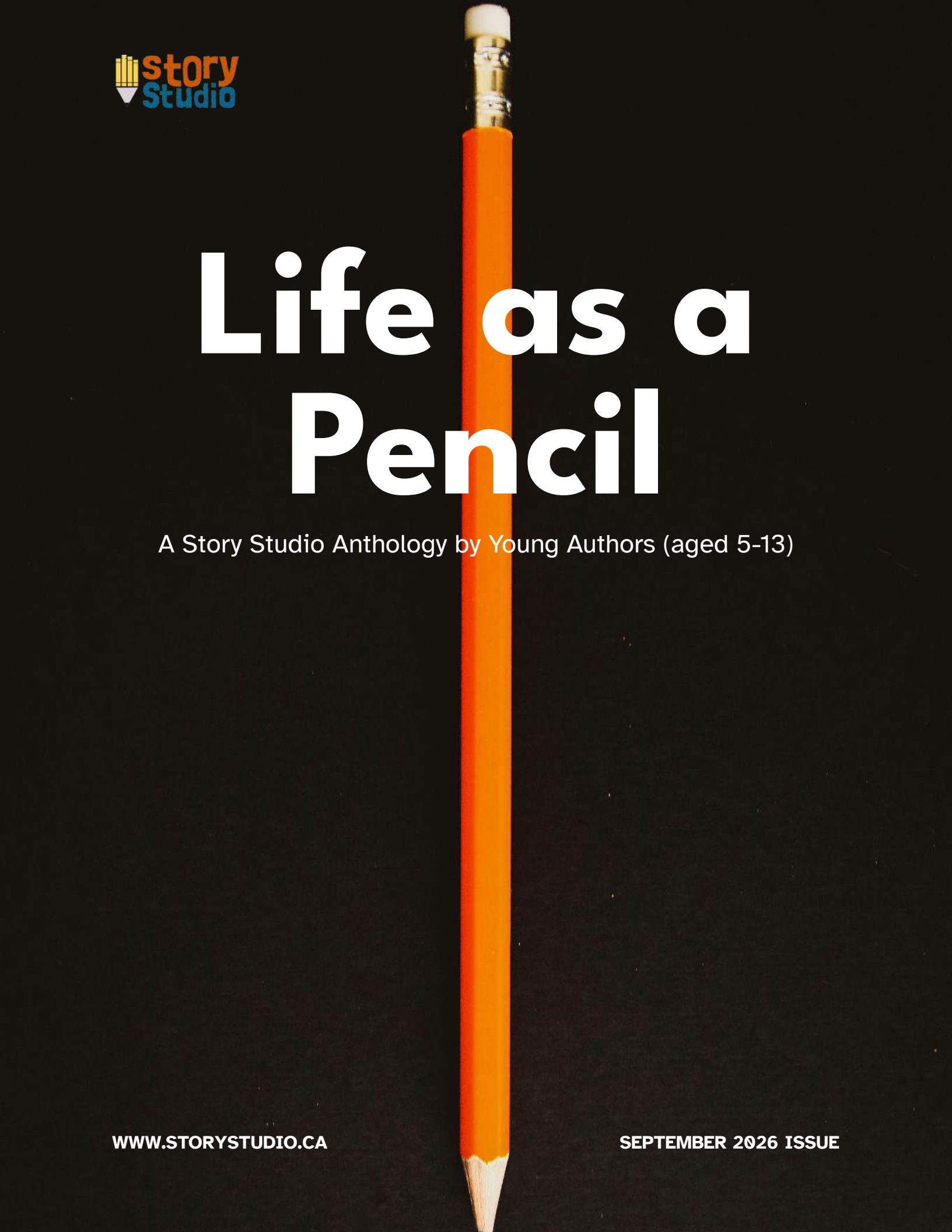


Life as a Pencil

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

WWW.STORYSTUDIO.CA

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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 September 2026 creative writing contest.

We asked young authors to write a story from the perspective of a pencil. 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:** A Letter from Lulu by Hafsa (age 6)
- **Ages 5-9 2nd Place:** Woody the Pencil by Candice (age 9)
- **Ages 10-13 1st Place:** Sharpener by Stacy (age 11)
- **Ages 10-13 2nd Place:** Second Chance by Marina (age 12)

Table of Contents

The Golden Pencil	8
The Very Scared Pencil	9
The Pencil in Space	10
The Lost Pencil	12
A Letter from Lulu: The Story of How a Pencil Became Precious	13
The Scary Classroom	16
The Lost Pencil	17
The Long Yellow Pencil	18
A Pencil Sitting in an Empty Classroom	20
A Pencil that Sits on an Empty Desk	21
The Lost Pencil	23
A Missing Pencil	25
Keira's First Day Adventure	27
!Pencil Story!	29
A Lonely Pencil	31
The Dark Scary Classroom	33
The Pencil in the Abandoned Classroom	34
Tombow's Escape	36
Pencil's Adventure	38
A Pencil Story	40
Scared Pencil	42
A Pencil, 12 Years of Experience	44
Woody the Pencil	46
The Adventure of a Pencil	48
How I Got My Pencil Tip Sharper	50
The Day of the Pencil	52
The Cocky Pencil	54

Magic Pencil	56
The Golden Pencil	58
The Lost Pencil	60
Lead's 1st Day	62
Pencil POV	65
The Wrong Turn	67
Sharpener	69
Never Erased	72
My Life as Pencil	74
Not So Sharp	76
The Lost Pencil	78
The Lifetime of a Pencil	81
The Clumsy Pencil Mistaken as a Troublemaker	84
The Lost Boy	87
The Pencil	89
Magical Pencil	92
Me as a Pencil	94
A Huge Pencil Story	96
My Pencil Story	98
A POV of a Pencil	100
The Escaping Pencil	102
The Hunt for Penny	104
A Pencil's Purpose	106
The Life of a Pencil is Never Dull	108
Perfectly Plain	110
Second Chance	113
A Daily Life of a Pencil	116
A Drawing of Friendship	118
I'm Forgotten Again	120
The Lead that Used to Lead the Way	122
The Short, Sharpened Life of a Pencil	124
First Day at School	126
The Murder of Penny Paige	128
Your Friendly Neighbourhood Pencil-Man	130

The Golden Pencil

By Olivia, age 5

The gold pencil was left on a desk in an empty classroom. All the children left because it was night time. Suddenly, the gold pencil started to shake and fell on the ground. The pencil tried to go back to the desk and in the pencil case but it couldn't. The pencil needed its owner because it was lonely and sad. The pencil decided to stay on the floor and wait until the next day.

The next day the pencil's owner came back, the owner picked up her stuff and put the gold pencil into her pencil case. Finally, the pencil was happy because her owner, Hailey, came back.

The End

The Very Scared Pencil

By Kaylee, age 6

One day a pencil sat in an empty, dark, cold, scary classroom. The pencil was purple on a piece of gold. It had fluffy fur. The next day no one was at school. Suddenly the pencil rolled into the road and then the pencil got scared, because the road was on fire. So the pencil decided to run as fast as it could to go to the sidewalk because yesterday someone was baking on the road. In 10 min a stuffy came to the pencil and ran as fast as it could to Stuffy Land. In five minutes a man drove the pencil to Stuffy Land but it was almost night time. There were more and more stuffy things coming.

It was night time and there was a thunder storm with lightning. It got louder and louder. The pencil was scared so tried to sleep but it couldn't sleep. It was almost morning, the sun was rising and children were coming out but the classroom lights hadn’t turned on. Then a friend came out so the pencil was happy. The friend came to put the pencil in the pencil case. Then a few minutes later the teacher looked at the desk and took out the pencil case and the teacher started to write. For so long the pencil was tired, it even cried very loud. The students went for a picnic and they ate roasted pork with rice and instant noodles.

Lastly, the pencil got a new home. It was fluffy and was in the pencil case. The pencil loves his new home.

The End

The Pencil in Space

By Joanne, age 6

A pencil sits outside on the desk in an empty tree. There were no coloured pencils in the classroom because someone took all the pencils and put them in their pencil case. Suddenly, the pencil climbed into the dark beehive. The pencil is in India. The pencil fell into a rose and there were bees. The bees stung the pencil and the pencil died. The other pencil named LaLaLa went inside a pen. Then he ate McDonalds and got a happy meal and a cold drink. Then he went to the Arctic, but he did not know the Arctic was cold so then he got frozen in ice. Then the other pencil came from the portal and went to the clouds. Afterwards, he went to space and he could see the Sun, Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune. Then he could see Pluto and a black hole. He also wanted to see kangaroos, so he went to Australia. There he could look at the koalas. After he went back to Earth as he loved Earth and he could survive there.

Now it was thundering and he went to a hotel. He booked for two nights then the pencil went to Blue Mountain and to the wonderful pond. The pencil also ordered a bubble tea to drink. He also dug inside a garbage bin as he is not too smart. Now he is stinky, so he went to get a bath. Although he is blind he still has a lot of fun. Suddenly, the pencil came back in the snow. The pencil missed a lot of the fall season. The pencil's favourite seasons are winter and summer because it makes him feel relaxed. He then went to a house to take a break before going to the supermarket to buy cookies, pokemon cards (he bought two packs), sweet potatoes, fruits and a pen. Suddenly, the pen came rolling and the pencil was scared because it was rolling towards him, but it turned out that the pen wanted to go to stuffy land where there are animal stuffies, fruit stuffies, and squishmallows. Then there were clouds, as the pen found something. It was a canoe in the sea! It was there that he found a stuffy named Cloud Doggy and he was teleporting from a beach to another.

Then the pen got a paddle and the pen changed itself into a stuffy, because if you spend too much time here you will turn into a stuffy. Then the pencil found a secret tunnel to go to Singapore to see elephants and feed giraffes. Finally to get back inside the classroom the pencil needed to find a cliff during a sunset and on it the pencil found a bush with an apple tree. The pencil would have to find a snowy area with snow flakes falling from the sky. Then a portal appears out of nowhere with a lion on top of it. If the pencil goes inside the portal he will see a car and the pencil will begin to start the engine and inside the car there are directions to an airplane. The pencil flew the airplane inside another portal to see the classroom outside on a tree!

The End

The Lost Pencil

By Hailey, age 6

It was a dark night and a pencil was left in an empty classroom. All the children were already at home. Outside, it was raining, and there was thunder, It poured harder. And the pencil became sleepy and went to sleep in the class because of the loud thunder and lightning. Suddenly, the pencil woke up and panicked. It cried for help, but nobody came back! The pencil couldn't go anywhere. It was lonely and couldn't find its way. The pencil found a golden sharpener and jumped in.

Finally the pencil returned back into the pencil case, and it was happy to see all of its friends that were there before. "Where were you?" asked its friends. "I was stuck outside in the storm," said the pencil. Just then, another loud thunder clap shook the classroom. The pencil jumped, but his friends moved closer. "I think we are safe now," they said. The pencil smiled and came closer to them. Soon, it fell asleep, ready for the next school day.

The End

A Letter from Lulu: The Story of How a Pencil Became Precious

By Hafsa, age 6



Dear Layanah,

This is your favorite pencil speaking. I know I'm your favorite because you use me a lot, and I'm the only pencil you named: Lulu! Being named after your nickname is so special. Thank you. I know it's shocking that I can write on my own, but let me reassure you that the magic that makes me write by myself is from our love for each other, not evil magic.

With the little bit of lead that I have left, I want to write you this letter. I hope you enjoy my life story.

Chapter 1: Are Pencils Born?

The first thing that I remember is the gentle feeling of your silky hands as you took me out of the 3-pack that I was born in? Made in? Put in? Whatever. That's how I started. The first time you picked me up, you drew an axolotl, a secret axolotl, wearing a spy suit (it was a secret axolotl spy because you were actually supposed to be writing your science homework - hee hee).

Chapter 2: Shrinking Happiness

You named me after that first drawing. You said, "Look at that! That's the best drawing I ever drew! I'm going to keep you forever, and I'm going to name you Lulu - cuz that's my nickname." I was so happy to be named and used for your special drawing – but sadly, the more you used me, the more I shrank. The other pencils that I came with were teasing me about my size. They said that I was too small to be used and that you would throw me out soon. All the happiness we had together was shrinking, just like my size.

Chapter 3: Surprise Discovery

When I was only 3 inches left, I learned something surprising: the other two pencils were JEALOUS of how much we loved each other! One time, after the two other pencils teased me, I came across scissors. He told me that he'd seen that type of hurtful behaviour before, and that they were doing it because they were jealous of our love. I realized that I should try talking to the other pencils to see if they would stop teasing.

