. We won the first game quite easily. We were about to play Millinocket. They were good, and they had a good pitcher.

The coaches had gathered us just outside the dugout. They were giving a speech about how we have to stay calm when we are at the plate. But I was trying not to sweat before I even had to run. I looked out on the field we were about to play on. The field wasn’t in great shape. The dirt was all rough and rocky, and the mound looked like they had a first grader make it. I shook my head and took my hat off. I was greeted with a yellowish sweat line. In left field behind the fence, there was the start of a forest. But in center field and right field it was just a whole lot of nothing but open field after the fence.

“Alright, now bring it in,” the coaches said. “1....2....3....Wildcats!” We all took the field. I was playing in right field. Right field is, well, right field is where you put the rookie, like me. We were all warmed up, so we threw the balls back to the dugout. Colby was our pitcher. He



was a big guy with a great arm. Going into this, I knew we were the better team, but I didn't realize just how much of a battle this was going to be.

We were the home team. That means we got to field first and bat second. That means we ultimately bat last. The game didn't start out well, the first batter hit a line drive to me. It bounced once, and I grabbed it with my glove. I threw it to my relay and so the batter stayed at first. By the time we got three outs, we were losing 1-0.

We had battled back and tied the game. Now the score was 1-1. Just about the same thing happened in the second inning. The score was 2-2. But finally, in the third inning we stopped them and the score remained tied.

It was the bottom of the third and I was up first. The time I was at bat before that, I had walked on a 1-3 count. Now the pitcher was going to come right at me. I got in the box and did my routine. I hit the plate with my bat two times and held my bat up pointing to the pitcher with it, while I took a deep breath. I eyed the pitcher, seeing if he was digging in his glove, tipping his pitch. But he did nothing wrong, and he wound up for the pitch. His knee went up and I took my step. The pitch was a little bit outside, but I caught it with the end of my bat. The vibrations hurt my fingers as I dropped the bat. I hit it enough over the first baseman so he wouldn't catch it, but it would hit the ground before the right fielder would get there. I sprinted to first base. I took a slight curve to show if I wanted to I would go to second. But I stayed at first. My coach high fived me as I got back to first. He said, "Good hit, Wilder, now look at your coach." I looked towards my third base coach as I took my lead. He touched his ear then touched his shoulder, but finally he touched his belt. That was our Steal sign. I nodded my head as I got low, ready to run. The pitcher got in his stance and lifted his leg. And again, I ran. This time with the mindset of "just stay at second." I got down and slid into second base. I saw the second baseman move in a weird way like the throw to second was off, and it was. I heard my coach yell, "Come on, come on, get over here!" I got up again. I ran toward third. I glanced up at the third baseman. I saw his eyes light up. I just stopped and realized, "that probably means he's about to get the ball, genius." I turned around and scrambled to get back to second base. I thought that maybe I should stay this time. My head was down while running. I looked and saw a hungry second baseman, so I let my feet go and slid into second. But, of course, with my luck, and the fact that we were rookie eleven and twelve year olds, the throw was off. Instantly, all logic wasn't just thrown out the window, it was thrown into outer space. Even though all my coaches yelled at me to stay (deep sigh), I didn't. I got a little too greedy, as my dad would say. I got up and dead sprinted towards third base. I didn't even want to look up. In my mind I was saying oh my god repeatedly. I just ran and just barely slid in the nick of time. I felt his glove hit against me. The dust eventually cleared. For the first moment in about thirty seconds everyone was quiet. They all looked at the ump. "Safe!" he yelled. My team went crazy! If they were loud before they were even louder now. My coach helped me up while laughing.

The final score of the game was 7-4 Presque Isle. I remember walking to the truck with my dad. We were mostly saying goodbye to my teammates and their parents. I hopped up in the truck. Greeting me was a cold vitamin water that had been stored in the cooler. My dad shut the door and said. "That was the weirdest, funniest and coolest play I've ever seen." We both laughed as I opened the bottle of vitamin water and took a long awaited sip.

**Wilder Young**

**Presque Isle Middle School**

**Mrs. Bragg Grade 6**

## Love at First Buck

Just like any other day. writing long long notes in Mr. Blackstone's class, Mr. Blackstone gets a call on the phone. We pause from note taking. Carter calls out.

"I bet Sammi is in trouble."

"Shut up Carter," I said, as he got off the phone.

"Sammi you are needed in the Mrs. Bartlett office."

"I was right!" Carter said. I gave him a nasty look when I left the room. I was walking down the hall thinking in my head, "What did I do?" Walking out of the girl's bathroom was my bestie Natalie. She said, "Hi, where are you going?" she asked with a confused look on her face. "To Mrs. Bartlett's office," I answered with a scared look on her face.

"Good luck! Tell me if it goes well." I scarcely smiled at her. I walked into Mrs. Bartlett's office. I was greeted by Mrs. Bartlett. She asked me to come into her office and told me to take a seat. I was terrified of what she was going to say. I am thinking, "What could I have done so bad that I am here?"

"Hey," I said nervously, as Mrs. Bartlett smiles at me with a lot of joy on her face.

"Hello Sammi. I have some good news for you. You are more of an "outdoor's student," and there is a competition and you can pick a partner." As soon as she said that I thought Natalie would be perfect! Then my mind didn't Listen to another word that came out of her mouth. All I heard was, "blah blah blah blah." I then heard Mrs. Bartlett's voice say, "The partner you pick will go on a hunting trip to see out of Aroostook who can get the biggest buck." In my head I said, "Well maybe not Natalie but I will ask her anyway." Then she added more to what the rules are.

"You and your partner have to end the week on Saturday night at 7:30, to get a buck and send it in to see who had the biggest." I looked at her with my jaw on the floor as I burst out saying.

"Saturday! That is in five days! I don't have any time to get cameras, blinds and food for them to come in. All in five days!" Mrs. Bartlett looks at me with a smile.

"You will have to get that ready to hunt after school."

"Ok," I said, with a sigh of disappointment.

As I am walking back up the stairs to my class, I see Natalie running at me, like when she is about to spill some major "tea." I started to run at her and we did our special handshake.

"Well how did it go?" asked Natalie. The way I was reading her face was telling me that she thinks I am in trouble. I said with a joyful face. "She said that I can pick a partner to go on a hunting trip to see who out of Aroostook County can get the biggest buck. So... I was wondering, do you want to be my partner?"

"I have never hunted a day in my life unless you count fishing?" she said.

"I think that you will do great. I can teach you how to hunt and everything. I can teach you how to shoot, aim your scope, and sit QUIETLY." I said. Natalie looked at me with agreement on her face.

The next day...

In the morning my dad and I went to set up food plots, blinds, and cameras. My dad and I tested out the doe pee to make sure the big bucks would come in. I walk into school with wet jeans, boots, and the smell of doe pee on me. I am late for school and as my dad walks me into the school. I asked Mrs. Pelkey, "What class are we in?"

"4 period." She said.

As my dad's leaves for work he says, "Bye kiddo."

"Bye" I said, as I walked upstairs with my late pass in my hand. I put my stuff in my locker and walked into class. I was greeted by Mrs. Bosse, and all my friends asked, "Where have you been?" And of course everyone could smell the doe pee. That day at lunch Natalie and I started talking about what we are doing after school.

"After school my dad is picking us up and I am going to teach you how to shoot when my dad is checking cameras."

After school...

I taught Natalie how to shoot and she was pretty good. My dad came back with good news on the cameras. "There was a nice three point buck," he said. I said to Natalie, "That is what we are aiming for: a three pointer." As Natalie nodded at me in agreement.

First time out in the blind...

Natalie was pretty chill out in the blind. Out of nowhere, pouring rain and no bucks. There were a couple raccoons, squirrels, and blue jays. After shooting ended, Natalie and I headed home to get a good night's rest ready for the next few days.

Few days later...

"We have seen nothing for the past few days, but today is the very last day." I said to Natalie. "I don't want to think this, but I have very little hope," said Natalie. In my head I think she might be right but I am not giving up. We got in are blind at 5:30 in the morning. Illegal shooting starts at 6:00 and ends at 7:30.

Four hours later...

I hear leaves crushing behind the blind. I tell Natalie, "Natalie get me the gun."

"Ok," says Natalie "Get ready to shoot," I said as a beautiful big buck stands around 50 feet in front of us. Natalie and I locked eyes. I waited to tell her when to shoot because I needed the buck to be broadside to me and the gun. She gets the scope on his heart perfectly. "NOW!" I said, "BOOM!" The gun goes off and a little ring starts in my ear. The buck runs a couple feet then "thud" the buck drops dead. I looked at Natalie in disbelief and she looked at me with disbelief.

"You did it! Great job!" I said.

"Thank you," she said. We put the gun on safety and go and check on the buck. As Natalie and I walked over it looked like the buck rack was getting bigger and bigger as we got closer.

"Ok, Natalie let's take a picture of you and I and count the points." I said

"Ok," she said. We take a picture together with us and the buck. As we counted,

"1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9,10.... How is this happening? 11,12,13! You shot a thirteen point buck Natalie!" I said, with my jaw on the ground. Later that day Natalie and I get a call and I pick it up.

"Hello?"

"Yes"

"Really?! Ok thank you so much!"

"What?" Natalie said.

"We won!" I said. Natalie and I started jumping up and down so happily that we did it together and that brought our friendship closer. Natalie thanked me so much. Natalie and I won a big prize for hunting supplies and gear.

## **Bigfoot Hunting**

Have you ever been camping? My friend and I wanted to go on a camping trip. I suggested we should make it interesting and find Bigfoot. My friend was scared in the beginning, but I got him to go. We decided to go to Bluff Creek in Ohio. It's a very popular place for Bigfoot. Then we gathered more friends. We got Tim, a very smart person. We also got Bob. He's a very athletic person. Finally, we got Cooper who is good at everything. Last, but not least, me.

The next day we were on a plane going from Maine to Ohio. When we landed we went to the campsite. We rented a camper to stay in and then went to the store to get supplies. We bought ten cameras, ten traps, ten stakes, a bear trap, and all the essentials. When we arrived at the camping spot, we set up the camper. We were in the middle of nowhere, so we went exploring.

Five minutes into our adventure, we found a cave, put a trap with a stake on it, and covered it. We put it in front of the cave. We had Cooper go inside because we were scared. He found a can of beans and tasted them. He said, "They were fresh," and then ate all of it. We went back to the camper and the camera had moved. We checked the footage and saw Bigfoot with a can of beans in his hand. We went back to the cave, moved the camera, looked inside and saw more beans. Unfortunately, we had to go back to camp because Bob stepped in the bear trap. We took it off with our hands, but he had to go home because of it.

In the middle of the night we woke up to a howling sound. We thought it was the sound of wolves, but then we looked at the camera and saw Bigfoot.

The next day we went to the store and saw this old wrinkly man named Jaxon. He said that he had fought Bigfoot and lost. He said that he was cooking beans by the fire and then out of nowhere Bigfoot stole his beans. He chased after him, but he was too slow. When he caught up, he punched him and then Bigfoot slapped him in the face and ran away with the beans.

When we arrived back at the camp, it was trashed. We checked the cameras and saw that Bigfoot had done it.

The next day we all said that we are going to catch Bigfoot. We went to the cave and he was sleeping. Tim just left; he was too scared to do it. Now it was just Cooper and me. We laid bear traps all around him. Bigfoot rolled over and hit the trap. He let out a loud roar and then saw us. He used his large muscles to pry it off. We fought; it was a ferocious battle. Cooper and I were winning until he hit me in the head with a log and I was knocked out. It was just Cooper who fought hard. When I woke up he was about to push Bigfoot off a cliff, so I came and pushed. It was over. Bigfoot died. We were so tired we fainted.

When we woke up it was dark. We went to camp and slept more. The next day we went back to the cliff to get the body. We brought it to the president and he brought it to the government. He brought us a check for \$1,000,000 and said, "This is for proving that Bigfoot is real." Then we just lived a normal life. We told this story to everyone, but no one believed us. To this day we still talk about that crazy night!

**Camden Hitchcock   Washburn District Elementary School   Mrs. Worcester   Grade 6**

## Alone Like a Lone Wolf

One day at Sunshine Bay, Mom, Dad, Ricky, and I walked to the beach. Well, it is only two minutes away from home. But it's always fun, Dad does cheesy dad jokes.

"Why did the whale blush?" Dad asked.

"Why dad?" I asked, annoyed.

"Because the whale saw the ocean's bottom! Hahah!" Dad said

"Well Josh, I think that is the best dad joke yet!" Mom concluded.

"Thank you, Mary," Dad added

"Well dad, I think that was the cheesiest one yet!" I say.

Well, I really like when dad does the jokes, but I can't say that. Since I am 14. I can't think that is funny, I have to think that is annoying! Oh, yeah my name is Carly and Ricky is my brother. Ricky is 12 years old, and I live in Sunshine Bay, which is the town name.

One thing I want though is a dog. I have never had a dog! But the kind I want is the Tibetan Mastiff. I heard they are protective animals.

Anyway, now we are at the beach. Mom wants me to try surfing because mom loved it when she was a kid. I hate it! But, thankfully it started to rain so we ran back home. When we got back we all had hot coco. But, for some reason the rain didn't stop. It started to flood!

"Mary, take the children upstairs in the attic!" Dad screamed.

"Ok, but what about you Josh? You have to come too," Mom said sobbing.

"I am going to check the weather. I will be right up!" Dad yelled.

Mom didn't respond. We went upstairs. The reason why Ricky is not talking is because he can't hear so he doesn't like to talk. He doesn't want to interrupt people. Dad comes up with us and says what is going on with the storm.

"It's a tsunami! They say the water has so much stuff in it that the water is poisonous!" Dad screamed.

What was weird about the tsunami is that this one was unexpected, like out of the blue.

I don't know what happened but everything went black! I am not dead and if I was I would not be thinking right now. Would I? Somehow I survived but, I don't think my family did.

I found myself in the forest days later. The tsunami must be done. Maybe I should find shelter. I have never been camping before. I did read Hatchet, so that might help? I see a mountain; might as well go up it. It's getting dark. I am scared, sad, and I feel broken. I feel like a broken golden vase has no price now. I am halfway up the mountain now. I see the cave better every step. I am now up in the cave, my plan is first thing: get some sleep, two: find food. Three: If possible, find a better shelter. Right now, I need some sleep

The next morning I wake up, and all I see is... Wolves! Oh no! They must live here! Remember step three: find a new shelter? Well, now I have to!

I try yelling. That did not help not one bit. I ran out of there as fast as I could. Luckily, they didn't follow me, so I ran down the mountain and found a little pond. I didn't realize that I felt dehydrated, until I saw the pond. It looks fresh. There might be some fish here too. Good ground to set up camp. The thing is I have nothing like in Hatchet. He had a shelter made out of rocks. I don't know what to do. I am going to try to find some logs and make a shelter that way. I made a shelter; with a door! The shelter took me from morning to night. When you are out in the wild, it's hard to tell time. Also, my watch and phone are both broken. Now I want to start a fire to cook some fish that I caught earlier this morning.

I ate my fish then went to bed, but I heard water. Oh boy is that what I think it is? I have to go to the top of the hill. So I won't get hit by the water!

Crack! Snap! Pop! Boom! What was that? Oh, no the tree! I am stuck!

"Help! Help! Someone help me please!" I scream.

"Hello, where are you? Are you hurt?" someone yells back.

"I am next to the biggest hill in the forest near a lake. A tree fell on me," I screamed back

"Ok, me and my town will all go out and look for you. But please stay calm," the person yells back.

Town? I don't think she knows that there is no town in the woods. But I was wrong.

"Are you the one that yelled for help?" she asked.

"Yes," I answered.

"Ok, I am going to get the tree to free you." she said.

"Ok."

She took the tree off of me and thankfully I was not hurt.

"I am not hurt," I say.

"Good," She answers "but I don't want you out in the cold by yourself so I am going to bring you back to the town."

I didn't respond, because I knew I had no choice. But once we got there she took me to the leader. The girl's name is Clarie. She is 18 years old. Guess who the leader was. I mean leaders, they were Mom, Dad, and Rick-

"Mom? Where is Ricky?" I ask.

"Ricky- Ok, let me tell you what happened. When the tsunami came, Dad pushed you out of the way, but Ricky went downstairs. We think he had to go to the bathroom so we just went. We heard you yell for help the first time but there were a lot of people that needed help."

Mom explained.

It took a long time to process this, But I did.

"Well, I think the house is long gone," I add.

"Yes, your dad and I think we could live here," Says mom. "Do you want to too?"

"Well, I have nowhere else to go," I say. "Sure!"

The story ends nicely, but instead of being at home and drinking hot cocoa like most story's end. We are outside. We will kill animals to eat, make vests, pants, and shirts out of the animal hide. But the best of all at the end of the day. From hunting, surviving, and eating, we spend some time remembering the family that we lost in the tsunami. Like Ricky.

I always wonder what the next danger will be!

**Leah Rossignol**

**Fort Fairfield Elementary**

**Mrs. Sutherland**

**Grade 5**

### **Ultra Boy Begins**

Once upon a time in a not-so-far-away city called Crookenville, there lived a boy named Ultra Boy. He had super powers that included heat vision, flight, invisibility, and invincibility. His real identity is Charlie.



Charlie/UltraBoy was born in California during the summer of 1929. At his birth his mom and dad realized that he was born with superpowers. In the city they lived in there was too much crime, so his family decided to move to Crookenville by plane. He liked Crookenville but it had crime just like California. Charlie didn't like how Jalapenos, the most feared villain, kept on attacking the city, so he decided to become a superhero to use his super powers. Last time when Jalapenos tried to rob a bank the steam from him fogged up the camera because he is so hot! It was an easy escape. Now UltraBoy knows what Jalapenos can do and he is ready for Jalapenos to attack.

One day Ultra Boy saw something in the sky. It looked like a black bird, and it came diving down at Ultra Boy. JALAPENOS! Jalapenos struck 3 times with flamin' hot punches. Ultra Boy tackled him to the ground. It was a big fight until Ultra Boy knocked Jalapenos out cold with one strong punch. The police came and arrested Jalapenos. After Jalapenos was in the cop car he jolted awake. His last words were "I'll be back and when I am I will be stronger and faster, and I'll have more power than you can ever imagine." The door slammed shut. Then the cops took him to prison. Jalapenos was gone, the city had nothing to worry about...or did they?

**Kain Pugh**

**Fort Fairfield Elementary**

**Mrs. Rogers**

**Grade 4**

### **The Long Road**

Two kids are playing at a playground, one is named Kayden, and the other one is Blake. They have been close friends ever since kindergarten, now they are in 6th grade.

"Hey wanna go on a road trip with me and my family?" Kayden asks.

"Well maybe, if my parents allow me, but where are we even gonna go?" Blake responds.

"We are going to my grandparents' cottage, they have lots of cool stuff there," Kayden says. Then an hour later, Blake goes to his house with excitement to ask his Dad if he could go with them.

"Dad!" Blake says loud with excitement.

"Yes, Blake?" responds Blake's dad.

"Can I go on a roadtrip with my friend Kayden to see his grandparents' cottage?" asked Blake.

"No," responds Blake's dad.

"But why?" Blake says sadly. "Because you haven't been doing your chores, you're always sneaking out of the house, and you're still grounded!" exclaimed Blake's dad. Blake was upset, but he didn't listen.

The day Kayden was going on the road trip, Blake got up, grabbed his phone, dialed his number, and said, "My dad said it's fine to go."

Kayden pulled into the driveway with his family in an RV and honked to let Blake know they were at his house. Blake had to go out his window on the lower floor to get out without his Dad knowing.

Once Blake got in the RV Kayden's dad asked, "Why did you go through the window?"



Blake responded, "It was because my door lock was jammed and wouldn't work." The lie somehow worked.

They were going on a long road until they found out they had to get some gas. Kayden's family pulled into a gas station and got some gas. Kayden's mother and father asked them if they wanted drinks.

"Sure." both of them said.

After they got back they left the gas station. It was getting late in the afternoon, so everyone went to sleep except, Kayden's parents.

When Blake woke up he asked, "Are we there yet?" with a yawning voice. Blake found out he was in the middle of the road in the middle of nowhere. To his left, he saw Kayden with a scratched, cut bleeding face, "Kayden!" Blake says. He tries to get up, but can't. Blake looks down at his right leg and finds out the bone is sticking out.

Soon Kayden woke up and looked over to his right, and saw Blake looking at his leg, which snapped with the bone sticking out, "Hey Blake!" Kayden screamed. "Do you know where we are?"

"No, I don't." said Blake, worried with a drained face."

"We need to find a way to find out where we are." said Kayden." Kayden got up and looked at Blake's leg, and was shocked and also terrified Kayden grabbed his phone and dialed help services. Then found out he had no bars on his phone.

Kayden went into the woods next to the road and brought sticks and some long grass and weeds. Blake asks, "What are you going to do?" In the next second, Kayden pushed Blake's bone back into place. Blake was screaming so much, he couldn't breathe, then he fainted.

It took a while for Blake to wake up. He found out his leg had a splint on it made out of sticks and long weeds and grass. "You're awake!" Kayden said.

"Kayden, do you know what happened and where we are?"

"I don't know anything, I have been trying to call for help and find out where we are, but I have no service," Kayden said. Kayden went through the woods and tried looking for someone, something

. Blake sat up and was in lots of pain. Then, he looked forward and saw a black bear coming his way. Kayden in the woods here from a distance Blake, screaming. Kayden ran there as fast as he could to see what was happening, a black bear was looking at Blake and stepping towards him. Kayden picked up a long branch that fell from one of the trees, whacked the bear straight on the nose, and screamed at it. The bear ran away scared. "Thank you so much!" said Blake with a happy, and scared mixed face.

"Are you able to get up?" asked Kayden.

"Kinda." said Blake, "I'm able to stand on it, but it hurts a lot."

"Then let's get going," said Kayden. Throughout their walk, Blake's leg started swelling and hurting around the injury, but still kept on walking with his left arm over Kayden's shoulder. Not so long later, they saw the RV, which was wrecked, that they were in when they were going to the cottage. They both got in and Blake sat down because his leg was killing him badly. Kayden tried looking for his parents there, but they were nowhere to be found. "Where do you think they went?" asked Blake.

"They must've gotten out because it was wrecked," responded Kayden.

"Well, yeah that makes sense," said Blake.

Out of nowhere, they heard a car coming on the road. Kayden quickly ran out waving his arms for rescue. The car pulled over and saw them. A lady stepped out of the car with high heels on

and was shocked to see the RV crash. She was also shocked to see Kayden's face with cuts and scratches. "Are you ok?" The lady asked.

"Yes, but my friend isn't!" Then the lady followed Kayden inside and saw Blake. She quickly grabbed him and carried him to the back of the car, then drove to a hospital. Many months later from the incident, Blake was happy that he was able to get back and was able to see his parents again, but he had to get a cast. Kayden never knew about his parents' disappearance and how he and Blake, were just in the middle of the road. Kayden went to a foster home and got adopted by the lady who saved him.

**Joseph Neece**

**Caribou Community School**

**Mrs. Pelletier**

**Grade 6**

## **The Flood**

### **Chapter 1**

It was a legend as old as time. It all started with this boy named David who lived in Vancouver with his mother and father in a nice farmhouse and little sister Molly. David would have dreams. And not ordinary dreams. He would have dreams of floods. FLOODS, PERIOD! He never dreamed of anything else. When he told his parents they didn't think much of it. But soon, the entire city of Vancouver and surrounding areas would be destroyed by a flood. And not an ordinary flood. It was water that felt like water but BURNED LIKE ACID! Of course, David never thought that his dreams would one day come true. But boy, was he wrong.

One day David was playing fetch with his golden retriever named Bark. They adopted him from a shelter. His mother, father and sister were sitting on the bench watching. David went to throw the ball and all of a sudden the dog ran full force and knocked him down. His eyes were a sick yellow and his entire body was shaking. He went to sink his fangs into David's throat but David rolled and knocked him out of the way first. He ran to the car as fast as he could and his mother, Father and sister all ran to the car with him.

"David, are you okay?" the mother screamed.

"Yes, but Barks not. Something is wrong with him!"

"VIRUS, VIRUS, VIRUS!" a voice screamed in his head so loud he thought he was going to explode.

"Did you guys hear that?" David asked. They didn't, because they didn't ask him or seem scared except for Bark clawing and trying to jump on the hood of his car. There was green saliva coming from his mouth. Molly was crying. Dad slammed the gas and drove backwards then did a half drift and sped down the dirt road back home. "We can't just leave Bark!" David said. The family had Bark since he was a pup for almost 7 years. He was the most chill and sweet dog ever. But not now. It is almost as if something possessed him.

"There is nothing we can do David!" Molly cried the whole way home and David tried to comfort her. When they got home, Dad called animal control to see if they could find Bark. David raced to his room and opened his mac laptop. "Dogs turning sick and acting like they are possessed," David searched on google. All he got were fictional horror movies.

"I need to find out what happened to Bark!" At that moment, Dad came racing upstairs and told David that the Animal Control had found Bark. But he was DEAD. "NO!" David screamed. "How?"

“They said scientists have been doing research on similar situations and they think there is a virus going around. They haven’t figured out a vaccine yet. It seems to turn humans and animals into rabid beasts, but then they just seem to die, just like that. They don’t know where the virus comes from and they’re more worried about a vaccine anyway.” All of a sudden there was a rumbling and hissing sound coming from near the house. David looked out the window and saw what looked like the entire ocean coming at him.

**Saige Bowes**

**Caribou Community School**

**Mrs. Anderson**

**Grade 8**

### **Lost in the North Maine Woods**

It was a cold January evening in Ashland, Maine located in Aroostook County. My dad and I were hunting with some of our rabbit hunting dogs. We were about forty miles into the North Maine Woods, which is a vast amount of woods, around 3.2 million acres. We use Garmin GPS units and collars on the dogs so we know where the dogs are at all times. This is only true if the batteries keep working in the unit and on the collars.

After we were hunting for a while, my dad and I decided around about 4:15 p.m. that it was time to head home. We called each of the dogs’ names, “Little D, Gingah, Roxanne, Hoss, Dancer!” One by one the dogs came to us. Then, dad said, “Alright, let’s pack up.” I said, “Wait, how many dogs did we come with?” Dad said five. Then I started to count them. “Gingah one, Hoss two, Little D three, Roxanne four. Oh no! Where is Dancer?” Then, dad looked down at his GPS unit. “She is about 800 yards out.”

My dad and I decided that if we moved quickly, we could cut her off. My dad instructed me to load up the dogs and to grab 2 leashes. Once I got back to the truck, I put the dogs in the dog box then grabbed another GPS unit. I put on more layers of clothes because I had no clue how long we would be out there in the woods looking for Dancer. Then, I grabbed dad’s compass, his heavy jacket, and his dry hat. I ran back as fast as I could.

We went about two hundred yards in the woods when dad stopped. He decided that we should split up so we could cover more ground. He told me to listen carefully to his instructions. He gave me a GPS unit and emphasized not to lose it or drop it. He told me what buttons to press to see my trail and told me to follow it for 100 yards. He said to keep my eyes down looking for Dancer’s dog tracks. We planned to meet in the spot we were standing at. I nodded and started out west with my head down, looking all over the place for tracks.

As I was walking, I spotted some dog tracks. Could it be Dancer? I studied them for a while and completely forgot that I was supposed to go only 100 yards. Instead, I went 110 yards, which may only be ten extra yards, but it makes a difference when you are in the thick North Maine Woods. I turned around and followed my back track to our meeting place.

Once I got there, I looked for dad, but I couldn’t find him. I called out to him several times but no response. Then, I made one of the worst mistakes ever. I didn’t wait for dad. I went back into the woods to the last dog tracks I found to see if they were Dancer’s tracks. I continued following them.

Two hours or so later, my dad was waiting for me. He waited and waited. I didn't return. Right away, he called the Game Wardens to let them know I was missing. The Game Wardens came out to look for me.

Meanwhile, I walked and walked, following Dancer's tracks. I came up to a stream. In the background, I heard water flowing. I did not bother to go and investigate like I would most of the time. My dad always warned me about the dangers of water and ice in the winter and to never go on the ice unless he said so. Because of this, I steered away from it. Once I started to walk, I heard a noise. I turned on my flashlight because the moon light wasn't bright enough to show far away. I shined my light across the stream, and there was Dancer!

Despite hearing my dad's voice in my head, the ice looked safe enough to me, so I decided to walk across it. I kept telling myself to just go slowly. I could hear the ice groan and creak. I was almost in reach of Dancer when, CRACK! My GPS unit fell in the water, and my right leg fell into the water. The water was so frigid. Hypothermia can happen in 30 minutes! I couldn't feel my leg, and my GPS unit was gone.

I called to Dancer. She jumped off the ice to safety. She then ran to the bank of the stream and watched me climb out. I crawled right to her and then covered my leg with snow. It soaked up some water. Then, I grabbed Dancer and gave her a bunch of kisses. After I gave her kisses, I scolded her for not coming when we called for her. The batteries were no longer working in her collar. I then decided to make a bed at this point. I gathered some fir boughs for a bed and laid them down on the ground. I took off one of my jackets to wrap up Dancer, and I held her in my arms. Soon, she fell asleep. I used another jacket for a pillow and snow as a blanket. I covered us both up. Dancer was soon snoring, and I was fast asleep as well. My dad was out until 2:00 a.m. looking for me. Mumma assured him that I would find my way home. The Game Wardens showed up at my house in the morning. Mumma ran to the door to greet them. The Game Wardens told my parents that they followed my tracks all the way to the stream then my tracks stopped at the stream. They didn't think it was possible for me to make it across the stream. They told my parents, "We are so sorry. We did everything that we could to find your daughter. We will do a recovery later to see if we can find her body."

Meanwhile, I woke up to Dancer licking my face. She was hungry, so we headed for home. We walked through the woods for a long while; then we found a fresh deer carcass. The coyotes left a little meat, and Dancer was happy to chew on it. I sat in the snow, and I thought about how mumma and dad must be worried sick. We then continued our journey, which seemed like a million years, but it could only have been five or six hours. It felt like my whole life was gone. We were both wet, tired and hungry and ready to give up. But we couldn't give up! My parents had to think that we were dead. That's all I could think about. I just kept walking, one leg after the other and one foot after the other.

Dancer was barely moving, so I had to keep picking her up to carry her. She was tired and weak. I kept looking up at the sun, thinking the sun could help me. I remember what my dad told me: the sun rises in the east and sets in the west. I knew that home was in the northeast. Since the batteries were dead in the GPS unit and on Dancer's collar, we just kept moving using the sun as our navigation. I had to trust my instincts.

Eventually I saw a clearing. I yelled to Dancer, "Come on girl, Come on. We're almost there." That must be a road, so I ran to the clearing, only to find an old twitch trail. My feet hurt so I sat down and I could tell that Dancer wanted to get home, too. We walked about a mile, and the twitch trail led us back into the woods. We kept walking until I heard a whine. It was Dancer. I turned my head quickly to see she was all tangled up in barbed wire. She whined and

whined. I rushed over to her and started to slowly twist and turn the barbed wire away from her leg. With all of my adrenaline running through my body, I didn't realize a little piece of barbed wire was in my arm. Once I picked up Dancer, the piece of barbed wire cut a huge gash in my arm. Blood was running down my hand. I wrapped my scarf around my arm to stop the bleeding. We continued our journey again. I kept looking up. The sun was gone. It had to be around 9:30 p.m. I thought we were spending another night in the woods then the trail took us to a road. It was Garfield Road! I only needed to make a sharp left, and we'd be home!

Once I got home, I knocked on the door like crazy. I heard running down the stairs. My dad opened the door, and I jumped into his arms! I gave mumma a huge hug! I was so happy to be home. I held Dancer close in my arms and I gave her a bunch of kisses.

My mumma cleaned up my arm, and my dad cleaned up Dancer. I told them about my crazy night and day of how I got lost in the North Maine Woods.

**Ava White**

**Ashland District School**

**Mrs. Merrill**

**Grade 7**

**Fantasy  
and  
Other Fiction**

## **The Adventure**

When I was a young girl in my home, I went for a walk outside on the trail behind my house, but I didn't feel too good, I had a pain in my arm, like a shot in my arm to make me sleep, it hurt! All of a sudden I started feeling tired and I didn't get too far. So I turned around and started to go back, but then I saw blackness. Few hours later I woke up and I was in an abandoned place like a motel. I still felt weak and didn't want to move. I was still thinking about how I got to the motel. I waited and waited so that I would feel better. A few hours later I felt better and I could walk again. I walked around and I found the stairs to the main floor. I found the exit near home so I wasn't lost. But when I went outside and I.... didn't know where I was.

I was nervous and very scared, as I didn't know what to do. I didn't know any survival tips either. I walked around trying to find my way..but I didn't recognize where I was. I had a water bottle and a dead phone. I had nobody to call for help. I was in the middle of nowhere and it was late so I didn't want to go far from the motel. I stayed the night and I went upstairs back to the room. I went to bed but it was a little broken. I had to deal with it for now. I woke up to the bright sun in my eyes so I got up and was thirsty, but didn't drink so I could save my water for later. I left and went to find home. I started to go forward into the woods. It was very dark so I didn't know if it was day or night. I continued going and found nothing; it was like I was just going deeper in the woods. I turned around and went the opposite direction.

I went to the left this time and walked for a while then I saw something I remembered in front of me. I didn't know where that memory came from, but I was here before. I continued because I thought if I had a memory that I was here I would be going the right way. I continued for many more hours but no sign that I was near home but I went on and continued going. I found more and more stuff that I remember from the past but still don't know where I remember this stuff from. I saw a spot of light and a helicopter in the air, I only noticed it by the sounds and I saw their searchlights on,so I ran to the spot of land with light and waved my hands up and down like a party was happening. Then it went away. My hope hit the ground hard like a rock and lost it all. Then I saw it turn around. Hope went up a little but I still hope I can attract that helicopter. I kept on waving my hands in the air and it looked like it was coming to me so I jumped and my arms hurt but I didn't care. It stopped right above me and a ladder came down. I ran to it and got up with all the strength I had left of me. I got up and I knew I was safe now.

**Aryanna Berry**

**Van Buren District School**

**Mrs. Levasseur**

**Grade 5**

## **PIANO MAN**

### **PROLOGUE**

Playing the piano was my greatest passion and accomplishment. But little did I know, playing the piano was a curse. I didn't know that until everything started to go wrong. I lost everything—even my mind. I created songs. Songs that expressed how I felt. My family said that



my songs were beautiful. Especially my little girl. Cassandra. But then, they got mad. They said I was spending too much time playing piano. And that is when it started.

## **PRESENT**

“Essie! Cassandra! I’m home!” I call, walking into my home. No answer. I move towards the coffee table in the living room. There’s a note.

Dear Charlie,  
Sorry we aren’t home dear, Cassy and I  
decided to go to the store.  
She is picking toys out for an early birthday present.  
We will be back soon. We love you.

-Essie

Alright then. Well, I can play more piano until they get home. I begin to walk up the stairs to my music room until I hear a crash. I walk back down the stairs and see a plant in a tan pot broken on the ground. How did that break? I pick up the plant, hoping I can save it. I turn around and see my piano.

“W-what?” I stutter, “T-that was upstairs. H-how...?”

Then the piano starts playing. By itself. I back up, expecting to hit the wall behind me, but I keep going. I turn my head and see an endless hallway. My breathing quickens. The piano gradually starts playing fast. I suddenly can’t breathe. Oh, God. What is happening? I start to run down the endless hallway even though I know I might not reach the end. I turn my head to where the piano is and see it somehow closer to me than before. The song on the piano starts to get faster. Where have I heard that song before? It sounds so familiar but so old to me. I run into a wall, and everything goes black.

I wake up with my vision blurry, my head aching, and confusion surrounding me. I thought this hallway didn’t have an end. With every motion, waves of nausea move through me. I slowly get myself on my feet and look around. My vision goes back to normal. I am in a small room with yellow walls. I spin around, looking for an exit. Nothing. Except for a sign.

**YOU DID IT CHARLIE. YOU SPEND TO MUCH TIME ON THE PIANO. YOU DON’T EVEN SPEND TIME WITH YOU DAUGHTER.**

“No...no, no, no, no! What is going on?!” I shout. I can’t comprehend what is going on. Everything is so confusing. What is happening right now? Why is it happening? My head starts spinning. As my head starts to hurt again, I hear a faint voice.

“Daddy, why do you play piano so much?” It’s Cassandra. “Daddy, please talk to me. You did wrong. You don’t like me or Mommy anymore, do you?”

“Cassy?!?” I yell, “Where are you?!?”

I look around and find a door. It wasn’t there before but I go through it anyway. As I open the door I start to see my music room. Someone is sleeping with their head on my piano. It’s...me.

“Daddy?” I turn around and see my daughter. She comes closer to me. “Wake up.” And I wake up to the sound of someone opening the front door.

“Charlie?” Cassy and I are home.” It’s my wife and daughter. I look at my piano and close the music book. I stand up and walk to the door saying, “I’m coming dear.” Everything will be alright now. At least, that is what I thought.

**Shaeleigh Buskirk**

**Van Buren District School**

**Mrs. Berube**

**Grade 8**

### **The Little Green Gremlin**

“Noah, you have to go to bed. It’s past your bedtime,” Noah’s mom said as she started walking him upstairs.

“No mom, I don’t want to,” Noah said as he tried to walk back downstairs. “I am not that tired.”

“You have to,” she said, grabbing his wrist and pulling him up the stairs.

Suddenly, an idea popped into Noah’s head. He was going to PRETEND to go to bed, and once his mom fell asleep, he was going to go on his phone.

“Fine. I have to wake up at 6 for stupid school anyway,” Noah complained. He walked up the stairs after saying goodnight to his mother. He walked into his room to go to sleep but ended up going on his phone, following through with his plan.

