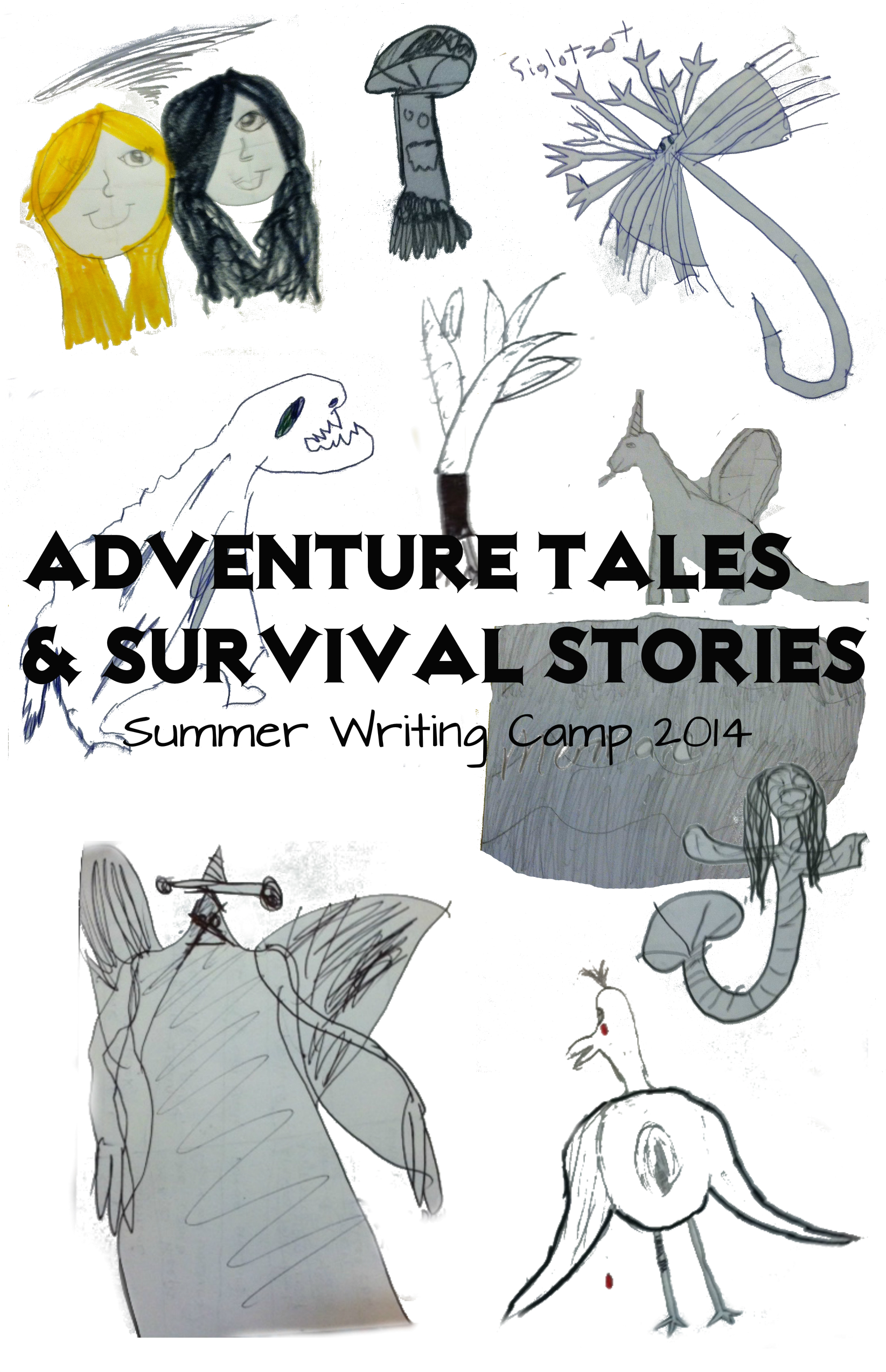
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***Adventure Tales & Survival Stories***

Summer Writing Camp  
June 14 – 18, 2014

Thirteen kids, one student intern, one lead instructor, and many volunteers trekked through Denver looking for inspiration for our adventure tales and survival stories. We visited the History Colorado Center to build the back story of our heroes and heroines, the Maps and Atlases room at the Denver Public Library to think about setting and where our characters come from, the Denver Museum of Nature and Science to create conflict with villains and monsters, and the Denver Museum of Miniatures, Dolls, and Toys to talk about fairy-tale plots and endings.   
 We each made a field notebook and carried it with us everywhere we went, taking notes on whatever caught our eye. An interesting looking plant from the Denver Museum of Nature and Science appeared in one story as a cure for a particular ailment. And, after studying the Dust Bowl at the History Colorado Center, a tornado took center stage as the villain in another story.  
 We ate many snacks and talked about our stories everyday.  The week flew by so quickly, and we’d like to think that’s because we had so much fun!  
 On the last day, a guest speaker talked to us about bookmaking and we each made little journals to take home. Then, we put our stories into handmade books and made our own covers. We compiled all of our stories into this anthology, and Laura Miller, our lead instructor, designed this cover using photographs of the monsters and villains from our stories.   
 Thank you to Sam Schwartz for your knowledge about bus lines and for helping kids who felt stuck, and thank you to Tony Clemenger, Matt Costa, Adam Kullberg, and Chelsie Riches for everything you did to make this such a fun-filled, productive, and exciting week!

Until next year!

Jenny Hekkers   
Program Coordinator





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**The Fourth Floor**

*by Emma Baxter*

**Chapter One: The Memory**

Conoshes was hiding in the basement. He suddenly heard loud twigs snap. The Dark Angels were going to come a step lower. Again. All Conoshes could hear were the swooshing of the swords that tried to cut through the Dark Angels’ flesh.

“Oh, you want to survive do you?” Alacon laughed. He was the leader of the Dark Angels. The most hideous, dreaded, beastly thing in the world. “I’ll let you live, not because I have mercy; mercy doesn’t run in my blood,” Alacon raged. “But I will come back in five years time,” he screeched so everyone could hear him.

Then everything was silent.

**Chapter Two: The Cloud Apartments**

The dangerous cloud apartments are nothing like the beautiful earth. If you don’t know it now, you will find out soon.

“I feel bad for the third cloud,” Julie said. She was a guardian Angel that lived with all of the other guardian Angels in the first floor of the cloud apartment.

“You mean the one that grew a forest?” asked Koko.

“Ya that one,” Julie responded.

“I agree! Living right below the Dark Angels must be horrible!” screeched Koko.

“Mommy!” Screamed crab.

“What is it?” asked Koko. “What happened? Did someone get hurt?”

“I learned how to count to 10! 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.”

“Ah! You said the number 4! Ah! I just said it! What is wrong with me? We’re not allowed to say the number 4! You know that!”

You see, 4 has always been a very unlucky number for everyone in the Cloud Apartment. You’ll find out why later.

\*

The second floor of the Cloud Apartment had helper Angels. But our hero takes place on the third floor, so let’s go up there.

In the third floor of the Cloud Apartments, Conoshes lived in a small cottage in the forest of Talisty. He had big, round glasses and hated school. He had a best friend named Candis; she, on the other hand, loved school.

Conoshes had no parents at all because they had gotten killed when the Dark Angels attacked them. Conoshes kept their ashes in a small, aged box that had a turkey on it that was so old and broken you could barely see the colors, they were so faded.

**Chapter Three: Ashes**

Alacon stared down at the third cloud.

“I sense something. It smells like… Death. I need it, whatever it is.”

“What is it though?” Bob asked Alacon, summoning up all of his courage.

Alacon sniffed the air one more time and then said: “It’s the ashes of Bill and Carry.”

Bob was startled. “Where is it?” he asked. Alacon pointed to the third floor. “Down there.” He paused. “Now that I think about it,” he wondered aloud, “It has been five years time.”

**Chapter Four: Alacon**

No one noticed the two shadowy creatures sneak into the house of Bill, Carry, and Conoshes. (Also known as the smallest house in the world.) Conoshes was at the wise man’s house (he had just ran away from school) and Candis was at school.

Bob took off his hood as he opened the unlocked door to their house. He grabbed the wooden box that held the black ashes and handed it to Alacon. Alacon smiled his creepy smile as he took his hood off as well. He turned around. Conoshes was standing in front of the door. Alacon dropped the box. Conoshes grabbed it.

“Who are you?” he asked.

“I am Alacon,” the creature said.

“Well Alacon, you can go ahead and leave,” Conoshes ordered.

“You’re not supposed to be bossing the one and only Alacon around,” said Alacon, turning white.

“You’re not supposed to be stealing my parents,” said Conoshes. “They are my best treasure. In fact, you’re not supposed to be stealing anything at all. Now get out of my house.”

Alacon, who had not been treated like that before, flew away.

**Chapter Five: The Turquoise Balls**

Conoshes was really angry, and I mean really. He was just at the “wise guys’” house, and he said that the Dark Angels were attracted to his parents’ ashes. Zaldrop, the old wise man, told him that he and Candis had to steal the turquoise balls.

“What are the turquoise balls?” Conoshes asked.

“They are the things that make the Dark Angels strong, if they don’t have them (in other words, if they are destroyed) they are very weak,” Zaldrop replied.

“But that’s not all,” Zaldrop added. “You must find the sword of Saldon, it’s the only weapon that can kill Alacon. You know about Alacon, right?” Zaldrop asked.

“I think,” Conoshes said. “Isn’t Alacon the leader of the Dark Angels? Oh and then Bob his best servant?”

“Yes,” said Zaldrop. “And then, Conoshes, you and Candis must kill Alacon and all the others.

**Chapter Six: The Cassawary**

“Conoshes!” Candis screamed. “Conoshes!” She was running around the forest of Talisty as her teacher had ordered. All she could hear was the voice of grouchy old Ms. Belli. “Where’s Conoshes?! Candis, go find Conoshes!”

“Cono—oh oh!” She tripped over a huge Cassowary. Its black body looked so plain, but its head was so colorful, red and blue mixed together was always so fascinating to Candis.

The Cassowary, with its horn the color of a taco, stared at her like it had never seen a Candis before. Well, it probably hadn’t. Then it started pecking her. She screamed. Conoshes came running. “Oh what a beautiful bird,” Conoshes exclaimed.

“WHAT” Candis screamed. “HELLO! YOUR FRIEND IS ABOUT TO GET EATEN BY THAT BEAUTIFUL BIRD!”

But Conoshes just stared at the bird. Candis rolled her eyes and kicked the Cassawary in the chest. It fell to the ground.

Candis was bleeding.

“Oh are you okay?” Conoshes asked.

“Yah,” Candis said.

“I know you’re okay, but what about…” Candis started but stopped with the Cassawary got up. “Nevermind, just run.”

**Chapter Seven: The Sand of Saldon**

“What’s down there?” Candis asked. They were both staring at the narrow stairway.

“Let’s go check it out,” Conoshes suggested.

Candis shrugged “okay.”

As they were walking down, Candis tripped. She tumbled down the stairs and banged into a glass case with something shiny in it. It broke.

“Okay,” Candis said. “Let’s do some simple addition. I had one cut to start out with. I probably got about eight cuts from the Cassawary, and now I probably just earned about 100 more. How many cuts do I have?”

“Ohh………………………….. (okay, we all know it’s 109 by now)………………………seven?” Conoshes said.

Candis stared at him. “NO!.... W-w-w-what’s that!”

“Oh no, you just got stabbed by a Sand that you were sitting on. Now you have eight cuts!” Conoshes exclaimed.

Candis rolled her eyes.

“Whoa that sword is beautiful,” Conoshes yelled. He picked it up. It was gold, the handle, marble.

“That must be the sword of Saldon!” said Candis.

“Of course it is,” said Conoshes.

**Chapter Eight: The Fifth Cloud**

“I can’t believe it. The Dark Angels have already taken over one floor. Now they’re going to attack ours,” Conoshes said as they walked to the portal that would take them to the fourth cloud.

“They took over another floor as well?” Candis asked.

“Yah, haven’t you heard that story?” asked Conoshes.

“No, I haven’t,” said Candis. Her lips were so pressed together that they were turning white.

“Well the Dark Angels used to live on the fifth floor, but they thought it was too bright and happy for them. So they went and took over the fourth Cloud. The village was poor and unstable; the Dark Angels killed them and took over.

“How terrible!” Candis said.

**Chapter Nine: The Viscous, Silly Monster**

When they got to the portal, they saw a sign. Not just any sign, a “DO NOT ENTER” sign.

“Who cares!” Conoshes screamed at the sign.

“I DO!” a monstrous voice screeched. It was not only a monstrous voice. It was a monstrous creature. It had a huge smiley face, a cherry nose, and red rosy cheeks, but the eyes… they were Dark. Conoshes courageously drew the sword, aiming at the heart. He stabbed the monster and red blood oozed out. It fell to its knees, clutching its chest.

Conoshes grabbed Candis’s hand and ran for the door to the portal. Candis slammed it shut. The monster screamed at them, but it was barely a whisper to them.

**Chapter Ten: The Cottages**

They saw a flash of green and then the door to the portal opened.

“These must be the houses of the Dark Angels,” said Conoshes.

Candis slowly opened the door to one of the cottages. It was like a normal house: there were three small beds, a tiny kitchen, and a desk. It was a one-room cottage.

“Wow, they live in a pretty normal house for someone as dangerous as they are,” Candis said.

Suddenly Conoshes saw some turquoise balls.

“Quick Candis we need to collect all the turquoise balls.” Candis ran outside, collecting them all, running in and out of the houses. Conoshes drew his sword of Saldon and started cutting the turquoise balls, destroying them.

**Chapter Eleven: Death**

Alacon stumbled. He felt in his soul that the turquoise balls were in danger. As he stumbled to where they were kept….

SMASH! Conoshes pelted the beautiful round stones. One more stone to go. He raised the sword and sliced it down in one swift motion. All rocks have been destroyed.

Alacon’s legs failed on him. He dragged his body. He yelled for Bob, but he didn’t come. Conoshes came out of the wealthy cottage. He pierced Alacon’s empty heart….

Blackness.

