

SWS 2011

A portfolio of 2011 graduates



Class of 2011

1st Edition

Introduction

This book contains work done by the class of 2011. We hope you enjoy their work.



WELCOME

This is a collection of works completed by the 2010-2011 8th grade students at St. Wenceslaus School. These pieces were turned in and graded some time during the school year. The students chose their “best” work (or at least the pieces they could find) for this anthology. Please note that the pieces in this work may not reflect the final, teacher-edited version of their paper, but a peer-edited one.

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Chapter 1

Annie

THE YELLOW FINCH

I lay here, sprawled out across my bed in deep thought. There is no sound but the soft breeze blowing through my open window, and the light tapping of my fingers against the hard cover of my book. I have been dreading this day for months now. We -more say my mother- have decided to move down to some hot humid place down in Florida. I don't feel it is right to complain, for my mother has dreamt of this job opportunity for years, but I am not looking forward to this move. I have lived in this house since I was a baby and cannot even imagine having anyone else live here but my mom and I. I have many memories in this house including my father.

When I was 6, my dad always used to come up here and sit on the edge of my bed and tell me stories at night. I remember thinking he must be the smartest person in the world to know all that he knows, but that changed in a matter of time.

By the time I was 9, he started becoming more and more forgetful of things. My mother and I became very concerned and did not know what was going on, so we decided on taking him to the hospital.

I can still remember our first trip to the hospital with him. The doctors told us he had Alzheimer's, and by then, my mother had burst into tears. I tried asking her what that meant, but all she did was bring me into an unyielding hug and cry some more. We went home without Dad that night. They told us he was in need of special care right away, so he was sent to a nursing home. By then, I was beyond confused, because isn't a nursing home for old people? My daddy wasn't old.

We went to visit dad every day, except now, *I* would sit on the end of *his* bed and tell *him* stories. He would just lie there with his eyes closed and smile. It was as if he was watching something amazing under those eyelids.

Then came the night that terrifies me still to this day. I remember momma bringing me into the hallway outside dad's room. She examined my face in search for fear and by the time she grabbed my hand intensely, I am sure she found it. She explained to me what Alzheimer's is and told me that in a matter of time, dad will leave us and go live with God in heaven.

I did nothing but cry the rest of the night. When the time came the next morning that I felt as if I hadn't any more tears to shed, I slipped into my father's room. His face lit up as he saw me peek around the side of the door, but that smile vanished as quickly as it came when he noticed my blotchy face. He knew mom had delivered to news. Dad expanded his arms and welcomed me into a gripping hug. All when I thought the crying was over, it seemed as it had just begun.

"Don't cry." Dad told me.

"How can I not. You're going to die!" I replied, my voice breaking on the last word. "Don't talk like that." He said calmly. "I will always be with you." Then he took my hand and placed it on my heart. "In here." he said.

At that moment, a yellow finch had perched on the windowsill across the room.

“Look,” he said pointing across the room, “every time you see a yellow finch, you will know I am with you? I love you and don’t ever forget that ok?”

“I love you too dad.” I replied leaning over to hug him again.

It was that fall, when I was ten that he passed away. That was five years ago today. I jumped up off my bed, knowing I could not stall anymore. As I grabbed my bundle of suitcases, I saw a swift shadow out of the corner of my eye. I quickly spun around to find a small, fragile looking, yellow finch perched on my bedpost. A smile slowly began to appear upon my dreary face. I slowly stepped over towards the finch afraid I might startle it. I extended my hand hesitantly, but apparently the bird did not share my hesitance as it willingly leaped onto my shaky finger. The bird looked at me straight in the eye as if it was seeing something more than just me. Then, it was gone back out the window. Shocked, I watched the bird fly off into the distance thinking, *maybe this move wont be so bad after all*. Then, as I grabbed my things, I blew my daddy a kiss.



THE DIRTIEST BATH

One of my favorite memories is when I was about 7. We had my cousins over from Michigan. Trae 4 ½, with his short, dark, spiky hair and scrawny figure, and Taya 1 ½, with those golden curls and about half my size, were playing with me in the mucky pond down the hill at our grandparent’s house. It had not rained for what it seemed like years, so the pond was all dried up, although the dewy mud remained.

When we decided we were done clowning in the mud, we dashed back up the steep hill to clean up. We looked like 3 dirty pigs, running and giggling up to the house. Once we returned to the house, our diligent granny made us spray off with the frigid hose in the backyard, then escorted us straight to the bathroom in fear of getting our filthy hands and feet all over the house.

Awkwardly enough, we all had to take a bath together. Granny reached into one of the wooden cupboards up against the pail white wall and grabbed some toys for our amusement. I marveled at a plastic red and white sailboat, completely unaware of what we were about to realize.

After we were finished cleaning ourselves, we had some free time to enjoy our toys some more. About 5 minutes into our free playtime, a loud shriek broke my concentration from my little sailboat. “EEEEWWWW!!!” my attention was immediately taken by the little boy’s

disgusted face in front of me. My first thoughts were, *oh, no. Not the soap in the eyes again*, but that didn't explain the loud eewww.

“What’s wrong?!” Granny asked alarmed. “I think my hand just touched poop!” Trae exclaimed. My immediate instinct was to back away as far as I could go. So with Taya in the middle, I slid to the far edge of the tub. Little did I know that was a terrible idea.

“AHHHHH!” I screamed. “What now?” Granny asked still recovering from laughter. “I just sat on some!” I replied knowing she knew exactly what I meant by ‘some’. I didn’t have to see my face to know what it looked like. Trae and I both jumped out of the bathtub as quickly as we could. By now, Granny was overwhelmed with laughter. As Trae and I struggled for a towel, we noticed that little Taya was not as frantic as us. In fact she was almost completely oblivious as to what just happened. Trae and I both knew that neither of us would ever dispose of something like that in the bathtub, so it had to be Taya. The ignorant little child, who was sitting in front of me still in the evacuated bathtub, was as happy as could be. Distracted as she was, Granny would not let her bathe -if that’s what any of us were really doing- in her own waste, so she grabbed a towel and carried her out of the bathtub. I never again took a bath with my little cousin Taya. I do believe that that was the dirtiest bath I have ever taken.