Chapter 4

The next day, when they came up to tease me, I asked if they would stop. I said, “I know that you are jealous, but jealousy doesn’t bring you any closer to what you want.” They said that they felt bad, and apologized for what they did. They started to cry because they were sad that you didn’t use them as much as you used me. I told them, “Whatever you do, I suggest you focus on good things. Because if you focus on bad things, that’s all you’ll see. But if you focus on good things, you’ll be more grateful and feel better.”

Chapter 5

You started using the other two pencils a little bit, and that made them happy. Most of the time, you still used me. I was one inch left when you turned me into what I am now: a cute cactus minifig! I get to be something that is loved, even if I can’t write anymore. I wanted to use my last words to tell you that I focused on the good stuff: being your new favorite minifig!

P.S. I’m not sure how I know how to spell, but it sure is neat!

Love,
Lulu

The End

The Scary Classroom

By Bernice, age 7

A small and skinny yellow pencil sat on a desk in a scary, empty classroom, because its owner, a first grade boy, had left the pencil behind while he was in a rush to leave math class. Suddenly, the lights went off. The pencil was scared, but he decided to be brave. He rolled to the floor and under the door. The light came back and the pencil saw many kids outside. The pencil waited until they left, but someone found the pencil and picked it up. It was the boy! But, the boy dropped the yellow pencil on the floor again, because he only wanted the blue one. The blue pencil was the boy's favourite, and he could not find it.

The boy left to go to another class, and the pencil was sad. The pencil kept rolling, until it saw a rainbow portal! "Wow!" said the pencil. "It is so cool!" The pencil decided to enter the portal and explore, but the portal closed behind him. It would only open if he found the golden sharpener. The pencil rolled and rolled until he finally saw something golden from afar. He quickly went closer and saw the golden sharpener!

"Can I go back to school?" the pencil asked.

"Okay," the sharpener replied.

He teleported out of the portal and woke up in a classroom full of kids.

"It was just a dream," he said, relieved. The boy put the pencil back in the pencil case, and the pencil was very happy.

Other than the dream, the pencil had a good day. He happily went to play with the other supplies in the pencil case!

The End

The Lost Pencil

By Angel, age 7

A pencil was on an empty desk. Then suddenly the pencil opened his eyes. First he was in a flooded classroom then he said, “ahhhhh.” He looked in the water and there was a black hole. Then, he went into the black hole. Next, he saw a big box. Then he checked the box. There was a computer! Then he stepped on the key of the computer. He saw what happened before the flood came, he missed his owner. Then he sat on the computer. When the flood happened there was a war that showed on the computer. He was scared. Then the computer shut down.

The pencil said, “oh no why!”

Then the pencil went into a world filled with pencils.

He was happy, he yelled, “freedom!”

After he went to a pencil house and he was chilling in the pencil house. A pencil walked by who was the owner of the house. The pencil that was chilling said, “Hi.”
Ten minutes later, he went outside to find a friend. Three hours later he finally found a friend. Then the pencil bought a fancy car. Then he somehow teleported back to the classroom.

He said, “Wow! Why am I here again?” Afterwards, the black hole closed. Then he didn’t see the flood. The pencil said “phew!” Then he went on the road. He thought about his owner.

Finally the owner found the pencil, and the pencil was happy. The pencil lived happily ever after.

The End

The Long Yellow Pencil

By Karen, age 7

A long yellow pencil sat on a desk in a dark classroom that had a lot of books. The pencil was there because there was a child named Max. His pencil was left at his own school. All of the kids were at home except for the long yellow pencil.

The clock was ticking fast, and suddenly the hallway lights turned on and the pencil was shivering. The pencil was a little scared because the classroom lights turned off. And the pencil saw a child. The child's name was Eric. Eric came to the desk that the pencil was on. The pencil was happy because it thought that Eric was going to put it back in its home. But instead the boy grabbed the pencil and also grabbed a piece of paper.

But when Eric saw the pencil and its shape, he threw it on the ground! And picked up the pencil case and opened it. The pencil was on the floor but the pencil still saw Eric. Eric opened the pencil case to look for a different pencil. The long yellow pencil still saw the pencil case. Inside was his friend. So the pencil tried to get to his friend but first it had to go to his friend named sharpener. But Eric left and the principal came and picked up the pencil.

The pencil was happy because the principal was taking the pencil to his friend sharpener. But it never had never been inside the sharpener. But then he realized it was painful but he did not cry. He was hoping that he would end up in his home with his friend and family. He was not hoping to end up in the garbage or the dumpster, but instead in the pencil case where his friends were. At least he did not end up in the garbage. Even though he ended up at the desk, at least he was beside the pencil case. But it had been such a long venture that the pencil did not know that a whole night had passed and the classroom was opening at 9:15 am.

A whole class came in. A child put the pencil in the pencil case and the long yellow pencil was happy ever after.

The End

A Pencil Sitting in an Empty Classroom

By Amayah, age 7

One night in a spooky abandoned classroom, I was a pencil. I was scared because a door opened and a witch came inside. I got picked up by the witch. WOW. I was so small that I could roll down the stairs into the cafeteria. I was hungry because the food smelled good so I rolled into the food thinking there would be food inside the pot. Just then a witch came back looking for me so I hid inside a very small hole. Without warning, she turned me into a kangaroo.

Hop! Hop! This is easier for me to jump to the golden sharpener, I thought. I did not want to say it out loud so she could not hear me and turn me into a different animal. I sneakily hopped away to the playground where I saw the older kids playing soccer.

I look forward to my next adventure here. But you will have to wait to hear about it until next year.

The End

A Pencil that Sits on an Empty Desk

By Reese, age 7

A blue pencil sitting on a desk. The desk is in an empty classroom. I fell asleep on a desk. I appeared in the dark empty classroom.

Suddenly, I heard another howl. I felt scared. A couple of hours ago I saw a weird man who came to lock the door so no one could come in. But I was still stuck in the school because my owner forgot me! No one noticed that I was still in school.

A couple minutes later I wanted to fall asleep but I kept on thinking of the same thing over and over. For a long time I could not fall asleep, it took two hours. Then I heard tiny footsteps and I felt scared and mad because it was scary and I was just about to fall asleep. I peeked out the door and I saw an evil witch! I got scared and tried to hide in a big dusty, stinky vent. It was too dirty so I decided to hide in a desk but suddenly I fell inside. I was cold and almost frozen. So I had to wait until the evil witch left the school. It took probably 2 or 3 hours.

I couldn't see the clock. I decided to take a peek. I climbed to the top of the vent and some of my blue paint fell off. I did not care because I was safe.The witch was still here and she almost saw me. After a while I saw a shadow so I did not know if the evil witch was still here. Four minutes later I fell asleep in the stinky and cold vent. I slept for 1 hour and I slept so well the witch was finally gone and when I peeked, I saw it was morning! The witch was finally gone so I climbed out of the vent.

Finally! I was able to see light. It was very sunny and I saw my owner’s desk! I climbed out and rolled to the desk.

After lunch the teacher asked the class,"Who's pencil is this?” My owner raised her hand and got me from the teacher’s desk. I was happy I was back to where I was supposed to be. Then I fell asleep.

The End

The Lost Pencil

By Charm, age 7

A long red pencil sat on a desk in an empty, dark classroom, which has a lot of books. It was there because a boy named Max forgot to take the pencil home. Then, suddenly, the lights turned on because a boy named Eric came in. He was going to use the pencil, but it was not sharpened, so Eric threw it on the floor. He took off his backpack and took his pencil case out. He opened the pencil case and took it out, but it was also not sharpened. He took out the other pencil. It was also not sharpened, so he took out his last pencil. Finally, it was sharpened. Then he closed the lights and walked back home.

The pencil was starting to get scared and frightened. The pencil started to speak and suddenly saw two pencils sitting on the desk beside it. It asked if anyone was awake, and nobody answered. Suddenly, a caretaker came in to clean up. He began to use a very large vacuum. The caretaker did not see the pencil because it was dark, so the vacuum sucked up the pencil by accident. The pencil ended up in a black hole. It was cold and scary and dark. Now he ended up in a classroom again. The pencil was scared, and suddenly he heard a sound beside him because there were two pencils awake.

He said, “Hi. Hello, I don’t have much time. There is a scary caretaker after us.”

They all hid in different desks. They heard a sound, and they all knew it was the caretaker. The caretaker came in, and they moved to different spots. All three of the pencils fell down on the floor, and they rolled under a locker. The caretaker passed by them, but the caretaker did not see them under the locker, so they all rolled down to the classroom. They all hid under the teacher’s desk. Then out of the desk. Next, to the principal’s office. They finally decided to hide under the principal’s desk. They sat in the dark terrified. The caretaker came in again, and this time the caretaker saw them. The caretaker quickly sucked them up, and they went to the big black hole again.

And all of a sudden, the pencil was back in its bed. This time with two pencils sleeping beside it! It quickly went for a walk. It couldn’t believe this was happening! But somehow, it went back to sleep because it was so exhausted. Suddenly, it woke up when

it heard a voice say, “There’s my pencil!” It was back at the classroom desk. The caretaker found them a;; in the vacuum and put them somewhere safe. Max picked me up and sharpened it, then he placed it in his pencil case beside its two friends.

Max said, “Let’s go home.” The pencil was happy. After such a scary adventure, it was finally going home with Max.

The End

A Missing Pencil

By Hannah, age 7

One day a gold pencil sat in a bright classroom. No one was inside. The gold pencil was very scared. Then the gold pencil looked at the half opened window and saw kids playing and running around. The pencil saw a paper and suddenly it began to write.

The gold pencil thought to itself,“I wish someone would put me back.”

A few minutes later, the gold pencil realized that there were classroom pets. There was a funny looking clown fish, and a fluffy light brown bunny. The teacher kept them in a large jar and a cage. The pencil felt anxious because it thought the bunny would jump out of the cage and start chewing on him. The gold pencil saw the teacher. Then the pencil sat down. A few minutes later, the gold pencil saw another teacher. The teacher picked up the gold pencil and began to write.

Later, the pencil found the magic door. The gold pencil opened the door out of curiosity and went through the door that led to The City Of Pencils. The gold pencil looked back and saw the magic door closing. The pencil rushed to the door but it was too late. The gold pencil couldn’t go back to the classroom! Then he saw his friend, red pencil.

The gold pencil said “hi!”

The red pencil replied “Hi. How could I help you?

“I need help getting out of here!” said the gold pencil.

The red pencil said, ”I will help you.”

The red pencil got the gold pencil out and the gold pencil rushed back to the school. The gold pencil was very, very, very happy that the red pencil saved the gold pencil. Then the gold pencil fell asleep.

The next morning, the gold pencil woke up inside a pencil case. There was the red pencil!

“How did you get here?” whispered the gold pencil.

“I think I came through the magic door but it closed on me,” said the red pencil.

Just then, a little child opened the pencil case and picked up the gold pencil to draw a picture. This time, he wasn't scared, because he had his friend beside him and a paper waiting to write a new story!

The End

Keira's First Day Adventure

By Cyan, age 8

On a sunny morning, I woke up on a desk in an empty classroom.

"Where am I?" I whispered.

I looked around. Colourful posters covered the walls. Brand-new books were stacked neatly on the shelves, and the morning sunlight shone through the big windows. The classroom was so quiet that I could hear the clock ticking.

Tick. Tock. Tick. Tock.

I looked down at myself and almost screamed, "I'M A PENCIL!"

I was a shiny blue pencil with a pink eraser and a very sharp point. Written along my side was one word: KEIRA.

"That must be my name!" I said.

Suddenly, I heard footsteps.

Children rushed into the classroom, laughing and talking. A girl picked me up and put me beside her math book.

The teacher smiled. "Welcome to Grade 3!"

I was excited. This was going to be my first day of school too!

Everything was going perfectly until the teacher said, "Please take out your pencils."

Suddenly, I heard a tiny voice beside me.

"Hello!"

I nearly rolled off the desk. A yellow pencil was looking at me.

"You can TALK?" I cried.

"So can you!" he answered.

Then something even stranger happened. The yellow pencil grew two tiny legs. Another pencil jumped out of a pencil case. Then another. And another! Soon, pencils were running everywhere.

“WE'RE FREE!” shouted a red pencil.

Some pencils danced on the desks. Others jumped between chairs. One climbed onto the teacher's computer and started pressing buttons.

“Stop!” I yelled. “Someone is going to see us!”

But nobody listened. Then—CRASH! The red pencil knocked a huge box of crayons onto the floor. Everyone froze. Footsteps were coming down the hallway.

“THE TEACHER IS COMING BACK!” screamed the yellow pencil.