**Cake**

*by Molly Blevins*

**Prologue**

“And…. Begin!” announced the king of kings, Bastel. “Shall thee be king of a hopeful heart,” read prince Jarblead as he continued with his 10 page speech. On the bleachers, sat a fair maiden with a moon on her forehead and eyes that shimmered with every word.

“I am proud to announce prince Jarblead now as King Jarblead.”

**Chapter 1: Confused**

“I swear he has hated me ever since,” King Jarblead finished, shrugging.

“Uncle Tilmisto? He could never hate you,” I said scrunching up my nose.

“Kings don’t lie so why would I have told you that story?” King Jarblead asked, raising his eyebrows.

“Urggh,” I mumbled.

“Ahhh, no mumbling to me. Straighten your back and chin up!” lectured King Jarblead.

“You’re right, father,” I said sulkily.

As I left my father’s meeting room, I could not help but wonder, how could Uncle Tilmisto hate anyone? His loving smile could outshine the stars. Being a chef of a famous restaurant, Uncle Tilmisto always brought cakes or pasta to dinner. And King Jarblead let him stay in the cottage for all of the relatives that wanted to live with us.

**Chapter 2: His Past**

I was 3 years old when the Romans attacked the town of Salborn and conquered a tiny part of it. My mother had saved me by sliding in front of an arrow aimed directly at me. It hit her left rib and is still there in a crystal box by the king’s memory room. All I was left with was a long, skinny scar from when the arrow skid across my leg and into my mother’s rib. King Jarblead was attacked and broke 3 bones in his body, his rib, arm, and foot. He was put in a velvet puffy armchair and was instructed not to move. I sat next to him, telling him stories of brave kings and knights.

**Chapter 3: Goodbye**

“And I present to you…” Uncle Tilmisto shouted gleefully, “My Masterpiece.” He lifted the top of the platter, revealing a cake… a cake with blinding pink frosting smothering it.

“Sorry Uncle Tilmisto, I don’t eat cake… in fact, I don’t eat sugar… until Friday,” I said, frowning. King Jarblead, on the other hand, dove in and already finished 1 slice and was going on to his 2nd when suddenly the face hit the plate and his body went limp.

The sudden realization that my dad had just died.

**Chapter 4: Fatal Memories**

I never wanted to be king…. Well at least not because my father died. I wanted to become king because my father generously gave me the privilege. I’ve been thinking, was it the cake Uncle Tilmisto gave him? Or was it just of old age? But would a death of old age just come and possess him in 3 seconds!? I also wonder did Uncle Tilmisto mean to poison the king? King Jarblead said his brother had hated him.

**Chapter 5: Uncle Tilmisto and King Jarblead’s History**

Uncle Tilmisto and King Jarblead are from Italy and moved when their parents died. They moved to an abandoned castle and remodeled it when the Roman’s attacked King Jarblead, and built cabins for all the people whose homes had been ruined. (Now those are the cabins for our relatives.) When he did this action, he was prince still and when the king of kings, Bastel, was going to choose the king, that action came to mind immediately.

**Chapter 6: Cleaning the Cabins**

“Housekeeping,” I shout, rubbing my eyes, bored. No response. “Helloooo,” I say. I barge in anyway, annoyed. My father made me clean all the cabins because I accidently set the kitchen stove on fire.

“Kaka,” sounded the Delowary. I look up… I’m face to beak with it. Its big eyes staring at me with a hungry glare. I’m terrified, truly and utterly terrified.

“Good boy… Stay,” I say backing away. It does! It stays! Then I see… it’s in a cage.

This must be Uncle Tilmisto’s room. He has a pet Delowary and… and then it dawns on me… Delowary tears… they are poisonous. Did Uncle Tilmisto murder my dad?! And I stand in awe.

I spot a box; it surprises me because all the cabins are usually identical. I walk over to it but a padlock guarded it.

“Oh well!”

I clean the room and while I set his bed, I see something shiny. I pull it out and it’s a key! I am giddy with excitement. I open the box to see a long, narrow bag and a book. My excitement vanishes when I read the 2nd line in the book.

*I’ve killed the king now and now all I have to do is to kill the prince!!*

I stare in total disbelief!

Footsteps… I snatch the book, lock the box, and put it back and hide before the door opens!

A man comes in, I can tell because of his heavy boots hitting the wood floor.

“Oh where did I put that darn thing?” he says scuffling through the chest. “Ah-ha, here it is.” Heavy boots hitting the floor… door slamming… silence.

**Chapter 7: Convinces**

“I’m telling you he did!” I sputter, trying to prove Uncle Tilmisto is guilty. “Fine beat this,” I say, taking the book out of my satchel and pointing to the 2nd line.

“Oh my.” But before she could finish her sentence I hear a cry of joy as the chains on Yizmel (the poor boy who was suspected of murdering my father).

“Wha…. Why?” I hear as Uncle Tilmisto was taken from his home and put in the cellar!

**Epilogue**

Five years later: Uncle Tilmisto is still in jail. I’m 17 and my stepmom married a handsome young man. Advakin Minshield. He is not as great as my father but he comes pretty close. Uncle Tilmisto will come out of jail and write a speech. Apologizing to me and all the other people he hurt.

Ten years later: I have found a deep passion for Ingo. She has helped me through the hard times of losing a family member. Her smile is pretty and bright and reminds me of my father’s.

**The Twister’s Tale**

*by Kallan Gehlert*

**Chapter 1**

Lexi has blond hair and blue eyes. Her hair is curved and it stays that way even in the strongest of winds. Lexi has a power, a secret life that is hidden from the world outside. Lexi could read minds, thoughts that did not matter who or what was thinking it. She used that amazing power to solve mysteries big or small. Landy (Lexi’s helper) had an uber big mystery for her and Nite (who also had powers) to solve.

**Chapter 2**

The scene was set in Bear Creek, Texas the home of a Tornado that could dis-and-re-appear. The town was old and looked like a T-Rex had gone through it. The hotel that Nite and Lexi were supposed to stay in were tattered and rundown. The beds were the type that came out of the walls. The beds were made of metal and had stained white sheets and white pillows. There was one big dresser for Nite and Lexi to share.

**Chapter 3**

The two girls went outside to investigate. Their first stop was Gionette’s, the food store. This store was owned by a mysterious man named Willerd who had apparently got footage of the supposed Tornado.

“The fact that he has footage inks me out!” exclaimed Nite.

“Yeah, same with me,” said Lexi.

The girls walked in the store and the door made a ting. The ting was music in Lexi’s ear, but then again everything was.

Willerd greeted them with his usual greeting: a totally un-enthusiastic shrug.

“Welcome, hillbillies and outlaws, to Gionette’s the food store. Buy whatever you would like.”

“Actually we aren’t here to buy things,” said Nite.

“Well then you can saddle up your horse and get out!” Willerd exclaimed.

“But sir we came to see the footage.”

“So you’re one of those detective girls. Well, I can assure you I did not do it,” replied Willerd.

“Do what?” asked Lexi.

“Trick everyone into thinking that the Tornado is real; and destroy and steal the houses, or what’s left of them.”

“Umm…suspicious!”

“What?!” screeched Willerd.

“Just show us the footage and we will let you be, okay?” proposed Nite.

“Okay.”

The footage was pretty dull. All it was was a Tornado going around, although the size of it surprised both Lexi and Nite.

“Every time the Tornado comes it gets bigger!” exclaimed Willerd.

“Creepy!” exclaimed Nite.

“So do you believe in it?” asked Lexi.

“Well yeah, it’s tearing down all of our land,” replied Willerd

“I guess it is,” said Lexi

“Well, bye.”

**Chapter 4**

The next suspect was a girl named Lindsey. She was Nite and Lexi’s age, but she was way brighter when it came to technology and if any one knew about special effects, it was her. She wore a bright pink leather jacket, a tucked in blouse, denim jeans, pink cowgirl boots, and sunglasses. Lindsey chewed a wad of pink bubble gum about the size of a water balloon that annoyed Lexi to her last two straws. And then there was the way she talked. She did not have a cowboy accent but she said like at least five times in each sentence, which yes indeed made her sound ignorant.

“Why don’t we just send her to jail already and have the world free of her likes and duhs?” mumbled Lexi.

“Because she is probably not the culprit,” whispered Nite.

“So why do we waste our precious time here?” asked Lexi.

“Because she could be, but probably not,” exclaimed Nite.

The girls found Lexi at the 5th Street Arcade playing a game of Pacman.

“Oh hey, like do you, like, want to like play like, Pacman?” asked Lindsey.

“Um no, we’re good actually. We’re here to ask you about the Tornado,” said Lexi, secretly rolling her eyes.

“Oh that, well, like, I can like assure you that, like the Tornado was like, and made by like, special effects, but it was not, like, me. My dad is, like a trillionaire,” said Lindsey.

“A trillionaire! Wow, that’s a lot of money!” said Lexi clenching her fists.

“ Well yeah, my like dad, is like a doctor/lawyer/businessman/realtor/veterinarian,” said Lexi as she walked out the door.

“Wait,” cried Nite. “We still have to talk to Jack.”

“Oh yeah, Jack.”

**Chapter 5**

The girls talked to Jack for a while and they found out that he was most definitely innocent, but they were not so sure about his brother. Jack explained that his brother was very mad about the way their family’s money was used, so he had an incentive.

**Chapter 6**

The two girls went back to their hotel room to see who was the biggest suspect of the case and they made a graph to see. The graph was like one of those five star graphs. It used points and whoever had the least points was fine. In this case that person was Justin.

“Well Justin’s not it,” exclaimed Nite looking at the graph.

“Phew, Jake would be heart broken if Justin was. I mean they are brothers,” replied Lexi.

“Yeah,” answered Nite.

**Chapter 7**

The girls went out to dinner at the Black Tavern where they had chicken and biscuits. When they got to their booth the waiter noticed them.

“So you guys are detectives?” asked the waiter.

“Yes indeed we are thank you for noticing,” replied Lexi.

“So how do you feel about the tornadoes?” asked the waiter.

“I bet there is a person behind it, that’s how I feel,” replied Nite.

“Who do you think it is?” asked the waiter.

“Maybe, just maybe, Willerd,” said Lexi.

“Maybe,” said the waiter.

The girls ate their dinner and tipped the waiter 20 percent. They left the dinner with a full stomach and a smile on their faces.

**Chapter 8**

The next morning Lexi woke up and screamed! Their hotel room had been trashed. Lexi tried to wake up Nite but Nite was sound asleep. Lexi called the police and started to clean up. When the police finally got to the Hotel room they asked Lexi and Nite (who had woken up from her precious beauty sleep) a series of questions like:

“Did this person hurt you?” or

“Did they steal anything?”

**Chapter 9**

After the police left the girls had a breakfast of Waffles and string beans. Lexi and Nite decided to take the day of from investigating and use it to sightsee and shop. Nite and Lexi even went to a ranch where you could ride buffalo. After lunch they went to a museum and learned about the Cheyenne Indians, where they played prairie ball, a traditional Cheyenne Indian game. Late in the day the two girls decided to go out to eat. Lexi came home with an American Indian style Mickey Mouse doll that she got at the museum. Nite got a professional beaded moccasin.

**Chapter 10**

The next day Nite and Lexi were in the arcade talking to Jack when a tornado warning blazed through the speakers.

“Get to the basement now!” screamed Jack.

Everyone ran to the basement in panic and fear. When everyone got to the basement, Jack, Justin and their father ordered everyone to protect their necks, just in case. The arcade fell apart and everyone including Nite and Lexi were crying. Lexi sat with Jack protecting each other’s necks and holding hands. No, they were not in love, it just gave them hope, hope that was hard to have. Nite peeked outside to see if it was over, it was definitely not over, there was a tornado outside. It was 600 feet wide and 3,800 feet tall, which is very large for a tornado.

When it was finally over, the town was in ruins. Everything was gone, if not, almost gone. People came out of their basements crying. If not, they had tears in their eyes. Lexi and Nite were devastated even though they did not live there. Jack looked 10x more devastated. Lexi looked where Jack was looking and she knew what had stabbed his heart. The arcade was torn down into little pieces limb from limb.

“My family’s work, my family’s money, my job for eight years,” cried Jack.

“Its okay, you can come live with me and Nite in our house, there are at least two guest bedrooms.” replied night.

“I would love to,” said Jack.

Jack’s eyes brightened up a little but then they fell back down.

“What about my father? And Justin?” asked Jack.

“Well, your father can take the other bedroom and you can share a room with your brother, right? I promise you I will not stop until I find you and your family a home,” said Lexi.

“Thank you” said Jack

You are welcome,” said Lexi and Nite.

**Chapter 11**

At that minute Jack got mad, really mad.

“I will find out who did this and whoever it is going to go to jail right away!” screamed Jack

“And we will help you” said Lexi

“Yes we will,” said Nite

**Chapter 12**

The next day everyone was busy cleaning up the leftovers of the tornado. Justin was walking over to the broken down bank, when Lexi noticed something that made her wonder if Justin was the culprit. Everyone had cuts and bruises but him. In fact, he was perfectly fine. He had changed into a new outfit.

“Justin, I need to talk to you,” lied Lexi.

She was really going to turn him over to the police for questioning in regards to the tornado. She suspected him for being responsible for the tornado. Lexi led Justin to an alley that nobody was at and then asked him the spine curdling, tummy tingling question that even she could not answer.

“Why, why did you do it?” asked Lexi

“Do what?”

“Do not try to trick me, I know you did it, the tornado,” said Lexi fiercely.

“Every day my family would get more and more money taken away from us just so that they would get trillions of dollars, but now that you know, I am sorry to have to do this,” said Justin.

He wound up his fist and punched Lexi so hard that everything went black.

Lexi woke up in the hospital with Nite and Jack hovering above her.

“Are you okay?” asked Jack

“Yeah, what happened?” replied Lexi

“Well thanks to you, Justin was turned in and admitted that even the damage was special effects and their real homes were fine. He also said where he put the money,” said Nite.

“The arcade is fine, but Justin will be in Jail for 10 to 20 years,” said Jack.

“You could still live with me and Nite though right?” asked Lexi

“I would love to!” said Jack

“Oh and by the way you got pretty beat up after the punch,” said Nite

“Oh I know,” said Lexi looking into the mirror and smiling.