Chapter 2

Jessica

MY DREAM

Have you ever had a strange dream? One that you have no idea what it means? Cause I have. People say that what you dream about is what you were thinking before you fall asleep, or what happened that day... but I'm almost positive that I wasn't ever thinking about buffalo. Seriously who has dreams about buffalo? I'll tell you what all happened in that, extremely odd dream.

Okay, so one day, we were just having a nice party in my garage, when my grandpa came and announced that there was a deadly herd of buffalo invading the town. And for some reason, I was the only one that was worrying! No one else seemed to care that buffalo might attack us any minute! So I made sure everyone was inside, and I opened a door and saw my little sister sitting on a mini purple chair. She was just chilling there alone. Then I told her she had to come inside otherwise she'd be attacked! She didn't want to come in. But I eventually convinced her to, and she rolled her eyes at me, got up, and carried her little chair into the garage. But instead of going back inside myself, I decided to go climb into my dad's bright red truck. I sat in there and watched my grandpa drive up the road with a big herd of buffalo following after him! I was so scared! So I ran back into the garage. I told everyone that there was a herd out there, and then finally, they were all scared. We didn't know what to do, so we decided to go outside. Which really make no sense to me, especially considering we were scared... But anyway, we went outside only to see that some guy, whom I did not recognize, had stopped the buffalo in our driveway. He was just standing there, with a box of cereal in his hands. Apparently the buffalo wanted the cereal. He taunted them with it while we all watched from a distance, then finally one buffalo came up to him, and asked if he could have it. The guy said yes, and handed it over. Then the buffalo walked over to a big freezer, opened it up so that we could see it was filled with boxes of cereal. The he placed it in and they all ran away.

It was the weirdest dream ever. And I had it more than one time! What's the moral of it? To stop a herd of buffalo, give them your cereal so they can freeze it? I guess so. Just make sure that you have cereal the next time a herd of deadly buffalo invade your town, and you will be just fine.



BASKETBALL

As I was lying in my bed, shooting the ball up, then letting it fall, and catching it, I remember the game. I remember the final .7 seconds, and the final buzzer...

We were an all 6th and 7th grade team, going up against an undefeated all 8th grade team, to get to the championship. We were determined to win this game, but we were scared.

Walking into the old, freezing, beat up gym; we see them. They look older, bigger, and better. After warming up for about 20 minutes, the buzzer sounded and we got ready for tip off. The referee blew his whistle, the ball was thrown into the air, and the game started.

There were several lead changes at the beginning, but finally we grasped the lead and were unwilling to let go. But... by the end of the half, we let go. They were winning. Darn.

After an intense halftime talk, we were ready to get our lead back! We were ready when we stepped on the court this time. As the half went on, both teams were fighting, wanting to take home the victory. But when it came down to the final minutes, we were getting nervous. We were down by 5. But oh no, we were not ready to give up. We were going to win this thing. 5 points, 2 minutes, we can do it!

With about 1:30 left, I hit a 3; Down by 2. Then Megan got fouled, 2 free throws, made one; down by one. But while the ball was down on the other end of the court, they scored. Uh oh, down by 3!!! We want this game! We brought the ball back down to the other side, and Kristy scored! We were only down by 1 again! The only problem was, that there was only 30 seconds left, and they had the ball at their end of the court. The clock kept ticking down, and Me and Kristy were playing as hard of defense as we could, but we just couldn't get the ball. My mom screamed from the bleachers, "GET THE BALL!!!" so Kristy went for it. She hit the ball and knocked it loose! It bounced over half court and I sprinted towards it. As I dove for it, a girl on the other team had the same idea, but she hit me. There was a whistle, and the clock stopped. Foul. I got to shoot free throws. If I made the first, I got a second. Oh boy I was nervous. We were down by 1! I'm not good at free throws! 0.7 seconds left, I shot the first one. I was so focused, I felt like it was me and the hoop in the gym, just us. I shot, there was no sound in the gym, everyone's eyes followed the ball as it floated towards the rim. It hit the front... but it rolled in. My whole team came and hugged me. We were tied with .7 seconds left! We called a time-out. And I had to go back and shoot the second one. Now I felt more pressure. The second one... was perfect. It went in. We were winning!!! They took the ball out of bounds, threw it in, and the buzzer went off. We won the game. We beat the undefeated 8th grade team! We were going to the championship! The first thing I did after shaking their hands, was hugging my mom. I was so happy so I gave her a big hug! It was the greatest game of my life.

Chapter 3

Maggee

MASK POEM

I slave all day,
And I'm locked up all night,
I never earn any pay,
And I can never do anything right.
My stepsisters are so unattractive,
And they are not at all active,
They make me do everything for them,
And like to be treated like they are a rare gem!
My stepmother is the worst,
She makes me feel like I want to burst,
She orders me around all day,
And never gives me any time to play!
At least I have my birds and mice,
They are the only ones that are nice,
They talk to me and fix my gown,
So I can go to the ball in the Prince's town!
Of course my stepmother wouldn't let me go to the Prince's ball,
When I heard that, I just wanted to fall,
Until in my fairy Godmother flew,
And transformed me in 'Bibbidi-Bobbidi-Boo!



Chapter 4

Kristy

FRIENDS

I thank these types of people
Who are hard to find.
Ones who you know
Are one of a kind.

I thank these types of people
That I will never forget.
When I have them
I shall never fret.

I thank these types of people
That make me chuckle.
Sometimes so much
That I see double.

