

The Ultimate Field Trip

A Story Studio Anthology by Young Authors (aged 5-13)



Story Studio is a charity that **inspires**, **educates** and **empowers** youth to be great storytellers.

We create innovative, 'fun-first' workshops that develop narrative capacity in youth, and celebrate young writers by crafting beautiful publications from their words.

This anthology is composed of stories written by children and youth across Canada, between the ages of 5 and 13 as a result of our March 2025 creative writing contest.

We asked young authors to write about the ultimate field trip. We looked for forward-thinking tales that captivated readers with dynamic plots, compelling characters, and immersive settings.



THIS MONTH'S WINNERS

- **Ages 5-9 1st Place:** Charles' Space Trip by Mitchell (age 8)
- **Ages 5-9 2nd Place:** Lulu's Tooth Fairy Field Trip by Olivia (age 5)
- **Ages 10-13 1st Place:** The Art Hunt Adventure by Blake (age 11)
- **Ages 10-13 2nd Place:** When the Lights Dim by Isla (age 12)

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The Map in the Museum

By Aashoka, age 13

Liam adjusted the straps of his white backpack as he stepped off the bright yellow school bus with excitement bubbling inside him. The loud, obnoxious chatter of his middle school class filled the warm, spring air. They were on a field trip at an old history museum; a place Liam had seen many times, but never actually entered. The rest of Liam's class was not excited to go on this field trip; they were just happy to skip class and buy junk from the gift shop. But Liam thought it would be the best experience ever, because he was focused on something else: adventure.

The museum was humongous, and smelled faintly of old books. Their tour guide was a short man wearing a grey tuxedo. He led them through the museum, guiding them past old bookshelves, under massive skeletons, and through a display of ancient artifacts. But, Liam wasn't interested in any of this. He slowly made his way to the back of the group, and stopped at an exhibit labeled "Ancient Explorers."

There were many maps and artifacts on display at the "Ancient Explorers" exhibit, but one in particular caught Liam's attention. It was an old map that had a faint red "X" on it. Liam took a closer look, pressing his face over the glass. To his surprise, it seemed like the "X" was located in the very museum Liam was in right now! He was positive; the same river that ran beside the museum appeared right next to the red "X" on the map. Liam lit up with excitement, but he couldn't be too loud, since he might get caught sneaking away.

He questioned if it was actually real and if he could even find it. His heart started beating faster and faster, worries racing through his mind. But, wasting no time, Liam sketched the map into his pocket notebook. Liam was nervous, but ecstatic; he was part of a real life treasure hunt!

During lunch, Liam pulled his best friend Clare aside.

"Look at this," Liam whispered, as he showed her the sketch of the map.

Clare was confused. "Do you think it's a treasure map of sorts?"

Liam was confident. "I saw it in the 'Ancient Explorers' exhibit, and I'm sure the treasure is here in the museum. See, look, the river drawn in the map is right outside!"

Clare was amazed. She knew the treasure could very well be in the museum, so she agreed to work together to find it.

After lunchtime, Liam and Clare silently slipped away from the group and started their search. First, they went to the map of the museum at the entrance, examining it closely for a red X. After searching for a while, they were unsuccessful. They came to the conclusion that the treasure was meant to be a secret.

But they weren't giving up. They checked everywhere; the dinosaur exhibit, the art display, the ancient military artifacts, and basically the entirety of the museum, but they found nothing. They searched every exhibit and display, hoping for a clue, but no matter where they looked, the treasure remained hidden. To make things worse, they only had 30 minutes before the school bus left.

So, after giving it their all and time running low, they gave up.

As they slowly walked back to join the rest of the group, a wooden door labeled "STAFF ONLY" caught their eye. Without speaking, Liam and Clare glanced and nodded at each other and they knew what they had to do. The door was left ajar, so they silently crept in. A narrow staircase led down to a dusty basement filled with crates and forgotten displays.

At the bottom, under a tarp, they found an old wooden chest. It was locked, but it had a symbol that matched the one on the map. They stared at it in disbelief. They didn't think they would actually find a chest!

Before they could discuss how to open it, Clare pulled a hairpin from her left pocket.

Click. The chest opened.

The Chest creaked until it was completely open, and to their disappointment, there was no gold or jewels, just a massive collection of old sketches, photographs, and journals. Like the curious, adventurous people they were, they flipped through all the pages. It was a record of an early explorer who had mapped the whole region and left notes for children to follow in his footsteps. This was his way of keeping the spirit of discovery alive.

Before they could react to it all, a heavy voice startled them. "What are you guys doing down here?"

They looked up to see a tall figure staring at them. It was frowning, but not furious. They looked closer at the large body staring at them; it was their teacher, Mister Ewan.

Liam stuttered, "We...we saw the map... a-and we found this."

Mr. Ewan's expression softened as he inspected the chest.

He said with a satisfied voice, "Most kids only look at the displays. Few actually try to find them".

Liam and Clare were relieved. They smiled at each other, and although there was no actual treasure, they had found something more valuable - a real adventure.

When they went back upstairs, the museum staff thanked them. The chest had been misplaced years ago during renovations. Thanks to their curiosity, a part of history had been rediscovered!

On the bus ride back, Liam sighed in contentment. He hadn't found gold, but he'd found something better: the thrill of asking "what if," and the courage to follow it.

And in his notebook, beside the sketch of the map, there was empty space, waiting for the next mystery to begin.

The End.

The Blaze

By Adam, age 13

It started as just another day. Lucas Brown lay in bed and thought about how unfair the world is and how dreadful since his parents divorced. Lucas had average grades, average height and spent most of his time in class thinking about a cool superhero suit. His teachers called it a "distraction", but he called it research. Lucas lived in the city of LA. He saw wildfires all over the news every single day. He always thought he could make a difference and save lives from all those fires. But something changed that might have enabled him to do that.

One day, after school ended, Lucas was biking home on a cloudy day and had realized that a massive thunderstorm was heading his way. To confirm, he checked the weather app on his phone. Suddenly, a blinding light covered his eyes in an instant. He had been struck by lightning. A nearby man called 911 right away. After being transported to the hospital, Lucas was in a coma for 10 months until finally waking up.

A lot had changed for Lucas. When he woke up, his entire body felt tingling. Lucas was fine without any pain, but something was strange. After doctors said Lucas was healthy, he went out to get fresh air. That's when something felt trippy. Lucas sprinted into a wall in the matter of 2 seconds. He realized the lightning gave him cellular regeneration and super speed. Lucas thought this as a dream come true considering he loved reading comics. Lucas spent his time creating a friction proof suit so that when he would run, he wouldn't burn his shoes and clothes. After Lucas developed a suit, he started to realize the world was much slower than normal. Cars turned into turtles and people turned into snails. He could read a long book without

even trying. At school, he dodged a baseball so fast that he didn't flinch, and he even felt like he was outrunning gravity.

The first person he saved didn't go as planned. He was walking home one night when he saw smoke. Bright flames flickered in the windows of an apartment nearby. People were screaming and running, but he had a slight glance of a little boy stuck by a giant pile of bricks. Without time to think, Lucas hastily sprinted into the building and got the boy out before anyone could react. After saving the little boy, Lucas felt like a real hero and was motivated to start his journey towards being a superhero. He started training at a secret car racing track. Every time he ran, he got faster and better. He tried to create a supersonic boom when he ran, but failed. Lucas had a strong mentality though. He would train every single day after school. He started showing up to burning buildings saving kids, pets, and people. Each time, he vanished in less than a blink of an eye. After saving countless fires, people started hearing rumors about a blur saving fires across the city. The news even had a name for him. They called him "The Blaze".

But super speed didn't fix everything. Lucas still had school and a secret he couldn't tell everybody, not even his Mom. One night, the fire almost won. It was at a construction site where the flames were wilder than ever, and there were 6 workers trapped behind a solid concrete wall. The only way Lucas would be able to save them was to go through the wall, but it was impossible. Lucas took a second to think. He remembered he was reading a comic where a person was able to vibrate fast enough to go through the wall. Lucas took inspiration towards that. He phased through the wall and carried each worker one by one. It was down to one worker, but something was wrong. The fire inside was getting closer and closer towards the man, but Lucas was too late. When Lucas arrived, the fire had already gotten to the man. Lucas hastily grabbed the man and got him out as quickly as humanly possible. The worker had suffered a thermal burn and thankfully survived. Lucas took a closer look at the worker. It turns out the worker was his Dad. Holding at this familiar yet distant body, Lucas realized how much he had missed him and wanted to be with him.

Lucas felt it was his fault for not being faster and caused his Dad's injury. He asked if his Dad is willing to help him practice since he had seen the miracle power Lucas has. Lucas started to train more and more with his Dad and really enjoyed the Father-son time together. Although Lucas had also broken his ankle, with his miraculous super healing, applying ice to his ankle fixed the problem. After working

things together, Lucas and his Dad started working together to save people. His Dad built prototype upgraded suits and other fancy stuff to improve Lucas's abilities. After training and training, Lucas finally broke the sound barrier being able to run at the speed of sound. He started to wonder if time travel was possible. Lucas started doing research on time travel but had no luck. After a few weeks, his Dad revamped Lucas's old gray suit and constructed a blue more vibrant suit. The suit had an in-built communication system in case Lucas was in trouble and a friction proof base. After a few weeks, then months, Lucas had turned into the city's number one trusted person. Up until now, nobody had known who Lucas really was except for his Dad. The secret tied them even closer.

Lucas was always thankful for what had happened. Every time he saved someone, he recalled the first time he had saved the little boy and felt motivated to save more people. The lightning struck didn't only give Lucas powers, it gave him a sense of love towards his parents which changes his view about the world.

The End.