**Epilogue**

Jack, Lexi and Nite lived together forever after. Justin actually liked it in jail and Jack’s dad got a job as a lawyer, and it paid well enough for him to buy a dog named Jessie.

**When The Coyote Howls**

*by Amanda T. Gin*

C**hapter 1**

I was the last of my family, the ancient ones who had, except for me, all died in the Great Coyote War. The Great Coyote War started when the head of the coyotes got shot down by one of the obnoxious hunters who always bragged about the animal skins he brought back. The coyote pack started to sneak into teepees at night and steal the well-hunted deer and buffalo skins. That was only the beginning. Sadly, the entire pack was killed and the war ended.

I was 18 years old and had been raised by Smooth Dove, the kind medicine woman. Smooth Dove had sewn me a whole wardrobe of moccasins and cloaks out of animal skins. “It is the best I can do for your family who sacrificed themselves for our village,” her welcoming voice had told me. “If they were alive, they would thank you greatly,” I had said back to her.

Now I was alone. A great illness had overcome Smooth Dove and she did not have the cure. That fateful day, I had stayed all night, crying over Smooth Dove’s still and lifeless body. It was only when the morning water ceremony began, I was forced to leave my foster mother’s side.

And over the course of a few years, I spent the nights threading beads onto cornhusk pouches and making prayer fans for the Chief. I sometimes hummed to myself and once in a while, I’d present a homemade pouch with a beaded design to some of the village children. My life was a lonely, quiet one.

That is, until Alex came along.

**Chapter 2**

I had just finished a cornhusk pouch when a tiny girl ran in, laughing happily. Moments later, a teenage boy burst in. I sized him up. He looked about 16 years old and carried a rifle and a tattered leather book in a long fur sack on his back. He scooped up the little girl and stared at me. “Very sorry ma’am. I did not intend any trouble here,” he said, blushing.

“That’s alright. No harm done,” I replied.

“Alright then,” he said, turning to exit.

“Wait!” I found myself shouting. The boy whipped around, his eyebrows raised. “Is there a problem?” He asked me. My gaze drifted to the ground. “Um, I was just wondering what your name is,” I said quietly.

“I’m Alex, my Native American name is Shining Star.”

“I’m Jordyn. I don’t have a Native American name.”

Alex squinted at me. “I haven’t seen you around,” he said.

“Well, I like to keep to myself sometimes,” I said, defending myself. Alex changed the subject.

“Who are your parents?”

“Well, my real parents died in the Great Coyote War and my foster mother died a few years back.”

Alex looked down. “So…you live all by yourself?” he finally asked.

I nodded. A loud voice interrupted us. “Alex! Where are you and your sister?” Alex grinned. “I’ve got to go. See you around!” With that, he dashed off with the little girl in his arms.

That night, I was dying feathers for a prayer fan when somebody ran in. I shrieked. When I realized that it was Alex, I calmed down. “Sorry,” I told him. Alex sat on the ground next to me. “Just came to give you company. Must be lonely, these nights?”

I shrugged. He took out a small bag and reached inside. He pulled something folded out and handed it to me. “I got it from one of the elders,” he explained. I carefully unfolded it. It was a beaded buckskin dress! I was speechless. “For me?” I managed to say. “Yeah,” he said.

“Thanks.” I hugged him. He stood up. “Well, I’ve got to run now. Maybe I’ll see you around.”

“Bye.”

Then Alex vanished into the inky black night, leaving me staring into the dark, wishing I had a family who could comfort me during these silent cold nights.

**Chapter 3**

The sound of hooves pounding on the ground echoed throughout the prairie. The men had returned from their hunting trip. I went outside to see what they had brought back. There were only two deer, three rabbits, and one buffalo. When the woman saw what they had brought back, they groaned. It was barely enough to feed the village. Chief Blue Feather’s voice boomed out.

“Please, everybody meet me in the meeting circle. I have an important announcement to tell you.”

I followed the Chief to a big teepee with wide walls. I sat down while other people filed in to hear what the Chief had to say. When everyone arrived, Chief Blue Feather stood up.

“In these past hunting trips, we haven’t been able to catch a lot to feed the entire village. Before that, we had an abundance of animals. Does anyone know what has happened?”

An elderly lady next to him stood up. ”I am the Wise Woman. We have not caught as many animals as before because there is a big drought where they live. The drought has dried up all our nearby rivers.”

Everybody gasped.

She continued. “But, we can still make berry juice from the berry bushes.” She sat down.

Chief Blue Feather spoke again. “This drought, it has beat us to the water. How will we know sooner when things like this happen?”

I turned to look at the Wise Woman, along with many others.

The Wise Woman smiled and said, “I cannot help you in this situation. But I do know someone who can.”

“Who?” the Chief asked.

“Swirling Water.”

**Chapter 4**

Swirling Water was the old woman whom nobody cared about. She lived in a worn-out teepee set up far away from the rest. Both of her parents had disappeared a while back, leaving her to survive on her own. As she grew up, she started to study curses and spells so she could help the Native Americans. But nobody ever noticed her. That’s why she was so surprised to see Chief Blue Feather heading towards her.

“Greetings, my Chief,” Swirling Water said. “Why are you here, good sir?”

“We have a problem. Did you know that there is a drought?” questioned the Chief.

“No.”

“The drought has dried up all our water already. We didn’t know until it was too late. We need to find a way to find out these things before they happen so we can prepare for them. We thought you could help us.”

Swirling Water’s heart burst with joy. Somebody actually needed her help! She struggled to keep on a serious face.

“I will do what I can, Chief.”

“Thank you for helping us, Swirling Water.”

Then the Chief left to tell his people the good news. As soon as he left, Swirling Water got to work. She wrote down a list of ingredients that she needed for the potion she was going to make. She needed the mystical plants: the Vines of Mist and the Glowing Bulb. The other ingredients were three large coyote teeth.

Armed with a basket in one hand and the ingredient list in the other, she wandered through the forest behind her teepee. After a tiring hour of searching for the plants, she spotted a purple vine with a curling stem. Sparkles seemed to linger near the tip of the vine. She broke of the vine and tossed it into her basket.

Then she immediately saw a Glowing Bulb because of its ‘glowing bulb’. She carefully put it in her basket, making sure to only touch the leaves. Then she turned around and skipped back to her teepee.

She took out her jar of coyote teeth and ground three of the biggest teeth into a fine white powder. Swirling Water sprinkled the powder into a small pot. Then she pounded up the bulb and the vine and added those, too.

As her last step of the process, she started to stir the mixture. Then she whispered something and a cloud of smoke erupted from the brew. When it cleared, Swirling Water was gone.

**Chapter 5**

The next day, Alex and I met in the middle of the village.

“Hey,” he said. I waved.

“What are you doing?” I asked him.

“I get to go on my first hunting trip with the men. I hope I at least get a rabbit,” he said excitedly.

I smiled. “Good luck,” I told him.

“Thanks,” he said back. He stood up and waved goodbye.

A few minutes after he left, I heard a faint sound.

Arooooooooo!

“Coyotes!” I shouted. I looked around. The village was in a panic. “Coyotes! Prepare yourselves, men!” Chief Blue Feather ordered. Men lined up behind him, bearing war shields and spears. We all waited in suspense for the coyotes to come. Finally, the Chief gave the order to lower the weapons.

“There has been a misunderstanding. Perhaps there really wasn’t a coyote. Whoever has fooled us, you have put the entire village in fear. Gods of above, if that was a sign, we are apologizing for angering you and will hold a sacrifice meeting for you,” Chief Blue Feather said sternly.

Everyone nodded and went back to their work.

Later that day, the men came back. Alex, though, was frowning. As the men hopped off their horses, I ran up to Alex.

“Did you get a rabbit?” I asked.

“We didn’t really go hunting,” he said disappointingly.

He told me the whole story. The men had begun riding, but all of a sudden they had heard a coyote howl. They had looked around, trying to spot the coyote, but they were unable to see it. Alex and the other men wanted to continue their trip, but the leader of the trip was so convinced that the coyote howl was a sign of the gods, he made them all head back.

The moment they turned around and started back, the ground where they had just been standing crumbled away, forming a huge, deep crack. They had raced back in order to inform the Chief.

“So, the coyote howl *was* like a warning, in a way,” I said after Alex had finished telling the recount.

“Yeah, I guess,” he said dully.

“Attention, please. It has come to my concern that the coyote howl has saved my hunting men. Why are they now helping us?” Blue Feather asked the crowd that had gathered around him.

He turned to look at the Wise Woman.

She answered, “My sixth sense tells me that there is so much magic stronger than mine involved, I can only tell you one thing. It is what you wanted, Chief. A warning.”

**Chapter 6**

The Chief stared at the Wise Woman.

“A warning?” She nodded.

“Then the person behind this is Swirling Water. I asked her yesterday to give us a warning whenever there is danger arriving. That must be what the coyote howl is for. She’ll be in trouble, for causing so much chaos. I must ask her to change this,” Chief Blue Feather said worriedly.

“I’ll come with you,” I volunteered.

Alex sidled up beside me. “I will too.”

So we walked over to Swirling Water’s teepee.

The Chief called out, “Swirling Water? Swirling Water? Are you there?”

There was no answer.

He called out again.

Silence.

“Where is she?” Alex wondered out loud.

“I can search for her,” I said.

“No, no. It’s way too dangerous for you kids. Let’s go back and try again tomorrow. Maybe she’ll be home by then.”

We turned tail and walked home sadly.

At dawn the next morning, I was wide awake. I was filling up a buffalo-hide bag with a small hunting knife I found abandoned on the ground and a canteen of berry juice.

I snuck out and walked silently over to the forest behind Swirling Water’s teepee. Alex was waiting for me.

“Good. You’re here,” he said softly.

We wandered through the forest. Jagged leaves jutted out from scraggly bushes. Giant trees towered over us. The ground was murky with splotches of mud here and there.

Then we heard it. A distant howl.

Aroooooooooooo!

We froze in our tracks. I took out my knife for protection and Alex turned around so we were back to back. That’s when something shot out of the trees and dove straight for me. I screamed and fell backwards. That’s when the forest closed in on us and we were gone.

**Chapter 7**

“Jordyn! Wake up!” Alex shook me awake.

“Where are we?” I asked.

We were hanging upside down. Strong blue and red vines were wrapped around our legs.

“I don’t know; all I remember is the forest closing in on us,” he answered.

I tried to swing my body to another vine, but failed.

“The knife!” Alex exclaimed.

My small hand-held knife was lying inches below his dangling head. “Careful,” I warned. I strained my head to see what he was doing. He had struggled one hand free and was reaching for the knife.

“Got it!” he said triumphantly.

He started to cut the vines, but as soon as he struck it, it freed him and slithered away. He freed me and we continued our journey. After a while, we stopped to rest. Now, the air was cool and refreshing, unlike before when it was damp and sweaty. Alex took out a small canteen of berry juice and took a sip.

“Come on, let’s go. We don’t have much time before the Chief’s men will start looking for us,” I said sternly.

We packed up our belongings and resumed walking. Not long after we started off again, a bone-chilling coyote howl was heard. I shivered. The howl sounded closer, as if the coyote was right behind her. She turned around. Nothing.

Alex yanked me behind a bush.

“Shhhh,” he whispered.

I clamped a hand over my mouth. We heard thumping noises. The noises grew louder and louder. Alex looked at me with worried eyes. Soon the thumping came to a stop. I held my breath.

Alex screamed.

**Chapter 8**

A huge monster loomed over us. I gasped. The creature had shaggy fur, but menacing claws. They slashed through the air viciously. Luckily, we ducked and ran around the monster.

“Quick,” Alex called, catching a glimpse of a yellow bulb. He ran over to it, picked it up by its leaves only, and plunged the tip into the monster.

Wasting no time, we ran away as fast as we could. When we saw that we were safe, I asked him what the strange plant was. He said it was a Glowing Bulb, and you couldn’t touch the bulb unless you wanted to get stung.

Once we relaxed and got over our shock, I said, “Wow. That’s the second time the coyote howl has saved us.”

“Yeah, but we still haven’t found Swirling Water.”

“Is that really her name?”

“No, I don’t think so. I think that she gave herself that name. My parents told me that her real name is MaryAnn.”

I paused for a moment. “Hold on. Let’s connect the dots. Swirling Water is gone, right? That’s after Chief asked her to give us a warning. And when the Swirling Water disappeared, the coyote appeared.”

“So you’re saying----“

He didn’t get to finish because he was interrupted by an earsplitting howl. This time, I was afraid to look back. I didn’t have to. The coyote appeared beside me and arched its back as if it wanted us to climb on. “They’ve found us!” yelled Alex.

I looked around. There was no other escape. I hopped on its back and pulled Alex on, too. The coyote carried us off, sprinting farther into the forest, away from the Chief’s men.

**Chapter 9**

The coyote’s legs were moving rapidly. The Chief’s men were soon left behind. The exhausted coyote fell onto its side as Alex and I slid off.

“Is it okay?” I asked.

“Yeah. It looks like it is,” said Alex.

“So what were you going to say before you were interrupted?

“I was going to say that you were saying that maybe Swirling Water created the coyote, but ran away in fear that the Chief wouldn’t like it.”

Just then, the coyote groaned. Alex ran over to it. “Come over here,” he called to me. I hurried over.

“I think it’s…well, it’s not breathing at the moment,” he said slowly.

“What!?”

“I’m sorry but I…”

I fell to my knees and started sobbing.

Alex tried reassuring me. “Jordyn, it’s a coyote. The animals who took your parents’ lives.”

I continued sobbing, stopping only to ask, “What is MaryAnn’s real Indian name?”

Alex searched through his tattered book. Then his face froze.

I sat up. “What is her real Indian name?”

He paused.

“Great Coyote.”

**Chapter 10**

Alex and I walked back to the village without talking the whole way. “I guess she wanted to help the village, even if it meant taking her own life,” he said. I nodded and blinked back tears.

When we told the Chief, he looked away. I did see the tears forming in his eyes.

The next night, Alex, Chief Blue Feather and I all went out to retrieve the coyote’s body. We were all shocked that it was gone. But when I looked up, I saw the shadowy outline of a coyote howling at the moon.

Aroooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!

**Magicked**

*by Abigail Horton*

**Chapter 1: Amber**

Hello, my name is Amber. I was left in a haunted farm. For a short time, a woman’s ghost stayed to look after me and my friend Luci. As soon as I turned seven, she gave me a dog and Luci an amulet. Then she left. When I went outside, animals roamed. Chickens slept in a chicken enclosure. So things got better. We planted the seeds from our food and sold eggs, meat, and fruit. We never went to school unless it was to sell my artwork or foods for lunchtime. At the store, we traded things like a tray of bacon for two hats. But everyday we held secrets. We had magic powers and my dog Michi could talk. It was fabulous in the winter when we run out of firewood along with the rest of the town, and with a snap of our fingers a fire appeared out of nowhere. With a simple thought, a Christmas dinner transformed into a rich meal. Michi always made up for the lack of friends. All was fine until they came…

**Chapter 2: Amber**

The farm is the most beautiful thing in my mind. On the window, honeysuckle creeps on the outside. A small pond has lilies floating on the surface and fish frolic at the bottom. In the summer, frogs croak at night. The house has a soft purple paint that glows at night. Flowers in every color bloom year round. The apple and peach trees produce fabulous fruits. Animals relax in their enclosure. The chickens’ pecking fills your ears. Couches with a fancy curvature are placed around the fireside. In the kitchen, iron kitchenware fills the room. My bedroom is filled with purples and whites. My bed is a four-poster bed with bright purple curtains. I also have a bookshelf that is filled with toys and books. Luci’s room is a bright red with a small red bed, and toys are scattered on the floor along with books on magic. Crafts lay discarded or finished on a desk. A Bobo doll painted in all black is what she uses to practice fighting. A grassy lawn has a sign hand painted on it that says: Longwood Farms. All was wonderful until they came.

**Chapter 3: Luci**

Now I get to the part when they came. It was night and an unstoppable heat was in the house. We set up blankets and pillows by the magic portal. The reason why it was by the portal is that the portal provides magic protection. I fell asleep along with Amber and Michi. The thing I heard wasn’t the gushing of the river.

No, it was a smooth voice that was certainly male that said, “Quick, load them in their stretchers.”

An even smoother female voice said, “Of course our shadow servants won’t last long in this world.”

The next thing I know, I’m tied up and am screaming “AMBER!” repeatedly.

The woman’s voice says, “sleep.” And a head touches my forehead and the world goes black.

In my sleep, I could hear voices that said things like, “The little princess has come home,” or Cecil (the woman who took care of us when we were young) scream, ”Help!”

When I wake, Amber and I are in a room with silver in its darkest shade and a beautiful bed with black and silver bedding.

Amber asks with a black version of Michi in her hands, “Where are we?”

**Chapter 4: Luci**

That truly was the question.

Michi, who was not as black, said in a weakened voice, “The Land of Darkness.”

That explained the dark figures with smooth voices and shadow servants. I got up and a mirror appeared. I was in a crude bedsheet dress. I saw Amber was the same way, so I put on a black jumpsuit and Amber had a black dress on. She stood there paralyzed. I tried to cry out but I, too, was paralyzed. The black jumpsuit fell and the black fell off the suit in a dusty form. Black dust from the paralysis plant.

A shadow girl appeared. She has a delicate wound that has a daft white glow. She touches Amber’s head and Amber transforms into her magic self. The same happens to me and then we are cantered off to a black marble ballroom. Our legs were covered in shadow. Then a silver mix is poured on me. My legs are now the only things that are paralyzed. Then we are helped into wheelchairs and go to the shadow room.

**Chapter 5: Amber**

The room is liquid shadow. A black sofa is in the middle along with a black coffee table. Two shadows emerge from the all-black surroundings. “Hello,” a smooth voice says, definitely female. Fear runs through my body. Michi, who was near the magical cat, Amaciabrious, whimpers. Her voice is the same one that I heard on the night of my kidnapping. Judging by the look on Luci’s face, she heard them. All this came from one word. Next, she says, “Shadow, get the dragon ready. I don’t want Gurulaith to see so do the invisible one.” Black forms emerge from nothing and push us to who apparently was Shadow.

**Chapter 6: Amber**

We mounted a dragon, and it moaned and gradually started to disappear. Then I’m forced to eat homogeniso (the paralysis plant). I do it with my eyes closed so it stays dark. A roar fills my ears. Gurulaith the dreaded monster. All of a sudden my eyes snap open. Blackness and Shadow are absorbed into Gurulaith, not noticing that a silver aura is wrapped around me and I’m grabbing onto Luci who is now not paralyzed because of my silver aura.

*Thud*. I fell on solid gold. I’m on top of a palace. Luci is covered in black and has a shadow curse on her. I whip off the black and blast it to ashes. Then I cover her in my silver aura. Then I turn to Michi.

“You didn’t tell me I had a silver aura!” I shriek.

You see, a silver aura girl is destined to kill or be killed by the chief shapeshifter.

In a weakened voice, he says, “Sorry, but right now Shadow Virus is trying to kill me!”

**Chapter 7: Amber**

Michi’s shadow grows deadly. I cry bitterly as Michi falls asleep. I sprout silver wings all of a sudden, and I’m off. I try and find a unicorn with a green mane. If I do, I’ll find a plant of phoenix and cure Michi’s virus, and Luci’s. There it is: Plant of Phoenix with its trademark purple glow. Yep, right by it is a unicorn with a green mane. The next morning, I brew the Plant of Phoenix into tea and serve it to Luci and Michi. Luci glows with health and golden light. Michi, on the other hand, is taken suddenly by a shapeshifter. And I just wail.

**Chapter 8: Luci**

Just then, Amber starts melting into silver. It’s what happens when she’s upset. Meanwhile, I start chasing a shifter. Of course, we were shapeshifters too, but we have other powers as well, so we’re called the Magicked. I copy the shapeshifter’s movements and even transformations. Finally, he’s trapped. I summon my magic spear and destroy him. And then Amber appears and makes the shapeshifter chief disintegrate. Michi runs and barks gleefully.

**Epilogue or Quite Possibly the Prologue**

A woman in green clothes appears. She says that we’re her children. We go home to the palace and start to live like princesses. And now it’s a happily ever after.

**The Warrior**

*by Amanda Liedkte*

**Chapter 1: Town**

Hi, my name is Kaya. I am from the Ute tribe. This morning, we woke early to see the men off to town. My brother is going for his first time. He has finally gotten enough beaver skins to trade for a rifle. The reason he wants a rifle is because in order to hunt, you need to have a rifle. Us women packed all of the men’s things while they ate breakfast.

**Chapter 2: Camp**

Now I am going to describe my tipi. It is made out of buckskin and has a painting of a buffalo to honor the buffalo that gave its skin to us. The inside of my tipi has many blankets of bearskin for my family to lie upon. Each one of us has a large deerskin bag in which to keep our belongings in.

**Chapter 3: On the Run**

This morning when my mom asked me to get the water, I decided it was time to set my plan into action. Here is my plan: I shall run away with a stock of the skins of beavers I have been capturing with woven nets. I shall follow the trail of the men riding my horse, “Speaking Rain.” She is as black as night, with raindrops of white.

So anyway, when I had filled the pail of water, I attached it to Speaking Rain and galloped off, water and all, to find a town. At sunset, I built a wigwam of sticks in which to shelter me throughout the night.

I woke at dawn to continue my travels along the dusty dirt path.

At sunset, I reached town just in time to trade for a rifle. I decided to wander a little knowing that I could never come again. By trading a few squirrel skins I had caught along the way, I took a bed in a hotel.

**Chapter 4: Lost**

I woke at dawn. However, when I finished eating breakfast at the inn I was staying at, I realized that I had no idea where I was. I cannot speak English and the way I had gotten the man who owned the inn, Attean, to understand me was with hand signs that were very hard to make.

**Chapter 5: Search Party**

“I can’t believe that girl is missing. Where could she be?” Chief Snow Hunter wondered, pacing by his log house. Everyone knew it was bad when the Chief was pacing.

“I need a search party for Kaya NOW!” he yelled.

**Chapter 6: The Dragon**

I decided it would be too embarrassing to go into the hotel and ask for directions, so I decided to wander a bit more. I wandered into a bar and began to hear talk about a dragon in a cave I had seen many times. As soon as I heard this, I knew I had to be the one to slay it. I left the bar and gathered these things: lots of food, a canoe that I traded for, lots of water, and my rifle. I put all of this in my deerskin saddlebag and set out for the cave. I ride until I can see the mouth of the cave. I pelt the cave with chunks of buffalo meat, which I traded for. I crawled out of my hiding spot, which was a bush just outside the mouth of the cave.

**Chapter 7: The Dragon’s Drool**

“I need a search party!” Chief Snow Hunter repeated.

Many men came rushing to be of use. Soon they had a large group of people ready to search for Kaya. Soon, the men arrived at the cave Kaya was currently located. They hid when they saw the fearsome dragon. Their bodies shuddered as the dragon drooled.

**Chapter 8: The Slaying**

I crawl out from under the dragon’s stomach and then shoot under the chest with three shots from my rifle. And with that, the dragon is dead. Soon after, I saw many men from the camp. Once they saw me, they took me to the camp and pronounced me the first woman hunter. I have learned my lesson and will never run away again.

**Prayer Fan**

*by Remington Mancini*

The Prayer Fan is made from feathers of sacred birds. The fan has the power to send prayers to the creator, which rise with the smoke through the top of the tepee.

**Chapter 1**

One night, the Native Utes were hunting for bison when they heard a fierce growl. They got their bows and spears off of their horses and fearfully walked toward the sound. They heard the noise again and saw bright neon-yellow eyes through the bushes. The Native American Chief Buckskin Charlie shot an arrow through the bushes. The eyes disappeared and the beast let out an innocent cry. They heard a thump and leaves crackle. Chief Buckskin Charlie signaled for the men to stay where they were. He walked toward the bush. He walked around the bush and saw a Prayer Fan. This was no animal, no beast, no enemy, just a Prayer Fan.

“Men, come,” he said.

All of the men came running toward the chief. One man picks it up.

“It’s a Prayer Fan, sir,” said a Ute.

He got down on his knees and started praying. The sky lit up. Blue, green, purple, pink! It was beautiful!

The next morning, the Utes all sat in a circle and placed the Prayer Fan in the middle. They prayed for a horse. Later that night, a horse came running into their village. It was a true miracle!

**Chapter 2**

Light brown tepees, bright green grass, blazing fires, and great mountains. The scenery is beautiful. My head spins as I see the colors all around me.

**Chapter 3**

The sun shines bright into the tepees, waking the bright Utes. Early morning, early hunting. Rise and shine men… it’s hunting time.

The Utes got their bows and spears ready.

“Wait. Why do we need to go hunting when we can have whatever we want?” inquired a Ute.

“That is true,” said Chief Buckskin Charlie. “We will wish for what we want!” he joyfully yelled. They all sat down and one by one, each Ute gave the prayer fan their wishes. Food, water, horses, tepees, clothes, pets, and decorations. Everything, anything! They wished for something new each day.

**Chapter 4**

“My great sir, this gift that the Great Spirit gave us is a miracle! We can now fight off whatever comes our way. We don’t need to worry about droughts or bison, we can have whatever we want.” said a Ute.

“Yes, that is true. We cannot abuse this power. It could bring great danger,” replied Chief Buckskin Charlie.

The Ute went outside and on his way out, he grabbed the fan. He went out to the forest and prayed to the fan. Right as he finished his prayer, he heard Chief Buckskin Charlie calling his name. He buried the fan in a pile of leaves and ran back to the village.

“Yes sir?” he questioned.

“You go get that prayer fan now. What did you wish for?” demanded the Chief.

“I wished for a tamed beast sir. A beast to fight with,” he replied.

“Tonight, if something other than a tamed beast shows up, you will be executed. Do you understand me?”

“Yes sir.”

“Good, now go get that fan.”

The Ute went back to the pile of leaves where he buried the fan. When he picked it up, it was no longer red, blue, and white. It was now a dark brown. He thought it was just from the dirt but when he washed it off in a pond nearby, it stayed the same, dull brown color. When he got back to the village, he tried painting over it and it stayed for about two minutes. He got really scared. He didn’t want to be executed. He went to go tell Buckskin Charlie when he saw a big cloud of dirt coming from the meadow. He saw a massive bull, red eyes, huge muscles, big horns, and a unicorn horn that can shoot out metal balls, big metal balls. Bigger than the bull’s head.

The Ute screamed, “MY BULL I KNEW HE WOULD COME! HE WILL BE GREAT FOR FIGHTING!”

Another Ute walked up to him and said, “That bull… it’s not tamed. It’s going to kill all of us.”

The Ute went to the horse that was prayed for. He got on the horse and headed toward the bull with a spear. Right as he was about to throw the spear, the horse vanished. The Ute fell to the ground. Chief Buckskin Charlie ran over to him and turned him on his back. He had impaled himself.

**Chapter 5**

They had the ceremony for the man the next day. He was being carried to the hole when one of the men carrying him got shot in the neck. He fell dramatically to the ground. Then, Chief Buckskin Charlie was shot in the heart. Nothing was there shooting them. No one, nothing, no human. Just out of the blue, they got shot.

Chief Buckskin Charlie was carried to a tepee for shelter. They took all of their weapons and ran towards the raging bull. Wow! A lightning strike hit the bull! The Utes all cheered until the beast grew larger. It grew so big, it was bigger than a Totem Pole. That’s it! A totem pole! They’ve always been good luck for the Utes. The Utes went over to the totem poles, their only hope, as the bull continued to grow bigger and bigger. The totem pole rose from the ground, up into the sky. It started mumbling in a very deep voice. They couldn’t understand what the totem pole was mumbling but they saw Chief Buckskin Charlie rising to his feet. “Yay!” roared the Utes. The Chief was mad. Really mad. He told the men to stay back while he walked toward the massive bull with a sheep-horn spear. He walked very slowly until he was four feet away from the bull. They were looking at each other right in the eyes. Chief Buckskin Charlie moved his leg and the bull charged.