I thank these types of people
That speak their minds.
Ones who listen to me
And let me unwind.

I thank these types of people
I call my friends.
They're always there
To help me ascend.



WHAT THE HAY??

I just need to make up a dumb rhyme,
I am running out of time
And trying to figure out what's prime.
Math should be a crime.

I just need to make up a dumb rhyme,
I have no idea what comes next.
How 'bout my treasure chest
Which holds a hot pink birds nest!

I just need to make up a dumb rhyme,
What now?
A purple cow,
I think I just heard it MEOW!

I just need to make up a dumb rhyme,
Wooohooo! I'm almost done!
I'm gonna go eat a bun.
I am thinking about being a nun!

I just need to make up a dumb rhyme,
I love myself some Mater the Greater.
But no, never an icky tomater!
Maybe I'll just finish this poem later....



Chapter 5

Justin

FLASHBACK

On January 24, 2010 the VIKINGS and Saints played in the NFC Championship Game. The VIKINGS played horribly, but they still would have won if the Saints hadn't cheated. It gives VIKINGS fans a flashback of January 17, 1999. In that NFC Championship Game the VIKINGS led 27-20 with 2 minutes left and Atlanta had 0 timeouts left, they ran a sweep right. Instead of cutting it inside Robert Smith ran around the edge and ended up getting knocked out of bounds to stop the clock. It was 4th down, but they could try a 37-yard field goal. Gary Anderson had not missed all season, but this one sailed wide right. Atlanta quickly drove down the field. Robert Griffith had a pass hit his chest in the end zone, but somehow he failed to pick it off. Atlanta scored on the next play. It was tied 27-27 and the VIKINGS got the ball on their 30. They had 53 seconds to drive 40 yards for a field goal and they had all 3 timeouts. However, Dennis Green made an idiotic decision, took a knee, and played for overtime. The Falcons won the overtime toss and went down the field. Morten Anderson hit a field goal from the same distance Gary Anderson missed (37 yards). This also brought a flashback to the 1987 NFC Championship. Darrin Nelson dropped the game tying touchdown pass and they lost 17-10. The 2009 NFC Championship Game still grieves me.



It was the 4th quarter; the Vikings were trailing the Packers 2-0. Jared Allen put his hand down on the turf. He thought, "I am going to break his neck!" Aaron Rodgers dropped back, Allen got off the ball really quick, shoved Chad Clifton aside, and "YES!" drilled Rodgers. The ball dropped to the ground and Allen scooped and scored. The Vikings won 8-2.

In the press conference after the game Jared Allen walked in.

“Jared how’s it going? What does it feel like to be the hero in today’s game?”

“It feels great.”

“What was going through your head before your touchdown?”

“I knew with 1:53 left if we didn’t get a stop it was over. I figured the best way was to get a sack. I decided I was going to knock Rodgers out.”

“Aaron Rodgers is out indefinitely. How does this make you feel?” “I feel a little guilty, but I did what I needed to do to win the game.”

“When you had forced that and saw that nobody was going to stop you did you freak out?”

“Yes.”

“When the Packers got the ball at their own 20 with 1:25 left and 0 timeouts you had to have felt pretty good, but when Flynn’s 1st two passes were 1st downs did you get scared?”

“Yeah, it was scary. That sack at the end of the game was icing on the cake to my 5-sack-day.”

“Thanks for talking to us Jared.”

“You’re welcome.”

Jared Allen also had a pick and 6 tackles. Without him they would have lost like 23-0.



Chapter 6

Travis

THE BEST DAY EVER

THE WORST DAY THIS WOULD BE,
GOING TO AN AMUSEMENT PARK TO HAVE NO FUN,
THE ROLLERCOASTER WENT SLOWER AND SLOWER,
THE BUMPER CARS DID NOT TOUCH EACH OTHER,
THE FOOD COURT SOLD NO FOOD AT ALL,
THE WATER IN THE FLOOM SEEMED VERY DRY,
I KEPT LOOKING DOWN AT THE DARK MORNING SKY,
THE GHOST RIDE DID NOT SCARE,
THE BEST DAY THIS WAS.



THE MYSTERIOUS VOICE

It was a little past ten at night and I was just getting into bed. My room was still and quiet. Never has it been so cold in my room but for some reason I felt strange. My sheets are warm and scratchy which is just right for me. As I'm almost asleep, I hear a voice "Is he the one", said the voice? And it said "is he the one the prophesy for tells", asked the voice? Confused I just stayed laying there as a dead fish. I started to slowly turn around with my eye's half closed, I

noticed as I got to the side I just looked around, there was no one in sight. In confusion I fell quickly to sleep. The next day before breakfast I was suspicious what or who had been in my room that night, my window was closed and locked, and my door in my room was closed. Thinking it was a dream I walked downstairs to eat. When my mom came down she asked me why I was up last night. Shocked I quickly told her I had to go, and I quickly ran outside. I looked at the tree next to my house and saw.....
To be continued....

Chapter 7

Frankie

THE STRANGERS

Marissa pulled open the blinds,
I stood there and I screamed.
Until I realized,
The reflection I was looking at was me.
We sprinted up the stairs,
Running with all our might,
And that's when we heard the knock on the window,
And we were scared for our lives.
"It's nothing," we thought,
Trying to shake the thought away.
But we were still scared,
Cuddled on the couch we were determined to stay.
It seemed as if our worries,
Started going away.
And that's when the door opened,
And three guys stood in our way.
We couldn't run and we couldn't hide,
So we stood shaking in fear.
We grabbed each other,
Holding on so dear.
We screamed louder than ever,
And we started to cry.
I would miss my friends,
I was too young to die!
We started crying more and more,
And we saw they were wearing white masks.
Then suddenly they turned on the lights,
And we realized they were white hats.
Scott and his friends were laughing,
We were still scared for our lives.
But we were happy,
Because we survived.
I was scared to even walk in the hall,
For I feared the possible danger.
I had to make sure Scott was wish me,
And NOT the Strangers

JUSTIN DREW BIEBER <3

When Justin's brown eyes are staring straight at me,
I feel like I'm going to cry.