Some time passed, and it was midnight. Noah was chilling in bed on his phone when he suddenly heard a loud THUD from the hallway. What could it be?

“What is that?” Noah asked himself tiredly, getting out of bed.

He got up out of bed, and went to the hallway to investigate. Suddenly... It stopped. He looked around, and eventually shrugged it off. He headed back to his room, but when he looked inside his bedroom he saw... Wait, what did he see? OH MY GOSH, IT WAS A LITTLE GREEN GREMLIN! He saw the gremlin and took a couple steps back. The Gremlin wore a gold chain that said GTGG, and a backwards Gucci hat.

When Noah saw the gremlin, he shouted as the Gremlin shushed him. Then he heard a creak, and then a zip! HE GOT TRAPPED IN A HUGE NET! Noah wiggled and kicked to try and get out, but he was unsuccessful. The green gremlin walked towards him, and spoke.

“Don’t tell ANYBODY about me. AFTER THIS HAPPENS, I DON’T EXIST!” stated the gremlin.

“What is your name?” asked Noah, still completely confused about the situation.

“Gustavo the Green Gremlin,” it replied.

“That explains the gold chain,” Said Noah, finally understanding what was going on.

“Say, do you have any carrots?” Gustavo asked, as a grin appeared on his face stretching ear to ear.

“I don’t know, check in the fridge. Now, LET ME OUT PLEASE!” Noah shouted.

Gustavo pauses, and thinks if he should really let him out. After some time, he lets Noah out, and is very careful to not make any noise.

“Don’t tell anyone about me,” Gustavo said, pointing at Noah. “Seriously.”

“Fine,” Noah answered, closing his bedroom door to go to bed.

The next morning Noah woke up and got ready, doing his normal routine. He brushed his teeth, showered, and got dressed. He was about to go downstairs to have breakfast...

Until he hears his mom yell, “NOAH WHERE ARE ALL THE CARROTS?!”

**Makayla Woodworth      Fort Street Elementary School      Mr. Boudreau      Grade 6**

### **King Dragon’s Adventure!**

There was a dragon. He was the king of all dragons. He was all blue, and very friendly. These dragons prefer to walk instead of fly, because their species can not fly. His favorite thing to do was explore, but he could not do that much. He was always busy solving other dragons' problems, so he had no time for himself.

One day, he decided that he wanted to leave. The next day, he went on his journey to the woods. The woods were dark and really gloomy.

He got nervous, but marched straight ahead without looking back. It was very scary, loud, and dark.

He brought some snacks that include shrimp, mushrooms, and steak. His personal favorite snack was shrimp. He packed it all in a backpack. After he started walking, he saw something weird. It was a mushroom with a blue stem. So he went over to the mysterious thing, and ate it!

Polka dots spread across his body, and he started to freak out. He did not know what to do. It was a poisonous mushroom! Eventually, he decided to go to bed, hoping it would just go away.

He woke up and the spots were gone. Luckily, they did not stay any longer. He grabbed the shrimp from his bag, and ate it.

Now, he was really scared to keep going, so he watched every step he made. It was really hard to see, so he grabbed his special glasses. They let him see in when it was cloudy or foggy.

Suddenly, something cried really loud. He put them on and saw a tall old purple wrinkly tree that had fallen straight to the ground. It was saying, "Help!"

He did not know what to do so he just walked away. He hoped that something or, someone would save it. It was not foggy any more though, so he took off the special glasses.

After a few days, he got pretty smelly and dirty, so he went to a big river and jumped in to bathe. The water was brown, but he did not see it. Later, he looked down at the water and it was filthy. He came out and shook it off like a cat that was soaking wet and hated water.

He decided that the woods were a horrible place so he turned around and marched straight home. He hated the woods greatly!

He was heading home and saw the tree again, but noticed it was dead. He felt bad about letting the purple wrinkly tree die, but he thought to himself that it was in the past. He thought that he could not change the past, so he went on with returning home. The emotions from letting the tree die left, but he knew he would have to do better. He passed those mushrooms again, but did not eat them this time. He now reached the end of the forest and did not look back, but will miss the adventuring life.

He returned to the fellow dragons and apologized for leaving, and said he would never leave again. Sadly, he never left the palace again.

**Elise Atkinson      Fort Street Elementary School      Mrs. Thomas      Grade 5**

### **A New Day**

More and more people were dying.....Of ICE CREAM.....It was new. It was gorgeous. It it it..... had flavor!! It was famous because no one had ever tasted something like it in their lives. The person that made it was my dad, Dave Davenport, and I'm his daughter Bella. When I went back to school, I was famous, and I was finally noticed by all the students. "Is your dad, Dave Davenport?" a tall boy said.

"Yes, why?" I replied.

"Because he is awesome." They all replied at the same time.

It was freaky. "Well, do you think I'm awesome?" I said.

"Well of course we do. You and your dad are the best people in the world. No one in the whole milky way is better!" *Wow, I've never been called that before. I don't know what to do. I'm freaking out.* Then I ran to my friends over by the lockers.

They said, "Hi. What are you up to?"

"Oh nothing, just ran through the whole school. No worries." I replied.

"I'm only a freshman, and I can't have all this pressure." Chloe said to somebody as I walked by. First bell rang, and when I was heading down the hall, everyone was taking pictures. I felt famous! Everyone also knew that I kept on posing for the pictures. When I finally got to my classroom my teacher said with a sigh, "Your dad created ice cream?"

"Ya so what." I didn't know what she was talking about.

"Did you just say ya so what!" she said while she was screaming at me.

"Okay grandma, chill," I said. "Just go sit down. I can't even look at you." I started walking over to my seat and whispered, "Okay, grandma."

"What did you just say?" she said calling me back.

"I didn't say anything!" I yelled at her. Then the bell rang. "Okay, I have to meet up with Chole and Zoe," I said, running through the halls. They were doing the same thing and kept looking to see if I was there. Then it happened. We all ran right into each other. We fell to the ground. "Are you guys good?" I said.

"Ya, are you?" Zoe said. Then they left. When I got home I said, "Dad no more making stuff or I'll never speak to you again."

"OKAY, sorry it will never happen again sweetie?" Dad said, confused. Then I stomped up the stairs to my room and slammed the door as hard as I could. I screamed as loud as I could into my pillow. Then I went to take a shower. After that I went to sleep at 6:30 PM. I got up and got ready for school. Then I drove there. When I pulled in, Chole and Zoe ran as fast as they could to me.

Chole said, "Your dad is a genius!"

"WHAT DID HE DO THIS TIME?!" I said while yelling at them. "Come on girls, let's take a field trip to my dad's office," I said while getting in my car. When we finally got there I jumped out of the car screaming, "DDDDAAAADDDDDDDDDYYYY!" He came running out of the house like it was on fire.

"What do you need? I'm trying to work," he said.

"Did you build something like a cake?" I said.

"Okay, so I did. Cake and Ice Cream together is so good though," he said.

"Okay, if you say so," I said rolling my eyes. Luckily he didn't catch me. Then it went back to me being famous.....again.

**Azorah Clark**

**Mill Pond Elementary School**

**Mrs. Drew**

**Grade 4**

### **The Unexpected Crash**

"Where's my money? You haven't made a payment in months. Now, hand it over, Jeeda."

"I will get it to you soon, sir. Now if yo--"

"You always say that. NOW." I handed him the last of my money.

I was always behind on my spaceship bill and this kooky guy was always bugging me about it. I know it's bad to be behind, but it's been hard ever since Mom and Dad left me ten years ago. I was always poor and always angry. I never did figure out what happened to them. I went to bed worrying about money. The next morning, I went into the kitchen and made some bright and colorful "looking for a spaceship job" fliers. I went to the town rec center to photocopy them. As I was leaving the rec, I tacked one of the fliers on the bulletin board. The manager of the rec saw a flier and came up to me.

"You're looking for a job, eh? Well, I've got the perfect job for you. You can clean the bathrooms here. You get paid extra on sloppy joe nights." She smirked at me.

"Ha ha. Thanks, but no thank you." I said. "I am looking for a job with my spaceship."

"Alrighty then, sweetheart. Good luck. See you later."

I walked all around town for a couple of hours hanging up the fliers until a slight drizzle started. I walked home quickly and sat by the phone, watching the rain. I went to bed at 8:30, frustrated with the lack of calls.

In the middle of the night, the phone startled me. I pressed the button and answered the call. "Hi, how can I help you?"

"I hear you have a spaceship and you're looking for a job."

"Yeah, I sure am."

"Well, then, listen carefully: my robot will meet you at the spaceship launching center tomorrow afternoon. You can bring some friends to help you with your mission. Your mission is to collect samples of space sand from the coordinates I will give my robot."

"Thank you!" I said. "Can I get some more inf-" BEEP.

I was so excited. This was really happening! I spent the morning calling my friends to help me with the mission and packing my space gear. When I had finished eating lunch, I went outside to get my spaceship hitched up. I had a newer model that floated like a balloon. I kept it tied to my garage. After I loaded my gear into the ship, I walked it like a floating dog to the launching center, excited to meet the robot. When I got there, the robot said I had to get my spaceship ready to launch. My friends Jill, Beth, Vanessa, and Anthony were already there. They helped me set up the launchpad. When we got in the spaceship, I explained to them a little bit about our space sand sampling mission. I was a little worried about how the spaceship would work but I counted to ten and we blasted off, excited to start our journey.

Meanwhile, space was a different story. We realized we didn't know where we were and the ship was acting a little funny, just like I was afraid of. All of a sudden, we were swirling through the galaxy in all directions. BOOM! We heard many things happening inside and outside of my spaceship. That is what happens when you come on my cheapo spaceship. It was very loud, busy and overwhelming. My spaceship's computer started a collision timer. "10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1." The spaceship crashed on a strange planet. It was pink with green specks, almost like a humongous alien egg floating in space. We got out and stared at the mess of parts from my spaceship.

I was so shocked at what had just happened I couldn't even express it. I walked over to a little hump and sat down. Beth came and sat with me.

"It's ok." She said, "It happens. I know how you feel. But, this is like a once in a lifetime thing. You didn't even check if you have a permit to come up here. I am in shock too, but let's go explore while we are here." I sat up and we walked around. It was so cool. Beth was right. When Jill pointed out that there was something that looked like a UFO, my disappointment left me.

“Whoa, that is so cool!” I walked over to it. A little head poked out and startled us.  
 “Hello,” it said in a creepy alien voice. It was kind of cute and cool, though.  
 “H-H-Hi,” I said, “W-what’s y-y-y-your n-name?”  
 “I’m Sissy. What’s yours and yours and yours?!” She said as she pointed to all of us. “Oh come on, I am not that bad. Don’t be scared of me. You’re the person we could be scared of.” I scoffed.  
 “What a second...” Sissy said. “You look like someone I know. Oh yeeeeaaaaahhhh, I remember. I abducted two people who looked like you at 93 Blueberry Hill Street.”  
 “What? That’s my address.” I said, “How do you know where I live?” I looked back at my friends. They made the “stop talking and run” sign to me.  
 “Ok Sissy, where are my parents?”  
 “Oh right over there.” She pointed to a glass coffin. I could see my parents lying down in it, trying to signal for help, though they looked as if they were in a trance. Sissy had started singing and skipped off into the UFO. I sat down with my friends.  
 “Ok, why do you think my spaceship crashed anyway?”  
 “Maybe because you weren’t paying your bills correctly.” Anthony said. “That probably messed it up.” Just as I thought.  
 “Oh yeah, nice going Anthony!” Vanessa said.  
 “You guys are so smart.” I said, even though I knew this was going to happen. “Ok, Sissy is gone so what do we have that can help us get my parents out of that glass coffin?”  
 “We can prop it open with the broken parts of the spaceship.” Jill said.  
 “Amazing!” I said. I went to the damaged spaceship and grabbed a piece that I thought looked sturdy. My friends helped me prop up the glass. “Ok, on the count of three, one, two, three!” We lifted it up. My parents were tied up and looked like they had been hypnotized. I pulled them out. I was stunned. All the anger and fear I felt in the last ten years left me.  
 “Mom, Dad? Are you guys ok?” I hugged them. They said nothing for the next few minutes. Finally, “Well, like Sissy told you, she abducted us, and we were just hypnotized for years. Luckily you were old enough to take care of yourself.”  
 “Ok, I think we should get going now.” Vanessa said.  
 “Oh Vanessa!” I said, “But how do we get home?”

**Jeeda Bossie**

**Mill Pond School**

**Mr. Mooers**

**Grade 4**

### **The Fire Spirit**

In a forest by a village lives a fire spirit, the guardian of the forest. The guardian would protect the forest by not letting anyone cut down any trees or hunt any animals that were in there. But none of the villagers didn’t know about the guardian until a fateful day.

One day an outsider came into the forest not knowing what was about to happen. The outsider started to chop and chop at a tree. The guardian saw this and attacked him with magic, with fire.

The outsider ran until he reached the village and told the folks what happened and he even told them, “That it was fire itself but resembled a fox.”



But nobody believed him and banished him from the village except one of the villagers (Sally) believed that there was a firefox and one day went out in the forest.

Even as a little girl, Sally heard stories about spirits like fire, water, earth and air. Sally always wanted to see one for herself.

Sally thought, "I wonder if it's the fire spirit from all those stories I've read."

Sally searched and searched till night and she eventually got lost. She decided to sleep in a huge cave that had scratch marks like a bear clawed the walls. In the morning Sally got up and decided to quit searching and just head back to the village but she saw what looked like fire moving very fast.

Sally ran after it up until she lost her breath and had to take a break. She started walking until she found a cliff and walked to the edge and looked down. Sally then took a quick look around. She thought it couldn't have gone far unless it went down. But that was impossible, she thought.

Sally turned and right when she was about to walk back to the village, the cliff broke and she started falling backwards. In the heat of the moment all she could do was scream and that's exactly what she did.

Sally saw the fire spirit, she actually saw, she stopped screaming. She saw that it was coming down way too fast towards her, but she could make out what it was, the outsider was right it was fire itself but took a fox shape. The spirit grabbed the collar of Sally's shirt and flew. Sally couldn't believe that the spirit could fly; she just thought it could do magic.

The fire spirit knew where to go since it's lived there for hundreds of years, maybe even thousands of years but they will never know. Sally realized this and just stayed put until she realized they were going downward. She got so worried so she started shaking in fear. The guardian just landed and went to the end of the trees where the path was towards the village.

The fire spirit dropped Sally, she got up and the spirit bowed its head down and let Sally pet it. Sally realized that it wasn't burning her and it just felt warm, pleasant.

Sally thought, "You aren't mean at all, you just wanna protect your home. I guess you're the guardian of this forest, huh?"

Without a warning the guardian just turned back to the forest and left. But before the spirit could fully hide behind the trees some of the villagers saw this and started to tell everyone. But Sally didn't want to tell just anyone so she ran home to her parents to tell them how the spirit saved her from the cliff.

"You won't believe what just happened!" Sally said excitedly, she started to tell the rest.

Sally's parents believed her since she could be trusted not like the outsider.

This became a tale over the years and still is. Children all over talk about how the fiery beast saved a girl and protected the forest for all animals of the forest. This tale told children not to judge books by their covers and to protect the things you love and hold things dearly.

And just maybe there are other tales just like this one or even entirely different.

-Jaida M. Jackman (I wish this was actually a tale)

**Jaida Jackman**

**Fairytale Middle School**

**Mrs. McQuarrie**

**Grade 7**

## **The Big Mistake**

On Halloween night, Matie invited her friends, Liz, and Rube, to go trick-or-treating. So, they said yes. That night, they went to a haunted house. Liz walks over, and she said, "There is a sign. It says to come in."

So, they went in. Rube said, "This is a scary house. I am a little scared."

Liz said, "Me too."

They were all really scared, but they were embarrassed to say they were. But Matie, on the other hand, was not. She said, "It's fine. Don't worry." She continues to say, "We are going to be fine."

Until they heard a big bang. They all hollered up. Matie said, "Never mind."

Nervously, Liz and Rube said, "Yeah."

"The next victims," said the man in the haunted house. "My name is the Man in the Black Cape. Now, I have hidden three keys in the house. You have two weeks to find the keys. Goodbye," and he left.

They are all scared. Liz shouted, "Found it!"

"The key?" said Rube.

"Yeah."

One day passed and they did not find it. Another day had passed and not a thing. The next day, they were looking, and Rube said, "I got it. I got the key."

Liz said, "Now we need 1 more."

Matie said, "We are so close," with happiness.

Three days passed and nothing was found. They were worried. On the last day, Matie said, "I found the last key. Let's take it to the door."

They unlocked the door. Liz shouted, "We are free!"

They walked home. They never went to a haunted house again.

**Brianna Barry**

**Mill Pond Elementary School**

**Ms. Saucier**

**Grade 4**

## **The Basketball Game**

*Buzzzzzz!* The basketball game had started, and I was ready. Our team got the ball first and as soon as it got to my hands another player from the other team stole it and made a quick shot.

"Ugh," I said as I kept playing.

As the game went on the other team kept scoring and scoring. Then Hadley finally made a basket and our team started picking up the pace. We didn't get ahead, but we got points on the board!

Finally, halftime arrived and I had a feeling Coach Ellen had a lot to talk to us about. The score was 20 to 47. They were winning! Coach Ellen told us we needed to play better defense, we needed to pass the ball and work as a team. The crowd was cheering loudly for us!

"Let's go!" they shouted.

The second half started and I finally stole the ball and made a layup! Then Kayla stole the ball and made a layup too! "Nice job," I said to Kayla as I gave her a high-five. Then Mollie made a

shot and Hadley made another. We were doing great! We were stopping the other team from scoring with good defense and we kept scoring!

Eventually the score was 54 to 53 and we were up by one point! How awesome! Great teamwork paid off. There was only 5 seconds on the clock and the other team had the ball. The other team made an easy layup. Ugh! We gave up on that one. Coach Ellen called a timeout. "Okay team, there are two seconds left on the clock," Coach Ellen said. She said for Kayla to throw the ball into either Mollie or me, and whoever gets the ball has to take a good shot. She said we were only down by one point, so we needed to play our best.

"Let's go!" shouted the team as we went back onto the court.

Kayla threw the ball into me and I dribbled to an open space and took a jump shot just as the clock expired. It rattled around the rim and went in. My whole team ran out from the benches and cheered and cheered. That made me feel happy. With good teamwork and confidence we won! It was amazing! When we were done, Coach Ellen and the team went to get ice cream from the Tastee Freeze to celebrate.

**Lilly Warren**

**Easton Elementary School**

**Mrs. McQuade**

**Grade 4**

### **The Blizzard**

On a very snowy dark Sunday night, my mom took me to the town ice skating rink to try out my new skates. We hopped in the car and drove to the ice skating rink. It was only five minutes away. Once we got there, my mom got her skates on and so did I. We both walked to the rink and I saw so many of my classmates there, even the quiet kid named Luke. I walked to my friends, Alex, Jake, and Max.

"Why are you all here?" I asked.

Our mom said, "Let's go ice skating."

"That's what my mom said too."

"Do you want to race and see who's faster?" they all said.

"Yes!" I replied

We all got on the line and said, "3, 2, 1, Go!"

We all went zooming down to the finish line. It was the fastest we all ever went! Jake was the first to the finish line, then me, then Max, and then Alex! I was so excited because that was the best time I ever got ice skating. Jake was so excited he jumped in the air then fell. The quiet kid came over and asked if Jake was okay.

Jake said, "I'm okay, but it just hurt a bit. I'll be okay though."

"Okay I just want to make sure you're okay because you're bleeding from your knee."

Jake said, "I'm going to get a band-aid."

"You should," said Alex.

"Why don't we go with you?"

We all went to his mom so he could get a bandaid. Jake's mom said he should go home since that was a bad cut. So Jake went home, even though he didn't want to. Since Jake went home it wasn't the same because he always comes up with the best games.

After a while, we got bored so we all went home, but it was so snowy we could have been stuck in the parking lot. Since my mom and I were sad about Jake getting hurt we went to his house. When we got out of the car, the snow was four feet high. I walked to the door and suddenly sank in the snow. I panicked, I was deep in the snow and it was heavy snow. The snow was covering my head. I yelled for help, so mom could help me out of the snow that trapped me. It was hard to breath with the snow covering my face, I needed to get out soon. My mom came quickly to save me. I finally realized this was a blizzard, a bad one too. My mom quickly dug me out. We rang the doorbell. Jake's mom got to the door fast. We asked if we could see Jake to see if he's okay. She said, "Yes", as we walked into the house. We got to Jake's dinosaur room, and he had a blue bandaid on his knee and an ice pack too.

I asked, "Are you okay?"

"Yes, but it just hurts a lot."

"Are you sure you're okay?"

"I'm sure."

"Ok. Should we go home before the snow starts to get worse?" I asked Mom.

My mom said "Yes, because soon we won't be able to drive." So my mom and I got into the car, the car ride was four minutes. We got home safely and got ready for bed. Then my mom read me my favorite book. Then I fell asleep.

**Reese Hull**

**Easton Elementary School**

**Mrs. McQuade**

**Grade 5**

### **The Sad, Sinking Llama**

One icy winter evening, an 8-year-old girl named Ella was walking outside with her mom, dad, and little brother named Jackson. "Look, Mom!" Ella shouted. "A bunch of really tall snow!" The mom looked and gasped.

"No Ella," the mom said. "Don't go over there! It's too dangerous!" Ella didn't even bother to pay attention, she just ran right into it to see what's inside of the snow. It was a struggle, but she managed to do it.

"Wowww," she whispered. "It's really cool back here." Ella saw snowmen covered in accessories and icicles. "I wonder what else I can find back here!" she exclaimed. She was walking and walking and didn't find anything interesting. Until... she saw a Llama sinking in the snow! "Oh my gosh!" She exclaimed. "A sinking Llama!" "I'm going to try to get you out of the snow," she said. The Llama kept making weird noises when Ella tried to pull him out. After many tries she finally got him out of the snow! "Yay!" Ella exclaimed. The Llama started dancing! Ella was so happy and proud that she got the Llama out. Then suddenly, she remembered that she came in here all alone and needed to find a way to get out. She looked and looked for the path that she found the Llama in. All the while the Llama followed Ella. After a couple minutes, she heard a noise... her family. Every time she walked one way she heard the noise becoming louder. She finally got out of the snow and found her family!

"Where were you and why is that Llama following you?" her dad asked her.

"I was just exploring, and this is a Llama I found sinking in the snow," Ella said.

"Next time, listen to us and don't go wandering," her mom said.

“That Llama looks so cool!” Jackson exclaimed.  
“Yeah, I found him in the snow and I named him Snowball!” Ella told him.  
“Can we keep him?” asked Jackson.  
“No. But we can bring him to a farm and visit him sometimes,” said their mom.  
“Yay!” exclaimed Ella and Jackson.

**Maggie Hopkins      Easton Elementary School      Mrs. McQuade      Grade 5**

## **Lost**

“Guys? Where did you all go? Where even am I?” Kahleigha asked herself. She was covered in dust. As if from a sandstorm, but it wasn’t. At least, that’s what she had hoped. She was in a forest, in the middle of nowhere, separated from her friends..

*Let me catch you all up before you get too confused...*

Kahleigha McCarthy, 13 years old, was hanging out with her 3 friends, Emma LaCrosse, 14 years old, Alexis Rodgers, 16 years old, and Rosa Smith, 13 years old. They all got dirt bikes for their birthdays. What do teenagers do? They LOVE to do things without permission. The thing is, none of them knew how to ride dirt bikes, so this was their first time.

They went on a long, muddy trail, and got their bikes submerged in smelly mud. You may think that since they’re girls, they wouldn’t want anything to do with dirt bikes, but some girls do, and that’s totally fine! Kahleigha, Emma, Alexis, and Rosa, decided to go into a forest. Some people on TikTok and YouTube said that it was the best place for beginner dirt bikers to learn how to handle all sorts of terrain, consisting of dirt, mud, gravel, pavement, loose rocks, grass, and all of the fun stuff. Well, since a bunch of things that are online are fake, I personally don’t think that place is the best starting point. Oh, and of course, they don’t have protective gear. They’re all in tank tops and shorts. Who would do that you may ask? Those four teens, or rather, any ‘normal’ teens.

“You guys! Look at this huge mud spot! It has chunks of sticky mud, spots of green, and all slippery and slushy goo at the bottom! Doesn’t that look fun?” Alexis exclaimed, getting ready to ride through it, thinking that nothing was going to go wrong.

They all said yes, and went through, except Kahleigha.

“I don’t want to, you guys. I think we should go back to the house!”

“You know what, Kahleigha?” Emma started in a rude tone, “We’re going ahead. Go back home if you want, but we’d rather you come with us.”

“Yeah, Kahleigha! If you want us to still be friends with you, I’d suggest you come!” Rosa exclaimed to Kahleigha, giggling the whole time. Then they took off.

“Uh, guys?” Kahleigha started, “Oh, they must’ve gone ahead of me already. I shouldn’t have gone with them in the first place. I’m going to end up lost!”

Kahleigha went on, and the mud wasn’t as bad as she thought.

“Oh no.. which way did they go? I’ll just call them!”  
She tried. She called all of them, but none of them answered.  
She went left. Next thing she knew, a side-by-side hit her.

*... There's the background information!*

“Why don’t I remember anything? All I remember is being with my friend! And then the fight,” Kahleigha told herself. She was still a little foggy from the crash. “Where’s my phone? I need to call my mom and tell her where I am and what happened. That is if I knew what happened..”

Her phone was smashed to pieces. What would she do? She has no food, no water, and apparently no friends.

Three days went by, and still nothing. She got hungry, skinny, and exhausted. Why didn’t they come to find her yet? Did she take the wrong turn? Did they forget her? Maybe this is all just a dream! “This has got to be just a dream! I wouldn’t even have gone with them if this wasn’t a dream.” Kahleigha was so cold, her lips were blue, she couldn’t cry anymore, her eyes were so red she looked like a zombie, her eyebags are so black that they look like they’re starting to cave in.

“Kahleigha? Wake up!” A familiar voice called out. She looked around, but no one was there.

“Kahleigha! It’s us! Your best friends!”

She woke up. When she started to open her eyes, a bright light was on her face, so it made her vision even more blurry. “You guys? Why did you leave me all alone for days?! You’re all insane!”

“What do you mean, K? We said it would be fine to go through the mud and you had a panic attack. We thought you died!” Rosa exclaimed in a worried but soft tone.

“Oh,” Kahleigha started, “Sorry then, I just have those a lot when I’ve never done something before. I love you all so much!”

“We love you too, K!”

**Isabella Lagasse**

**Easton Elementary School**

**Mrs. White**

**Grade 6**

### **The Island**

It all started four days before Stella’s birthday. She thought she would have the best birthday in the world. She was turning 16 and got to go wherever she wanted on her birthday. She picked an island near South America. Her mom had bought the tickets already, and just four days before she was going to board the plane, she woke up and was on a random island in the middle of nowhere.

When Stella woke up, she had sand all over her face and couldn’t see anything. There was a hurricane, and every tree was shaking violently. Stella didn’t know what to do. She started

yelling for help, but no one was there to hear her. She thought she was dead until she saw something out of the corner of her eye. A cabin. Stella needed to get there as fast as possible, but her legs seemed to not be working. She crawled and fast. When she got to the cabin, the letters SS were on the door. Stella knocked on the door. No answer. She opened the door, and the cabin was nicely decorated and very festive.” Hello!” she yelled. “ Anyone home?” A girl walked down the stairs into the kitchen where Stella was standing. The girl had a mask on and an all-black outfit.

“Hello,” the person said creepily. “ Welcome to the island. There is food in the cabinets if you are hungry.” Stella wasn’t talking. “ Finally, I can turn this house back into a mansion and not keep it this crappy cabin.” As the girl finished her sentence, the cabin started folding to unveil the mansion walls. Stella looked outside, and the sun was out. No storm.

A few hours later, Stella noticed that this island wasn’t any ordinary island. It didn’t have water on the outside of it. The sky was purple and pink, and those were her favorite colors. It’s like they can change the color of it. Stella started exploring throughout the island. Then she felt her phone vibrate in her pocket. She had forgotten she still had it. The message was from Instagram. Someone had tagged her in a post: #Stellaismissing @StellaTramp. Stella tried to comment on the post, but she couldn’t. There was no internet connection on the island, and she needed to figure out a way to contact her family.

What felt like days later, Stella was still trying to reach her family. The girl told her not to go wandering off on the island because her boss needed her to stay where he could see her. Stella wondered for a moment what the girl's boss did. She went inside to get some more food, but this time the food made her want to throw up. All of a sudden, Stella passed out. When she woke up, she was in a room. She couldn’t see anything, then the lights turned on. The room looked like her childhood bedroom. The walls were pink, and the floors were carpeted with little designs on them.

Suddenly, she heard a door creak behind her. It was her mom. “Hey Stella,” she said in a worried voice.

“Mom,” Stella said worriedly. Her mom looked old and didn’t look right. Then she turned into a golden figure. The storms started back up again, and the sky was turning black.

“We’ve trapped you here, on this island, to test your strength, and surprisingly you failed. You have not explored inside the house at all, and that is where all your answers would have been.”

“I’m sorry, okay. I just want to go back home to my parents,” Stella said, crying.

“Well, lucky for you, you aren’t going back. We are sending a clone to your house to imitate you while you're gone.”

Stella never went back home to her parents and stayed on the island for several years. Her parents never asked where she was because the clone of hers was working so well. After a couple of years on the island, Stella got used to it, but she never forgot her family and her old life.

Eventually, Stella died of old age, just like any other.

**Sophie Blackstone**

**Easton Jr/Sr High School**

**Mrs. Hill**

**Grade 7**



## Sweet Revenge

“Ugh, what a day,” Catherine said as she was hanging up her coat on the coat hanger. She had just gotten back from one of her late night shifts at the hospital. She was feeling stressed so she decided to take a hot bath. When she got to the bathroom she sat on the edge of the bathtub and switched on the water. She was about to get in when she heard a loud crashing sound. She quickly turned around and slowly peeked her head out of the bathroom, scanning the hallway. She wrapped herself up in a towel and went to go investigate.

She went into the living room and looked around but she saw nothing. She went to the kitchen and again, she saw nothing. Suddenly she felt uneasy, like someone was watching her. Then out of nowhere, something slid across the back of her thigh and she felt a burning sensation. She felt all of the muscles in her leg go away and she fell to the floor. When she looked at her leg she saw that it was bleeding and the bone was sticking out. Then she looked up and saw a man with a bloody knife in his hand. She screamed as she struggled to get up off of the floor. She limped as fast as she could over to her husband's bedroom and locked the door.

Desperate for a place to hide, she squeezed into a small closet in the room and held it shut tight. She could hear the man kicking the door, trying to get into the room.

Catherine peeked out of the little crack of the closet door to see if there was anything in the room she could use to protect herself. Suddenly the door came flying across the room. She spotted a hammer in the corner of the closet and slowly picked it up. She heard footsteps coming closer and closer to the closet. She held her breath so the man couldn't hear her heavy breathing. But then she spotted her husband's dead body laying on his bed. She was so frightened that she gasped and dropped the hammer that was in her hand. She quickly covered her mouth with her hand realizing what she had just done. The closet door flew open and the man brought his knife above his head and then there was a blood curdling scream.

Later that night, Emily, Catherine's granddaughter, drove past her grandma's house and saw the flashing lights of a bunch of cop cars. Emily pushed through the cops to see what was happening. She ran into the house and into her grandpa's room. She looked over one of the cops shoulders and saw her grandmother's dead body in the closet. Her heart sank. Her mind was racing as she felt tears stinging her eyes. Then everything went dark.

A few hours later, Emily woke up to find herself laying in a hospital bed. One of the doctors noticed that she was awake and rushed over to her.

“How are you feeling?” the doctor asked. Emily ignored her as she stood up, ripping out all of her IV and monitors. “Woah, woah, woah, you can't do that, you have to stay here for a few more hours,” the doctor said as she gently sat Emily back down onto the bed. But Emily stood right back up and ran out of the hospital. She ran all the way to her house and once she got there she started making a plan to get revenge on the person who killed her grandmother.

She decided that first she would have to try to figure out who did it. She figured she would have to go to her grandma's house so she could get fingerprints or any DNA that she could use to find out who was behind all of this.

She grabbed a flashlight and a baseball bat from her bedroom for protection. When she got outside she saw that it was almost pitchblack and it was starting to storm. She almost went back inside but then she thought of the person who killed her grandmother and all of her anger came rushing back to her. She got into her car and drove off faster than the speed of light.

When she arrived at the house, she tried opening the door but it was locked. So she grabbed the baseball bat out of the front seat of her car. She was walking up to one of the

windows and brought the bat up to her shoulder getting ready to break the window. But just before the bat hit the glass she noticed someone walking on the sidewalk right by the driveway of the house. She quickly jumped behind a bush, hoping that the person didn't see her. She was expecting them to just keep walking but she was surprised when the person turned and started walking up to the house. Emily was trying to see what the person looked like but it was too dark to see anything. She could still tell that the person was a man because of his shadowy figure. The man looked around to make sure nobody was watching him. Then he started walking to the back of the house so Emily followed him.

She slowly tiptoed so the man couldn't hear her. She followed him until she noticed that he started to slow down. Suddenly the man turned around fast and Emily felt a large hand cover up her mouth from behind her. She saw that the man had a black ski mask on. She couldn't see the man that was holding her down because he was behind her. She kicked and flailed, trying to get up but the man that was pinning her down was too strong. She saw that the other man that she was following was sticking a needle in her arm and then everything went dark.

When she woke up, everything was blurry for a moment. After a few seconds she could finally see well enough to see that she was tied to a chair with a rope. She looked around and she saw that she was in a tiny empty room. Then she noticed a door on the other side of the room. She tried wobbling over to it using her body weight to move the chair. As soon as she thought she was making progress, a man flung open the door.

She noticed that it was the man that she was following. Then another man came into the room. Emily was shocked to see her dad standing in the doorway.

"Dad, what are you doing here?" Emily asked, feeling very confused.

"Can't you see? Me and your uncle," he answered.

"Uncle? You mean uncle Mark?" asked Emily. She saw that her dad had this evil smile on his face as he nodded his head. Her focus turned to the masked man who was taking his mask off.

"Hey kid," he said with the same evil smile Emily's dad had on his face.

"What were you guys doing at grandma's house and why am I tied to this chair?" she asked.

"Emily, we just wanted a little revenge is all," said her dad.

"What do you mean, revenge on who?" she responded.

"Don't you understand? Me and your uncle did it. We killed her," he answered.

"Grandma?" Emily asked. She suddenly felt like she was going to throw up, she had never felt this betrayed. "Why, why would you do that?!"

"Because she ruined my life!" her dad said with this hurt tone in his voice.

"What do you mean? What are you talking about?"

"She killed your mother!" he told her. Emily was speechless. Had her grandma really killed her mom? Suddenly she heard police sirens outside and three policemen busted the door down. One of them untied her and the other two handcuffed her dad and uncle.

Later when Emily was back home, she went to the attic and grabbed a big box full of her mom's pictures. She sat down on the couch staring at them, then she sighed heavily, letting her head drop.

## **Captain Tory: The Bridge Wingston Mystery**

My mom and I are going to the bridge I've wanted to see my entire life, Bridge Wingston. I was so excited that I didn't get a wink of sleep last night. Now I'm waiting in the living room, watching cartoons when Mom says, "Let's go, Jonah!" There is an ad break anyway so I jump off the couch to turn the TV off when the ad says, "A strange man is lurking in town, please be careful!" The town could be anywhere so I try not to worry, just like Mom always tells me. I turn the TV off and hurry to the garage to catch up with her.

We get in the car and I'm practically shaking with excitement. I am to go to bridge Wingston! I want to go so bad because someone once told my Mom that Bridge Wingston is magical. I take magic classes and so I love magic. I'm zoning out the world looking out the window of the car when what the radio says takes me back to reality. "Six foot tall, long trench coat and is roaming around town in dark alleys with a lantern that he talks into. We had a witness earlier coming onto set saying that this woman's husband said to her, "Is that the man the radio was talking about?" When the woman went to look, her husband had disappeared and no one had seen what happened. We would like everyone to stay away from-". The reporter on the radio doesn't finish what he was saying because Mom turns off the radio.

"Never mind about all that nonsense, Jonah!" she says. Today we see Bridge Wingston!" This cheers me up a little bit, but I'm still curious about who this strange man was and what he is doing.

We get to the town that holds Bridge Wingston and I'm starving, I ask Mom, "Can we go eat please?" Mom nods her head and so we go into a restaurant. I order a burger and fries and she orders some chicken quesadillas. The food comes and it is delicious. I haven't used the bathroom since we left so I ask Mom if I can go and she nods.

I'm still thinking of the man all this time. When I get back from the bathroom I look up in the food lobby I see an empty cafeteria. Where is Mom? I start to panic. I see a man by the bar part of the lobby so I walk over to him, he seems very mysterious and I'm not sure I want to talk to him but I need to know where Mom went.

I say to the man, "Um, sir, do you know where everyone went? I went to the bathroom and returned to ea-". The man puts tape on my mouth and grabs me tightly on the arm shoving me out the back door of the restaurant.

Now I'm panicking and I try to squirm away but he is still not letting me go and tells me, "Kid, if you keep on moving I am going to hurt you!" I don't want to get hurt so I do what he says. Where is he taking me? I try to study this man. I notice that he is wearing a long trench coat, very tall, and.....he has a lamp! My eyes go wide, This is the man the people were talking about on the radio and the TV! I try to pull free of his grip when I notice that we are standing on the beautiful Bridge Wingston. My mind trails away from the man and everything that is happening to me because I'm on Bridge Wingston. I take in the beautiful view of the water and the handcrafted bridge under my feet.

The man stops and says in the lamp, "I have a small boy that will be great for you. Come here now because he is stubborn."