Adventure at Camp: A Memorable Two-Day Trip

By Amira, age 12

Saturday May 3rd, 2025

There's nothing quite like the thrill of an adventure waiting just around the corner, and today marks the beginning of one of the most exciting chapters of my school life—a two-day overnight trip! Tomorrow is the day of the overnight trip, and I feel so excited and scared at the same time. My friends and I planned all the games we would bring to play, and we know how to create the best night ever! I will bring Monopoly, Jessie is bringing Uno, and Mia is bringing Candy Land. Even some of the boys are bringing games and some food for us to share. My favourite part would be the bus trip, as it's always so fun to be in the bright yellow bus with all your classmates.

Monday May 4th

The bus trip was a blast; my classmates and I spent the whole ride singing and dancing, making it feel like one big party. The energy was infectious, and we were all having the time of our lives! I can't wait to see what fun adventures await us at the park. It's shaping up to be the best day ever! My friends have already chosen our bunk, and I chose the top one because I love heights. We also did some rowing training, which was such a fun experience. I was soaked by the end, I needed to change my clothes! Then Jimmy sprayed everyone by the campfire with silly spray, and I needed to change my clothes once again! Once night time finally hit, I

snuggled in my bed, falling asleep... but the problem was I couldn't sleep! I kept tossing and turning, but I just couldn't sleep.

Tuesday May 5th

Turned out I was able to sleep in the end, but I didn't get a good night's rest. The camp instructor made us wake up at 5:00 am sharp! I was super exhausted, I kept huffing and puffing. The worst part is that while we were doing our morning hike, I fainted on the floor, and they needed to take me to the med station. After they made sure I was okay, they guided me halfway to my group, and after that I had to start running all the way to catch up. Finally, night hit and I was able to go to sleep and dream of all the wonders of coming back home, or was I?

Wednesday May 6th

Today we all had to hop on the bus again to go back to school. The bus ride back was way more boring, no one was excited, everyone was sleepy, and the majority of our class just wanted to go home to their families after being homesick for two days! Before going home, we had to go through our regular schedule of school, but then finally, when the bell rang, we were all let out like animals in a zoo. I felt free, and I also realized that maybe family time is way more fun than spending time with your friends!

The End.

Field Trip Gone Wrong

By Annika, age 10

Once upon a time there was a boy named Durf, who was in grade 5 at a school in Halifax. Him and his friends were trying to decide where to go on their 'once in a lifetime opportunity' field trip. The teacher decided to switch it up and they are going on different field trips in groups of three.

Durf wanted to be in a group with BillyBob and Ronnie. His besties. They got to choose the destination. They chose to go to the museum of the stinkiest sneakers. They hopped on the bus for their group and told Tommy, the bus driver, where they were going. The three boys made an itinerary:

- Get there
- Smell sneakers

"This is going to be awesome!" BillyBob said, looking at the itinerary, then at his friends.

"YEAH!" they all shouted in unison. The bus hit a bump and they went flying out of the seat. It was a hot day so some moron opened the window. Durf flew out of the window, followed by Ronne, and BillyBob. The bus driver was jam'n out to Metallica on his airpods so he didn't notice everyone was flying out of the window.

Durf hit the ground hard and Ronnie and BillyBob fell on top of him. The boys rolled into a GIANT slew. Tommy, the bus driver kept driving. His music was so loud they could hear it from there. Then the bus started doing wheelies. Tommy drives into the sunset.

Durf took the itinerary out of his pocket, "We don't need this anymore," Durf says sadly.

"Well not unless we get a ride," answered Ronnie with a groan. Durf gasps and rushes to the slew. He dives straight into it.

"What are you doing!" Ronnie asked, rushing to the slew. Durf pops out of the water holding BillyBob. Ronnie does CPR as Durf catches his breath. BillyBob coughs up water then starts laughing.

"What-cough- took you so long!" BillBob gasps for air, still coughing up water.

"Well, what's plan B" Ronnie asks, taking a seat on a stump. Durf balled up his itinerary and threw it in the slew. "Well we could hitchhike to the school, or we could walk to the museum?" Ronnie suggests, with a shrug.

"The Museum is about 100,000,000,000 kilometers away, so that isn't an option." Durf said sadly. Just then something big and yellow comes around the corner, and stops with a wake of dust behind it. It must have been in a hurry. After the dust settles the three realize it is a bus, but not just any bus...

Tommy steps out of the bus and immediately apologized for leaving them behind. He said that he got all the way to the museum before noticing they were gone. Tommy threw the boys over his shoulder.

"Come on. We are going to the museum." Tommy hops into the bus and sets the boys into a seat. Durf took out a napkin from his backpack and took out a pen. Ronnie and BillyBob looked over Durf's shoulder. At the top Durf wrote:

Itinerary:

- The boys smiled
- Get there
- Smell sneakers

And they all had a great time at the museum.

The End.

London's Trip

By Ava, age 11

Hi, my name is London and I am going on a field trip today! We are heading to Heaven City which is an amazing amusement park and we are sleeping overnight. I am partnered up with my best friends, Liana and Jasmine. I am only 7 years old and I have blue eyes and wavy hair. Liana has straight blonde hair, and hazel eyes. Jasmine is a little sensitive but she is really pretty. She has brown thick hair, metallic glasses, and dark brown eyes.

It's 6 o' clock in the evening right now, and I am making sure I'm all ready for an amazing trip. One pair of pajamas, 2 shorts, 2 t-shirts and one pair of sneakers. Check! The school bus is going to pick us up tomorrow in the morning. I like to imagine that we're flying in the air, like magic! Magic. Magic. Oh! I almost forgot about my magic wand! I just twirl it, chant a spell with some ingredients and then poof! Magic happens. I go diving into my messy closet and find my spell book and a wand. Did I mention I'm a sorceress? You can't tell though...nobody knows. I'm so tired... Woah. Before I even know it, my eyelids feel heavy and I drift off to sleep.

"You shall be in the opposite of your spell if you see the sparkles," says a fairy with pink sparkly wings. Huh. I wondered what she meant by that?

I wake up to the sun shining in my eyes and birds chirping. I look at the clock. Oh no... it's 7:50, and the bus leaves at 8! I brush my teeth, grab a chocolate granola bar and run out the door. I make it just in time at 7:59, and I sit on the bench, relieved. "Where were you?" asks Jasmine and Liana in unison.

"I was-" I begin to respond, but suddenly, I hear giggles behind me. I turn around and see Amethyst, our school bully, and her friends, Beatrice and Denise laughing at me.

"Didn't bother to brush your hair today?" Amethyst remarks. I gaze at my reflection in the stop sign beside me. My hair looks like a bird's nest.

"Maybe you should just shave it all off. You'd look better anyways!" Denise cackles. Those girls are only in second grade, and they act like they're high schoolers. Maybe they just think they're cooler than everybody else.

The bus arrives, and slowly comes to a stop in front of us. My friends and I are about to get onto the bus, but we get shoved aside by a bunch of boys. I see Jasmine roll her eyes, and we wait for everyone to get on the bus before we finally take the stairs up.

"Good morning!" A bus driver says. I want to respond, but I'm just too tired and upset to say anything. We take a seat next to a window that has drawings of what looks like a bunch of zombies on it.

I see the bus driver fix her hair in the mirror, and notice one of the girls in my class has a new pair of sneakers. Once we arrived we went into our cabin and chose the cleanest bed. I got one with pink polka dot blankets on it. I was at the top bunk and Jasmine was at the bottom. I made Jasmine sleep at the bottom because once I hosted a sleepover for Jasmine and Liana. She was kicking so much I had to sleep in the bathroom. I definitely think that if she was at the top, she'd roll off in 5 seconds.

We went outside to eat at the central restaurant and I ate some hamburgers with an appetizer of fries dipped in ketchup. Then we had break time to make sure that we don't throw up on the twisting rides. After all that boring waiting we go on rides called Stroller Coaster, Twister Twizzlers and many more. I can barely keep my head attached to the rest of my body for some of them.

After those fun rides we walk to the forest and crowd around random people to sing some songs around a warm campfire with marshmallows on a stick in our hands. And that was the first day.

The second day Amethyst starts being mean to me the second I wake up. I have had enough! I take out my spell book and cast an evil spell on the mean girls. Ha. Finally

they'll be nicer. Just then I see the poof of sparkles I saw on the bus. Suddenly they become even meaner.

"I can't believe she is so ugly" Amethyst whispers loudly just so everyone can hear. Beatrice and Denise giggle and now the mean girls start gossiping about an embarrassing thing that happened in school. I came to school with my eye mask still on my head, hair looking like a bird's nest, and my whole pajamas including my slippers.

Then I feel an urge to say "stop it." They look at me like I have snakes in my hair. Then they start saying stuff like sorry and other things. I forgave everyone but Amethyst because not everything is fixed with a little sorry.

When I got home I remembered the dream about fairies and sparkles. I remember my dream about a fairy saying "You shall be in the opposite of your spell if you see the sparkles". And after that experience I learned that you can't control your life but you can control yourself. SOMETIMES. I smirked.

The End.

Art Hunt Adventure

By Blake, age 12

Austin couldn't believe it. His class was actually at the Art City Museum because he had won the art contest! His painting, The Sound of Colour, had been picked from hundreds of other ones, and now it was going to be in the student gallery. He'd been so excited to see it on display... but when he got to the pedestal where it was supposed to be, his heart totally sank.

It was empty.

Before he could even say anything, his teacher clapped her hands and said, "Alright, everyone, time for the scavenger hunt! Your first clue is hidden somewhere in the student gallery."

Austin took a deep breath and turned away from the pedestal. Maybe the scavenger hunt would help him feel a little better.

He found the first clue under a sculpture of a dancing cat. It was a tiny strip of paper that said:

"This canvas may not hang on a wall, but its colours shone through down the hall."

Austin grinned. He knew exactly where to go. Just outside the gallery was a giant mosaic on the floor made of shiny red, blue, and green tiles. The museum guide had

talked about it earlier and said each part of the mosaic was inspired by a different symphony. It looked like music frozen in colour.