I get lost in them so easily,
I wish he were mine.

I love his eyes.

When he sings,

I hear no other noise,
I couldn't not listen to him,
Even if I had no choice.

I love his voice.

When he swishes his hair to the right,
In half my heart tears,
And every time I see his new haircut,
I can't help but stare.

I love his hair.

His personality is so unique,
He loves dreaming outside reality.

He knows when to be funny,
And when to show formality.

I love his personality.

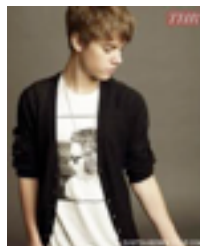
His smile is breath taking,
My heartbeat gets wild,
There's love in every smile,
He makes me smile.

I love his smile.

His style is so out there,
He wears what no other guy would even try,
It's actually really attractive,
He is like no other guy.

I love his style.

He taught me to chase my dreams,
To prove I'm better,
Shrug off the haters,
And to Never Say Never <3



Chapter 8

Mikayla

BASEBALL POEMS

The Twins have a catcher named Mauer
Who had a lot of power
When he stepped up to the plate
You knew he would give you something great
And then he would go and take a shower.

There is a player named Cuddyer
He is always on fire
First base is what he played
He never was afraid
He could play all day and never tire

There is a Twins player named Delmon Young
Who went up to the plate and swung
He hit the ball so far
It went all the way to the car
And so the bell rung

The Twins have a player named Drew
He caught everything Scott Baker threw
When Drew is behind the plate
The Twins always do great
So the other teams always sit and boo!



FRIENDS (:

Friends, they are always there
No matter where
No matter how
They have your back
And they don't tend to lack
Smiles are brought to my face
Even from a mile away
Friends, they are always there
No matter where
No matter how
We have our fights
And hard times too
But in the end
It all comes through
Friends, they are always there
No matter where
No matter how



Chapter 9

Hallie

THE OPEN WINDOW

My bedroom, high on the third story of our large, ancient mansion, was the envy of my five brothers and sisters. When my widowed mother bought the house a few years ago, we were all amazed at its size and we marveled as we explored through the many rooms and hallways. I found this room first, and immediately claimed it mine when I looked out the window. The view was spectacular. As I gazed outside, I saw lush, green foothills and a glittering pond rich with vegetation. As I looked on, the hills transformed into a deep, dark forest, thick with trees. The massive forest continued off into the horizon. That's why I wanted the room for myself. I could lose my thoughts and worries by simply glancing out that lovely window. My siblings' rooms were all on the second floor, so I had peace when I was up there, sitting, thinking, and wishing. But the next thing I knew, there was a wildfire, destroying my precious landscape. The beautiful view I once knew now looked dead – the green hills now gray with ash, the pond no longer decorated with flowers and cattails and filled with murky water, and worst of all, the beautiful forest. The trees now were leafless and crumbling, and the sky above was cloudy and colored a dirty, smoky gray. Everything I loved was gone, just like that. Now, every day was dark and gloomy. One night, as I opened my window, I expected the cool, fresh scent of the night, but instead I got the musty, sodden smell of the destroyed landscape. Just like the sorry sky, my eyes clouded over. Unable to bear it any longer, I reached over to close the now dreaded window. Instantly, a force so strong shoved into my lower back, sending me pummeling towards the ashen ground three stories away. My body slammed against the soil like a rag doll. The pain was so intense that I became numb. As my eyes struggled to stay open, I looked up at my window and saw a pale, white face. I groggily blinked again, and the face was gone. The window creaked shut, and I dreamily slipped out of focus.



HANNAH

Her hair, the color of chestnuts, matched her deep, thoughtful eyes, and they both sparkled in the sunlight. Many years of track and field strengthened and toned her long legs, tan from the sizzling Florida sun. Her plump, pink lips were always turned up in a happy smile, revealing her gleaming, straight, white teeth. She looked stunning in any outfit, and her face was so fair that she didn't need makeup. Everyone liked her, and her bubbly personality always put people in a good mood. She got straight A's and continued to study avidly. She was the person everyone could go to for advice, and they knew she would keep their secrets. She wanted to be an actress, and she had more than enough talent and beauty to do so. You could say that she had it all. But last year, she was found lying on the cold, tile floor, her finger in her throat. Her sparkling, chestnut eyes stayed closed.



Chapter 10

Maddie

CAUSE AND EFFECT OF DRINKING AND DRIVING

Driving Drunk is one of the main causes of death in the United States. It is very dangerous and risky. The greatest single cause of death for ages 5-27 are traffic crashes.

Bad things can happen if you choose to drive drunk. You could potentially drive right through a red light or stop sign and kill innocent pedestrians or even yourself. You can get a DUI, a DWI, or an even more severe punishment.

Roughly, about 41 people die every day from being hit by a drunk driver. The person driving drunk may also be killed or severely injured. Driving while **intoxicated** is also very dangerous and illegal. **Intoxication** (also known as drunkenness) is a state that occurs when a person has a high level of ethanol (alcohol) in their body. Common symptoms of alcohol intoxication include not clear speech, no balance, loss of muscle coordination (ataxia), flushed face, reddened eyes, and bad behavior. In severe cases, it can cause coma or death.

When drunk drivers kill people, they are taking risk of their own life. They are also taking away other peoples family, friends, and neighbors. You can be fined, lose friends, be sent to jail or juvy, be expelled or suspended from school; you could have your license suspended for a few years.

Doing this is never okay and should never happen. Remember there will be consequences! Drinking and driving is one of the main causes of death in the US.

