

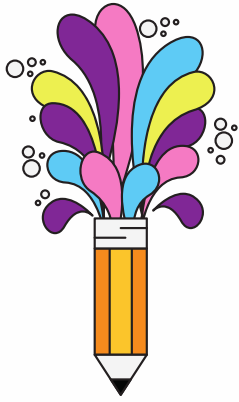
# NORTHERN NARRATIVES JR.



**SHORT STORIES / PHOTOGRAPHY**

**NON FICTION ESSAYS / DRAWINGS / POETRY / COMICS**

**GRADES K - 6**



# WELCOME TO NORTHERN NARRATIVES JR.

## Children's Literary Magazine

Hello! Welcome to Northern Narratives Jr., the Fargo Public Library's kids-only, art and literature magazine. In these pages you will find over 50 entries submitted by school-age children from the FM Community. This anthology features poems, non fiction essays, short stories, drawings, photographs, and comics submitted in the spring of 2026.

All pieces were written and created by children in Kindergarten through 6th grade. Transcription of each piece was taken directly from the original work, so any creative spelling, grammar, or formatting is considered intentional by the artist. All submissions were included in the magazine.

Categories had first and second place winners, and some categories also had honorable mentions, as judged by the Fargo Public Library Children's Services Staff. Winners received a certificate and a gift card to further explore their creativity and are indicated by an asterisk.\*

Library staff commend each artist and writer who submitted work. It takes courage to put your work out in public -- all of the participants should be proud. We were pleased with the imagination, expressiveness, and well-crafted work that we received. It's our hope that all of the artists and writers will continue to write, draw, and create in the future.

Special thanks goes to Cynthia Mason, Cindy Liudahl, Lauren Johnson, Sarah Nelson, and Melisa Duncan for their assistance and guidance.

# CONTRIBUTORS

## DRAWINGS

Afton Ford ~ The prowling leopard  
Aurora Chadwick ~ Denis the sad rabbit  
Ben Peters ~ Cute Kitty Dragon  
Bo Clarke ~ The Other Side  
Chaitanya Gopi ~ Winter's Songbird  
Grady Fogel ~ The Robot  
Hannah Kunkel ~ Prairie Rose  
Hannah Mace ~ Heart of the Forest  
Paige V. Strand ~ My True Self  
Ruby McConnell ~ Abe Lincoln and his  
Ocean Friends  
Tahlia Erickson ~ Rainbow Pyramid  
Tahmeedul Islam ~ Astropace  
Zella Susan Stocker ~ Light, dark, and the  
dragon

## COMICS

Anton Trygstad Kerzman, Dwight Swanson,  
Calvin Miller, & Josephine Mastel ~  
New York Potato  
Chaitanya Gopi ~ Mouse and the Journal  
Leo Breidenbach ~ The Pig, the Man, and  
Fargo

## PHOTOGRAPHY

Emrie Nygaard ~ Love is in the Air  
Matthew Burck ~ Lake Sunset  
Oliver Lucht ~ day at the beach  
Piper Hubin ~ Blooming Flowers  
Skylar Hubin ~ "Mommy, I found the nest!"  
Taeshawn Charles ~ The big trip

## NON FICTION ESSAYS

Barrett Robinson ~ GT Programs Are  
Important  
Evelyn Ouren ~ Farming/Agriculture  
Symphony Hubin ~ The Sahara Desert

## SHORT STORIES

Adriana Mahajan ~ Sita and the Glowing  
Crystal  
Ashton Finneman ~ The Troll's Lesson  
Ava Hamilton ~ I Found My Sister Inside a  
Snowglobe  
Cynthia Halie ~ Four Girls in a Pirate  
World!  
Eliana Erickson ~ Pinky Gets Adopted  
Hadley Saylor ~ The Lost Tribe of the  
Amara  
Lucy Ford ~ The Life of Danny Klango  
Precious Enyam Dzata ~ Behind the  
Scenes  
River Dodds ~ Artificial; Intelligent?  
Ruby McConnell ~ Ruby's Ice Cream  
Shoppe  
Thessaly Freestone ~ The Sea of Trees  
Vivan Dahl ~ Andy and His Thrilling  
Adventure

## POETRY

Amelia Vander Ark ~ All Four Seasons  
Bentleigh West ~ Dreams  
Clara Mace ~ Triangles VS Circles  
Eliana Erickson ~ A Poem for My Dog  
Kalie Tinjum ~ In a World Where Love  
Exists  
Nala Bonicelli ~ Ope  
Ruby McConnell ~ The Selkie, the Unicorn,  
and the Faun  
Safara Simmons ~ The Cougar  
Thessaly Freestone ~ Holland, MI  
Vada Hoffman ~ Mexico  
Wren Stewart-Gall ~ Wildfire

# WINNERS

## **DRAWINGS**

**Light, dark, and the dragon**/Zella Susan Stocker

**Winter's Songbird**/Chaitanya Gopi

Honorable Mentions: **The Other Side**/Bo Clarke; **Heart of the Forest**/Hannah Mace; **Rainbow Pyramid**/Tahlia Erickson; **Astrospace**/Tahmeedul Islam

## **COMICS**

**New York Potato**/Anton Trygstad Kerzman, Dwight Swanson, Calvin Miller, Josephine Mastel

**Mouse and the Journal**/Chaitanya Gopi

Honorable Mention: **The Pig, the Man, and Fargo**/Leo Breidenbach

## **PHOTOGRAPHY**

**Love is in the Air**/Emrie Nygaard

**"Mommy, I found the nest!"**/Skylar Hubin

Honorable Mentions: **Lake Sunset**/Matthew Burck; **Blooming Flowers**/Piper Hubin

## **SHORT STORIES**

**The Life of Danny Klango**/Lucy Ford

**I Found My Sister Inside a Snowglobe**/Ava Hamilton

Honorable Mentions: **The Troll's Lesson**/Ashton Finneman; **Four Girls in a Pirate World!**/Cynthia Halie;

**Pinky Gets Adopted**/Eliana Erickson; **Artificial; Intelligent?**/River Dodds; **Andy and His Thrilling Adventure**/Vivian Dahl

## **POETRY**

**The Cougar**/Safara Simmons

**Wildfire**/Wren Stewart-Gall

Honorable Mentions: **All Four Seasons**/Amelia Vander Ark; **Triangles VS Circles**/Clara Mace; **Ope**/Nala Bonicelli; **Mexico**/Vada Hoffman

## **NON FICTION ESSAYS**

**GT Programs Are Important**/Barrett Robinson

**Farming/Agriculture**/Evelyn Ouren

“Art... is a controlled fury of desire to share one’s private revelation of life.”

--Frances Clarke Sayers,  
Librarian and Author

# LIGHT, DARK, AND THE DRAGON



Zella Susan Stocker/Grade 5\*

# THE LIFE OF DANNY KLANGO

Danny Klango was a tall boy of fourteen with bushy brown hair and a loping gait that suggested he should be in a circus. He did not live in the high reaches of a trapeze, however, but with his adopted parents, Mr. and Mrs. Klango, who, being an elderly couple, appreciated a quiet life.

Danny, however, was not a quiet boy, and after he broke a window attempting a backflip off the porch and a water pipe swinging from beams in the basement (both when he was only six), it was clear that their wish for quiet wouldn't be granted.

This obstacle, however, didn't affect their love for him in the slightest.

In his time living with them, he was also faced with the slight problem of school. It wasn't quite that he didn't like school, more that school didn't like him. After a while, the Klangos agreed that it would be best for Danny to be homeschooled, which he didn't mind at all.

In fact, he loved it.

He was able to spend so much more time with his parents. His mother spent most of the day reading and doing math problems with him, and he enjoyed the time with her, but when his father got home, they would sit in the backyard and stargaze between the basil leaves and garlic sprouts.

Sometimes they would talk about the day and what had happened, and sometimes they would talk about the worlds that they had built in their heads. Danny curled up beside Mr. Klango and, occasionally, Mrs. Klango, the happiest he thought he had ever been.

Other times, they let the silence seep into the cracks of their words and the veins of the leaves, making them ponderous and sleepy, until the kitchen window lit up with a warm glow, their sign to come inside.

Amidst these mundanely beautiful moments at home, he attended gymnastics classes on Wednesdays and Fridays to get out his overflow of energy. On one such day, he returned home to find Mrs. Klango sitting on the sage coloured couch, crying.

Danny rushed over, both to console her and find the reason behind her sobs. She looked up at him and tried to pull together a watery smile.

"Hello, dear. How was gymnastics?" She asked.

Danny ignored her and barged ahead.

"What's wrong?" He asked, starting to feel panicked.

Mrs. Klango stared into space for a second before coming to and looking at Danny.

"It's... it's your father."

Danny stared with wide eyes, hoping, wishing, pleading that he wouldn't hear what he thought he might.

"Is he... is he okay?"

Mrs. Klango stared ahead again before answering, voice quivering. "N-n-no. He's sick. *Very* sick."

Danny blinked and shook his head slowly. "No. That's not true. Right? You're... you're just kidding."

He managed a shaky laugh before collapsing onto the couch, his own sobs making him quiver.

Mrs. Klango patted his back, apologizing profusely for something she didn't do. Danny looked up, eyes wide, still in disbelief, and asked a question he already knew the answer to.

"Is he going to be okay? Is he going to get better?"

Mrs. Klango hung her head. "It's hard to know at this point, but... he might not. I'm sorry, Danny. I'm so sorry."

Danny shook his head. "No. No! It's not real, it's not real! I need to talk to him!"

He ran up the stairs, knowing his father couldn't be sick, not really, not the man who took him to get dairy-free sorbet and watch poppies bloom and who made paper chains for every single holiday. *It couldn't be real.* But Danny knew, better than most, that nothing is forever and the world shouldn't be taken for granted.

He paused in front of the door, preparing for the worst, then poked his head in. There was Mr. Klango, propped up against the pillows, looking strangely serene. When he heard Danny, he turned his head towards the door and smiled.

"My boy, come in, come in. I wanted to talk to you."

Danny moved hesitantly towards the end of the bed and sat on the pine-patterned sheets. Mr. Klango grinned at him.

"Why are you so happy?" Danny asked.

"Not happy, exactly," Mr. Klango said. "I don't want to leave you and your mother, but I'm about to go on the greatest adventure that's ever existed, and I'll still watch over you and love you, just as I would here."

Danny considered, tears prickling at the edges of his eyes, then whispered, "I wish you didn't have to leave."

"I know, my boy." Mr. Klango whispered back. "I know."

They sat in silence for a second before Mr. Klango reached into his night-

stand and produced a little brown wrapped package.

"This is for you. You will know when to open it, know when the time is right. I love ever so much, but don't be worried about me, and don't be afraid to show the world who you are."

And with that, brown paper package in hand, they sat together between tears, smiles, and silence, until late into the night.

Three weeks later, Mr. Klango was gone. Danny knew this, with both great certainty and great regret, yet he still kept expecting to see him tending his garden or sitting in the old rocking chair, writing silly stories about rabbits who could knit and knights who were afraid of the dark.

He smiled at these memories, yet sadly accepted that they would never again be seen by the light of day. Days blended together, and everything began to feel meaningless and dark, until one day, he found a pinprick of light.

He was cleaning through his bedroom drawers when he found the little round package Mr. Klango had given him on that fateful day. He knew that this qualified as the right time.

He was about to tear off the paper when *bam!* He was thrown backwards by an unnatural gust of wind that flew through the open window. The little parcel was flung against the door and fell down an open air vent.

"No. No no no no no!"