On the other end of the lamp I hear, "Yes sir we are coming right now and will appear right before you in about one minute sir!" I don't know what's about to happen to me but I have an eerie feeling that it's not good. I look ahead and see a ship coming out of a big cloud of fog. Everything goes by so fast as a potato bag goes over my head and I'm thrown aboard the ship.

Two years later...

“Hey, Jonah! Let’s go to Bridge Wingston again!” I shudder as my mom says that. It took forever to get out of the horrible place that the man with the lamp took me to-all that pain.

“I’m good Mom! Maybe another time!”

**Emma Castonguay Fort Kent Elementary School Ms. Jamie Desjardins Pelletier Grade 6**

### **The Haunted School**

I am Will, an ordinary 11 year old with an extraordinary story. It all started when a ghost appeared at my house at night. I was sound asleep in my bed, when suddenly I was poked in the head by this ghost. When I woke up, he scared me. I screamed and told him to get out of my house, and if he didn’t I would lock him in my closet. He refused to go, so I put him in the closet.

The ghost then escaped and grabbed me while I was sleeping, we flew through the dark sky. When I awoke I was at this creepy, old school. I thought to myself, this school must be haunted.

Inside the haunted school there was a witch that was making a potion. She didn’t notice me at first. I went into a classroom and there was a black cat on a bed. The black cat jumped up and ran out the door, and it came back with a tennis ball in its mouth. I picked the ball up, the cat wanted me to throw it, so I threw it in the hallway. The witch noticed the ball bouncing. The witch blew a whistle and suddenly a bunch of other witches came running in. The witches started looking for me in all the classrooms, so I hid under the bed.

Finally, one witch found me under the bed, she yanked me out and tied me to a chair. She cast a spell on me and I could no longer speak. The other witches came into the room and cast another spell on me, so they could look younger. Their spell didn’t work, they looked older than before. The witches then emptied the pot with the potion. Then they stirred up a new potion, and I was put into the pot. When I was in the pot with the potion, it felt like I was in a hot tub, because it was boiling. I couldn’t scream because I was still under their spell. All of a sudden, my body began to tingle, the spell was broken and I could now speak.

I screamed at the top of my lungs and someone heard from outside of the school. An old man came running into the haunted school, he threw a stick at the witches and they all fell to the floor. The witches were all dead. The old man said to me, “Let’s get out of here. I’ll take you home.” I was so thankful for the old man that saved me.

**William Jandreau Fort Kent Elementary School**

**Ms. Kelley Waite**

**Grade 6**

## The Evil Scarecrow

One spooky, dark, Halloween night, Brynnley, Alana and I went trick-or-treating. We dressed as the Sanderson sisters. We were having a great time going house-to-house, but after Mrs. Lou Lou's house, we were suddenly spooked. We were on the dirt path that led to the woods. We were certain that it connected to other houses, but then we heard really scary noises. There were rustling sounds coming from the bushes, and we screamed, "AHHH!"

Then I said, "What was that?"

Brynnley responded, "I don't even want to know what that was."

We continued to walk along the path, feeling like someone was following us. We all agreed that it was super scary. Meanwhile, Alana was silent for some reason. Suddenly, the scarecrow came out of the bushes, and when we turned around, we saw that he was following us. He said, "So *you're* scared of *me*?"

We couldn't believe our eyes and ears... a talking scarecrow?! The scarecrow seemed friendly enough. He asked us to give him a name. I whispered to Alana, "Well, is it a boy or girl?"

Then Alana said to not be ridiculous because it's just a scarecrow. We both turned around to answer the scarecrow, but noticed that Brynnley and the scarecrow were gone. We heard a loud scream yelling, "Help me! Help me please!"

I was sure that it was Brynnley, and when we looked up, we saw Brynnley being held by the flying scarecrow. Alana and I ran faster and faster to catch up. As we were running, we yelled, "We're coming Brynnley!"

Suddenly, the ground started to shake. We fell to the ground. Then the sky looked odd. It was usually navy blue at night, but a big circle appeared. The big circle was blacker than any sky I'd ever seen. All of a sudden, the scarecrow spoke from up in the sky in an evil voice, "Come get your little friend before she's gone!" Then he let out an evil laugh, "MA HAHA! MA HAHA!"

We knew there was no way we could get up there. The scarecrow started to explain to us how to save Brynnley. She started to kick and yell, and the scarecrow said, "Be quiet you rude, little girl."

He told us to go to a store to get pixie dust and wings and just fly, as if we were Tinker Bell. We quickly responded, "Ok."

Then, Alana asked me which store to go to. I said that we were going to try all of them. Finally, after one whole hour, we found the correct store. Then we did what we had to do by putting the fairy pixie dust and wings on us. We were certain that it was going to be easy, but when we got close enough to the black hole, Alana and I were so close to getting sucked up by it. I hollered to Alana, "We almost got sucked up by that big thing. We need to be more careful."

Alana mentioned that we could not give up to save Brynnley, but we would still be careful she said seriously, rolling her eyes hard.

After quite a while, we finally made it to the safer part of the black hole with much courage. We ran into a little note on the wall which said, "To accomplish an obstacle course."

"What course?" I asked Alana, very confused.

We then turned our heads to see this huge obstacle course. "Great, we have our work cut out for us Alana!" I yelled loudly, really frustrated, and wanting to give up.

After we studied the course by just staring at it, we started. About another hour went by, then we finished. We started to jump up and down screaming and bumped into a big, tall white

door that had a note saying we had to defeat the scarecrow. “AHHHH WHY US? I WANT CANDY!” I screamed loudly, really mad.

“Ok Hailey, calm down. We need to save Brynnley and go to bed. We can just steal our siblings' candy,” Alana stated trying to calm me down.

“Ok, good point,” I agreed politely.

I was still really mad though. We got started, working together to defeat the scarecrow. “Pow! Bang! Ouch! Hiya!”

Down went the scarecrow, and he started to talk super weakly. “You won. Have your friend back. I'm so sorry, I should not be mean like this. Please forgive me.”

Alana and I grabbed hands and jumped up and down again screaming so loudly the floor vibrated. “Can you answer me please?” the scarecrow asked us.

“Thanks for saying sorry, though you could have hurt Brynnley really bad, but do you promise us you won't do anything like that again?” Alana and I asked.

“Yes I promise, I won't do anything close to that ever again,” he replied back.

“Then we forgive you,” we said.

“Thank you, thank you!” he yelled.

Alana and I smiled. Let's go get her, I suggested. “Brynnley we are coming right now!” the three of us screamed.

“Hi, guys!” Brynnley yelled as the three of us girls hugged in a group hug.

“Come here Max! Max, that's a good name!” Alana said excitedly.

Max joined the group hug. “Why is he still here?” Brynnley asked us.

“You know I'm really, really sorry for that. I promised the girls I would never do that again, and they forgave me. Can you forgive me Brynnley?” Max explained.

“Sure, I don't see why not. I forgive you Max,” Brynnley responded.

“Can we have fun now?” Alana and I asked.

“Ya!” Max and Brynnley yelled back.

“Let's go get candy!” Brynnley, Max and Alana shouted.

“CANDY, CANDY, CANDY! YAY, YAY, YAY!” I screamed louder than I ever screamed before.

Brynnley, Max and Alana laughed. We all flew down and went trick or treating and became friends with the scarecrow. “Now, where is Max going to be staying?” Brynnley asked.

“MY HOUSE, PLEASE MY HOUSE!” I screamed hysterically.

They all agreed. “No more candy for Hailey though,” Alana said.

They started to laugh, but nothing was funny about no more candy. “Why?” I asked.

They laughed harder, then we all started to laugh. “That's all folks, or is it?” Max said.

“MAX, COME HERE RIGHT THIS SECOND!” Alana yelled.

**Hailey Gagnon      Fort Kent Elementary School      Mrs. Shelly Pelletier      Grade 4**



### **Captain Tory: So There Won't Be a Witness**

It was ten-o'clock and I was really tired, so I walked up the creaky old staircase to my room and fell asleep. One hour later I woke up. I tried to fall back to sleep, but couldn't and that's when I saw the old, wooden door knob turning. My door slowly creaked open...

It was just my mom! She had come to say goodnight to me, but something was off. Why would Mom come say goodnight to me after I fell asleep? I was ready to shrug it off, but before she left the room she said that she wanted to show me something out in the car. Yikes!

Once we were in the car I asked where we were going. She said, "It's a secret." That's when I started to panic.

When we finally got there, she brought me down to an old dock. I was so confused.

"Why are we doing this at nighttime, Mom?" I asked.

The six words that she said to me terrified me to the bone. in a creaky, high-pitched voice she said, "So there won't be a witness."

I tried to run, but she was faster than me. Luckily a man noticed and yelled, "Stop right now!" but it wasn't enough because she tore off after him. When she caught him she grabbed him by the arm. There was a strange glow around them, and then before my eyes my mom took on the man's body and face! Was I next?

My mom in her new body growled, "This is what will happen if you don't listen to me!"

I nodded, terrified. If this creature was a shapeshifter it probably did this to my mother already. That's why she was not herself.

The "man" grabbed hold of me and brought me down to where a bunch of schooners were docked. "You know, once I was human just like you. This body belonged to old Captain Tory- that was until a shapeshifter turned him into what he is now." That was all he said. He swung the lantern three times, and slowly the schooner appeared.

I tried to run away one last time, but he held my arm tight. I couldn't get away. When the schooner came close enough he threw me aboard and locked me up in a room with nothing to eat. It felt like forever before we reached our destination which turned out to be a run-down house. He once again grabbed me and threw me in the basement and locked the door. There was nothing I could do. I tried to stay calm, but just when I looked to my side I saw a mountain of skeletons.

First it was one hour then two then three then four then five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, and twelve. After the first day it had felt like an eternity that I had been there. Once three days had passed I noticed maggots coming out of my pant leg. That's when I realized I was just about to become another skeleton on the mountain of bones.

**Seamus Kilcollins Fort Kent Elementary School Mrs. Jamie Desjardins Pelletier Grade 5**



## Bye Bye Luna

Hello my name is Atlanta, and I haven't seen my sister in six years. I'll tell you the story.

So in our community we are trapped by a wall of fog. I don't know when or how it got here. It was just here when I was born, and I don't have a doubt it won't be here when I die- or so I thought.

When I was born, my parents said I was the prettiest girl in the land until my sister came and all the attention went to her. Her name was Luna and the whole town said she was the prettiest girl in the world.

Obviously I was forgotten- I could do whatever I wanted, so normally I could just disappear into the forest. I would find frogs in the water of springs or climb trees like any normal 13 year old would do if they had near infinite freedom.

One day I was putting hay into our barn but suddenly a (small) group of ravagers rode into the town. Everyone went into the panic room except for me and Luna. Everyone thought we were crazy but we held our ground.

The ravagers came to us and said, "A bunch of portals opened all over the land... we don't know where they came from." Me being the curious human that I am, I ask "Portals?" They told us that the world has turned into doomsday and that it would never be the same again.

When nightfall came, Luna and I got on our horses named Mack and Ray and set out to see what those ravagers were talking about. When we got to an empty field we found a series of portals scattered across its expanse.

We began searching for each one but suddenly my sister got drawn to one of the portals. She got very close and slowly hands started to come out from within it and while I was watching in horror and surprise, something hard whacked me in the back of the head. When I woke up she and the portals were gone!

I had to think really hard to remember what happened- all I remembered was falling to the then-comforting ground. Somehow Mack and Ray were still unphased by the whole situation.

I tied ray's halter to Mack's and rode to my hometown. Everything was gone. I got off my horse and started crying because my whole life and family was gone. I used my dusty sleeve to wipe the tears coming down my face.

I start to hear a galloping towards me. I look up and it's my childhood best friend, Zach, who moved to (somewhere else) when we were 8. I missed him so much - I never thought I would see him again.

Zach came up to me and said, "Are you ok, " and helped me up. We caught up on our lives and what events went on.

We rambled on and on until we came to another portal. The same thing that happened to my sister... happened to Zach.

It started luring him in and yet again those mysterious hands came out. Luckily, I pulled Zach out of there before they could whisk him away. It's like these portals are hypnotizing their victims to suck them in! For a moment I was terrified I was going to lose someone else I loved.

We jumped onto our horses and rode to a shallow river. Zach and I let our rides play in and drink the river water while we took a nap under a big oak tree.

I wake up and the horses are gone. My satchel is missing and so is Zach. A thought crossed my mind: was he staying with me for my rations and materials? I did have a lot of

important things like that in there but then I turned around and realized that Zach and the horses were swimming in the river.

But Zach was quickly looking pale and started to faint as he fell into the water. I swear I ran the speed of light when I saw what happened.

But of course with my luck there was a waterfall at the end of the river.

There was a tree nearby so I grabbed my rope and I told myself it's either you cost your life or you save your friend's life. Of course I picked my friend's.

I swing on the rope and just in time grab him but the rope isn't strong enough to hold both of us and it breaks. I use all the strength in my body and pull us up. We are safe for now.

**Aria Babin**

**Fort Kent Elementary School**

**Mrs. Kelley Marquis    Grade 6**

### **The Perfect Liftoff**

It was a dark, chilly, uneventful night at the house in Roswell, New Mexico, but that all changed when something quite unexpected happened. The residents of the home, Terrance and Rophine Maxwell, lived simple lives. Terrance was a carpenter and Rophine stayed at home. It seemed like the Maxwell home was perfect. Maybe too perfect.

On the third floor of the house was a water cooling room. One night when Rophine went to get some refreshments when she noticed a light coming from under the door. "Terrance," she said nervously "go get some water."

"OK!" Terrence replied, but every step up the stairs made Rophine's heart drop even lower. When he finally made it up he was baffled at what he saw.

12 Hours Earlier...

A squad of extraterrestrials moves into the 32 degree air conditioned room. With stacks of full water jugs, they are surely good on water for now, but what about food? What will they eat? These aliens are cannibals. Their diet consists of water bottle plastic... and possibly each other.

After 3 hours and 16 minutes the aliens there are only three aliens left opposed from the original squad, and one could say they are set for food. The carcass of a half-eaten alien is now lodged into a steam pipe. With minds unbelievably more technologically advanced than humans, the species has decided that it's time for a monstrosity.

Back to the present...

Terrance opened the and stepped into the alien camp. At first he was excited thinking he just made history with the real live alien discovery. What he didn't realize was that a timer was counting down. 10! 9! 8! 7! 6! 5! 4! 3! 2! 1! "Blast off!" the aliens shouted. Terrance was hanging off of the door frame. Luckily Rophine was at the store, so she is spared. And just like that there was a twinkle in the sky. The only witness was a farmer who had been plowing his corn field. He insisted he'd seen a flying house, but nobody believed him. He swore it was an alien attack. You might call the event a tragedy, but just the same- it was a perfect lift off.

**Rocky Anoushfar   Fort Kent Elementary School   Mrs. Jamie Desjardins Pelletier   Grade 5**

## Uninvited Guests

It started as a normal day. I was coming home from a basic day at school, but when I went to make tea I realized my tea packets were gone! I started toward the basement, then stopped. What was that noise?

I continued into the basement, my heart pounding. I was sure I had seen the doorknob turn.

I flashed down the stairs and hid. Then I watched something run away. The thing crept further and further away. It snuck through an entrance I had never seen before. I followed it but suddenly I blacked out. When I woke up I looked around. There was no visible exit, but there was a sign. It read "Welcome! This way." I followed the arrows and found another sign. It read, "Welcome to Level 6.1792." Then I saw another sign that said, "This way to Level 7. On Level 7 I found a tarp painted to look like a wall. I walked through and found myself in a tunnel. I heard voices so I scrambled up the rocky wall out of sight-or so I thought. I must have gone unconscious because the next thing I knew I was waking up suddenly. It was dark but there were small cracks of light coming through the wall I smashed through and hid. Then I noticed the sign. "Exit."

I followed carefully. At the end of the path was a green gateway like the purple one in my basement. I realized these were portals that the creatures had made. Creatures. I shivered, remembering they were behind me. I hurried through the portal. I must have blacked out again because, I awoke with a start. I found a new watch on my arm and in my pocket was a new wallet with \$10,000! I decided to go home and figure out what to do with these new things. When I got there I found that all my tea was back! I immediately considered what had happened. Had it been a dream? It had to be, right?

I awoke the next morning and still had the money and the watch. *That was definitely not a dream*, I said to myself. I called my mom. She told me to destroy the portal so there would be no more interaction from the other side. I did just that.

**Thomas Goodwin Fort Kent Elementary School Mrs. Jamie Desjardins Pelletier Grade 5**

## Mr. Linden's Library

It all started one day when Abby Divinci was reading in her bed. All of a sudden she blacked out. Was she dead? Why was there a green plant in the middle of the book? The questions whirled through her mind.

Had Mr. Linden tried to poison her? No. It couldn't be. But if it hadn't been the old librarian then who?

Abby woke up with excruciating pain throbbing throughout her body. She thought for sure she would die. She was in her bedroom on the first story of the house. She stayed away from the third story because she was sure it was haunted. Did the haunted third floor have something to do with the plant in the book and her blackout?

Abby shut the book and threw it as hard as she could. It went flying, but the faster it spun the more it lit up. She gasped. What was happening?

He had warned her about the book and now it was too late.

Abby stayed awake all night until it was finally dawn. She got up very slowly and carefully tiptoed toward the book. She examined from a distance because she was too scared to pick it up. She decided the best thing to do would be to leave the room, so she went on with her day.

But she couldn't get the book out of her head. She decided she would just have to pick it up and find the truth. Abby finally got up the courage to do just that, but when she got home after school, the book was gone! Where did it go? Did it disappear or was she dreaming? Abby would never know.

**Molly Corriveau Fort Kent Elementary School Mrs. Jamie Desjardins Pelletier Grade 5**

## **The Lava Heir**

### **Prologue**

100 years ago, a space shuttle containing the last humans in the galaxy landed on planet Hephaestus. Known for its many volcanoes, uninhabitable land, and lack of food, this was a very unwise decision. During one of many explorations however, Crux Beacon discovered a substance that could float on and withstand lava. He dubbed it resist rock.

After six months, resist rock mines were fully functional, and lava proof just in case. After six more months, all of the volcanoes erupted, coating the entire planet in lava. New boats, buildings, and sidewalks were made out of resist rock, along with devices similar to bikes and skateboards. Big, moving platforms became buses, and people could buy their own mini platform to drive around on. Resist rock became the #1 needed resource, and the mining companies flourished. Humans started to adapt to these new surroundings. They're body temperature rose and they became lava-resistant. They could withstand a few minor splashes of lava.

Fast forward to now, and the mines start failing. Less and less of the resist rock can be found, so people sacrificed their cars, skateboards, bikes and so on to turn into buses and buildings. Only the rich, for example the descendants of Crux Beacon, could now afford cars.

### **Chapter 1**

Akki Solace, a 16 year old girl with wavy blonde hair and an infectious grin, was many things, but somehow the word "smart" didn't make the list. It turned out that breaking off a part of a bus, and turning it into your own skateboard, was against the law. She, now, found herself in the police office, having a serious talk with Chief Burgenham, a middle-aged man with black hair, dark eyes, and a permanent frown underneath his curly mustache. *If it wasn't for the mustache*, Akki thought, *he might actually look intimidating*. "Now, Akki", he said, "it says here that you brought a hammer onto the bus, hid behind an old lady, and silently chipped off a chunk of resist rock to make a skateboard. Is that correct?" Akki didn't respond. "Furthermore, you tried to exit the bus to, and I quote, *get to school faster*." She still said nothing. "In the end, we fixed the bus, but you still committed a crime. Do you know what the fee is for that crime?"

Akki knew the fee. Everyone knew the fee. Teachers mushed the fee number into kid's brains. "What's the fee if people steal resist rock?" a teacher would ask. And all the kids would

reply, “100,000 units.” Chief Burgenham said. “If you don’t get that by eight weeks, then you go to prison. I’m sorry, there’s nothing else that I can do.” He wasn’t sorry, Akki could tell.

Akki got escorted home. If only she used her brain!! *You steal resist rock to get out of a financial situation, and you get into more of a financial situation. Nice going Akki.* She walked into her apartment. Picture, if you will, a modest two bedroom, 1 bathroom apartment, with shabby furniture, the scent of rotting vegetation, and brown water coming out of the taps. Now imagine that being the best apartment in the building, while the one that Akki lived in, was the worst. “You’re home early.” Akki’s mom said. Her name was Karri Solace, and was blonde and tall, with dark gray eyes, and could, somehow, get fired for “not breathing properly” as her boss put it. To be fair, though, her boss was extremely picky when it comes down to telemarketing. “She was caught stealing resist rock from her school bus.” one of the officers said.

Akki’s mom sagged. After all, it was her idea! “100,000 units?” she asked. The officer nodded, then left. “I’m so sorry Akki,” she started, “I’m a terrible mother. 100,000 units. Now where would we get that money?”

“You know where mom”

“No, no no no. I’d never send you to him. Never.”

“I think that you have too.”

A couple months ago, a stranger called them. He said that his name was John Felcks (spelt with a ck, and not t), and that he needed resist rock. He said that if we got him at least a two by four of it, he’d pay off all of their debts. At the time, it sounded amazing, and they told him that they definitely would. Hence the reason why Akki was stealing from a school bus. That wasn’t all though. John said that if they got caught, and we still wanted all of our debts paid off, then Akki would work for him for 1 year.

After the call, they went to look up the guy. It turned out that John Felcks was a criminal mastermind. So good in fact, that the police only know his name because he gave it to them. He was famous for stealing resist rock, and famous for recruiting people, who didn’t want to be recruited. There was also a capture reward for him, 10,000,000 units. Just over their debt.

“Look, I know that you don’t want to send me, but we need the money. And if we’re clever enough, we can turn him in.” Akki said.

“I know. Let me think it over.”

“If you want, I can talk to the police about it, or see if the reward has gone up.”

“No, just go to school.”

Akki really didn’t want to, but she knew that there wasn’t anything she could do. Anything except...

**Charlotte Grange    Valley Rivers Middle School    Mr. Travis Lynn    Grade 7**

## **The Rain**

I peered out the window at the massacre outside and felt a sort of guilt. I warned them. It’s not my fault they didn’t listen... right?

We’d been taught as kids never to go outside in the rain without proper protection, the kind of heavy-duty stuff only the wealthiest people could afford. They never told us why, saying

that the result was too grotesque to explain to innocent children such as ourselves. I'm seventeen now, and my brother Jack is fifteen. They still refuse to tell us.

"Don't you think it's at least a little suspicious?" asked Jack, "I mean, they had a reason back then, but now they can't even be bothered to come up with an excuse!"

"Give it up Jack," I said, but he wouldn't stop, he never did. He just went on and on about how "A little rain never hurt anyone", and "Who are they to tell us what to do?" We've been living with our grandmother for a while now, but she's often busy, which leaves me to take care of Jack. He may be fifteen, but he does not act like it.

"Go brush your teeth, Jack," I said, "We're taking the bus to school this morning." He finally complied and dragged himself into the bathroom.

When we get to school, we split up. I walk to the art room to work on a painting that needs to be finished soon, and he goes to the gym with his friends. Nothing out of the ordinary routine happened for the rest of the day until we got home.

That night Jack was having a few friends over, and I was slightly worried because of the expected thunderstorm. It would be the worst one in the past decade, or at least that's what the radio said. Hopefully, Jack doesn't get into too much trouble, I mean, who knows what would happen to him if he went outside?

The second we get home, Jack rushes to his room with four other boys. Thank goodness no one was home, otherwise, he would've been severely sassed by our grandmother, who seems so cruel compared to our loving mother. It's like they aren't even related. I sat down on the couch with a blanket and threw on a horror movie.

Not even ten minutes later, I heard some commotion coming from Jack's room and decided to check it out. Instead of just barging in, I pressed my ear against the door in an attempt to eavesdrop. He was explaining something to his friends. "We'll prove them wrong," he said, "We'll go out in the rain."

"He can not be serious," I said to myself "Out? In the rain?!" I open the door with a swift motion. "You are doing no such thing!" But it was too late. They weren't in the room. The window was open. In the short amount of time I took to figure out what it was they were doing, they had climbed out onto the roof and down to the ground. I wanted to go after them, but I couldn't. I could already hear a drizzle coming down outside.

I ran to the window in the other room. This way I could easily see them. I didn't know what would happen to them, but I was sure it wouldn't be good. It started to pour, and I mean really pour. I could feel the vibrations of the drops pelting the glass. That's when I saw what was happening to Jack and his friends. Their skin, it was burning; deteriorating right in front of me. It was an ugly sight. They were screaming in agony but didn't come inside. Were they trying to prove a point?

I called an ambulance, but by now people were curious. Our neighbors began to venture out of their homes to get a closer look. Their skin started to peel away in splotches as well. There was blood everywhere, but I just couldn't take my eyes off it. I was terrified.

Eventually, the ambulance arrived, but it was too late. They were all dead. Jack was dead. He was all that I had left, and now he's gone. There were no goodbyes or anything. This is not how things were supposed to go. All because of the rain.



## The Kingdom's Curse

One day, on a sunny afternoon in July, a dark spell was cast over a kind-hearted king, and his kingdom was put under a spell. He couldn't undo what the witch had done, but she said if he ever fell in love and earned the love of others in return, the curse would be broken.

Back in the village, the wind blew Eleanor's long brown hair as she sat by the water, reading and looking up at the clear blue sky. She could tell how amazing the weather was and how much she enjoyed it. "I love nature," she said. "It's amazing, like how they say it in books," she added before getting up and started to walk home. She loved the outdoors and how close she felt to Mother Nature. Soon, she returned to the village to see her father.

On her way home, she encountered a strong, handsome young man who had liked her ever since the war. Every other girl in town would desire him, but the girl had no interest in him. His name was Benjamin, and he was as snobby as a beast. "Get out of my way," she said to Benjamin. He turned to her, gave her a stern look, and told her no, saying, "I want you to marry me," while handing her flowers. She replied, "Benjamin, I have no interest in marrying you. We can't make each other happy, so please leave me alone," before pushing him away and walking up to her house, hearing music coming from inside.

She walked into the house and saw her father baking and dancing. She chuckled as her papa turned to her and asked how her walk by the river was. She looked at him and said, "Good. I'm almost done with my book about two lovers in Rome, Italy. It's really interesting," she added as her father looked at her and said, "Do you mind if I borrow that book, sweetheart, after you're done reading it?" "Yes, papa," she replied, putting the book on the table. She then reminded her father about his doctor's appointment the next morning, and they began getting the horse ready.

He hopped on the horse, looked at her, and departed for his appointment. Meanwhile, she decided to go check the ocean view and sat on the dock, reading a dark romance book. Suddenly, she heard a strange noise behind her, turned around, and saw an angry wolf. She stayed still, covered in shock. The wolf went to attack her, but she jumped into the water, making the wolf run away.

As soon as she jumped into the water, she remembered she couldn't swim. She started feeling dizzy, passed out, and the next thing she remembered was being on the ground with everything blurry. She looked up and saw a man she had never seen before. Her eyesight suddenly went back to normal, and the man looked at her with worry.

She then passed out, and he carried her back to the castle and laid her down on the couch, waiting for her to wake up. A few minutes later, she woke up and looked around and saw a young man that looked a little older than her. She sat up and asked if she could leave, and the prince looked at her and told her no.

She looked at him with anger, got up, and ran to the door, trying to get out. He came behind her, grabbed her by the arm, and said, "You're not going anywhere!" He called out to the guards to take her away. The guards grabbed her arms and picked her up and brought her to the dungeon in the castle. A few hours later, he went to her cell and saw she was asleep, and he picked her up and brought her to a room and laid her down in her bed. After a few minutes, she woke up.

She looked over and saw the man she saw before sitting in a chair next to her with a sharp look on his face. She asked, "Where am I?" The man quickly looked at her, and she noticed he was wearing a black suit with his hair combed back. He said, "I brought you to your new room. Are you okay?" She looked at him and said, "I'm fine," asking for his name. He introduced himself as Alonso, the king of the castle. She said, "My name is Eleanor," and he responded,



“Pleased to meet you, Eleanor.” She smiled and asked if she could go home now, but he said no. Angrily, she asked, “Why can't I go home? My father will be home soon, and I need to be there.” He explained that her village was at war with his kingdom, and he, as the king, would try his best to stop the war.

In the village, the war was going on, and over 50 people had died. Her papa returned, noticed his daughter was missing, and he went looking for help to find his daughter, but everyone thought he was crazy, and some said she probably died in the war, but only the one man that was obsessed with her would help. Benjamin was willing to help and hoped to marry Eleanor if he found her. The war continued for years and eventually ended. The prince let Eleanor out, and soon they got along and started dating.

Meanwhile, Benjamin was still looking for Eleanor. But Eleanor never knew the love Benjamin had for her, and she ended up falling in love with the prince, and the curse was broken. Over the years, strange things happened. One late afternoon there was a loud bang, and Eleanor woke up and walked into the kitchen. She saw a girl with long black hair, and she noticed it was the witch. She yelled for Alonso, he ran to the kitchen, but when he arrived, she wasn't there. He panicked and called his guards to search.

Soon, the guards were looking around, and one of them stumbled upon some pink roses, and the guard called the prince over. The prince said it was probably some bear that got in the garden, and the prince went to bed worried about Eleanor. Meanwhile, Eleanor was with the witch. She was locked in a room without food or water, and she was scared. She always had a feeling that something was going to happen one day, but she never knew what.

As weeks passed, and the prince was getting more worried about Eleanor, he searched. He walked up to a cabin in the woods and opened the door to hear Eleanor's voice yelling for help, so he followed her voice, opened a basement door, and saw her locked in a cell. He looked around for a moment before grabbing the keys on the hook and opened the cell to have Eleanor jump into his arms. They were together again. Forever happy.

**Alexis Dionne**

**Fort Kent Elementary School**

**Ms. Lori Saucier**

**Grade 6**

### **A Strange Day In July**

As legend has it, the ghosts of soldiers come out on the Fourth of July.

July 4, 1979 The temperature was weird today. It was not staying in the normal range for July. Very, very COLD!

July 21, 1979 Something spooky happened. I was in Manhattan at the time looking for my mom. I went to her favorite beach in New York City. I was skipping rocks when the third one came skipping back.

July 21, 1989 It's been 10 years since I last wrote. I have a job now at ghostbusters. And I can still not explain how that happened. The reason that I went so long without writing is that nothing happened until today. People froze to death in July!

July 22, 1989 Some other ghostbusters figured out why this has been happening all the time before the heat drop; A big pink laser comes out of the graveyard.

July 23, 1989 As we went to the graveyard to figure out why the big pink laser was appearing, the locks changed from the standard lock to a creepy lock with green mist around it.

July 30, 1989 This might be the last time I write. there was just a castle that appeared out of nowhere in the ocean. So we are going to check that out. there might be a connection.

August 1, 1989 We figured it out! The black slime was making everything go haywire. It was coming from the castle. We still have not found out why it was there in the first place. To be continued....

**Michael Voisine Fort Kent Elementary School Mrs. Jamie Desjardins Pelletier Grade 5**

### **The Seven Chairs**

The two baffled priests stared in awe at the sight of a nun perched on a chair floating high in the cathedral. There were seven magical chairs that were housed in a vault deep in a glacier in Antarctica. They had been there for a century, unable to use their powers to escape, until one oddly warm day there were reports that the fifth one ended up in France. The priests were now witnesses of a major heist.

But where were the other six chairs? Had they gone to different places too? Had they managed to escape the iron alloy vault that had held them for so long? The chair in France was hovering in the air like a drone inside the Notre Dame cathedral. Were the other six chairs floating as well? The mysterious floating chair is in France, which is in Europe. Did one chair appear in each continent?

Why was the nun levitating on the fifth chair in France? Was she in control of the chair, or did the chair have control of her? The priests soon learned that the chair had indeed fallen into the wrong hands as the nun controlled every movement of the extremely powerful chair. The nun looked at the priests and held a finger to her mouth telling them not to say a word about what they had been a witness of and then floated effortlessly out of the church.

The next morning, rumors were whizzing from one person to another all around the world about the escape of the seven magical chairs. People were trying to determine how the chairs had managed to do the near impossible, escaping the vault. It was discovered that due to the warm weather in Antarctica, the glacier that held the chairs had deteriorated. Then, an earthquake had weakened the iron alloy vault just enough so the chairs could escape. All of the chairs were brought to Antarctica because the chairs each had a different ability. Some were invincible, some could fly, and all of them had the power of teleportation. After it became public that the chairs were free, people became hungry for their power.

The people that stole the chairs were part of an organization that stole different ancient artifacts from around the world. Inside of each chair there was an energy source that gave the chair its power. If you had all the power sources then you could become the most powerful person in the world. What the priests had seen was part of a plan for world domination. The nun brought the fifth chair to her boss, who was impressed because his minions had done a stellar job of bringing him all of the chairs.

The fifth chair was the only one of the seven he was missing. With the delivery of the fifth chair, he thought he would now be the most powerful person in the world with the ability to fly and shoot lasers from his eyes as well as have super strength. He thought he would be able to level a city with one clap of his hands and he would travel around the globe destroying world monuments. His last act would be to tunnel through the earth until he reached the inner core and destroy it which would cause the earth to collapse in on itself.

As the nun handed over the fifth chair, all of his future plans crumbled before his eyes. When she placed the last missing chair in its spot in the line up, it triggered a homing signal from the iron alloy vault in Antarctica. One by one, the chairs swiftly flew away out of sight and back to the vault. The person who had created the vault a century ago knew the chairs held immense power and created a system so that no one person could ever be in possession of all the chairs. If they were ever reunited in one place by humans, a magnet in the vault would be activated to attract all chairs back to the icy wasteland and return the vault back to its original form. Fortunately, the plan for world domination had been foiled, and to this day, no one knows the true identity of the masked person.

**Drake Huston   Fort Kent Elementary School   Mrs. Jamie Desjardins Pelletier   Grade 5**

### **The Fall of Luna's Veil**

Our story starts on a farm. A farm sat on the very edge of civilization. On this farm, there was a family. The family consisted of a loving mother, a strong father, and a young boy about the age of 10. The days went just like you would expect farm life would go until one day when all would change. No matter the reason or the thought, the boy decided to leave this small farm. There was no one to stop him due to his parents being asleep. He packed what little belongings he had and left. This decision shapes our story here today.

As the boy walked, he would hum to himself and come up with stories. This kept him entertained but neither fed nor hydrated. Over the hours, he tried to keep his head up, but hope was seeming to be lost. *Why had he left his caring mother and father? What was it he thought he was getting out of this?* His life was perfect just the way it was, and he just went and ruined it. Then, just at that moment, he saw a large light coursing through the sky followed by a BOOM when it hit the ground. This sight intrigued him greatly.

Over the next day, he moved as fast as he could toward the crash. When he eventually got there, he was confused. Beyond confusion. He did not believe what was before him. In the huge crater was just a dirty old rock. He picked it up, of course, just as any child would, but after a slight bit of rubbing, the boy noticed that this wasn't just any old rock. Under the crust was pure,

glistening silver. The boy furiously rubbed more and more of the dirt, until all of it was clean. Under it all was a one-foot-in-diameter replica of the moon. This sight and discovery made him feel great; it made him feel like the adventurers on his favorite show.

Although his finding was awesome, he knew he didn't have much time left. So, in his dying breaths, he dug a hole big enough to fit the scaled-down moon. He covered it up and slowly died in the scorching sun.

Eighty-three years later, a mining operation has started on the edge of a small town by the name Lunar Valley. It was given this title due to the moon seeming much brighter there. The operation was run by the Winchester family. No matter how much they tried to seem like everyone else, they definitely were not. They were rich, and there was no hiding that. They were putting in a very, very large house nearby and were looking for what they called "relics." The father, Marty Winchester, was a collector, always looking for a new prized jewel or perhaps a priceless necklace. It didn't matter what it was...if it had value, he wanted it.

The days went on. The house got bigger and bigger. As they were digging out the basement, they struck a hard, solid object.

"Uh... boss, we found somethin' hard over here," shouted the worker, who obviously wasn't the brightest.

"Ugh, What could it be now," shouted Marty in return.

"Well we don't really know, The shovels found it first. Looks like somethin' you'd be interested in."

"Well... If that's the case then get the hell out of my way," said Marty, this time almost to a yell.

As Marty pulled the object from the stone, he carefully examined it. It was a one-foot-in-diameter, silver replica of the moon.

"Strange... oh well add it to the rest."

This action would prove to be the man's greatest mistake of his life.

Construction continued for about another month, and the Winchesters were soon completely moved in. Late one night, Marty's daughter, Maribell, approached her father's study.

"I know you're there, girl!" said Marty in not the nicest tone of voice. "What do you think you need now?"

Maribell, in tears, walked up to her father. She, being no more than six, confronted her father for being a "meanie". As you could expect, this didn't go too well for her. The poor girl then continued to be yelled at and swiftly shoved out the door. Marty then returned to his latest wonder and curiosity: the silver moon. Without finding much, he hid it and went to bed to find his wife, Anna, greatly upset at him for once again being a "meanie". It didn't affect him nearly at all, and soon he was asleep.

In the morning, he went straight back to his study. Looking more intently and close.

"Meh, I guess it's just a nice rock," Marty said, very disappointingly.

As the disappointed man sat the rock on the makeshift pedestal he made for it, a dirty stack of books, the object glowed. It began to shift rapidly, distorting and fragmenting. The atmosphere around it seemed to bend and twist. With the strong smell of ozone in the air, everything seemed to go black. Although Marty could no longer see it, he could hear the faint hum it produced.

"Marty, you may want to see this," yelled Anna from a distant room.

"UGH... What could it be now? I'm a little busy," yelled Marty in return.