STILL PICTURE



Chapter 11

Ryan

THE OPEN WINDOW

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A KID NAMED FRED, HE ALWAYS FORGOT TO SHUT HIS WINDOW AND HIS MOM ALWAYS TOLD HIM TO REMEMBER TO SHUT IT BUT HE NEVER REMEMBERED TO. FRED ACCIDENTALLY LEFT HIS WINDOW OPEN WHEN HE WAS LEAVING FOR FOOTBALL PRACTICE. HIS PARENTS WERE BOTH ALSO GONE AT WORK. SO NOBODY WAS HOME. WHILE EVERYONE WAS GONE A THIEF CAME IN AND STOLE EVERYTHING INCLUDING HIS KEYS TO HIS CAR AND HIS HOCKEY STICK. WHEN HE GOT BACK HE WAS REALLY, REALLY DEPRESSED THAT ALL OF HIS STUFF GOT STOLEN. HE DECIDED TO CALL THE COPS. THE COPS LOOKED FOR THE THIEF FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS AND FINALLY FOUND HIM AFTER A WEEK. THE THIEF'S NAME WAS JIM. HE ENDED UP GETTING THE DEATH SENTENCE BY ELECTRIC CHAIR. AFTER THAT FRED NEVER LEFT HIS WINDOW OPEN AGAIN.

NEAR DROWNING

A kid named Kenney went to the lake with his brother Byron and his sister Joetta on a hot day in Birmingham Alabama. Their parents told them not to go to Colliers landing because it is dangerous. Kenney decided that he wanted to go to Colliers landing even though his parents told him not to. That would normally be Byron that would want to break the rules. So he went to Colliers landing by himself without his brother and sister. There have been 6 reported deaths that have happened at Colliers landing. Kenney ended up getting caught in a whirlpool while he was there. He almost ran out of breath when his brother came and saved him at the last second. He says that he thought he saw something trying to drag him down and drown him he called it a wool poah. Never go to Colliers landing unless you want to die.

Chapter 12

Matthew

A MURDERER MOVED IN

I ran upstairs, angry as usual, but I noticed something different about my room. There was a path of clothes leading to my closet. I hesitated when I heard a very small sound that was like breathing. When I was just about to open my closet door, my annoying sister scared the “Blue Blazes” out of me. She told me to go downstairs into the living room.

My mom was watching something on the news. A murderer was moving to our town and she wanted me to ride the bus home instead of walking home. When she told me, she had a very scared voice. When I turned to go upstairs, I heard a scream. I grabbed my 12 gauge off the gun rack and ran upstairs. When I was upstairs, the screaming had stopped. I watched as the getaway car, like its name, got away.

I went back downstairs and asked my mom where the murderer lived. She said that he is now living by Richard Longhorns house. I grabbed my silenced .44 caliber pistol, M82 BFG sniper rifle, and my Jackhammer HE shotgun and ran out to my truck. I then drove to the murderer’s house. I scoped out the place and never saw the murderer. I put on my Infra-red Goggles and saw a figure sitting on a chair.

I took off the goggles and grabbed my pistol and shotgun and went inside. I saw that the figure in the chair was my sister. I untied her from the chair and she told me that the murderer was upstairs. I led her to the truck. I put the infra-red goggles on her and asked her if she saw the murderer. She said that he was in the last door in the hall. I gave her my pistol and told her to use that only for self-defense and I went inside.

She was right; he was in the last room in the hall. I walked up to the door and kicked it down. Then there stood, the former head coach for the Vikings, Brad Childress.

I held up my Jackhammer HE and told him to lie on the ground. He didn’t move. I told him again and he started to reach for his coat pocket. I figured that he was reaching for a gun so I shot him square in the forehead.

The cops came a little later and I explained everything that happened, even my past with The Agency. They realized that I had killed a man to save a life of another.

I just wish that he had kidnapped me instead of my sister and scaring the living death out of her.

Thankfully it’s all over. Or is it...

Chapter 13

Olivia

MY BUTTERFLY

There was a butterfly on my window,
He looked at me so sweet.
There was a butterfly on my window,
I'm so glad we did meet.

He took me on a journey that day,
To some place unknown.
He took me on a journey that day,
That place just seems like home.

My sweet little butterfly,
I love him oh so much.
My sweet little butterfly,
Got me from the first touch.

Thank you my little butterfly,
For coming into my life.
Thank you my little butterfly,
For making me your wife.



Chapter 14

Matthew

WHY I PICKED HOCKEY

Why my favorite sport is hockey? Well this is how the story goes.

When I was about three years old my older cousins played hockey and they liked it a lot. The first time I watched a game is when the Philadelphia Flyers were playing the Detroit Red Wings. That game had been the game that would go in the record book for most fights in NHL history. After seeing that fight on live television I thought that was what the game was about. So you can only guess what I did the next time I saw my cousins. The next time I saw my cousins I told them “lets play some street hockey”. When we were all ready to start skating the game started and right away I dropped my stick and gloves and it was on between my cousin Andy and I. That game lasted between two or three minutes considering that my mom was watching me.

Next year my mom, dad, and I went to West Wood sports to get me some used hockey gear, but before I go on I should tell you that I was already on the ice once and I had hated it then because I was wearing a little devils suit and everybody kept cutting me off and I would fall over and get mad. Anyways we got some used gear at West Wood Sports and the next day would be my first real time on the ice with hockey gear. You could say I was really bad the first time I went on the ice, but the coaches helped me skate and now I'm playing for the number 2 team in the nation during the summer and a number 7 team in the world during the winter.

The reason I'm playing for these great teams is because my coaches all say that I “play physical and work 100% all the time.” They say I can draw a penalty when we need a power play too.

I guess you could say the reason I picked hockey is because its physical and I like to hit. I would also like to be known as the kid who plays smart, physical and is always trying to get better by working 100% all the time. I like being physical because it's a good why to get my anger and stress out by nailing somebody into the boards. Another favorite thing that I love about hockey is that it takes skill, and that it's a challenge to skate on a quarter inch of steal.