**Chapter 6**

The bull struck him right in the stomach and before the Utes could bring him to safety, he bled out. They no longer had a Chief. They knew they had to destroy the beast. They all grabbed bows and spears and set out to kill the beast. Two men snuck around the beast, four stayed in front, and two got on each side of him.

“3…2…1… FIRE!” screamed the Utes.

They all shot the beast at once. He fell to the rocky ground and the Utes cried tears of joy and grief. They were safe and didn’t have anything to worry about.

**Chapter 7**

The next morning, the Utes woke up and the sun was shining bright on the mountains. “I wonder what it’s like up there,” said a Ute.

“Let’s see,” replied another Ute.

“Huh?”

“We’re going up to the mountains!”

“Really?”

“Yes! We can enjoy the beautiful streams and the beautiful pine trees, and… and…”

“And?”

“And we’ll be closer to the Chief.”

It became silent for a moment.

“Well what are we waiting for? Let’s go tell the others.”

**Chapter 8**

The next morning, they set out for the mountains. They walked day and night until right before their eyes… were the Rocky Mountains. They ran to a nearby stream to wash themselves off. They set down their stuff and got back on their horses to bring more stuff from their old village. When they were all finished, they celebrated with a rendezvous.

**Chapter 9**

Surviving in the mountains? Not easy. The Utes forgot all about the snow, the mountain lions, and the disease named cholera. About one third of the Ute’s deaths were from Cholera. They didn’t realize how difficult it would be to live in the mountains.

**Chapter 10**

The Utes woke up early the next morning to beat the storm. They went down to the valley where they saw a log cabin. They went inside but they got kicked out immediately because they weren’t “welcome” there. They went back up to the mountains and started a fire. They all went around saying things they miss about Chief Buckskin Charlie.

**Chapter 11**

It was midnight. A Ute woke up and saw that his hands were freezing. He couldn’t move them. They were numb. The man’s wife had died from cholera and his kids were lost in the mountains. They slipped and… didn’t make it.

The Utes went to what we would call a first-aid tent. He was okay but very unhealthy. Everyone was. He died a week later. He froze to death. It was a tough winter for everyone.

**Chapter 12**

It took awhile, but Spring finally arrived! The Utes knew they had to leave before the winter would come again. They went to the other side of the mountains and saw whole villages! Adobe houses, farms, lakes, and the best of all, it was abandoned!

**Chapter 13**

The Utes all got their own adobe houses and started on the farm. It was an easy life for the Utes. They lived in the village for twelve years. They never had any problems. They were the happiest Utes of all time.

**Wild**

*by Phoenix Miller*

**Chapter 1**

I stared at the clock, waiting for the moment that would change everything, the moment that would start (even though I didn’t know it yet) the greatest adventure of my life.

I have a very unusual life, here’s the reason why: I can communicate with animals. I’ve been able to do it since I was born. Nobody knows about my power, nobody but my best friend Ava. I’ve known Ava sense I was one (I’m twelve now) and I’ve trusted her since the moment I looked into her eyes. You just kind of know; it’s this feeling you get, this bond between us.

Anyway I’m so excited because today me and Ava and the rest of our science class are flying to the Amazon (not the shopping website but the rainforest in Brazil). We are going to learn about plants and animals! In a few minutes Ava’s mom would pick me up and drive us to the airport where we would meet the rest of our science class and fly to Brazil. We would be taking three planes; the first plane would go from Denver (where I live) to Dallas, then from Dallas to Miami, then from Miami to Manaus, Brazil. Then we would take a super long ten-hour bus ride from Manaus to our camp, which lay at the foot of the Amazon. One crazy way to get there, but it’s worth it. I triple check my suitcase, then zip it up. My suitcase is light blue with a bright pink tag, Ava’s is opposite of mine, hers is bright pink with a bright blue tag.

*Ding Dong!* I hear the bell ring out from downstairs.

“Dawn, Ava is here, time to go.”

“Yay!” I squeal, and grab my suitcase.

“Cla-Clunk, Cla-Clunk, Cla-Clunk, Cla-Clunk, Cla-Clunk,” my suitcase drops down each step as I run down the stairs.

“Let’s go!” we both scream, I give my mom a hug.

“Goodbye mama,” I say.

“Goodbye sweetheart, have fun,” mom says.

Her words had barely escaped her mouth when my twin little brothers came tumbling down the stairs.

“Bye Dawn” they say in unison and tackle me down with hugs.

“Bye Midnight, Bye Noon,” I say picking myself back up.

My older sister Twila walks up behind me and picks me up, “Sheesh, you’ve grown,” she says setting me back down.

“Bye kiddo,” Twila waves and walks away.

Me and Ava walk to the car just as my dog Honey comes racing up to me.

“Arf,” she barks and licks my hand (Arf means bye in dog language). I reach down to hug her, and I whisper a secret bye too. I hop in the car with Ava and we drive off.

We soon reached the airport and found our class waiting for us. Our teacher Ms. Bodin is a truly wonderful science teacher; every year has a different topic. For instance, last year was the human body. It was so cool! We got to spend a week at our local hospital refining our skills to become future doctors. Yeah, Ms. Bodin is pretty awesome. This year we’re learning about flora and fauna so we’re spending a week at the Amazon.

“Wonderful we’re all here,” Ms. Bodin says, and she leads us to the boarding area and hands out the tickets. We walk to the plane and everyone gets in. We all need a plane partner and mine is Ava of course. A voice rings out from the speakers.

“HI THIS IS YOUR CAPTAIN SPEAKING, PLEASE ENSURE THAT YOUR SEATBELTS ARE ON, AND DO NOT GET UP WHILE WE ARE TAKING OFF.”

We buckle up and take off. I stare at the TV in the corner of the plane; the news comes on and shows a strictly dressed man: greasy black hair, tight black suit, deathly white skin and a cruel smile. His name was Boris Vesalofsky. He looked so mean. The news reporter must have felt truly terrified as she introduced him. I glanced at Ava who was sitting next to me; she was staring at the TV also.

“I would not want to run into him,” Ava says going back to her book. I look out the window and feel myself drift away…

**Chapter 2**

Our transportation is over and we are all snuggled up in sleeping bags in our tents. Me and Ava share a tent and we are telling stories. We finish up and lay down, Ava sighs.

“Goodnight Dawn.”

“Goodnight Ava.”

\*

We wake up to bright morning light streaming in our tent.

“Time to get up sleepy head we’re going to the Amazon,” I say quickly getting dressed. Ava yawns.

“Okay, okay just let me get some clothes on.”

We walk outside and find that we were the first ones up; we talk and laugh until everyone is outside.

“Alright class are your ready to explore?” Ms. Bodin asks.

“Yeah!”

“Great, everyone get with a buddy and stick together.”

Mine of course is Ava. We follow the rest of the class into the forest; I pause before stepping in.

“This is the moment,” I think as I walk in, this is the beginning of my adventure.

We trudge through the rainforest and stare in amazement at all the plants and animals. Some jot down quick notes, others draw basic pictures, but some just look and wonder.

We had been walking through the Amazon for about an hour now and many of us had new ideas for different things. Ava pauses to tie her shoe while I look at day lily.

“It’s so pretty” I say digging out the roots and placing in a glass jar so it would still survive, I figured I could draw it when we get back to camp. I look up expecting to see the rest of our class but instead I see nothing but green.

“Ava where did everyone go?”

Ava stared into the depth of the forest and mutters,

“Oh-No.”

I quickly look around and call out some of their names, “Hello Ms. Bodin, Theodor, Emma, Caroline, Dave, anybody.”

We grab each other’s hands and step into the wild.

\*

We had been wandering for hours now, and we were covered in scrapes, cuts, bruises, and bites from tangled filthy hair to tired disgusting feet.

“Ugg, this jungle never ends,” Ava says flicking off here shoulder on of the millions of bugs that swarmed around us.

“Let’s take a break,” I say and plop down on a large grey rock that actually looks somewhat like an armchair.

Ava sits down next to me and moans.

“What are we going to do?”

“I don’t know Ava, I suppose we should look a little more and then try to make a shelter and try to find some food.”

“Yeah I guess you’re right. Let’s look for half an hour longer then try to make some sort of make shift home,” Ava says checking her watch. It was thirty minutes until five o’clock, and it would take us about an hour to make something that we could sleep in and about a half an hour to find food that we could eat. We got up again and pushed back a wall of ivy. We looked around. We were in some sort of clearing. There was a blanket of soft moss under our feet, and a lush green canopy hung above us. It was a cozy little place,

“I guess we could spend the night here,” says Ava sitting down on a moss covered rock. Suddenly, two neon green eyes appeared in the center of a bush; Ava grabs my hand and backs up. A huge tiger steps out from under the tree…

**Chapter 3**

Ava screams but I stay calm. I let out a low growl. I said in tiger, “It’s okay we won’t hurt you.”

The tiger’s face goes soft, she gives a low purr, and three baby tigers come running out of the bushes.

“Oh my gosh, they are so cute,” exclaimed Ava as one of them rolled on to its back, tongue lolling out expectantly waiting for tummy rubs.

This is the conversation that the tiger and me had:

“My name is Dawn.”

“You and your friend are welcome to stay here from the night.”

“Really, you would do that?” I ask beckoning Ava over. Ava has one of the cubs in here arms but quickly sets it down when she sees my signal.

“She says we could stay the night,” I say excitedly,

“But you must help me with the cubs,” Talia says.

I tell Ava.

“Of course, I love these cubs, by the way what are their names?” Ava asks, tickling one of the little tigers.

“Their names are Fern, Lily, and Jasper,” Talia says and shows us to a smaller clearing surrounded by a thick canopy of trees.

“This is your room.” She nods her head towards two big rocks covered in a thick blanket of moss.

Me and Ava get settled in then go outside to fetch food for Talia. We walk outside and started searching for things we could eat.

Snap, Crackle, Crunch.

Shiny black shoes crush the lush green leaves that litter the forest floor. The figure stood behind a deep green veil of ivy, kicking beautiful wildflowers out of the way and making animals scurry in every direction. I raise a shaking hand and say in a quivering voice, “Wh-who’s th-th-th-there?”

The shadow tears down the ivy and steps into the light. The stranger looks like a very rich businessman who you don’t want to mess with. He has a close-cropped greasy black hair a tight black suit and glowing black eyes that look like they want to kill you. The man from the TV. His face was deadly white, but the most interesting thing about him is a huge falcon perched on his shoulder. It had rough, matted, dark brown feathers, a sharp yellow beak and bright orange eyes.

“I am Boris Vesalofsky and you are standing on private property,” he announces in thick Russian accent.

The falcon picks up a rock and throws it at me, I hear Ava yell.

“Leave us alone!”

Then the world goes black.

**Chapter 4**

My eyelids flutter as I wake up to a cold compress on my forehead.

“Down, Down!” Ava says running to my side. “You’re okay.”

I sit up.

“Are you okay?" I ask, looking around.

“Yeah I’m fine”

Ava sits down next to me.

“Talia ended up chasing that man out of here while I dragged you away,” she said. “The only way to kill him is with a day lily. He’s deathly allergic to them.”

I stand up.

“When he comes back tomorrow we will attack him. I have a day lily.”

Ava goes to get Talia.

“I think it’s a great idea,” Talia says when I explain my idea to her. I quickly sketch out my plan while Ava takes care of the cubs and Talia makes food.

“Alright,” I say and show them the plan. “We attack in the morning.”

\*

We walk outside at six in the morning and go to our hiding places. Now all we have to do is wait. It doesn’t take long before we hear him approaching, deep in conversation with his talking falcon.

“Ah yes Nigel,” says Boris looking around. “There is oil under this green junk, nice sweet oil.”

“Yes master, soon we will rule the world,” Nigel cackles.

“I can make my oil factory bigger.” Boris imagines big towers of steel full of oil.

“Yes master we will be rich,” Nigel says flapping his wings.

“Now!” I yell and our plan takes flight. Talia jumps and takes Nigel down with her paw. Ava grabs Boris by the neck and pulls him down while I shove the day lily in his mouth. He chokes falling to his knees. He is now covered in boils and sputtering for breath. He falls down. Boris Veslofsky is dead.

I walk inside with Ava,

“What do we do now?” I ask.

“I don’t know, we need to get home though,” Ava says.

“Hey maybe Talia knows the way,” I say just as the three cubs come running in followed by there mother.

“As a matter of fact I do know the way out,” Talia says. “I will give you guys a ride tomorrow.”

“Really? That would be great!” I say looking at Ava.

We pack up and get a good night of sleep. When morning light streams in through the cracks in the trees, we climb onto Talia’s back and then go bounding through the forest.

**Chapter 5**

We reach the foot of the Amazon and we slip off of Talia’s back.

“Goodbye Talia.” Ava gives her a hug.

“Goodbye Talia, thanks for everything,” I say and give her a hug also. We see the sun sparkling through the trees and a soft wind blows on our faces; we also hear faint shouting in the distance. We wave and thank Talia for the last time and walk in the direction of the voices. I stare hard into the distance.

"Look Ava it's camp!" I jump up and down, and Ava starts bouncing too.

"It is, it is!"

We run to our camp and are greeted by many hugs and questions.

"It must have been scary."

"I'm so glad you are back."

"How did you find your way out?" some people say.

Ms. Bodin walks up to us, and she gives us a big hug. "Are you okay girls?"

We nod and I say, "We got lost, and then we met a mama tiger with three baby cubs, and we also met this really mean guy Boris Vesolofsky who wanted to tear down the Amazon for oil, but everyone was too afraid to try to stop him or to kill him."

Ava interrupts me: "But we stopped him, we killed him."

Ms. Bodin was flabbergasted. "Oh my goodness," she said clutching a chair for support. "That's quite remarkable, we will have contact the government," she pauses. "How did you get back?"

"Oh Talia gave us a ride to the edge of the Amazon,” Ava says smiling into the depths of the forest.

Ms. Bodin checked her watch. "Wow, is that the time already? Come along girls, if we don't hurry we will miss the bus."

We pack up and walk to the bus stop with the rest of our class. Once we are all settled in on the ride home, Ava and I talk about our amazing adventure. The bus gives a low groan and the engine starts. I sigh and think, "We are going home." I look at Ava and say, "I don't know about you, but I think we had a pretty awesome adventure."