They yelling got louder and louder due to the hum building to a roar. Marty, finally able to make his way out of the room and down the hallway, was baffled when he saw what his brat of a wife was talking about. As the two looked out the window, they saw that where the bright morning sun should have been was a huge, ghostly moon. It seemed to stare back at them with unknown intent. The holy sight radiated a dark miasma that covered the sky. The entire sky blackened, the moon, about close enough to touch, and a swirling storm in the room down the hall. How could this get any worse.

Oh, well look at that...something to make it worse. As Marty looked around outside, he noticed strange gray blobs starting to get closer and closer. As he continued to watch, they got close enough to get a better picture. The creatures he found himself looking at were small humanoids with gray skin. They all looked similar, with tribal-like clothing and demeanor. They charged like a hoard of mosquitoes to a light. Marty then noticed that they weren't just coming from one area, they were coming from all directions. Surrounding the house.

"Where's Maribell?" inquired Anna, finally realizing their daughter is nowhere to be seen.

"Why you asking me? Go find her," screamed Marty in return.

"Why's everythi-," was all Anna could get out before a blood curdling scream blared from Maribell's room. As the two adults bolted down the hall, they were face to face with one of the creatures. How it got in the house was one thing, but why it was there, a totally different question. Albeit not the time for pondering but it's all Marty could do right now. *What are these things? Why are they here? What is it they want?* Unknowing to him, he would soon have answers.

As one of these creatures sprouted from Maribell's room, it was obvious she would soon follow. The creature was holding a rope, and on the other end of that rope was poor Maribell, too frightened to do anything but scream and yell.

"Maribell!" shouted Anna.

This was a mistake Anna will find herself making over and over again.

"*Talking out of turn. TskTskTsk.*" whispered a voice right into Anna's ear.

As the poor woman flailed, her stunned husband could do nothing but watch. One of the creatures then approached Marty.

"Wait. Wait. Just tell me what you want. Leave my family alone and you can have anything. You... you want money. I can get that for you," said Marty, trying to do anything for the one thing he took for granted all these years. Family. The one thing he always hated and neglected.

The creature hesitated but not very long. For he did not know what money was. The rest of the brutes grabbed Marty and brought them back to the swirling storm once known as Marty's Study. His broad collection of trinkets and jewels. All that wouldn't matter now. The three captives soon made it to the large twisting room. The wind, the power, the distortment, it didn't affect the creatures. They seemed to be starting some kind of ritual. Drawing symbols all around. Chanting. Most words were definitely not English, but a few Marty could make out. That's when he realized the words he knew were coming from one particular being. This being seemed to be slightly bigger, more powerful, possibly older than the rest.

*"For the all-mother Luna, we make this sacrifice. So that our relic may be returned to your realm."*

Just then all the creatures looked directly at the moon, seemingly to be right above their house. Then, a holy beam of radiance blasted from the moon, vaporizing the Winchester family

and their beloved home. Leaving only a chanting group of what seemed to be cultists praying to their moon goddess, Luna. Then, the veil was lifted.

**Griffin Holmes**

**Ashland District School**

**Mrs. Merrill**

**Grade 7**

### **Izz's Adventure**

My name is Izz, and my mom was very sick. I gathered medicine for her every day, but she didn't get better. One day my mom got so sick that she died. I cried so hard that I could float in my tears.

After that day, I started to feel weird. My hands were glowing, and things started floating. One day I didn't pay my bill and lost my home. "This is the worst!" I said in pain. "Curse the person who did this to me and my mother!" I said again. I discovered that I had to go on my own in order to save myself. Close to the end of the day I set up camp and began to look for food. After I set up the fire I started cooking. I hadn't eaten in so long I said that it was the best thing I ever tasted. I got tired and went to bed. I heard scary sounds all night. "Who is there?" I asked as I heard the bush rattle. The next morning I made some mushroom soup for breakfast, for lunch I made eggs from a bird's nest, and for dinner I made some fried fish. After dinner I was going to bed. I dreamed about my mom, and I cried in my sleep. About the glowing hand and the things floating, I discovered that I had magic. I had to clean up my camp and that was hard with my uncontrollable magic. After I was done cleaning up, I started walking to the town next to the big tree.

I was going to my friend Samantha's house. Samantha is the best wind whisperer I know. Samantha lost her mom, too, in a fire. I was the only one that helped her. "Can I stay the night with you?" I said.

"Yes," Samantha said. After we played some board games we went to bed. The next morning I had to go back in the woods. Samantha insisted that she was coming. Samantha said that we could make a group named adventure. I was too tired to think, so I said yes. On the way we found a cave that we could take shelter in. "Time for bed" Samantha said. Samantha was asleep, and I was awake thinking about my mom and how she died. Then I got too tired, so I went to bed.

Samantha woke me up by the scent of delicious eggs. "Breakfast time" Samantha said. I ate my breakfast, and got ready to hunt for some lunch later. I was hunting and I saw a girl about my age that was practicing her magic. I got closer, but tried to not let her see me. She saw me, came over to me, and said that she was a summoner! She said that her name is JJ and we became friends.

We came to the camp and I introduced JJ to Samantha. Samantha realized that JJ was a summoner when JJ's eyes turned blue. "Your family died too, right?" Samantha said sadly.

"My Grandmother died of a heart attack," JJ said in pain. I cried then they all looked at me and tried to help me feel better. It got dark and everyone had to go to bed.

In the morning it was my turn to make breakfast and I didn't mind because I enjoyed it. After breakfast we packed up camp, and then we went back to our adventure in the woods. It was



full of dangerous animals, but I didn't mind. Samantha looked for food, JJ got fire wood, and I tried to find a place to camp.

I found an abandoned treehouse, and said that it was the perfect place to camp for the night. When I was setting up the sleeping bags I heard rumbling in the bushes and went to investigate, and you won't believe what I saw! It was a dark fairy that was in pain. She saw me and ran away. I finally could get close to her. She told me her name, "My name is Lexxie."

Then I said, "Hello Lexxie, do you want to be my friend?"

"Yes," said Lexxie. I took her to camp and showed her to Samantha and JJ. They all loved her. When I cooked dinner Lexxie and Samantha played a board game that I made, and JJ was having fun with the animals. Finally dinner was done cooking, and we got to eat. "Dinner was so good!" said Lexxie.

"Thank you," I said back. Finally we got to bed. "Good night!" everyone said.

The next morning we packed up camp and went back to our adventure. After I found a place to camp for the night, I played with my magic a little bit, and then set up the sleeping bags. When everyone came to camp, we heard a sound in the trees. We followed it and it led us to a girl about my age, hurt. I tried to help her and told her to follow me. I led her to camp and I made her a sleeping bag.

"My name is Summer," she said. Soon Summer and I became best friends. Oh, and about that wound? I wrapped it up in leaves, then we went to bed. The next morning as we always do, we packed up camp and headed back to our very long hike. This time it was Samantha's turn to get a place to camp, but I had to look for firewood. When I was almost done picking firewood, I heard a very loud noise coming from the campsite. I ran to camp and saw a werewolf hiding in the trees. She was scared and ran away. I got close to her and she was eating a moose with her sharp teeth. I was so scared I almost fell in horror. She started crying, and I went closer to her, and she shuttered, "m...my name is Kitty."

Kitty, and I went to the camp and I introduced her to Samantha, JJ, Lexxie, and Summer. When we went to bed Summer said, "I am sorry about your mom."

"When we leave these woods, and find a place to live, we can make a club," I said.

"I like that," said Summer.

One day my wish came true. We left the woods and started to build houses for each other. There were two people in each house. Lexxie and Samantha stayed in the house that has a purple fence, Kitty and JJ stayed in the house with a bird painting, and Summer and I stayed in the house with a big backyard.

We started the club, Summer and I are the leaders....

**Ezzabell Lalonde**

**Limestone Community School**

**Mrs. Lento**

**Grade 5**

### **The Ringing**

**1994 Limestone, Maine**

**Journal Entry Day 1 November 3rd**

I was walking home one night after basketball practice, but something was off. I couldn't quite put my finger on it. It was like a ringing of some sort, coming from afar. Earlier, I had



heard on the news that the ringing was this weird man, if you could even call it that. This thing was roaming the streets with a fedora, black custom tailored suit, a black and white tie, and custom black pants or something like that. As I heard this I practically had a heat stroke. I was panting like crazy. You could hear me from a mile away, and this whole thing was just a thought in my mind. But the ringing...it was getting louder and louder. The man was so close he could reach me from where he was. My fight or flight kicked in and I screamed, "Come at me you coward!" It worked, but not for long. From what I can remember I woke up in my bed and it was 7:05 "Dang! I'm tired."

### **Journal Entry Day 2 November 4th**

I was playing on my computer when I looked out the window and saw it. It was just walking and it turned around and saw me. I ducked, I looked again and saw nothing. It had disappeared. My mom called me for dinner. I was thinking about it all dinner long. Then, I asked "Have you seen a dark figure walking around these streets?"

She said, "No, why?"

"No reason," I said, looking concerned.

"Why did you ask?" she questioned. "Why did you ask!" she yelled. She has a short temper. "Dad would have chewed you out by now, so tell me!" My dad has been in the Air Force for 5 years now. He was very mean and often gave homeless people a hard time. Mom and Dad never really fought, but when they did it was contained. My mom and I really didn't speak after that. So, I did the dishes and went right back to research about the black figure. I found nothing on the topic, so I gave up and went to bed.

### **Journal Entry Day 3 November 5th**

Today was the first game of the season. It was normal for girls to go first then the boys, but something was off. The audience had bloodshot eyes and were staring right at me. Then, I heard, "What are you waiting for? Christmas?" the coach yelled. I shot my foul shot and missed. The coach yelled, "You are benched!" So I sat, but it didn't feel right.

"Hey coach, I'm not feeling well, can I go home?" I asked.

"No, you can't leave!" the coach screeched. "Now sit down and deal with it!" I swear I'm going koo-koo. I waited until it ended, and walked home. Maybe I would see the man again.

### **Journal Entry Day 4 November 6th**

No luck seeing him. I think he means something bad. I think he only shows up when something bad is going to happen. So, what if I make a scenario where something will go bad? The tricky part about this is the plan itself. Maybe I could buy a fish and drop it unexpectedly and he would appear. I thought that I could also make a trap to catch him, but I feel like that would be too complex for me. I could make a holding cage and drop it from a tree. No, not a single word could be true about this. When I first saw him, nothing went bad at practice. So it could be that he comes during the sunset. That's the only time I saw him. I'm going to try something new, maybe I can see him in my dreams.

### **In My Head the Night of November 6th**

"Hello, helloooooo?" I called out.

"I'm right here," said the man in a sinister voice. I looked around and I was in some kind of classroom. Not just any classroom. My classroom, the kids were talking about something. They were talking about me.

“They talk about me when I leave?” I said.

“That’s precisely what your classmates do while you’re gone,” the man said. As he materialized right behind me.

“How long have they been doing this?” I say I’m on the brink of crying. Then I hear a faint “Wake up.”

### **Journal Entry Day 5 November 13th**

It’s been a week, and I think that he is stalking me. I’ve been seeing him walking around my block. At this point I don’t feel safe going to school. I swear that I’m going crazy. Oh no, he is outside my window. He is getting closer. I think that ... he is tapping on the window. I scramble for my bed, but I don’t make it in time. He sees me. I grab the nearest weapon, a pocket knife. He enters through my window. I think it’s the end, but then he disappears. He just vanishes into thin air. I hope he will never show his face again ... suddenly, I get very tired.

### **In My Head the Night of November 16**

I woke up in my bedroom. “Where am I?” No answer from the dark, unlike last time. Then I feel a shiver come down my spine. The hand of the man is now on my shoulder. I feel another shiver in my arm. “HELP!” I try to shout. Nothing, it feels as if someone is crushing my windpipe. Fighting is not an option right now. I wheeze loudly and suddenly...

**Logan Barber**

**Limestone Community School**

**Mrs. Lento**

**Grade 6**

### **I Don’t Want This**

I know this might sound like the typical princess, life handed to her on a silver platter, off to be wedded to a pretty blond man with riches galore, and while yes, I am to be married, it certainly isn’t the dream the stories and movies make it out to be. I’m an elf, and I have to marry the northern side’s king’s son. But, I think we should start with the beginning.

Hi, I’m Chloe White, the elf princess of the east in a big place called Zealot and I have a pet owl named Cosmo.

At an early age I was trained to be cold, unforgiving, never letting emotions make decisions for me. I never really had any real friends because of this, cause I wasn’t sure how to be anything other than a shell. Didn’t help that I was homeschooled, cooped up in that big boring castle. Sometimes I wished I wasn’t a princess so I could know what it was like to be free from my parents’ crushing expectations.

I was expected to know how to use all these powers after a few sessions, these fire and lights, trying to figure out how to not burn my hair off, trying not to blind my instructor as they taught me how dim the tiny purple ball of light that floated in my little palms.

I, despite knowing it was extremely unlikely, always thought about finding a boy or maybe even a girl I really liked and marrying them, as any little girl with no friends would. A hopeless romantic as one would say.

Well, here I stand, in this itchy dress, next to this blue skinned demon that I definitely didn't like, heart racing as I repeat in my head over and over "I do" even though I didn't. I didn't want this. Didn't want to be offered as some peace treaty to this sleazeball Stan Davids. But Mommy and Daddy were counting on me, like always.

I barely registered it as the officiant said "Do you, Stan Davids, Take Chloe White to be your lawfully wedded wife?" My heart sank a little, glancing over at Stan as he smiled and said "I do." I glanced at the officiant, lips thinning as he asked me the dreaded question; "Do you, Chloe White, take Stan Davids to be your lawfully wedded wife?" I paused for a moment too long, and the words almost sounded alien on my tongue as I spoke. "I do."

Everyone erupted into cheers, and the rest of what was supposed to be a wonderful, well thought out ceremony of love and connection felt like a blur, being dragged around by my new husband, and all I could do was think about how much I wanted to run away, yank away from the cold hand in mine. It felt like I was on autopilot

and by the end of it, as I sat in my room, holding Cosmo in my lap, stroking her feathers, I couldn't help but tear up. Yeah, the war was over, but now I'm stuck, stuck with a man I didn't love.

"Cosmo..." I mumbled, looking down at her as she looked back at me, downy feathers bristling. "What do I do...?" I asked no one in particular, voice cracking. I felt like I was gonna explode, finger tips glowing. I closed my eyes, a little purple ball of light forming in my palm. I opened them, and held it close to my chest, purple glow casting over my pale face

"Get me out of here..." I whispered into the light, feeling completely lost. I don't want this...

**Noe Tubbs**

**Limestone Community School**

**Mrs Dillon**

**Grade 7**

### **Chaotic Origins**

As my paws hit the Earth, I grinned at their smooth silence. My mind was not its own, controlled by those who held me.

I reached my senses out, trying to find my target. Soon I picked up her scent. I grinned with cold amusement, teleporting behind her. I screamed in my mind, trying to stop what was coming. Moving against my will, I shifted to my semi-human form, striking my knife down on her. She screamed, the sound echoing in the empty forest. I removed my bloodied knife, cleaning it with my tail.

After cleaning the blood off, I looked around with void-like eyes. My radio beeped. “675, did you finish the target?” A familiar voice asked. It was the lead scientist, or my commander. I grabbed my radio. “Affirmative, Sir.” I replied. “Report back then, you’re due for more tests.” He said. “Copy that.” I teleported back to the lab. Immediately I was surrounded by scientists, who reattached my shock collar in case I tried to escape. I felt control of myself regained, my irises flickering to emerald green. I couldn't help but whimper, remembering what Commander said about more ‘tests’. I knew that was just him sugarcoating the fact I had to endure more experimenting. I was led to a very large cylinder with a sliding door. I growled, climbing in like I had for years. Once inside, the door closed and something was injected into my arm. Within minutes, I was out cold, held up by straps around each limb and the middle of my torso.

I woke up to hear scientists talking, but it was like I was underwater. “No effect... test again?...-es Ma’am.” Someone said, their speech quieted to the point of mumbling by the cylinder walls. I groaned. Whatever they did, it had no effect. That would mean one day’s rest, then they try again, but worse somehow. I opened my eyes as someone rapped sharply on the wall around me. A woman I didn’t recognize was looking at me. She had brown hair, tan skin, and black irises. She wore a black business suit, yet her eyes were full of concern, apparently concern for me.

“Hello. My name is Rachel Lycan. You’ll be coming home with me today” she said. My mouth dropped open, shocked. I was leaving the lab? No, they wouldn’t allow it, would they? She opened the cylinder, despite the scientists telling her not to, as I could hear them clearly now. She continued to ignore them, unstrapping me quickly. I fell forward, weak from the tests. She caught me, helping me steady myself. “What’s your name?” Her voice was soft, soothing. I froze for a moment. My name? I almost couldn’t remember, having been simply known as 675 for as long as I could remember. “L-Lýkos.” I stuttered, my voice quiet for fear of being hurt if I spoke out of turn. “Lýkos...” She repeated, testing out the name. I looked at the floor, my tail tucking between my legs. She apparently understood the signals because she knelt to my level, tilting my head gently so I was looking at her. “I know what they did to you, I promise I’m not here to hurt you.” She whispered calmly. I nodded. “O-Ok, Ma’am.” I replied quietly. She stood, turning to the gaping scientists. “Something surprised you?” Her eyes narrowed. “Uh, it's just that #675 is usually very aggressive, yet you easily calmed her down. Even her commander, the one person she seems to trust, has been attacked before.” A scientist spoke. Rachel looked at me, then back at the scientists, seeming to just now notice the various scars that were visible. I expected her to frown, to change her mind and walk away, leaving me here. But she didn’t, she took my hand, leading me outside without a word.

After a few minutes of walking, we reached the exit door. I shut my eyes but kept walking, expecting my shock collar to go off when I tried to go through. I stepped outside without any pain. I opened my eyes hesitantly, seeing the outside clearly. I grinned as I felt the shock collar loosen and fall to the ground. It must have been deactivated when I stepped outside. I let go of Rachel’s hand running in the grass by the pavement. I laughed, falling onto the soft blades of emerald grass, waving my limbs like I was making a snowman. Rachel chuckled, sitting a bit away from me. I played freely, till I remembered how close I was to the lab. I stood up quickly, using my magic to teleport to the other side of the parking lot. Rachel looked around in alarm, then calmed when she saw me. She jogged over to me. “You wanna go home, get away from here?” She asked. I nodded vigorously. She smiled, leading me to a car. She got in the driver's side, but I stared at the door in confusion. How did this open? She glanced at the back seat. Seeing me outside, she got back out and walked to my side. I guess she figured I had never

been in a car, which was correct, as she just showed me how to open the door, as well as stuff like how to buckle my seatbelt. Once I was situated, she got in on her side.

We arrived at a large mansion, which I stared at in shock. We walked inside, and were greeted by two children, one boy and one girl, and a man who all yelled out: “WELCOME HOME!” I yelped, teleporting to hide behind Rachel, and felt tears threatening to fall from the scare. Rachel glared at the three strangers. “Real welcoming.” She said sarcastically. Their joy turned to guilt. “Sorry Mom..” The kids said as the man also said, “Sorry Honey.” I peeked around Rachel. That must be her husband and kids. I tilted my head with curiosity, my fear forgotten. The kids waved at me kindly, though I noticed the boy hid behind the girl, who appeared to be older than him. Before I could investigate however, Rachel moved me in front of her. “Everyone, this is Lýkos. She’s.. sorta like us.” I didn’t understand what she meant, so I turned around to look at her. “What do you mean, Ma’am?” I asked. She glanced at the man, then back at me. “We aren’t from this realm either. We’re from your realm.” My eyes widened as my jaw dropped. I faintly remember when I was a newborn, when I was in another realm where everyone looked like me, a werewolf. “There’s no way, your ears and tail aren’t there!” I exclaimed. She chuckled. In a dull flash a set of ears and tail appeared on her. They were brown, seeming to match her hair. I turned around to see the man had the same thing, but black, to match his hair, and red tips. The girl had ears to match Rachel’s, as they had similar appeare but the boy didn’t have ears nor tail. I frowned, but asked no questions. “Lýkos, this is Dereck, Aaron, and Melissa.” Rachel spoke, pointing at first the man, then the boy, and finally the girl. I nodded, memorizing the names. Suddenly I realized something. “Ma’am?” I asked, looking back at Rachel. “Yes pup?” She asked. “You said I was coming home with you before... Did you adopt me?” I was hesitant, scared she'd say no. But she smiled, said nothing but nodded. “So- so you're my Mum.. and he's-“ I pointed at Dereck. “-my Dad?” Dereck laughed. “Well look at that, we got a smart lil’ pup.” I grinned widely. “Thank you thank you thank you!” I hugged Mum, then ran and hugged Dad. They both grinned, seeming happy that I trusted them both. Suddenly I gasped, eyes widening again. “I HAVE A BROTHER AND SISTER!!” I squealed. My new siblings laughed, Melissa coming and hugging me. “Welcome to the family, little sis.”

*\*3 years later\**

I woke up to another happy day as a Lycan. I got out of bed, putting on a hoodie and jeans. Once dressed, I brushed my hair and headed downstairs to be greeted by Dad. “Morning Lýkos.” He said, not looking up from his paper. “Hey Dad.” I said, grabbing a box of my favorite cereal. Melissa and Aaron came downstairs, the former chasing her brother. Suddenly something happened. I had never had one of my magic ‘episodes’ before, at least not since the lab. But suddenly I just snapped. My magic blasted out, forming strange red flames. I felt my irises flicker, becoming red, then a void. I tried to scream, but I was no longer in control. It was like I blacked out then, and when I woke up I was back in control. The house was nothing but ashes, my family dead. I wanted to cry, but my body was numb. I stood, teleporting away. I found myself in the city. I ran to an alleyway before I was noticed, cleaning ashes off of myself quickly with my magic. Once I looked normal I stepped out and looked around. A giant screen connected to a skyscraper suddenly lit up with an emergency light. I observed the report curiously. “It has been reported that experiments have escaped containment. These experiments are dangerous and should not be approached.” A woman announced. Someone offscreen handed her a note. “I-I have just gotten word that these experiments have evolved, they have become the equivalent of a zombie. The apocalypse has started.” The screen powered off and chaos broke

out. I teleported again, finding myself now in an empty field. I took a step forward, tripping over something. I looked back to see a gray butterfly knife. I grabbed it, my magic transferring into it. Something, whether instinct or a gut feeling, told me I could never miss with this knife. I looked around. the apocalypse may have started, but zombies weren't the most dangerous thing.... *I was.*

**Ariana Jenkins**

**Limestone Community School**

**Mrs. Dillon    Grade 8**

### **The Ghost Girl**

I woke up with a breeze blowing in my face and nobody was outside except me. Then suddenly there was a shadow, and when I looked up there was Mrs. Jackson. She told me to get up and that recess was over. I stood up and she backed up to give me space. "Get inside, Olivia Heber. It's past 2:00," said Mrs. Jackson. As we walked to the door, the school bus pulled into the driveway and Mrs. Jackson unlocked the door and we walked in.

As I walked down the hallway, people looked and stared. I was kinda creeped out until my classroom door stood in front of me, I opened the door and walked in. Ms. Kaylee was waiting for me in the doorway. "Olivia, where were you?" she said. I tried to tell her that I fell asleep during recess, but she just said, "Detention." I walked down the hallway once again, and then I arrived at the principal's office.

I knocked on the door to the principal's office and waited for a bit. Then the door opened. "Oh, hello there, Olivia! What are you doing at my office today?" Ms. Ella asked. I told her that I was sent here by my teacher because I fell asleep during recess, and she then told me to come in so we could talk. After about ten seconds of her typing, I started to talk, "Ms. Ella, I promise I didn't do it on purpose!" Ms. Ella just looked at me like I was a crazy person. She pointed to the door and I walked out. While I was walking down the hallway, I heard someone say, "It's all your fault!" When I heard that, I turned around, but nobody was there. I thought it was weird, but I just kept walking. I was about to open the classroom door when I heard whispering that sounded like, "Don't go in there. Ms. Kaylee is gone. There's a new girl," but I obviously ignored it. Why would I listen to a voice in my head? So I walked in, sat at my desk, and listened to the lesson. Then I heard the bell ring. I could finally go home! I grabbed my things and went to the door. I opened it and started walking home.

As I walked on the sidewalk, I heard a voice again. "Run. Someone's coming. LOOK BEHIND YOU." I looked behind me and saw a truck driving behind me. I started sprinting to my house and made it right in time before he stuck his head outside the window. I knocked on the door because it was locked, and suddenly I heard the voice again. "Your mom and dad aren't home right now. Go to your grandma and grandpa's house." I didn't listen and so I kept knocking, and knocking, and knocking... Nobody came... So I decided to listen to the voice because last time it helped me. So I took my bike from the front yard and drove my bike to my grandma and grandpa's house. When I arrived, I saw a little girl sitting in front of their barn. I went over to her and said, "Hey, are you lost? Where's your house? Your parents are probably worried about you." She looked at me weirdly. Then she started yelling, "YOUR PARENTS ARE GONE! HAHAAHAHA!"



When I heard those words I ran to my grandma and grandpa's door and knocked so many times so they could hear it. Soon my grandpa opened the door and said, "Olivia? Why are you here? Come in, come in." I went into the house and laid down on the couch. "My parents are gone. My parents are gone!" I said. My grandpa looked at me strangely and said, "Liv, your parents are fine. They are just working late." I hugged my grandpa, and my grandma came into the room. We all heard a knock on the door. I looked through the peephole. It was my mom and dad! I opened the door and they came in. "Honey, are you okay? You look like you just saw a ghost!" my dad said. I hugged him tight and then hugged Mom. I told them all what had happened, and they looked at each other with a weird expression. "Honey, that's the ghost girl. She talked to me too, when I was little, like you. I got voices in my head, so I listened to them. Then when I arrived home one day, there was a little girl sitting in front of the barn. I asked her where her parents were and she told me that my parents were gone and then laughed. Your grandmother had the same little girl. It's happened to all of the girls in this family so far. She only has the ability to speak to the women in our family." I interrupted her and asked her more about the ghost girl. She was about to tell us when we heard a knock at the door. She told me to go and hide somewhere and she would handle the ghost girl. I just hid behind the couch so I could see what this was all about.

My mom went outside and started talking to the ghost girl. She told her to leave me alone. I heard my mom say, "ROSE! IT'S BEEN A WHILE. HOW HAVE YOU BEEN?" My mom told the ghost girl to get away from me. Then she said the words, "Book library." The ghost backed up. Mom said it again, "Book library." The ghost backed up to the barn door. "Book library." The ghost started to say something and cried, "IT WAS ALL HER! IT WAS ALL Mackenzie! SHE DID THIS TO ME!" Then the ghost girl disappeared. I went outside and hugged my mom tight. I cried, "Thank you, Mom! Thank you!"

The next few years, the ghost girl left us alone. Then I had a little baby girl, and by the time she turned ten, she heard a voice....

**Madisyn Mathiesen**

**Dr. Levesque Elementary School**

**Miss Christina**

**Grade 5**

### **The Mystery**

Charlie and his mom finally moved to their new house. The house was huge, like a mansion! Charlie had always wanted to live in Los Angeles. All the houses were so big, one of them was the size of his old elementary school. They inherited all of his dad's money when his dad passed away a couple of years ago, when Charlie was nine years old. Nobody actually knows if he is dead, but they assume he is because he went missing one night. Some people think he might have been kidnapped, but whatever happened, nobody has seen him since that night.

They pulled into their new driveway. Charlie still could not believe how big the houses were there. Charlie started to unpack his stuff. He brought huge bags one by one into the house. When he opened the door, his jaw dropped, he froze, and he dropped his bags. The inside looked so much bigger than on the outside. It was humongous! He did not know where to explore first.

First, Charlie went to the living room. When he entered the living room there was a big sofa and an old television. There were fancy walls with cool designs with roses and flower



petals. There was also an old-looking bookshelf with a whole bunch of old books on them, like dictionaries and many others. There were cobwebs everywhere, and there was this old book that looked like it was at least one thousand years old. Charlie pulled a book off the shelf. There was an eye on the cover, and it was moving under the eyelid!

The eye opened, and there was this dark red iris with thin red veins. Charlie ran outside screaming and went to tell his mom. She was taking all the stuff out of the trunk. Charlie told his mom everything and she said to show her the book, but Charlie just said, “Nevermind.” He was going to figure this out himself.

He wanted to look at the kitchen. The kitchen was not much bigger than the kitchen at his old house, but he wanted to see if there was anything cool in there. Charlie searched in all the drawers to try and find something cool, but all he found were old utensils. There was one more drawer left to open. Charlie opened the drawer, and there was another book! But this time, it had an ear on it!

Charlie went back to the car to help his mom unpack. Charlie's mom took the last bag out of the trunk and put it on the ground. They brought all the bags into the house. He brought his bags to his room. When Charlie got to his new room, it was not much bigger than his old room, but it was still a nice room. He rearranged his new room with all of his things. He wanted to see his mom's room. He walked through the halls trying to find the light switch. He looked at all of the doors in the hall, wondering what all the rooms were. Charlie opened an interesting old-looking door. He thought it was his mom's room, but it was a library! Charlie had always liked reading and so he went inside. It was huge, and there were so many books it was like a whole public library.

He was walking around the library and saw a door, so he decided to open it. It led to a separate office with all kinds of old stuff in it. There was an old typewriter and he started to play with the keys, just like everyone does who sees a typewriter for the first time. There was also an old feather pen with an ink pot. He found some old papers in a filing cabinet and one of them had a date...1958. He went back to the desk and heard a whisper saying.... “help....me”. Charlie looked around. It seemed to be coming from the desk drawer. He opened the drawer and saw another old book, but this one had a mouth on it. He put the book on the desk. Then the mouth was whispering, “If anyone is here and hears this....” suddenly the book flipped open. When Charlie tried to flip the page, the book just slammed shut and reopened on the same page. Then Charlie read the page, and it said whoever found the book needed to bring the book with the eye and the one with the ear together.

Charlie was scared, so he slammed the book shut, but it just opened again. Charlie decided to listen and put the books together. He went to the kitchen to grab the book with the ear, then he went to the living room to grab the book with the eye. He brought both books to the office room and arranged the books like a face. “Beware,” whispered the book. “What do you mean?” replied Charlie. “Beware,” whispered the book again. Charlie ran out of the office and back to his room. He looked at the time on his watch. It was pretty late, so he decided to go to bed. He would have to figure this out another day.

When he woke up, it was pitch black. He went outside of his room with his hands in front of him trying to feel for the light switch. Charlie walked down through the halls, but then his hands felt a rough veiny arm.... then everything went black.

## Carson and Marie

Once upon a time, I was a lost girl, but now I live with my new five towering brothers, my sister, and my affectionate parents. Our life was on a big farm, where I learned to sew, weave, and cook, all thanks to my sister and mother. In half a year, on the tenth of May, I would finally turn eighteen years old!

My routine began each day, rising at the break of dawn to assist my mother in the kitchen. After everyone had their fill, I would clean up, go to the market, offer more help to my mother, or weave. If I ever had a free moment, I enjoyed watching Carson and his brothers work on the farm. They rarely noticed me, but I couldn't help but admire how Carson worked with precision and care.

Whenever Carson looked my way, my heart would skip a beat, and I would feel a warm flush spread across my cheeks. I longed to talk to him, to spend time with him, but I was too shy to make the first move.

"Marie! Stop your frolicking and come here!" Ruby shouted.

The brothers burst into laughter, causing my face to turn scarlet. If only I could laugh as heartily as my father or Carson, then maybe I wouldn't blush so easily. I hurried over to Ruby and asked whatever the matter was.

"You still haven't finished weaving for Addison, Jonathan, or Carson!"

"Well, I was..." she cut me off, "Tut tut tut!! No excuses! Go!"

I trudged on to the dusty, dim little hut surrounded by mulberry trees. The door creaked open, and there I saw my loom with Carson's soon-to-be pair of dark blue jeans. As I worked on weaving the dark blue jeans for him, my thoughts kept wandering to him. I couldn't help but feel drawn to him, his smile, his gentle nature, and his hardworking persona.

I woke up at the crack of dawn and galloped down the creaky floorboards. "Today we will go to the market in Charleston to get some new fabric and a horse brush for Pa," Ma said while making breakfast.

"Carson will drive Bessie, and Pa will be with Charlie. They both will have a wagon. Whom do you want to drive with?" she asked.

As I sat beside Carson on the wagon ride to Charleston, I couldn't help but steal glances at him. I admired the way he handled the reins with such strength and ease, and the way his eyes sparkled whenever he talked about his passion for farming.

As we drove in, Mr. Richard the mailman flagged him to stop.

"You have a letter from the doctoring school."

"Ah yes, I remember asking them to join, but I didn't know they would respond this quickly!"

*Doctoring school!? Leaving!? He had not told me any of this!* I was starting to panic, my palms got sweaty.

"Are you okay, Marie?" he asked.

"Oh, Carson. I just don't want you to leave me! Ever since I arrived, I have dreamed of starting a new life with you. You were the only thing keeping me going! I hoped you felt the same way towards me," I said.

I turned crimson. He turned and looked at me with his beautiful eyes that were staring into my soul.

"Marie. I love you with all my heart. But I must!"

I opened my eyes the next week. It was my birthday! The day I would turn eighteen. I hopped down the hallway and Ma was in her chair, crying.

“Ma, what’s the matter?”

“Don’t you remember? Today Carson is leaving for an entire year.” My heart sank.

We all gathered behind the old wooden fence. Before Carson hopped on his brown horse he motioned for me to come. I hugged him as long as I could.

Carson took a deep breath and looked at me. He slowly got down on one knee and pulled out a small box from his pocket. With a trembling voice, he said, “Marie, my precious flower, I have loved you from the moment I laid eyes on you. You are the light of my life, and I cannot imagine a single day without you. Will you do me the honor of becoming my wife and spending the rest of our lives together?” He opened the box to reveal a beautiful diamond ring, and his eyes sparkled with hope.

“YES, YES, absolutely YES!” He picked me up and spun me around.

“But what about your doctoring school?” Everyone started laughing.

“Oh, yeah. They declined me, so I used that money to buy us a small farmhouse on the hilltops just for us. It has a sixteen-acre farm.”

My jaw dropped. “Oh, and we are going to be married next month,” he said with a smile.

As Carson picked me up to kiss me, I closed my eyes and felt his soft lips on mine. I felt my heart racing as our lips moved perfectly, and I wrapped my arms around his neck, pulling him closer to me. As we broke apart, we looked into each other’s eyes, smiling, and I knew that our love would last forever.

Carson took his hands off my eyes as he led me through the yellow wooden doorway. On the left was a little kitchen, and on the right were two old rocking chairs with a fireplace. In the middle, down the hall, was a doorframe that led to a bedroom. It was perfect.

On their wedding day, as they exchanged vows and sealed their love with a kiss, they knew that their love story was just beginning. They had found their soulmate in each other, and they were ready to face whatever challenges life had in store for them, as long as they had each other. Their love was beautiful and inspiring, a true testament to the power of love and the magic of romance.

**Oksana Cyr**

**Wisdom Middle/High School**

**Mrs. Justine**

**Grade 6**

### **Gordon Hallow**

There was once a young boy, who lived in an abusive household in 2123. He had always wanted to be a pilot, but something else had started to interest him: magic, witchcraft, wizardry—the whole sha-bang. And so he would collect crystals on his way home from school. He started using things like ouija boards and dowsing rods. He felt a haunting sensation walking home from school. Weeks later he had gotten attacked, where he had seen a shadow in the mirror and turned around only to get thrown into the mirror. He woke up only to see his parents and his sister freaking out about his body. When he looked at his body, it had bruises and two cuts, but he heard his mother say he still had a pulse. At this point he was very scared and worried about

what just happened because when he would shout “Hey!” or “Can you hear me!?” no one would respond.

Fifteen years later he was still trapped in that same place where no one saw or heard him. He interacted with different people now, older people who all looked just like him. He was pale whitish, and he couldn’t feel pain. He now had this ability to walk through walls, and he was super strong. He could run faster than airplanes or leap onto skyscrapers. That wasn’t even the best of it. He had an energy aura, which means he gained abilities like no one else. But one day he heard a voice call out his name, a rather gentle but determined voice. He flew to the voice only to see a mirror with someone on the other side, a girl who looked around his age.

He asked, “Who are you? And what do you want?” Knowing he would get no reply, he chose to turn around and walk away.

But the girl said, “My name is Gaia, Gaia Kohm. But I need to know if this is Gordon Hallow, before I say anything more.”

He said, “This is Gordon, but how do you know me? I’ve been here for fifteen years.”

She said, “I heard about what happened to you and decided I wanted to try and investigate.”

He said, “I think there is a way out of here.”

Gaia then asked, “How?”

He said, “I have magic, and I have the person who brought me here, so maybe if you combine...”

She said, “Yes, that might work, if you could go ge...” He was already gone.

On his way there people shouted at him, yelling, “Take us with you!” He finally got to the cell where the ‘shadow’ was being held. Gordon said, “Hello, brother.”

Faris replied, “Hello, long time no see.”

Gordon said, “You’re getting me out of here.”

Faris replied, “And you’re insane.”

Gordon replied, “You trapped me here. You’re gonna get me out, and if you cooperate, then maybe we could try to get you out, too.”

Faris replied, “Where do we start?” Gordon took him out of the cell and brought him to the mirror.

Faris said, “Old memories, huh?”

Gordon replied, “Let’s just get us home.”

Gaia said, “Yes, but how exactly do you plan on doing that?”

Gordon answered, “I’ll blast him with my magic, and then he will throw me through the portal.”

Faris asked, “What about the part where I escape?”

Gordon said, “Maybe if when I’m in the air, I grab you with my magic and entangle us spiritually. You’ll fly through after me.” His tone sounded worried.

Faris asked, “Hey lady, will that work?”

Gaia said, “Theoretically, this is impossible, but we’re talking about the supernatural, so technically anything is possible.”

Faris asked, “So what do I do again?”