Chapter 15

Megan

THE MAGICAL NIGHT

One magical night in Hogwarts while Professor Bumble Bee was coming back from the wizard convention, he saw this open window. It happened to be a window from one of the young wizards dorms. He quickly looked right, and then to the left to see if anyone was by him or watching him. Nobody was. So, he quickly ran back to his cabin and grabbed his wand and his mini pocket spell book and ran back out the door.

When he arrived at the open window once again his heart started beating 120 beats per second. This was the most devious plan that he had ever attempted to do. He then, cast a spell on himself, a spell that would allow him to climb up buildings, and started walking up the wall towards the open window. As soon as he reached the windowsill he climbed in. It was pitch black with a little light from the streetlights outside, so he couldn't really see where he was going. As soon as he turned around he saw this dove wallpaper and then he turned to the other side and he saw a sleeping student. It was Harry Potter.

After looking at the wallpaper then looking back at Harry he got an even better idea. So, he quickly opened up his spell book and found a spell for making objects come to life. He laughed quietly to himself. Then he took out his wand and he did it. He cast a spell on Harry Potter's wallpaper. He had, oh so cleverly, set a timer for that spell so that it would go off in the morning. After he had done the deed he quickly got out of the building and into his own house, his own bed, but before he left making sure he closed the window behind him.

He woke up bright and early that next morning so he could see what he had done. So, he got dressed and went to that same building that he was at last night. He looked at his watch and counted down the seconds. 5...4...3...2...1... After he had counted down to zero he heard the loudest shriek ever. When he looked at the window all he saw through it were bird feathers flying. He knew that he was going to get fired so he went home laughing at what he had done, packed, and left Hogwarts for good!

SUNNY, SUNDAY MORNING

It is a sunny, Sunday morning,
I see Jack Sparrow and Will Turner swording,
As I'm gliding through the air,
I see my good friend Brother Bear!

As I fly past again, I see,
Alice and her friends are drinking tea,
Sleeping Beauty was still dreaming,
And Rapunzel's hair was still gleaming!

The Three Little Pigs are making their houses,
The coachmen with Cinderella were once mice,
Little Red Riding Hood is frolicking to Grandma's,
Jasmine and Aladdin went on a magic carpet ride just
because.

And then I saw Pinocchio; he was turned into a real
boy,
And Buzz and Woody found a new toy,
I met Dumbo flying with me me with his huge ears,
And the Evil Queen asked about Snow White in her
magic mirror!

Then I finally reached my stop,
Into Michael, John, and Wendy's window I had to drop,

Now my journey was completely done,
All the things I did and saw were really fun!

Chapter 16

Jill

| A TINY VOICE ASKED, “IS HE THE ONE?” |

I looked at my dad, who nodded and was gazing through the open window, intently looking at the sleeping boy. He looked peaceful, the boy, and my father looked confused, but relieved. We were here, all because of one phone call.

Some stranger came to our house and my five-year-old brother, Liam, was playing in the backyard with my mother watching from the kitchen window. One minute, she looked away, the next minute, he was gone.

Ever since that day, obviously the atmosphere of my family had changed. We weren't a whole anymore. My older brother and sister were grumpy, depressed, but mostly angry. I was 7, they were 10 and 12. My parents weren't any different. Heartbroken and faced with tragedy, they weren't as happy as they used to be. But, who blames them?

After 4 years of searching and searching without end, we had had it. We didn't know where he was and we thought that Liam was out of our sight for forever. Or, so we thought.

On Liam's birthday, we received a phone call. My mother answered like it was any other phone call. But, it wasn't.

“Hello.” [pause] “Yes, this is she,” she nodded, “Uh-huh. Uh-huh.” [another pause] Her eyes filled with tears, as she took a step back to lean against the kitchen counter, reaching for support. Her free hand fled up to cover her mouth. My dad walked in, and looked at my mom. She heard his steps and lifted her head to meet his gaze. She nodded. He knew immediately what she meant. Liam. Through tears, my mom politely thanked the caller and gently hung up the phone.

“They found him. Alive.”

DREAMS.

*'When you wish upon a star,
makes no difference who you are.'*

Sometimes, I'm a Princess in a far away land,
Locked in a high tower
Under the influence of great power
Waiting for my prince to come and take my hand.

Other times, I am a blue bird.
Flying and gliding.
Twisting and turning.
Backward and forward.

Dressed in pink, I'm a prima ballerina,
Dancing ballet is my style,
And it always makes me smile.
I want to be as good as the dancer Tina!

I've always thought it would be fun to be a spy.
Wearing all black,
Intelligent and talent, I would not lack.
I would always be able to catch the bad guy!

A lion, I would be fearless and strong.
With a crazy mane,
I could drive anyone insane!
But it's my job – for my whole lifelong!

A dream is a dream,
No matter how unrealistic it may seem.
Even in my dreams, if I'm someone I'm not,
Remaining true to myself, will always be my best shot.

Chapter 17

Amy

PARTY FLASHBACK

I don't know where I am, or even if I'm alive. All I see is black, I don't feel anything, but my mind won't leave me alone. It's not my fault I'm like this, it was his. All I had was water, I swear, but he had something else. He drank the poison, but I'm the victim. He ate the poison apple, but I'm the one who sleeps. I thought He would be my Prince Charming. On no, not again! Please, Mind, don't make me relive it! Please, please, please.....

"Hey Candy! Why don't you come over here with me? I'll buy you a drink," Zak called across the barroom, he was obviously drunk...again.

"No thanks, Zak. I promised my parents I wouldn't drink any alcohol tonight," I said.

"Fine, party pooper," Zak said. He turned his back to me and said to his friends, "She never has any fun. She never has a drink, she never wants to try some weed, she always refuses when I offer to make...." I covered my ears and walked over to my group of non-drug friends.