He dropped to his knees and looked around. Then—bam!—he saw it. Tucked between two blue tiles was the next clue:

“Where echoes bounce and shadows play, your colors may have run away.”

Echoes and shadows? That had to be the sound room!

He took off running down the hallway and slipped into the sound installation room. It was dark and kind of creepy, with weird speakers and lights that blinked when you moved. Sounds bounced all over the place, like the room was alive.

As he walked around, the lights flashed, and that's when he saw it—something taped behind one of the speakers. He reached out and grabbed the next clue:

“A frame without a painting is still a frame. Find what's missing, and you'll win the game.”

Austin froze.

A frame without a painting... Was it talking about the empty pedestal?

He bolted back to the student gallery, heart racing. He dropped to the floor next to the pedestal and looked closer. There were smudges on the side, like fingerprints. Then he saw it—a little latch hidden under the rim.

His fingers shook as he opened it, and inside was a hidden compartment.

There it was. The Sound of Colour, rolled up carefully in a protective sleeve.

He pulled it out slowly, his heart thudding in his chest. Along with the painting was one last note:

“Your art speaks louder than you know. Some things are too precious to leave in plain sight.”

Austin grinned. His painting hadn't been stolen—it had been hidden on purpose. The whole scavenger hunt was part of the surprise!

And now, more than ever, he felt proud.

The End.

The Shadow at Camp Wakahan

By Catherine, age 12

Ring a ding ding, the school bell rang! I was very eager to go on the field trip to the campsite Wakahn tomorrow. While I was walking with my best friend Amelia, we were deciding who would sleep on the top bunk with a game of Rock, Paper, Scissors. I sadly lost a rock to a paper but it was fine.

The next day, I grabbed my suitcase filled with my stuff, and went to pick up my best friend Amelia on my way to school. We walked to the bus station a few minutes late, but the bus was late too, so we hopped on the next bus two minutes after.

We arrived at school two minutes late but the announcements were still on. We rushed to class, seeing our teacher doing attendance and saying we were just in time and not late. He marked us here and continued to announce people. Three minutes later, our teacher noticed that a student was late and told us to wait another few minutes.

As we heard footsteps coming closer to our classroom, it was the classmate that was late. He claimed that he had to drop off his little sister at school but everyone knew that he woke up late, as always. As he gave his late slip to the teacher, our teacher announced that everyone would pick a partner to sit with on the bus to the campsite.

Everyone was seated on the bus with their partners, and our teacher gestured us to quiet down. Amelia and I were discussing our plans for our one day in camp. As we were finishing our conversation, we heard our teacher announce that we made it to

the campsite. Everyone peered out the windows amazed at how beautiful the gardens and field grounds were.

Everyone was assigned to their cabins that held three to five classmates. Amelia and I were still processing the breathtaking views and lovely surroundings. We unpacked our stuff and picked our bunk bed. We put our stuff in the closet in between our beds and the one beside.

As I put the last item down on my bed, I heard a loud, muffled sound in the speakers outside: "Attention all students: You may all proceed to the cafeteria in the middle of camp for lunch." I glanced at Amelia, and we rushed out to the cafeteria for lunch. We ate our lunch in peace while the waves crashed on the shore nearby.

That night, as we settled into our beds, we said goodnight and drifted to sleep. As the clock struck 11:30 PM, I heard a faint noise close to our cabin. The sound woke me up so I tried to be quiet as I investigated what was causing the noise. I peeked through the window to see what it was. What I saw was a terrifying man dressed in all black, and holding a knife-like object.

His emotions felt lifeless and cold like he just came out of a storm, gloomy and droopy like. He seemed to be hiding a victim he murdered or just sharpening his knife. The atmosphere around me felt tense and tight like he was staring at me through the window. I glanced back at him but he vanished with no traces left behind.

I shivered in fear while tippy-toeing back to bed wondering if he would come back for the other student to bury 7 feet below us.

A day has already passed, and the same muffled noise came on the speakers: "Attention, all Graywood students: Meet at the middle of camp with all your belongings." Amelia and I were confused, but we followed instructions as usual. We saw the bus, and our teacher told us that we were leaving campgrounds now that one day had passed. We all hopped on the bus back to school.

I was happy to leave the terror I saw yesterday back at where I found it.

The End.

The Day the Statue of Life Died (but it wasn't my fault)

By Elodie, age 10

My name is Willow McTavish, and this is the story of how I became (falsely) accused of property destruction while on what was supposed to be the best field trip ever.

I was so excited, I wondered how on earth my best friend, Lydia, was sitting calmly next to me, solving a crossword puzzle. I was sitting on the sticky, black seat of the school bus. My dark blue backpack, decorated with colorful pictures of tropical fruit, rested at my feet. Next to me sat Lydia, blond hair brushed out of her eyes, crossword in hand. She wore a daisy speckled dress that matched her blue eyes.

Turning my gaze to the window, I watched as the trees and bushes of our quiet countryside gave way to the houses and shops of the big city. Behind me, kids chatted and laughed. With a jolt, the bus lurched forward, crawling down the busy street. Excited yells filled the air as the bus pulled up next to a towering wooden sign. My heart pounded as I read it.

The words 'The Royal Brightfall Museum of Art' were painted in big purple block letters. A temporary sign above the wooden sign read, THE STATUE OF LIFE BY LAURA MARBUTE IS NOW OPEN FOR VIEWING. With a chuff, the bus doors opened. Mrs. Marloy, my teacher, rose from her seat and stood in the aisle, facing us.

"I want your best behavior and listening skills today. When I call your name, line up in front of Mr. Loom.

Mr. Loom waved. He was a middle-aged man with thinning hair and twinkling brown eyes. He had a fondness for shirts with the names of his favorite bands on them. Today it was a black shirt with a picture of four men, all in different color suits, crossing a street. Mrs. Marloy stepped off the bus and stood next to Mr. Loom. They looked like total opposites, short 35-year-old Mrs. Marloy in her sky blue and white flower-printed dress next to towering Mr. Loom in his T-shirt and jeans. Mrs. Marloy began to call names. Finally, Mrs. Marloy called my name, and I went to line up behind a girl in an oversized hoodie.

"If you would like to go to the bathroom, line up here," Mrs. Marloy's voice boomed across the plaza. Everyone except me and Carl, the redheaded, freckle-covered, green-eyed school troublemaker left to go to the bathroom.

Mr. Loom walked over to us and murmured, "Let's head over to the Statue of Life." We walked across the brick plaza towards a dirt path which pushed its way between two bushes. A sign beside it read, 'This way to the Statue of Life.'

We followed Mr. Loom in single-file along the path through the bushes, and into a clearing. Smooth, flat rocks formed a jagged circle around a statue. The statue -which I assumed was the statue of life- was about four feet tall, a meter wide and bulging with blobs of clay. Clumps of clay were lumped onto all sides of the statue. The shapes of the upper halves of humans and animals were sticking out of the clay lumps. I wondered how the artist -Laura Marbute, I remembered from the sign- had made it.

"Oh no you don't!" The voice snapped me out of my thoughts. Mr. Loom was chasing after Carl, who was making a mad dash for the path that we had come from. I was surprised at how fast Mr. Loom was. But he wasn't fast enough. Carl poured on the speed and slipped between the bushes, onto the path back to the bus with Mr. Loom huffing and puffing behind him.

I started to follow them, then decided not to. I would much rather stay behind and get a good look at the statue.

Suddenly, I heard barking. A tabby cat burst out of the bushes and jumped onto the statue. Meanwhile, the barking got louder, as if the dog was getting closer. Not a second too late, did I realize what was happening. Leaping to the side, I ducked behind a stone bench. I was terrified of dogs. When I was 4 years old, I was bitten by a lab. I had been scared ever since. The sound of snapping twigs filled the air, and a huge black dog thundered into the clearing. Rearing up on its hind legs, it smashed its front paws into the statue. The cat hissed and climbed higher onto the statue. With another push of its paws, the hound cracked the base of the statue. The tabby yowled and leapt off the statue, hurtling towards a tall bush.

Luckily, it landed safely in the leaves. The dog gave one more push to the statue, making it rock back and forth. I held my breath, hoping it wouldn't.... CRASH! The statue fell and smashed onto the ground. A sharp whistle split the air. The dog turned and looped back into the bushes.

Crawling out from behind the bench, I started to inspect the damage. Suddenly, I heard footsteps. Turning, I saw Mr. Loom, with Carl at his side. Mr. Loom glared at me. "Did you do this?" without waiting for an answer, Mr. Loom dragged me over to Mrs. Marloy, who declared me guilty.

We were walking through the abstract art section, when someone tapped me on the shoulder and whispered, "Psst, Willow. Come Here." Someone grabbed my arm and pulled me into a corner.

"Lydia! You scared me!"

"I heard about the statue. Did you do it?"

"No." I replied. "There was this big dog and..."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah." Lydia interrupted. "Let's prove you're innocent."

"How?" I asked.

"Security cameras, silly! I know a way to the office." She announced. "Let's go."

Before I could argue, she dragged me back into the Pop Art section. We ducked around security guards and signs about Andy Warhol until we got to a door marked

'Staff Only'. Lydia pulled me over to a sign about Keith Haring that we pretended to read while I picked pieces of paint off of my shirt. Suddenly, Lydia tapped me on the shoulder and whispered "Look!" A man in a security guard's uniform opened the door. Lydia waited until he had fully stepped inside before grabbing the door handle and swinging the door open. I glanced around nervously, half expecting Mrs. Marloy to leap out of nowhere. Sneaking into the staff only area, we walked along the tiled floor.

Ahead of me, Lydia turned sharply and swung open a door. Carefully we stepped into the room. The walls were plain white. A black chair sat in front of a wooden desk that was covered with computer screens. Leaning over a computer, Lydia clicked a few buttons and a video of me in the clearing with the statue appeared. "How'd you do that?" I asked amazed.