We raced around the classroom, trying to clean up. I pushed crayons back into their box. The yellow pencil closed the computer. Everyone hurried toward the desks. But I couldn't get back onto mine. It was too high! The door handle began to turn.

“Help!” I whispered.

Suddenly, the red pencil raced toward me.

“Jump!”

I jumped onto his back, and together we bounced onto a chair and rolled across the desk. Just as I stopped beside the math book, the door opened. The teacher walked inside. She looked around suspiciously.

“Hmmm... I thought I heard something.”

Nobody moved. Nobody spoke. Then she left again.

“Phew!” I whispered.

The yellow pencil giggled.

But suddenly I noticed something strange.

“Wait... where's the red pencil?”

We looked everywhere. Then we heard a tiny voice from inside the crayon box.

“GUYS? A LITTLE HELP?”

Everyone burst out laughing. That was when I realized something. Maybe being a pencil wasn't boring at all.

The End

!Pencil Story!

By Nathanel, age 8

I am in Trinity Montessori School. It is 8:15 am. I'm lying on the desk in the grade 4 classroom waiting for my owner. These kids normally come in at 8:30 am. The clock is ticking, "Tik Tok Tik Tok." While I'm waiting, let me introduce myself.

I'm Sharpcil the pencil and with me is Doggo the eraser. We are best buddies. "Tik Tok" and it is 8:30 am! The classroom door bursts open and all the kids come in. I got picked up and started writing random scribbles. It must be journal time. I like journal time because I like being used. My favourite class is art because I can sketch drawings on paper. It's 9:30 am now and it's snack time for the kids. I HATE snack time because when the kids eat snacks I get stuffed in a cramped pencil case. I always want to be used because it makes me feel useful.

It's lunch time and I get to relax with my buddies when the kids eat lunch. In the pencil case, there is a light blue pen, a neon yellow highlighter, and a lot of other pencils just like me. We rest and recharge in the pencil case. It is very comfy and relaxing. Doggo and I sleep in the same pocket in the pencil case. Sometimes when I rest, I accidentally scribble in the pocket, but Doggo always helps clean it up.

The kids are back now and my owner opens the pencil case and grabs Doggo and me. I am writing numbers, by the way, I have no idea what I'm writing.

"Yikes!" Suddenly I am chipped off and am dull. My owner quickly grabs me and takes me to the Grill. The Grill is bolted on the teacher's desk, it is black, has a sharp hole that chips away pencils, and a box that stores broken lead and pencil shreds. I feel scared whenever I'm at the Grill because it shreds pencils and it chips my body away! However, I am still grateful for it because I can stay sharp and useful.

Accidentally, I fall to the floor and another kid picks me up. He is using me to write his agenda. This is what the kids do when it is 3:15 pm and it is the end of the school day. I wrote down "Language homework" and "Field trip to Wonderland tomorrow." How sad! I won't be used tomorrow!

I still want to go back to my owner and be with Doggo. As soon as he puts me on his desk, I try to wriggle to the floor. I wriggle and wriggle and wriggle. Then, boom, I am on the floor. It worked! My owner sees me and picks me up. I am back in the cozy pencil case with Doggo and my other pencil buddies.

All the kids are gone now, they have all got picked up. I enjoyed today. The best part was whenever I was being used. This is the life of a pencil on a school day!

The End

A Lonely Pencil

By Chase, age 8

One regular Friday evening, after the kids had left the school, something very odd happened. I suddenly woke up and was able to move. All the other pencils beside me in the pencil box were still not moving. I started hopping around by myself and tried to wake up the other pencils, but no one responded. I was very scared and lonely. I realized I was also able to talk, so I screamed “Is anyone else awake?” No one answered me. Then suddenly, I heard creaky footsteps. Someone was approaching the classroom.

A person opened the door and turned on the lights. It was a caretaker who came in to clean the classroom. He looked at me as I looked at him.

He screamed, “What on earth is going on, why is there a pencil moving around by itself!!”

I said, “don’t be scared, I am not sure why this is happening.”

He looked very scared. I quickly hopped away and out of the classroom. The caretaker chased after me. I hid under a locker. He went right past me. After I knew he went away, I hopped down the hallway and into another classroom. There in that classroom, I saw two other pencils hopping around. Thankfully I wasn’t the only pencil that woke up that evening. One of the pencils was blue, and the other was red.

I asked them, “Did you two also just wake up?”

They answered, “Yes! This is very strange, we are not sure why we are able to move and talk.”

I told them, “Well, there’s no time for us to think about this, there is a scary caretaker after us.” We tried to find a safe place to hide.

Time was running out. We heard the creaky footsteps getting closer again. Before we knew it, he came in and looked right at us. We screamed “help!!” The caretaker took out his vacuum and tried to suck us in. We all hopped in different directions. The Red Pencil went into the principal’s office. The Blue Pencil went into the school’s storage room. I went under the lockers again. He first found the Blue Pencil in the storage room and sucked him in with the vacuum. He then found the Red Pencil in the principal’s

office and sucked her in too! I was the only one left again. I kept hopping as fast as I could. I tried to find another safe place, but there was nowhere left to hide. He was too fast and was getting closer and closer. He said, “You can run, but you can’t hide!”

He finally caught me and he sucked me into the vacuum. I went through a black hole that was very dark and cold. Then all of a sudden, I saw light and opened my eyes. I was back in my bed. Oh, phew, it was just a nightmare! But wait, I looked beside me. There were three pencils lying next to me on my bed. They were red, blue and yellow!

The End

The Dark Scary Classroom

By Sydney, age 8

A pencil sits on the desk in an empty classroom in summer. At the beginning of one dark night there was a dark scary classroom. I woke up and I was a pencil. BOO! AH! Said someone. I woke up as a pencil! I thought a witch turned me into a pencil. Suddenly I was hungry and I wanted to eat mac and cheese so I rolled down the abandoned school hallway. I went to the cafeteria. But they had no food!

Without warning someone picked me up! I was so scared and shaking I did not know who it was. I looked up and it was the witch ah! I said I tried to get away but the witch was so fast because the witch has a broom. The witch turned me into a frog!

“Ribbit ribbit,” I said

“HEE HEE,” the witch said.

“Turn me back,” I said.

We begin to fight and I jump on the witch's face. “I got away yay!” I said. I went hoping down the spooky hallway.

I hopped back to the classroom and there was a lot of paper that was not there before. The paper was so scary, like me. The paper and I begin to talk. The paper was there a long long time ago before me. I ask “How did I not see you before?”

“It is because I was at the desk. I came out thinking it was safe then you came,” the paper said.

“I was so scared I stayed still,” I said, “because I thought you were going to hurt me.”

“I would never.”

I ask, “Do you want to be friends?”

“Yes, “the paper said.

I will let you find the golden shaper. “We found it yay!” we said. “Omg we found it YAY! Good Job!”

The End

The Pencil in the Abandoned Classroom

By Sulina, age 8

A pencil sits on the desk in an empty classroom. I woke up in a dark abandoned classroom.There were spider webs everywhere and there were also rusted tables. I wanted to get more information then suddenly a bat flew in. I was scared the bat flew so fast that I rolled all the way to the library. This was my chance to get information, the wind blew a page that flew right in front of me. I didn't know what language it was. I started to wonder what country I was in or what world I was in. I rolled around and finally found a page that had English. It said most children went missing and even teachers went missing! I was shocked!

A student came still wearing his uniform. I tried talking to him and it actually worked! But there was a problem, the student disappeared.

I was so hungry even though I was a pencil, so I was searching for some snacks and then I found a snack. It was a chocolate bar. I ate it so fast I looked like I haven't eaten in days! I lifted my head and saw the boy. It was the bully in my school. I did not ask him for help because I hated him even in this situation. Also if I asked for help he would make this situation even worse so I need to figure out how to escape myself. I tried to remember what happened when I was with my family or at school but I just can't remember. I rolled to the music class because I love music. I turned on my favourite song and it was the first time I felt joy since I came here.

Now I need to focus on finding a way to escape. First I went to the giant guitar toy, next I went to the violin area and there were about 100 violins. I never saw that many violins.

I searched and found nothing wrong , so I went to the piano and went under the pitch black piano where underneath was a portal. I thought I could finally return to my family but when I went to the portal it did not work. Next I rolled to the science room, there were a lot of potions with labels on. I found a potion that could teleport me but I

didn’t know where it would teleport me. I drank the potion because it's better to take a chance than get stuck here. It teleported me to my neighbor’ s house and I turned back to a human. Now my neighbor said never drink anything from strangers. I asked why I had teleported to her house. She said because I was friends with the owner of the school and she allowed you to go only if you found the potion and you found it now you can see your family.

Now I remember how I got tricked by drinking a special potion that looks like water. I will never drink anything from strangers any more.

The End

Tombow's Escape

By Mitchell, age 9

As I opened my eyes, the distant sound of yelling and laughing children flooded through my wood ears. I'm sitting in a storage cabinet with all of my friends, Staedtler, Dixon, and BIC. BIC whispers to me, "Hey Tombow, do you think you're going to be sitting next to me?" I don't respond because I hear the Grade 5 students rummaging and talking all sorts of things about their summer, like, "Hey James, have you watched the new superhero movie?" and, "Did you know that my mom bought me a new computer? It's so nice!"

As they found their seats and sat down, their teacher, Mrs. Watts, opened up our storage cabinet and took out all of us. She started placing us down one at each table, one by one, and after, I was surprised to see that I was sitting next to my best friend, BIC, who had a partner named Parker. But the bad news was that I was paired up with the bully of the grade, Dillon. He was famous all over the school (among the pencils) for always having a bad temper and snapping pencils in half. I've never seen him this close, and I already feel overwhelmed. From his loud breathing, to his sweat dripping all around me from playing basketball, all I can think about is him picking me up, and snapping me in half. So, I formulated a plan to escape.

The next morning, I discussed my plan with BIC, and because he was the smartest pencil in the class, I asked him for feedback. So, while we made some slight tweaks, we heard the school bell ring, and started to quiet down. Later, while Dillon was distracted bullying another kid for touching his chair, I nodded to BIC, and we started the plan.

BIC immediately knocked down Parker's water bottle, which attracted a lot of attention (including Mrs. Watts) and I immediately rolled off Dillon's desk with no hesitation. I carefully weaved through the forest of human legs, and found myself at the back of the classroom. I looked around, and spotted my target. I ran towards a small boy named James, and scratched my graphite against his shin. I quickly rolled underneath a cupboard as James howled in pain. I heard Mrs. Watts yell, "CAN SOMEONE EXPLAIN

TO ME WHAT IS GOING ON!” This was all part of my plan. BIC and I sprinted for the door, and because everyone was staring at Mrs. Watts, no one had seen us. We carefully went down the stairs and exited through the front doors.

“Yo Dillon, wake up! Science cannot be that boring, bro! And, someone touched your chair!” said my best friend, Parker. “What?” I asked. I stood up and looked at the guy who’d accidentally touched my chair. I grabbed him by the collar as Parker wedgied him. Then, I saw Parker's water bottle get knocked down. Was I dreaming? Then, I saw a pencil carefully weave around our legs and scraped James’ shin with its graphite. I dropped the kid and realized what had happened.

The End

Pencil’s Adventure

By Rylie, age 9

One day I was just sitting down on my owner's desk. Hi! My name is Lucky Pencil because I give luck and correct mistakes with my magical lead. I am shiny yellow and I have colorful stickers on me. I belong to a girl named Chloe. She uses me for tests, work and more. But, she does not know that I am magical. So I am just sitting here in the dark waiting for students and Chloe. I thought that I still had a lot of time but it was 8:29am and school started at 8:30am.

Suddenly, the door opened and students rushed in, then Chloe's friend said, “Oh your pencil is still on your desk from last week.” It was the second week of school.

Then the teacher came in and told the students to be quiet. Finally, the lights came on and it was so bright. I watched the students learning and talking. The class was neat and tidy like Chloe's hand writing. Then, a piece of my lead fell out. Chloe asked to sharpen me. The teacher said okay but please do not keep playing with it. Chloe agreed and hurried to sharpen me so she could get ready to do some work.Then Chloe’s teacher announced that Chloe had a tricky math test. Chloe was scared and nervous because she forgot to study. Chloe started to tap me on her desk while the teacher was explaining the rules for the test.The teacher got so annoyed she took away Chloe’s pencil and said she would get me back when we start the test.

Then the test started and Chloe forgot about me. Chloe took a light purple pencil and started to write. I was really sad that she did not use me so I couldn't give her any luck. While I was sitting on the high shelf I was thinking how to get her to use me. Suddenly, a loud sound in the speaker said FIRE DRILL FIRE DRILL. This was my chance to switch the purple, not magical pencil with me. I dipped the purple pencil in hot water, erased all the mistakes and wrote the correct answers.