"How can you still like him?" my best friend, Jen asked.

"I'm not sure I do anymore. He's changed a lot over the last year and a half," I confessed.

"You need to get rid of him! A nice girl like you shouldn't be with a druggie like him," said a strong, but gentle voice behind me.

"Aaron!?!!" I exclaimed with surprise and delight as I swiveled around in my barstool. I had always like Aaron as a friend, but now that Zak was acting up, I felt closer to him. And everyone knew he had a thing for me, including Zak, which caused some problems.

"I didn't know you were coming!" I said, although I had a feeling earlier that he would show up.

"Well, I wasn't going to come. But someone said there was going to be some of that poison here. I thought you might need some protection from your boyfriend," Aaron said, puffing out his chest. Gosh, he looks so cute. I risked a glance over at Zak, he was staring right back at me, deadly.

"He's not my boyfriend anymore," I said sternly, hoping Zak would hear me.

"Really? Since when?" Aaron asked.

"Since right now. I have a new opening for anyone who would like the job," I winked.

‘Well, I’d be game. If you think I’m acceptable,’ Aaron replied.

‘Okay, on one condition though. You can’t drink. Are you free?’ I asked, even though I already knew the answer.

‘I’m as dry as a bone I guess one could say,’ Aaron smiled. He had a beautiful smile.

‘Good. You’re hired,’ I said, my heart rushing. He’s mine.

‘Thank the Lord! I must be the luckiest guy in this room,’ Aaron exclaimed, smiling a mile a minute. ‘At least, luckier than Zak.’

The party dragged on and on into the night. Zak kept drinking, and eventually pulled out a pack of cigarettes. Man, I hate those things. Aaron, the girls, and I left the room and went to the balcony to get some fresh air. The only thing that kept me at the party was Aaron. I was so absorbed in his stories that I lost track of time completely.

‘See ya later, Candy!’ Jen said as she left with the rest of the girls. Aaron and I were alone.

‘Well, I should probably be getting home too. See you tomorrow then?’ Aaron said, turning to me.

‘Yeah see ya tomorrow,’ I whispered weakly. Don’t go!

‘Good bye,’ He said, but before turning around he leaned close to me. He kissed me on the cheek and walked away. A perfect good bye.

‘CANDY!’ Zak yelled, pulling me out of my daydreams.

‘Oh, Zak. We, uh, we need to talk,’ I said, looking him in the eye. He was drunk on beer, and rage. He started to stride toward me.

‘Yes, yes we do,’ He said with an evil malice. I started to back away, but he pinned me to a wall. I was truly scared.

‘Zak, let go of me! I’m not yours anymore.’ I said, my voice trembling with my desperate panic. Somebody, help me!

‘Why? How could you leave me and go with him? That insolent jock!’ Zak yelled. He was delirious. And my dumping him was only making things worse. But my pride wouldn’t let me give in.

‘You’re the insolent one, Zak. You’ve gone way, way over the line. Now let me GO!’ I said, holding my head high.

‘Fine. But don’t expect me to forget and forgive you for this! I’ll have my revenge.’

Gosh, he’s insane! He let me go, and gave me a dirty look as I passed him. When I reached the door, I looked back at Zak. What I saw frightened me.

I was driving along just fine. My hands were trembling at first, but once my thoughts turned away from Zak, and Aaron filled my mind, my hands became steady. Then it happened.

The swerving red truck, I know so well. The flashing white lights. The squealing of tires and brakes. The smash of glass. The crash of metal on metal. The last thing I remember was his face. The same face I saw, when I left the bar. Zak and his grinning, delirious, malicious, insane, pure evil face. Then everything went black.”

I wake with a start. My hands trembling, my face and back sweaty, my voice screaming. My eyes begin to adjust. I’m in a hospital bed. Aaron hovering to my right, Nick (my brother) to my left. And all my friends and family filled the room. My leg is in a cast. That’s it!?!?!?!

“I thought I was dead,” I spoke my first words in a breathless whisper.

“Thank the Lord, you’re not.” Aaron said, smiling down at me.

“How long...?” I couldn’t finish my sentence.

“Three days,” I heard Jen say as she walked up beside Nick.

“What about Zak?” I asked.

“Police caught him. No injuries. The slick git,” Nick said, speaking for the first time. I loved his English accent.

“Nick, I can’t believe you flew from London to get here. And all I have is a broken leg,” I said, trying to make him laugh.

“Well, at least you didn’t lose your sense of humor. But this is no laughing matter,” Nick said, all serious.

“I know,” was all I could manage.

“Let’s just thank the good Lord you and everyone in this room is alive,” Aaron exclaimed. He slipped a cross necklace around my neck, he had an identical one.

“Yes. Thank you, Jesus!” I praised.

CHARLIE’S ENCOUNTER

Charlie was in his Grandparent’s home. He didn’t see them very often and when he did they almost never talked to him. He was at their house because his parents thought that he should get to know his Grandparent a little more. Even though Charlie didn’t want to and his Grandparents didn’t sound so thrilled about it either. All the same they agreed for some reason.

Charlie had just arrived at the old mansion where his grandparents lived. It was really early and was still dark. No lights were on in the house but the door was unlocked. Charlie let himself in and went into the front hallway.

“Grandma?
called Charlie when he saw
parlor was empty. No

When he walked into
tried to look for a light
he flipped it up but nothing
he went over to a second
was open and lead into his
library. No one was there
a cold sensation down his neck that gave him the chills.

Right after that the
hallway slammed shut.
to open it but it was locked.
shut too. He ran over to that.
around he noticed a small
over to it, and tried to open it.
found that it too was locked.
again.

He thought he heard a
door. He turned around. His
sure he had seen the doorknob turn.