**The Dark Side of the Light**

*by Clary Reichley*

**Prologue**

I was born in the year 1815, born to a very rich and well-known family. I have 3 older brothers Henry, Daniel, and William. My name is Fiona, I am almost 15 years old and the youngest in the family. Since I have three older brothers they have taught me many manly things; archery, riding, and hunting.

In a house in a Hungarian countryside the youngest sibling, Fiona Butterstill, archer and hunter of India, Japan, and Russia, went back and fourth across the largest continent in the world. I always enjoy going to India. We (meaning all my brothers and I) always went hunting. Our favorite sport was the tiger. I grew to care for the tigers and one day I came across the Indian myth, the mystical white tiger. This caught my attention and started to make me wonder about things that never crossed my mind before.

I told my brothers of the findings (and them being humble enough) decided to trap it. But, I was put under the spell as sailors are under a sirens’ spell. I wanted nothing but to see the tiger wild and free. This tiger started my destiny. I ran away that night to ponder about life, about animals , and about the invisible rope that held me and the tiger latched together.

**Chapter 1**

Looking out of her bedroom window Fiona spots her father riding on his ford pony to the stables. Following him is the prime minster. Whenever father has “special” guests we have to act prim and proper. This is one thing my brothers and I are really bad at. Seeing this makes my skin crawl, I am the sister who hates to stay clean. My brothers are the same way. In a heartbeat our maid, Patricia, is knocking on my bedroom door.

As I mentioned before my parents are very rich and well known, my mother is Baroness Pearl and my beloved father has the job of merchandise. He sells furs, velvet, and leather all very expensive things and made a fortune doing it. Even with our riches he refuses to buy a huge house that are on the market these days.

Again our maid knocks on the door. I am knocked out of my daydream and put back into the real world. I look around my room is a MESS, I was even told to organize it that morning. Father was going to be upset. Patricia knocks on my door one last time, “FIONA!” I let her in and her appearance has not changed. She is still the plump little witch that lives in the guest cottage

She shuffles into my room and lays out my blue silk dress from India. It is my favorite and she knows it. It makes me smile just seeing its perfection. As she gets me all gussied up, I see out of the corner of my eye, a flicker. A red flicker of something familiar. Fire. Outside the window I see not normal fire, but a black red fire of darkness. In unison, Patricia and I gasp in horror.

I run out of my room, straight to Henry’s room I run. He is in there, looking like he always does. Brown hair, blue eyes, bulging muscles. He sees the panic on my face and for me to panic is rare. He gets up silent but quickly. He soon rushes downstairs with me at his side to father.

There, father is bright as day, talking with the lovely Prime Minister and his son. Henry and I knew to never interrupt. It just came out, “Father, quick, the town is in trouble!” As he, the Prime Minister and his son follow me up to my messy room. There we see the town is fine. And only one house has a small chimney fire. Father says, “What nonsense are you talking? Daughter? Son?” Our faces are pale with worry and guilt. My father puts the “We will talk about it later” face on and walks calmly back downstairs to his interesting conversation.

**Chapter 2**

Nothing. My eyes are playing tricks on me. Henry is probably thinking the same thing. Father would be disappointed and angry with us. I thought father would understand.

**Chapter 3**

*Tim. What a pathetic name for a great villain. The Necromancer, me. The darkness in every corner of your house. Of the world. Me, wizard, with a dark plot and a dark name. Necromancer. My goal, my power, to turn all this world into evil, into darkness. No light. My only enemy. I have to cower from it in my pitch black cloak.*

He had malice, a poison in his words. The Necromancer, a shabby deranged, out of his mind old man who memorized more than alchemy.

When he walked into town that day, the day he lit the village on fire with his black fire, everyone could feel a storm coming. The animals were in a jiffy. When they heard his sound, the squish squash of his wet, muddy shoes, they ran away chattering, “Run away! He is coming! Run away!” I could see the fear in their eyes. They knew my true power, unlike so many others. Again the animals screamed, “Run away! He is coming! Run away!” The poor town did not know what storm they were in for.

Uh. Squish, squash. Uh. Squish, squash. No one heard him coming. Was there any cure for his sickness he held? The darkness he hung on to? I would never again be the weak orphan who got pushed around, bullied, or told what to do. Everyone would bow down to me. Tim. The Necromancer.

**Chapter 4**

The time the Prime Minister stayed was long and hard. My brothers and I could not go hunting, riding, or practice archery! But the problem the Prime Minister and father were talking about was important. The little things I caught were: Necromancer, trouble, we need help. Father seemed very flustered before he went to bed. Something was up. So that night I snuck into his study.

In his study, filled with bookcases with thick layers of dust, among the filing cabinets that were as high as the ceiling, I came across notes that were five hands tall. So I read them and knew what the problem was, The Necromancer. It showed what was happening. There was no cure. It was a problem. More than a problem, a disaster.

**Chapter 5**

Henry and I got a plan. We would sneak out of the house on Tuesday. Today was Sunday. We would pack only three things each: a knife, a pot, and a bow and arrow. We were going to defeat the monstrous Necromancer. We each did our own research on the forest. I made a user-friendly survival guide.

Including the unicorns, the vampires, werewolves and Bigfeet, the biggest hazard for Fiona and Henry is the darkness-thirsty Necromancer. Which was a threat beyond threats, he is the darkness in the corner and the shadow in the daylight. The reference guide said that the unicorn is a loyal and helpful companion that acts like a horse with a horn. The references also said to trust the Bigfeet. They will protect you, all evil flees from them.

And all evil meaning vampires and werewolves will flee from you. But if you do come across a vampire and werewolf, make sure to separate them. Each of them is vulnerable without the other. But together they are unbeatable. Life is not a game in that forest.

**Chapter 6**

It was Tuesday. Washing day. Henry and I were ready. We had everything packed. We were going to run away into the poison oak and poison hemlock filled woods. We were going to break. The. Rules.

**Chapter 7**

*Walking Always walking. No one gives any thought to me. Probably the worst enemy imaginable. Will I ever feel warm again? It’s beginning to get cold. The mud is freezing at night and my wet, muddy shoes are now covered in frost. There is no way I’m turning back now. I’m just on the verge of fame.*

**Chapter 8**

Henry and I were now in the forest. Here we were about to take on a challenge. About to save the world. About to take on a dangerous darkness. Darkness has never been so dangerous. Now you’ll be afraid of the dark.

There we see him, a dark figure in the moonlight. Even Fiona or Henry know nothing of this man’s power. He was just a vile man with a vicious plan. Here they were, in a murderer’s presence. What were they to do? They had no plan whatsoever.

**Chapter 9**

Their plan was to sneak up on him and put a gag on him. While Fiona did that, Henry would tie up his hands and legs. This plan would work perfectly.

As their plan started going just as they had planned, everything went wrong. Instead of gagging the Necromancer, the Necromancer gagged Fiona while he tied up Henry’s hands and my hands. This was all wrong!

**Chapter 10**

There they were, in a house, not a normal house. The Necromancer’s house. Well, it was not officially his house, it was just an old house that was unaccompanied. There they were tied up to each other. They were helpless and could not scream or yell for help. But who was there to scream or yell for help to? How could they escape this fortress?

While they sat, they plotted how they would escape, how they would defeat the Necromancer, and what they would explain to their family. On the fifth day of being tied up and having little food or water, they escaped. Not into the outside world, but out of their attic prison.

The Necromancer. The Necromancer heard them and they did not get far without him blocking his path. But that did not stop them. They ran downstairs and almost through the front door. But not that fast. Again, the Necromancer stopped them by shooting bullets with black fire, lighting them ablaze.

Thankfully dodging them all, at last they were outside of that wretched house. Running, they didn’t look back. Nor did they look forward. They just kept running. Home, that was their first and only priority. Home to mother and father, Daniel and William, that was where the love was.

**Chapter 11**

Now the woods were becoming more and more familiar. They would be home by the crack of dawn. They would not be welcomed home like heroes, but they would be welcomed home like kids who have run away are welcomed home again, which is better than no welcome at all.

There in the distance was the sign that read “Please, Without Duty, Do Not Come Into this Land.” That was the sign that marked the start of the 350 acre plot of land owned by the family. Finally, after the long labor running they would be home in their nice home in the country. Never again would they leave the house without a useful plan.

The Necromancer would still be defeated another day. He would be able to breathe darkness another day. But not for long. The Necromancer would be defeated without question.

**Chapter 12**

*Dreaded kids. Know it all kids. I hate kids.* Squish, squash, “Unh.” Squish, squash, “Unh.” Squish, squash, “Unh.” The Necromancer was on the road again and had lost 5 precious days of time. *I would not be defeated. I would not die in vain, I am too powerful.*

**Chapter 13**

Home again. With caring happy family. Home again but soon to leave for a trip to India. This got me excited. There, in India again, my other homeland, India. I would again see my mystic tiger friend. Again I would see the lands of my beloved land, India., the sound of it made my ears perk.

We would be in India by the end of the month. A short trip to us was 3 months. Again, my brothers and I would be roaming the wild jungles. We could plan. The Necromancer would live free no longer.

**Chapter 14**

Oh, now we were in India. Such a long journey, such a long wait. Here I finally am again, roaming with my wild tigers. Again, we are hunting but this time not really hunting but observing, watching for a silent beauty. We are on a hunt, but not a hunt to kill.

I spot her sunning herself in the afternoon sun. She sees me. Purring loudly, she seems to be holding a ceremony. A ceremony of light, not dark, of peace, not war. Of tranquility, not malice. Here I am being blessed by a tiger. Lightness. The cure to conquer darkness, the light to the shadow in the corner. I am all light now. The light of the world.

Here I am now the only weapon against The Necromancer. Here I am, the hero of the world, standing strong, spelling out of liberty. Darkness, the only thing to hide the light. To shade the light. Darkness, evil nightlight. Lightness good to kill dark.

Today we left the beautiful India. It was a sunny day, a perfect day for hunting. India would not have to wait long for her heroine to return. Goodbye India. Farewell, I will see you another time in the deep future.

**Chapter 15**

There in the darkness of her room, Fiona looked out the window. There in the pitch black darkness, she could see something that was more pitch black then night. She knew too well that it was The Necromancer. She started to walk to Henry’s room when the thought came across her mind. She would have to fight this battle alone. It was her. Her who had to teach The Necromancer.

Packing her bag containing: a sword, a yin-yang symbol, and the white cape. She went. She followed the solemn figure forever until they were a good three miles from home. They walked on. They came to the fork in the road, and The Necromancer decided to go left. That is when Fiona decided the battle should start.

Getting out her sword somewhat quickly and quietly, the battle had begun. The waiting Necromancer pulled out his sword to fight and their swords clonked. Quickly grabbing the yin-yang symbol out of her pocket, Fiona put it on. This was meant to represent the dark and light of the world. Both sides were equal. This gave Fiona more power of light. If The Necromancer had one they would be equally matched, but he didn’t.

The sword fighting stopped and Fiona soon grabbed the white cape. She put it on just as The Necromancer started throwing darkness at her. She was shielded by the white cape and slowly started walking closer and closer, making the darkness smaller and smaller. Now her and The Necromancer were face to face. Fiona forced the sheet over The Necromancers head and there on the ground lie The Necromancer, defeated of darkness as long as he lived.

**Chapter 16**

Walking home at a steady pace, she gets there in late morning. This time she really is welcomed home like a hero. She had defeated the dark side of The Necromancer, who should now be referred to as “Tim.” Time should now be a very friendly man that you somehow know, but don’t know how. The name “The Necromancer” should be erased, no one will ever think of him like that again.

Now all of the people who have been darkened by him will be saved. His darkness was defeated and so was theirs. “And now to celebrate we should take a family outing to India. As a celebration of Fiona and the desolation of darkness,” Fiona’s father exclaimed joyfully.

**Chapter 17**

There Fiona was again back in India and this time a heroine. She was now known all throughout the land. Maybe she would live “happily” but definitely not “ever after.”

That day was her birthday. The day lightness was put into the world was the day she turned 15.

In the jungle again the tiger, her white tiger friend, was found easily by her. There when she saw the tiger she could tell it was stronger than before. Just like her.

I ran away that night to ponder about life, about animals and about the invisible rope that held me and the tiger latched together.

**1104**

*by Harper Sidener*

**Chapter 1**

“If life gives you lemons, make lemonade.” But that’s not Ferns motto. Her motto is, “she shoots, she scores.” Well if we’re going to go into details we would say that it was more of a catch phrase.

Well technically speaking, we are going into details, I’m Fern. I’m 14 years old. I absolutely hate dresses even though I have to wear them every single day. You might think that I go to school with a really strict dress code, but my uncle makes me wear them. I dream that I don’t have to wear them. I am a girl with a big dream in the city in 1104. But I actually live in a very small town, it’s so small we had to build our own house. Pa had to build stuff for money, and my sister Melba and I only go to school with four other children. So I guess you could say I’m a small town girl with big city dreams.

People make fun of me because I have fiery red hair, and hazel eyes, oh, and I have freckles all over my face. I love to go to Atlantis, but I haven’t been able to go lately because we have a fierce dragon in our mist. They say he can burn down a hundred forests in one blow of his fire, and he so big he can walk around the world in five steps.

Long story short, we’re in a lot of trouble.

**Chapter 2**

I live in a house with my uncle and my sister on one side of the house our king bought and so generously let us live on. Our house is cute, huh, cute, but small. The inside (in my eyes) is so adorable. Our couch is pink, our icebox is light blue and counters are faded yellow. Also the bowl we put dishes and our oven on are also light blue. Our basement is full with things to eat and play with. My uncle owns a restaurant and we serve up all the towns fav’s like s-car-go ,shrimp eye balls ,shark fins and everyone’s favorite bear fingernails. We don’t actually get a lot of customers, huh, figures, anyway our king bought the land from Ute Indians and part of the deal was the Ute’s could drop in at any time and if we had problems give as advice and they’re pretty nice people. But the weird thing is that only two of them ever come. One girl and one boy. The last time they came the girl was wearing the most beautiful dress. It was red, white, and blue. Also seashells hung from the chest piece of her dress. It was so beautiful. I wish I had a dress like hers.