After a few minutes the students came in. Chloe took the pencil then it cracked. She told the teacher and the teacher gave back to me. I was excited because Chloe was able to get a dog if she got an A+. When the end of the day arrived Chloe was so excited. When she got in her mom's car she gave her the test. Then Chloe's mom went to the pet store and got a big golden retriever Chloe said "im going to name him Hatrick," Then Chloe went to her room with Hatrick and then I said" CHLOE do you know I am a magical pencil? "Chloe jumped up and said what you can talk about! I told her please do not tell your mom or my magic will go away. That is why you got a dog. Also, please tell your dog to not eat me okay. We will work together so you can get good grades. Okay, said Chloe I promise. Then every day we practiced math and talked with each other. We also remembered the promise and made sure nobody broke it.

The End

A Pencil Story

By Logan, age 9

One time, there was a blue pencil that was in a dark classroom. The blue pencil tried to get out of the pencil case but the zipper didn't open. Then the pencil saw a shimmer of light. Suddenly, the pencil was being used by someone who had to work on her French assignment. There were a lot more pencils that it saw, which were sitting on the grade six desk.

The name of this blue pencil is Happy, and he has a lot of friends. Happy saw his friends every day and it was a lot of fun. Also there were many kids that came to the room that Happy was in. They all wanted to use this pencil to write interesting stories and homework. They also loved using Happy to trace the shape of the microscope that was being used in their science class.

Happy was happy to be part of all projects and the learning that was happening. However, at one point he started to get really short then happy was not being used anymore because the pencil was too short. Happy turned into another pencil then another owner used Happy again. So the owner had a pencil to write with, and could do homework or at home. Then Happy saw his friends. Then Happy was happy to see his friends again, so Happy played with his friend on the desk. The owner had to use Happy for homework, and then Happy said to his friends “bye,” The owner used Happy and Happy was put back into the desk.

Happy’s friend saw Happy, and they played again happily. Happy was so tired that Happy went to bed. Happy woke up in the middle of the night, and then Happy went on top of the desk. Happy saw something that was getting closer to Happy.Then Happy was running from something that was shining light. What was it? It was Happy’s friends. Happy asked his friend “why are you awake?" Then Happy’s friend told why Happy’s friend woke up because Happy’s friend had a nightmare when he was sleeping. That's

how Happy's friend woke up. Happy heard something break, he went to see what that sound was, it was a cup that fell from the table. The owner picked up the cup from the ground and put it in the trash can. Also he said good night and Happy went to bed. Happy's friend went to bed, and now it was the next morning.

Happy woke up to be used again to do homework. It was snack time so Happy got to have a break from doing homework. Happy got to play in the desk with his friends. They had lots of fun at the desk. He had to go and do homework with the owner, then it was lunch time. Happy got to have a break again, when it was recess for Happy, He went to look at some books on the desk. School was over and the time was getting late. So he said bye to his friends. Happy went into his bed and then he went to sleep.

The End

Scared Pencil

By Aston, age 9

It’s been a couple of days since the start of school and I am sitting in a pencil case that belongs to Aston, my owner. He has a test coming up today and he is going to use me because he thinks I am special, but I don't want him to use me because I'm scared that I'm gonna become short. What makes me special? Well, he thinks I am because whenever he uses me, he gets full marks but I don't really get it. He usually gets good marks even when he doesn't use me, so I think I am normal. I have my buddy eraser but I think he is boring and useless so I'm trying to find a new friend. But, I can't because they're all in another home, and I don't know how to get there, plus, I'm kind of shy.

My owner is always using rulers and pens and Sharpies as imaginary toy planes to fight his friend named Noah. Whenever I peek out of my pencil case, I always get hit by one of them and- OUCH! Sorry! I just got hit again. As I go back into my home, I hear my owner apologizing. I wish there was like a bridge out of here so I could explore other places like Noah’s desk. Now’s my chance! Noah and Aston are distracted, so I decide to hop out and go to a different home called ‘B land' and I make some friends who are erasers. They somehow have a lot of materials like a bus, rocket ships, planes and missiles. I ride a random bus with my new friend, and we arrive at a cruise ship. I love cruise ships. I got to go on the water slides. It was the funnest part of the cruise. You can visit a lot of places through the buses to travel to different homes. All of a sudden, there was a loud noise above!

I ask my friend, and he says it was just a plane. From the plane, my buddy eraser emerges. He tells me that it’s time to leave, so I reluctantly decide to go with him. As the plane starts taking flight, my new friend waves and tells me that he will visit. I wonder how my buddy eraser knew where I was, got an airplane, and learned how to fly it. Before I knew it, I fell asleep. I woke up inside my home. I thank my buddy eraser. My owner and his friend Noah both like cars and I do too. I’m working on making a car right now! I

just added the last thing, and now, I'm done. It moves and works properly and I can’t wait for my owner to see it.

Finally, Aston starts his test (Which I am not looking forward to) and he picks me up. He also spots my car, and says it looks like a Ferrari sf90. He starts to write answers on his page. I was sure to get my exercise in. I see my buddy eraser on the table. I hear the teacher yelling at the trouble maker, named George, for copying my owner’s other friend, named Theodore. He is the smartest in the class! I am so tired from my adventure. The bell rings, meaning it’s the end of the day. My eyelids feel heavy, and I doze off.

I wake up and the students are making a bunch of noise. I am still tired, but I have to wake up. The students start getting ready for after school recess, and everything feels chaotic. Then, George reaches over and puts me in his pencil case. I don’t know what he’s planning on doing, but it must be bad. BOOOMMM! It’s suddenly pitch black and I can't see anything or hear anything.

The End

A Pencil, 12 Years of Experience

By Nicholas, age 9

A pencil sits on the desk in an empty classroom. The classroom was dark because the kids were eating their lunch in another room. Suddenly, a teacher came in to eat their lunch and then after the lunch she ignored the pencil. And then after a few minutes students came in and one of them picked me up and started writing with me. Afterwards the teacher told the students to leave and pack up, and I was put in the spot where the rest of the other pencil goes.

The next day the kids started rushing in and this happened 4 times in the same schedule, and some of the schedules were different, and then after the school year someone came in, grabbed the pencil and locked the door. And then I was at home safe and sound and the kid wrote a lot with me and did drawing, and then after the school break was over all the kids and the pencil went back to school, and then the kids started working on the same schedule as last time. And then after 31 more days the kid was having a winter break. And he left me at his desk for days and days.... And he finally came back to school.

As time went by I started to shrink and the kid left me in his backpack with his pencil and asked his mother to get him a new pencil. And he told me the pencil will still be staying here a few days as you will be gone soon. After 5 years, the kid finally opened the bag and told the pencil “I never forgot you.” And the kid told the pencil we are going on a road trip. And I will be bringing this bag, and you because I like writing with you. And I will put a plushes in this bag to bring with you on the road trip so you will be cozy. I bought mechanical legs that a pencil can wear and you can walk around when you get to the destination. You can walk at the destination and not get lost and stay with the group,

so we went on the road trip and I have been writing with the new pencil because the kid didn't want to lose me.

The kid brought me camping and we went camping for 5 days. During those 5 days there were 2 days the family was doing their nature walk and put the pencil in his pocket, worried the pencil would wander off somewhere else, and left a space for him to peek outside.

The other 3 days we stayed at the campsite, having smores and I got a bite of it and the pencil had a whole piece of the smores. After the camping we took 2 days of rest back at home and then we returned back to the school and the kid and left me in the desk and after the school desk and put me back into the bag for another 5 years.

The End

Woody the Pencil

By Candice, age 9

Hi! My name is Woody! Oh wait... I forgot! I am a pencil. Just a regular HB pencil. Oh! What is a HB pencil? A HB pencil is just a regular pencil. Psttt. I have a family you know? The Dark devil the carbon pencil, Dark Dilan the 4B pencil. Wait! The number before the “H”or “B” means the darker or lighter it’ll be. (B means darker) (H means lighter). OK, Are you back? Dexter the 3B pencil, Barnabas the B pencil and H, Hannah. Say I have lots of siblings, huh? There's more! Mechanical pencils, color pencils and just wood pencils. Phew! I have a lot of siblings and cousins!
Sooooo...My best bud is Elliott the eraser. The owner puts Elliott on a warm lamp, so he gets warmer. The warmer he is, the better he is to erase with! I have an eraser at the back of my... my... my... UGH! Fine. My butt. I should’ve said that.

I’m just on a desk in a classroom with Elliott. I don’t know why but for 2 months nobody even touched me once! I was fuming until I fell off the desk. I explored the area and got out of the classroom. While I was exploring the large playground I was so worn out, that the tip of my lead broke off. While I was panicking, a homeless pencil sharpener sharpened me in silence. I felt bad for him. I went on the field and guess what, I found one dollar!!! I still felt bad for the pencil sharpener, so I gave him the dollar and found a piece of paper and I wrote, “If you adopt me, I can give you a dollar." I gave it to the pencil sharpener and it worked! He was home safe unlike me and Elliott. Maybe leaving the classroom was wrong. I didn’t care much, so Elliott and I went to something called stairs which Elliott and I called Mount impossible! There were two mountains. One was Mount Impossible and the second one is Mount slip a.k.a Mount steep. We tried Mount Impossible first, but we kept falling in the holes that entirely covered the mountain! Then we tried Mount steep, it was easy peasy lemon squeezy because Elliott has friction all over while I have friction on my... butt. Anyways, we got a better view up there. I forgot. I haven’t slept in moons! I told Elliott “Let’s call it a day, alright?” He nodded.

The next day, it was a cold windy and rainy day. Good thing a thing called a car woke me up with a beep. The only thing I found is a leaf. We walked into the busy town. I found shelter for Elliott and me. I started to sob a painful sob. I said: “Elliott, when will people want us? I’ve been waiting so long. Do you think leaving the school was wrong?” He said: “I know what you're feeling. I also think it feels painful and awful. I’ve also been waiting for this moment. I promise, we will find the true destiny we always wanted.” I stopped for a second.“A destiny?” Elliott said, “It means the things that will necessarily happen to us in the future.” I was really eager to find and get to my destiny
Elliott and I searched far and wide for our destiny and still haven't found what we needed. I'm a failure. Before I was going to sob again, a girl picked Elliott and I up and took us... home. I was so happy that happy tears dripped from my eyes.

If you want something really badly, even through tears, like Woody and I always wanted a home, stay positive and keep trying your best - Elliott the eraser.

The End

The Adventure of a Pencil

By Charley, age 10

“Meeting!”
“Meeting of the pencils of Alexandra Crane Elementary school!” said Mr. OA(Official Announcer) pencil.
I groaned. I mean, who likes to be woken up by a meeting first thing in the morning? Anyways, my name is Jennifer. Jennifer Pencil. You can call me Jenny. So, today was the first day of school. We don’t exactly like it, though. The bad thing is, some kids think that sharpening pencils ‘till they’re teeny tiny is fun! What they don't know is that that kills us! Really!
They do it all the time in school, and that’s why we’re holding this meeting on their first day of school.
“So! Any ideas for a good year?” said Mr. OA.
“Revenge!” shrieked Lady Pencil, the duchess.
“I agree!” shouted my Auntie Pencil.
And that’s how another hectic year started.

Soon, the students came into our classroom. A little girl sat down on a chair in front of the teacher, who was holding me and all of the other pencils tied together in a bundle. Suddenly, the teacher said, “Welcome, class, to a new school year.
I will hand out pencils to everyone. Please write your name on the name tags that I will also provide.”
Then the teacher gave me to the little girl who sat in front of her. The girl gave me a weird look. Nothing special happened that day. Although something did happen the next day, and it was, well, different.

The next day, I didn’t expect anything. Anything special, that is. When the girl I now belonged to asked the teacher if she may go to the bathroom, though, and took me with her,I knew something was up.