Gordon answered, “I will blast you, and then you’ll pick me up. You’ll throw my energy with me so that I can grapple you with me.”

Faris said, “Hey lady, you might wanna step aside.” Gaia moved out of the way but still looked through the mirror from the other room.

Gordon asked, "Are you ready?"

Faris replied, "No, but I just wanna get out of this place."

Gordon blasted Faris with a huge burst of energy. He absorbed the blast and threw it all along with Gordon, and Gordon pulled Faris with him. They both woke up, but when Gordon woke up, he was in a different room. Gordon looked and saw a hole in the wall where his body had just flown through. Faris was on the floor directly in front of the mirror. He said, "Finally, freedom."

Gordon asked, "Where's Gaia?"

Gaia came running to him and said, "Here!"

Gordon asked, "What's the plan from here?"

Faris replied, "Death," and he blasted Gordon with a new unknown energy and then flew through the wall again.

Gordon said, "Ow! Wait... I'm not supposed to feel pain. This isn't good."

Faris flew at Gordon and took him up into the sky, peaking through the atmosphere. They fought in the air. With blasts flying at each other, it was an even match. Then, the tables turned toward Faris, and he got some sort of surge of energy. He flew at Gordon with a powerful unknown energy dragging behind him. He launched it at Gordon, pushing him backwards toward Earth. While falling, Faris flew at him and punched him back down to Earth. But Gordon activated his Intangibility, letting him fly through the Earth. It deactivated and he hit some sort of land, but he bounced off the land into a sort of water pool. He swam to the top only to see a waterfall. He swam through it.

He was then blasted with light, but he looked through to see ten giant portals. Each portal had writing above it. From another one of his abilities (reading and writing all languages), he recognized Latin writing. Each portal was a different color, and each one had a different feel to it. Red: Evil, Orange: Greed, Yellow: Protection, Green: Nature, Teal: Time, Blue: Good, Purple: Justice, Black: Nobility, White: Wisdom, and Rainbow: Surviving. He held up his hands and combined them into one, and then he walked through it.

He hasn't been found to this day, and the year is 2050...

**Trevor "Teddy" Parent**

**Wisdom Middle/High School**

**Mrs. Justine**

**Grade 7**

### **The Person on the Other End of the Phone**

"Okay, it's your turn, Nova," Hannah informs me. I take out my phone and click the dialer.

"Who should I prank call?" I ask the group of three girls who are at my house for a sleepover. We're sitting in a circle on the floor of my bedroom.

Autumn replies, "Hm, well Hannah already called Dominoes, and I called McDonalds. How about someplace other than a fast food place?" We agree with Autumn and brainstorm ideas of places to call.

After not getting very far in ideas, I suggest, "What if I call my own number, just to see what happens?" I toss my hair back and lift my phone again to enter my number into the dialer.

"Jeez, it's late guys. We've gotta go to bed soon. It's already 2:53," Lili tells us.

“Okay, after my call we’ll go to sleep,” I reply and click the call button.

After three rings, the call starts. I put it on speaker for everyone to hear, but there is only faint static on the other side.

“Hello? Anybody there?” No response. “Hellloo?” Still no response.

A few moments later a guttural voice replies, “Hello, Nova. Your fluffy pajamas look comfy.” All of our eyes widen, and we give each other a look.

“H-How do you know my name? And how do you know what I’m wearing?” I ask with my voice trembling.

“Because I can hear and see you, silly,” the person on the other end of the phone replies.

Hannah, Autumn, Lili, and I are extremely alarmed and frightened now. Nobody says anything, we just stare at each other in the faint sound of static with an overwhelming feeling of danger around us. I quickly end the call and slam my phone down, breaking the silence.

“It’s already 2:59. I’m going to sleep and forgetting about this. It’s probably just some trick or coincidence guys,” I say, getting up.

“I don’t know. How would anyone play a trick like that?” Lili questions.

Just then, there’s a loud “BANG” on the window. We all scream and run to the other end of the room and curl up on the floor to get away from the window. We sit there for a minute, waiting for any following bangs. Someone has to figure out what’s out there, and I don’t think that will be one of my friends. I take a deep breath and creep towards the window to peep outside into the pitch-black night.

“Nova, *what are you doing?!*” Hannah whisper yells. I freeze at the sight of what’s out there.

“Uhh, guys there’s something out there,” I whisper back to them. I see a lanky and dark figure along the treeline of my backyard that’s hard to make out.

“Nova?” Autumn calls out to me, “What do you see?”

“I-I don’t know. Some guy is out there. He looks really tall and skinny,” I reply. Then suddenly, the person is gone. It vanished right out of thin air.

The girls rush up behind me to peek out the window as well.

“There’s nothing even there, Nova. You’re trying to scare us on purpose,” Hannah tells me.

“No, I swear there was actually something there! I’m not lying, it just disappeared!” I exclaim. They all give each other a look that says they don’t believe me.

“You probably did this all on purpose. The call and everything. We don’t believe you,” Lili tells me.

“I’m going to bed,” Hannah says.

Lili and Autumn both say, “Me too.”

They go to their sleeping bags while I continue to sit next to the window trying to make sense of everything. I know I wasn’t playing a trick on them, so what actually happened? I peer out the window again and, still, there’s no person to be seen. After a few minutes I get up and crawl into bed. We will be fine. I did not see anything, it was my mind playing tricks on me, I’m sure. I will have forgotten all about this by morning.

**Eliza Dube**

**Wisdom Middle/High School**

**Mrs. Justine**

**Grade 7**



## **Tukular and the Sea Monster**

Tukular was an ordinary boy, except after the time he went fishing with his friends.

7 hours earlier. Tukular invited his friends over to go fishing at Lono Lake with his friends Joe, Bod, Colby, and his best friend Austin. Tukular packed all their lunches and they all rode their bikes to Lono Lake. When they got there Bod told them a story, and it went a little like this, “About 73 and a half years ago on this very day there was a man that went swimming in this very lake. A storm started to pick up, and the people there told him to get out of the water and then... CRASH! There was a huge bolt of lightning that struck the lake. The man went plummeting down into the water. People have searched for a body at the bottom of the lake for a long time, but they haven’t found anything. Well, I mean, not yet. Story says that he became part of the lake. A sea monster!” Everyone freaked out. After the story they went out onto the lake. While they were fishing Joe said “I got something. And it’s a biggie.” When he reeled it in everyone screamed and said, “A Sea Monster!” But it was just Austin. When everyone was laughing one person wasn’t it was Tukular. The next thing they knew Tukular was missing!!!!!!

“Tukular! Tukular can you hear me?” No response. I think Bod really wanted to jump in after he didn’t get a response, but I bet he was too scared of the sea monster. Most likely. “I wonder where Tuk could be?” said Colby. “Probably getting boiled in a pot,” said Joe. Bod really freaked out after that. In the meantime Austin was pacing back and forth; back and forth, thinking what to do while shaking the whole entire boat. Which made Bod really seasick, “I’m gonna go in if you guys don’t stop fighting,” said Austin finally, “Bu-But you migh-might d-d-d-die!!” said Bod. “Well I’m gonna go in anyway,” said Austin, “Bye!”

While Austin was swimming he saw beautiful colors of fish, sparkling rocks, and colorful yet rough coral! Then Austin found five caves “I wonder which one the sea monster and Tuk might be in,” he said so he went in the first one he found a huge school of fish, in the second cave there was nothing but slugs, in the third cave there was weird green mist, in the fourth cave there was the same, and then in the fifth cave there was the green smoke and two figures. They looked like sea monsters! One came out, and looked familiar. It was Tukular!! But he was a sea monster!

THE END

**Austin Himes**

**Mapleton Elementary School**

**Mrs. Langille**

**Grade 5**

## **The Mystery House**

My name is Suzie and I was dared by my dear friend Annie to go into the Mystery House tonight. The Mystery House was abandoned about 33 years ago and nobody has gone in there since. As you can imagine, I am super nervous because rumor has it that if you go into the house

then you can never get back out. As I packed my bags to go to the house I hugged all of my family because I might not see them again. I was meeting Suzie and Amber at the Mystery House at six o'clock. As it eventually turned six o'clock, there were a bunch of people that had come to watch. My heart was beating the speed of the fastest race car. I could barely breathe or walk.

I finally walked into the house and closed the door. Once the door was closed I decided to walk around the house and as I walked closer to the kitchen I could smell something burning. As I entered the kitchen, I saw the stove on high! I quickly went and turned it off, but suddenly the tv started blaring and then the sink started to run! Finally I turned everything off and it was finally quiet; until I felt a little tug on my hair and I whipped around but nothing was there. Weird I thought, but I was keeping my eyes out for anything. I finally went upstairs into a bedroom and went to bed.

When I woke up, the tv was blaring again, so I went downstairs and turned it off. That's when I saw an old lady sitting in a rocking chair. She saw me and said "Who are you my dear?"

"I am Suzie."

"That is a beautiful name, but what are you doing in my house?"

"This is your house?" I said.

"Why, yes my dear. I have been living here since those old folks died 33 years ago!" said the old lady.

"So this house was never abandoned?" I said.

"No darling!" The old lady said.

"Oh, I am sorry I will go now!" I said.

"Ok sweetheart! Come back anytime!" the old woman said.

"Ok, if you ever need anything I am a block away!" I said.

"Ok!" said the old lady. I left the house and quickly went to Annie's house. "Annie! Annie!" I said excitedly.

What?" groaned Annie.

"You know the Mystery House you dared me to go into?" I asked.

"Yes..." she said.

"It isn't abandoned! An old lady has lived there since the old folks died."

"Really? That is so cool!" Annie said.

**Natalie Porter**

**Presque Isle Middle School**

**Mrs. Bragg**

**Grade 6**

### **Allie and the Little Lamb**

When Allie was born her parents really liked the name Allison, but when they got home from the hospital they decided that the name Allison didn't suit her, so they started calling her Allie.

When Allie was three years old she went to daycare for the first time because her mom started a new job as a nurse at the same hospital that Allie was born at. It was very scary for Allie, and to make everything worse the daycare provider, Miss Nelly, didn't know that her parents called her Allie instead of Allison because Allison is what is on her birth certificate. So the whole day Miss

Nelly was calling her Allison and Allie wouldn't answer her because she didn't know her actual name was Allison.

Later on in the day when they were doing arts and crafts, Miss Nelly called on Allie to help her clean up the table that she was working at, but Allie didn't know it was her that she called on. Miss Nelly was mad at Allie, because she had been trying to talk to her all day long, but she thought that Allie was just ignoring her and being bad, so Miss Nelly put Allie in time out and she didn't know why or what she did so she was very upset and crying.

When Allie's mom came to pick her up, she was crying and her mom asked her why and Allie said, "It was because Miss Nelly put me in time out for no reason," Allie's mom went to talk to Miss Nelly and she explained how Allison wasn't listening and Allie's mom explained that her whole family calls her Allie and that she doesn't understand that her actual name is Allison. Miss Nelly was really sorry and apologized to Allie and her mom. Allie and her mom said "that it was ok and it was just a misunderstanding and that she will be back tomorrow."

When Allie's mom was driving her back home she had to stop at the grocery store to get some things for supper. When they walked in there was a big display of stuffed animals in the front of the store and Allie was super excited because she loves stuffed animals. Allie's mom let her look at all the toys because she had a hard day. Allie really wanted a new stuffed animal and she was getting sad, because she couldn't find one that she liked, but when she was starting to give up she found the best one of them all. It was a little lamb with a little cute smile and a little pink tutu. Allie was so excited, jumping up and down. Her mom felt bad for her, because Miss Nelly mixed up her name, so she let her get it.

When they were driving in the car, Allie was trying to come up with a name for her new friend. She thought of lots of names like Pinkie, Sparkles, and Fluffy, but none of them seemed to fit until she thought of the perfect name: Lammie. That night Lammie became part of the family. She ate supper with them, she watched Allie's favorite show, Sofia the First with her, she sat on the bathroom counter when Allie was having a bath because she was too scared that she would get wet, and Allie's dad read them a bedtime story like he does every night. Allie hugged Lammie tightly as she was falling asleep.

That night Allie dreamed that Lammie took her to a magical castle made out of candy! There were sugar cookies on the walls, icing as the trim around the whole castle, and lots of candy on the outside and inside of the castle. When they arrived the princess was waiting for them on her royal throne. She was wearing a light pink dress that looked like it was made out of sugar, with details on it made out of icing, and a gold crown, but instead of gemstones, it was candy. She hopped off her throne to come and greet Allie and Lammie. Allie and Lammie were shocked that they got to meet the princess of Candy Land. It had been a dream of theirs ever since they played the game Candy Land for the first time! The princess curtsied and they curtsied back. The princess said, "it's very nice to meet you guys. I've been waiting for you for a long time!"

Lammie said, "I am so excited to meet you and so is Allie!" Allie was shocked to hear Lammie speak for the first time. She didn't know that she could talk.

Later on in the day when they were having supper, which was s'mores, with chocolate milkshakes, and chocolate covered strawberries on the side Allie said, "This is amazing! At home I have to eat vegetables and fruits. My parents don't let me eat that much candy." The princess said, "That's good. We eat like this all the time!" Allie said, "I love it here! I never want to go back home." Later on when Allie and Lammie were falling asleep, Allie started to get scared she was really missing her mom and dad, but at least she had Lammie. When Allie woke up she was so confused because she was back at her house! Allie's mom came to get her for breakfast and she realized it was just a dream. She was kind of sad that she couldn't eat candy for breakfast, but she was with her family again and her favorite stuffed animal Lammie, and that's all that matters.

**Addisyn Markey      Presque Isle Middle School**

**Mrs. Bosse**

**Grade 7**

### **The Door**

My first day of 7<sup>th</sup> grade did not end up how I thought it would. All alone. Trying to get back home. Not knowing where I am.

As I walk through the Jameston Valley Middle school doors I immediately see Lily. We run up to each other and start talking about the latest "tea," the boys we see and think are cute, what happened over the summer, and what classes we're in.

"We're in all of the same classes!" As I say that Lily's eyes light up. "I can't wait for the first period. ELA is my favorite class. Hopefully the teacher is nice." Lily looks at her schedule.

"Oh my gosh Cassi. We have Ms. Anderson for ELA! Everyone that's been in her class has said that she's the best teacher ever!" Lily's smile gets bigger and we run up to our lockers and then get all of our things for ELA.

We walk into Ms. Anderson's class and sit down. Ms. Anderson takes attendance and then Lily whispers to me.

"Psst. Cassi. Cassidy." I turn towards her and out of nowhere another girl is walking past us. Her elbow smacks my nose harder than if a softball hit it and she drops her book. My nose starts dripping with blood and Lily's eyes are huge.

"I am so sorry. Are you ok?" The girl apologizes and picks up her book.

"Yep. Just a nosebleed." There's a little patch of blood on the floor.

"Oh my gosh. Let's go tell Ms. Anderson." I'm holding my hand under my nose so I won't get anymore blood on the floor and we go up to Ms. Anderson. "Ms. Anderson, hi. So my friend here got hit in the nose with someone's elbow and there's a little puddle of blood on the floor by our seats. Could we go to the bathroom so we can clean up?" As Lily is explaining it, my hand is getting blood in it and Ms. Anderson put her hand on my shoulder.

"Oh, yes dear. Go and clean up. I'll call a janitor to clean the mess. Don't worry, ok?"

"Ok." I say nasally and Lily and I speed walk out of the room to the bathroom.

The bathroom door had a cool pattern on it: light green dots around the edges of a tan-ish door. The inside is pretty nice, even though it kind of looks like a nice gas station bathroom, but now the floor is getting drops of blood on it because it's seeping through my fingers. Lily starts getting a bunch of paper towels while I wash my hands and blood is dripping down my lip.

“Here.” She hands me the paper towels and I start wiping my nose until it stops bleeding.

“Ok. All good. Let’s go back to class.” We start heading out of the bathroom but we stop in front of the door.

“Umm Cass. Is this the same door that we came through the first time?” Lily starts inspecting the door as I try to remember the one I saw before. Green dots on a tan door. Now it doesn’t have a pattern on it at all. It’s just a plain white door. It’s a completely different style too. The old door was a kind of vintage style. This door has a sort of newer style to it. Like a door that would be in a home makeover show.

“I don’t think it is the same door. It’s so different. Did we not see it correctly the first time?” I looked at the door more closely and touched a faded part of the door.

“I have no idea. Wait, what if the inside and outside have a different look. Let me check.” Lily opens the door and runs out of the bathroom. “Um, hey Cass. You might want to come out here.” I heard Lily yell from outside as my nose started bleeding again. I quickly grab another paper towel and run out.

As soon as I walk out I immediately see that we are not in Jameston Valley anymore. We’re now in a gas station and as I look out the window I see miles and miles of desert. It’s not like the grassy fields and interstates in Jameston. Lily and I look at each other in complete shock and confusion. I’m still holding the paper towel, which is now soaked in blood, to my nose and Lily looks at me horrified.

“Where are we? What are we going to do? What if we never get home? Our parents are going to be so worried. What is happening?” Lily starts hyperventilating as I put my hands on her shoulders.

“We’re going to be ok, Lily. We’ll just ask that man over there if he can tell us where we are and how far away from Jameston we are. Ok?” I shrug over to the check out and see two officers standing by the man. Weird.

“Ok.” Lily’s breath calms down and we start walking to the register.

As we’re walking to the check out I look at the shelves. There’s so much gone. There’s almost nothing on any of them. There must be a new candy brand because all of the food labels are in a different language. The air also feels different from what I’m used to in Jameston.

“Excuse me. Hi. My friend and I are just wondering where we are.” The man looks confused as I say it. I realize I still have blood on my lip and nose so I quickly wipe it off. The man starts speaking in a different language and the officers “side eye” Lily and I.

“Where are we?” Lily starts speaking very slowly to the man as the officers slowly walk towards us. “Do you understand me?” Lily is completely oblivious of the officers.

“Lily,” I whisper, “stop talking. The officers are coming towards us.” Right as I say that, the officers grab both of us by the arms. One officer grabs me and one grabs Lily.

“Hey! What are you doing?” Lily screams as we start struggling.

“You are American spies. We can’t have you here.” The officer who is holding me talks in a very thick accent. It reminds me of a Russian or German accent. “We’ll have to separate you and your friend here to make sure there are no incidents.”

They both bring us in different directions and Lily and I start yelling at each other.

“I’ll figure out how to see you again! I promise!” I kick to try and get away from this guy. “Me too! I will find a way back. Meet me at that hill over there if you and I can escape!”

I’m hoping these people don’t know what we’re saying.” Lily starts kicking but can’t get away. “We do know what you’re saying. There’s no way we will let spies get back to America.

Not with what knowledge of us you’ll know.” The officer whispers in my ear as he puts me

in his car and drives off. I look in the window and see Lily being pushed into the other officer's car. I need to find a way back to Lily and a way back home.

**Anna Castonguay    Presque Isle Middle School**

**Mrs. Bosse**

**Grade 7**

### **A Night of Horror**

Ezme has always been a big fan of horror movies, all different kinds. She loves it all. She likes watching them for the thrill of the jumpscare, blood, and sometimes even funny parts. She isn't usually as scared as other people when it comes to horror flicks due to the fact that she has been watching them since she was just a little girl. Plus, she knows that those types of movies aren't real, right? For now they aren't...

It's Halloween night and Ezme has invited some of her friends over so they can all sit in the living room in their costumes, eat candy and popcorn, and watch horror movies together instead of going trick-or-treating, seeing that they're too old now. Her four closest friends, Opal, Rose, Lydia, and Jade are all there with her for the thrilling fun of staying with their friends on Halloween night instead of staying home in their rooms. Her boyfriend, Gabriel, accompanies them as well because he wants to spend some time with Ezme. The first movie they watch is *Scream*. All of them are focused on the screen or joking around with each other.

During the movie, Ezme gets up to get some of the fruit punch that she had made earlier that day in the kitchen. While she's pouring the drink into a plastic cup, she hears a loud knock on the door. She jumps a little bit but after she's done pouring her fruit punch, she goes to see who could be at the door. When she opens it, no one is there but there is a note. It has a simple, yet unsettling message, "Expect a visitor at 11pm..." Ezme just laughs and assumes that the note was from another one of her friends as a weird prank. She goes inside and tells her other friends about it and they all chuckle a little bit and just brush the note off.

They all go back to watching the movies and decide to binge some horror classics. They're all in the middle of *Carrie* when they hear another knock on the door. This time, Jade decides to answer the door. When she turns the handle of the door and opens it, she quickly feels the cold rush of autumn air. She almost instantly starts to shiver a little due to the beam of crisp air flowing through directly into her face and body. Shortly after she recovers from the bitter cold surprise that she had just faced, she looks around the porch to see if there was anything that was left out there. There was. Sitting on the far end of the entryway sits a small cat. The cat is very little. It is brown with faded white spots on it. Jade feels bad for the tiny creature on the porch in the cold, so she picks it up and brings it inside.

The others are still inside, waiting for Jade to come back in. When she comes back with the cat, everyone is surprised. Rose almost instantly stands up and begins petting the cat and cooing about how cute it is. While she's stroking the animal, a small note falls from its collar. Ezme notices this and picks it up. The note says, "The time is ticking!" Everyone looks at each other in confusion. Lydia lets out a nervous laugh, Rose and Opal seem panicked, and the rest of them brush it off. Ezme makes a joke about the situation but Opal does not take it well. She seems even more distressed after the distasteful joke. Ezme tells her to calm down but Opal just gets more upset about it.



“How am I supposed to calm down when we’re getting super creepy notes from some anonymous weirdo?!” Opal exclaims in a thundering voice. She’s clearly more disturbed by this situation than everyone else.

“Come on, Opal! This isn’t *that* bad. It’s probably just Camila or her sister playing a prank on us or something, for all we know.” Ezme says, trying to say something to comfort Opal. For a clear reason, it doesn’t work and the two girls continue arguing.

Rose says the right things to calm them down and mentions that it is just a kitten and the worst it can do is scratch them. Everyone agrees and their nerves cool down quite a bit. They all go back to doing what they were doing before they got the knock on the door. Rose has the soft little animal sitting in her lap as they watch movies. Opal and Jade talk to each other quietly as the movie keeps playing on the living room television.

A while later, Ezme hears tapping on the glass of the window. Since Gabriel is closest to the window, she assumes it was him. She tells him not to tap on the window like that due to their previous scare. Gabriel promises that he didn’t do a thing. He raises his arms up in defense. *Tap tap...* Gabriel’s head shoots over to the window before looking back over at Ezme. Everyone’s attention is now facing the window and the boy.

“Stop, guys! That’s seriously not funny.” Opal says with a twinge of anger in her tone of voice. Gabriel and Ezme argue back and swear that they’re not doing anything to make the tapping sound on the window. Opal doesn’t fully believe them but she finally gives in so they’ll stop arguing. A few seconds later, *tap tap...* This time, the tapping is coming from the ceiling. They all look up and see a black substance on the top of the room. They all stare in horror at the strange spot above them.

“What is that...” Rose says with a tone of worry. “Should I touch it?” she questions. She doesn’t even wait for any of the others to respond. She stands up on the couch and reaches her arm up towards the ceiling. Her fingertips graze the substance and she’s instantly repulsed. Her arm goes back down to her side just as fast as she put it up. She looks at her other friends in the group with a strange look, “Guys, my hand is burning now... That definitely can’t be good.”

“Go run it under some water. It may be something minor,” Gabriel suggests. Rose listens and quickly heads to the kitchen. She tries to wipe it off but she notices that her fingertips are turning pitch black. She stares at her hand in panic. As each second passes, the darkness on her hand spreads further up her hand. It has gone all the way up to her wrist in seconds. She rushes into the living room in a state of panic.

“My hand is turning black! What am I supposed to do?” Rose seems like she’s on the verge of tears. The color has spread up to her forearm by now. No one knows what to do in this situation. Everyone is spewing out different ideas. None of which work. Ezme suddenly has a realization.

“Guys, the cat! It could be the reason why this is happening,” she says, “First the note was given to us, then the cat appeared,” she points out. “We have to get rid of the cat...” Everyone agrees and gets up. Rose scoops the cat into her arms and they head outside. They walk to the treeline of the woods. Rose leans down and places the cat on the ground. It quickly scurries into the woods.

“Hopefully that works.” Rose says as the group turns around and heads back to the house. Once they get back, Rose’s arm starts going back to its normal color. They all celebrate in success. “I’m so glad that actually stopped it!” Rose says in pure relief.

After all of that, they all wind up going back to their movie night. They all discuss what happened. They have even gotten to the point of making stupid jokes about it. The group turns

off the horror movies for the night to watch *Bob's Burgers*. In the end they can all agree that horror movies *can* be real.

**Hope Bineham**

**WDES**

**Mrs. Churchill**

**Grade 7**

### **Stolen Invention**

The Little Palace had announced that a meteor will be crashing into the face of Earth in a week. This alarming news spread all over the city until it reached the mountaintop of where the Grace Orphanage was built. Two of the children living in the orphanage, Mal and her sister, Diana, had been self-studying meteors since they were kids using grimy books on the basement bookshelf. The bookshelf is so flimsy that it is indistinguishable from the Tower of Pisa. Mal and Diana have made a very strong theory on how to stop the meteor. But the Queen would never believe children like them can make something so wonderful that only properly educated kids can do. Mal has spent her whole teenage life predicting this event and has been designing a machine with her sister's engineering skill to use scraps for building. They were deciding whether to show their invention in the science fair the next day or if it was too dangerous. They asked the nun if they could show the teacher. Little did they know it would be the cause of a big disaster.

The teacher, Mr. Guzman, brought the invention to the Little Palace and had stolen their work and took all credit for making it. The Queen rewarded Guzman for his invention and lived in the palace grounds protected, until it was time to operate the machine. For the next 5 days Guzman slept peacefully and snoozed like a baby on the palace's king-size bed with 6 pillows to keep him warm. A diamond chandelier hangs on the warm colored roof, lighting up the dim room at night and an Olympic sized pool in the bathroom. He really was living the dream all the commoners would have wanted to experience once in their hard lives. On the other hand, Mal and Diana had been sleeping on mud covered hay and spent all their time finding a way to enter the castle to warn Guzman. He was so distracted with all the lavish things he received, that he had forgotten the most important thing.

On the day of the event Guzman's assistant led him to a stage where the machine was presented in front of millions of people ready to see history being made. As soon as he walked in, the crowd made a round of applause and cheered. But Guzman did not know how to run the machine. He had forgotten to ask Mal about it. Guzman started to sweat, his legs became jelly, his face turned red as if someone had thrown a tomato at him. With all the pressure, Guzman unknowingly clicked a blue, square button on the machine and aimed it at the meteor. A white light appeared from the machine. A few seconds later alarms started to sound everywhere in the palace, signaling that the meteor had increased its speed. The Queen failed to calm the terrified and gossiping crowd. Then a nun appeared from the shadows behind the stage blinds followed by Mal and Diana. Diana confidently strode in front of the crowd and powered the machine with some type of yellow juice. Mal then clicked the red button along with all the other complicated steps. Another white light appeared and had already been pointed at the meteor. An alarm

sounded again but only this time signaling that the meteor had changed direction and would not be hitting the Earth. Guzman was taken away by the palace guards and thrown into prison where he'll be sleeping on the floor without the luxury of a fancy bed. However Mal and Diana had a chance to accept the offer of a lifetime. The Queen rewarded Mal with a bedroom to stay in the palace and all the other luscious things she offered Guzman. Mal reluctantly denied. She was happy with her way of life. She didn't need all those fancy things. All she needed was her sister and that's all she could ask for.

**Yrah Tismo    Washburn District Elementary School    Mrs. Hernandez    Grade 8C**

### **Casper and the Forest Animals**

Long ago there was a ghost named Casper. He was all alone. He lived in a house, but he had no parents, no pets, and no friends. Casper said, "I am running away from home." He gathered up his things and left. He went to the forest. It was beautiful there. It had flowers, trees, and animals. Casper loved animals and imagined he had animal friends. He sat down and made a fire. Then he made a bed out of leaves, tree branches, and mosses. He fell asleep and then he heard something. When he opened his eyes he saw a bird. The bird said, "Hello, my name is Anna." She was a robin with pretty red and black feathers. She asked, "Why are you all alone and what is your name?" Casper said, "My name is Casper and I ran away from home because I was all alone. I have no parents and no friends." Anna said, "That is so sad. How about you live with me and all of my animal friends in the forest?" Casper loved that idea and agreed right away. He was so excited to meet new friends.

Casper ran and Anna flew to meet the animals in the forest. They traveled 15 miles into the forest. They finally came upon a little village in the forest, but it was no ordinary village. It was an animal village in the middle of the forest. There Casper met a sloth named Hannah, a fish named Raefer, a wolf named Ashton, a fat bunny named Charlie, and a black bear named Owen. There was a forest wizard who lived in the forest in a big oak tree. The tree had green and pink leaves. The leaves were magical and you could make a wish on them and it would come true. Casper was so happy and Anna was happy too for having a new friend. Anna was busy explaining that the village was enchanted so no bad people were allowed there. Then Anna decided it was time to introduce Casper to her friends. Casper was very excited to meet some new friends. Charlie, the fat bunny, saw them coming first. He told all the other animals that Anna was coming with a friend. Anna said, "this is Casper." All of the animals were scared of Casper because he was a ghost. When Anna told Casper that all of the animals were scared of him he got very sad and he ran off. "Wait" yelled Anna. Casper ran and ran and ran. He ended up running all the way home. He was crying because he was so sad.

Just when Casper thought he was going to have to live his life all alone, there was a knock at the door. When Casper opened the door the wizard was standing there. He had brown hair, blue eyes, and a green robe. "It's you!" Casper said. "Yes, it's me," said the wizard, "I heard that you ran away." "Yes," said Casper. They stared at each other for a moment and then Casper started to cry again. "Are you ok?" asked the wizard. "Yeah," Casper said. Then he and the

wizard hugged. The wizard wiped his tears. "Let's go," said the wizard. "Go where?" Casper asked. "Home," the wizard said. "I'm not sure," said Casper. "The animals were scared of me because I am a ghost." The wizard explained to Casper that once the animals got to know him they would all be friends. Casper agreed to go back. When they returned to the forest they were greeted by all the animals who had been scared of him. They said they were sorry for making him feel bad and they all hugged. They all lived happily ever after for many years to come.

**Adalyn Olcott**

**WDES**

**Mrs. Good**

**Grade 5**

### **The Truth about Grandma**

It was another gloomy day in math class for Jackson. His teacher Mrs. Adell was teaching fractions on the white board when Jackson got a text message on his phone. 'Ding', it interrupted class. Jackson sneakily grabbed his phone. The text was from his cousin, Hanson. The text message said that their grandma had just sadly passed away and that they needed to go to her house to grab anything that they wanted to keep. Jackson felt deep despair, but as his grandmother was getting old, he knew it was coming soon.

Just as he was reading the last words the bell rang. It was time to go to his grandma's house. He grabbed his book bag and walked outside. Hanson was in the passenger seat and Jackson's mom was in the driver seat. Jackson got into the big van and then he was off to his grandma's house.

After 10 minutes of driving, they finally arrived. His grandma's house was about 70 years old, yet still in pretty good shape. They walked up to the front gate that was covered from top to bottom with flowers, shapes, and animals. They opened the gate with a creak. They listened to the crunch of the fall leaves on the ground as they walked up to the front door. The door handle had a ferocious dragon on the front of it. Jackson and Hanson opened the door and entered the house. The house's floor tiles were old, so they made different creaking noises as Jackson and his cousin walked across the house. As they walked through the house, they had flashbacks of all the wonderful memories with their grandma. They were so sad to see her go.

They finally walked into her bedroom, that was covered in beautiful wallpaper with pastel flowers on it. As they walked further in her room they noticed a set of drawers that had never been there before. They didn't think much about it, so they continued to look around the room. They stared at themselves in the big, pale pink mirror with gold trim that was gently leaning against her plain white vanity in the corner of her bedroom.

Suddenly, they heard rattling. They didn't know where it was coming from. They walked closer to the set of drawers and noticed that the rattling was getting louder and louder. Terrified, they gently and slowly opened the top drawer. It was a book with a rusty, copper key tucked inside of a pocket that was stitched onto the front of the book. They brushed off the book to get rid of any dust and then opened it. There was one spell on the first page and the rest of the pages were blank except for a tiny picture on the cover.

Curious, they said the spell out loud.

"Once I was there,

once I was not,  
once I opened the portal, and  
then I became immortal”

There was a moment of silence. All they could hear was their heart beats. All of a sudden there was banging and zipping and rumbling. They looked over their shoulders and saw a gigantic portal with all kinds of different colors. They questioned if they should go in the portal but being the adventurers that they are, they slowly and carefully entered the portal. They landed with a bang. They had no idea where they were. Jackson and Hanson slowly got up and looked around. There were light blue walls all around them and to their right was a flight of rich gold stairs.

It seemed that they were in a lobby, but they didn’t know what lobby. They went outside to figure out where they were. The building said “Magic Spell School.” Jackson recognized the building. He grabbed the book and looked at the cover. There was a tiny picture in the center of the page. It was the same building as in the picture.

They went inside again and went to the front desk. There was a little old lady reading a book. “Well, hello young man,” said the old lady.

“Ummm... Hi,” said Jackson, “I was wondering if you know where or who this book belongs to?”

She took a close look at the book and turned to the very last page. There was a slightly faded stamp that read *Natile Beck*.

“Ohhh yes... Natile Beck! She was the best student in this academy. Straight A’s every year!” The old lady remembered.

“That was my grandmother's name! Well, would you tell me what her room number was?” said Jackson eagerly.

“Let’s see if I can remember, 1456... 1345... 6257... 3875... hmmm 3875. Oh yes, it’s 3875,” said the old lady.

“Thank you so much,” said Jackson.

They searched and searched and they were about to give up but then they finally spotted room number 3875. They tried opening it but had no luck. Hanson suggested that they try the copper key they found in the book. They tried the key and it worked! The door opened with a gentle creak. There were cobwebs everywhere. The room was very old and ripped wallpaper was dangling on every wall. They walked around the room as their heads filled with more questions than their brains could handle.

Suddenly they spotted a chest in the corner. It was chestnut brown with a large rectangle handle. They blew the dust off the top and carefully unlatched the locks. They opened it up. There were wands and pictures of her with her friends, who were also students at the academy. Old beakers were laying on top of a bunch of magical items. They were digging through the chest when they found a picture of their grandma flying on a broomstick with a pointy hat on her head. Jackson and Hanson’s jaws dropped. They slowly turned to each wide eyed and full of surprise

“Our grandma was a witch?!?” They shouted at the same time.

At that moment they knew their lives would never be the same

## The Dimension Explorer

### Dialog Entry 001

Hi, I'm Tiskiyya and I live on a private island called "Sinecosnomasy." You probably don't know about it because it's hidden in an underwater, tech based, airtight, bubble hidden from all of humanity, but you probably didn't know my dad made it. Also you don't know that my dad is a mad scientist. So, one day my dad called me to come down stairs, so I did and when I did he gave me a device called the "Interdimensional Hopper." Also he said to try it out later and when he left to feed the Jorassapalesa (a hidden sea plant). He said "Don't, and I mean don't go to the **"World of Souls,"**" and being like any other kid, I disobeyed and went. A few minutes later after the portal got large enough to hop through and I hopped through it and was just about to close the portal, but out of nowhere my dad yelled "Noo!", but the portal was closing too fast and when I turned around I regretted everything.

### Dialog entry 002

Hi, I'm back also guessing I dropped the hopper thingy cause' I can't find it anywhere and luckily the food and water is plenty. Also I don't really need to move from the forest because it's a good source of shelter, but I was very scared when I went to turn around and found these heads with a glowing, wispy, tail but I did find a document naming them souls. The document said, the souls need little to survive but they do have a thirst for **blood**. They also need it to be warm but they are also capable of living in hot temperatures. Also, it said that some of the souls are friendly but only a few so be careful so I better keep an eye out, bye!

Hi, I'm back and I found a cute little soul that is surprisingly nice and helpful and I also had a life or death situation and escaped. I was surrounded by souls and barely escaped by throwing Stackymalacy (an attractive smelling fruit) and ran as they were distracted. So all of this comes up to me going back to base anndd... hold on is that the hopper thing! I've been looking for that thing for ages! Whelp, it's busted. It has been split into two pieces and the other piece is gone and a *görünmez dinazor* (which means an invisible dinosaur in Turkish) footprint next to the halve that's still here, so it must have stolen it, welp see ya later. Bye.

### Dialog entry 003

Hi, I'm back so a lot has happened, I'm deaa... actually I'm just going to tell you what happened. So one day I went out and somehow killed a soul and I noticed it gave great materials for armor and a whole bunch of stuff and eventually I found a document about a king soul, an eight armed floating beast, and the greedy person I am, I went to it and eventually I found it. Or it found me, and it instantly slashed at me and it was a direct blow to my chest. After that he looked at me as if I was an ant. Also as I looked down from небека (heaven in Russian) I saw him leave my body plain and simple thinking I'm an annoying bug to his size and power, but now I'm happy with my dad in the sister soul planet 'небека' (one of his experiments blew up on him) and my dad and I shall live happily ever after.

Joseph Kral

Fort Fairfield elementary School

Mr. Ala

Grade 5



## The Experiments

*Back in the day in 1991, there was a boy, Ginger Laveir and he was about 6 years old, when his parents decided to put him in a laboratory because of the MAYHEM his parents thought he did.*

One of the problems that was caused by 'Ginger', was when he was playing out in the park and he had stumbled on a girl being bullied. Ginger thought it was bad so he walked up to the girl and the group of bullies and told them to leave. Just then, Ginger scratched one of the boy's eyes making it bleed and caused the boy to get scared, running away with his group. Ginger's mom turned around to see if Ginger was ok, but fumed at the sight. Ginger's mom dragged Ginger out of the park into a more deserted area behind some trees, and lectured Ginger even though she was looking at the situation very wrongly.