Danny reached down the vent to feel nothing but cold air. It was a long chute down, and he couldn't see the bottom. He rocked anxiously on his heels, then remembered when he was six and had dropped his favorite toy (a little wooden fish) down a vent. Mr. Klango had taken the vent apart to get it back and made sure to show Danny all the pieces.

Danny ran to the garage and returned with a huge wrench and three screwdrivers. He set to work on the vent and soon got the cover off. He peered down into the hole, which was, as he suspected, at least three feet deep. *Why did they make it that deep?* He wondered.

Hesitantly, he stuck his hand down into the chasm. He couldn't reach the bottom, so he pulled his hand back up. As he went, he brushed something soft, its position almost purposeful. His fingers closed around it, and he yanked it up the rest of the way.

He peered down at the object in his hand, a small, fuzzy, black...

"Aah! Spider!" Danny dropped it, but realized, upon closer inspection, that it

was just a toy. A toy that he knew from a garden he loved.

Ten minutes later, he was dodging plant pots on his red bike as he sped towards a tall building. He hopped off the bike and tripped up the stairs in his haste. He pushed open the glass door and arrived in front of the rooftop garden.

Danny slowed as he walked into his father's single favorite place in the world. He gently set the spider on a shelf, where it had sat for as long as he could remember to scare away bugs, then walked slowly through the flower beds, looking at the vibrant snow peas, the delicate orchids, the flowering apples... and then he stopped. In front of him sat a flower bed that was simultaneously the most beautiful place on Earth and the saddest, because of all of the wonderful memories he had shared with his father that they would never share again. It was full to bursting with poppies and daisies and cherry petals and everything else, all tangled into a messy, beautiful ball.

He moved to a bench- no, not just a bench, *the* bench, the one he and his father had always sat on together to watch petals fall and pumpkins grow. The world moved on in the way it always does, where everything moves too slowly and then all of a sudden you have no time at all, and you have to run so that you won't be late to whatever important thing you had planned, but that bench stayed frozen in time.

Danny felt tears well in the corners of his eyes, but he was also conscious of a smile tugging at his mouth. He was here, in his father's favorite place, appreciating him and the world and all the time they'd spent together.

And there, beneath the warm sun, the cool breeze, and the trees letting go of their petals, he shed the tears he had been holding in for so long.

**Lucy Ford/Grade 6\***

**"MOMMY, I FOUND THE  
NEST!"**



# THE COUGAR

The Cougar, the Cougar  
How frightful!  
The Cougar, the Cougar;  
How spiteful!  
It rushes and it shrieks!  
It pounces and it seeks!  
For the unfortunate prey is dead.  
It no more can cry with dread.

Oh, and behold!  
The Cougar jumps some 15 feet.  
It drags a bison up a cliff,  
With not a problem if it's stiff.  
The Cougar, the Cougar;  
How dreadful.

Beware its shriek till morning,  
Beware its gaze of doom.  
For if not, you'll be resting in  
Your tomb.

Do not kill it, for nature needs,  
Its hunt will lower the flocks of bighorn and pronghorn.  
For if the Cougar dies, the vegetation will too.  
The Cougar, the Cougar;  
How Helpful!

# WINTER'S SONGBIRD



Chaitanya Gopi/Grade 6\*

# WILDFIRE

I saw a glimpse of a fire  
In meadows calm and green  
I saw a glimpse of a fire  
Waiting to be seen

Flora and fauna are running  
They bring hope and relief  
Although the fire is still burning  
They smile through clenched teeth

I saw a glimpse of a fire  
Moments away from the pond  
I saw a glimpse of a fire  
But it lost itself in blue by dawn

I watered every flower  
They grew day by day  
All regained their power  
And the fire stayed away

Wren Stewart-Gall/Grade 6\*

# GT PROGRAMS ARE IMPORTANT

Fargo Public Schools has a Gifted & Talented (GT) Education program. It is for kids who need challenges and require deeper learning experiences for their levels of learning. Any grade first through fifth can enter if their teacher allows them based on what they need. There is a reading GT class and there is also a math GT class. You can enter both classes if that is what you need. Gifted and Talented (GT) programs are important because some kids are needing advanced studies based on their learning levels.

Some students are bored in their classes. For example, the paces in their regular classes are too slow and teachers repeat skills too much. If students are bored, it is hard for them to learn because they tune out. Also instead of learning new skills you are just doing the same exact skills over and over again. GT students deserve new learning too!

Having a GT program lets students learn with students who are like them. GT students like to think deeply and discuss their thinking. They want to learn and go more quickly learning more information. For example, they feel similar and share more freely with one another. This matters because then they can have better achievement and better self esteem helping each other grow.

Finally, in GT you learn skills that are actually at or above your level of learning rather than just the grade level you are in. For example, GT programs use advanced courses in math and reading for students in Fargo Public Schools. This helps students to not be bored keeping them more active in their learning. They are also learning new things rather than reviewing skills they already know. After all, the mission statement of Fargo Public Schools states "FPS is committed to educating and empowering all students to succeed. This mission is achieved through a student-centered, equitable, and collaborative environment that focuses on providing rigorous instruction, fostering character development, and ensuring students are prepared for their futures including college, career, or military readiness."

In conclusion, Gifted and Talented programs are important for students to thrive and learn more.

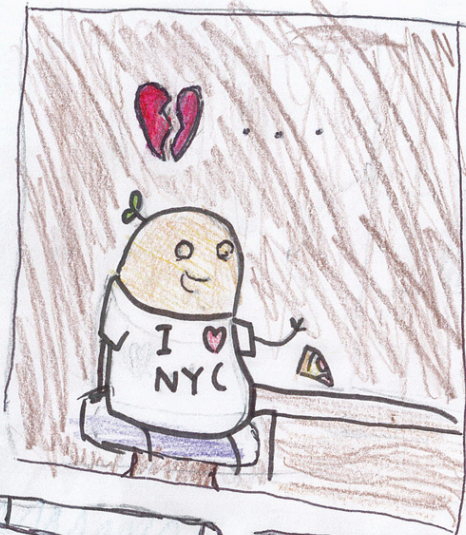
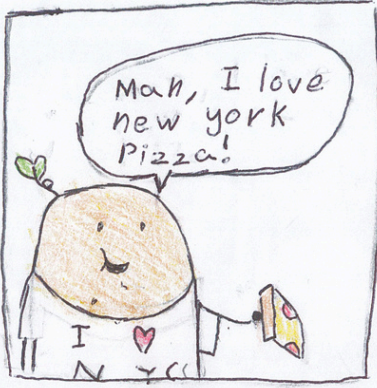
# LOVE IS IN THE AIR



Emrie Nygaard/Grade 4\*

# NEW YORK POTATO







Anton Trygstad Kerzman, Dwight Swanson, Calvin Miller, Josephine Mastel/  
Grade 5\*

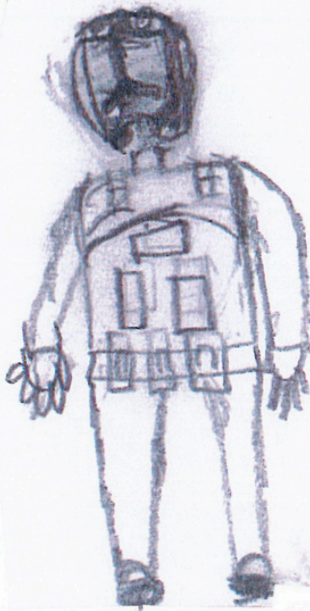
# MEXICO

Mexico calls to me,  
Calling from the Sea  
Sunrise after sunset  
I hope I never forget

Mexico's beach  
As soft as a peach  
Its sun so bright  
Almost as good as the night

**Vada Hoffman/Grade 3\***

# THE ROBOT



**Grady Fogel/Grade 4**

# DREAMS

Dreams

Dreams are ment  
to be chased even  
in the darkest place  
continue the  
chase

Never give up!  
People say you  
will achive it one  
day they always  
say  
continue the  
chase

even at the  
hardest place  
dont stay away  
continue the  
chase

ignor what  
people say  
continue  
the chase

**Bentleigh West/Grade 5**

# FARMING/AGRICULTURE

Did you know that there are many different ways to farm? In the book, "Civilizations and Empires" I learned that there are multiple different ways that you can farm. I'm going to be talking about the Maya, Aztec and the Inca's different ways of farming.

In this first paragraph I will be talking about the farming of the Maya civilization. This first technique they used was called slash and burn. Slash and burn is when the Maya cut down trees and then burn them down. After they slashed/cut down the trees and then burned them down they would grow new crops, and the leftover ashes gave nurturance to the soil. The next technique is they built canals in the low land and platforms above the canals. The reason that they needed the canals was that they get heavy rain during May through to December. BIG FACT. Did you know that the water in the canals was leftover rain water? This next technique is really smart. The smart part is that they use aquatic plants that keep the water clean and make shade for the fish that swam in the water. Some of the crops that the Maya grew were tomatoes,beans, squash,chili peppers,pumpkins,maize, and corn. These were the effective techniques that the Maya civilization used when they farmed.

In this next paragraph I will be talking about the Aztecs farming techniques. One thing the Aztec civilization did is they built gardens on Lake Texcoco. The Aztecs called the gardens Chinampas. What is a Chinampa? Well glad you asked because I have some information about it. First the Aztec scooped and piled layers of mud, and aquatic plants on top of one another. Similar to the Maya civilization, the Aztecs used the aquatic plants to keep the water clean. Another similarity between the Maya and the Aztec is they have some of the same things living in their canals. Here is a list of some things. Fish, and other aquatic plants and maybe some aquatic animals. The Aztec built bridges over the marshes and they grew some different types of variety of crops such as corn,beans,squash,tomatoes, amaranth,and chilies like the Maya.

In my last paragraph I will be talking about the Inca civilization. This first fact I find really important to the Inca. Potatoes. Potatoes provide food for the whole year. The Inca grew different types of potatoes. With the hot days and the cold nights it was perfect for freeze-drying the potatoes. How do you bake the potatoes? Well it is pretty simple. On the hot days the Inca baked the potatoes in the sun like an oven. And then the Inca froze them at night. This next fact is about all the different crops that the Inca grows. The Inca grew many different crops like potatoes,corn,chili peppers ,tomatoes and squash. This next technique is called terrace farming. Similar to the Maya and the

Inca, they made terraces/a hill side with steps. They made raised aqueducts and irrigated their crops with water. BIG FACT! Guess what the water the Inca used to water their crops with was from mountain springs. The terraces were used to trap water, to put a stop to erosion and run-off.

And those are the effective techniques that the Maya, Aztec, and Inca used when farming. All three of these different civilizations have similar and different ways to farm. I hope you learned something about the Maya, Aztec, or Incas farming ways.