When we got to a stall inside the bathroom, the girl started talking. At first, I thought she was talking to herself, but then she said, “Please talk to me. I know you can.” Us pencils can talk, out loud, in a language you would understand, but in the Official Pencil Book of Rules, it says in rule number 335, No one must speak to a human unless they know our secret, or else you will be sharpened until you die.
I didn’t know if this girl was pretending or not, but she looked so sad that I finally gave in.
“Really?” I said quietly.
“I knew you could talk! My name is Myria Hutchins, and-”
“Who are you talking to, Hutchins?” said a piercing voice.
It was the school bully.
“I-we-I...I’m just talking to myself,” Myria whimpered. I had never seen her so scared!
“Hmpphh!” said the bully.
The two of us stayed quiet until we were sure the bully was gone.
“Anyways, I’m Myria-” She was cut off again by the bully.
“Why do you like talking to yourself so much?” she asked.
This time Myria stayed quiet and jumped on the toilet.
After a minute, she said, “She’s gone.”
“Good-” We were interrupted. Again.
“Myria! It’s me, Eleanor.
Mrs. Porter was just wondering why you where taking so long!”
“Oh! Well then, we should head back to class!” said Myria.
When we got back to class, Mrs. Porter asked, “Myria, what was taking you so long?”
“I...I, was, was, ummm... having a stomach ache! Yup, I had a stomach ache!”
So, as a conclusion, me and Myria became good friends.
We had lots of adventures together, and yes, it was all very hectic!

The End

How I Got My Pencil Tip Sharper

By Bonnie, age 10

As I laid on the desk in an empty classroom, I felt scared. Dried leaves bristled their way in from the windows. Frightened, I jumped up, rolled through the cracks of the door and ran. Not knowing where to go, I walked into another empty classroom where I met other pencils, some under messy hand written paper, some injured from falling on to the ground and even some stuck in automatic pencil sharpeners. Unsure what to do I helped others pull them out of the mess and help band-aid their injuries. While helping I made a lot of new friends and figured they were having the same problem as me being pencil helpers for the humans and being treated disrespectful causing big problems for us. Maybe our owners are just too young to understand how to take care of their belongings but big humans do, I thought. Then I got an idea.

The next morning I gathered all of my friends in my secret hideout then told them my idea. Each of us were going to secretly follow our owner home, then while our owners were eating dinner we would mess up our owners desk and room as awful-looking as possible. Later when their moms check their room they will get scolded and learn to be better at taking care of their belongings. As I finished, I took a breath and looked at my friends hopefully. Suddenly all my friends tossed me into the air, cheering as loud as possible. “HIP HIP HOORAY” they shouted repeatedly. I had never been so happy in my life before because I was never wanted since I was so dull. No matter how my owner sharpens my tip it just makes things worse which is why I was afraid I would be thrown into the garbage can.

When the bell finally went, each of us sneaked into our own owner’s backpack and waited till we got home. After I heard a loud thump beneath my eraser I waited for another few seconds to make sure my owner left the room and then I got out of my hiding spot. I

made the room which was originally a bit messy into a real disaster. I stomped around my owners whole bed as hard as I could to make the bed completely rumpled. Then I made a lot of crumpled paper rolls on my owner's desk. Even though I felt bad for doing all of this it was still for my own safety at least. At last I made a noise as loud as possible to get my owner and his family's attention and hid in my owner's backpack again to listen to the chaos.

The next morning we met at the secret hideout again to hear everyone's results and they were all successful. Now that I didn't have to be scared anymore about being thrown away I was very happy. Suddenly my tip got sharper but I already knew why, because of our friendship.

The End

The Day of the Pencil

By Ella, age 10

School was starting, and kids ran through the door. Everybody was so excited. As for me, I was lying on a desk waiting to be picked up. The room was rumbling, chairs were scraping, and then someone picked me up and threw me across the classroom. Then the floor started shaking and kids started yelling. I rolled around and saw a kid drinking Buffalo soda.“Ew” I said. “That’s the grossest thing I have seen in years. ”I have been here for years, and it was never this loud. When Mrs. Smith came into the classroom, everybody went silent. Mrs. Smith told everyone to read silently for the last hour. It was horrible, but afterwards I got picked up again and started working. Not after long, they dropped me. Then I rolled off the table, rolled on the chair, fell onto the ground, and laid there for the rest of the day.

Then it was time for gym. The kids lined up and left. The classroom was silent for about half an hour. When they came back, they were sweating like waterfalls. The very next day, there was no screaming and no yelling. It was a normal, quite quiet day, but nobody picked me up. While I was lying there, a big cat came up to me and said “Hello mate.” “Hi, what’s your name “ I said. “I don’t know you tell me”. Suddenly, the name Taffy came up to my head. “Taffy,” I said.Taffy and i played rock, paper, scissors and a whole bunch of other games. After that, Taffy had to go. Mrs. Smith found me and put me on top of her desk, and I lay there for the afternoon. Soon the kids left. I heard that Mrs. Smith wasn't feeling well and I heard her coughing every minute. When Taffy came back and we played around the classroom until a dog appeared. “Hello there, Taffy.” “Hello,” said Taffy. “Little pencil, meet Gorgie. He’s my friend.” Then I said: “Can everybody see you, or just me? Mrs. Smith does not want to see you." "Of course! Only you can see us because we’re your imaginary friends." "Sorry, but we have to go." "Bye, little pencil,”said Taffy. That night, I lay there thinking if I would be used tomorrow.

Before sunrise, Mrs. Smith picked me up and kept sharpening me. When class started, she put me on her desk. I rolled off her desk, onto a chair,and onto the floor under the table. Then I felt a kid grab me with their cold hand and start writing and drawing. Long after that, it was recess time. The kids lined up at the door and left me on the desk. But there was something strange about the student. I couldn't figure out what it was. After that, Mrs. Smith decorated the classroom with rubber spiders and spiderwebs. "It's Halloween," I thought. Mrs. Smith hid behind a table, and when the kids came in, she jumped out and scared them. Soon after that, it was time to go home. Mrs. Smith stepped on me and broke me. I got thrown into the trash can. That was the end of my life as a pencil. Life is like a pencil. Sharp pencils can be useful and happy, but broken pencils can be sad and useless. I guess there are always good things and bad things in life.

The End

The Cocky Pencil

By Olivia, age 10

Once there was a pencil named Austin. He was the newest pencil in class land. Everyone admired his good looking eraser and his sharp tip. Except for the oldest and wisest pencil named Otis, he was the leader of the pencils. He was short, worn out and filled with bite marks, his eraser was worn to the metal. Otis had something no one else had, knowledge. Everyone loved Austin and Austin loved the attention. He was what people called a show off. Austin also told everyone rumors about Otis about how he was too old and worn out. Soon people started doubting Otis.

One day it was pencil election day and usually every one was going to vote for Otis. Otis was confident that they would all vote for him again but they didn't, not even one voted for him. They all voted for Austin and so Austin won Mary the eraser of the year. He was delighted and he felt powerful. Instead of being grateful for Mary he bossed Mary around telling her to sharpen his tip and his eraser. Poor Mary soon was so worn out that she was nothing but a tiny piece of rubber. When Otis saw this he finally bursted and said I've won Mary so many times. I treated her as a friend and she always looked as good as new! I treated her as a friend and you had her for just a week and now she's just a tiny piece of rubber! How in the world did you manage that?!
Austin answered calmly and said: "Relax bro is it hard to take in that you are getting older and useless. Austin grinned as the other pencils snickered "face it old timer you are yesterday's news I am the future."
Otis didn't yell. He looked Austin dead in the eye and said "you think being a leader means you get to use other people as a shield to protect yourself. But the true meaning of being a leader means that you take the risks yourself so others don't have to." Then he left.

The true test came the next day, "The Final Exams"... Austin was the first pencil to be picked by "The Great Hand". He felt proud and smirked at Otis. Otis just stood there and

said nothing because he knew Austin had never written in his life. Austin was gliding across his page but was making lots of mistakes so Austin yelled Mary! Erase this! But Mary was too small to help so Austin had to use his own eraser but he pressed too hard and SNAP! His metal band snapped. Suddenly Austin began to not feel so perfect anymore. But he kept going but suddenly “The Great Hand” didn't want him so “The Great Hand” tossed Austin back and picked Otis. Otis glided across the page without making mistakes and finished the Exam. When “The Great Hand” put Otis back everyone was cheering except for Austin. Otis went straight to Austin and said “It doesn't matter how good you look if you don't have the grit to finish the page.”

The End

Magic Pencil

By Angelina, age 10

One summer break all students went home for the summer, and a student left his pencil behind. After an hour the students left the pencil alive and the teacher, Ms. Jones saw the pencil alive. Ms. Jones came into the classroom and picked up the student's pencil and named it JAM!

Ms. Jones took the pencil home and started drawing. She drew a music box with a ballerina inside, then the music box came out of nowhere on the table. She was surprised. Then Jam started talking, Jam said, "Anything you draw comes alive!!!" Ms. Jones said, "UH... Okay? Cool." Then Ms. Jones started drawing again when she tried to find her other pencil but she couldn't find it. But she really wanted to draw!!! Ms.Jones had no other choice but to use Jam. Ms.Jones drew lots and lots of flowers and used lots and lots of time. Flowers started spawning everywhere as she drew. Then Ms.Jones thought it was cool, so she spent her days like that for two days straight. Ms.Jones was sick of drawing things that come alive, so she threw Jam out of the window and the second she threw Jam, Jam came back. So Ms.Jones got suspicious. The next day Ms.Jones gave the pencil away to someone and told them about the pencil.

The person who got the pencil was an artist. Not a famous artist, he was just a guy named Locus that loved to draw and paint like Ms.Jones. When Locus got home he put the pencil on the table and took a shower. After he took a shower he saw the pencil dancing while singing, Locus was impressed. So he made a stand that said "Dancing and Singing Robot Pencil" and people started crowding around the stand and Locus was happy.

"I can't keep you forever, I have to set you free!" There was silence for a moment, Locus felt a bit bad for Jam. So Locus made a little foldable bed for Jam to sleep when he set Jam free and packed Jam some books, snacks, umbrella, a picture of him and Jam and

even made a rain jacket for Jam and placed it in his backpack.. Locus made Jam’s last meal, mac and cheese. Jam looked funny with googly eyes, hands and legs of purple pipe cleaners. Locus drove to a cake shop and brought a cake. Locus opened the small cake in the car and cut the slice into another slice, and gave it to Jam. After the cake Locus went out to throw the trash outside. Locus drove him to his favorite park and built a mini tent for him and that's where they had to say “Goodbye.” Locus left sadly.

The End

The Golden Pencil

By Rhianna, age 10

School ended and I'm stuck on Emma's desk, because a pencil can't move and she forgot to put me away. It's so boring, all I can do is look around this messy classroom and wait for tomorrow. Before I tell you about tomorrow, let me introduce myself. I know it sounds crazy that a pencil is talking about itself but I have special things about me, okay? So, hi I am Emma's long, elegant, and unique pencil. I love chilling and hate being written (because if someone writes with me I'm short and ugly). Also, Emma loves putting me in the most random places: her pocket, chair, backpack and other places. I'm genuinely impressed by how she finds me all the time.

Anyway, the next day the students burst in like wild animals, Emma came in and THREW me in her desk...how rude! I was left alone for a very long time (AKA 10 minutes) until she finally picked me up and started to tap my butt on her desk for the entire period, but it was fine since I didn't feel anything there. Lunch comes around and she puts me in her pocket for some reason , I wonder why . It's really boring in her pocket since she's wearing black pants and it's pitch black in here. After a lot of walking I feel the most wind I have ever felt in years! Then I realize..... I'M OUTSIDE , OMG I wonder how green grass actually is or if its a fantasy dream land of butterflies or maybe..... It's full of green grass, clear blue sky, and beautiful flowers blooming. Then I also figured that since I'm in her pocket, I'm probably not gonna see the outer world. I silently hoped I could see the world (not be in the world because I have no survival instincts) .

A few minutes later I see light, is this my chance to see the world?! My head peaks out , and it's not as beautiful as I thought. Weird grass , not so pretty blue , and no butterflies ?! Could have kept the butterflies. I might have peeked out of the pocket and I um.. I might have fallen out...? Well you can't judge me. I have never seen the outside world. Anyways I landed on the wet grass and a bug crawled on me, yuck! I saw all the

students running , and soon they kicked and stomped on me until I landed on the pavement. I wonder how I am not snapped in half yet or how I am not so dirty .

Suddenly, the wind gets stronger and stronger and I start to roll and roll,roll, and roll until I bump into something or someone? I look up to see a face looking down at me... IT'S THE PRINCIPAL! What is she doing here?

She picks me up and walks inside, cleans me up, and puts me on her desk for the rest of the school day. The principal is called Mrs. Kim . Her office is quite nice and neat and clean, unlike Emma's desk, messy and not so clean. Also she leaves me on her desk in her office overnight. It's even more boring than the classroom.

Tomorrow comes quite fast , probably I figured out I could sleep and that I am 100% invincible. Mrs. Kim walks in and picks me up and starts walking to a classroom before I knew it. It was Emma's classroom Mrs.Kim waited until the students came. The whole scene was so funny, the students freezing mid walk to their desks and Mrs.Kim lecturing Emma about being more responsible when Emma said that I was her pencil.