### CHAPTER 1: Escaping

In the laboratory Ginger was in a cell and made friends with a girl named Elanor Kruiy Louis. She had short red hair with bright yellow eyes. She looked like a normal human, except with strange hair and eye color. She was sent there because she had telekinesis, and the scientist found her useful due to her power. Eleanor is intelligent, yet mischievous.

Ginger was 10 years old now, and he had gotten monstrous with his looks. One day, he was in his cell after being tested on. Ginger was sitting down in the corner when Elanor suddenly broke into his cell while twirling a key on her finger that scientists could only have. "Come on, let's get outta here!" she said, walking towards Ginger and grabbing his hand, yanking him up to his feet. Ginger ran with Elanor. Very confused, he still remained calm and listened to Elanor, flailing her hand in the air, in front of her using her telekinesis to move the objects and scientists, throwing them aside as she ran. Once she got to the doorway of the exit door, she used telekinesis to lift up a bookshelf, and put it in front of the doorway, making the Scientists unable to chase them anymore.

Elanor adjusted her glasses, and looked at Ginger. "Jeez, that was intense.. At least we're out of that crappy lab.." she said, narrowing her eyes, letting go of Ginger's hand. "Why are we out of the lab?" Ginger asked, curious. His hot pink horns glistened in the sunlight with his tail swaying behind him. "Listen, I'm not staying in a place where scientists keep bugging to test your abilities and take advantage of it! It's either we escape, or stay and get more weak and monstrous as years pass." Ginger took a moment of silence, thinking for a moment. Elanor did have a point, the scientists were just draining them of their powers and abilities, and bugged to test on them every day. "Okay, let's go." Ginger said, his voice above a whisper as Elanor grinned, her bright yellow eyes shining.

### CHAPTER 2: A New Start

The two walked together in the city on the sidewalk, looking around for a place to stay. Elanor glanced back at Ginger, munching on a bread slice. "Where did you even get that?" Elanor asked, raising an eyebrow. Ginger grinned, "I got it on an empty bench, it was in a plastic bag." Ginger said, taking another bite. The two continued to walk, until they got tired. They

decided to make a small little shelter in an alleyway. After a few minutes, Ginger and Elanor had found a huge box for them to fit in, so they moved it under the roof against the building. Elanor bent down to sit inside the box, letting out a huge sigh as Ginger soon after sat down beside her. It was a tight fit, but they made it work. “Do you know what money is, Ginger?” Elanor asked, looking at Ginger. “Uhm, is it that green paper thing?” he asked, pointing on the ground beside them. Elanor turned to see a five dollar bill just sitting there on the rocky surface. “I guess we’re lucky. But yeah, that’s money, Ginger. Something to pay for things you can afford.” Ginger’s eyes sparkled as Elanor said that. “How do you know so much when we’ve been trapped in that lab for maybe 4 years long?” “Well, I’ve been observing humans in my cell through the glass, of course. It’s really interesting what they can do. Plus, I’m 70% human. I have Telekinesis and some other things that I can’t quite figure out myself right now.” As Elanor said that, she could see how Ginger’s big eyes stared at her in disbelief.

Time passed, and the sun started setting. The two decided to go to sleep, and luckily before the sun set, Ginger managed to find some dry rags hanging on a thin string beside them. Ginger took it and laid them down inside the box for a bed. Elanor laid down, already falling asleep while Ginger stayed sitting, looking at the moon. He wondered what would happen next in their big, huge adventure. But, it was just the beginning.

### CHAPTER 3: Getting a Home

A couple of days later they were hanging out outside their box, playing around until suddenly a girl who looked like she was in her 20s saw the two while trying to find a garbage can which was in the alleyway. The girl walked up to the two, and looked concerned. “Do you have a home, kids? Are you lost?” she said, as the two looked up to look at her. She had long curly brunette hair, tan skin, and almond eyes. “No we’re not lost, we live here.” Elanor said. “We only have this box for shelter.” Ginger said, his voice gentle and shy as he pointed towards the box in the corner leaning against the building, looking a bit hidden. “Uhm, besides all of that, who are you, exactly?” Elanor asked, eyeing the woman, almost glaring at her. “Oh, call me Gloria, Gloria Hester Kuri. I work as a Real-Estate Agent here in the city.” Gloria said, smiling. “Huh... Elanor, what does she mean by that?” he whispered to Elanor, as he looked at Gloria slightly scared. “A job, I guess.” Elanor replied, shrugging. “What I mean to say is, are you willing to come with me and stay at my place? You both are welcomed, and I’m willing to take care of you both, but only if you agree, that is.” Gloria said as the two gave each other unsure glances. After a while, they whispered to each other. Elanor nodded with Ginger, looking back up at Gloria. “Sure. So, you’ll be like our mom?” Elanor asked, looking up at Gloria with big curious eyes. “Well, if you put it that way, yes.” She laughed, as she turned around, walking out of the alleyway, the two following behind her. As the two went inside Gloria’s car, they couldn’t imagine what would happen next, now that they had found a place to stay, and someone to take care of them both.

**Michaela Erin Nadeau   Fort Kent Elementary School   Mrs Crystal Jandreau   Grade 5**

## **When you dream**

In the winter, forests are looked at with white powdered snow that was gracefully set on a sturdy be flimsy branch. Lakes are frozen. Icicles are at the tips of the birch tree. Every forest animal has footprints patterned in the snow. Mother rabbits looking for any food they can find to feed her bunnies. The crisp crunch sound beneath a fox, looking for a good and safe spot to sleep. There are all kinds of animals in this forest. Bears, with a thick blanket of fur, keeping them warm from the coldest of winters. Birds, with the coat of feathers shielding them from harsh rain storms. All animals are different but there is one that all the animals listen to. One that truly understands the struggles they go through to survive and thrive. One animal that all the wild life is familiar with is the majestic Willow. This magical creature is no ordinary one, never been seen by anything other than wild animals. One that all animals can trust. She has seen the coldest winter and the hottest summers. Has been here since the beginning of time, since animals have first walked the earth. Creatures big and small come to her seeking answers that are needed at the most tragic of times. In desperate times she will send a call to the one animal that needs it most. If they truly trust their instinct, they will be guided to her. A path will form, only the chosen one can see. The path that appeared is lined with glowing gemstones that are illuminated by the moonlight. Gems with colors of the flowers blooming on trees in the spring or color of the mother robin's eggs. The warm blend of colors in the sunset. As the animal inches deeper in the forest a light mist starts to form. Gradually the mist gets thicker and eventually unable to see through. If the animal trusts their instincts they will continue through the mist trusting they will be safe with whatever may lie ahead. Continuing on the path, the mist starts to gently fade away. A tiny beam of sunlight sneaks past the thick blur of mist. Feeling the warm sun beaming on their face, giving a thought of relief that they were longing for. The animal is transported to a place where the flower never hides their colors and the streams are always as clear as the sky. In the very center of all this, there is a willow tree. This grand tree has vibrant leaves that sway in the breeze but never letting one go off the branch they cling to. The trunk is strong enough to withstand the strongest storm. This massive tree rests on lime green moss, soft as down feathers. Feeling tired after a long journey the animal crouches down at the base of the willow, with the branches forming a curtain around them. Their eyelids begin to feel heavy. Feeling safe they doze off to sleep. Once in a deep sleep they feel an instant calming sensation taking place. They have a sense of peace and feel like they can handle anything that comes their way. When the animal wakes up. A dusting of snow has fallen on them. As they fully wake up they shake the snow off. As they start to stand they feel a boost of strength within. Was it just a dream or was it the magical creature willow reminding them what they already had inside them all along?

**Hailee Pelletier**

**School Union 122**

**Mr. Tompkins**

**Grade 8**

## **The Takeover**

Agnessa was an average high school student, she was at the top of her class and even took a few college classes. Lately, things have been going downhill due to the newly invented AI robots. Agnessa had been very uptight about everything considering she was very imaginative.

She let her mind wander often, sometimes during class and sometimes during her side job. Though she knew her imagination was just being foolish, or that is what she had thought up until a random day in May. As she was on her way to work she noticed something. It was almost as if there was a wire growing longer and longer. It took her moments to realize that her worst fears had come true. She quickly turned her car around racing to the NASA headquarters as the wires chased her though they didn't seem real, almost as if it was a computer virus. Almost as if it was AI. She hurried out of her car running in to see if anyone was there. To her surprise it was empty, there was no one. Agnessa ran anywhere she could trying to find somewhere safe. She knew she couldn't hide in a bunker, this wasn't like the zombie apocalypse, no. This was something much more significant. She continued looking around until she hit a storage closet with space suits. She thought and even looked around some more but it was only then that an idea popped into her head. She could fly into space! Now she knew she was only a young girl but she was smart. She remembered one college course she took. Engineering of a space shuttle. She knew exactly. what to do, though time was running short. She quickly grabbed a space suit and ran into the control room setting everything off. Then, off she was. Entering the space shuttle preparing herself for what her new life prepared for her. She was frightened nonetheless but excited about this new adventure. She steadied herself as she felt the large yet tight rocket fly into the sky. She had taken multiple courses on life on other planets NASA constructed flights but nothing that would have prepared her for this. The rocket slowly yet surely became more bearable, not rocking or tumbling as much. Agnessa could feel her body lose its weight as the gravity slowly became irrelevant. As she traveled through space she admired the stars and planets, rocks, and other items in space as she waited for her arrival to slowly arrive. As her rocket landed she walked out trying to get adjusted. She was surprised at how much this planet felt like Earth. She was even more surprised to see the group of people. The group was building homes and resting, kids were playing around and dancing while the wouldn't be so bad after all.

**Kayleigh Taggett    Woodland Consolidated School    Mr. Tompkins    Grade 7**

### **Shipwreck**

Hi, my name is Brooke and I live on a cliff that runs alongside the ocean with my mom, my dad, and my brother, Dylan. Every morning, I look out my window at the ocean and I see a big green sailboat called the Oasis. There is always a girl standing there on the deck. She waves to me excitedly each time I open my curtains. 3 years ago, I woke up and just like always, headed over to my window to see the girl. To my surprise, all I saw were dark blue waves. Maybe she is sick, or maybe she moved away. I got dressed in some jean shorts and a pink t-shirt and headed downstairs for breakfast. Mom had baked blueberry muffins for us to eat. For about a month after that day, I kept opening my window to an empty ocean. One Wednesday morning, I decided to go surfing with my brother. Since I didn't have my license yet, Dylan drove us to the beach. We had been surfing and having fun for almost half an hour when I looked out into the ocean and saw something that sent a shiver down my spine. There was a small island in the distance, but that was not what shocked me. To my surprise, floating in front of the island was a

bunch of broken pieces of a green sailboat. Just then, a large wave came crashing toward me, blocking my view of the boat and the island. "Dylan! Dylan! We have to go to that island and see if the girl is alright! The boat is wrecked!" I said frantically once I had swam back to the sand. "What girl? What boat?" he asked. "There is a girl who waves to me from the Oasis, her boat, every day when I wake up. I just saw her boat in pieces near that island." I pointed to the island. "I don't think that is a good idea. You don't even know this girl and you want to go all the way to that island to see if she is okay," replied Dylan. "I know it is crazy, but I have a feeling something bad is going to, or already has happened to her," I said. "How are we even going to get to the island?" asked Dylan. I paused for a second to think, and then I thought of the perfect idea. "Follow me. I think I know a way to get there." We ran over to the Snowcone Shack on the beach that my Uncle Dan owns. "Uncle Dan! Can we borrow your jet skis?" I asked him from the other side of the cash register. "Sure kiddo! Just remember to put them back in the garage when you are done with them," he said as he poured blue syrup on a snow cone. "Let's drive to Uncle Dan's house," I told Dylan who was standing behind me. We ran back to the car and Dylan began driving to the house. After we arrived 5 minutes later, I got out and opened the garage door. In front of me sat 2 jet skis. One was pink and the other one was green. "I call the pink one!" I said excitedly. We used the car to bring the jet skis down to the beach. Once they were off of their trailer, we both got on one. "Let's go!" Dylan said as he began driving away from the beach. I caught up with him and we zoomed toward the island and the shipwreck. Once we had reached the wrecked boat, I realized it had hit a huge rock sticking out of the water. The wood from the boat floated all around us. "Be careful. Don't hit any of the loose boards," I told Dylan. We slowly made our way to the shore, dodging all of the debris in the water. Once we reached the sand we tied our jet skis to trees with some rope that we found in compartments on our watercrafts.

"We should look for signs that the girl is on the island," said Dylan. I nodded. We made our way through the tropical forest. Then, I saw a shelter made of leaves and sticks. "What's that?" I said, pointing at the shelter. "Let's go find out," Dylan said. We walked over to the hut and peered inside. The girl was not in the shelter, but we did find a fire that was smoldering. "Let's head back to the beach and look for something there," I said. "Okay," Dylan replied. When we reached the sand, we began walking down the beach. We got halfway around the island when I heard something ahead of us. It was the sound of a rock being dropped on sand. "Did you hear that?" I asked Dylan. "Yeah. I think someone is over there," Dylan replied. We ran down the beach and found a bunch of stones lined up on the ground. They spelled out the letters "S.O.S". Standing on the other side of the rocks was the girl who I had seen every morning, wiping sweat from her forehead. "Oh my gosh! Is this real? You have no idea how happy I am to see you guys!" said the girl once she saw us. "You are the girl who waves to me every morning. I had a feeling you were in trouble when I saw your wrecked boat." I said to her. "My name is Mia," she said. "Nice to meet you, Mia. How long have you been stranded out here?" asked Dylan. "About a month," said Mia. "Well, you won't be here for much longer. We are going to get you out of here," said Dylan. We walked back to the beach and over to our jet skis. "Wow! I have always wanted to go on one of those!" said Mia. "My uncle let us borrow them," I said. "I wish I had your uncle," said Mia. Dylan and I chuckled. "Jump on," I said to Mia after we had gotten the jet skis untied. Halfway back to our house, I noticed that Dylan wasn't driving alongside me anymore. I looked behind me and saw him looking around his stopped jet ski. "Hold on!" I yelled to Mia. I whipped the jet ski around in the direction of Dylan.

Once we had reached the stopped jet ski, I asked Dylan what happened. “It broke down. How am I supposed to get back? There is not enough room for the three of us on yours.” he answered. “I have an idea!” I said. I opened up the compartment on my jet ski where I found a rope back at the island. I remembered seeing an air pump and an inflatable float in it. I showed it to Dylan, but he did not look like he was on board with the idea. “It’s our only option,” I said. Dylan inflated the float and tied it to the rope we used earlier. He threw the float in the water and sat down in it. Once I had secured the other end of the rope to the back of the jet ski, I started driving back the the island. It was a fun ride. We were all laughing because Dylan kept flying in the air when we hit a wave. We got back to the beach a few minutes later and Dylan drove us back to our house. Mia and I went into my room and she called her parents. It turns out that her family lives at the end of our road. Mia and I talk to each other all the time, in fact, we both got jobs at the Snowcone Shack. We get to spend our summers on the beach and go surfing with each other. Also, we go to the island Mia was stranded on all the time. It is a great place to relax, swim, and surf. Mia is my best friend now, not just a girl who waves to me each morning.

Allison St. Peter

Woodland Consolidated School

Ms. Oullette

Grade 6

### Ghostly Figures

There was something else there also, watching her. Chills went up her spine. She shook the feeling away, reminding herself to run...

“Hey, I’ll bet you would be too scared to go into that graveyard!” one of the boys called out, pointing to the graveyard of an abandoned church that also happened to be the subject of a lot of rumors. Alice turned towards the boys.

“And why’s that?” she asked.

“Well it is *obvious* that you would be sooo scared, *and* you’re a *girl*!”

Some of the boys started snickering at the added comment. Alice rolled her eyes at the boys. Then, she remarked in a snarky tone of voice, “I definitely could, and I will do it.”

The other kids started to chant loudly, “*Do it! Do it! Do it!*”

Alice rolled her eyes at them again and walked toward the church, her boots clanking on the concrete. When she arrived, Alice had to admit that the whole vibe of the abandoned church just felt off. It was filled with cobwebs and was super eerie because of how empty it was: no people, or music, or anything. Alice shook the feeling off, though, reminding herself that it was just an abandoned church, and that she *wasn’t* going to be dragged into an abyss, or get possessed, and she *definitely* wouldn’t be dinner for some make-believe monster. She crept into the graveyard, looking around at the old, carved stones.

Alice wondered who was buried here. She drew out a piece of paper and a pencil, going to the gravestones, putting the paper over where the name would be, and going over each carved out name with the pencil: Ava Tweedie, Clara Powers, Ben Rivers ... That one seemed to ring a bell, but Alice couldn’t quite put her finger on it.. Blake Rush, she continued...

Alice then remembered the boys waiting outside and why she had even came into the graveyard in the first place. She turned around to leave, but somehow, literally, she *couldn’t* ...



Alice looked down, and to her terror, there was something clutching her right leg, right below her calf muscles! She let out a screech loud enough for the entire world to hear. Alice tried to calm down and think about what to do. Should she try to stomp it into the ground? Just run?

There was something else there also, watching her. Chills went up her spine. She shook the feeling away, reminding herself to run. But, when Alice ran, she tripped. She fell backwards and couldn't save herself. Her head whipped against the ground. She hadn't even gotten a good look at whatever it was that had grabbed her. It seemed to be getting...darker? Wait, no, it was *her*, and soon her whole world went black...

Alice awoke with a start. What had happened? Where was she? She remembered that she must have passed out, and that she should be in the graveyard, but it didn't look like the graveyard. It seemed that she had been moved to the church, but who had brought her there...and, why?

Alice stumbled as she tried to get up. Her head hurt *a lot*, and so did her neck. She rubbed her aching neck, and her head started to spin when she got up. She looked around, trying to fully register where she was. Alice noticed a note in scratchy handwriting. It was the same paper that she had used to figure out the names on the grave stones. The note read, "Don't leave, please. We mean no harm."

Alice stared at the note, trying to register what it meant. We? That must mean the writer was talking about multiple people. Who wrote it? Could it be related to the thing that grabbed her? Alice remembered once again that she hadn't actually gotten a good look at it.

Alice looked at the gate to the graveyard. She stepped towards the gate and opened it. Multiple ghostly figures snapped their attention in her direction! Alice froze. One of the ghosts reached over to her... But then they all faded away.

SLAM! The door to the church flung open, causing the building to shake ominously. Alice turned around quickly, no longer frozen. Standing in the doorway was the minister. He shouted over to Alice, "Get out of this church, young lady!"

Alice felt embarrassed. Apparently, the church *wasn't* abandoned after all, and people weren't supposed to go into the church without permission. Alice looked down and walked slowly toward him. Time seemed to slow down, even though no one else was there. It felt like at any moment, she would look over and see her parents shaking their heads at her, her classmates laughing. She finally reached the man and looked up at him.

"You aren't supposed to be in here, and I'm pretty sure you know that already," he said.

Alice was too embarrassed to reply. She just nodded her head and exited the building. But now she was curious about the ghosts.

The next day, Alice snuck out to the graveyard again. The ghosts were there too, but they couldn't speak. Alice started to bring pieces of paper for the ghosts. She learned more and more about them. Ava had been a vet. Clara used to be an interior designer. Blake worked with the government, and there were many other people that she learned about too. Ben, however, seemed to not be there. That seemed weird because his grave was there with the other gravestones, and all of the other gravestones had a ghost at the gravesite.

That mystery was soon solved, however, in school. Alice's class started a review lesson, and the name 'Ben Rivers' was in her history book! He had been the founder of the city. His body had been moved from its original gravesite.

In time, Alice became friends with the ghosts, and she felt like they were better friends than the other kids. They did *look* scary, but they were nice, too. Alice told people about them.

Most people didn't believe her, but eventually, she managed to convince a few people to visit the ghosts. They were scared at first, but then they also became friends with the ghosts.

At first, the graveyard was creepy and no one would dare visit, but Alice made it a spot to hang out at, a peaceful spot to come and visit.

**Eowyn Rooney**

**Katahdin Middle School**

**Miss Bouchard**

**Grade 6**

### **Waves Of Time**

It's July, 2050. My grandma's name was Evelynnn. She would always be at the beach. She lived in a beach house in Old Orchard Beach in Maine. We now live a couple houses over. She would always pick up trash because she cared about the earth just as much as she cared for Mom. When I was a very young age, I would write my name in the sand at the beach. My little mind would think it would stay forever, when in reality, the tides would just go over it until it was gone, carrying the sand into the sea, making a blank canvas for the next young one, like it's a never ending cycle. The skies used to be bright blue. That's something that always touched my heart.

My name is Xandra Kai. I was born with white hair, as white as paper. My mom has brunette hair. My grandma was also born with paper white hair. It's something that passed down the family tree. It's called full poliosis. I never got to meet my Grandma Evelynnn, but Mom always tells me how close they were together and how she was always there for her. My grandma was very open-minded and free. Every day she would wake up and go to the beach. She was always tan and always got looked at because of her white hair. My mom told me all of that. I love drawing and playing in the sand but also love swimming in the ocean. My mom and dad split up years ago. It was a really hard experience for me and Mom. Now it's just me and her. Since we live on the beach, I'm homeschooled. I always think of my grandma. I believe I'm her but reborn. My mom thinks that as well. I don't try to live my life like her, but my life just flows into her path.

We are now in the year 2050. Things are not looking good for the Earth, and that's something we would always take after. The skies are orange everyday, and the air quality is bad. We have to stay inside and use air masks. It is very hard to live like this. I miss being outside on the beach and swimming everyday. Most animals are extinct, and we don't have much food or water. We are not sure who's alive and who's dead in town. The ocean is drying up, and there's no seagulls in my ears. *"Is it the end?"* I think. The world has been through too much. It was due for this to happen. The TV is barely on. It's playing the news. The news reporters are talking about a reality shift.

"What does this mean?" I say to my mom.

"I'm not sure, hunny." I could barely hear her because of the gas mask. The sirens start going off, and the news is warning us of this "reality shift." I don't know what this means at all. I just miss everything before. The ground starts shaking, and we both scream. It starts getting faster and faster. The only thing I can think of is my Grandma Evelynnn.

"EVELYNN, COME DOWNSTAIRS AND EAT. BREAKFAST IS READY!" my mom yells. I go downstairs and eat my favorite breakfast, eggs 'n toast. After I eat, I go to the beach.

Everyone always looks at me because of my white hair. No one else in my family has it. It's called full poliosis. I love the beach and picking up trash. It's my passion. Before I leave, I flip my calendar. It's July, 2015.

Madison Guiggey

Katahdin Middle School

Mrs. DeTour

Grade 8

### Gone Girl

**\*Beep\***

*"Hello? Is anyone out there? I copy. Anyone there? Check 1,2,3."*

**\*Beep\***

The world ended four years ago when there was a large-scale nuclear war that caused catastrophic consequences, wiping everyone on this earth out... I believe. Yet somehow I'm still here.

It's currently the year 3240. I have been living on my own in this run-down shack that conveniently has a couple of stores down the block that I've been taking canned foods from for the past four years of being in this lonely world. My days consist of walking, writing, and sleeping for the most part. There's no animals left on this earth and barely any life, maybe a couple of grass spots here and there.

I grab my backpack that has lost its color over the years. It once was a vibrant red but now has faded to a pale pink. I head out the door to get some canned goods from the store, but something weird happened, something that has never happened before in the four years of being alone...I saw a dog. It was quite skinny but looked decently healthy. I gasped at the sight as if I just saw a ghost. "How are you here?" I said to the dog. It just stopped for a second, staring at me, then went along prancing down the block.

I raced to the store, trying to keep calm but sort of panicking. I thought to myself, *"How is this even possible? How am I even still here? Is there maybe a slight chance of humans still being on this earth?"* I quickly grabbed some cans of food that consists of beans and corn which will last me the month. Then I rush back to my run-down shed, but on my way, I notice something in the reflection of one of the partially broken windows of a store building. I freeze.

Turning around and walking closer to the glass, I looked at my pale skin and long, outgrown brown hair. My deep brown eyes look tired with eye bags resting underneath them. I stare at myself, thinking how life was four years ago. My parents and I didn't have the best relationship, but that was mainly due to the fact that my parents were alcoholics and were fighting all the time. It grew this hatred in me for them. Although at times, I do wish that instead of being here alone, they were screaming at me, *"Katrina, why are you such a pain? We do so much for you!"* Followed by the noise of beer bottles shattering against the wall.

The loneliness has seeped into my skin. I feel like I've lost my sanity. The girl I used to be, the bright and cheerful girl, is gone. But now I feel a slight amount of hope in my heart that there might be someone or something out there that will give me something worth living for.

This past week has been the same repetitive thing over again: sleep, eat, walk, draw, and sleep, over and over again. I've been trying to find that dog again and also using my walkie talkie

since I found batteries from the store. But this day was different. While I was sitting on my rusty bed covered with fairly thin wool blankets, I was using my walkie talkie.

**\*Beep\***

*"Hello? Hello? Is anyone there? Check 1,2,3."*

**\*Beep\***

I waited for a few seconds, then I heard something coming from the walkie talkie. At first, it was static noise. I sat there, eyes wide open in shock. Then I heard heavy breathing.

**\*Beep\***

*"Hello? Hello? Is anyone there? 1,2,3 Check."*

**\*Beep\***

Then I heard a voice. It was a guy. I quickly responded faster than lightning.

**\*Beep\***

*"Hello! This is Katrina from Springville, Montana."*

***To be continued.....***

**Julieanna McNally**

**Katahdin Middle School**

**Mrs. DeTour**

**Grade 8**

### **The Kelpie**

"Here, hold this." Uncle gave me his fishing rod to hold. I beamed up at him and held it tightly. He pulled out a worm and stabbed it onto the hook.

"Eww!" I grimaced. He chuckled and took the rod and cast it out to the lake.

"Now we wait," he said, sitting down on the dock. I sat down beside him.

"How much longer?" I groaned, cupping my face in my hands and leaning over to look down at the dark, murky water.

"Usually the fish catch on pretty quick." He scratched his head. "Maybe it was them kelpie."

"Kelpie?" I asked.

"Oh, it's only a folklore tale from ol' Scotland." He shrugged. "It's about a fish-tailed horse who haunts the lakes and ponds of Scotland. When on land, they turn into a white horse that haunts the beaches." My eyes went wide. He put a hand on my shoulder. "Don't worry though, it's only a legend." I watched the murky water as we waited. I dipped my feet in.

The dark water clung to clothes and skin. I reached up towards the rushing water. I kicked my feet, trying to push myself up. My heart thumped wildly in my chest like a caged bird. My head was barely above the water. I took gasping breaths. I took a deep breath and plunged under the murky water. I came back up gasping. I tried to swim back towards the dock, but failed. Uncle yelling and trying to throw a rope into the water for me to grab onto. The water grabbed me back down deep into the dark water. It swept me towards the swamps, away from Uncle.

"Help!" I screamed. Nobody heard. "Help-gkh!" something brushed against my leg. I screamed, swimming weakly away. Two bright, glowing green eyes popped out from under the

water. I screamed again and tried to swim away. I couldn't. Suddenly the water became still. I took deep breaths through my nose. I waited. For what? Something to come and help me, of course. Suddenly, the water shot me up towards the sky. I landed back down on something that I thought was a log. It wasn't. I was on a horse. It was spiny and boney. A long seaweed mane was draped across the horse's neck. It was a dark green like the ocean. Sea shells and sea grass were clinging to its skin. A sea snail was climbing along the horse's back.

"Se do bheatha." It spoke.

*Scottish? That's unusual. Of course, we are in Scotland. You're welcome? Why am I calm about this? I just got saved by a kelpie, a talking underwater siren horse that is supposed to kill any human who swims in their waters.* I slumped, letting my head fall on the kelpie's neck.

Surprisingly, it was cold for a spring night. All the strength was drained from my body, leaving me limp on the horse's back. A soft fog appeared around the tops of the water. Suddenly I felt the horse jump onto land. Instead of the dark green and seaweed mane, it was a ghostly white tint of light green that hinted at his mane and hair. We continued to walk throughout the eerie swamp.

*How far away were we from home?* I don't recognize this at all.

"Are you going to kill me?" I whispered softly.

"Chan eil," it said. Chan eil. The Scottish word for no. Thankfully. "Co-dhiù chan ann an-dràsta." It chuckled. I gasped softly. At least not now.

"Take me back right now," I whimpered. It nickered and shook its head. "Right now!" I yelled. It stopped. The fog was thick around us now. I shivered from the coldness and my drenched clothes. It looked back at me with its pure, glossy white eyes. I hopped off of it. The mud sinking me slowly to the ground.

"Thèid thu air chall," I said eerily. I glanced back at it, watching the fog capture them into its clutches.

"I know my way back," I mumbled half to myself and half to the kelpie. "I won't get lost." I started to walk on the muddy path, then stopped. "Wait, Kelpie-" I turned around. The fog was too thick to see through. I tried to step forward, but the mud pushed me down into the earth, now down to my knees. I grunted as I tried to push my leg up to stand. Vines started to wrap around my arms. I fought them off as my foot popped out of the mud. I gripped the ground to pull out my other foot.

As soon as I got my other foot out, I started running. The adrenaline that ran through me pushed me to run faster. I tripped on a branch but got up quickly. Suddenly I hit the water. It started to push me down to the depths. Everything was going so fast. *What was happening?* I pushed myself up, now suddenly on ice. The marsh was a wintery haven all around, icicles on tree branches, and snow falling softly from above. I scrambled towards the land, slipping and sliding all the way there.

I shivered from the harsh coldness of the snow beneath me. I stopped before I could have run into the horse, who was standing right in front of me. I could see my breath now. There was fog everywhere, swirling around the horse and myself. I stared up at it. Everything suddenly slowed down.

"Dè an t-anam treun," the kelpie's voice whispered.

"I am brave," I growled back to the siren. The world flipped and twisted, going back to the fast-paced feel of the world. I scrunched my eyes shut and continued to run, not knowing where I was running, surely I would've found the road towards the city by now, unless... Unless I've been going in circles this whole time, which probably could be highly likely. Uncle was

right about Kelpies. They're all the same, wanting to kill and...hurt! Suddenly voices started to chant around me.

“Wake up!”

“Wake up!”

“Wake up!”

*Wake up? Wake up?! This is a dream!* I opened my eyes only to find the twisting and flipping world. I cried out and put my hands over my eyes.

I opened my eyes. I was back on the dock with Uncle. Uncle was sitting beside me on his knees, his face contorted with worry and his body petrified with fear, as tears sparkled in the corners of his eyes. I blinked slowly and coughed up water onto the dock. I was soaking wet with seaweed draped across my body. It was dark now, the moon high above us, and a lantern casting an eerie light on his face.

“Uncle?”

**Kat Wimmer**

**Katahdin Middle School**

**Mrs. DeTour**

**Grade 7**

### **The VAMPIRE**

Jack was running through the woods panting heavily. A scary, black shadow was chasing him. And then he woke up. “It was just a nightmare.” Jack said in relief. As he goes down the stairs he smells bacon. Bacon is his favorite. So he ran but then he ran so fast that his legs were invisible to sight. What on earth? “Maybe I’m just tired”, Jack thought. But then his teeth hurt. So he went to the bathroom to see that his teeth were sharp. Very sharp! Jack said to Carlos, “This morning I had sharp teeth and I ran really fast down the stairs.”

Carlos said, “That’s physically impossible.” Jack got really mad and boom! He kicked an entire trash can and it went fifty feet away. That was enough to get Carlos to believe Jack. Carlos searched and found something unspeakable. Carlos called Jack and what he told him froze Jack! “I’m a VAMPIRE!!” Jack shouted so loud that he heard something crack, it was just the window. His sister Ellen came in and said, “Who’s a vampire?”

“No one.” Jack lied, But Ellen knew Jack wasn’t lying. “You’re floating.” Jack could tell that Ellen knew that he was a vampire. “Fine.” Jack said, “I’m a vampire.” Ellen shouted, “REALLY!!! Sssshhhh Mom and Dad will hear you. But how? Don’t we have the same parents?” “Actually, I’m adopted.” Ellen froze... “You are?” “Yeah.” “So really, I’m an only child?” “Kinda.” “Do Mom and Dad know?” “Not yet, and I don’t think I will tell them.” “You know what you should do.” Ellen said. “What? Ask Mom and Dad for the adoption papers then maybe it will have a vampire hint.” “Smart idea.” Jack said. “Thank you.” “Mom Dad, can I see the adoption papers?” “Sure.”, they said. “What is this mystery in the dna? We don’t know what it meant. Why did you want to see the adoption papers?” “School project.” Jack lied again. “Ellen, in my dna there was a mystery that scientists couldn’t figure out. Maybe it’s a secret so people can’t find them. Carlos is calling me just a second.” “Here are the powers of the vampire: Super speed, check, Strength, check, Super blast, the coolest power. Check. Flight. I can fly!” Jack said excitedly. Jack jumped in the air in confidence. Jack just fell. “Alright.” said Carlos, Scratch flight, put float. So do your parents know about the vampire thing?” “Oh no



definitely not. They would put me up for adoption. For the second time in my life.

“Wait a minute, maybe if you find another vampire then they might know about your biological parents. Like why you were abandoned in the forest.” “Good idea Carlos.” “Let’s watch the news.” I said. “Sure.” said Carlos. “Breaking news!” said the TV woman. “Mythic people are showing up everywhere. And people are getting scared. The town’s people are even hiring hunters to catch these outsiders.” “So I’m dangerous?” Said Jack. “No, people are just scared. But anyway just don’t use your powers or they will find you.” “ Okay. One more thing here. Read this comic about the shapeshifter.” “ Why? Look at the comic page. I will name my son Jack. WHAT! I am the Shapeshifter’s son!”

**Liam Bois**

**Caribou Community School**

**Mrs. Randazzo**

**Grade 4**

### **Enchanted Forest**

One day on September 8, 1978, I was part of an attack that changed the village where I live in Turkey, Europe. There were a total of 40 kidnappers attacking us at midnight, and we were all fast asleep. At the time they attacked the bell rang 12 times and woke us up. It was louder than usual and the adults looked out of their tents and saw the kidnappers! I was awake and I screamed in fear when I saw a person at the door of my tent. Then my parents ran to my tent, kicked the attacking kidnapper and ran to the nearest canoe. Though we were not out of the woods yet when the kidnapper got on another canoe and started to row after us. My mother did not give up, she rowed for her life then an hour later, we had finally lost him.

I was hungry, but we had no food. We kept riding the tide until we found an abandoned island. A couple of other people had escaped here from the kidnapper too, but when I looked back he was there too! “Mommy, the kidnapper is here,” I whispered. My mom looked back as well and she dragged me into a forest to an underground cave and set camp.

In the morning, we looked around the forest, then I levitated in the breeze. It felt unnatural, this was not supposed to happen in the real world. Was this a dream, or was I having hallucinations? Either way, it was wonderful to feel. My mom looked at me and her jaw dropped. I was not having hallucinations, this was a real enchanted forest, a place where the Drafitors live and took advantage of the forest’s powers. Some legends say that the forest was a sign of peace, but when the Adalingers attacked the Drafitors, the powers raged and turned the magic against the attackers of the people of Drafitoria. When we got to their village, we asked to join them, and they accepted. We set camp at the village, and we were safe with them.

**Jillian Langworthy**

**Caribou Community School**

**Mrs. Randazzo**

**Grade 4**

## **A Day Without Conveniences**

At 6:30 AM I woke up really tired. I take off my white nightshirt and put on my white long sleeve shirt and pants with brown suspenders. I sit at the edge of my bed and slide on my brown leather shoes and get ready to start my morning chores. Harvesting wheat is my least favorite chore, but I must do it every morning during the harvest. My favorite chore is gathering the chicken eggs. All of the chickens have their own names and personalities. When I am finished harvesting the wheat, I get my basket and go visit the chicken coop to gather up the eggs. As I walk into the coop, I am greeted by my favorite chicken, Henrietta. She lays more eggs than any of the others and follows me around the coop as I collect eggs from the other chickens. After I finish collecting all the eggs I give Henrietta a pat on the head and make my way back inside so Ma can start cooking breakfast. When I got inside Ma had already finished cooking the cornbread and started slicing it up. As she does every morning, Ma asks, "How many eggs did you collect this morning?" I look in my basket and start counting them out. I tell her, "12 eggs! A perfect dozen, and one is twice as large as the others!" Ma replies, "That egg must have been one of Henrietta's." Ma cooks some of the eggs and we all sit down. I eat my breakfast and start walking to school.

On the way, I met up with my friend Charlie and we walked the rest of the way together. When we get to school we all sit down at our desks and get out our slates and chalk. We are learning about history and art. For history our teacher Mr. Smith made us recite the presidents of the United States of America. For art class we had to go find five different things from outside and make something out of them. I made my pa, with sticks for legs, arms and a body, a leaf for a head and two tiny pebbles for eyes. Half way through the day we have a break to eat lunch and play outside.

We eat lunch, which is a ham sandwich and a cup of milk. For recess, We gathered sticks, flowers and grass, and made small dolls for the younger children. They loved them so much they shouted, "I love it!" and, "Thank you!" All the children run around playing tag and hide and seek and when I play I always win.

Afterwards, We go back inside and learned about geography and reading. I love to read. We all take turns to read the book out loud. I love this book. It's called "The Tale of Two Cities". and then Mr. Smith had us recite all of the states in the United States of America.

After school I can't wait to get home to play with my dog Rover, we play fetch with a stick. After I play fetch I do my arithmetic homework which is to memorize the multiplication tables. I help Pa chop firewood, because we need to get a lot for winter.

I help Ma cook supper, which is chicken and gravy.