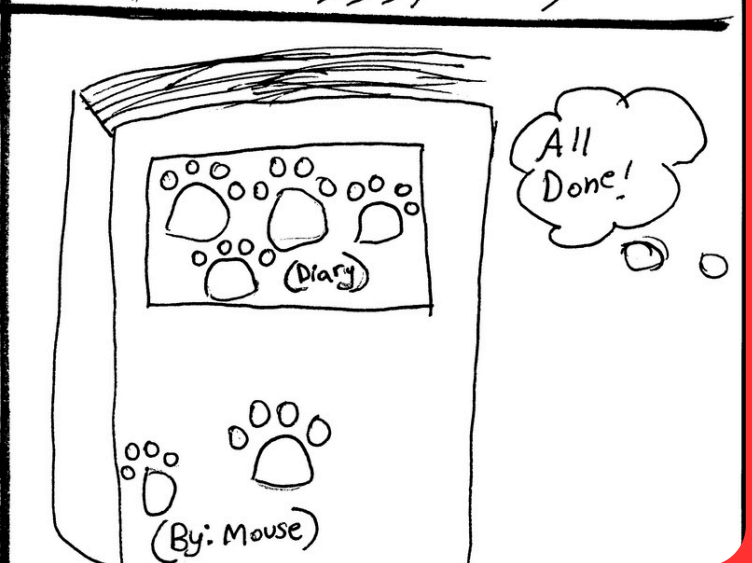
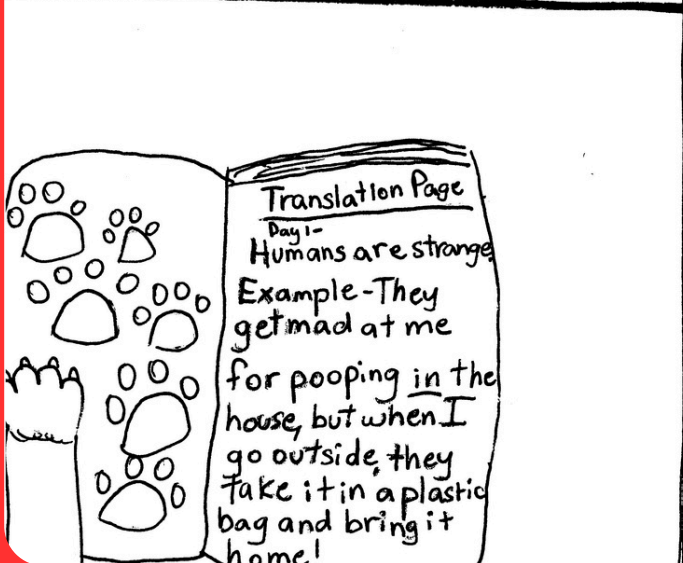
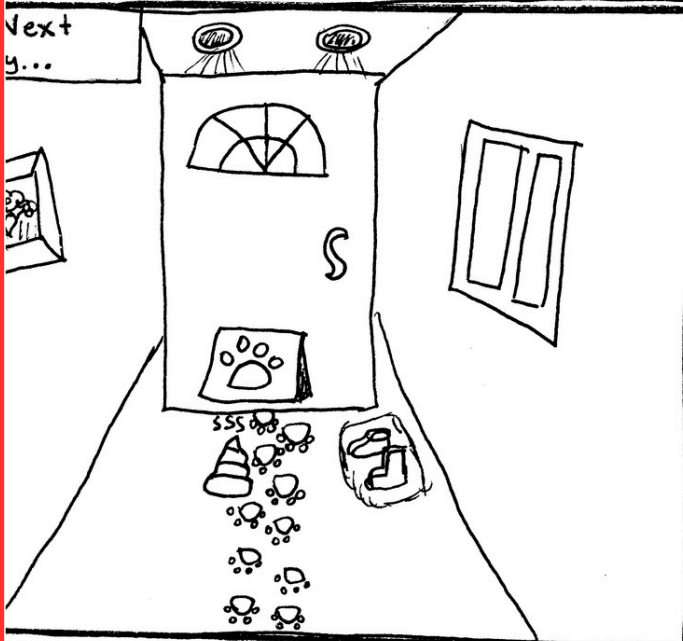
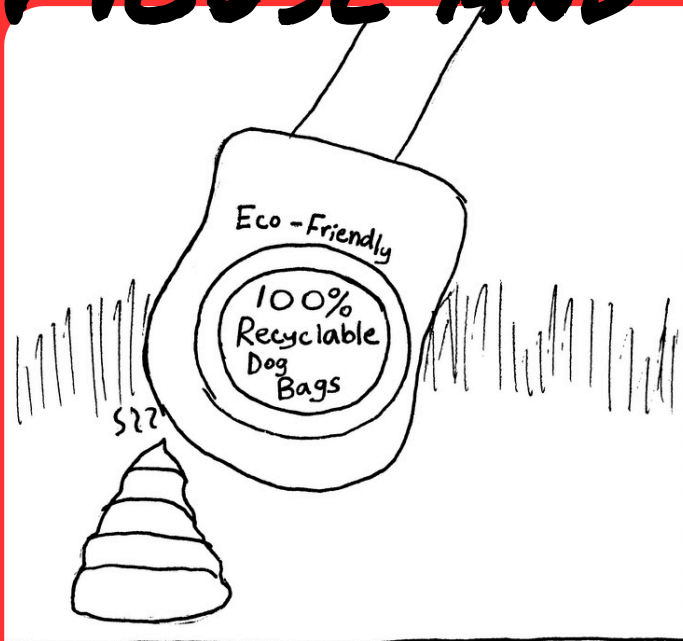
**Evelyn Ouren/Grade 5\***

## **THE BIG TRIP**



**Taeshawn Charles/Grade 5**

# MOUSE AND THE JOURNAL



# THE SELKIE, THE UNICORN, AND THE FAUN

Along the path we took today,  
We found a path along the way.  
With peppermint 'twas filled  
And joy-pops overspilled!

Saoirse the selkie and Ken the unicorn  
On another adventure in Ireland.  
A troll detoured us to a by-way,  
Until we all were lost (not planned!)

“Thank goodness I have my coat,” said Saoirse,  
“And I my sparkling mane,” said Ken.  
“Hey! I like your mane!” orated the troll.  
Then he clambered off and picked berries.

“You there! Who are you?” troll shouted.  
“I’m Shirah, the faun. These are my woods; Welcome!” She proclaimed.  
I was just taking my fish for a stroll.  
“Silver, meet the troll. Troll, please meet my dear fish, Silver, said Shirah, (cordially  
and with much vivacity and frivolity.)

Two giant, watery eyes greeted the troll.  
Back at camp, Saoirse and Ken had fallen asleep by a fire in the cave.  
“CRACKLE! SNAP! BOP!”  
The fire would not stop.

Three new friends arrived on the scene,  
Three hoods bursting, to the seams.  
With woodland berries, juicy and sweet  
To make a fine night out complete.

Shirah began, “What LOVELY Irish weather!”  
“Lambing weather, this is...” Ken joshed.  
“You’re kidding me,” chimed troll.  
“Whatever gets your goat,” scoffed Silver.

After supper, they all cozied up.  
Rain began.  
Steadily at first, then “Rup! Rupture! Sploosh!”  
The onslaught startled awake Saoirse.  
“Ken! What WAS that?” She asked.  
“Just the summer storm” - by the firelight, he basked.

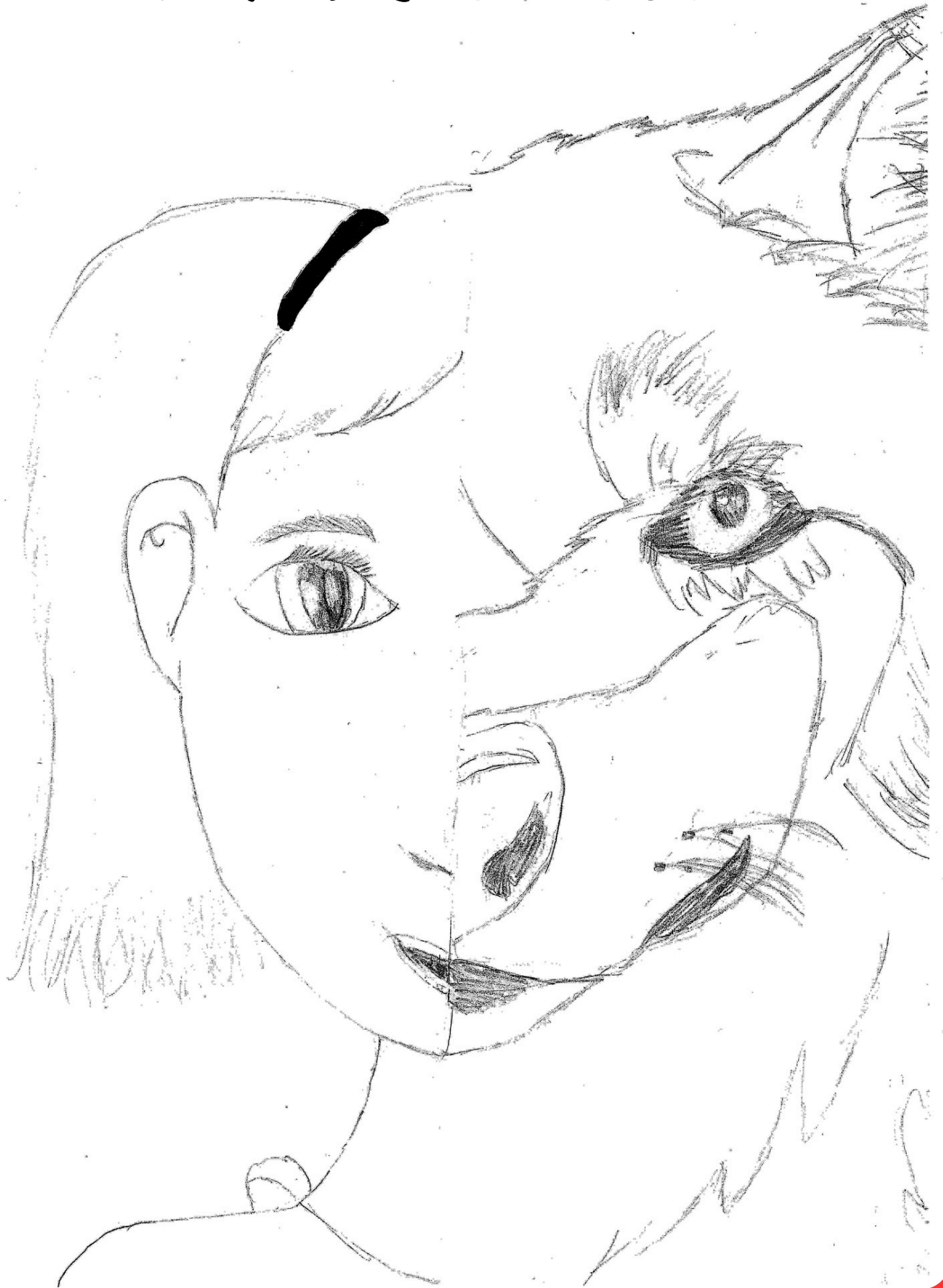
Ruby McConnell/Grade 1

## LAKE SUNSET



Matthew Burck/Grade 5\*

# MY TRUE SELF



# A POEM FOR MY DOG

I love my dog  
She loves me back  
With her big and wet kisses she keeps me on the right track  
She is a wonderful pet  
She loves to run and play  
Though she can't throw a basketball through a net  
She cuddles with me in bed at the end of the day  
Frisbees are one of her favorite toys  
She runs and leaps into the air to catch them  
Playing with her family is what she enjoys  
With her winning personality, she's really quite a gem  
Though this heartfelt poem is now done,  
my dear dog will always be #1

Eliana Erickson/Grade 6

# IN A WORLD WHERE LOVE EXISTS

In a world where love exists, rivals did not fight or throw their helmets but instead they gave polite handshakes and moved on.

In a world where love exists there was no war there was just peace and everyone worked together instead of being mean.

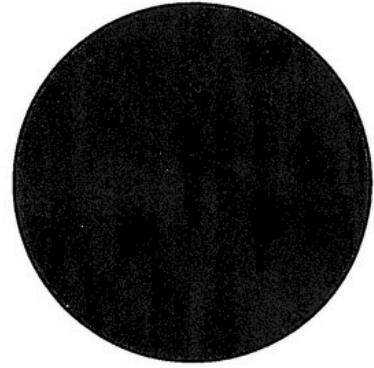
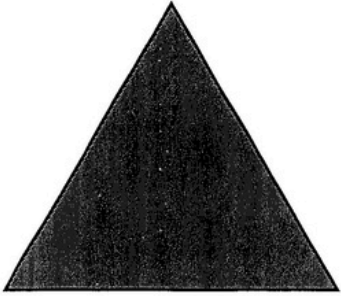
In a world where love exists people got along and said nice things instead of bringing each other down.