At last I'm still with Emma :) .

The End

The Lost Pencil

By Jayden, age 10

I woke up in an unfamiliar place, stranded on a desk. You might be asking how I got here? Well here's the story.

During the summer break I was in a store called Walmart and this place was very cozy! I was in aisle 1 at the front of the store. I've been there since August. Anyway, I was taken by a giant creature with arms and legs and I was placed on a conveyor belt. Another creature picked me up, she was ten times my size. Then I was thrown into a car and before I knew it I ended up in a room with the girl that bought me and my pencil friends scattered on different tables.

I was on a desk next to a window with a pink eraser. The lights turned on in the room and the pink eraser asked me "Wanna be friends?" I said "YES!" And he said "First I need to introduce myself! My name is Noah." I was about to introduce myself when I heard a loud ringing noise, and I realized that a bell had gone off at exactly 8:15 am for the start of the day.

Right after that happened, kids around the age of 6-7 years old. A shy boy with long hair sat on a chair right behind me. The next 30 minutes they were introducing themselves. The last person who had to introduce himself was the shy, long-haired boy. He said "my name is Li-- sorry I`m kind of nervous anyways my name is Liam and I researched that pencils are alive". Everyone laughed, including the teacher. I kind of felt sorry for Liam. Once everyone stopped laughing, I knew that I couldn't take this anymore. I squeezed inside a hole I found through the window, I climbed out and looked back, Liam was chasing me. He said: "Come back, I want to be friends!", but I had already caused too much drama and if I surrendered to the thought that they would torture me. I had to jump out the 1st floor to escape. Time was ticking. I jumped and I landed feet first.

I landed on long strands of grass. There was a blue sky and really vibrant colours everywhere. I looked back and saw Noah opening the window. I started running and I managed to go on the sidewalk after taking many turns and Liam was going faster and faster. I looked back and I discovered that I lost Liam. I began browsing around and I somehow ended up in a forest after walking forward for a long time. I started to walk around and hopefully make some friends. The first animal I saw was a striped tiger sleeping on wet grass. I started patting the tiger to make it comfortable. But at that moment it sprung up and made a “ROAR!” sound. I started to sprint away but the tiger was catching up. I was about to prepare for my death but I thought I lost track of it.

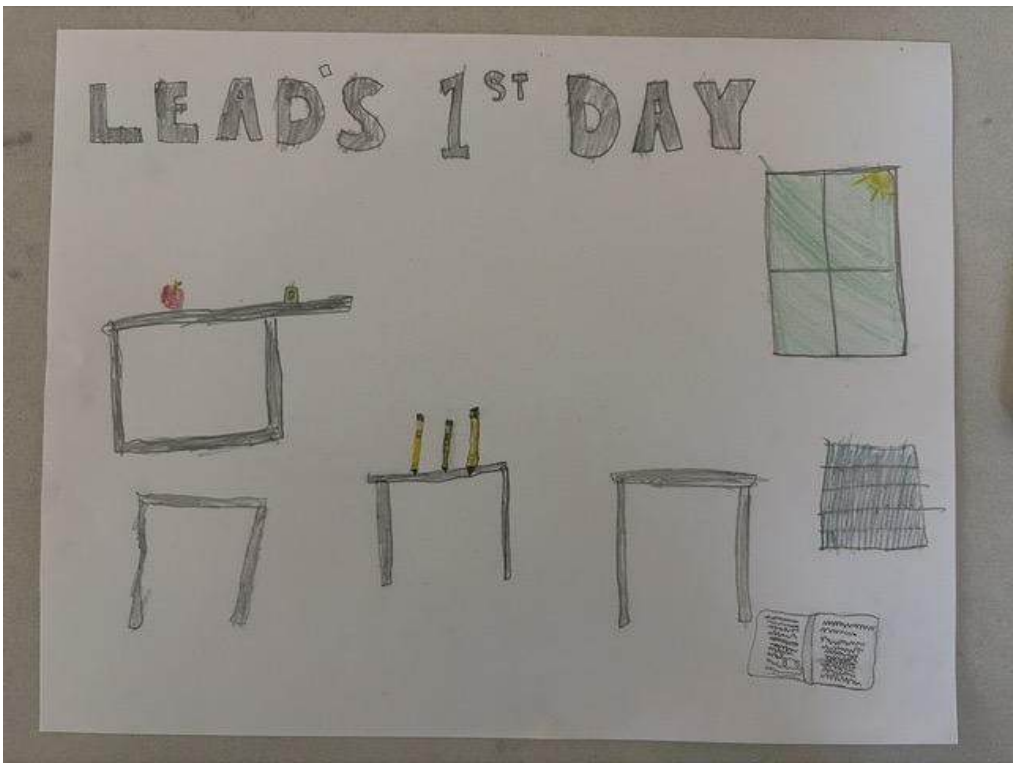
However, it jumped out of a nearby bush and he carried me in his mouth. When I woke up I found myself in an amusement park. The smell of candy apples felt like heaven. First I saw a rollercoaster and many others rides, but then unexpectedly I was thrown into the back of a truck. Just then a crowd was forming and trying to save me but then I was thrown on the floor and the person dropped me.
At that moment a school bus was honking and I recognized Liam. He ordered the school bus to keep going until he dropped down and scooped me up for the whole bus ride.

My classmates kept on asking me questions. When we arrived at the school Liam held me so tight he would make sure I wouldn't escape for the second time. While I was still strangling everything went black my vision and my hearing. Turns out I'm now up in heaven explaining this story to you.

The End

Lead's 1st Day

By Noah, age 10



The pencils were excited for the school year. Mr. and Mrs. Pencil were giving the baby pencils all of the lead they needed.

Mrs. Pencil said, "Kids, tell me one thing you are excited for and one thing you are scared of for this year?"

One of the baby pencils said, "I'm excited for the writing but I'm not excited for the pencil biters!"

Another baby said, "I'm excited for the field trips but I'm not excited for the over-sharpeners."

Mr. Pencil pushed the babies up in the box so they could see out the window. The baby pencils could see the birds outside, the green grass, the blue sky... and the children coming towards the school with their backpacks!

Mrs. Pencil yelled, “Quick! We need to get in place!”

“Drawnimo, you take the first desk. Woody, you’re next, then Graphite. Lead, you go in the centre.”

Mr. Pencil grabbed the baby pencils and jumped from desk to desk placing each baby on their desk. Then he warned them all, “Be aware. There is a sharpener on the teacher’s desk. If you get to close, he will sharpen your head off!”

Suddenly, all of the kids came into the room and Mrs. Pencil warned the babies to act dead. The teacher came in and said, “Please write your names on your notebooks.” Each kid picked up their pencil and wrote their name on their book. “When you are done, please come up and show me your book,” said the teacher.

Kevin, the kid in the first desk, held Drawnimo. Kevin jumped up with Drawnimo in hand and started walking towards the teacher’s desk! Drawnimo panicked, but Kevin walked passed the sharpener and straight to the teacher.

Then, Leo got up, gripping Graphite in his hand. He started heading towards the sharpener and Graphite’s eyes were wide open in horror. At the last second, Leo turned towards the door and headed out to the coatroom.

Noah jumped up firmly gripping Lead. Noah yelled, “I’m done, finally!” Noah started walking towards the teacher’s desk. “I might have used too much lead. Can I please sharpen my pencil?” Lead freaked out! He nearly passed out. He tried to jump out of Noah’s hand, but Noah’s grip was too tight. He was doomed!

Slowly but surely, his lead entered the sharpener’s decapitator. Lead screamed but nothing could help him. He felt the blades touch his face but it felt... kind of good! Was this what his Dad had warned him about? This wasn’t so bad.

“Hey buddy! How was your lead-cut?” asked the sharpener.

“Nice!” replied Lead. “This is not what I thought it would be. I thought you were a big bad guy.”

“I’m sincerely sorry,” said the sharpener. “I thought my blade might be a bit of a scare but my job is just to trim the dead lead off of your face.”

Lead turned to his family and said, “Hey guys. Come here! The sharpener is not so bad!”

The End

Pencil POV

By Johnathan, age 10

The afternoon sun illuminated rows of desks. In the center was a single pencil sitting quietly on the ground while waiting to be used. Even though the eraser was chewed all the way to the metal and the graphite tip was fractured it was still a small cylinder with cedar and graphite. It was the only thing in the classroom for years. In this silence of waiting for a new school year a janitor marched in, breaking the silence, then mumbled about children misbehaving and swept the pencil away and into the dustpan.

During the walk to the dumpster the pencil accidentally fell out of the dustpan and started rolling faster and faster. It was almost going to tumble down the stairs but luckily the door caught it. Right after that the door made the pencil redirect into the art classroom. As the pencil rolled right in, a chair blocked its path. In this classroom there was everything imaginable related to art. There were paint, crayons, pallets, sketchbooks all prepared for the next school year. But the pencil wasn't so lucky the janitor came back in right after he emptied the dustpan. As the janitor was sweeping the floor he was gazing at one thing, a poster that said “I’m not your maid! Clean up after yourself!” As he was unfocused the pencil barely managed to escape the janitor's broom. As the janitor turns off the light and locks the door, a ruler fell from the top shelf and hit the pencil at a perfect angle that sent it rolling straight into a puddle of green acrylic paint.

As the pencil pushed through the puddle of green paint, a sudden gust of wind blew in from an open window and launched the pencil far away, landing it right inside the music classroom. The pencil had never actually been here before; after all, this classroom usually had its own pencils, and our pencil was quite broken. After it landed safely, it began to look around at all the instruments. There were about twenty brass instruments, ten percussion instruments, and fifteen woodwinds. On top of that, there were probably thirty more instruments sitting at random students’ homes for the holidays. But a flute

suddenly started rolling towards the pencil launching it back into the same classroom where the pencil began its journey.

The End

The Wrong Turn

By Claire, age 10

I am Elia and I'm a pencil. My owner is a girl named Lucy and I have never been outside my life. I sat in a classroom for 2 years. When I heard there's a field trip I was so excited I burst out in happiness. The field trip will be on Wednesday, and today is Tuesday one more day!

Lucy was taking a test and she got three answers wrong. I wish I could help but she can not hear me because I'm a pencil. After a bit Lucy handed her math to the teacher.
It was lunch. Lucy's lunch box contained carrots, soup and some crackers. Lucy hated carrots so she only ate soup and the crackers. It's almost the end of the day and I screamed. Then the school bell rang for outside time RING. Everybody went outside and I stayed inside. After outside time they all came in. It was 2pm, 30minutes until school ended. Silent reading time so everyone was quiet, they were reading books. After the school bell rang RING RING. I was left in the classroom.

The next day FIELDTRIP DAY ARRIVED. Everyone was heading to the bus. I came with Lucy because she needed to write on a paper sheet. In the bus we were heading to a pumpkin patch but the bus turned left we crashed!

Everyone was okay but we were at an abandoned amusement park instead. A guy said that we had to find sos lights for him so Lucy and her class were finding the sos lights. They saw a blue thing...it was a creepy looking MONSTER.They screamed as loud as a whole neighborhood screaming. Then they knew that this place was not a fun place. It was a terrible place that nobody knew. While Lucy was running I saw a paper that said something about each monster and it said they can hide in boxes. But the green monster is blind but can hear very well so you just have to run. Lucy was very scared and I was in her pocket. I could see what was happening.

After they finally found all of the SOS lights. They needed to get 25 fire extinguishers. Lucy and I saw a new monster. It was yellow and it could fly so I saw another paper sheet that said jump on the bouncy castle if he catches you. I was confused about who he was, but I looked and I knew what it was saying. Lucy found a lot of extinguishers. She found 10 of them. And the other people found enough they put it all in and then the old man said go to the carts now! Then everybody got into the carts. Lucy had to control it but Lucy almost crashed!

Then I said “I need to help her magically” and I turned into a human and turned left. I saved Lucy's life.

She turned around and looked me in the eye with confusion and she said are you my pencil with a shocked voice. Then I said yes I am.

She said you were alive?

I said yes I was a pencil all my life. Then I bumped my head and I started to lose control and everything went dark. Then I woke up in a hospital bed. I thought everything was a dream but I saw Lucy and her class and they said ‘’thank you.”

The End

Sharpener

By Stacy, age 11

I sit on top of the desk with my face down. Tomorrow might be my turn.

“Don't worry,” said a long, yellow pencil beside me. “It can't be that bad.”

Easy for him to say. He's long, sharp, and polished perfectly. Me? I'm so dull, and my paint is scratched. You can even see the wood underneath in some parts.