It seemed to Charlie that the room was growing smaller around him. He was exposed, big, clumsy and rooted to the spot with fear. He couldn't even yell out for help.

The door suddenly swung open. Fear released its bonds on Charlie for a bit, long enough for him to walk over to see if anyone had opened the door.

He stared through the open door. Absolutely no one was there. No lights, no person. The chills came to him again.

“Charlie...Charlie,” whispered a woman's voice from behind him. As the voice came to his ears so did a soft music that sounded like a lute. He turned around and what he saw sent shivers down his spine.

“Who...who are you?” Charlie asked, “What do you want?”

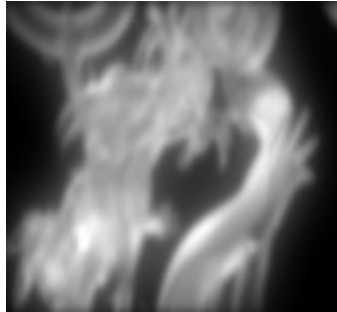
“We are ¹White Women. Come with us, we want to show you our castle. It's wonderful. Come with us Charlie. Please, we want you,” said one of the two female ghosts, with long exuberant dresses. The one that had spoken was making a beckoning motion with her hand. The other was playing a lute.

“Why do you want me? There's nothing special about me,” Charlie said trying to convince them that they didn't really want him.

Charlie had heard of White Women. When they call you name it's time for you to die. Sometimes people can escape from them by not listening to their calls. Other times people convince the White Women that it's not their time to be called. That's what Charlie was going to try, for he was not ready to die.

But no matter what Charlie said, the White Women were stubborn. And the more Charlie looked at them the more beautiful they got and the more he actually wanted to go with them to their perfect castle high up in the heavens.

“Well.... I, I don't know. I really shouldn't go with you, I would need to say goodbye to my parents and all my friends. And I'm scared,” Charlie said hesitantly.



Grandpa? Is anyone home?”
that the front hallway and
response.

the dark living room he
switch. When he found one
happened. No lights. Then
door and tried to open it. It
Grandpa's study and
either. Al of a sudden he felt

door leading out into the
Charlie ran over to it. He tried
Then the study door slammed
Locked. When he turned
window. He briskly walked
He was unsurprised, when he
No way out. He felt the cold

click coming from the study
heart was pounding. He was

“Oh, just don’t you worry about the other people. They would never let you go. Even if you explained too them. They would never understand. And there’s no need to be scared. It doesn’t hurt and we’ll be with you the whole journey,” speaking for the first time the Women playing the lute said quietly.

“Well, if you say...” Charlie started but was interrupted by a huge crashing sound behind him.

“Don’t listen to him Sonny! And you! Get away from my Grandson! You do this to all my guests. Lock the wife and me up then try and take the guests away to you dreadful castle! GET OUT OF MY HOUSE!! NOW!!” yelled Charlie’s grandfather, who had just kicked down the door leading out into the hallway.

Charlie being quite confused looked back at the Women. But they had vanished. It was then, that he noticed that the room was cold while the White Women where standing in front of him. A rush of warm air came through the busted down door.

“Aww. Sorry about that Charlie boy. That’s a very bad way to show some hospitality. As I said before, those While Women do that a lot. It prevents us from having any guests. That’s why we didn’t sound too happy for those meddlesome ghosts we would have had you come over a long time go. Now let’s get our of here and get into the kitchen. I think your grandmother is making some hot chocolate,” Charlie’s grandfather explained.

“Okay. Why do they do that? Is it the house? Or is it you and Grandma?” Charlie wondered out loud.

“I think it’s the house really. It’s a very old house you see and who knows who was living here last,” Charlie grandfather said with a shrug.

“Charlie! Oh, it’s such a relief that you’re okay. How did you ever manage to keep those horrible White Women away for so long? I though for sure we would find you long gone by the time we got out of that closet we were trapped in,” Charlie’s grandmother fused. She gave him a cup of hot chocolate. It was delicious. And it made him feel a lot better inside.

“Wow! This is really good hot chocolate, Grandma!” Charlie exclaimed.

“Well, I’ve always had a reputation for it being around. And it helps to get those White Women give the best hot chocolate ride of the awful feeling that you.”

“She liked to brag Charlie’s grandfather

“Well actually the relaxed and calm. But it all Charlie confessed.

“Yes, yes. The feeling bliss. It’s too perfect, too feelings, dear. And you

“I definitely will.”

The next few hours went by quickly. Charlie had a great time getting a tour of the mansion with his grandparents. It started to rain so they didn’t get to go to see the gardens.

“You’ll have to come again to see the gardens. They are absolutely beautiful around this time of years. Talk to your parents about it. We’d really love to have you



about her hot chocolate,” whispered to him. White Women made me feel seemed to good to be true,”

those ghosts give you is evil good to be try, it’s only false remember that,”

those ghosts give you is evil good to be try, it’s only false remember that,”

those ghosts give you is evil good to be try, it’s only false remember that,”

back,” Charlie’s grandmother said as Charlie’s parents pulled up into the long circular drive.

“Yeah, I’d love to come back here. Maybe while I’m away I can look up on how to get rid of your ghosts.”

“Yes, yes you go and do that. Just make sure your parents don’t find out about them. Otherwise they won’t let you back here,” Charlie’s grandfather said.

“You mean t hey don’t know? Well, then I’ll be extra careful,” Charlie, exclaimed, as he walked towards the car.

“How did your day go, sweetie?” Charlie’s mom asked from the passenger seat.

“It was really fun. Grandma and Grandpa want me to come back soon. It started to rain so we couldn’t go out into the gardens. Grandma said they are really pretty,”

“Well, that’s good that they want you to come back again. But do you want to come back?” Charlie’s dad asked as he put the car into gear.

“Of course I want to come back!” Charlie said, while he waved at his grandparents. He waved until he couldn’t see them anymore.