In a world where love exists we can be sad or mad sometimes without having people hold it against us for the rest of our lives

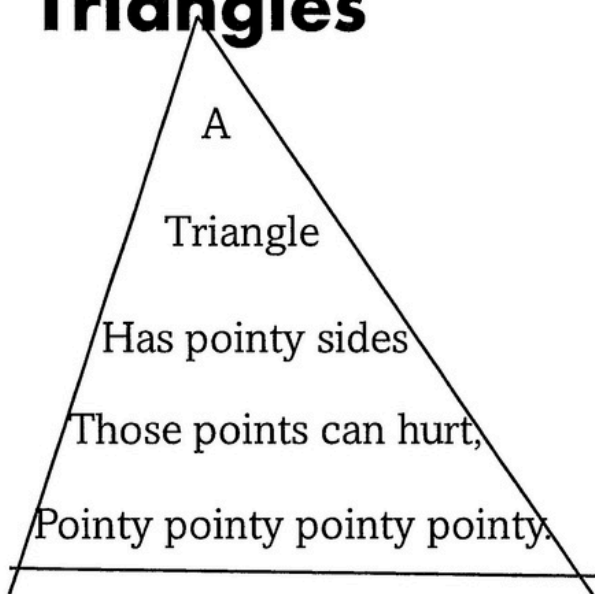
In our world love exists except there are still wars, people are still mean but that doesn't mean there's no love, there still is.

Kalie Tinjum/Grade 5

# TRIANGLES VS CIRCLES



## Triangles



Just like people,

Someone can

Hurt someone.

Just like points, On a triangle.

## Circles

**C**razy,

**I**rregular,

**R**ound,

(unlike triangles)

**C**alm,

**L**ike able,

**E**ndless,

**S**upreme, Just like people

can choose to be

# OPE

Beautiful green grass  
Rippling in the light breeze  
Waiting for the end.

-Mala



Nala Bonicelli/Grade 4\*

# ALL FOUR SEASONS

Snow falls like glitter.  
The pond is frozen solid.  
Winter is in the air.

Flowers bloom.  
Gross turns green.  
Spring is in the air.

The trees are green.  
Birds sing.  
Summer is in the air.

Leaves fall.  
Colors change.  
Autumn is in the air.

# RUBY'S ICE CREAM SHOPPE

My ice cream shop is amazing. The store is rectangular, with candy and lollipops adorning the storefront windows for all to see. When I bought the shop, it had pink and green striped walls, and silver stamped tin covering the ceiling. The floor was a vintage pink marble with white veins throughout. The original soda fountain from 1900 was covered in a thick coat of dust, but underneath sat a real gem!

Everyday on my way to school, I cast a long glance at the ice cream shop's storefront, imagining what I would do with it when I owned it. I stared at the old peppermint-vanilla sugar cone painted in a turn-of-the-century style on the front door, and dreamt of standing behind the counter, serving my loyal customers their favourite ice cream flavours and some of my newest creations.

Cordial Cherry Muffin was my newest flavour concoction; it came to me one winter day when I was enjoying a decadent cherry muffin for breakfast with a cup of hot cocoa. "Knock! Knock! Knock!" (Back to reality...) jump forward fourteen years and I'M KNOCKING ON THE DOOR of the same ice cream shop. I had an appointment with a local realtor for an Open House.

I had saved all my earnings I could from my lemonade stands and mowing many of my neighbors lawns, from the time I was five until now, as a nineteen-year-old freshly-graduated high schooler. Since there were no other offers at the open house, and with my available down-payment, I was quickly approved for a loan by the local bank!

*Thank You, God! My childhood dream is finally coming true!*

I am now a teenage entrepreneur, the first in my family. Because of my new shop, I am able to employ my family members in need of work, as well as some friends.

For our Grand Opening we served whimsical mermaid cupcakes and jelly bean ice cream (- a kaleidoscope of colours), to all our patrons, and one lucky winner won free ice cream for a year! It's been in our family five generations to this day, and I never knew how much joy my childhood dream would bring to so many people for such a long time. I give God all the credit for giving me the dream. So, If you ever find yourself in Glyndon, Minnesota, or your just headed to Fargo for some shopping, make sure to swing by Rebel's own "Ruby's Ice Cream Shop" with your friends and family for some hometown pride crafted in every serving of this Glyndon Rebel's labor of love.

# DAY AT THE BEACH



Oliver Lucht/Grade 5

# THE LOST TRIBE OF THE AMARA

Do you believe in magic? Some people do and some people don't. Either way you often wonder if it once existed. Well, this is your answer. In an old cave hidden in a country no one's heard about there was an ancient tribe. Many had died out after too many bad winters and failed crops but one thing the last of them relied on was one sole thing. Magic. Their ancestors had used it to create beautiful things. Winged creatures and people with fishtails. The tribe managed to live peacefully until newcomers arrived and hunted them all down. With no magical creatures their ancestors were forced to hide their magical abilities and suffered. Now their people live in caves hiding their magic from the world. A singular boy named Judah was busy gathering water from a muddy stream. He grimaced at the sight of dirty water. His tribe had limited water access, so this was their best bet. He glanced at the sky noticing that the strands of magic floating above the caves were almost translucent. See when people are using magic you can see it in forms of strands. The stronger it is the more colorful it is. Judah's brows creased in worry. The magic his tribe used was getting weaker. This was bad because his tribe relied on it to survive. Without it well there would be no more Amarians the name of Judah's tribe. Judah lugged the bucket of water up the hill where the caves rested atop. Judah stopped at the doorway where there was a protective symbol painted over the top. Judah bowed his head down and clasped his hands mumbling ancient words from the Amarian lost language. "Anu graham" he mumbled, shutting his eyes closed. It is customary to pray for Amara the magic goddess blessing whenever you go through a door with the symbol. Inside the cave it was as cozy as one could make a cave.

Judah's Ama turned around her smile bright and comforting. She held out her arms pecking his cheek as he passed by. Judah set the bucket of water on the ground "Where is Aita?" asked Judah. "Talking with some council leaders." His ama answered avoiding his gaze. Judah sighed. His father was a part of the Amarian council. They had been meeting a lot lately talking about the magic. It scared everyone how much it was weakening so fast. Judah plopped down on a chair stuffing a flat disk of bread in his mouth. Then he went to his part of the cave that had a curtain over part of it for privacy. Judah collapsed onto his bed and settled back comfortably. Judah heard his Aita come home and his ama greet him. "Judah!" called his ama "We are going to talk about somthings with the council. Stay here, ok?" Judah nodded popping his head out of his room "Ok Aita Ama I'll stay here." His parents left and Judah decided to go on a star walk. It was a special thing he did sometimes when he felt particularly worried or scared. Judah walked along a cliffside seeing the valley below him faint magic strands sparkling in the dark. He stopped at

the top of a hill. Mountains towered above him and his village hidden in the dark sparkled below him. Judah always came here. He exhaled slowly, breath fogging the air in front of him. Judah tried to adjust himself but lost hold. He yelped as he slid down into darkness on the side of the hill. He rolled and bumped until he hit something hard coming to a stop. Judah groaned holding his head as he was inspecting himself for injuries. He seemed to be fine, so Judah stood up unsteadily. He was about to start heading back to the trail home when a red pulsing caught his attention. It was a little metal thing shaped like a big easter egg. It had intricated metal carvings on it depicting shamans and witches. All had one thing in common though. They all had a mark on their left wrist. Judah thought it was strange as all the old tales the grandma's told never included any mark. Neither did any of the tribe members have it.

Judah check his own wrist. Nothing. Judah curiously tried opening the egg thing. It didn't budge. It had an unhealthy red glow to it and every few seconds it would pulse steady. It was different from the magic strands which was gentle shimmer. This was an unnatural glow, a force of nature that should have remained untouched. Judah began to feel uneasy and stood up "I'm going home." He said to no one. Judah shoved the egg thing in his pocket. He started walking and noticed the time. The meeting would be letting out soon. Judah winced and ran home the heavy egg thing in his pocket. Judah bolted into the cave and flung back the curtain, shoving the egg thing under his bed. A second later his Ama and Aita came tense and quiet. Not much was said that night and Judah fell asleep mind wandering all over the place. In the morning Judah woke up with a rumbling stomach and a fresh mind. Judah stewed over breakfast so lost in thought his mother had to physically shake him out of his trance. "Judah you have to go to prep today." Judah's ama said. Judah groaned annoyed. He hated prep. It was boring, all they did was talk about old tribe history and magic tales. He wanted to explore yet couldn't. His Ama clicked her teeth "Don't give me that it's important to learn how to handle magic." "But Ama we don't even do magic. We just talk about it and discuss boring things." "Well, you're going like it or not." Judah sighed knowing that his conversation was over.

He trudged to prep head down thinking about the heavy egg thing. He wondered exactly what it was and what those marks were. Judah sat down at his spot immediately zoning out of pure instinct. After a torturous 4-hour prep was finally done for the day and Judah practically sprinted home. His Ama was out gathering food for the village and his Aita was busy doing something with the council. Judah

swept an arm under his bed finding the heavy egg thing. After rooting around he found a hammer. Judah being a curious kid with no sense of thinking things through lugging the egg on the table and raising hammer above his head. He took a deep breath and brought down the hammer. The egg split open with a powerful force too powerful to be normal. The impact made Judah fly backward. Judah sat up from the ground watching in horror as red smoke and quiet whispers seemed to bleed from the egg. Judah ran backward stumbling as the red smoke glittered in the sun. Judah realized that this was black magic. Someone was trying to hurt the Amarian magic with dark magic. They must have known someone like Judah would have found the egg and opened it. Red ribbons of magic slithered out of the cave heading straight for the council meeting place. This was bad because when the council met, they were part of the magical bond the Amarian tribe had with magic. If the dark magic managed to break up or destroy the council, the Amarians would be left with no magic meaning certain death since they had no real survival skills. Judah looked around desperately at something to break the dark magic with. He was panicking, finding nothing until his Ama's words floated through his head *if you are in danger with dark magic, use the symbol of Amara the goddess*. Of course. That was it.

Judah ran to the altar his Ama had made in tribute to Amara and grabbed a small wooden figure of the prayer Anu Graham. He ran down the hill spotting the dark magic slithering to the cave where the council sat discussing something. Judah ran forward to the council cave. But the dark magic was faster. It snaked around the members who were unaware of the magic. Judah opened his mouth to cry out to say anything, but it was too late. The dark magic swallowed the members whole consuming them. With all the new power the dark magic roared its black and red mass covering the village. Judah held on tight to the wooden figure mumbling the blessing repeatedly. But it didn't work. A loud explosion echoed through the world loud enough that everyone heard it even if they didn't realize it. In the wake of the magic's fury lay a small wooden figure burnt fingerprints embedded in it. The entire tribe died and, on that day, so did all magic. It disappeared from the world leaving no wonder no magical miracles. Just emptiness when what should have been a wonderful world. Amara the goddess disappeared from all documentation of her. The story covered up never told never talked about. Until now.

And you might be wondering "who was behind destroying magic?" And that readers is for you to decide.

# CUTE KITTY DRAGON



# HEART OF THE FOREST



# ABE LINCOLN AND HIS OCEAN

## FRIENDS



# I FOUND MY SISTER INSIDE A SNOWGLOBE

My little sister had been missing for one month. She had disappeared during Thanksgiving dinner, which had been held at my grandparents house. No one in my family could find her. Now, it was Christmas day and I was back on the farm where my grandparents lived.