"It's easy, you just -"

"What is going on in here?" A voice boomed. I turned. Standing behind me was a tanned six-foot-tall man in a security uniform and blue baseball cap. He had a thick brown beard and mustache that wiggled when he spoke. "I'll ask again. What are you doing in here?"

"Oh," Lydia cried. "We were just looking. We mean no harm! My friend Willow, they think she broke the statue of life. But it was a dog." Lydia yammered on and on about how innocent I was, until the man held up a hand.

"Stop. Let me see the footage. Then I will call your teacher." The man stepped up to the computer and we watched me hide behind the bench while the dog wrecked the statue. Then he turned and walked out the door.

I turned to Lydia "Thanks a lot." I grumbled. "Now we're going to get in trouble."

Lydia looked offended. "No more trouble than if they thought you broke the statue." I considered that. She had a point, which made me so mad. Just as I was opening my mouth to reply, Moustache man strode in, followed by Mr. Loom.

Mr. Loom nodded, then turned to look at the footage of me and Laura Marbute's statue. When the video was done, he patted me on the back. "It appears I owe you an apology. I should not have left you alone. I am sorry. However, you and your friend

Lydia will have five detentions. But five detentions is merely a sliver of the punishments you would get for wrecking a piece of art. Thank you, Hank, for bringing these children to my attention."

Moustache man/Hank waved, "You're welcome.

With that, Mr. Loom turned and walked out of the room. Lydia and I followed him out of the security room, down the hallway, and out of the staff-only section. As we walked into the Pop Art area, I felt a thrill of excitement. I would finally get to enjoy my field trip.

The End.

The Harsh Reality

By Ettan, age 12

"*Ring ring ring.*" Ugh, another day of school; another day of torture. My name is Marvin, Marvin Lin and I am in 12th grade, that's right, my last year of school before I go to university, and most students at this stage have their whole life planned of them, but not me. My parents don't know this, but I have always been fond of sports, especially football; however, my parents think I love robotics, biology and math which to be fair I am quite good at. Although, I do not like it when people think just because I am very good at something I must do it for the rest of my life.

On a positive note, one of the clubs called FC Basel has accepted me at a professional level after reaching out to them, even so I don't exactly have the funds to buy a house in Switzerland, do I?

Wait! I'm late for class! I forgot to tell you that sometimes I get stuck in my head and lose track of time very easily.

"Well, who have we got here!"

It was the principal, Mr. Marko, I never understood why he always targeted me out of all the students who were late. He stalks me like a bear does with salmon at the edge of the waterfall.

"Please Mr. Marko, can you please let me go for just this once!"

"You have...hey you stop at this instant!"

I quickly glanced over my shoulder and saw that there were some students running in the hallways and Mr. Marko never liked that. I rapidly seized the opportunity to slither past the door and take a seat at my desk before he came back. I opened my language textbook to page 145 and organized my desk before anyone with a sense of authority could strike a derogatory comment my way. At that moment Mrs. Rynders entered the room.

"Today I have a special announcement to make, and no it is not another project or test of any kind, but it is regarding our end of the year trip."

Whispers echoed across the room growing louder by the second.

"Please settle down, as you all know it is only two months to June and the end of the year is on the horizon, so to honour your time spent here we will be going on a trip to...Switzerland."

My eyes instantly glowed.

Two Months Later...

I had finally arrived. I was now breathing the cool air breeze of the Swiss Alps and to be honest it could not be at a better time. Maybe while I am here I can try and convince my parents to let me stay in Switzerland and pursue my dream and I think at the age of 18, I am mature enough to do so. After landing at the airport, we immediately took a van to go to a nearby hotel where we would be staying for the rest of our fortnight in this beautiful nation. I decided to get some "shut-eye" before the chatter became any louder.

"Boom!" I abruptly startled awake to find myself in a near horizontal position hanging to my seat by a mere thread. The van crashed into the barrier and now we were stranded on the edge of a cliff. My heart was on the verge of imploding inside of my chest, but I had to stay calm.

"Ev-veryone please r-r-emain seated and one by one, start-t-ting from the back, exit the van through the two back doors of the van."

I could feel her voice trembling. She was as scared as me. Since I was at the very back of the van I was the first one to exit and thankfully nobody was injured. Soon a helicopter would pick us up before having to do a quick medical checkup; however, I was not worried about all of that, I was more worried that we would have to be sent home after this incident and I would never get the chance to prove my parents wrong. I waited outside of the room where Mrs. Rynders was having a phone call with Mr. Marko.

As I heard her hanging up and letting out a deep sigh, I knew exactly what was going to happen.

Two Days Later...

I couldn't sleep or eat. My chance was gone and I knew it. It was gone in a flash and now here I was, on my bed staring at my empty bedroom ceiling.

"I just baked chocolate cookies. Would you like some?" said my dad, almost trying to be half-sad for me.

Well, no cookies were going to help today. Nothing is going to cheer me up today, nothing. My parents rejected FC Basel, and I never got the chance to prove myself.

Out of desperation I opened my laptop and began to watch some videos of others, others who had succeeded, and reached their highest potential. How were they able to do this? I could never be them.

Ten Years Later...

Sometimes I look back at that moment and I ponder endlessly and think: what if I had more support or what if I had stopped scrolling infinitely on social media, where would I be right now? I have had many regrets in my lifetime, but there is no doubt that this is my biggest one. Now here I am sitting at my desk as an accountant wondering what could have been.

The End.

Author's Note

My reason for writing this story is that thousands of children all over the world go through the same thing. They all have immense talent, skill and dedication, but the only thing stopping them from achieving their full potential in football is the lack of support, specifically parental support. The main reason for this is the fact that many parents believe that sports cannot lead to success, and it is true that many don't make it, and they should always have a backup plan, but that does not mean that they don't support their dreams at all.

Often, this leads to many kids to develop bad habits such as spending too much time on their phones or computers and I am telling you from my personal experience. It was not until a few months ago that I finally realized that I should never give up even though my parents are not on my side and instead I must take matters into my own hands.

The Best Field Trip Ever

By Hannah B., age 11

One day, Sarah Thompson, a grade 5 student who went to Dave Smith Elementary school, was in ELA class when all of a sudden her teacher, Mr. Red, announced that there would be a big year-end field trip in a few days. They would get to go to FunLand, an amazing amusement park. Sarah was so excited. Whenever her class had a field trip it was never as exciting as this. Last year her class went to a museum. The year before that, her class went to a library. Now she finally got to go somewhere fun. Mr. Red sent home permission forms. When Sarah got home she read the form. Below the part where their parents were supposed to sign, it said:

On June 10, the Grade 5 students will bus to the FunLand amusement park.
Please bring a packed lunch, water bottle, and sunscreen.

Soon it was June 10, and somehow Sarah forgot all about the field trip. She came to school and realized that she had forgotten her water bottle, and she had also accidentally left her lunch at home. After her class loaded into the bus, they left the school and started driving to the amusement park. Sarah was sitting with her friend, Kate. "I'm SO excited!" Kate said.

"Yeah I can't wait until we get there! It'll be so fun!" Sarah agreed.

Suddenly someone called out "Hey! Where are we?" Sarah and Kate looked out the window. But they couldn't tell where they were. Everybody started talking.

The bus driver, Will, suddenly exclaimed "GRADE 5 STUDENTS!" everybody turned to look at Will. "We're lost but don't worry. Hopefully we can get to FunLand soon."

A while later, they kept driving and they finally made it to the road that leads to FunLand. Sarah turned to Kate and said "Finally! Now we can make it to the Amusement park!"

"Yeah." Kate agreed. Suddenly, a deer ran across the road. Everybody in the class screamed as the bus swerved and Will tried to control the bus. The bus slid into a giant mud puddle which made it stop. Will looked outside the window and then turned to the grade 5 students.

"Are we stuck?" Sarah asked.

Will said. "Yes, is anyone hurt?" They said no and then Will called a tow truck. All the students had to get out of the bus.

Luckily there was a gas station nearby. The gas station was connected to a restaurant so they all got something to eat. While they waited for the food, Sarah said to Kate "This field trip has been terrible! We got lost, and now we have to wait for another bus to pick us up! Can't we just get to FunLand already?" The food came and after everybody finished eating, a bus came.

They got into the bus and started driving again. After a while, they finally got to the amusement park. Everybody stood up and exited the bus. Sarah and Kate went on all the rides there and played a bunch of games. "This was the best field trip ever!" Sarah exclaimed.

The End.

Snowy Day and Friends Made

By Hannah N., age 9

I walk to the back of the bus and sit down. As I pull out my headphones a picture falls out of my backpack and lands on the floor. The picture is of my best friend Meg from Vancouver, where we used to live. I still have not made any friends here in Three Hills. I quickly shove the picture into my backpack just as a girl sits down beside me.

"Hi I'm Henna. What's your name? Are you excited to see the aquarium? I really like turtles!"

Fumbling with my headphones, I mumble, "I'm Izabella, and I'm excited to see the angel fish." Finally I get them plugged in and turn on the music, which I quickly sink into as the bus drives out of town and it starts to snow harder and harder. After about an hour of driving, the bus screeches to a halt and the teacher stands up.

"Kids, unfortunately the road is blocked up ahead and we don't have room to turn around here. We will have to wait until a plow can come and move all this snow." To my horror, I start to cry dreadful, wrenching sobs. Henna puts her arm around me.

"It's okay. We'll be fine," she says but doesn't look sure. Her face is white.

I grab my phone to text mom, but there is no cell service. Quietly I say, "Shoot."

Henna looks over, "No service. That's too bad."

I nod and start to cry again. I just want to be home with Mom, Dad, and my sister. Just then, the snow plow drives up and we all cheer. To pass the time, Henna starts to tell me about when her family got stuck in the snow.

After about twenty minutes, the bus starts to move and we move to a spot where we can turn and do so. On the drive home, having given up on the aquarium, Henna and I talk about our families. She has two brothers. It's just me and Stace at home, and our parents of course.