**Chapter 3**

Once upon a 40 years ago there lived a dragon named lord Tommie. Now he triumphs as a bad guy. He was a sad lass. Ok, fine I’m lord Timmie. What you going to do about it? Fine when I was a little wee little dragon I moved from Dragonmania to Dragon Land. People there bullied me because I have a Dragonmania accent. I came home from school every day crying, just crying. Then 27 years later I became a strong lass. I vowed that I would teach the dragon that bullied me a lesson and I keep that promise to this day.

**Chapter 4**

Once I learned about this fierce dragon, I knew I was going to be the one to slay it. All I need is a survival guide. Oh, here is one for lord Timmie: says here he lives in a basement basement, and his weakness is that he’s ticklish. Oh, shoot it looks like part of the page has been torn away. All it said was he lived in the basement basement, and oh, the extra door in our basement probably leads to the basement basement.

**Chapter 5**

When I learned that lord Timmie lived in my basement basement I knew it was a sign. So the first thing I did was go to our restaurant and brought home some meat, which was a shark fin. I remembered when I looked at lord Timmies survival guide it said that his weakness was that he was ticklish, go figure. I’m going to go and see if this works. I sit on my couch going over the details of the battle in my head, I was totally procrastinating. I got off my procrastinating rear end and walk to my room to get a bobby pin. I walked to the basement, then I picked the lock. The basement basement stairs look raggedy and old. I walked down the stairs on my tip-toes, not as gracefully as a ballerina, but I fell down the stairs. I walked the hallway to the door at the end, picked the lock again with my bobby pin, opened the door, the room is dark. It took me three minutes to find the switch, when I did turn the lights on I was flabbergasted. The tally marks on the walls were drawn with blood from his victims. He wrote hate on the walls while I was looking around the room. I threw the shark fin on the floor, but the dragon didn’t go for it. Then every memory I had all went dark.

**Chapter 6**

Well, I didn’t come out of that with very big injuries, just five broken fingernails and one broken rib, and five broken toes. Doc says I can try number two.

**Chapter 7**

I approached the door again, it was ajar from my first attempt. The hinges were rusty so the door moaned. I tiptoed down the stairs and actually succeeded that time. I peeked inside the door and saw the dragon is sleeping. I opened the door and it moans, and wakes the dragon up so I get the steak and I throw it into the corner. The dragon goes for it. I go under his belly and start tickling him. That was probably the weirdest defeat of a dragon, ever. That went on for about five minutes, we made a deal that if I stop tickling him, he will talk this out with me. I took a seat and we talked. He told me why he did what he did in the past, and when he scared the townspeople he said he had been bullied and he wanted to get revenge on the people who bullied him. I told him that I have gotten bullied too, he asked me if I had ever wanted revenge on the people who bullied me.

“Of course I do” I said “but I just deal with things like that differently which is what you need to begin to learn.”

**Chapter 8**

This story ends like it began, “If life gives you lemons, make lemonade.”

**The Clash of Barer’s Gate**

*by Aidan Spalding*

**Part 1**

**Chapter 1**

Once, an elf lived in a shack. A mysterious little elf with a mysterious little grin, and not only was his grin mysterious, but so was his shack. When someone walks in, all they see is green. But the most mysterious thing about this elf is his diet. His favorite drink is snake venom, and his favorite food is escargot. This elf’s name is Andven Hirica.

**Chapter 2**

It was a lovely day in Friendly Arm. Andven was out watering his clover garden. Suddenly, a bolt of lightning struck the ground out of a clear sky and from the lightning came a ball of fire. It was the barer.

He spoke, “KEEP OUT OF BARER’S GATE. NO DEATH SHALL ENTER. NO REVENGE SHALL ENTER BARER’S GATE. ALL BE CALM IN BARER’S GATE. ONCE IN BARER’S GATE, ALWAYS BE IN BARER’S GATE. PUNISHMENT: DEATH.”

The fire disappeared. Everything was fine.

**Chapter 3**

Andven decided to gather up all his neighbors.

“Let’s see. Five,” Andven said. They got on their horses and set off toward the Friendly Arm Inn. They went 360 feet, came to Hart Pass, and went north. They went 120 feet and came across a skeleton. Andven destroyed it with a single flash of his magical staff. They proceeded with caution through 240 feet of the Hartly Desert and had passed most of Mt. Enbor when Andven came face to face with the Undead King.

To be continued…

Cure

*by Julia Thomas*

**Prologue**

“Avalon, over here,” called my best friend Finn. He threw the ball and I caught it, laughing. It was the day before my tenth birthday and I was carefree as usual.

Suddenly a cold mist rose up from the ground making us shiver. A bolt of lightning struck the ground in front of us, scorching the earth.

I fell back as a lady in a long white robe rose up from the marks.

“My dears,” she said in a pure, soaring voice, “I don’t wish to do this but must to honor my ancestors.” I stood there, shocked into silence.

“To you,” she said pointing at Finn.” I must curse you to always be alone other then this young lady.” She said this last part pointing at me.

He cringed as she spoke a few words and sucked a light from his mouth.

“Now for you,” she said looking sad.” I must curse you to die at age fifteen.” A searing pain raced through my head and I collapsed.

“Why?” choked out Finn weakly.

“Your father cut down our sacred tree but I could not curse him because he is not of sacred blood.”

“Me?” I ask in a whisper.

“Your father developed our sacred land but I could not curse him for the same reason I could not curse his father.” She said pointing a Finn once again.

I couldn’t move. *Die at age fifteen* I thought. *Only five years away.*

“Here is something you should keep with you always” she said handing me a small grey green stone. On it was a poem:

“Something shining

Something barred

Something light

Something hard

Somewhere wet

Somewhere cold

Somewhere high

Somewhere bold

With their things,

Your stolen soul,

Will it ring?

With a cure untold,

Beware of the bird,

Of it’s toll will take,

Your soul will it reap,

To it’s golden gate.”

“What does that mean?” I asked after reading it out loud.

“It is a riddle to find my cure. One other thing; every year on her birthday,” she said pointing at me once again,” (she really should’ve learned our names), “you both will receive a power. They will be different except for the first.”

The mist rose again and I could see her start to fade.

“Wait! I still have more questions!” I shout.

“All in good time. All in good time.” Said she and then she exploded into millions of reflective bits that dispersed within the mist.

*Fifteen,* I think, *unless I can find the cure.*

**Chapter 1**

That was five years ago… approximately. A little less as it’s a week until my fifteenth birthday, yes, a week ‘till I die. That is, unless, I can find this cure. I can’t make heads or tails of that poem though. Although, it’s not like I’ve tried in a while. I’ll get back to you on that.

Oh, I’m Avalon by the way.

This story starts in the park. I already told you what happened there, but that’s only the beginning. You’re probably wondering what gifts Finn and I got.

We got wings! Mine were silky, blue and gorgeous! They stood as tall as me and reached from my knee to my head. The feathers flutter as I walk. I can also fly incredibly fast.

Finn’s wings are brown and have pointed tips.

For my eleventh birthday I got super strength, he got invisibility.

My twelfth birthday I woke up and the birds were talking to me… literally. I got the power to talk to animals. Finn knew the instant he saw me. He got mind reading. Cool huh?

On my thirteenth I woke up as a dragon. Shape shifting. I can only do it at certain times though. Finn got the power to walk through walls. He visits all the time now.

On my fourteenth birthday I got super smarts. Suddenly I zoomed through school. The teachers probably got a little suspicious. It wasn’t like I was cheating though.

Finn got… well I don’t know. Intuition maybe?

Anyway today is Monday. A horrible day! Luckily it’s after school and I’m at the best place in the world, the library in my house. I settle into one of the polka dot comfy chairs and tackle Algebra 2 homework. Thanks to my power it isn’t hard. It just takes a while.

My rainbow macaw King flaps around my head.

“Is it hard?” he asks quizzically.

“Not really,” I say, as I brush a lock of jet-black hair out of my eyes. My freakish eyes, as the girls at school say because they’re grey-lavender, an unusual color.

I fly through world history and chemistry.

“Can we have a snack,” complains King after only fifteen minutes.” (I can talk to him.)

“Oh you’re always hungry,” I tell him laughing.

“Pleeeeeeease! Squawk!”

“Oh all right,” I say as I finally relent.

I look around, seeing no one; I spread my wings and soar into the mudroom. I land softly in my ballet flats and do a quick pirouette.

I love the way my wings catch the wind. Oh, you’re probably wondering why people don’t freak when I walk in with wings. The answer is they can’t see them, but they can see me fly. The only one that can see my wings is Finn and every animal.

I race into the kitchen and get some sunflower seeds for King.

“Mom?” I ask.

“Right here,” comes her faint voice from the office.

I’m suddenly tired so I run up to my room. I flop on the bedspread and fall asleep.

**Chapter 2**

A towering white peak, waves lapping the mouth of the cave, a wall of greenery, and a mountain covered in plants and rock.

An unearthly human scream that echoes in my mind, fingers morphing to talons, hair to feathers, tailbone lengthening. Human to beast.

I’m standing there frozen, unable to move. It lets loose an earth-shattering roar from its razor-sharp beak. The griffin is born.

A final bronze-colored feather takes its place on the beast’s forehead. The final transformation is complete.

This beast before me, name of Avarae, is the beast in the night. This is the bird that will reap my soul, the guardian of the final ingredient.

Its human eyes fix on my heart and Avarae lunges. I close my eyes waiting for death. Nothing.

\*

“Stop,” I moan as King pecks my skull. I roll over and bury my face in my pillow. A pillow that smells like dirt and feels like moss. I leap up and see that I’m no longer in my room. I’m in the mountains of Asia. I aced Geography.

My soft slippers were replaced by leather, lace-up boots. I’m wearing an olive green tank top. Camo shorts and a thin, leather belt. My black hair is in one long single braid down my back.

Suddenly I’m hit by déjà-vu. These clothes are really close to what Katniss wore in the Hunger Games. That can’t be good.

But somehow I know that I’m here for my sake. To get the first ingredient of the cure.

I take the stone out of my pocket, feeling its warmth. The lines somewhere high and something barred are lighting up. The last stanza is still white, though, like everything else.

*This must be the place that’s high and then the thing is barred somehow.*

I start hiking and notice I have on a leather satchel. I stop and pull it off to investigate.

I pull out a leather pocket, a glass vile, a pickaxe, a pair of gardening gloves, a pocketknife, a tent, etc.

The satchel must be magic because it holds way more than it should be able to.

Suddenly the ground begins to shake, and I look around fearfully. All of the sudden I see a huge mushroom near the forest line.

I laugh out loud at my skittishness. Then it opens a mouth.

I scream and run as it lunges. Its legs consist of mangled roots that ripple with every step. I trip and a searing pain shoots through my ankle. I try to get up but my leg buckles. I search around fearfully on the ground. My hand closes around a paper, and I snatch it out.

The quicksand that I missed deters the monster. I quickly skim the little leaflet.

SURVIVAL GUIDE TO ATELAZIA

By Aliene Grey

I quickly find the mushroom monster.

WEAKNESS: Being Eaten

HELPFUL: Healing

Eating it, wonderful. I scoot as close as I dare, take a deep breath, and take a bite out of his middle. I swallow, trying not to puke. One thing about me is that I’m allergic to mushrooms.

I try really hard to keep it down and stare in wonder as the rest of the monster turns to dust. My ankle instantly ceases its throbbing. I manage to swallow, but I know I’m going to get hives later. That doesn’t matter though.

I start hiking in the direction the monster came from. Suddenly, I can’t stop. It’s like a magnet pulling at me. I come to a clearing and see a flower in a cage on a rock. I recognize it from the guide and put on the gloves from my satchel, because it’s poisonous. I slowly pluck a single petal and place it in the glass vial. Almost immediately, I pass out.

**Chapter 3**

I awake, shivering. I’m wearing the same clothes as before, plus fur-lined boots, fur-lined leggings, and a fur-lined parka.

I check the stone. This time, the line’s for somewhere cold and something shiny are lit up. The lines that had lit up before were black. I’m on the lookout for monsters. I should encounter an Ice Monster, I think, if the guide’s correct.

As if on cue, a beast erupts from the trees. Apparently, trees grow on Mount Everest here.

This time, I’m ready. I gather a torch and match from the satchel and light the torch. As I throw it on the beast, I have my doubts that it will just go out, but as soon as it hits the snowy bulk of the creature’s chest, he erupts like dried firewood. I feel a sudden cold blast of air go into my hands, and I wonder what is happening.

The Ice Monster goes down, and I waste no time resisting the pull. I see a shining golden egg on a pedestal and know this is the second ingredient. I pick it up and frost creeps across the surface. Apparently, the monster gave me ice powers.

I carefully slip it into the pouch and wait for sleep.

\*

This time, I wake up sweaty and hot. The warm clothes are gone, and I hear waves lapping against rock. The sea breeze cools my face. Scaly hands crawl over me, and I jump suddenly out of their reach.

I have no idea what to find, so I soar up and out of the cave into the Caribbean blue sky.

I see mermaids encircling an island. I remember their weakness is fire, so I lit my torch and pull out a can of gasoline. The satchel must sense my needs somehow. King swoops low and reports back: “The mermaid leader is in the middle.”

“Thanks, King,” I reply. He hasn’t been talking much. I think this is all scaring him.

I hand him a cracker and swoop down to coat the water in gasoline. I then drop the torch and the water erupts in flames. The mermaids let loose a shriek as they burn in their watery grave.

“Youuuuu,” they shriek. “We will get you!”

“Ya ya,” I say. “Save it for the death therapist.”

The pull I’ve become used to drags me down, and as I land on the rock, I shoulder roll into a standing position.

I look in the cave and see a glowing aquamarine stone in a little alcove on the wall. I walk closer and see it’s still embedded in the stone.

I grab the pickaxe and the gem comes away with one swing. I place it gently in the satchel and lay down on the floor, waiting for the sleep to claim me.

**Chapter 4**

The final place is humid, lush, and green. When I awake, it’s by the sound of another human voice.

“Get up. I need some answers!” I leap up poised with a knife in hand (don’t ask me where I got it – I don’t know).