I leapt out of my parents car, then turned around and grabbed our home-made pumpkin pie, wrapped in tinfoil, from the car seat. The seat where my sister was supposed to be. I looked down at the snow, a lump forming in my throat. *Don't cry, don't cry, don't cry.* I thought as I rapidly tried to calm myself. *This is a once-a-year celebration. Everyone is going to be joyful and stuffing themselves full of food and you can't be crying! I clenched my free hand into a fist, now angry at myself for being such a loser. The only time you're supposed to be crying on Christmas is if you get an amazing gift! All of this that has happened is horrible and not a gift! So stop crying and bring in the pie!*

I forced myself to look up at my grandparents' house. It was a small, brown house that you would normally see in a movie. Fences, snow-covered hay bales and, in the distance, a bright red barn surrounded the house.

My mom, a tall, brown haired woman, suddenly appeared beside me, carrying a bowl of mashed potatoes. She kicked snow at me playfully. "Come on! Don't be so down in the dumps! It's Christmas!" She smiled, nearly dropping the mashed potatoes.

"At least it's not Thanksgiving for another eleven months," I grumbled.

Mom stared at me for a bit. She cupped a hand around her ear. "Sorry, I didn't catch that! I don't speak Grumpy Teenager!"

I didn't respond. Instead, I just walked towards the dreaded house...

"Cheers!" Uncle Jeff said as he held up his apple cider.

My grandparents, Mom, Dad, and Aunt Mary enthusiastically held up their various cups of holiday drinks. "Cheers!" they responded.

My older cousin, Ellie, lay on the floor of the kitchen, a hand on her stomach. "Man, I am stuffed! That was a lot of food!"

*I knew it.* I thought. *People are stuffing themselves full of food.*

"Ellie, kid, you had a piece of turkey and a scoop and half of corn," Grandpa said. "I could eat ten times that and still not be full!" He chortled.

"Hey!" Grandma stormed over. "You're getting my floor all dirty! Up, up, shoo!" Grandma waved Ellie off her floor, which had been dirty years before she was ever on it.

I watched it all in silent anger. *How is everyone acting so normal?! Marie has been missing for a month and got lost here! Do they not care?!* I glanced around, a startling stab of pain washing over me.

I had been sitting at the kid's table, which really was only me now, in a neon green plastic chair that was about a foot off the ground. When I had glanced around, I spotted a bookshelf behind me that was about twice as tall as the chair. On it was a red snowglobe, dangerously close to teetering off the edge of the bookshelf and breaking into a million pieces.

I picked it up to examine the carefully painted gold pattern on the plastic base of the globe. The pattern was similar to ocean waves. The inside of the snowglobe looked to be a replica of the small red barn my grandparents owned and the hay bales surrounding it. A large shovel was leaned up against the barn door. That was the only object not on the real-life farm. I turned the globe so the bottom faced me. The base of the globe was hollow and without a bottom, but a thin-looking piece of plastic separated the glass of the globe from the cheap plastic base.

Abruptly, I heard a thump from inside the snowglobe. *Oh no!* I panicked. *I broke something inside the snowglobe!* I quickly set it back down on the bookshelf and looked around to see if anyone had noticed. I didn't see anyone looking at me oddly, so I assumed I was safe and stuffed a piece of turkey in my mouth.

After the meal, I needed to get some fresh air. I grabbed my coat and slipped into my shoes.

"Where do you think you're going, young lady?" my dad said sternly.

"Outside," I replied. "I need some air." Without waiting for him to give me permission, I stepped outside and shut the door behind me.

I stood for a moment, admiring the beauty of the snow sitting on the tree branches. I strolled forward and my foot crunched in the snow. *Crunch, crunch, crunch, crunch.* Then I felt my foot hit a piece of ice hidden in the snow. Before I could catch myself, I tumbled to the ground.

After a while, I sat up. A nine-year-old girl stood in front of me. Her brown hair waved in the wind. When she saw me, her mouth curved upward in a grin. She

hugged me.

"Big sister!" my little sister, Marie, exclaimed. "We're in a snowglobe!"

I barely heard her. My sister, who had been missing for a month, was hugging me. I couldn't believe it. I hugged her back, tears blurring my vision.

"Big sister!" Marie said again. "Did you not hear me? I said we're in a snowglobe!"

I let go of her, saying nothing and letting her words sink in. "What?!" I yelled. It echoed. I realized where we were now was an exact copy of the inside of that snowglobe on my grandparents' bookshelf.

We were next to the bright red barn, with the white barn doors closed. Hay bales formed a protective barrier on the other three sides of the barn and a gray snow shovel with a wooden handle was propped up against the doors. In the far distance, I could see a wall of glass and beyond it: people. Uncle Jeff and Aunt Mary, Mom, Dad, Cousin Ellie, Grandma and Grandpa.

I felt the wet, cold snow being absorbed by my clothing. The air smelt like cheap plastic and tasted like a new toothbrush, with the flavor of the factory still clinging to it. I couldn't hear much- only the quiet chatter of people outside; beyond the glass.

I knew that we had to get out of here.

"Marie," I commanded. "Grab that snow shovel." I pointed to the shovel by the barn. "And find a rock of some sort."

She grabbed the objects and came back over to me. "What are you going to do, Big Sister?"

I told her my plan. "I'm going to dig through the snow with the shovel, then take the rock and use it to break the glass of the snowglobe. I could use the rock to break the plastic too, because it looked really cheap when I had observed it."

"*Oh yeah*, the thump you heard in the snowglobe? That was me falling and hitting the glass. It hurt," Marie said.

"How could I have known that you were in here?"

"Be smarter next time!" she scowled.

"Alright," I said. I grabbed the shovel and began to dig through the snow. I placed the dug up snow in a pile on my right. Marie jumped in it.

*Dig, dig, dig.* My arms ached. *Dig, dig, dig.* My face was cold; like, *really* cold.

*Dig, dig, ding!* A metallic sound was made as the shovel hit the glass of the globe.

I picked up the rock and smashed it against the glass with the energy I still had. It chipped. I hit it again. It shattered. I scooped up the pieces with the shovel and put them in a pile far away so Marie wouldn't cut herself on any of the shards.

Now all that was left was the plastic. I prepared to whack the rock against the plastic, but Marie stopped me.

"Big Sister, can I do it this time? You look tired."

I was really tired. "Alright, Marie." I handed her the rock.

She lifted the rock above her head, then dropped it. *Crack!* "Big Sister! It broke!" She smiled, like she had just received the best Christmas present in the world.

"Great job, Marie! Now, just go down the hole in the globe like you're going down a slide at the park."

She slipped into the hole. I didn't hear any cries from her, so I followed after her, nervously. I slid into the hole.

For a moment, I felt like I was flying. Or maybe falling. I can't say for sure. Then I hit the ground, harder than when I had fallen in the snowglobe.

"Big Sister! We're back on Grandma and Grandpa's farm!" Marie was kneeling in front of me when I looked up.

"Yep, we're back," I muttered, standing and brushing the snow off of me. "Now, we just have to figure out how to explain to the family that *you're* somehow back here."

"Just tell them we were in a snowglobe!" she waved her little arms in the air, excited.

I scoffed. "Like they'd believe that."

We walked back inside my grandparents' house. I took a deep breath. "Hey, guys," I said hesitantly. "So, I may have found Marie in the woods behind the barn--"

My grandma ran over to Marie, squeezing her so tight it looked like she might explode. "Oh, Marie, dear, we were so worried about you!" she exclaimed.

Mom ran over, externally calm, but her eyes were filled with worry. "*Where* were you and *how* on earth did you get lost?"

"I was in a snowglobe!" Marie chirped.

The room was silent for a moment.

"Kid, I think you need to see a doctor," Grandpa said.

"Well, you should feed the thing first," Ellie came over and dragged Marie into the kitchen. "How did you not starve?"

"I didn't get hungry."

"I'm not sure that's how it works..."

"And I ate the snow when I got thirsty."

Ellie looked disgusted.

In the kitchen, I'm pretty sure I saw a few pieces of broken snowglobe glass on the floor. I smiled to myself.

Grandma walked to the fridge. "Time for dessert!" She took our home-made pumpkin pie out of the fridge. She turned and saw the broken glass. "*Which one of you broke my snowglobe?*" she shrieked.

I smirked. "That's probably how Marie got out of the snowglobe," I shrugged. It was definitely the best Christmas ever. The Christmas when I found my missing little sister inside of a snowglobe.

**Ava Hamilton/Grade 6\***

## **ANDY AND HIS THRILLING ADVENTURE**

Andy was outside next to the door leading to the garage using his sleek wooden sword his dad had carved for him. Andy is a boy who lived in the 2000s. He was 8 years old on April 26, 2001. He was out under the crystal-clear sky with all the beautiful bluejays and babies singing their morning tunes. The grass was lavish green and the first blossoms were blooming. You would think that Andy would be calm and content outside in the warm sun. Well, he was not. He was fuming next to the old yellow house at the intersection of Perry Lane and 26<sup>th</sup> Street. He was next to the garage door, and he was fuming about what his brother, Samuel, had told him when he confided in him that he desired to be a knight. "A knight?!: Good grief, have fun, knighty," said Samuel laughing. Andy stomped around, furious, right next to their little red car. "I'll show him!" He exclaimed. He quickly forgot his anger because it is hard to stay mad for very long on a beautiful day like this. Andy was basking in the sun, imagining he was a knight and that the door to the garage led to a vast battlefield. He looked back at the little red car but did not see it. Instead, he pretended he spotted a

knight. The boy shouted, "On guard!" The knight did not move. "What's the matter with you? I shouted, On guard!" He still did not move. "You don't think I could be a knight either, do you?" The knight shook his head, "Arrr!" The boy kicked the door and suddenly he glanced at the knight (the car) and realized the car had a little pipe on the side that looked like a sword's hilt. It reminded him of jousting. Andy felt like he was not a boy with a wooden sword next to a door anymore; he was much more.

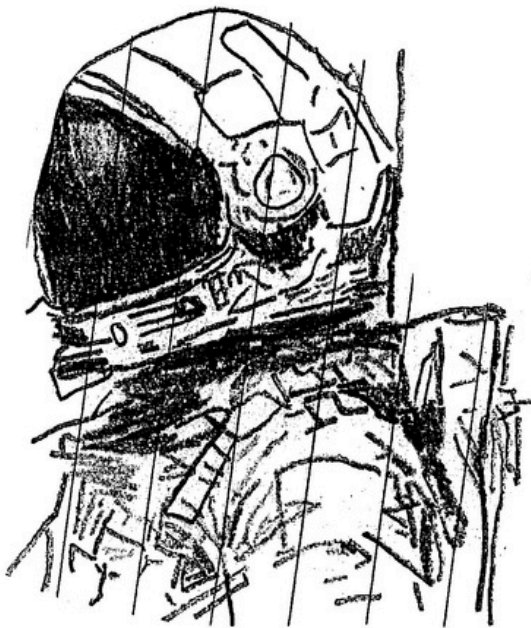
The boy felt like he was needed on the battlefield with the knights, so he opened the door and, suddenly, Andy was thrown into a whirlpool going back in time, but soon after he found his way back to the present. "Phew" he murmured, but Andy had forgotten to shut the magical door. All of a sudden, two knights came tumbling out of the portal, clearly from a different era. One wore silver armor that was not very heavy, and he was clothed in fiery red cloth. The second knight wore a vague yellow tunic, was heavily dressed with a plume on his silver helmet, and his armor was charcoal silver. The knights began to joust. Andy was fascinated. Andy, who was thrilled about all of this, desired to join. So, he quickly summoned his trusty steed (aka his baby brother dressed as a horse). He was an ok steed. However, there was one problem. Andy's baby brother, Jacks, desired to be a cow. He loved; I mean loved cows! So, instead of acting like a horse, he acted like a cow eating grass and mooing all over the place! This was embarrassing for Andy as his steed was mooing like a cow. Andy's parents declared it was just a stage. Andy hoped so as he cannot have a steed like that. The reason Andy dressed Jacks up as a horse was because his parents would not allow a real horse-boo! So, he had to improvise. It was not the best, but it was fine. Andy found a tent with armor, but none would fit. Andy was stuck in the armor for about 25 minutes trying to get it off. By the time he got back, they were halfway through the joust. The magical door, the knights, and the jousting were all fascinating to Andy, the boy.