Finally we see the lights of Three Hills. All of a sudden Henna blurts out, "Wanna be friends?"

I almost shout "YES." She smiles and we exchange phone numbers as we pull into the parking lot. I see my mom standing there in her big purple jacket.

As soon as the bus stops moving, I barge past my classmates and dash out of the bus. I dart over to mom and jump into her arms. After a long eventful day, the place I want to be most is in my mom's warm arms!

The End.

When the Lights Dim

By Isla, age 12

The rumbling yellow school bus rolled down the road, loaded with irritated children and eye rolls galore. The eighth graders of Oak Garden Elementary were hoping for a camping trip as their end of school year trip, but their teachers (who were all drama enthusiasts) had other plans, their class was going to see a production of Beauty and the Beast!

"Ugh, musical theatre," groaned Luke, crossing his arms in annoyance. "What is the point of this anyway?" Luke whisper-yelled to Chris and Violet who were sitting beside him on the bus.

"Right?!" agreed Chris "Why are we watching Beauty and the Beast of all things?"

"I watched that when I was like six," scoffed Violet.

"Theatre people are so insufferable," whined Luke "all that singing and dancing is just ..."

"Weird?" muttered Jamie.

"Awkward?" chimed Violet.

"Annoying?" questioned Isabelle.

"Yeah, pretty much" responded Luke.

The bus came to a stop "I bet the best part about this field trip was the bus ride," joked Chris.

"I don't want to be in a sea of theatre geeks for..." Isabelle trailed off. "Mr. Stuart, how long is the show?" Isabelle asked, dreading the answer.

"About two and a half hours!" exclaimed Mr. Stuart.

"What?!" shouted Isabelle.

"Don't worry, there's a twenty minute intermission, you can move around and socialize then." explained Mr. Stuart.

"We'll probably just have to listen to those nerds talk the entire time," said Chris rolling his eyes.

They made their way up the stairs, to the balcony, filing into the long rows of cushiony red seats.

"Woah" Luke breathed, gripping the railing "That stage is huge."

"It's probably because there's gonna be a gazillion people doing weird dances up there" grunted Isabelle, sinking into her seat with an eye roll. The lights dimmed and the overture began. The whole class slouched in their seats, as if this was the worst day of their lives.

As the first few notes of the prologue played and the narrators booming voice filled the theatre, something odd happened. The bickering stopped, the fidgeting became still, attentive listening began. Even Luke — who had been dramatically sighing every ten seconds — sat up a bit taller.

When Belle walked onstage, carrying her beautifully woven basket, and singing about her "little town" the students leaned in. The set was magical, the costumes, flowy and colourful. Every move, choreographed to perfection, every line delivered with so much passion, it was impossible not to watch.

"Okay... that was actually kind of cool," Violet whispered, nudging Chris, as Belle twirled across the stage.

"Did you see how fast they changed the set?!" Jamie added.

"I know right!" exclaimed Violet. "It went dark for a second, and then poof! We're somewhere else!"

"It's like we're inside of a movie" Jamie said, still watching intently.

Halfway through the show, when the Beast sang his sorrowful solo under a glowing spotlight, Isabelle couldn't help but shed a tear, though she quickly blamed it on the theatre's "weird air."

By the time the cast took their final bow, the class was on their feet, clapping and cheering wildly.

As they boarded the bus afterward, Luke looked out the window, deep in thought. "Okay... maybe that wasn't the worst thing ever."

Chris chuckled. "Still not going to wear tights and dance for a giant crowd."

"Fair." Violet laughed. "But you guys have to admit, we were wrong. That was amazing."

The rest of the ride was filled with talk of favourite scenes, dramatic reenactments, and even some humming of the final song. Somewhere along the road back to school the class had transformed — not into diehard theatre fans — but rather people who discovered something new they actually liked.

Perhaps that was the real magic of that day.

The End.

A Trip to the Museum

By Jayden, age 10

Donald was an ordinary kid, but a few things were different about him. First, he was the shortest boy in the school, but even though he was short he was the smartest kid in grade 4. Lastly, only one subject failed him which the whole school thought the subject was so easy and the subject was French.

On a sunny morning in school Donald was done with art class and the school announced that there was a school field trip which meant everyone in his school was going. The school also said that they were going to the museum. Donald almost got a heart attack because he had never been to one. Donald asked his mom if he could go to the field trip and of course his mom said yes.

The next day was the field trip, and Donald packed his stuff and went to school. He was shocked to see that everyone had a smaller bag than him he thought he had over packed but then he saw the principal saying that the people who had under packed needed to go home because they had too little items as the trip was overnight. Donald's friend also packed a lot of stuff even more than Donald. Later everyone was heading to the hallway and going to the exit of the school so that's what Donald did. Everyone had their bag except him. He went back to the classroom to get his bag barely making it on time for the bus. The teacher was already on the bus, luckily the bus driver waited for Donald. The bus door opened for him and Donald was not surprised that everyone gave him a weird look. Donald was guessing they did that because he wasted their time. Donald chose the seat in the back so he wouldn't get attention. His plan failed as everyone was bad mouthing him.

The ride was so bumpy because he chose the back. At least he got a decent view. When they finally arrived he noticed something; the museum was tiny. Everyone had to crouch down because the roof of the museum was very small, but Donald didn't have to crouch because he was short. There was so much cool stuff there like Albert Einstein's brain. The first day was just about exploring the museum and the cool stuff there. Donald knew that he was a brainiac, so he knew most of the artifacts. Donald still found it fascinating to see all the masterpieces. Since it was a two-night trip Donald's classmates were going to crouch for a long time. When the school was done looking at the amazing things in the museum Donald and his classmates went to get their sleeping bags. Donald's friend Kai stopped Donald and said when everyone sleeps, they would sneak out and explore. Of course, as a good boy Donald said NO but Kai said he would give him mints if he went with him. Kai knew that Donald loved mints and to Kai's surprise Donald agreed but in one condition if they got caught Donald would blame it all on Kai.

Donald followed the rest of the people who were heading to a large tent. People got assigned a number which was on the tent with a piece of paper and Donald got assigned 3 and Donald did not believe it because Kai also got assigned 3. Donald headed to the tent which he was assigned. Donald placed his sleeping bag right in the tent closest to the exit of the tent so if there was any emergency Donald would be the first out. Of course, Kai placed his sleeping bag right next to Donald because they were friends. As soon as they put on their sleeping bags they instantly got called by their home room teacher to come and have dinner. The dinner was pizza.

Later they got informed to go to their tent. They went in to see that everyone was sleeping, and it was already night and they could hear their teacher snoring. Kai said are you ready and Donald was just shaking his head because he had an experience like this before. So Kai went first while Donald was behind Kai but then Kai had to squeeze because the space there was tight. Donald tried pulling Kai up but that did not work so they ended up having to spend 1 hour trying to get Kai out but he would not budge. Donald was so scared that he almost went back to the tent. It was just Kai's head that needed to get out. His back was hurting like crazy because he had to crouch. Lucky for some reason since Kai was stressing out so much his sweat made his head go free. Kai and Donald were celebrating so loudly they were even dancing.

Suddenly the teacher came slouching and slowly walked then found them trying to go back to the tents. As their teacher approached them Donald immediately blamed the whole thing on Kai, but Kai said that was not true and they were going to the

washroom and the teacher believed them. The next day they were having so much fun with fun activities they forgot about needing to sneak out. They even got outside time since it was a sunny day. Donald was playing soccer and Kai even joined in. Later Donald announced that it was the best trip ever.

The End.

Best Field Trip Ever

By Kayla, age 10

One day the grade five class at Emma Lake Elementary School was debating on where to go for their school field trip. But the class could not pick just one place to go. They would just scream out random things, not put up their hands, and complain. The Teacher Mr. Klein was getting very annoyed and eventually just decided he would pick where they went. All the kids were very disappointed with him, but he didn't change his mind. The kids in the class ignored him for the rest of the day. But Mr Klein let them. They were quieter anyway. When the kids went home at the end of the day Mr Klein thought about where to go. He thought of swimming pools, museums, and even the space center. But none of them interested Mr. Klein. Until he came to the conclusion of... Nunavut.

The next day Mr. Klein told his class about the trip. But they did not like the idea and they were still complaining. "Hey!" said Mr. Klein, "I don't want to hear nunavut." The children eventually warmed up to the idea and thought that it may be fun. So they gave it a chance. The next day at school the kids apologized to Mr. Klein for the way they acted. Mr. Klein forgave them and sent them home with a permission slip about Nunavut or for more detail, Iqaluit. Everybody came back with their permission slips signed. Even some of the parents volunteered to come along. He decided they were going to go to Nunavut as soon as possible.

So within the next few days, they were boarding the bus to Nunavut with a class of twenty six kids. They had to take two buses to fit all the kids and the volunteers. 'Woot Woot!' says Mr. Klein. Now that all the kids were on the bus with a lot of suitcases. They put all their stuff in the back of the bus and took off on their field trip.

They were driving for about four hours, then they pulled over and took them to the co-op for some food and bathroom breaks. Then they boarded the bus again. And this trip takes about eighteen hours. They kept stopping for the occasional bathroom break and food break. The bus ride was quite boring but once they arrived they couldn't say that anymore. It was so worth it.

All the children gasped with joy. Even Mr. Klein was surprised, Wow he said I knew it would be nice but not this nice. They were parked on a hill, overseeing all of Iqaluit. It was so beautiful. Mr. Klein was in awe. But they had to go to their hotel. They planned to stay there for five days.

For all five they visited different restaurants and stores along with going for long walks and hikes. As the days passed everybody started to really take in the views since they knew they wouldn't be staying for long. The days went by so fast. And soon they would be going back to Saskatchewan. So they made the best of the last few days. They all went swimming on the first day, ziplining on the second, got ice cream on the third, they went to a zoo on the fourth, including everything else. And finally on the fifth they did all of the above. And it felt like within minutes they were boarding the bus back home. They were all very sad that they had to leave, but happy that they came. The kids thanked Mr. Klein for everything!