After I finish eating I go feed the pig, horse, cows, chickens and the dog. Charlie comes over to try to catch frogs, and play by the creek. When it's close to bedtime, Charlie goes home and I sit with Ma by the fire and talk with her about my day. After a long talk Ma said, "It's time for bed!"

I go upstairs and take off my white shirt and brown shoes. Then I put on my white nightshirt and go to sleep.

THE END

**Blake Jandreau**

**Caribou Community School**

**Ms. Crawford**

**Grade 6**

### **A Day Without Conveniences**

I woke up to the sound of a loud rooster's crow. "Cock-A-Doodle-Do!" I got out of my soft purple bed and put on my yellow pelisse that Ma sewed for me, and my brown leather shoes, brushed my hair with my wooden comb then put on my pink bonnet and headed to the small kitchen to find Ma giving me a dirty look. "You woke up late," Said Ma in a rough tone. She said I only had an hour to get ready for school. I ran into the open field with a small basket and a big metal pail with my arms wide open and the soft breeze blowing in my face. I went to check the small, wooden chicken pen. I opened the thin door. I was very sad to see that my favorite chicken Rosie still didn't lay any eggs so I gathered the 6 wide eggs I found and put them in the basket. Then I went up the steep hill and milked the large, brown cow Bessie and filled up the pail and then brought everything back to the small cabin for breakfast. Ma fried the eggs in burning hot oil and then poured the cold milk from the pail into glasses. I ate as fast as I could trying not to choke, then I packed my school bag. "Goodbye Ma!" I exclaimed across the kitchen.

My little sister and I walked to school on the long dirt path. When we arrived at school we started learning about history with the very mean schoolmaster Mrs. Franklin. We were studying how George Washington became president and Mrs. Franklin called up two children to recite the presidents. Mrs. Franklin called on my best friends Marilyn and Rick. I was very glad she didn't call on me.

When we went to lunch I gracefully pulled out my small ham sandwich and ate it quickly so nobody would want to eat it. Then we went outside and played tag. I was a very fast runner but the person who was tagging could always sneak up on me when I was taking a breath. Next we played hopscotch and I was very good at it. I had a lot of fun too.

When we got back inside we started learning arithmetic. We were doing multiplication and division. I was really good at it, so when the schoolmaster called on me I was ready. After school me and my sister walked back home.

"Hello Ma, how was your day?" I asked. "Very tiring," Ma groaned lazily. Then my sister and I went to go play hide and seek in the yard but she won because she is a lot smaller than me and there were no good hiding places I could fit into. I had to help sweep the house after we played outside. Pa finally got home from work. He was a leatherworker and made my shoes for me. I wanted to spend time with him so I helped him saw wood because we needed to finish

our fence around our house. I got a few scrapes on my knee from the rough tree bark. After that Ma sent me out to fetch Rosie. We unfortunately had to kill her because she hadn't layed for three days.

For supper we had juicy chicken and a delicious loaf of bread. "She was a good chicken," I whispered to myself.

After supper I sat by the fireplace warming my hands by the roaring flames then I had to read ten pages of my book "Through the Looking Glass" for homework and then I had to do the dishes and clean the table. I washed the dishes in warm clear water but it soon turned into a foggy brown pool. After my chores I played dominoes with my sister. We played five rounds and I won four times. "I may not be good at tag but I sure am good at dominoes!" I exclaimed to my sister cheerfully. Then Pa took me to the large lake to go fishing and I caught a large catfish but it was so heavy it almost fell back into the lake. I brought my catch inside and Ma was so proud of me.

I had to get ready for bed soon after that. I took off my clothes and got in the warm bath with relief because I was so tired. I hopped out of the bath gracefully and put on my baby blue nightgown. Then I went to my small room and plopped myself on the bed and drifted into a cozy slumber.

**Hailey Johnson**

**CCS**

**Ms. Crawford**

**Grade 6**

### **The Mirror**

It all started the day before my 13th birthday. The strong stench of must and lavender perfume claimed the air. I stood by the shop door looking at all the antiques while my Gran proceeded towards the back of the store where an elderly lady sat half-asleep at a desk. She wore half moon eyeglasses and a light blue blouse. Gran got to the desk and motioned me over. The lady at the desk slowly looked up at Gran and slowly started to smile. It kind of reminded me of Flash the sloth in Zootopia who was encountered by Judy and Nick at the DMV. I tried to hold in the laughter, but I let a smile slip. Gran side-eyed me after that and I knew then; she wasn't joking around. Gran looked back at the elderly lady and told her that she was here to pick up the item in case 636. The lady studied Gran for a moment then looked at me; with her hand out as if she was gesturing me to shake it. I stuck out my hand expecting her to shake it back but she wrapped her hands around them and closed her eyes. After a moment she reopened her eyes and smiled at me. Gran gave the lady a key and gestured to me to go look around. I went behind a bookshelf close to the desk so I could "look at books; but I really was watching them through the side of the shelf. The woman left the desk and disappeared behind the beaded curtains. I looked away for a second and examined the books on the shelves. Most of the books were about mythical beings and objects. After a moment I heard the little clinging of beads as the elderly lady reappeared from the curtain. She had a grocery sized paper bag in her hand with a little sticker in the corner that read FRAGILE. Gran handed her a five dollar bill and the lady handed her the bag and key. Gran talked to the lady for a minute or two before calling me back over.

We said goodbye and Gran brought me back home.

The next day wasn't just any regular day, it was my 13th birthday! Shortly after breakfast, I was hanging out in the living room when suddenly there was a knock at the door. I opened the door, but no one was there. I thought it might have been one of my older brothers coming home for my birthday, but it wasn't...just a mirror about the size of a bathroom mirror. I picked it up and looked closely at the top. There was a little tag that said To: Drea Love: Gran. I was truly confused about this. Gran knows that I have a ton of mirrors. I am talking about one per wall here, but... who knows with Gran. That night, I hung up the "new" mirror from Gran. I looked away for one second and when I looked back I saw someone in the mirror. It wasn't my face though. It was someone else. She had chocolate, curly brown hair and sparkly blue eyes. "Hello!" she exclaimed happily. "It's nice to meet you Drea, my name's Brielle and I am the proud keeper of this mirror," she said confidently. I looked at her worriedly and said "Am I imagining this? Some random person named Bri-ella just entered my mirror?" "Yes!" she said, "Er... well no. My name is Brielle, not Briella first of all, and second, this is my mirror, so..." I looked at her troubledly. "Oh.. has no one told you?" she asked. "Uh, no," I said. "Oh.. Oh. Well Miss Drea. You are in for a treat!" she said. I continued to just look at her in complete confusion. "You see," she said "YOU, are a descendant of this mirror. It was retrieved by your grandmother, Mrs. Addiline C. Barlowe at the Downtown Antique shop!" she said. "Okay," I said slowly, "This is an antique young lady!" she said sternly. "We have been a part of many of your family descendants lives for many years. Once every eldest girl in the line of the Jones family turns 13, the mirror is rightfully theirs until they have concluded their adventure. It will remain hidden and uncovered till the time has arrived for the next heir." she said "But my last name is not Jones." I said. "Well, your great, great, great, great, great..." "Okay, Okay, my very...very great grandmother was a Jones. So that answers that; but I'm not the eldest girl in my family. I am the second; my sister is 3 years older than me." I said. "Well...um... she carries more of your mom than the "Jones side which caused her to be unable to summon me to her so she is without the mirror." she said.

It turned out that I somehow summoned the mirror in a dream two nights before my birthday. According to Brielle, Gran is the oldest lady still in the Jones family alive so she has access to a mirror and spirit like Brielle that informs her when the heirloom mirror has been summoned. From there it is her job to retrieve the mirror and give it to the heir. That made me the next descendant in line for the mirror. "By the way" she said a few nights later "I have a present for you!" "Aww!" I said to her, "I am your Mythical-Wish-Granter," she said. "I will grant you one wish of your choosing." The next night I thought about some wishes that I might consider asking for. I was reading Bright Midnights by Emery Hart when I thought of a wish. I immediately got up to go to the mirror to tell Bri. I looked up at Brielle in the mirror "I think I know what I want now." I said, closing my book. "You name it!" Brielle said. "I wish to be able to travel into any book at will... if that makes sense?" I said. "Okay," she said grinning. "Give me your hand!" she added. Awkwardly, I placed my hand on the mirror; but it kept going. My full hand was in the mirror. I knew it was in there, but you couldn't see it through the reflection of it. All of a sudden I felt a yank on my wrist and was pulled into the mirror. The moment I opened my eyes, I realized I wasn't in my bedroom any longer. I turned back to find Brielle, but there was just woods, dark woods for miles behind me. Then I heard some twigs crack behind me. I turned around and saw a person; and if I wasn't mistaken it looked like Charlie from Bright Midnights. Then without even thinking about it, I moved. I walked forward and took Charlie's hand and we walked forward out of the woods. "Why did you run away?" he asked.

"It's too complicated for you to understand." I said without command. It was like muscle memory. Like I knew what I was supposed to be doing; but I didn't. Then that was when something clicked. I was living in the scene at the end of chapter 13 of Bright Midnights. My birthday wish had been granted. Who would have thought something like this could happen in real life?

**Emma Graves**

**Caribou Community School**

**Ms. McDonough**

**Grade 7**

### **Andie's Basketball Season**

Once upon a time, there was a girl named Andie who had a passion for basketball and it was basketball season. Andie was so excited that it was basketball season. She got to be the captain of the team this year along with her best friend. Her name is Harper.

Andie and Harper were in 4th grade and were better at basketball than most girls in Aroostook County that were their age. The two girls and their other best friends who were also the captains named Raegan and Alivia loved basketball too.

It was the first day of practice and they had a coach that had won four gold balls and had two thousand points in high school but she was the assistant coach and had only coached for a few weeks because she was one of the high school girls varsity coaches and their season had started so she couldn't help coach them anymore. The girls were sad that she couldn't be their coach anymore and just focused on basketball. They thought that it was going to be a good year and they had their first game and it was against their rivals Presque Isle vs Caribou. Caribou had played them and it was a blow Caribou smoked Presque Isle Andie had fifteen points, Harper had ten, Alivia had eight and Raegan had seven. Andie, Harper, Raegan, and Alivia were so proud of their team. They had thought that their team had played great.

It was the day after their game and they had practice. They had done box-out drills and rebounding drills Andie's and Raegan's team had won because they were the tallest on the team Andie was 5' 0 and Raegan was 4' 10 so the teams weren't even.

The girls had practice twice a week normally, however, Andie and Harper had four practices a week because they had played up on 5/6 grade AYBL, and Alivia had started to play up on 5/6 grade AYBL halfway through the year. Raegan just chose not to play up, however she did practice with them.

The girls were now playing three basketball leagues 3/4 5/6 and rec basketball just started. The girls had a tournament that weekend and it was at their school. The teams that were playing were Presque Isle, Houlton, Southern Aroostook, and Caribou. Houlton and Southern Aroostook played and Southern Aroostook won. Caribou and Presque Isle played and Caribou beat them. So since Caribou won and Southern Aroostook won that meant they were in the final game of the tournament it wasn't the end of the season it was the beginning so there wasn't a championship game. The girls were so excited they were having a great season. Their team was 3-0 until they were two weeks into rec basketball and in the first game of the season they had lost to Easton. That was the only game of the season that they had lost until they played Ashland, Andie had a friend on Ashland and her name was Sadie, she used to be very nice but something happened to her but no one knew what happened.



When they played Ashland it was the last game but then they had a tournament to see who would be the rec champions. It was the last game and it was between Caribou and Ashland...in the last quarter, it was tied with 3 minutes left. Harper had scored then Ashland. There was one minute left and the other team's coach a time they ran the play and they missed the layup, Andie got the rebound and passed the ball up the court to their older friend Anna who was their best player she was in fifth grade she caught the ball shot it with 10 seconds left and they couldn't get the ball in so it was a five-second call but Caribou didn't touch it so they won!

The next weekend they had a tournament in Medway and they won that too. They were on a winning streak the weekend after that they had an AYBL tournament and won again. It was the end of the season and Andie, Harper, Raegan, and Alivia all had a game. It was a mother-daughter game. The four girls said they won but everybody knows that the mom won.

It was summer and all of the girls were hanging out at Raegan's house because she had a ground pool. The week after they were all doing a basketball camp the first one was Tiger Basketball Camp. They had moved up their friend Anna because they needed more players and Anna was the best for the younger kids so they had moved her up, so the girls couldn't hang out with her. On the first day of the camp, Andie had gotten the hustle award. On the second day of the camp, Harper had gotten the hustle award. The camp was a week long. After the girls did that camp they had a week of nothing. Then they had Aroostook Basketball Camp which they called ABC camp. The girls didn't like that camp as much, they didn't find it very fun that one was a week-long also.

It was the end of summer and Andie, Harper, and Anna were doing an AAU travel team out of React which is a team from Bangor. Their first game was in Waterville and they had the most talent but their team was very tall, however they were playing against seventh and eighth graders. At the end of their AAU season, they were smoking girls that were much older than them.

After that ended it was the beginning of their AYBL season Anna and Andie were the captains of the team. They had only lost one game all season against Presque Isle but they were missing Alivia. One weekend the girls were in Fort Kent one weekend and Andie had played the best she ever had. She played so well she had 19 points against Presque Isle and 17 against Fort Kent. Caribou had hosted some tournaments and Caribou had won them all Caribou had also hosted the championship tournament and Caribou had to play Presque Isle. The game was so close it was stressful. Andie, Anna, Alivia, and Raegan were at dinner the night before and the caribou varsity teams were there so our coach who was Anna's dad had invited them when we won everyone was so excited the girls were so excited it was intense. That was the last regular season game the girls were going to play.

It was travel season now and the girls had played in the Coyote Classic again they had lost badly but the girls were fine. They still had fun and they played their hardest. The weekend after that they had a tournament in Medway and won it all but the refs were not good. They had granddaughters on the team they had played against and they would call fouls when they weren't fouls. The other team had tried to choke Andie and they didn't call a foul either.

The girls had fun in the end and it was the end of the season and they were proud of themselves.

**Quinn Codrey**

**Caribou Community School**

**Mrs. Levasseur**

**Grade 5**

## **The Life As A Fairy**

One day in Blueberry Village, Misty the Sugar Fairy was flying over the ocean and saw something unbelievable. It was colorful and fast; it made large waves. She was heading back to Blueberry Village from the human world. She enjoyed flying over the human world. Misty was 11 years old and she had a younger brother and an older sister. Her brother's name was Storm because he was born in the middle of a storm. My sister's name was Sunshine because she was the best thing that happened to my parents at the time, and then I came along! Miss Rainbow and Mr. Clouds. I also have a puppy named Maine because I have always wanted to visit Maine.

I was excited to get home to see my parents again. I saw them before school then I had to go to the human world. My younger brother Storm is 5 years old and my older sister Sunshine is 15 years old. My parents said we are getting a new baby sister and her name will be Sky. She is coming in 1 week so my mom will go to the hospital tomorrow night so tonight is the last night as a family!

~ 1 Week Later ~

Mom came home with baby Sky and she was so tiny and cute it was like a birthday present because my birthday is tomorrow so it is the best present ever! I am like the queen of babies. Every time I hold one they always fall asleep on me! Tomorrow on my birthday I get to play with a baby all day long. I am worried that Sky won't like me and all Sunshine is worried about is that she wants to make sure Sky has a good style and is really good at makeup and nails because I let Sunshine down the day I was born. I am so happy that I know there is a new fairy in our has been the most beautiful day I can't wait for tomorrow.

“Ring ring,” I woke up to the sound of my alarm clock and Sky screaming. I then remembered that it was my birthday today. All of my family members were coming over to celebrate. Soon the day was over and my grandparents left and my parents tucked me in. As I put my head on the pillow I thought to myself I will never have a better party in my life because of Sky.

**Addilyn Powers      Caribou Community School**

**Mrs. Plante      Grade 5**

**2052**

I wake up to the smell of freshly lit wood, smog filling the air as a warm fire crackles. The survivor camp filled with lights in the early dawn, blinding me in its bask. I stretch out before standing up to pack up my sleeping bag. In the survivor camp, you have to pack up and move somewhere else for new survivors coming in. Through the crowds of new and old faces, I spot my friend, Ben, lighting a fire to prepare breakfast.

“Hey Ben, I brought some bread.” I said. I set down the bread by his side, taking a seat next to the hot, smoky fire. “Found it while I was scavenging in a nearby apartment building yesterday.” I said.

“And it's still good? Must be fresh. Anyway, thanks, this should go well with eggs.” He says, while scooping up a sunny side-up egg off his skillet, the cooking oil sizzling in the pot above the fire. I hold up my dirty plate, taking the spatula from him and setting the egg onto my piece of bread. “Hey, is there any possible way you could find a whisk?” said Ben. “I can try to find one, why?” I said, taking a second piece of bread to make a sunny side-up sandwich. “I was hoping to make some pancakes, I've managed to find batter, syrup, and sugar. Now, all I need is a whisk for the eggs.” Ben said, taking back the spatula and taking the hot pot off the baking rack. “Well, I'll try. I think it's about time I go out to scavenge now though.” I said. “You know, you are quite smart, you go scavenging early in the morning before others leave so you can get more supplies. And you don't hog it all to yourself or lie about what you find.” Ben said.

“Thanks, I'm going to head out now.” I said, waving to Ben before walking off. I struggled to walk around the ragged tents and blazing fires. I glance at the families that are going hungry or cold, feeling sorrow for them. Before continuing to walk I set down my bag, pulling out my only blanket and handing it to the family. After a couple minutes of squishing through crowds, I finally get to a door, covered by old, cut up blankets and boxes. I lift up the boxes and set them aside, grasping the cold metallic handle and slowly cracking it open to make sure there aren't any zombies or other creatures on the other side. I step inside the old broken down factory on the other side, taking in the familiar smell of the rotting zombies outside and the somewhat burnt rubber from the rusty conveyor belts. It's quite easy to find scrap metal in the factory, most people don't even know how to get inside, so there's a ton of metal. I walk past a big crate, full of dusty glass bottles, the nails in the crate crooked and rusting. Before I continue down the hall, I glance at the production manager's office, the rusty metal hinges slightly falling off the door. I continue walking, finally finding a shattered window, and carefully climbing through. I stare at the barren wasteland the war has caused, all buildings run down with shattered windows and broken furniture.

After a couple minutes of walking on the dry, cracked road, I glance upon a store. The doors were covered with broken furniture, forming a blockade. With no success in getting through the doors or windows, I look into the alley beside the store. After a few minutes of searching around the dark, secluded alley, I find a corroded door, but no handle. I try to find ways to open the door, but the only way in is prying it open. I scavenge through some boxes and dumpsters before finding a metal pipe in a dumpster. I position the rusty pipe at the crack in the door, pushing my body onto it and forcing it open. From pushing my entire body weight on the door, I fall through onto the ground, the floor covered in dust and cold, broken tiles. I stand up and brush the dirt off my pants, glancing up at the canned food aisle. Some cans are rusty, some are beginning to rust. I grab a can of Chef Boyardee Ravioli, placing it in my bag along with a couple of canned fruit cans. After a couple minutes of guiding myself through the dark aisles of the store, I find the dairy section, and open a freezer, pulling out a warm jug of milk that is as heavy as a couple bricks.

“How long has this been sitting in the freezer?” I say as I drop the carton on the ground, its contents pouring out as the hardened brick of milk turns into powder from the collision. “Ew, why'd I even pick it up?” I said. I spot the snack aisle, walking over to grab a bag of pretzels. “Ben would like these.” I said as I walked into another aisle. I spot a whisk, about halfway down the aisle. I quickly jog over to it, grasping its cold metal handle and shoving it inside my backpack and continuing to the alley door again.

As I'm about to step out into the dark alleyway, I can hear what sounds like someone screaming. I sprint out into the road, seeing a middle-aged man running towards me. "Run! They're coming!" He shouted, running out of breath.

"Who's coming!?" I shouted out to him, before spotting a horde of the undead following him.

"Just run!" He screams, tripping over a crack in the road, tumbling onto the ground and being swallowed by the horde of zombies. I can hear his screams of agony, and begin to run back to the factory. "Run! Zombies are coming to invade the survivor camp, run!" I shouted over the chain-link fence that surrounds the survivor camp. I can see survivors starting to jump up, scrambling to collect their things as they see the horde. Screams of fear can be heard in the distance, dozens of survivors trying to scramble out of the gate to escape, but another horde of the undead confronts them, blocking any exits. I stop in my tracks, staring at the survivor camp being bombarded with hundreds of the undead, I have to think quickly. I sprint down the dry roads, away from the survivor camp, hiding in a nearby building. After a couple hours of distanced screams, I stealthily return to the survivor camp, fires burning out along the destroyed tents, filling the air with smoke. I search for any sign of survivors, but nobody is here. I stare at the puddle of blood in front of me, right where Ben used to sit. After grieving for a couple minutes, I climb over the chain-link fence, jumping down onto the cracked ground beneath. As I walk down the roads, I stare at the decaying zombies. The silence was so loud as I walked through the desolate and deserted streets. Reaching the end of the run-down town, I stare out towards the dry desert, no signs of life in sight. After examining the lifeless wasteland, I step out onto the warm sand, beginning the journey through the scorching desert.

**Archer Crocker**

**Caribou Community School.**

**Mrs. Anderson**

**Grade 8**

### **Lost Kids**

Luna: In North America in a state where not many stories are told. We land in Caribou Maine. Maine is known for their beautiful trees and fields. Many kids live cheerful lives in little old Maine. Me as well, the writer of the story. But I am not the main focus here.

In Caribou, in the countryside, is where our story is. In a small creaky cabin with nothing but little kids trying to be as helpful as kids could be. Mary and Sam were both eleven years old when it happened. In their attic Mary was helping her mother out with spring cleaning. Their mother had stepped out of the house to go get lunch. Mary and Sam would continue cleaning till she got back. Sam was helping a little. But mostly popping out of boxes and trying to scare Mary. As Mary piled boxes she could hear her mischievous brother giggling. Mary shook her head as she thought of what tricks Sam could be planning. Mary rolled her eyes.

"Sam? Where are you? Mother won't be happy." Spoke Mary with a grin on her face. Their mother didn't like Sam's little tricks he played on the family especially when it involves cleaning a mess after. "Please come out and help." Mary lugged the box over to the stairs to take down later. The giggles stopped. "Sam...Sam?" Mary's heart dropped; Sam always played pranks but usually it never scared Mary before. Maybe he had just gone down stairs, she thought.

Mary: "This isn't funny, Sam. Please, Sam?" I eventually got tired of looking and sat down on a rusted chest to rest. I wondered about where Sam, my brother, could've skipped off too.

"Whew," I whipped the cold sweat off my forehead and started rocking on the chest. "WOAH!" I felt a jolt of wind almost push me off the chest and the chest busted open. I picked myself up and looked in the chest. "Wow. Cool! Isn't that amazing?" I pulled out letters and notebooks filled with pages of beautiful poetry and dusty newspapers. "I wonder where these are from?" I flipped through the pages scanning them with my eyes.

I then picked up a letter and opened it. There was a tiny locket and a note. The note said it was to Ellie. "Ellie?" That was my Mother's name. I put on the necklace. The glow of the silver chain. It was gorgeous with its oval shape. Why wouldn't my mother keep this beautiful piece of jewelry? The purple color sparkled in the small attic light. I thought of my mother wearing the necklace. Was there a reason for her storing it away?

FLICK! Everything went cold and dark. Lights were out and I couldn't see. I tried to scream but it was like no one could hear me. I was wearing a small jacket but it wasn't enough to keep me warm. I felt around. This didn't feel like the attic; there were no boxes or corners. "This was no longer an attic," I thought. This place wasn't small. I couldn't find any walls near me. I sat down, I felt nauseous. A teardrop slid down my cheek. "Sniff," I began to cry. "Where am I?" Questions and thoughts pounded through my head. "Where is my brother? Where am I?" I looked around in the darkness. "Help! Please! Anybody?" I tried shouting till my lungs finally gave up. No one came. I pounded my knuckle on the ground in frustration. A wet avalanche continued down my face. I wiped my face with the sleeve of the jacket.

My stomach began to ache. It felt like I hadn't eaten in days. The nice lunch that my mother was going to get. I imagined the smell and the taste. "Sigh" I began to sway back and fell on the floor. I forced myself onto my left side. This was more comfortable for me. I shivered and curled my legs in the jacket. I took a deep breath and bit my lips. My eyes began to close.

Luna: "I had gone back up stairs to check on Mary." I commented. Mary was gone just like Sam. Mary and Sam's mother got worried. "Yes they have been missing for days." Their mother was talking to the police. Reports soon went out for Mary and Sam. They were soon known in the town as the Lost Kids. In town, people worried about Mary and Sam's mother. She had been missing her kids and hadn't talked to anyone since. She was all alone in her house. Everyday, she would head to the attic wishing for her kids to return. "Yes she has gone mad for them. The Hadlets, who live right near them, say the kids didn't ever come out of the house that day. People talked a lot.

One day, everyone just seemed to forget about them. Mary and Sam were erased from memory from the town. Not even the many friends that Mary adored remembered her. No one remembered them. Their mother never remembered having kids. The police never remembered even filing a report for them. No one in Caribou, Maine could ever recall two kids named Sam or Mary who were eleven. Mary and Sam were gone.

Hello. My name is Luna. I am now sitting in the attic of this very story. This is now my family's house and this attic has a sense of calm to the air. Walking around after so many years of Mary and Sam being gone is strange. The ground is very creaky as I step closer to a window. I wish I could find out the mystery and the rest of what happened to Mary. Maybe I could have prevented this from happening if I stayed up in the attic with Mary. But me as her best friend went to see if Sam had gone down stairs. But of course he hadn't as they both disappeared. And when Ellie got home I cried as Mary had left and so had Sam.

I was there. I wrote everything down. This is how I didn't forget. I still don't know why no one remembers them. But at their best I will make sure I will never forget and neither will my children. I will tell the story of The Lost Kids to whoever will listen. Their story, The Lost Kids.

I walked around a little more until I found a bench that was attached to the floorboard and sat down. "Ouch." I sat on something sharp. A purple shimmering necklace.

**Taylor Griffeth**

**Caribou Community School**

**Mrs. Anderson**

**Grade 8**



# **Feelings Dreams and Reflections**

### **Blizzard**

You can't see a thing  
And you have to take shelter  
Keep inside by the fire

**Alexus Butler**

**Mill Pond Elementary School**

**Mrs. Quint**

**Grade 5**

### **Innocence**

When I was nine, I dreamed of getting older  
I dreamed of getting a car or going to college  
Moving out and being free

Dreamed of doing adult things  
No school, Staying up late

I dreamed of leaving my childhood home  
Leaving my stuffed animals  
Getting something that's mine

Dreamed of this and more  
When I was nine

I did not dream of memories being put away  
In closets to not see the day  
Losing adolescent memories

I never dreamed for it to go away

**Isabella Mailman**

**Mill Pond School**

**Mrs. Goff**

**Grade 6**

### **My Week Away From Home**

"Are we almost there yet? I can't wait another second," said Stevie.

"We're almost there," said Officer Janakis.

Now you may be wondering why I'm in the back of an escorting van that's being driven by a police officer. In order to understand, let's rewind a month or so.

It all started when I was in fifth grade. It was lunch and I was late, on my way to the cafeteria. Lisa, the school secretary, called me into the office

It was a Wednesday and an early release day, so the office was dark. I was a little confused and to be honest, a little scared.

Lisa took me into the conference room, and there standing in the dark room was a police officer. That's when my heart dropped. And to top it all off, he was holding papers. So many thoughts raced through my head like, was I getting sued and if so, WHY!? Then he started talking and he said something like, "Your school has nominated you to go to a week away at a summer camp."

After he said that, I was so relieved and was so excited. I felt like I was bouncing off the walls, and I couldn't wait to tell my mom.

My mom was really excited too. Now it's the waiting game. I waited a couple of weeks, then finally the day came! School was out, and it was time to go to camp.

So there I was, in the back of an escorting van that's being driven by a police officer.

Once I finally got there It was so beautiful, nothing but nature. When I got out of the van, the smell of pine was so refreshing. It was like a house full of Christmas trees.

There was a big canopy where we got our cabins assigned.

I got taken to my cabin in a blue golf cart. I was the last one to get to my cabin. My cabin's name was Oxford.

To be honest I was the odd one out because everybody else was messing around and yelling. I went in, made my bed and sat down. The other kids made sure I felt like the odd one out. This one kid wouldn't stop being an annoying jerk. We almost got into a fight, though I didn't let him get in the way of me having fun.

We did all kinds of exciting things, like archery and boating. I was incredible at archery! I'd pull up my bow and BAM - bulls eye. It made me feel like I could do anything.

Our instructor, Opei, was really encouraging, and thanks to him, I excelled. In fact, I was the best there. I was averaging three bulls eye at a time. It was awesome!

Boating was really cool too, I drove a motor boat, and paddled a canoe. The coolest part of all though was the last boating instruction, they set up a trampoline in the middle of the lake, Splash, water was going everywhere.

On our last day there we had an award ceremony. It was super exhilarating. I got the respect reward.

Though what happened next I'd never expect. The head officer started talking and said something like "over the course of a week you had different activities you attended, you all did great." Then, we all heard, "The instructors were given a very difficult task of selecting a camper who either excelled or didn't give up, with that being said, the second annual Luke Gross award goes to... STEVIE AUSTIN!"

I couldn't believe it! I felt like I could fly, like I was walking on sunshine.

With that being said, I think this was a great experience, and I think it really changed my life.

**Stevie K. Austin**

**Mill Pond School**

**Mrs. Belyea**

**Grade 6**

## **Come With Me. I'll Show You Around**

Right as I enter, I'm hit with different scents and new places to explore. My five senses, sight, hearing, touch, smell, and taste, are getting hit with new things. My emotions go from one to another rapidly, but it's only when I'm in the forest.

I walked in, and I noticed the birds on the trees. I look at the baby blue sky and think, "I want to live here. No. I'm going to live here." I have always wanted to live in the forest on a mountain. Looking around makes me feel as free as a bird on the trees.

I walked around for a bit, and then I stopped and waited. All of a sudden, there was a gust of wind that made the trees sway. I heard the wind howl in my ear as I continued walking step by step, I heard beneath my feet the sound of the crackling leaves in the distance a faint rustle could be heard of what could have been a tiny creature scurrying around on the leaves. It makes me want to run so I do. It makes me happy.

I continue to walk. I take one sniff of the air, and it smells as if someone sprayed a perfume that has the scent of flowers in it. Another gust of wind blows the fragrance of the berries. Up ahead I look at one of the trees and it has some sap coming out of it and I can almost taste the sap as if someone took some out of a maple tree and made it into some sweet syrup. It makes me remember that I get pancakes for breakfast tomorrow which I get really excited for.

I run my hand across the wet, silky leaves. I accidentally wack my hand off a hard, stiff branch, the slight movement of the wind flings my hair backward, and I get the memories of when I was little running around in the yard, and it brings me joy.

As I walk out, I say to myself, "I love being here in the forest. I can find so many things. Not a wonder my happy place is the forest." One last time for today a rumble of wind blows the trees. The birds flap their wings and fly away as I'm exiting the forest.

**Lilly Matheson**

**Hodgdon Middle/High School**

**Mrs. Harris**

**Grade 7**

## **My Favorite Place**

I look out onto the field minutes before the game, ready for war, not knowing who is going to win. My terrific team walks out, looking over to the other soldiers who are ready to fight. We hope we win and not lose. We practice every day, and our coach has faith in us. I play defender. I walk onto my favorite place in the world—the soccer field.

The taste of the pressure to win is unbearable. The taste in my mouth, after we run our half lap four times and get all sweaty, is salty, bitter, and terrible. The drinking water is refreshing and cold, but I can't get the taste out of my mouth. I taste my mouth guard, and it makes me want to throw up.

The wind carries all of the sweet smells around. The scent of grass and humans is one of the biggest things. The aroma of paint from the marking lines on the field is strong. The fragrance of the trees is in the air. I smell the other team - some smell good, like laundry detergent, and some stink like B.O.

I hear the boys' team cheering loudly. They are sitting on the green grass behind my team. It's hard to hear the coaches because the boys are as loud as beating drums. When my

team scores, the cars beep their horns. The game is loud. There are kids playing soccer on the sidelines. Players yell at their teammates.

What I see changes because sometimes I am on the bench, and sometimes I am on the field. From the bench - I glimpse at the ball and field as my coach tells my team what to do. The trees are faint. I look over at the glowing humans. I glance at my team fighting for the ball and the other team pushing back. I see the ball fly through the air like a rocket ship. The coach goes with the team on the side of the field with the plays she put us in. When I am on the field, people are running at me and kicking the ball. It is so much faster than when I am sitting on the side.

I don't know why the soccer field is my favorite place. Maybe it is how alive I feel. All of my senses are on. Even after the game, when we ride home on the bus, I smell the bus, and it smells like sweaty guys. We don't always win the war; sometimes we lose, but the soldiers stay strong because we know the next time we are in battle, we will go harder and faster than before.

**Hannah Goodall**

**Hodgdon Middle/High School**

**Mrs. Harris**

**Grade 8**

### **Hazel eyes**

Blue as the wing of a heron in the night

Like the rising of the tides on the shades of isle skye

They gwan evergreen winds a whistling in the pines

Like the castle crawling vines, Like the grassy glen of lyon

And rich as the mud after rain

You the ground

They're a wispy hole of brown braided river running wild

I fell astray but with you i have found

That I am bound to your hazel eyes.

**Kendra Thompson**

**Caribou Community School**

**Mrs. Anderson**

**Grade 8**

## **My Favorite Place – Camp**

Do you enjoy the fresh smell of the pine needles that lie on the ground or the fresh air blowing against your cheeks? I do. I love everything around me, like the ashes and smoke from the fire that fills the air. I'm captivated by the tall overgrown blades of green grass that are about knee-high. I enjoy everything around me, and that's camp. Camp is where I'm happiest.

BAMM!! The truck door slams from my excitement. I plant my feet onto the sweet soil that sweeps me over to the little pathway to the camp. I stop and just take in the heavy filled air. I continue making my way over to the porch. The porch has an incredible view of the little river that trickles over the slippery rocks.

I find the porch to be delightful. It is where I eat the red hotdogs that give that nice snap when you bite into them with a nice crispy bun. I have those on my plate, along with the over-salty cut-up potatoes that were cooked on the grill too. I can see the freezing cold river from where I stand. And I can smell the nice scent of pine trees that stand tall around me. The crackle from the fire pit can be heard from the dusty old camping chairs that sit peacefully on the porch.

Everyone throws everything into the big orange flickering flames and the big gray cloud of smoke as if it is a trash bin that burns everything inside to keep the fire going so it doesn't go out. I always grab a long stick, but it isn't too thin, and then I poke it around in the ashes and the baking hot boiling coals. It is fun to light the sticks on fire, and I wave it around as if it is a sparkler that is freshly lit on the Fourth of July night. I grab an old camping chair from the shed that is covered in cobwebs, and as I unfold it, it makes an unusual noise from the rust beneath it. I sit down, and the smoke instantly follows me, I move, and as I move, the leaves crunch underneath my feet.

I go down to the river. The river I can not stand not to be near. The sound I guess... just soothes me. I enjoy watching the little fishies scatter when I throw little pebbles in just to see how big of a splash I can make with the small colored rocks. I set my eyes over to the camp. The camp is probably filled with mice that try to nibble on any piece of scrap food that is lying around. I open up the green screen door that springs open and closes all day long. It opens and slams as kids run in and out all the time. If you swing it open too hard, it will hit the wood stove. The wood stove that heats the whole camp up on cold dark nights. When the crickets, frogs, and mice are the only thing you can hear when you're lying in the old springy bed trying to get a good night's sleep. I feel as though the camp is musty and has little bits of dust that float around everywhere like the stars up in the night sky.

Sunday creeps up on me everytime I'm getting ready to forcefully leave camp. This is when I feel that everything outside of the woods goes on, but where I am, time has slowed down. As if it had all of a sudden stopped. This is when I ask myself, "Where has the time gone?" When heading out, my eyes get drawn to watching the frogs jump out of the dirty mud puddles before the big loud truck drives through them. I love the feeling of wanting a long hot shower and a banana popsicle before I slip into my comfy bed and sleep. The bed that means it is time to go back, back to reality.

**Autumn Quint**

**Hodgdon Middle/High School**

**Mrs. Harris**

**Grade 8**



## **Claw Machine**

“ERR ERR ERR PLOP! ”Try after try me and my mom tried to get this fluffy seagull stuffed animal which also had a french fry in its mouth that I really liked, and this was the souvenir I wanted from our amazing vacation!

Next, when we went to the other claw machines there were a lot of stuffed seagulls and other cool things in them as well.. “Mom! Do you see that seagull stuffed animal? I really like it. Can we try to get it?” “Sure, in just a minute,” confessed mom.

There were also so many other claw machines under this roof! This building leads to the other things in the park.

Try after try , aww after aww, me and my mom kept trying. After trying what felt like forever we tried one more time to get that seagull.

Then, we went to go get my older brother who had gone on a very scary zooming coster that I did too, only this time he went alone. Then, as soon as we got my brother we went as fast as we could, back to the claw machines!

While we were heading back to the claw machines I looked around at the twinkly lights and all the games and prizes you could win. All the people here were winning! You could also hear all the games, the people, and you could also hear the roller coasters but there was still one thing that stood out to me. The seagull.

So after we went back, we tried even more and it was so close many times! “It's impossible!” my brother exclaimed. But no fluffy seagull after no fluffy seagull... My brother and I pushed through! “It’s impossible!” my mom also declared.

I still had hope but my brother and mom thought it was still impossible! Up until this happened we thought it was impossible! Until... “YANK!” “ERR ERR ERR plop!” All of a sudden, I saw that claw machine pick the adorable seagull up and it brought it to the top and plop!