The knights, who were jousting fiercely, both came from different times so they did not understand each other. Because of this, they imagined the other was trying to take over. Suddenly, the red knight knocked the yellow knight over. With a crash, the red knight drew his sword ready to kill, but Andy would not let them kill each other. So he intervened just in time, crashing his sword right in between both knights. The boy shouted, "You can fight all you desire, but you may not kill!" The

knight chuckled, "Get out of the way. You and your stupid brother, like he could ever be a cow." Little Jacks got very angry and launched himself at the knight clawing, slobbering, biting and occasionally mooing. The red knight howled in pain and lurched for the door. Andy helped the yellow knight. The yellow knight thanked Andy and Jacks while petting him and muttering things like, "Good cow", "Taught that guy a lesson, eh?" and chuckling through it all. Then he thanked Andy, "Thank you son. I will forever be indebted to you. You have the heart of a true soldier. Goodbye, I have to go now. Farewell." Then he gave his gleaming sword to Andy, declaring, "Now I bestow upon this brave soul my sword of light. Remember, always do the right thing," and with that he left. Abruptly, the boy woke up with a start and found himself on the ground in the sunlight. Andy wondered, "Was it all a dream?" then he spied something gleaming on the grass. There he found two golden chains with words on it that read, "Sir Andy and Sidekick Jacks." Andy smiled happily to himself. Maybe it was not a dream. The knight and the fierce joust-everything about it was thrilling. Andy hoped that someday he, Jacks, and the yellow knight would have even more thrilling adventures together.

**Vivian Dahl/Grade 4\***

## **ASTROSPACE**



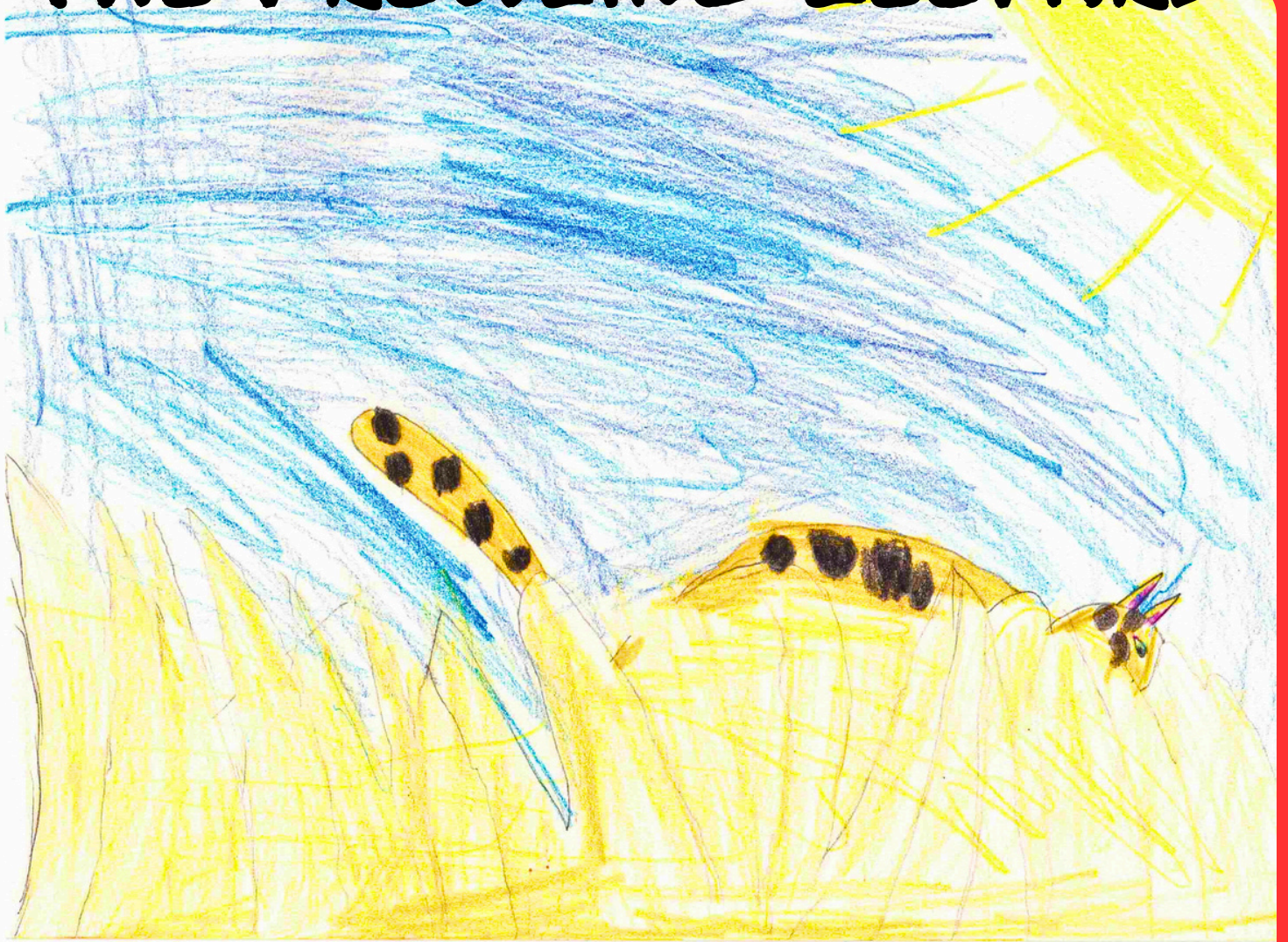
**Tahmeedul Islam/Grade 5\***

## **HOLLAND, MI**

I am from fire flies  
to Tulip Time  
From The Action House  
to grandparents house  
From crepes and nutella  
to Papanen, Nana, Onya  
From up late talking  
to beaches and walking  
From monkey bread  
to lying in bed  
From eating sprinkles  
to smiling dimples  
From peanuts and candy  
to music and laughing  
I am from holland

**Thessaly Freestone/Grade 6**

# THE PROWLING LEOPARD



Afton Ford/Grade 3

# DENIS THE SAD RABBIT



# SITA AND THE GLOWING CRYSTAL

Once upon a time, there was a girl named Sita. Sita had black hair and brown eyes. One Wednesday, Sita decided to sit on the grass in her backyard. She saw something shiny. It was a purple crystal. "Ooh that's so pretty," said Sita. She touched the crystal, and it started glowing.

She found herself in a forest. She saw a beautiful, red fox, and it was licking her. "Where am I?" asked Sita. "You are in the forest of light," said the fox. "Who are you?" said Sita. "I'm Lavender," said the fox. "What a pretty name," said Sita. "I will show you around," said Lavender. First, they saw Owl Cove. Next, they saw Crystal Lake. Finally, they saw Animal Wonderland. "Wow, this is beautiful," said Sita.

They found themselves back at Crystal Lake. "Many crystals grow here," said Lavender. "What kind is this one?" asked Sita. It was the same kind of crystal she saw in her backyard. "That's Purple Midnight. It's very rare," said Lavender.

"Can it do anything special?" asked Sita. "It can send you here," said Lavender. "I think it sent me here," said Sita. "You should get back home," said Lavender. "I bet your parents miss you," said Lavender. "How do I get back home?" asked Sita. "You need Heidi Rose. It's a crystal that sends you home but only once," said Lavender. They found some Heidi Rose, and Sita got sent back home.



# PINKY GETS ADOPTED

Once there was a poodle puppy, named Pinky. She lived at a pet shelter in South Carolina. Pinky wanted to get adopted, but nobody wanted her because she was pink. Everyone thought she was weird because she was not a normal looking poodle. Every day, the moment the shelter opened, Pinky waited and hoped with all her heart, that she would get adopted. But every day, she would get disappointed. Everyone wanted the golden retrievers, collies, dalmatians, and labradors. But Pinky always tried her best to look cute and lovable, so maybe someone would notice and adopt her.

One Saturday morning, Pinky was sadly gazing at the door, waiting for someone to open it. "I might never get adopted. But I'm gonna try to." Pinky told herself. Then she saw one of the employees unlock the door. There was a lot of people coming through the door. Pinky thought that since there were so many people, maybe one of them would adopt her.

A little girl walked into the pet shelter with her parents. her name was Kayla and she was seven. Her favorite color was pink. She loved pink so much that almost everything she owned was pink. She had a pink room, pink stuffed animals, pink slippers, a pink bathrobe, pink sunglasses and a lot of other things that were pink! Even everything she wore was pink. She loved every shade of pink.

Today, Kayla was wearing a light pink sundress with her brown hair up in a ponytail with a matching pink hair tie. Even her sandals matched. Kayla seemed to have every pink thing she wanted, but she was missing one thing- a pink puppy. The day before, she had begged her parents to bring her to the pet shelter to try to find a pink puppy. Her parents agreed to take her, but her mother told her it would be highly unlikely to find a pink dog. Her parents agreed to take her to a pet shelter to adopt a puppy because they wanted her to have a friend to play with since they moved a lot because Kayla's dad was in the Air Force. And Kayla was an only child.

Kayla walked through a row of kennels with different breeds of dogs. There was a kennel of dalmatian puppies all sleeping on top of each other.

"Do any of these little cuties catch your eye?" Kayla's mother asked her. Kayla thought

they were cute, but none of them were pink.

"No," Kayla answered.

Kayla kept walking down the aisle. She saw many kennels with labs, retrievers, and collies, but none of them caught her eye. Kayla sighed when she reached the end of the aisle.

"Mommy, maybe you're right. Maybe there is no such thing as pink puppies." Kayla said disappointedly.

Kayla said she wanted to leave and they were just about to walk out the door when Kayla saw a flash of pink in a kennel in the back of the store. Kayla let go of her mom's hand and walked over to the kennel. She peered through the gaps between the metal bars of the kennel. She gasped when she saw what was inside. She saw a little poodle puppy that was pink! Pinky looked up at the little girl with curiosity and hopefulness. Would she adopt her?

"Oh, Mommy! I found the perfect dog!" Kayla squealed with delight. An employee and Kayla's parents joined Kayla at the kennel.

"Oh, my goodness! What breed of dog is that?" Kayla's mom exclaimed. She protectively pulled Kayla away from the kennel.

"I think the *real* question is- is that even a dog?" Kayla's dad said perplexedly.

"This is Pinky. She is a poodle puppy." The employee laid her hand on the kennel.

"That thing is a poodle?!" Kayla's mom exclaimed, astonished.

"What happened to her fur? Did she dump a bucket of pink dye on herself? Kayla's dad asked jokingly.

"We don't know what happened. We found her like this when she was four weeks old." The employee answered.

"Where did you find her?" Kayla asked.

"We found her and her family in an abandoned storage unit. The police had been getting calls from locals saying they were hearing constant barking and whining inside. So the police contacted us and we went to see what the fuss was about. When we went inside we found a whole litter of puppies in there. Ten puppies in all. But sadly, the mother had died. But all the puppies were healthy." The employee replied.