Tomorrow, Emma will notice. She'll take me right to Ms. White's desk and stick me into it.

The classroom is empty right now, but the clock is ticking. Each second brings me closer and closer to my doom.

I have heard stories about it. Unfortunately, not any good ones.

“It eats pencils,” said a blue pencil that was a little bit longer than me. “I mean, it reduced another pencil to nothing.”

“That monster spins so fast that you can't even say “help” before you’re already done,” said another at the back of the room. “And when you are done...you come out shorter than you were.”

I shiver. If pencils even could. But I stare at the navy blue one on Ms. White's desk, and it sits silently, wondering whose pencil shavings it would be collecting next.

Probably mine.

I wish I could roll away, or maybe even just hide in Emma’s desk.

After a long time of waiting in fear, students finally rush into the room. Bags plop onto the floor. Chairs scrape. People laugh with their best friends.

Soon, Emma picks me up. I help her write spelling words and math equations. Sometimes, I even doodle cats at the bottom of her notebooks for her.

Unfortunately, the first word she writes with me comes out all dull and fuzzy and thick. I grimace.

“Oh,” she says. “I think you need sharpening.”

My blood runs cold. Wait...pencils don’t have blood.

She picks me up and walks towards Ms. White’s desk. The pencil eater looks hungry. Or maybe it's just me hallucinating. Then she shoves me right into the monster and turns the handle round and round. Everything starts spinning. Wood shavings fall, and I think I am disappearing.

Emma finally stops and pulls me out. The other pencils were right. I did get shorter.

That part is true.

But another part is, too.

I am now sharp enough to write spelling words and numbers. I can draw finer details in Emma’s cats, too.

The new, yellow pencil looks at me. “How was it?”

“It was scary. But at least it wasn't the end,” I responded.

Emma picks me up and starts writing. My words are finer and sharper than ever.

Maybe one day I'll be so short that I can't be sharpened anymore.

But today is not the day.

I still have plenty of words and numbers left.

The End

Never Erased

By Elizabeth, age 11

I sat alone in a box of mechanical pencils at Staples when a mom and a boy walked down my aisle. The boy picked up my box and said, “Mom? Can I have a mechanical pencil? School starts soon and I hate sharpening.”

“Yeah, you could get it as long as you use it, Ethan,” the mom said.

“Nooo!” I thought. ” I don’t want to leave the store! It has always been peaceful here and who knows what would happen if I left.” The mom continued to find all the things on her shopping list. Ethan started shaking my box like a maraca! I nearly turned into scrambled eggs!

After his mom paid for everything, I got shoved into a bag and swallowed by the darkness. It seemed like forever as I bumped against the sides of the bag.

Suddenly, Ethan dropped me, along with an eraser, a binder, and a pack of lined paper, onto a counter. I tried to find a way to escape by pushing the tape on my packaging but it was too tight. I pushed again and got stuck to the tape!

Ethan took me out of my box and shoved me into a pencil case along with the eraser.

The next thing I knew, I could hear kids laughing and teachers calling names from inside the pencil case. I was taken out and put on a wooden desk. Ethan rolled me around the desk just like everybody else did. A few minutes later the teacher said, ”Alright class, let's begin our first writing assignment!”

The class groaned as the teacher handed out blank pieces of paper. Ethan pressed me down and I thought that he was torturing me! I wiggled as hard as I could to try to escape his grip but he only held me tighter.

After what felt like forever the bell rang. He set me down and bent to put his paper in his backpack.

This was my chance! I rolled to the edge of the table. At the last second, Ethan caught me and put me in his pencil case again.

I groaned, “Ugh. I’m never going to be free again.”

Out of the shadows emerged the eraser I had been stuck with since yesterday. “Hello! I’m Eraser. Nice to meet you,” he said.

“Are you a prisoner too?” I asked.

“Prisoner? What do you mean?” Eraser asked.

“You aren’t a prisoner?” I asked.

“No, of course not! Why do you think you are one?” Eraser asked.

“A boy kidnapped me.”

“You misunderstood him. He doesn’t torture us. We only help him write,” Eraser explained Ethan’s true intentions.

The next day Eraser and I teamed up and tried helping him write stories for the first time. I would have never guessed, but I actually had fun. From that day onwards, the three of us wrote many stories together and we became the best writers in the whole grade.

The End

My Life as Pencil

By Rocky, age 11

“Come on, Claire, we gotta go to school now,” said Claire’s mom.

“Okay, Mom,” said Claire as she grabbed her backpack and ran to school. But little does Claire know that her school supplies can talk to each other.

Hi, my name is Rocky. I’m Claire’s favourite pencil (I’m very very proud of that). Now let me introduce you to Claire’s backpack: we have Royee the short pencil, Clark the eraser, Colton the sharpener, Mr Henry believe it or not he has been in the backpack for 6 years! Well I’m only 2 months old but anyways we also have, Charlie the doutang (he can be mean sometimes) then my mom aka the sharpie, then at last we have the note book twins. They are exactly the same but one has glasses and the other doesn’t. The one that does have glasses is called Amy, the one without them is called Lucy.

“I heard that Claire’s class is going on a field trip to science world where they will have to write an essay about being at science world, I’m so excited!” I said.

“I heard that we could get to go to the volcanic area! I’m so excited!” said Clark.

“That’s so boring man, you guys are way too nerdy, why would I want to sit around and and listen about some random guy that invented gravity 200 years ago, man, that’s gonna be so boring!” said Charlie. That’s why I said he can be mean sometimes.

“Hey Charlie! That’s not nice to say!” Said Amy and Lucy at the same time.

(Fast forward 3 hours)

“Okay class, today we will go to science words and you will be mind blown by how cool science is!” Said the guide. First the guide brought us to this cool electric ball it will spark wherever you put your hands on the glass.

“Oh that’s so cool I wish I could touch it!” said Colton and then we passed some dinosaur bones. Overall it was a cool trip! After that we went back into our classroom then Claire had a stressful exam! It was about find the value of x!

“Ohh noo I hate these type of questions it’s always so stressful! Looks like I gotta get my pencil and eraser out now” said Claire, then me and Clark said “Yessss let’s go I get to get used now!” For the next hour it was just me and Clark we were being used mutiple times!

(1 hour later) “And our highest scorer is Claire!” announced the teacher. “Yay we were the highest scorer this month yay,” said me and Clark.

(40 minutes later)
“Mom look I got the highest score in my class” “Oh let me see, an 97 really impressive, let’s go out for some ice cream my sweetheart.

The End

Not So Sharp

By Travis, age 11

The room buzzed with the sound of chatter. I am Staedtler Norica 132 46 HB 2, but you can call me Norica. Jonathan sat at his desk and grabbed me from the corner of the desk where I sat. He wasn't the sharpest tool in the shed. I'm being brutally honest here. The kid couldn't pass a test to save himself and his entire bloodline.

But, Jonathan was my owner, and there were no two ways around that fact. Now, back to the situation he was in. Friday spelling quizzes were a form of medival torture for the kid. Asking him to spell something like the word "assignment" was the same thing as him doing grandmaster level chess.

Now, guess what day it was. If you said Friday, you would be right. Now you understand. But wait, there was more! Jonathan hadn't studied a single word from his twenty word list. How did I know this? He left me in his backpack with the spelling sheet he was supposed to study all week. That list never came out of the bag.

If pencils had hair, I would have been pulling it out right about then, and I suspected Jonathan felt about the same.

"I hope you're ready." Ms. Vickers walked around the room and slapped crisp white sheets of paper on each kid's desk. I could feel the irony from five desks away.

T minus ten seconds until impact. Finally, the first word.

"Possession" Ms. Vickers spoke.

Dear lord. I knew Jonathan couldn't spell that word. He looked down at his sheet and grimaced. Finally, the tip of my led touched the paper. Jonathan awkwardly moved me across the sheet. P-O-S-E... He froze up. He didn't even do the double S in the front.

"Possession," Jonathan muttered under his breath. He finished the word and ended up with POSESHUN. Wow. Not surprising, honestly.

"Second word, librarian." Ms. Vickers told everyone.

Jonathan could do this, really, seriously, maybe with a bit of hope. LIBRARY, he spelled it correctly.

"Third, this is a hard one, ACKNOWLEDGE."

ACKNOWLEDGE? At Jonathan's level?! Yup, Jonathan was deep fried.

I looked up at my nervous, frozen owner. He glanced over at Tessa, one desk away, who wrote with ease. I heard a loud gulp above me. He shifted his weight ever so slightly and tilted his head to look at her sheet. Oh no. Would he really cheat just to pass?

Jonathan began copying. "A-C-K..." He spelled out.

Almost halfway through the word, a shadow suddenly loomed over his desk. Jonathan froze and looked up. Mrs. Vickers stood there, looking... pretty angry.

"Jonathan. What. Do you think you're doing?"

He let out a cold sweat. "Picking up an eraser?"

Worth a shot, I thought.

The teacher sighed. "Come with me."

I felt like sighing too. Could there ever be a day Jonathan can pass a test? One can only hope.

The End

The Lost Pencil

By Rocky, age 11

The air inside of the trash can smelled like expired juice boxes and rotting apples. I clinged on to the foul smelling juice box, my once sharp and clean tip was now snapped off and
destroyed. Next to me my best friend Jack, once a white and sharp eraser is now stained and cut apart.

“We are never going back to Jason’s pencil case, Theo” Jack whispered with his shy
trembling voice,

“We’re going to the landfill...” Jack added on .

“Not if I’m here.” I replied with a steady voice. Jason had spent the whole morning searching for us. I remembered how he let out a small sob because his test was being taken right at that moment. I looked down at the smudged initials of J.S written with sharpie and gained hope to escape the trashy mess.

I looked up at this giant blue bin, the lid of the trash can was just slightly cracked open, with that crack, sunshine burst into the trash can, at that moment I saw Jack’s eyes glitter with
hope. Right across the street was sunshine elementary school, there lays room number 105,
Jason’s classroom...

“See that gap?” I pointed with my dull tip towards a stack of forgotten newspapers.

“If we climbed that then jump on the soda can we can reach the edge, then I’ll climb on you and then when I’m up there I’ll pull you up.”

“I’m an eraser, Theo, not an athlete…” Jack objected.

“You have to, that's our only way out!” I replied with a sharp voice then started the climb to the top,

“Ok fine, I’ll follow up behind you!”

As we set off for the trek our first obstacle was a big rat sleeping in a crushed soda can, Jack trembled with fear as we gently walked past him. With my long body, I stretched across to
the other soda can, letting Jack make his way across the puddle of soda below us.

Step by agonizing steps, we climbed the damped newspaper. The scent of sweet cedar
wood in my core was completely overwhelmed by the stench around us, but the thought of
Jason’s hand holding me during the spelling test kept me moving. Finally we reached the soda can, as we planned I stood on top of Jason and then we brought me up and when I was reaching for Jason I saw the rat behind Jason

“Jason the rat’s coming for you!” I screamed.

“Then pull me up quickly!” Jason replied also screaming. Just when the rat was Just about to get hold of Jason I grabbed him and jumped down.

Thump. We landed in a soft patch of clover. Dazed but unbroken, I looked up. There, across the busy street was Jason’s classroom.

“Run Jack!” I screamed as we saw Jason lower his head in disappointment. We dodged all the cars in our way, then rolled across the concrete sidewalk, and tumbled through the grass then rolled under the door until we reached Jason’s new sneakers. Jason glanced down hearing the noise, his eyes full of surprise.

“Theo? Jack?” As Jason’s trembling fingers scooped us up into his dark pencil case, zipped it shut and let out a sigh of relief. We were battered and smelled terrible, but we were back at home.

The End

The Lifetime of a Pencil

By Wenxi, age 11

Hello there, my name is Kassandra. I was a lonely pencil that sat on a desk until suddenly a mean girl threw me out the window.

When I woke up, I was outside, but not in the sun.

“Can anyone hear me?” I asked.

“Of course we can,” replied a squeaky voice.

“Where are we?” I asked.

“In the ant kingdom pris...on,” said the voice.

When I saw the lightning, I realized that I was the only prisoner. The next day, I found it lonelier than I had in months, especially not having anyone to talk to. One day, I had an idea to escape the ant prison. I tried to run into the walls, dive into the walls, and squeeze through the walls, but I couldn't.

The ant kingdom was actually made up with mud. I carved a circle around one side and then knocked it down. Now I could see the sun once more.

A kid named Beatrice picked me up not long after and washed me head to toe. Then she coloured me pink and did a black bow around my head.

One night, Beatrice did not finish her homework, so while in her backpack, I found the homework sheet. I wrote all the answers on them and went to sleep.