Best Field Trip Ever.

The End.

The BEST Field Trip Ever

By Lauren, age 11

Erin Wenke was eating peanut butter toast with a banana in her little A-frame house. Suddenly, Noodle, Erin's dog, chewed up her slipper "Hey don't chew that!" said Erin in a cheerful voice.

Erin was a teacher at South Ridge Elementary. She was so happy because it was a field trip day with her class. This is why she didn't get angry when Noodle chewed up her slipper. She drove to school and said hi to her students. Erin Wenke got her students and boarded the bus. The bus driver was new so he did not know what he was doing. They were almost at West Edmonton Water Park when their bus hit a bump!

Erin's bus was about to fall into the river when something amazing happened! Erin's dog who surprisingly had super powers saved them. "Thank you so so sooo much Noodle but how did you know?" said Erin. Then Erin saw Noodles face she just knew he was worried about her so he chased after her. "Thank you Noodle," said Erin. When Erin went to pick Noodle up all the kids were swarming around her to see the dog!

"Miss Wenke," said Joey, one of her students, "do we have to go to the water park or can we just stay here with your dog?"

"Sorry, but no Joey I already booked the tickets and they were expensive!"

"Fine," said Joey, "we won't stay with the dog that just saved our LIVES!!" Then the bus driver walked over and quit because he did not want to put our lives in danger... again. So now they had no driver, an angry kid, and a dog that everybody wants to spend time with.

Erin was getting angry so she snapped when a kid walked up to her and politely asked to use the washroom!

"Oh I am sorry" said the kid.

"No, I am sorry," Erin said. Now Erin wanted to just go home but she already said to Joey that they were going so she got up and told her kids to get on the bus and start it up. But obviously Erin was going to start the bus. Thankfully Miss Wenke knew had to drive a bus so they left.

Eight hours later they were at the water park and everybody was in a good mood! Now that the class saw the park they really wanted to go so they didn't even check into the hotel and went to the water park. Miss Wenkes class went on all the slides and then went to check into the hotel.

Joey sighed then said, "I know we just got here but we only have two more days in Alberta!"

"Well then make it the best two days ever" said Erin.

The next day Erin's class went to GalaxyLand. And they had the best time ever! They rode all the rides, ate cotton candy, and took a bunch of photos in the photo booth. The next day the kids decided to cut their trip short because a girl in the class named Luna got sick from all that cotton candy.

So they drove home, got Luna to the hospital and told Annika, their friend from a different school, all about the trip!!

The End.

The Last Trip

By Madelyn, age 12

Nadia Taylor Jackson, a 14-year-old, was excited to enter middle school, but there was one thing that she was struggling with... moving schools. You see, Nadia had been in her school since she was a toddler, and she wasn't really taking the news well. It was the last week of school, and her school was having an end of the year trip with her class.

"Students, your bags have everything you need right?" The teacher asked them. Nadia fumbled to check her bag, excited about the trip, yet she just couldn't get rid of the thoughts of moving schools. "Nadia? Do you have everything you need?" Her teacher asked her.

"Uhm- yes Miss! I have everything." She replied. As her and her classmates boarded the bus, someone tapped her shoulder.

"Nadia, are you alright? You seem really distracted." It was Nadia's best friend, Amari.

"Yeah, I'm fine. Actually no, I've been wanting to tell you this, but I just couldn't," she said. Amari was listening closely. "I'm moving schools and it's really bugging me. I don't want to move schools, Amari." Nadia said.

Amari looked at her in disbelief, she couldn't believe that her best friend since 1st grade would be moving schools. Amari began speaking "Well then let's make your last field trip count!" The two girls took a seat on the bus.

The bus arrived at the trip spot, and it was an amusement park, full of huge roller coasters, multiple food courts, arcade games, horrifying looking rides and a bunch more. The park was filled with people, and as Nadia and her classmates entered, she felt a wave of excitement enter her body as she looked around the park.

"Alright students, you can all go have fun on your own since we trust you. Stay out of any trouble now! And if you need anything, me and the other teachers will be near the food courts." The teacher explained to them. All the students nodded and once the teachers finished their speech,

Nadia's arm got dragged by Amari. "Come on, let's go!"

"H-Hey what are you doing Mari!!"

"I told you, we have to make the best of this trip, now come on we have the whole day!" Amari screamed.

The girls ran up to a roller coaster called "Tight Flight" which was one of the biggest coasters at the park! They screamed and laughed and had so much fun. Eventually they ate and had some snacks and played some arcade games. Nadia even won the jackpot for one of them and bought a souvenir! As Nadia took a seat on one of the benches, she was looking for something in her bag.

"Where is it?" she said, looking for something that was probably very important to her. Nadia was practically throwing things everywhere trying to find something. Amari was coming back from getting some cotton candy, and she saw Nadia tossing things around.

"Nadia, what are you looking for?" she asked.

Nadia, still trying to find that object, replied "I can't find the photos we took at the photo booth. It's nowhere in my bag!"

"Oh well we can always take another picture." Amari said, thinking it was a good idea.

But then Nadia replied "We used our last tokens at that photo booth! We can only go on roller coasters, not take more pictures!" Hearing this, the girls were both

determined to find the pictures, because it would've been one of the last pictures of them together on a trip.

The girls retraced their steps, trying to find out if they had left the picture anywhere, or it had fallen out somewhere. They checked the roller coasters, food courts, and even in the arcade games where they had started off!

At the end, they didn't end up finding the picture. "I can't believe we didn't find them Mari. Those were the last pictures of us on a field trip." Nadia said, disappointed.

Amari looked at her sad friend but then remembered something. "Wait Nadie! I just remembered I left my phone in my bag in case of an emergency! We can take a picture, and I'll send it to you once I get home!" Nadia's frown quickly switched into a smile, and they took fun and silly pictures. The rest of the time they spent together at the amusement park, the two girls had fun on the rides and enjoyed the fun moments together. Eventually, the fun didn't last forever, and they had to board the bus to go back to the school.

As they boarded the bus and took a seat, Nadia and Amari were talking. "I'm going to miss you when you leave Nadie," Amari said.

"I know, I am too girly, but hey, on the bright side we can still call and text and maybe have playdates!" Nadia said. Amari smiled softly, but still clearly upset about her best friend leaving the school. Amari and Nadia had been friends for forever! They shared a hug on the bus and as they arrived back to school and they kept thinking about play dates, phone calls and other things they could do, even when they were in separate schools.

The End.

Charles' Space Trip

By Mitchell, age 8

Charles looked out the window as they left the Earth's atmosphere. Charles was going on the biggest field trip of his life! A teacher came around telling them that the flight was 3 days and gave them breakfast. Charles turned on the tv and watched it until lunch arrived. After lunch, he was too tired to do anything else so he went to sleep. He woke up and saw the date and he had slept for 2 whole days! Charles also saw that they were on the moon.

They put on the space gear a teacher had given them, and another teacher led them off the ship. Charles immediately ran off and explored the moon. He found a gigantic crater and started digging in it using a shovel and found a special moon gem. It had a glittering smooth, gold surface, and when he grabbed a hammer and smashed it open, he saw blue, shiny crystals on the inside. He put it in a small bag and kept digging.

Suddenly, they saw a meteor coming right towards them! The whole class rushed into the ship and blasted off. Luckily, the meteor missed Earth. The next destination was Mars. Two months later, they landed. This time, instead of waiting for permission, Charles just went straight out. Charles explored the place and saw a green alien that was sleeping. Charles motioned for his friends and the teacher to come over. He pointed to the alien and the teacher gasped.

The alien woke up and just waved. It asked if it could come with them. The teacher agreed and carried it onto the ship. The teacher said that they had 10 more minutes until they left. Charles decided to relax. He found a crater but accidentally fell asleep

in it. The teachers left Charles on Mars! He woke up, lying on the ground. Another alien had woken him up. He jumped up and asked the alien where the others were. It said that the others left. Charles asked if the alien could build a spaceship for him so he could go back to Earth. The alien said that he needed more aliens to help. After a while, they found enough aliens to help them. They used special crystals, rocks, and even built their own tools using the rocks. Soon enough, they had finished the ship.

It wasn't that big, only about the size of four elephants, but that didn't stop Charles from boarding. One alien boarded because it had to pilot the spaceship. Before boarding, Charles asked if the other aliens wanted to come with him, but they refused. He boarded the spaceship and waved goodbye.

On the way back they encountered a spaceship that looked just like the school spaceship. The teachers had come looking for Charles! He quickly put on his space gear, gathered his stuff, said bye to the alien. He jumped out of the ship. He floated his way to the spaceship, opened the door and went inside. Charles had finally made his way back to Earth.

The End.

An Intergalactic Space Trip to Neglected Planet

By Nolan, age 13

"Are we there yet?" hollars Theodore from the back of the intergalactic school bus.

Having heard this repetitive quote from Theodore too many times, Ms. Frogbobble decided to remain silent once again. This irritated Theodore, he thought this trip was stupid anyway and he just wanted to get over with it. "What's the point of going to some trash filled planet that's so polluted it drove its inhabitants out..." he murmured under his breath.

To kill time, Ms. Frogbobble decided to give a briefing about the planet the class was headed to. Whispering to each other, Theodore and Vincent made jokes on how this planet's inhabitants were so lazy.

"Even a sloth would have done something about the pollution." remarked Vincent after Ms. Frogbobble mentioned that the inhabitants had neglected its problems for far too long. Theodore chuckled, trying to make up his own joke.

"Couldn't they feel the heat? It was probably as hot as an inferno there." he commented, upon Ms. Frogbobble stating that their climate had heated far too much when they resided there.