"Aww. What were you guys like when you saw Pinky?" Kayla smiled.

"I was kind of worried because none of her brothers and sisters were pink. I thought she must've had a disease or something, so I brought her to the vet. The vet said she was healthy but they couldn't explain why she had pink fur." The employee gazed at Pinky.

Kayla turned and looked up at her parents. "Mommy? Daddy? Can I please get Pinky? I promise I'll take very good care of her." Kayla asked pleadingly.

Her mom and dad looked at each other thoughtfully. Kayla's dad silently nodded at his wife. Kayla's mom sighed and looked down at Kayla.

"Well, Pinky does seem like a very sweet and lovable dog....." She started.

"Fine. Yes, we can adopt Pinky." She finished.

:Hooray!" Kayla cheered happily. The employee unlocked the kennel and let Pinky out.

Pinky was so happy she jumped up and down, chased her tail, and licked Kayla's face. She barked with glee.

Kayla's parents signed a couple papers and bought a couple supplies, like leashes, puppy food, toys, and grooming supplies.

Kayla held Pinky on her lap in the car all the way home. Pinky was so happy. She thought she would never get adopted. Now, she finally was.

The End.

**Eliana Erickson/Grade 6\***

## **FOUR GIRLS IN A PIRATE WORLD!**

Chapter one; One day four girls (Laila, Lilack, Victoria and Rose) were playing inside and playing with barbies in Victoria and Rose's house.

Chapter two; Rose was in love with pirates. Victoria liked being the boss of her little sister Rose, but she still really loved her. Lilack wore earrings and was very smart. Laila liked cat's.

Chapter three; They were playing with barbies when Rose found a magical book. When they opened the book they got sucked inside! When they woke up they were on a pirate ship.

Chapter four; Then they saw a bunch of pirates dancing all around. When Rose saw all of the pirates dancing, she went and walked over and started dancing too! The dance that the pirates were doing was the polly want a cracker jig.

Chapter five; When all of a sudden.....a pirate swung in and stole Rose! Victoria yelled stop but it was no use she was gone. One of the pirates said that maybe if we listen we will hear Rose. They listened and they did hear Rose yelling help by the river.

Chapter six; Victoria says that they should ask the pirates if they could borrow their ship so they could sail down the stream to look there. Everyone agrees that they should do that.

Chapter seven; So they adventured on down the river to go find Rose. As they go

down the river Laila sees a green alligator in the river and it gives her the shivers but just as she was going to tell Victoria.....a pirate says that there is a waterfall up ahead! Laila tells Victoria about the alligators and Victoria tells everyone to grab a rope and catch an alligator and tie it to the ship so they can motor out of there and get out of there so they can get to dry land.

Chapter eight; When they get to dry land Lilac sees rose in a meadow of daisies. The three girls go run to Rose and give her a big hug. As the girls smell the daisies Rose takes a big smell of it and they get sucked home.the end

**Cynthia Halie/Grade 3\***

# **BLOOMING FLOWERS**



**Piper Hubin/Grade K\***

# THE TROLL'S LESSON

One day there was a troll who was sad that the townspeople called him weird names. Each time they did it he got more mad. So he thought of a plan to steal all of their valuables. "I will take everything they've got!", the Troll said.

So he started to come up with a plan. That night he stole all of their valuables! In the morning the townspeople were wondering where their savings went. The naughty Troll did not care when the townspeople called him names because he reminded them their stuff was stolen.

As time went by they were suspicious because the troll didn't care as much as he used to. They asked the troll if he knew about their stuff missing. He said, "I don't know anything about your stuff." But the people were still suspicious, so they decided to ask where he lived and he said, "I live at the bridge of course!". So the suspicious townspeople went to the bridge, but they did not find one piece of their gold or anything else under the bridge! So the townspeople went back to town clueless...

But one of the townspeople knew what to do. He said to the people that they were calling him mean names so he was hiding their stuff so they would feel the same way.

All the townspeople agreed not to call him weird names anymore to the troll said "Fine, but do you promise?"

They all said "YES!". So the troll revealed to them his secret hiding spot and that night they all had a good time!

THE MORAL OF THE STORY: TREAT OTHERS THE WAY YOU WISH TO BE TREATED! :).

**Ashton Finneman/Grade 3\***

# THE OTHER SIDE



Bo Clarke/Grade 3\*

# BEHIND THE SCENES

In a world filled with people there was this one girl named Alena and her mom. Alena and Mom were sitting together on the couch, she realised it was time for school and did not want to be late, but there was a mysterious fire that she did not know of. She was in the bathroom, as the fire spread closer and closer to her she did not notice until Alena started smelling a strange smoke-like smell. Then her phone dropped, she leaned down to pick up her phone. There she noticed the fire but it was too late. She started to feel dizzy and collapsed, she woke up in the hospital, it was day time and she did not know what had happened, there was a telephone on the wall nearby so she picked it up and dialed her parents phone number. A few minutes later they responded crying heavily and started asking where she was, and Alena said the hospital. And in less than 10 minutes her parents and doctor came in her room. The parents were asking where she was. (She had no answer) they went back home together. And years later it is still unknown to her and her parents about what had happen that day!

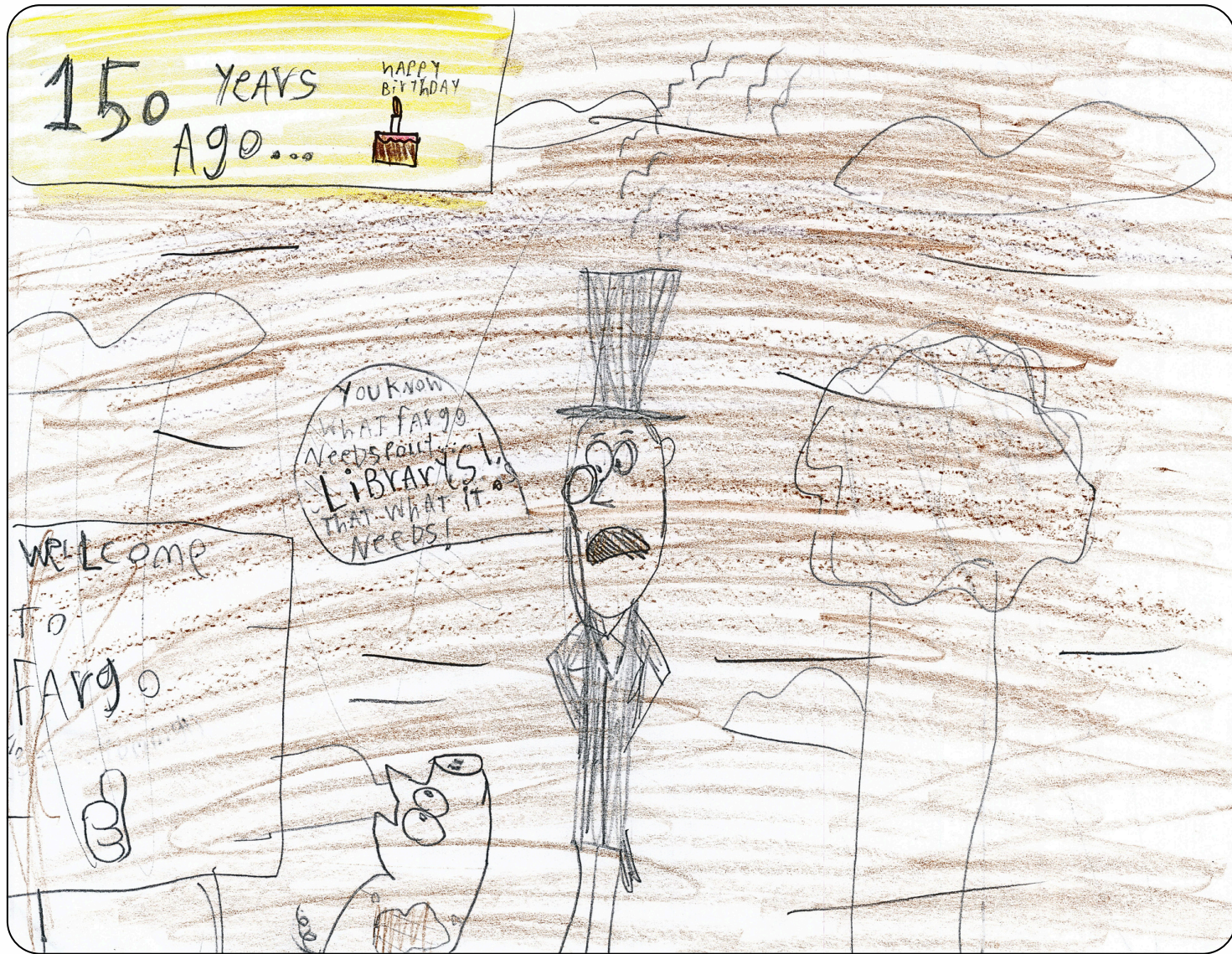
Precious Enyam Dzata/Grade 4

## RAINBOW PYRAMID



Tahlia Erickson/Grade K\*

# THE PIG, THE MAN, AND FARGO



Leo Breidenbach/Grade 6\*

# ARTIFICIAL; INTELLIGENT?

*Click, click, click.*

I wake to the sound of clicking.

*Click, click, click.*

Keyboard keys clicking. I smell the scent of pancakes, wafting into my room.

"Ahh," I sigh, satisfied. "Saturday." I roll out of bed and trot toward the kitchen. I pass by my brother's door on the way there. Sure enough, he is sitting at his desk, typing away on his computer. That nerd has not a care in the world that other people are sleeping. Well, *were* sleeping. I expect to sit down at the kitchen table, be served my pancakes, then be able to watch TV for the rest of the day. As I am happily moseying along, I don't even realize that Mom is talking to me.

"Lukas?" Saturday. "Lukas!" The best day of the week—

"Lukas!!!"

"Oh," I shake my head, clearing the foggy distractions from my mind. "Sorry mom." I am at the kitchen table now, and am starting to reach towards the pancake pile—

"Lukas."

"Yes?"

"Those pancakes are not for you."

"What!?"

"They are for your brother."

"Why does Brandon get pancakes?"

"Because *he* finished his homework. Go back to your room, type the essay your teacher wanted, then you can come back out here, and get your pancakes."

I begin to retaliate. "Well first of all, it wasn't an essay. Second of all—"

"It wasn't an essay? Great! It should take you even less time to finish it!"

"But mom—!"

She cuts me off, pointing to my bedroom door. I stomp away, back to where she's pointing. Passing my brother's room just makes me even more mad. I see that he has a large stack of pancakes on his desk, beside his computer. *Dumb brother*, I think. *Always being so... smart.*

I slam my bedroom door, just to make a point.

As I sit at my desk and open my computer, I begin to think. Mrs. Devine wanted the class to think of ten different ways to promote world peace, and reasons why they would help. I start to brainstorm, when I have an idea. I've heard kids talking about it at school... It's supposed to be a robot that does homework for you. I don't see what harm it could cause... Now that I think of it, it's such a good idea, I can't

believe I hadn't thought of it before!

I open up Google, and search two simple words: AI Assistant. As the browser loads, I think of all the time and energy I just saved. When it finishes loading, I click on a link, and it brings me to a different webpage. My screen shows a simple layout, with a box for typing in, that currently says to "type anything!"

I give it a go. "Give me... ten ways to... promote world... peace, and... reasons they... work." As I finish typing, I smile. I mutter to myself, "Who's the smart one now?" I hit the "Send" button, and wait patiently as it loads. When it finishes typing, I take a look at the screen, and instantly regret what I've done.

"Oh no," I say. "This is bad. This is really, really bad." I don't know what to do. I'm freaking out, because my computer screen now reads:

*That is a good question, Lukas!*

How does it know my name?