“Whoa, don’t hurt me, Avalon.” Then I see the copper-colored hair, the turquoise eyes, and most of all, wings. Finn has come! I run and hug him, forgetting he’s a boy. I turn away awkwardly and ask him how he got here.

“I got really tired, went to bed, and then woke up here, next to you.”

“Same for me,” I replied.

I get down to business and show him the satchel with the other three ingredients. This will be the last and the hardest. The last ingredient will be the most highly guarded by the griffin. I tell him this and the griffin’s weaknesses. He apparently recognizes wolf’s bane and picks a leaf from the plant nearby. I suddenly realize I’m starving, so we go in search of food.

I find a creek and spear a fish. I make a flame and start to cook them. There are some berries, and I try and freeze dry them – it works!

Suddenly, the griffin erupts from the underbrush. He gulps a few berries and compliments me. Then he seems to remember his mission. I see a gleaming bronze feather on his forehead and know that it’s the last ingredient.

Suddenly I fall to my knees as agony wracks my body. Time is running out.

“May we take the feather?” I choke out as politely as possible.

Its cold, calculating eyes seem to read my soul. Finally, it bends its head, and I reach for the feather.

From the corner of my eye, I see Finn cutting into the griffin’s flank, not knowing what’s going on. Its eyes go wild, and I see that the gash is red and oozing.

“Finn, no!” I yell as I see him get out the wolf’s bane. I crawl to the griffin’s side and remember what the mushroom monster gave me. I place my hands near the cut and will it to close. It slowly stops bleeding, turns normal color, and closes.

“There,” I say to the griffin, patting its side.

He thanks me and bows his head. I snatch up the feather.

I place all the ingredients in a metal bowl and start mixing. It quickly turns to a glowing, purple liquid. Suddenly, I can’t breathe. I grab the bowl and gulp it down as quickly as I can. My chest instantly starts moving up and down again, and I sigh with relief.

I hadn’t thought about our powers, but I suddenly really don’t want to lose them, especially my wings. I don’t need to worry.

As soon as I touch the fluid to my lips, my wings start glowing. I rise into the air and wait for the inevitable. Suddenly, a bright flash emanates out from me and I see when it dims that I still have my wings. The only difference is they’re bigger, better, and no longer part of a curse. They’re part of me.

I let Finn drink, and the same happens to him.

“Shall we?” I ask, holding out a hand.

“We shall,” he replies.

We grab hands and soar into the clouds. Finn, King, and I, all creatures of the sky.

**Chapter 5**

I wake up expecting a new adventure, but I am instead met with my soft sheets and bed. King flaps around my head, and I wonder if it was all a dream.

Finn floats through my wall and asks me if it all happened.

“I’m not sure,” I reply.

Suddenly I hear footsteps tromping up the stairs.

“Quick go,” I whisper to Finn and practically shove him out the window.

“Happy birthday!” my parents shout as they burst into the room trailed by my little brother Oliver.

“I picked this out for you,” he says as he sits on my bed. He hands me a white box. I open it and see a beautiful silver locket in the shape of wings. On the back is an engraving:

*To see is to believe*

*But to see more*

*You must believe*

*In magic.*

“The shape matches your wings,” Oliver says, stroking a feather.

“You, you can see them?” I stutter.

“Yes, I can,” he replies and winks. I guess to see magic, you do have to believe, and no one believes more than my little brother.

**THE END**

**\* \* \***

**SNEAK PEEK AT THE SEQUEL *POISON***

**Chapter 1**

Swooping, soaring, never stopping. Beep beep beep. Until now.

“Uhhh,” I moan. I climb out of bed and slide down the banister in my pajamas. At the kitchen table is my sister Avalon, wings and all. Oh how I’ve always been jealous of those wings. When I was littler, I used to climb on her back, and we’d go flying together. I’m ten now, she’s seventeen.

I wish I had wings *so much*! But I just can’t have them.

I sit down and pour myself a bowl of Toasty O’s.

Suddenly, the room darkens. Avalon is frozen, spoon in hand.

The last time I saw anything like this was when I first saw Avalon’s wings. Everything was still, but it wasn’t this dark.

A chill creeps into my bones, reminding me of places where spiders live. I HATE spiders.

An icy voice cuts through my mind like a razor-sharp knife.

“I am Gordon, your guardian angel.”

I stare in disbelief. How can something that sounds so evil say it’s good? I hear mutterings and instantly the room brightens. A figure clad in white emerges from the shadows.

“I heard you were jealous of your sister’s wings,” he says in a slick, smooth voice.

“I guess,” I reply apprehensively.

“Well, I have a way to get you those wings.”

COMPUTERIZED

*by Julian Tittman*

**Chapter 1**

It was a Sunday afternoon, the only time I get to read. I was sitting by the Great Falls reading Citren Con, my favorite book. Oh! I forgot to introduce myself. My name is Finn Sparkalak. I’m thirty years old, and I’m a farmer. I was supposed to be a miner and all my friends were made in the mine, but someone set the dissolvers wrong and something fell on my head. I was out for a week, and when I woke up I had a sudden obsession with farming. After this I’ll go to my underground home and put away my book, after that I’ll plow the fields. Then I’ll go to my mother’s and have dinner. I’ll also comfort her about father.

He disappeared a long time ago, but mother has still not gotten over it. The last time I saw him was the day before he disappeared. He was pouring a small vile of disgusting liquid on his pasta. He saw me when he had poured half the vile on the food. He chucked the vile at me and slammed the door behind him. The bottle hit my left ear. The liquid burned the inside of my ear, so I can only hear with my right ear. That night at dinner father didn’t talk he just ate his pasta even faster then I could. I love pasta! The next morning he was missing.

After mother’s I’ll go to brothers and give him tips for his farm. He also said he had something for me.

**Chapter 2**

Traveling through the land is very easy. The plains in between the falls and my farm are pretty flat. I ran quickly over the plains. I got to my farm and slowed down. I climbed the ladder into the entrance of my house. I hung my hat on a handmade hook. A small feathery creature waddled up to me and said “awald”.

“Hi Arthur” I said. I then walked into the living room. My velvet couch and armchair waited expectedly. I went into the kitchen, sorry forgot to tell you what Arthur is. Arthur is my pet quagerluck (half quail, half duck). Now as I was saying, I went into the kitchen. Then I went into the dinning room, then to the library. I placed the book on a shelf and hurried out of the house.

I went into the old barn. Its red paint was peeling. I got the plow out of the barn. I plowed the fields of wheat and thought about what my brother was going to get me, I expected something important. I finished, and put away the plow.

I started to travel through the country, I went over plains, and across lakes and rivers. I got to my mothers, and she was making pasta. I talked to my sister for a while, and then had dinner. After a delicious dinner of pasta I set out for my brother. My brother, Jake, opened the door before I could knock, which resulted in me falling on him.

“Hello” said Jake. I got off of him and closed the door. Later, Jake and I were sitting on the couch discussing his problems.

“Recently my cex have been exploding” stated Jake.

“What have you been feeding them?” I asked.

“Hay,” Jake responded.

“Feed them Cex feed instead,” I replied.

“Okay, time for the present,” said Jake.

He gave me a heavy and long parcel. I opened it and gaped at what it was. It was a strong heavy club. That’s when in happened.

**Chapter 3**

Jake’s quagerlucks eyes turned green. They seemed to blaze with an eternal fire. Its webbed feet grew long thick claws. It attacked. I swung at it with my club. It dodged, and it flew towards my head. I heard a loud crash as a woman was thrown through the window.

“RAWHH” she yelled, as a bullgot stabbed her in the leg.

I ran outside, the streets were total chaos. Animals swarmed everywhere. The most trouble was being caused by a vivovivov. Then I saw him, riding on the back of a siglotzot was Person. He swooped down on me and nearly cut my head off. I jumped on to his siglozot and swung on him. He blocked it with his sword, and punched me in the face. Warm blood tricked down my face, and everything went black.

**Chapter 4**

I woke up to the grunt of a bullgot. I opened my eyes, and Person was above me. He was holding a glowing orb. I then heard a booming orb, which seemed to be coming from the orb.

“DESTROY ME, AND HE WILL BE NORMAL”, said the voice, “BUT THE ANIMALS NEVER WILL BE”

Person hit me in the face, and everything went black, again.

**Chapter 5**

I woke up in a marsh. I didn’t know this marsh. “Darn it,” I thought, “this is the part of the island I haven’t seen”. I got up, suddenly a bullgot commented from the mud. I hit it away like a baseball with my club. It was five in the morning, and I set out through the marsh. Unaware of what was watching. Two hundred bullgots were crouching in the marsh in the mud, and in between weeds to strike at any moment. I was traveling slowly the thick mud was hard to get through. I didn’t see the surrounding eyes. The bullgot slowly moved closer until it surrounded me. I kept walking up, than claws started to scratch on me. I struck them with my club, than the bullgots rose. I swung at them but they backed up. One tried to bite me, but I struck it away and then I noticed a satchel I was wearing.

Inside was a manual, a candle, a pack of paste, a quit fruit, and catica juice. It was a survival kit. I struck a bullgot in the face, and the packet flew out of the satchel. When the packet hit the ground it exploded. The paste went everywhere. When it touched a bullgot, the bullgot seemed to dissolve. The remaining ones ran away. I ran out of the marsh as quickly as I could with my club poised.

**Chapter 6**

I came to a forest. I hesitated before I entered. It was hard to get through because the forest was thick with cobwebs. I had to beat them out of the way to get through. I heard a rustle, and started to run. The rustle followed. I turned around to face whatever it was. Out came the tiniest colofcolof I’d ever seen. I bent down to look at it better. It then grew. In one minute, it was twice its normal size. The colofcolof tried to squish me, but I jumped on its leg.

I climbed on to its face, and its eye began to swirl. I hit in the eye, and it screeched with pain. I realized it was now blind, then ran away. I found a lake and hid in it. The colofcolof was blind, but could still hear. It followed me, and fell into the lake. When it touched the water it dissolved. Just like the bullgots. I scrambled out of the forest, and stopped at every snap of a twig.

**Chapter 7**

I came to the mine when I heard the sound. It was a deep, deep, buzzing sound. It’s probably just a zigzosvigvos, I thought.

“Wait” I thought out loud. “Bullgots, quagerlucks, they’re evil.” I ran for my life, only stopping once to look back. Huge swarms of tiny bugs were making themselves in the shape of Person. More and more gathered to the form. I kept running, I was now getting bit, the swarm was catching up. I was in the middle of the swarm. I was hitting my self with the club to get the bugs off. I ran toward the exit of the catacombs, a huge maze inside Mt. Simbal. I ran toward the exit and entered. There was a rockslide, then I was trapped. I then remembered the kit and the bullgots. I opened the manual to zigzosvigvos, it said they’re allergic to catica. I pulled out a catica fruit, and threw it. Some of the zigzosvigvos dissolved, and others, flew away.

“That was a close one,” I stated.

**Chapter 8**

The town was different. The houses all had rings of different things around them. The things were quag food, vivovak paste, catica fruit, quit fruit, and wax. Some also had moats. It looked like they’d been living by the manual that saved my life twice. People now had weapons. I got some things, and went to the center of the town. There I said what I was going to do, and set off.

**Chapter 9**

I wanted to kill Person. I had replenished my kit and set off. In the town, I heard that Person had captured some people. I also heard that Person had a cave at the top of Mt. Simbal. To get there you had to go through the catacombs. I came through the entrance and started in. Climbing through the tunnels was very hard. I kept tripping over rocks. I finally came to something. It was big, furry, and ugly. It was a zizozima, I knew that they didn’t like wax. I went this way until he came upon a vivovivov. They did not have the best eyesight, so I could sneak past. I then saw the key. I realized why it was a vivovivov. It was guarding the key to the cage of people! I had to sneak to the key, grab it, and sneak away. I did that, but when I was going to grab the key the vivovivov turned his head. I bashed it in the face with my club. This sent the vivovivov on a rampage. Crashing through the tunnels made a lot of noise and alerted the other creatures. Zizozimas started to prowl around, but zizozima stayed posted. I kept moving, suddenly a rock fell on my leg, then another. Finally ten or twenty came down on me. There had been a rockslide, and I was trapped. What I did not know what was coming behind me. All sixty townspeople (including the leaders) were coming up to help me. I saw a zizozima coming toward me. I threw a candle at it. It dissolved like the other ones. When it died I felt stronger.

“Wait a second,” I thought, “that was like the thing in the homeland called a video game.” I then realized every time I killed someone I felt stronger. Then I noticed a health bar hanging above me.

“I’m in a video game!” I yelled.

I saw some beetles on the ground. I smashed them and could get up. I ran along the tunnel and destroyed a zizozima. I turned into a side passage without thinking. The tunnel was long, twisty, and narrow. It came to a cage full of people. It was guarded by a zizozizoz.

**Chapter 10**

I rushed at the zizozizoz and hit it with my club. It barely moved. I remembered that the zizozizos skin is poisonous. When the zizozizoz opened its mouth to bite, I struck the club inside. It dissolved. I unlocked the people, gave them candles, and sent them out.

I rushed up the passage and came to Person’s cave. Two zizozizoz were guarding it. I took care of them. I went into Person’s cave. Person was sitting on pure gold. There were jewels along the sides and front and at the top was “the orb.” I rushed at Person and swung. Person caught the club. He smashed it in one hand.

“We will sword fight and I will make it fair Person,” I said in a scratchy voice.

He hired my health bar to 500,000 which was how high his was. He gave me a sword and said, “Let’s duel.”

I swung at him, but he blocked it. He jabbed and swiped. I ducked to stay alive. I cut his leg off and swiped furiously. His leg grew back and he blocked everything. A rockslide happened and we were separated. Person jumped over the slide and stabbed me in the arm. He tried to punch me in the face but hit the wall. A huge chunk of rock fell out uncovering a catapult. I pulled the trigger and a super hot chunk of metal hit Person in the face. He went flying across the room, smashed into the other side of the cave and fell off the mountain. I climbed over the rockslide and cut the orb in half. There was a bright flash of light and I was sitting upright in bed, my heart pumping. On my bedside table there was my D.S. open, and ready to be played. I picked up the D.S. and threw it out of the window. When it hit the ground it broke. When it broke it seemed to cry with anger but laugh with joy…



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