We finally got the amazing seagull! I was so happy I was dying! I felt amazing that we finally got it! The seagull was probably 7 times the size of my hand! Then, a nice man said, “That's the best prize I've ever seen!”

When my Dad came back with my little sister they saw the best seagull ever for the first time! “WOW!” my dad exclaimed.

After that we all celebrated joyfully! “ THIS IS THE BEST SOUVENIR EVER!” I declared joyfully.

As soon as we left the amazing park, I held onto the amazing seagull very very tightly for the entire way home.

**Hadley Hatch      Southern Aroostook Community School      Mrs. Starrett   Grade 4**

## **The Pastry**

I walk to the coffee shop down the road from school. I go to this coffee shop everyday after school to do any work that I didn’t finish; if I don’t have any, I will get a couple small

pastries to go for my sister and walk home. I have a lot of work today because I was ill the past few days and I'm working on all of the work that I missed.

I finally got to the coffee shop. As I walk inside I notice a guy with dark, messy hair, and brown eyes sitting at my usual table. He hears the door open and looks over at me, looks me up and down, then he smirks.

Once I set up my work at a table, I walk to the counter where baker Judi greets me. "Hi Evangeline," she says enthusiastically, "your usual?"

"Hey Judi," I say with the same enthusiasm in my voice, "yes please."

"How was school today? I know that summer break is coming up, that must be exciting."

"Catching up on my missed work from the last couple of days is stressful, but other than that school has been good. Yes, the thought of summer being near is exciting."

"I can give you a few extra pastries on the house if you'd like."

"Oh Judi, I couldn't do that," I say, "I'll be fine with one pastry, I ate a few hours ago."

"Ok sweetie, tell me if you need anything," she hands me the pastry.

"I will," I say, taking the pastry and walking back to my table.

While walking back to the table, I looked toward the mysterious stranger that was sitting at my normal table. As soon as I look at him we make eye contact, showing that he was already looking towards me. I smile at him as I sit down in my seat, putting my AirPods in. I tried taking a sip of the coffee. It scorched my mouth so I had to spit it out into a napkin. *There goes my taste buds for the next two weeks.* I think to myself.

After working on my work for about 5 minutes he comes over and pulls out the chair across from me, he then sits down. I take one of my AirPods out with a confused look on my face. "Yes?" I ask in a confused tone.

"I just figured you would want some company, and I was wondering if you were planning on eating that pastry."

"I find studying a solitude activity, and the pastry is there for motivation. You can stay there if you want though, I don't mind," I say this with a small smile because he chose to talk to me over a puff pastry.

"If you're fine with it I'm fine with it," he says with a smile, "what are you studying right now?"

"I'm studying algebra, then I have some science work to finish up."

"Algebra and I don't get along very well," he says and the corner of my lip tugs up a little.

"Yeah," I say, "it can sometimes get challenging for me too."

"What electives do you take?"

"I take Spanish, to help communicate with the people of Spain when I travel the world."

"Traveling the world sounds like it would be fun."

"Yeah, I'm excited to see all the beautiful places," I say hurriedly, "what electives do you take?"

"I do soccer and baseball. I've been playing both for as long as I can remember."

"Wow," I say, "I've never put so much dedication into anything other than writing, writing is one of my very few passions." He smiles, but doesn't reply.

I only saw it for a second, but that's all I needed to know that his smile is my favorite sight. While I think this I start packing my bag. Once I have most of my stuff packed I realize we haven't exchanged names yet.

"We just had a full conversation without knowing each other's names," I said my thoughts out loud.

"I know yours," I have a look of concern on my face, I look up at him speechless, "It's Evangeline, and don't be scared, Judi said your name quite loudly."

A look of relief falls over my face. "What is *your* name though?"

"Jamison," he eyes the pastry that is still sitting on the napkin I put it on about an hour ago, "are you still planning on eating that," he asks with a smile on his face, and a light chuckle in his voice.

**Sophia Smith**

**Limestone Community School**

**Mrs. Dillon**

**Grade 7**

### **Gotta Wake Up!**

"Wake up!" yells my mom because I slept in until 7:45. That being said, I was forty-five minutes late for my job. You'll probably wonder, "How did I sleep in so late?" Well, it isn't

exciting at all. All I did was drink this strange bottle of liquid Diphenhydramine. That's a pretty big word, right? But, it's only Dramamine.

Now I'm off to work. Just letting you know, I am a zoo employee. Work is new for me because usually, my mom paid for everything, but when I turned 27 she stopped... "You're a loser, dude," says a gorilla. "Hey! That's not nice!" I say.

"Well, if you had moved out of your mom's place at 18 instead of 27 you would know I don't care whether it's nice or not!" continued the gorilla.

I just continued to stroll carelessly though even after the encounter. A quarter past eight and I still kept walking. As I walked I realized, "You really don't do much as a zoo employee" and as I said that I felt a slight tingle on my back. After I adjusted my shirt, I saw the fattest, most obese, gargantuanly chubby elephant with his fist plummeting at me. I tried to react but a tenth of a millisecond later I was clobbered. "Why did I even get out of bed this morning?" I groaned with my fourteen remaining teeth. "Now I know why this happened! I didn't feed the animals. I'll bet there will be many more ready to eat me." I quickly dash to the fence only to see that the door is locked. So I hurdle over it. That was no problem for the animals though, because they just run right through it. Now I'm really running because I have hyenas on my derriere. I'm sprinting, my legs burning, and just as I think I got away from them all, I run right into.... My mom!!!! It's a quarter to ten and I still haven't woken up. It was all a dream!

**Rocky Anoushfar**

**Fort Kent Elementary**

**Mrs. Tammy Nadeau**

**Grade 5**

### **Social Media Slave**

Today I found myself going outside,  
the sun was bright and shining down on me,  
I was going to go back inside...

Until I caught myself,  
I would never pass up a day like this,  
But that was until I got a phone.  
I didn't go outside,  
And I never even thought about playing anymore,  
Instead of looking forward to running around,  
Now I waste the day away,  
Scrolling through social media.

**Tessa Russell**

**Southern Aroostook Community School**

**Mrs. Russell**

**Grade 7**

## How I Lost My Fear of the Dark

A particular scary memory,  
a helpful person in my life,  
an immense influence,  
my brother,  
dissolved my fear  
of the shadowy dark.  
This is how it happened.  
6 years old,  
My brother was babysitting me,  
annoying him a lot.  
timeout,  
me escaping,  
many timeouts,  
determined brother  
Me escaping  
him keeping me in timeout.  
Knowing I had no liking for the basement, Knowing I avoided the dark,  
Knowing I disliked being alone,  
He commanded me into our basement. Closing the door,  
turning off the lights,  
guarding the door,  
he stood,  
and waited.  
Very dark,  
very creepy,  
very lonely;  
expecting to see  
something lurking  
ghosts,  
shadows,  
or demons,  
lurking around.  
I see every movement of shadow, I jump  
As well as coward  
in the corner.  
Eventually,  
adjusting to the gloom  
I saw nothing.  
Nothing creepy.  
Nothing terrifying.  
Nothing lurking.  
Just shadows from  
my movement.  
Five minutes later

he let me out.  
Adjusting to the bright light, during the experience, I realized  
the dark was not that spooky. No ghosts  
or demons  
were lurking.  
Just darkness.

**Dani Paradis**

**Fort Kent Elementary School**

**Ms. Beaulieu**

**Grade 6**

### **My Worst Meal**

Have you ever tried something like a meal that was gross? After I tried my worst meal, I was disgusted! I hope to never ever see it again.

Here is how it all started. I was at my mimi and bup's house having supper. When mimi took the gray metal pan out of the steaming hot oven, I glared with my blue eyes at the green bean casserole with mustard. I didn't think that supper was going to be an awful one. She took the sizzling pan and put it on a fluffy rusty pink pan holder. After, she went to the cabinet and opened the brown squeaky cabinet doors and grabbed these white and green lined plates. Then she put some of the green bean casserole with mustard on a plate for me. Of course, I had to be the first one to try it. I saw the mustard and said, "I'm going to the bathroom."

My mimi looked at me and said, "ok." I was in the bathroom doing nothing but staring in the mirror of my disgusted face for 20 minutes straight.

I said to myself, " McKenna, you can do this. It's good to try new foods. You never know - it might actually be good." I ended up trying the food and I will never ever try it again!

All and all, I hope to never smell it, taste it, or even see it again!

**McKenna Jandreau Fort Kent Elementary School**

**Mrs. Gail Desjardins**

**Grade 5**

### **Flowers**

Once upon a time, a girl named Sunny lived in a big castle. But she wasn't considered a princess unlike her little sister, Miley, but a boy named Dwayne made her feel happy...

One day was like any other day. She got into her clothes, put on her jean jacket, and went downstairs to grab breakfast and serve it to her little sister Miley. After that, she went up to her room to sit by the window.

Sunny looked outside. She saw 18 perfect dandelions, then she saw one more. But this one was different. It was brown and rotten and faced away from the sun. Then she saw a boy.



The boy was watering the flowers. Then the boy looked up to the window and waved to Sunny. Sunny waved.

Sunny really wanted to go down to see him instead of looking down from the window counting the flowers. So she got a rope, went to the window, and tied it to the edge. "You ok?" said the boy with the watering can.

"Well, I'm kind of scared of heights," said Sunny.

"Well, we can do this together," said the boy as he started climbing up the castle. When he got up, Sunny told him to be quiet so her mom and Miley wouldn't hear.

"What's your name?" Sunny asked the boy as he was looking around the room.

"My name is Dwayne," said the boy.

"Ok. How do we get down, because I'm not off the rope?"

"Hold my hand. We can do this together," said Dwayne.

"Ok, just don't let go," Sunny said with a scared look on her face. Sunny and Dwayne walked to the roof. Dwayne held Sunny's hand tight.

"You ready?" Dwayne asked.

"Ready as I'll ever be," Sunny stated with a lump in her throat.

"Well, let's go!" Dwayne said as he got on the rope. Sunny and Dwayne climbed down and down and down to the end of the rope.

"I'm scared!" Sunny exclaimed.

"We're still at least 7 feet above the ground."

"It'll be ok. Just close your eyes and hold my hand. Tight!" Sunny shut her eyes so tight all she could see is black. She squeezed Dwayne's hand so tight. Her palm was full of sweat, her eyes were screaming for help! She also started questioning why she did this. But she knew it would be worth it in the end. Then... PLUNK! Sunny and Dwayne hit the ground, their feet were pounding.

Dwayne got up and helped Sunny get back on her two feet. "That wasn't that bad, was it?" asked Dwayne with a playful expression.

"Yeah, I guess so!" Sunny said with the happiest face she had ever had. Then, she looked around her. She saw all the beautiful dandelions. "Wow, this place is beautiful!" Sunny exclaimed.

"Wait till you see the beach!" said Dwayne.

"There's a beach?" said Sunny excitedly.

"Well, let's go." Dwayne brought Sunny to the beach. They both sat on the deck swaying their feet in the water. "Be right back," said Dwayne.

"Ok. Just don't forget about me!" Sunny exclaimed.

"I would never." Dwayne said as he ran to the field. Sunny grabbed some rocks and started skipping them across the ocean waves. After a couple of minutes, Dwayne came back with a dandelion, the most perfect dandelion, and gave it to Sunny.

"Thank you! It is beautiful."

"Yes," said Dwayne, "It looks just like your eyes. Beautiful!"

"I think I have to go soon," said Sunny in a sad voice. "They would kill me if they heard about this." Dwayne was sad Sunny had to go, but he still walked her back to the big castle. "It was nice meeting you." said Sunny, "I'll miss you."

"Me too," He helped Sunny get back to her room.

"Bye," said Sunny to Dwayne. "You gave me the best day of my life. Thank you." said Sunny, tearing up as the moments went by.

“Me too” said Dwayne “Sometimes it gets a little, well, lonely, you know because flowers can’t talk, but they are beautiful.”

“Yeah, they are very beautiful.” Sunny said, holding up the dandelion and smelling it. After that, they said their final goodbyes and Dwayne left.

Sunny went down to the kitchen and grabbed a vase. She filled it up with water. Sunny walked carefully and slowly up the stairs making sure she didn’t spill a drop. When she got to her room she grabbed the dandelion and put it in a vase. Then when the time arrived she went to her bed and thought about all the things she did today. She thought about how she may never see Dwayne again; she was lying in her bed for hours. Sunny felt the breeze of the air push her covers. It was relaxing. Then she finally fell asleep.

The next morning Sunny woke up and got dressed, then she saw a flower on the window. It was a tulip. It was nice and red. This went on for days. Every day there was a new flower. One day there was lavender, another day there was a sunflower and this went on and on for about two months. Then one morning Sunny woke up and there wasn’t a flower she looked everywhere, but still. No flower.

Sunny had two vases full of flowers. Sunny was bored today so she counted all the flowers Dwayne had given her. She had about sixty-one flowers. But she still couldn’t keep her mind off of how Dwayne just disappeared. Sunny waited months and months to see Dwayne again but for a long time, he didn’t come.

Then one night Sunny heard a knock on her window. Sunny got out of bed and looked out the window. It was dark but she saw some bright blue eyes. It was Dwayne! Sunny opened the window and let Dwayne in. She hugged Dwayne. She hadn’t seen him in months. “What happened to you? I thought you were dead!” exclaimed Sunny.

“Well, the thing is I was caught one time when I was giving you flowers. So that’s why I came so late.” Said Dwayne.

“Oh, thanks for letting me know.” said Sunny, slightly concerned.

“I gotta go, my porch light is on, I have to run!” said Dwayne, very scared. Dwayne ran straight out the window and went back to his house. Sunny, for real this time, never saw him again. Sunny wishes he could come back, but sadly he can’t. Sunny wonders what’s happening at his home, but she’ll never know. For the rest of her life, she’ll remember Dwayne and the joy he brought!

**Madison Granatowski      Fort Kent Elementary School      Ms. Amber Devoe    Grade 4**

### **Parts of Speech: My Bakery**

*Tall cinnamon rolls dripping fastly*

*Colorful sprinkles sitting softly*

*Little cookie cooling slowly*

*Perfect brownie shining brightly*

*These are all of the desserts you can get at Morgan’s Bakery!*

**Morgan Donovan      Zippel Elementary      Mrs. Hoffses      Grade 5**

### **The New School**

On my first day at the new school an eighth grader walked up to me and asked where I was from. I said that I was from South America. Then he said, "Do you want me to show you around the school?" I said, "Yes." But he didn't show me the way to my classroom. So I went to the office to ask where my classroom is. He said that he would try to figure out where my classroom is. So I told him that my teacher was Mr. Yahtzee. Then he said that he was not teaching anymore. I told him that was my teacher. He said, "I don't know what to do anymore, sorry." I went home and told my mom and dad that I didn't have a teacher, and they said, "Then what did you do all day today?" I told them that I was with the principal all day. They said, "Well, what did you do today? I told them that I did math work, and that I did reading too.

They asked me if I had any questions about school. I said, "No." Then when we had supper, I told them I made three friends who had been out at recess with me for the 30 minutes of recess. Then I did some reading work for a while. Next, I had some lunch with the principal. Lunch was also 30 minutes long. I didn't even realize that it was almost time to leave. My parents were so happy with me. I brought my papers home so they could look at them. They were very happy with my grades so they celebrated. Therefore, I continued my good grades throughout the year, and throughout high school and college too. I became a very nice person and teacher.

**Michael Poisson**

**Zippel Elementary School**

**Ms.Watson    Grade 4**

### **Green Tree**

So much depends upon  
A green tree standing tall  
In the living room  
glistening with lights.

In the dead of night  
waiting for presents  
to be sat under him  
wrapped in red and green  
wrapping paper for the next day.

And when the next day comes  
like he has seen for many years  
the kids come running  
in their pjs, with smiles  
glistening on their faces.

**Etta Jandreau**

**Fort Kent Elementary School**

**Mrs. Samantha O'Clair    Grade 4**

## **Life**

Life is full of many different things,  
Full of different feelings and emotions.  
If you think about it, life is kinda like a board game;  
You never know exactly where you're going to go,  
Or what you're going to do.  
You also always have an end;  
Even though you don't know when or how it's going to turn out.

Life is full of good things and bad things.  
It's fifty fifty.  
It can treat you cruelly,  
Or it can treat you in your favor.  
Some days you think "Is this life even worth living?"  
On other days you think "I love life."  
Those feelings are what comes with the package  
called life.

Days come and go  
A lot faster than you actually think.  
People spend a lot of their life fearing the inevitable.  
Death.  
If you ask me,  
I think that's a big waste of time  
Spent on this precious yet horrifying Earth.  
You should be enjoying life while you can,  
Not fearing it  
Because what's the point in that?  
What good will that do for you?  
Without death there would be no life,  
And without life there would be no death.  
If you think about it,  
Death is a part of life,  
and can be a beautiful thing if you let it.

Life is just like a Polaroid camera;  
You focus on the good, enjoyable things.  
Take in and enjoy your surroundings.  
Make the right choices, so you don't use all your film.  
Capture the good times,  
Develop from the negatives in life,  
And if things don't work out in the long run,  
Give it another shot.

### **My Favorite Place in Nature**

The birds are humming and the bees are buzzing . The sun is warm, and lemonade is yummy. The smell of flowers fills the air. Waves are starting to crash against the shore and bullfrogs are singing. I feel the chilly water brush against my feet. Cars go by, dogs are barking. I hear the loons singing their songs, the wild raspberries are sour.you might me wondering what place is she talking about? Well, I'm talking about my favorite place in nature, my house.

My house is on Sco Pan Lake. We get in the nice and cool water . My dad hooks up the tubes to the boat. All you hear is laughter and people splashing against the water.My friends and I get together around the campfire with s'mores and ice cream. We tell scary stories. We play flashlight tag running through the bushes and hiding behind the shed hopefully no one finds you. The waves are soothing as the waves gently crash against the rocks we gaze up at the stars and we see the big bright yellow moon. Before we go to bed we go on the boat because the water is super calm to take a peaceful ride and watch the wildlife sing or speak. The water is smooth; it looks like glass as we glide across like an ice skater.

I love my house. It is so precious to me because of the memories I make there. That's my favorite place in nature.

**Halle Esancy**

**Presque Isle Middle School**

**Mrs. Bragg**

**Grade 6**

### **The School Lockdown**

It was a normal school morning. The bell rang and the kids went to class. People thought it was just a normal school day where they'd do work but, no. Kids in school were doing work until the lights went out. It was pitch black in the hallways. They heard footsteps outside the door. Then, the intercom came on. They said it was a lockdown and that someone was in the building. Kids were terrified and shocked. It even scared the teachers. The bell rang but no one dared to move.

They heard a loud bang upstairs. "Is there actually someone in the school?" A kid whispered. "Yes, there is," said the teacher calmly. At that very moment the lights flickered for a little while. Then it went dark again. They heard a gunshot and a scream. They heard a ton of footsteps. Kids were running from school. They heard cars speed by the school. People were texting friends and family. It felt like hours had gone by but it had only been half an hour. They heard more and more gunfire by the minute. A couple minutes later they heard a loud bang on the door. It felt like it was a horror movie. They had been silent for a while now. It's like sound wasn't even a thing. It was a long time till the end of school. It was hours until the police came. We got to go home, but we were traumatized and we moved schools.

**Tatum Newcomb**

**Zippel Elementary School**

**Ms. Watson**

**Grade 4**

## **The Wish**

There once was a girl that complained about everything in life. She complained about not being able to take the bus to school, and especially complained about how long it took to walk to school. She told her mother that, but her mom told her it wouldn't kill her to have a little exercise now and then.

On her way to school the next day she stopped at the new store in town. The sign on the door said "Magic and More." She stepped inside and her eyes had to get used to the light. An old man came into the room and said a simple hello and walked past her, then stopped. "How odd!" she thought, and continued to browse through the shelves. She stopped at one object on the shelves. "Why do you have regular paper if this store is magic?" she asked the old man.

"That is a special kind of magic paper. If you write what you wish for, the wish will come true," He replied.

"Ha!" She cried, "that's a total lie. I won't believe that!"

"Say what you like," the old man said.

Then the girl sighed in a bored sort of way. "Ok," she said, "I will use it. If it works I will pay you, if not, no money."

"No, no," the man said. I want the money now or no deal," he said flatly.

"Ok," she said, "I will buy it."

"It will only grant three wishes and that is it."

"Okay, okay, I got it. I will buy it." So she got it and walked home. As she thought about what to write she decided on one wish. On the paper she wrote "I wish that I could have candy." And just like that, she was holding a piece of candy. The next thing she saw was her aunt coming in and saying not to eat candy. "Whatever!" she thought.

The next day she was standing by the road with her paper. She wrote a wish. "I wish that I could fly." The next moment she was getting smaller and then she was a bird. "Oh no!" she thought. "What in the world?" She flew home. After she got over her panic, she realized that she could use her last wish to remove the spell. When she got to the house, she remembered she couldn't go through the door, so she went to the open, front window that was her room and flew in. She tried to write on the paper, but as a bird she could not write with her bird legs. So she tried it with her bird beak and used it to write her wish that soon came true. She was human once again. She realized that her life was just as it should be. And that was that.

**Natalie Curtis**

**Zippel Elementary School**

**Mrs. York    Grade 5**



## **Riley's Story**

Have you ever experienced something really bad that has changed your life forever? Well, I have. Hello. My name is Riley, and something changed my life forever two years ago.

I was going on my usual bike ride around my small city. There are a lot of vehicles around that go super fast. I was crossing the road when all of a sudden, a car came out of nowhere! BAM! Just like that, I became an amputee.

I was unconscious. When I woke up, I was in the hospital. My leg felt weird. I looked down to see a sight I will never forget. Half of my right leg was gone. Goodbye everything I had, hello staying home sad!

I started crying at the horrific sight. My parents came over to comfort me. I didn't even want to exist at that moment. I just lied there. I fell asleep. I didn't want to wake up. I didn't even want to be there that day.

I got checked out of the hospital ten days later with a new prosthetic leg. I still have no clue how to walk. I'm a soccer girl. I guess I won't be playing anymore. They gave me a wheelchair and crutches so I can get the hang of walking. I wheel my way into my bedroom. I don't even want to attempt the dreadful challenge. OH, NO! I hadn't even thought about going back to school!

The first day back was the worst. The only people who knew about my new leg were my best friends and obviously my teachers. I knew everybody would crowd me and ask me if I was okay. I wanted to tell them I'm obviously NOT okay, but instead I told them that I was fine. I didn't like all of the attention. My new leg was kind of hard to function. The weeks I had off from school still didn't give me enough time to get used to walking. I was the most popular girl at school for a change.

Every class was kind of difficult. I wasn't sure what they were learning since I had missed a lot of days. I kept getting distracted for some reason. I couldn't focus on anything. I didn't even have a reason for it. Could it be because of everything I went through? The only thing I could focus on was reading in the library. I love reading. I usually read before bed every night.

Eventually things started going a lot better for me at school. I understood all of the subjects and material we learned. My family was earning all of their money back from my permanent injury. My family and I were bonding well.

One day when I came home from school, I heard a quiet little bark. I was so confused because we never had a dog. I walked inside to find a cute little doggie about the size of a bunny. She also had a missing leg. I was super excited that she was like me. This helped me A LOT! Now, everytime I come home from school, I have a little furry friend to play with. I named her Roxy. Riley and Roxy. I like that. Training Roxy was a little bit harder than training a normal dog. She is such a playful puppy. I love her.

As time went on, I learned how to use my prosthetic leg a lot better. I'm off crutches. I don't have to use my wheelchair anymore either. My family and I have lots of fun going places. We have also been on lots of vacations. We all give out lots of love. I love my family. They love me.

That's the end of my story. Goodbye.

**Melanie Libby**

**Katahdin Middle School**

**Mrs. DeTour**

**Grade 7**

### **Ten Things I'll Always Remember About Lucy, My Dog**

1. Lucy is a black lab, so it makes it harder to see her at night , or even if the light is off!
2. She is very playful and energetic. When we play together I end up moving the way she is moving.
3. Lucy gets very, very excited when we go to see her. She even pulls Dad a little when she is very excited. It feels almost like she is jumping when she tries to kiss us with her slobbery tongue. I always think she is saying, "I'm so glad to see you !"
4. She is cute. When she uses her puppy eyes on us when she is in trouble, we can't help but pet her. When she is sleeping and the TV is on at night, I try not to pet her, but it is just so hard!
5. She hates playing fetch. If I throw the ball, she doesn't go and fetch it! She looks at me like, "Why did you throw it instead of giving it to me?"
6. When Lucy was in Massachusetts and a girl came out of the school there, she would get so excited until she found out it was not my sister and me.
7. When Lucy plays with dogs, it is funny how she jumps on the dogs. Sometimes she misses the little dogs when she jumps.
8. Lucy rips her toys very fast, but enjoys playing with them, at least.
9. We got Lucy because my dad was sick. She was a service dog but not any more!
10. My dog Lucy loves me and my whole family, I miss her because she moved to Rhode Island with my dad.

**Lilith Rollins**

**Mapleton Elementary School**

**Mrs. Wright**

**Grade 4**

### **Ten Things I'll Always Remember About Abby, My Puppy Dog**

1. Abby had lots and lots of fur. She was so fluffy, she would shed everywhere.
2. Abby was best friends with a former stray cat named Charlotte!
3. She didn't have a tail. The family we got her from had a farm. They thought she would herd cows, so they removed her tail!
4. Abby had soft brown eyes, black and white fur, and a happy grin.
5. Since she didn't have a tail, Abby wiggled her whole body when she was happy! Her whole body would shake from her behind to her snout.
6. Abby helped us chase the chickens to get them back into the coop, like she would have done on the farm where she was from.
7. She would never bark when cars pulled into the driveway or drove by.
8. Abby had free range all over our property to run around and play.
9. She could sit, shake, lie down, and roll over.
10. When I was born, Abby was always by my side, and she loved our family no matter what.

**Amelia Bartlett**

**Mapleton Elementary School**

**Mrs. Wright**

**Grade 4**

### **Can You Hear The Sounds?**

Birds singing their songs  
Rushing of the water stream  
Hear the trees shaking

**Tessa Wells**

**Mill Pond Elementary School**

**Mrs. Quint**

**Grade 5**

### **OK?**

You never know the importance of something until you lose it.

Memory is one of those...

Enjoy having memories...

Good ones and bad ones...

Ok?

And I say this because memories don't last forever...

Not even long term memories...Or,

Short term ones...

Be glad to have them.

Don't hate them.

Coexist with them.

OK?

Remember this friend...

Go live your own life , have fun or, well, be you ...

Stay safe and have a good day.

**Kekoa Durost**

**Caribou Community School**

**Mrs. Plante**

**Grade 5**

### **The Smartest Man I Ever Met**

The smartest man I ever met  
was skin and bone  
with a heart of gold.

The strongest man I ever met  
was tired and old  
who'd answer every phone.

The kindest man i ever met  
was a Scrooge at best  
with a drawer full of candy to keep mom stressed.

and the best man I ever met  
is the one who I will never ever forget.

**Grace Walton**

**Caribou Community School**

**Mrs. Anderson**

**Grade 8**

# **Aroostook County Heritage**

## **Quoggy Jo**

Skiing at Quoggy Jo is so much fun. When you ski down the mountain, the cool breeze blows against you and your long hair blows in the wind. It makes me so happy and really if you just think about it, skiing with your friends, eating delicious foods, like frosted brownies and especially using the lift to get to the top of the mountain, are some of the best parts of winter. The lift ride is two minutes long, so you get to enjoy seeing people skiing and talk with your friends. My dad also volunteers at Quoggy Jo part time, so I get to ski for free, which is nice. My dad volunteers in the kitchen, on the groomer, and he fixes things around the place so it can be open. I am also on the Quoggy Jo ski team. Fun fact, racing on skis is called Alpine ski racing. At the ski team meets, we do races, participate in obstacles and so much more. It's amazing and I love it so much. One time I was skiing and the lift broke so my friends and I hiked up the mountain. It took a while, but it was fun! There is night skiing at Quoggy Jo. I get so excited when we get to ski in the dark. Night skiing is fun, but you have to be careful because there are no lights on some of the trails and you could hit a tree! They sell flashlights in the lodge!

Many skiers and riders know Maine for its three largest ski resorts; Sugarloaf, Sunday River, and Saddleback. The largest ski resorts offer up to 54 miles of slopes. Maine makes about 68 million dollars a year just from skiers and snowboarders. 1.3 million people visit Maine for its amazing skiing and snowboarding each year. Just one more fun fact, Sugarloaf is the biggest skiing mountain in Maine.

I suggest you go skiing sometime at Quoggy Jo, it's so much fun. Think about all of the different trails, like the family trail. It is very easy, so it's more for beginners. Then there are trails like suicide. This is more advanced, for instance on suicide you have to go through narrow trails, steep parts, and go under trees, but with the family trail it's a really easy, wide and smooth trail. That's where Morgan, Payton and I teach lessons on how to ski. So many people love to ski at Quoggy Jo. I think this leads people to travel to bigger trails like Big Rock, Sugarloaf, and other places like that. We are so lucky to be able to go skiing in Maine, Maine is just so beautiful. You may be playing video games inside, but you should get outside and go skiing!

**Molly Stewart**

**Mapleton Elementary School**

**Mrs. Bernier**

**Grade 5**

## **My Potato Picking Trip!**

First, I woke up and went down stairs. Then, I got dressed. After, I got my brush and started brushing my hair and my teeth. I ate and then got my backpack, went outside and waited for the bus. I got on the bus and went to school. When I got there I went and got my gloves and sat down at my seat. Then, I got on a different bus. I sat in the back of the bus. Bryce sat in the other seat. We talked until we got there.

When we got to the field. I was so EXCITED! I got out of the bus. Mr and Mrs. Long gave instructions like "you can pick sunburned potatoes" and more! Then, Mr. and Mrs. Long told us to go grab a bucket. After that we picked out partners. I was with my best friend Brynne. I was excited! We were definitely not allowed to throw anything! The digger came by a few times and a lot of potatoes came up. We picked lots of potatoes!



We picked for about an hour and then we got a snack. I didn't like the snack because it was an apple. After that we got back to picking! We picked for about another hour or two.

Then it was lunch. Miss Sirois called us over to the picnic tables and we got in line for hotdogs. I got a red hot dog and it was so good!

After, Mrs. Long yelled, "I have something for all of you". It was pumpkin chocolate chip cookies. We ate them.

We had to head back to work, but first Mr. Long showed us how he lifted up the barrels. It was cool! We got back to work. I was so tired! We picked for about thirty minutes.

They gave us a bag to fill up with potatoes. I got some BIG ones. Then, we got a surprise. It was shirts. I tried mine on when I got home. It was like a dress on me. I started laughing. I took it off and put my other shirt back on.

My plan with the potatoes is to make mashed potatoes! I love mashed potatoes, yum! Do you like mashed potatoes?

**Tessa Rush**

**Katahdin Elementary**

**Miss Sirois**

**Grade 4**

### **My Amazing Adventure Potato Picking**

When I got to the potato field, I saw a lot of potatoes. Mr. and Mrs. Long told us to sit and listen to directions. So my mom, Aleah, Aleah's mom, Felisha and I grabbed buckets and then got our tickets. My number was 19. Aleah's number was 16. After we got our tickets, we headed to the field and got our section sticks. Then we started picking. After we got one barrel done, I was tired so I sat on an empty barrel and tried to get in it. Then we picked again. We picked for a long time and after two barrels we had snack. We had apples for snack. After snack, we got back to work.

I saw a lot of rotten potatoes and it was gross! After like two or three more barrels, we had lunch. I had flavor twists and a lunchable. It was so good. Other people had hot dogs and I had a pumpkin cookie. After I was done eating lunch we cleaned up and went back to potato picking. Mr. Long came down the rows with the potato truck and it was really cool watching the tractor get them up out of the ground. I was really tired after picking for so LONG! My back hurt so bad.

After like an hour, we were done. I got seven bushels. We had so many potatoes. We got a bag, picked as many as would fit in the bag, tied the bag shut, waved goodbye and got on the bus. We got to school and went home. At supper time, we made homemade fries and I'm planning on making potato candy. The end.

**Lyla McNally**

**Katahdin Elementary**

**Miss Sirois**

**Grade 4**

### **Best Potato Picking Trip!!!**

When I got on the bus I sat in the first seat and Bentlee sat with me. On the way there we talked about Pokemon with the bus driver. When I got there, I went by the bench. After everyone got off the bus, Mrs. Long started to talk about the rules and the number one rule was “NO THROWING!!!” After that we got to work getting our barrels, tickets and buckets. Then we started to pick potatoes.

My partner was Ellie. I found a potato that was 8 inches long and 3 inches wide. It was amazing! I was having so much fun. After my discovery, we got a snack; it was apples. Then we finished a barrel and a half. I put my ticket in the first barrel. When we finished the second barrel, Ellie got to put hers in. Then we got to have lunch. Ellie and I along with a lot of people saw a ton of hornets. Next we all had a cookie and everyone got back to work. The cookie tasted so good and smelled nice. It made me hungry as I picked through the wet dirt looking for potatoes. I noticed it was nice and warm, which made me thankful for the sun.

We only picked white and red potatoes for the whole time. My favorite was the white potatoes because they are BIGGER! At this point we had filled about five barrels. It was almost the end of the day and everyone was getting tired. I could tell because everyone was harvesting slower. Mrs. Long called us in to get our shirts. I was excited to get my shirt to remember this day. The Longs were very nice. I was the first on the bus and I was happy to come potato picking.

**Ralph Rivers**

**Katahdin Elementary**

**Miss Sirois**

**Grade 4**

### **The Great Potato**

Hey, do you like potatoes? If you do, have you ever wondered where potatoes come from? I can tell you from personal experience where they come from. They come from a potato field. Let me tell you something. I went potato picking on September 22, 2023.

The first thing I did was go to school and within a few minutes it was time to get on the bus for the field trip. The bus ride there was very short. So that made me happy! Soon the bus ride was over. When we got there, we were greeted by Mr. and Mrs. Long. We talked about the rules. The most important rule was no throwing things. Then she gave us our tickets.

Then Miss Sirois started partnering us up. My partner was Ralph Rivers. Once we got partnered up, Miss Sirois showed us our section sticks. Then Miss Sirois showed us the barrels and we picked a barrel. The barrel was heavy so we just left it there. Then farmer Long started the digger and he dug our first row.

We started picking. At first, I did not want to get dirty, but after we did one or two, maybe three rows, I started rapid picking. After a while we did multiple rows. Then Ralph started trying new methods. I was getting hungry because I did not eat breakfast for some reason. Ralph and I picked a few more rows and within an hour it was lunch time.

We ran over to the picnic tables! We had hot dogs, soda, chips, and cookies. We were eating and then we realized there were lots of yellow jackets. I killed lots of yellow jackets. Then, I talked with my friends.

After lunch, Mr. Long showed us the machine they used to pick up the barrels. It was called the claw.

After that, we went back to potato picking. We picked for a while. Soon it was time to go.

We were all getting on the bus but before we got on the bus to go, Bentlee and I got some potatoes for our bus driver, Tyler. We went over to get our bags of potatoes for us. We went to get our bags shut by Farmer Long. We got t-shirts, got on the bus, and left.

When we got back to school, Miss Sirois let us have recess until it was time to go home.

In conclusion, what I am going to do with my potatoes is make mashed potatoes, potato pancakes and potato candy!

**Elenor Phillips**

**Katahdin Elementary**

**Miss Sirois**

**Grade 4**

### **Potato Picking**

We got on the bus. It was Friday morning and all of us were excited. We were going on a field trip!

When we got to the field, Mrs. Long introduced herself and went over the rules and passed out tickets. The digger already completed one pass through the field. My partner was Julianna and we started to pick potatoes. I got really hot really quick.

I had to take my sweatshirt off then I started to pick again. Miss Sirois came over to see how we were doing. We got our first barrel done when she came over. Then, we had snack and it was apples. I did not have one. I picked for about another hour then it was lunch. I had yogurt. When we were done with lunch, I got STUNG! It really hurt!!

After that, we watched Mr. Long load a barrel on to the truck. We picked for about another hour. Then we got five pound bags of the best potatoes. I made diced cheesy potatoes. In the future, I want to make homemade fries. Do you like homemade fries?

**Bryce Duffy**

**Katahdin Elementary**

**Miss Sirois**

**Grade 4**

### **My Deer**

It was a Saturday morning, October 20, 2019. I was awakened in the morning at 5:00 AM by my father and the smell of pancakes cooking in the kitchen. I got my clothes on in a hurry and rushed to the kitchen where I immediately sat down in the chair waiting for me at the kitchen table. After we got done with breakfast we got our camouflage on and loaded our gear into the truck, then we drove up the road and pulled into the field. The day before, our grandfather had installed a homemade ground blind in the field so we could have cover from the deer. I took out the tripod while my dad handled his 270. We set the chairs, tripod and gun so now all we had to do was wait. After a few hours we got hungry so we went to our grandparents' house for lunch, we decided to stay till around 4:00 then we left to go back to the field. Not even ten minutes after we sat down I peaked through my binoculars and saw a small head pop out of the tall grass...then

another. We waited fifteen minutes and realized the deer on the right was a buck, but as I was lining up to take the shot the buck wandered off the field and the doe was slowly following. I swiftly focused my attention to the doe, I told my dad I was ready to take the shot. “MEAHH!,” my father shouted and ‘BANG’ the gun went off and I went flying back in my chair while my dad caught me. The deer jumped up in the air and ran into the woods. We went back to our grandparents’ house to tell my grampy about my accomplishment. Then, we grabbed some flashlights and headed back to the field. We headed into the woods and started tracking blood. After about 20 minutes of searching we saw a big silhouette lying on the forest floor. When we walked up to it was my deer.

**Tanner Hews**

**Caribou Community School**

**Mrs. Randazzo**

**Grade 4**