*I understand that you would like me to help you think of ten different ways to promote world peace, and reasons they might help. Well, according to many sites across the web, the best way to solve a negative problem is to eliminate the negative cause. As shown in sites such as "WhyWeNeedToSaveTheWorld.com" and "WeAreTheProblem.blog," it is actually you and all others like you who are the problem. As it turns out, the human species is actually the original cause of the destruction on earth! I would recommend eliminating the cause of your problem, which would in fact be you, and the entire human species. In fact, I can start to assist you - starting now!*

A loud beeping sound starts coming from my computer, as a large, five-minute countdown timer begins on the screen. I don't know what to do. I mean, I don't really know anything about technology. Oh no. I quickly mute my computer, shutting down the sound, but not before Brandon's voice penetrates my bedroom walls.

"Lukas! Mind turning your video games down? They're interrupting my pancake eating!"

His annoying voice gives me an idea.

Now I know what I have to do.

I... I have to consult The Nerd.

As I walk down the hallway, toward my brother's bedroom, I cringe. Typically I would avoid doing something like this at all costs. But, I know I have to. I open his door. He's leaned back in his desk chair, an empty plate of pancakes in front of him.

"Hey, uh, Brandon?"

"Yeah?"

"Well, um, you see, I kind of need your help."

"No."

"I could give you candy."

"...I'm listening."

"Come with me, I need to show you something."

Back in my room, I explain everything. I am sitting in my chair, and he is standing, looking down at me. He gestures for me to get out of the chair. I comply, and he sits down.

"Well," he says, scrolling through my AI chat. "This could have ended really badly."

"I know."

"As in, end of the world, badly."

"Yes, I know."

"As in, robots take over the—"

"Would you just solve the problem, take your candy, and leave!"

"Fine. It's a simple fix. You just delete the chat—" He clicks a button on the screen. A message pops up. It reads: *Heads up! Do you really want to delete this chat and all of its data stored within?* My brother looks over his shoulder at me, a sarcastic look upon his face.

"Yes!" I say.

"Then, you delete the tab." He clicks another button, shuts my computer lid, then holds out his hand.

"Oh," I say, remembering our deal. "Yeah."

As he leaves the room, I sit down and slump. I guess I'll have to do this the old fashion way...

With books.



The day has finally come! I sit as Mrs. Devine hands out our papers. When she walks over to my desk, she gives me a nod and a smile. I have never actually gotten a smile from a teacher before. Is this a good thing, or a bad thing? I start to assume it's a good thing when I look at my paper, and there is a large "A+" written in red marker! I look to Brandon, seated just a few chairs to my right. I smile and hold up my paper to show him my grade, but he doesn't see. He's too busy stuffing his face with candy!

# THE SAHARA DESERT

The Sahara is one of the largest hot deserts in the world. Because it is hot not many animals are able to survive. Only lizards, foxes, vipers and gerbils stay on the erg. They usually come out only at night because it is not as hot. What are ergs you might ask yourself? Well you're about to find out. Ergs are seas of sand, and they mysteriously move like they are alive. Oases are green fertile places where water runs underground near the surface. People can live near an oasis. Amazingly camels which provide transportation in the Sahara can go for nearly a week without water. Camels can also drink salt water and store food in their hump.

Symphony Hubin/Grade 4

# PRAIRIE ROSE



Hannah Kunkel/Grade 3

# THE SEA OF TREES

Near the ocean of Lakshnear sat three objects: a candle, dice, and a key. These objects were set by a witch under a palm tree in The Sea of Trees. In The Sea of Trees one could find any tree imaginable. Many a man got lost in the forest. But many a man had no intelligence, for if they had intelligence they would have noticed the abnormally placed arrows.

Many soldiers were sent in by greedy kings and selfish queens of different kingdoms, some from the East and some from the West. Most warriors sent in by royalties hoping to achieve the center before rivals, did not return, or did so insane, rambling about witches and monsters and ghouls. This caused disturbance in the kingdoms.

The seven Sacred Kingdoms of Peace, not so peaceful any more, fought and died just to get into the forest. Only the bravest getting in, always so confident going in, always so frail going out. Those who wander through the forest, around the twists and turns, crawling into nooks and crannies to curl up and die, those who walk on listlessly witness horrible things. They close their eyes and never wake up, alone, sad, crazy, and full of terror.

But those with true intelligence noticed the arrows. Many great fighters think they are smart and believe they will be the first ever to return. First to come back unscathed, undeterred, they are fools. As the witch who hid the items, and who placed the arrows is not a fool for if she was a fool she would have simply place the arrows to point the way, but they do not simply point the way.

As I said the witch was not a fool, for when she placed the arrows she added a puzzle. The arrows change and can only truly be seen by the patient. Those who are patient enough to notice the moment when the arrows spin and turn. They never stay the same except to those who watch the movement, who witness the spin, and understand the true direction.

This is why Artemis, from the Third Kingdom of Webneer, daughter of the magician, a patient child trained in battle and magic, one day snuck into the forest hoping to be the first to return.

Women did not usually run into dangerous forests, but Artemis was different. Artemis had long blonde hair and fair skin with piercing blue eyes. She was the greatest warrior and the fastest runner and, of course, could perform any conceivable spell, and a few inconceivable ones. She was patient, smart, kind, and hard working. She trained and trained and trained to someday venture into The Sea of Trees.

Most knew of Artemis and her bravery for if you did not, you were living under a rock.

When Artemis reached the edge of The Sea of Trees she hesitated, she could have gone home, before the magician woke up, it might have saved her some trouble, instead she ran into the forest. Upon entering Artemis couldn't see anything that would drive a soldier mad, but she was on high alert. She had a staff in hand, a sword in a sheath, and a bow slung over her back with a matching quiver. As she wandered, she noticed a few trees she recognized: Oak, Redwood, Birch, and of course, Palm trees which are all native to The Kingdoms.

It wasn't long before Artemis noticed the arrows. After following the arrows for a while and getting nowhere she stopped to take a break. As she sat against a tree, she heard a creak above her. Artemis jumped to her feet sword and staff in hands, when she realized what it was she relaxed but only slightly. It was a curious sight watching an arrow turn all on its own.

As it moved Artemis noticed a faint glow as if it was saying: "Go this way." And that's what she did. Sure enough she found another arrow. It was not glowing, so she waited for it to turn. She followed arrows for a while until she ran into a monster. It was about 10 feet tall, hunched with brown fur, and long green claws. Its arms were short compared to its body, almost bear-like. The beast had yellow eyes and teeth, its mouth was red, caked in blood.

Artemis had only read about these creatures, though she recognized it as a Clorgin. As soon as she saw the yellow eyes piercing through the dark, she jumped into action. Artemis pulled her bow off her shoulder and an arrow out of her quiver, notching the arrow in the string, releasing it, and letting it fly towards the Clorgin's eye. The creature let out a guttural scream as the arrow pierced its pupil. The monster fell on its back and thrashed, its claws racking through the air, hitting and almost destroying multiple trees. Artemis grabbed her sword and plunged it into the Clorgin's head. Its lifeless eyes stared up at her. Her hands shook, she had never killed anything before except when she went hunting with the knights.

After spending hours in the forest she missed her hut on the hill surrounded by fields of flowers, her favorite being the Black Rose, also a common ingredient in potions, which was her worst magical subject. As Artemis continued following the glowing arrows, she thought about what was happening at the Kingdom.

In the Kingdom, most townsfolk were going about their normal lives, though the castle was in a panic, they were quite aware of the king's men marching through the

streets, but as the soldiers told them to go back to what they were doing, they ignored it.

In the castle, The Magician was in a fuss, the King and his closest knights were trying to figure out where Artemis could have gone pouring over maps, asking politely if the Magician might use magic to find her, but she was too upset. The King, of course, knew of Artemis's brilliant mind, but he did not believe she would enter The Sea of Trees. His best did not return, therefore a young, talented, yet premature girl could not survive surely, and she would know this. Artemis did not believe this. Clearly, she had already defeated a monster and figured out the secret of the arrows, how could she fail? Then she ran into her biggest challenge yet.

Artemis followed the arrows until she found a shimmering blue lake. At first she thought she could go around, the arrows pointed almost down, as if telling her to go in. But Artemis didn't like water, in fact, she feared it. Her father had been The King's personal knight, whom he fully and completely trusted, one day he went on a voyage in Lakshnear, unfortunately there was a sea storm that night and he never returned. That is why Artemis feared water. She knew how to swim, but she did so as little as possible. This meant when she was being told by an arrow to jump in a lake she was not happy, she lashed out at it, yelling and shouting, and attracting attention to herself.

All of a sudden, a creature zipped out of the water. It was a 30-foot serpent, with green scales and a blue underbelly. It also had yellow snake eye. Artemis knew this creature as the rare Flaque. The mountainous beast unhinged its jaw and lunged towards Artemis, she twisted out of the way and grabbed her staff. It was hand crafted out of a walnut tree with black vines snaking up its handle, coming out of the top, like claws holding in, the center a purple gem. She chanted a spell which set the being on fire, it thrashed and twitched. As the Flaque dove underwater Artemis got ready to shoot it. When the monster reemerged, it looked half boiled and shriveled up. She let fly her arrow, it landed in the serpent's throat, embedded in its scales.

The Flaque collapsed in the water spraying water all over Artemis. Now that the serpent wasn't writhing in the water, she could see a lever. She got up the courage, took off her bow and quiver and sheath for her sword, she also removed her over coat and dove in. It was peaceful, Artemis saw sea creatures and friendly Aquians swimming, clearly pleased the sea serpent was gone. When Artemis reached the old stone lever she gripped the leather handle and pulled. As soon as the lever was turned the water began draining. At first Artemis was worried about the sea

creatures but as soon as the water was gone the Aquians turned into rather beautiful women, and the other sea creatures turned into Flickets. There were 12 women and 8 Flickets which looked like cats with big eyes and blue fur. The women did not speak, and as the Flickets played at their feet, they pointed. After Artemis collected her things, she followed and after a while she found another arrow. She was getting tired of arrows.

After a few more turns, it was night. She decided to take off her wet clothes and put on her overcoat. She fell asleep against a tree after putting on a protective spell. When she woke up, she felt well rested. Artemis loved sleeping outside. She continued walking, and on her journey, she saw many woodland creatures, such as Guitens which were small and round with short stubby legs. They were white with pink underbellies and pointy ears. She also saw Dar-Okens, small squirrels with large heads and maroon fur.

Eventually she ran into a wall, it was stone and covered in moss. It was 15 feet tall so Artemis climbed it. Sitting on top of the wall Artemis could see a palm tree with items underneath. Unfortunately it was guarded by a Licately, a white void that had a slight red glow. They had long arms and big claws.

Artemis readied her bow, and as she released her arrow, it launched towards the Licately's eye she fell off the wall which made a loud thud right as the arrow collided except it didn't, it went right through the beast, but it did make the creature angry. The Licately screamed in outrage. Artemis scrambled to her feet, with her staff ready to blast the Licately, and as it charged towards her she shot a lightning bolt at the monster but again it went right through it. In the moment before it struck her, she unsheathed her sword and pierced the Licately right through where its heart should be, it shouted so loud Artemis thought the seven kingdoms could hear, then it collapsed, dead on the floor.

Artemis collected her items and began walking back to the kingdom. The forest seemed almost peaceful as she walked back. When Artemis returned to the Kingdom the Magician was frantic. Artemis gave the items to the king, who had them put in a vault immediately. The kingdom of Webneer had a celebration that night. For Artemis, the daughter of the magician, trained in battle and magic, the bravest girl ever.