And then Ms. Frogbobble went on ranting about the great war that had occurred. This caught Theodore's attention faster than anything she had said before, for Theodore loved conflict and battles. Ever since he could walk on his two feet, Theodore had adored wars for their 'entertainment', as he called it. Where he lived everything was peaceful, quiet, people too focused in technology to pay any sort of attention to each other. Reading about wars allowed Theodore to imagine the raw action that occurred in them. Of course, having been so young Theodore didn't know the pain and agony of them. Ms. Frogbobble had strictly forbidden any form of technological entertainment on the bus, so her talk about the great war brought great pleasure to Theodore.

"Constant infighting caused nations to divide... controversies between leaders only escalated the violence... all-out nuclear war... spanned for more than fifty years..."

All this information came rushing into Theodore's head, as he struggled to grasp it all. He was astonished at how dramatic this great war was, and was stoked to see the aftermath in person, on this field trip. He thought that maybe this field trip wasn't so bad, and that he could actually love it. On the other side, Vincent was fast asleep, snoring as loud as a roaring storm.

Soon, the planet was in sight, dull and darkened from all the neglect and fighting. Huddling against the window the children jump up and down with great joy. Theodore was especially astonished at the sight of the planet. There were huge craters engraved into the planet and its atmosphere was abundant with thousands of pieces of space junk.

"No wonder they deserted this planet." thought Theodore.

Happening to always be so forgetful, Vincent asked Ms. Frogbobble the one question that was important to him: "What was this planet's name again Ms. Frogbobble?"

"This is the planet Earth, Vincent, the planet Earth..."

The End.

A Very Memorable Field Trip

By Olive, age 13

It was a sunny spring day outside of Maya's class. She was banging her knee on the side of her desk, hoping the teacher didn't notice. The seventh graders had a field trip in the afternoon. Everyone was excited, even Ernie, who was a very unenthusiastic person.

The bell rang. Mia and her two friends, Bella and Chloe, walked outside together. The class boarded onto the bus. "Okay, everyone!" shouted Miss Bailey, the grade seven homeroom teacher. "Today we are going to drive around an hour out of the city, and our destination is a small farm owned by my cousin. She has pigs, cows, and chickens, plus lots of other things. It will be very fun."

Forty five minutes later, they pulled into a small parking lot where a few turkeys were pecking at the gravel. In the distance you could see a red barn and a stable. If you looked close enough, you could see a horse's head bobbing out. A tall lady dressed in brown coveralls, with red hair cut into a bob, boarded the bus. "Hi, guys! My name is Audrey, and this is my farm!" She laid down the rules, then they went to see the chicks in the chicken coop.

They stayed at the farm for two hours, and ate their lunches in an old white barn with some cats. They saw a donkey that was named scruffy and fed the horses. The chicks were so cute, and everyone got to hold one. Then they went to the duck house to see the ducklings. Every one snuggled one. Maya's duck was squirming, so

she dropped it. From a foot up. Maya burst into tears. The duck ran to its mother. When Audrey inspected it, it seemed to be okay, but frightened. The teacher comforted Maya, saying that everyone made mistakes.

At the end, they met the farm dog, a border collie called mist. Audrey explained that Mist had given birth to five puppies, one month ago, and led them to the dog house. Five puppies were lazing in the sun, playing and sleeping. Maya could not take her eyes off of them. Her mom, one of the parent volunteers, came up to Maya and said: "I ask your dad if we could get one. Audrey wants to give them away." "And did he say yes?" asked Maya. "He said that if Audrey said yes, we could take one home." Maya rushed over to Audrey and said that her and her mother would like to get one. Audrey accepted. They paid ten dollars and Maya and her friends chose one that had a spot over its eye. Its tongue lolled out joyfully as they cuddled it. It was white and rusty brown.

The bus ride home was happy and exciting. Maya hugged her mom repeatedly. The dog was the main attraction; everyone wanted to have it in their seat. She knew that she would have many good times with the dog.

The End.

Lulu's Tooth Fairy Field Trip

By Olivia, age 5



Once upon a time there was a vibrant little mermaid named Lulu. She had long, beautiful bright pink hair and a shiny turquoise mermaid tail. She loved to swish her tail through the waves of the shining sea.

It was Wednesday, Lulu was going home from school on her rainbow school bus. She was eating some seaweed, and her tooth came out. Lulu was so shocked, she said to herself, "Wow, I have never lost a tooth before!" Her friend Patricia said, "Don't worry, that means the tooth fairy is going to come tonight! When you go to sleep

tonight in your clamshell, tuck your tooth under your pearl pillow and then she will come."

But Lulu knew she wouldn't be able to fall asleep that night. She was too excited. So, her friend Patricia came over after-school.

"It's ok, we can have a sleepover tonight." Patricia said. Lulu was happy to be with her friend.

After a while, they fell asleep. The tooth fairy came and asked them to go on a field trip with her. Lulu and Patricia were nervous because they didn't know where they were going. Suddenly, the tooth fairy waved her wand. It was shaped like a heart, and it was pink covered with squiggly lines. When she waved her wand, turquoise and pink sparkles came out. Lulu and Patricia landed in a tooth fairy magical land. When they got there, the rest of their class arrived on the rainbow school bus. They joined Lulu and Patricia and the tooth fairy for an exciting surprise field trip!

The tooth fairy showed the mermaids where she put all the teeth. "Wow, she uses them for a special project," said Lulu. Patricia noticed the tooth fairy was putting all the teeth in a beautiful garden. They watched the tooth fairy plant Lulu's tooth into the garden. The tooth fairy sprinkled fairy dust onto Lulu's baby tooth. After a few minutes, the tooth became a big grown-up tooth! Lulu felt the hole in her mouth grow a big grown-up tooth too! "So that's how you get your grown-up teeth." said Lulu.

Patricia said, "We better get back home before it's morning time." But then, she noticed the rainbow school bus was missing. Luckily, she had a plan, with the swish of her tail and some magic fairy dust, the school bus appeared. They arrived back at school, just in time for the morning bell.

Lulu couldn't believe what happened that night. She noticed another one of her teeth were wiggly. She thought, I can't wait to go on another field trip with the tooth fairy again.

The End.

A Plane to Las Vegas

By Sofia, age 11

I woke up to the sound of my alarm clock, beeping and buzzing. I tiredly groaned, pulling my blanket over my head, and stuck my arm out, feeling around for the clock. I smashed a button on top of it. My eyes were only half open, but I managed to sit up and put my slippers on. It was 5:00 in the morning, and as far as I was concerned, way too early to be awake, but the only thing keeping me up was the thought of my trip today. It was for school, but it was overnight for a week! It was our last week of eighth grade, and our teachers promised us a trip to Las Vegas. It was my first flight ever.

I opened the door to my washroom and flipped on the light switch. I stared at the mirror, and a girl with black wavy hair and hazel eyes stared back at me. I rubbed my eyes and grabbed my toothbrush, squirting a lot of toothpaste on it. I brushed my teeth slowly, making sure each tooth was white. Then, I poured some mouthwash into my mouth, and rinsed, tasting the minty flavour. I spit it out after a couple of seconds. Then, I exited the bathroom and flipped off the light switch, heading to my closet. I picked out a black hoodie with thumbholes in it, and some cargo jeans. I put on a necklace from the rack on my desk, some black socks, and ran to my suitcase. I made sure I had everything I needed, especially my passport, my inhaler, and my EpiPen. I was all set to go. I put on my watch, which read 5:18, and dragged my suitcase downstairs. My parents were still sleeping, so I tried to make as little noise as I could.

I turned on the living room lights and grabbed some milk from the fridge. I pulled out a box of cereal from the cupboard and turned on the television to watch a show I had started yesterday. I heard a click, and saw a light turn on upstairs.

"Good morning mom!" I shouted.

"Hi honey!" She yelled. I finished the last bit on my cereal and looked at the clock on the wall. It was already 5:40, and I needed to arrive at the airport at 7:00 sharp, which was about an hour away. My flight was at 11:00am. I laid out the sneakers, jacket, and cap I was going to wear near the front door, beside my suitcase.

For the next 10 minutes, I double checked everything I needed to pack and put my phone in my back pocket. My mom came downstairs and ate some cheese and a granola bar. She put on a jacket and helped me put my suitcase into the trunk. I put on my jacket, sneakers, and my cap. I locked the door as I exited and walked towards the car where I saw my mom in the driver's seat. "I hope you have fun on your trip!" she said, as I got into the car. She adjusted the rear-view mirror and fastened her seat belt. I did too.

It was still dark outside, so I gazed out the window and looked up at the sky and the moon, which still hadn't disappeared yet. I saw the clouds crowding closer together, and before I knew it, rain started drizzling down the windows. Rainy nights made me feel calm. I pulled out my phone, which was pinging with messages. I put my earphones in and played some music. I skimmed through the messages that were popping up on my phone and scrolled to the bottom.

New messages kept popping up.

-----32 new messages-----

6:39 pm

Aiden: I'm so excited

R u guys here yet? I jst arrived.

I'm eating breakfast here rn

6:39pm

London: I jst got in the car-

Airport is only like 10 minutes away

6:40pm

You:I think I'm almost there

I woke up at like 5am bro

6:40pm

Ace: Haha I just woke up

6:40pm

London: Ace get out here mom's waiting

4 u in the car

6:43pm

Melanie: Y'all text so much

I'm still 15 minutes away

6:45pm

Amber: I arrived but I don't see u guys

Aiden where r u?

I turned off my phone and saw that I had arrived at the airport. We parked underground, and I held my mom's hand and dragged my suitcase along with me. We headed towards a waiting area, where I saw my friends Aiden, Ace, his sister London, and Amber.

"Hey guys!" I shouted excitedly. I ran over to where they were. Aiden was still eating his breakfast - Yogurt and fruit. I sat down on the white couch where they were.

"Honey, I must leave, but stay safe ok? I love you!" my mom said. She kissed me on the cheek. I waved to her.

"Bye Mrs.Sanders!" London said.

We waited for about 10 more minutes until everybody arrived, including our teachers. "Let's look at the gift shop," Melanie said.

"Sure, why not," Ace replied. We bought cute souvenirs and stickers. We took selfies together as well and talked about who was going to sit next to each other. At 10:00am, we lined up for a security check and bag check.

Finally, after hours of waiting, they called our number. Some of our parents were still there, so after a bit of conversation (and a lot of goodbyes), we walked down the

hallway into the plane. We were all in first class, and our teachers were in economy. I sat down in the middle next to my friends, Ace and London, and we slipped our suitcases into the space above our seats.

"Hey, can we switch?" I asked London.

"Sure."

I swapped, and found myself next to the window, where a gravel paved road was awaiting me. I saw the seat belt button above me light up, and an announcement was made, which I didn't really pay attention to. Everyone buckled their seat belts, as we soared into the sky. I stared out, and a blanket of blue was wrapped around the sky, and buildings were getting smaller and smaller as we flew higher and higher.

"Oh, my goodness Ace, give that to me!" London screamed, as Ace grabbed what seemed to be a journal.

"Nuh uh" Ace teased, threatening to read it out loud.

"You're so annoying," London sighed, rolling her eyes. This was going to be a long trip of sibling rivalry. I put on a movie the three of us could watch (hopefully without screaming) until the plane started shaking.

"It's probably just turbulence," I heard somebody say. Suddenly, the plane started rattling again, this time even more violently. A stewardess walking down the aisle had spilled her drink on the floor and had run back to get something to clean it up. I panicked. Everyone around me looked frightened. The seat belt sign lit up, and everyone buckled immediately. Another announcement was made.

"Please remain calm and stay in your seats, we are experiencing some issues." My heart was beating faster and faster. I heard a crack. Then another one. I looked out the window and the wing was cracking. There was nothing I could do but wait. Flames ignited and roared, as the piece of metal flew off and the plane lunged to one side. Windows shattered, suitcases went flying, and oxygen masks dropped down. Arms wrapped around me, and as I looked to my right, I saw London and Ace grabbing onto me, their eyes shut.

I put on my oxygen mask and prayed that I would be okay. The plane plunged into the ocean and everything went black.

The End.

The Best Field Trip

By Sophie, age 11

One day Ms. Fern was driving home from her job at Duckling Lake Public School. She taught the grade 5 class with all girls. She was driving home when she got a phone call. "Hello?" she asked.

"Hello, are you Emma Fern from Merrie Point?" the voice asked.

"Yes that's me, why?" she asked, wondering who this stranger was on the phone.

"Well you just won 20 million dollars!" The voice said it like everybody wins 20 million dollars everyday.

"WHAT!" shouted Ms. Fern.

"Yep you're the lucky ducky, " said the voice. "Go to the bank and collect your moolah." With that Ms. Fern raced to the bank and collected the cash. When Ms. Fern got home, she wondered what to do with the cash. Then she got an idea... she would let each of her students pick a field trip.

The next day Ms. Fern told the class what she was going to do with the money. The class cheered! Then Ms. Fern asked who would like to go first and everybody's hands shot up, so Ms. Fern pulled a stick. "The person who gets to pick the class field trip first is ... Kayla!" said Ms. Fern. Kayla cheered and the class gave her high fives. "Kayla, what is our first field trip?" she asked.

Kayla thought about it, she wanted the best field trip ever because we all know that girls are very competitive. That's when she got it. "I want to go to Nunavut." exclaimed Kayla.

"Hooray!" shouted the class.

"We will leave tomorrow morning at 8:30am on the dot. Then, when we are done in Nunavut the next person will choose a field trip," explained Ms. Fern. "Remember to bring clothes for any weather and think about what field trip you would like to go on," shouted Ms. Fern as her students walked out the door.

The next morning the students arrived at 8:30 on the dot. "Hello girls, are you ready for Nunavut?!" she asked.

"Yes!" shouted the class. The class scurried on to the bus.

"Girls before we get going I would like you to meet our bus driver for this adventure," exclaimed Ms Fern.

"Hey girls, my name is Tony but you can call me Mr Toe for short," he said. The girls laughed. The girls waved goodbye to their parents and they were off. After 12 hours of driving they arrived at Nunavut.

"All right girls we have one day in Nunavut so lets make it count!" said Ms Fern. First they went on a hike and saw a walrus, then they stopped for lunch at a houseaunt runned by a little woman named Jennifer.

"What would you like to eat?" she asked.

"We would all like a breakfast burrito," said Ms Fern. After a lunch of breakfast burritos they went to their hotel pool. When they were finished, they went outside and looked up at the dancing northern lights. What a good day in Nunavut!

The next Ms Fern decided who would go next, "the next person who will pick our field trip is ... Lauren!" said Ms Fern. "Where next, Lauren?" she asked.

Lauren thought about it then decided. "I would like to go to the West Edmonton Mall," she told the class. "Alright Mr. Toe, you know what to do!" said Ms Fern. At that

the bus sped away to Edmonton. After 13 hours of driving, they arrived. "Alright girls, what would you like to do first?" asked Ms Fern.

"We would like to go to Starbucks and then shopping," they said. "Okay I am going to chill at the waterpark, meet me there at 5:00 then we will go for supper," said Ms Fern. The girls sped off in the direction of Lululemon. After a couple hours of shopping and waterpark the group decided where they would eat. They had a vote and decided they would eat at the Tacoria. After they ate they went to bed and slept like babies.

The next day they woke up at the crack of dawn and ran to the bus. "The next field trip is Annika's pick and it is ..." said Ms Fern.

"Eating Tim Hortons in Toronto!" Annika finished.

"Hooray!" shouted the class. The bus jerked into motion as they set out on their doughnut journey of a lifetime. They arrived in Toronto at 8:30pm, but still got their honey glazed, Timbits, sprinkle, and chocolate doughnuts. They ended up sleeping in the bus that night.

The next morning they decided that Hannah would pick the next field trip. She decided that they were going to the Kinsmen Water Park in Prince Albert. They stopped in Winnipeg for breakfast, then headed to the waterpark. They quickly changed into their bathing suits and got their wrist bands and ran out to the pool.

"Ms. Fern, can we get something from the canteen?" asked Kayla.

"Sure, here's 50 dollars each," said Ms Fern. The girls sped off and bought out the whole canteen. The day was coming to a close and they still had to decide who would do the next field trip.

"The next person is ... Naomi!" said Ms Fern. The girls were excited to have another field trip but were getting tired. Naomi decided they were going to go to Vancouver. They arrived at 8:30pm and stayed at a hotel. The next day, they went to the aquarium and the beach. It was about 5:00 pm when Ms Fern asked where Naomi would like to go for dinner.

"I would like to go for sushi," she told Ms Fern. They went to a restaurant by the beach called WeLoveSushi. When they finished eating they went back to their hotel.

On the final day, Ms Fern told the class that the person who would pick the last trip would be Sophie. "Where would you like to go for the last field trip Sophie?" Ms Fern asked. Sophie thought about it. Everybody had an amazing field trip but what could top the rest? That's when she realized that she wanted the OG field trip.

"Ms. Fern I would like to go on our original field trip. I would like to go to Merrie Point and go on a nature walk and stop at Ferns for lunch," said Sophie. Ms. Fern got all teary eyed, but not wanting her students to see her cry she told Mr. Toe to start the bus.

When they arrived at Merrie Point they raced to the trail and waited for the guide to get there. After the walk they ate lunch at Ferns and got ice cream. Then they climbed onto the bus and drove to the school. When Ms Fern drove home that day from their exciting adventure she realized that she learned a very valuable lesson, Sophie was her favourite student.

The End.

Ava's Field Trip

By Stacy, age 10

Ava was a 12 year-old girl. She was just as ordinary as anyone else. Today, she was sitting at her desk in school as her class waited for the field trip bus to arrive.

Suddenly, there was honking from outside. The bus was here!

"Class, let's go!" cried the teacher.

Everyone followed her outside.

"We're going to the theater and the carnival games," said Isla, who was the teacher's pet.

When they arrived at the carnival games, everyone scattered to play games. Ava had 20 dollars. She decided to play Pop the Balloon. She loaded some darts and threw one. Wham! The dart hit a board. Ava, disappointed, threw another. POP! A pink balloon burst.

"Whoa! That was loud!" cried Ava.

She threw another, carefully aiming for a blue balloon.

POP! The balloon burst. Ava was getting better at the game! She kept on grabbing and throwing so much that she ran out of darts.

"Can I have more?" Ava asked the worker.

"Sorry, but your turn is over," she replied. "You won a stick of gum and a tin of mints."

Next, Ava went to play ring toss. The rings flew across the booth and into the pole. She earned a unicorn plushie.

"This is fun!" Ava thought.

Before she knew it, she had spent 15 dollars and it was time to go.

It was a bumpy ride, going to the theater.

"Today, we're watching The Three Little Pigs," said the teacher.

Just then, someone tapped Ava on the shoulder from behind. It was Eliana, the quiet girl in the class.

"Um...happy late birthday," she said sheepishly, handing Ava a bag.

Ava's birthday was a week ago. She didn't know that the quiet girl cared about her birthday.

"Oh! Thanks," said Ava. "I didn't know that you cared about my birthday."

The teacher said, "Let's enter the theater!", cutting off their discussion.

The theater looked new. The curtains were velvet red, and the seats were very soft and comfortable. Ava sat on one and relaxed.

"So soft," she said as she looked into the gift Eliana gave her. There was a lollipop, a bucket of jelly, a bracelet beading kit, and a frog plushie. "Cool," she said.

The show started. The three little pigs were building their houses- one out of straw, one out of twigs, and one out of bricks.

Eliana tapped her again.

"Um...do you want to be my friend?" she asked.

Ava paused for a moment, then nodded.

"And the wolf huffed and puffed and blew the house down!" said the narrator of the story.

After the show was over, everyone left the theater and entered the bus. It took off with a vroom.

Ava didn't know that someone she barely knew would turn into a future best friend.

The End.



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