In the morning, Beatrice exclaimed, “Who did all my work for me?”

When her mother heard, she came rushing up.

“What’s wrong, sweetheart?”

“Oh, nothing,” said Beatrice.

“If anything is wrong, tell me. Anyway I am making blueberry pancakes with milk,” said her mother.

“Yum!” said Beatrice.

“Today we have a math test,” said the teacher.

He handed out the test paper right in front of the students and Beatrice.

“Three, two, one and go!” whispered a person behind her.

When Beatrice was distracted by a group of girls outside, I quickly finished up her work. When she turned around, she was so surprised.

“I will only let it slide today, but not anymore,” said Beatrice.

She was the first person to hand in her work. Now her parents, teachers and friends were very astonished with her because usually, she always handed in her homework late.

However, I was getting shorter because Beatrice kept sharpening me.

One day, her mom bought her three lovely pencils, and then she got tired of taking care of me, so she dumped me into the trash can.

When I woke up, I was not with my Beatrice. Instead, I woke up at the waste transfer station. I wondered how I got there so fast.

“Hello, who are you?” asked a book.

“Oh, I am a pencil. By the way, do you know how to get out of here?” I questioned him.

“Nah. Guess what? I got two cakes, one biscuit and...” the book said.

I was completely flabbergasted when the book finished its list. I felt bad, though. When it was distracted by one of its friends, a person picked me up and started using me to write a diary about his day.

The End

The Clumsy Pencil Mistaken as a Troublemaker

By Ivy, age 11

On a bright day I sat alone on a desk. Today is the weekend and I can finally relax! Now let me tell you about myself. I am an ownerless pencil and I am a long and white pencil (because white is my favourite colour). Wait I hear footsteps, the door creaked open.

A girl named Selene came in and GRABBED me. She brought me to her house in her squished pocket. Selene THREW me onto her desk.

“OW! That hurts.” I saw a surprisingly clean, white eraser. I waved,

“Hi!”

The eraser didn’t reply, how rude of him. I asked for his or her name and he or she coldly replied

“Fleur. ” I told her my name is Fiona. I decided to tell Fleur that I have an idea to stack on top of each other. So I told her. She agreed, but she said,

“I’ll stay here and you can go.” Before I stepped on her I asked if we could be friends. She replied,

“sure” then I jumped through the half opened window.

I ran around wandering the streets and I was really unlucky. First, I bumped into a pole, then bumped into an old grandma making her almost fall and even almost die by a speeding car! The car driver stopped and yelled,

“GET OUTTA THE WAY YOU WALKING PENCIL!” Gosh how rude!

I went into a forest and a group of kids were having a field trip. UH OH! I’m gonna get smushed or even picked up by some random kid. A kid picked me up and was about to break me in half. Thank Goodness his friend came to ask him,

“Wanna play tag?” I said in my mind “Thank you, thank you!” I followed the students, hopefully helping me find my way back. Suddenly a teacher picked me up and left me in her pencil case. I was so squished by the other stationeries inside. And finally I FELL out of that cramped pencil case and I have no idea where I was.

I looked around and figured I was in front of the school. But the bad thing was that there was a poster that had a picture of me on the poster. It even said “TROUBLEMAKER” so I decided to try to help people but there was no one in need of help. I just remembered that I was a pencil. So I climbed up the tree, crossed the word troublemaker and wrote “HELPER” I thought in my mind “was that a little too evil” but it's okay. At least no one would think that I am a troublemaker now.

It is evening now, so I went to see the sunset. (Time skip to night) Since it is night now. I went into the building and started sleeping on the cold desk. The next morning I woke up, but the teacher was using me to write! I thought in my mind “what trouble am I in, I should’ve not slept on the teacher’s desk. Now I’m not sharp anymore! Even if she sharpens me I won’t be long!” The teacher sharpened me and left me in a cup for the rest of the day. I was sad because I am not that long anymore.

I went to tell Selene that I had a way better owner but I saw Selene with a new pencil. The pencil was more modern, better looking and didn't need to be sharpened, this was called a mechanical pencil. I was filled with jealousy, I wished I was like that pencil too. So I went to ask the mechanical pencil beside her,

“How do you get so pretty and more useful?” She said,

“I was born like this, but there is one way to become like me.” I asked,

“What is this way you said?” She told me,

“...But that way only has a 5% chance of surviving so I don’t think you should try that.” I sadly walked away. I bumped into an eraser, I think this eraser looks familiar. I noticed that it was my lovely eraser friend, Fleur.

The End

The Lost Boy

By Louis, age 11

At 4:20p.m, the final bell rang.

Ding, ding, ding!

As soon as the bell rang, the hallway came alive. pencil students rushed out of their classrooms with backpacks on their shoulders, some were loudly talking about their plans for the weekend, while others chased each other down the hall. Near the school entrance, parents waited to pick up their children.

Pencil Lulu put the last workbook into her backpack and was about to leave when she noticed that a light rain had started falling outside.

“Rain again …”

She signed and took a small folding umbrella from the side pocket of her backpack.
Just then, her teacher called from the doorway.

“Lulu, wait a minute.”

Lulu turned around.

“Yes, teacher? What happened?” The teacher glanced at her phone. Her expression suddenly became serious.

“The school office just told us that a little boy may have gotten lost.”

“Lost?”

“Yes, he was supposed to leave with his family, but his mother says she couldn’t find him at the school entrance. Several teachers are looking for him now.”

“How old is he?” asked Lulu.

“About six or seven. He’s wearing a blue jacket and carrying a yellow backpack.” Lulu nodded immediately.

“So I want you to find him.”

“Me?” asked Lulu

“Yes,” said the teacher. “Now go and find him.”

Lulu ran as fast as she could out of the school. She was a bit scared because she had never tried to find someone before. Then the teacher texted Lulu that the boy is at the forest. That made Lulu more scared; she had heard that there is a bear in the forest. When she was in the forest she took ten big deep breaths then she rushed in.

She saw creepy branches reaching down from the trees, and she heard laughing sounds. She tried to ignore them but it kept coming to her brain so she opened her flashlight. Suddenly she started to feel stupid because she would’ve asked the teacher to find another person for this job. Then there was a large wind and she opened her mouth by accident, she tasted blizzard in her mouth.

After the wind she heard a crying sound and she found the pencil boy! She asked the boy's name and it was Jimmy, from there they started to walk home. When she was home her parents were very proud of her. The next day the bell rang and when Lulu walked out of the school the teacher called Lulu to wait a moment.

The End

The Pencil

By Henry, age 11

Thunder boomed and lightning flashed. Under a starry night sky, in a darkened school building, I was created.

I was a sleek, black graphite pencil with no special designs. My wooden exterior was smooth and perfectly shaped to be held. Nothing remarkable but still elegant.

Suddenly, a great gust of wind blew me away from the table I was created on.

The wind blew and blew until I landed, rolling to a stop on the windowsill of a kindergarten building. And there I stayed for a long, lonely week.

All that time, I could do nothing but think. I planned for everything: my goals, my life, my existence.

I wanted to be an artist. Not just any artist, no. I wanted to be the greatest artist of all time. I wanted people to admire my work and for my work to be displayed in great museums all over the world.

Then, one fateful day, a teacher noticed me lying on that windowsill and said, “What a nice pencil,” and she picked me up, and brought me into the classroom.

To my surprise, the teacher held me high, showing me to her students, and telling them all about what a pencil is and how useful one could be. My spirits lifted. This could be my moment! I could finally step onto the path of achieving my goals!

Then, much to my dismay, the teacher put me in a bright red plastic drawer labeled ‘PENCILS’. I stayed there for what felt like days without end, waiting for someone to actually pick me up and draw with me.

Until one day, a kid found me.

He used me to draw. The drawing wasn't particularly pretty or remarkable, but it was my very first and one I could finally claim as my own.

The drawing was of a lake in the middle of a small forest with a little cottage and a garden full of vegetables. I thought it was quite impressive.

After that, I drew countless drawings—landscapes, families, animals. I drew it all.

One day, when the boy and I were drawing an apple, the kid holding me declared to me,

“You're going to be my lucky charm.” I felt so full of pride at that moment, I was kind of shocked I hadn’t burst into splinters.

From that day on, the kid took me as a lucky charm. He carried me with him everywhere and we were inseparable. Every step he took as an artist, I was there with him.

Everything was perfect and we were well on our way to achieving my dreams. Only, I slowly started shrinking. I was running out. When I started visibly shrinking from use, the kid started using me less and less until he stopped using me at all.

At first, I thought it was just a temporary thing and sooner or later, I would be used to draw again.

Then, the bitterness began to grow. I thought that I was his lucky charm and that he would always use me, but he was using other art supplies.

I spent months in his pencil box feeling lost and forgotten, my ambition gone, and my hopes dashed.

Then, one day, he opened his pencilbox to pick me up. My hopes rose but then, he put me in his pocket.

My heart sank and I realized that he was taking me to his home.

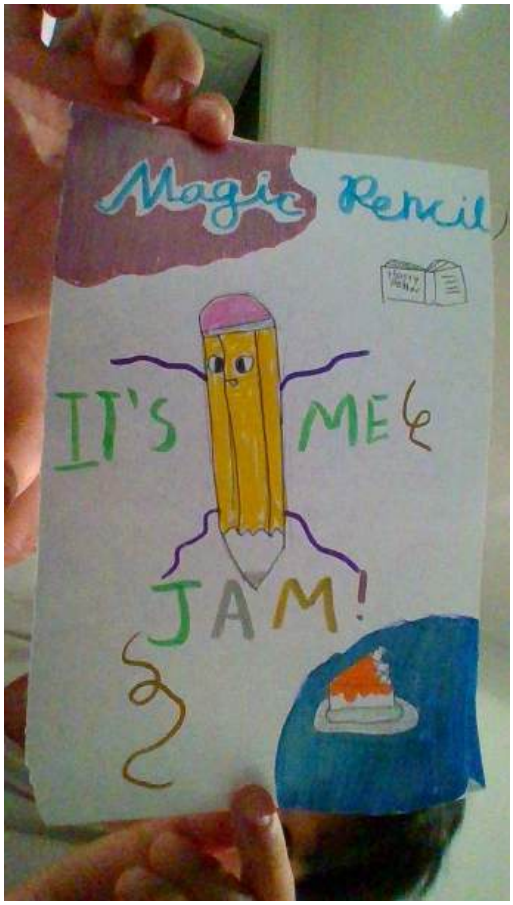
I couldn't figure out what he was doing.

He suddenly pulled me out and grabbed a thick-see through case. On the top, in his handwriting was 'For my lucky charm', and he put me inside the case.

The End

Magical Pencil

By Yangang, age 11



School was about to start and there was a pencil sitting on an empty desk in an empty classroom. The pencil wasn't any regular pencil, it was a magical pencil. The pencil's ability is whatever it draws it comes to life. A couple days later, school started. When the students came into the classroom nobody even paid attention to the pencil. Until one day a special needs kid named Dave came in. He saw the pencil and took it. Dave loved to draw and he was an amazing artist. One day Dave went into an empty classroom and decided to draw a bird. When he finished the paper glowed and turned into a real bird. Dave couldn't believe his eyes. He thought he was dreaming, so he pinched himself and it hurt. Then Dave wanted to show his friends but realized he didn't have any friends.

Then Dave had an idea, he wanted to draw a robot friend so he could take over the world. So Dave started drawing the robot. The robot had many different features such as being water proof, bullet proof, fire proof, and able to run super fast. When Dave finished, the paper glowed and the robot came to life. Dave was so excited but there was a problem. It needed batteries so Dave drew some batteries, then put them in the robot. The thing that Dave didn't know is that one of his classmates saw everything. He did and told on him. Soon the principal rushed into the empty classroom which isn't empty anymore because Dave drew an entire robot army. ''WHAT DID YOU DO?'' the principal screamed while calling the police.

''I'm going to take over the world with my robot army and you can't stop me'' Dave said while drawing more robots.

A couple minutes later the police and the US army surrounded the school. Then Dave marched his robot army and prepared to attack them any second. ''ATTACK,'' Dave said. The robots started to attack the US army.The place was chaotic, people running away, people yelling and screaming. In the chaos Dave accidentally dropped his pencil, then Dave's classmate ran to the pencil and grabbed it. But Dave saw him and grabbed the pencil too. They wrestled over it and soon enough Dave's hand slipped and lost hold of the pencil. Then Dave's classmate snapped the pencil in half and broke it. All the robots disappeared. Dave was defeated. Dave got sent to the juvenile detention center and Dave swore that he will get revenge on his classmate who was awarded the hero of the school.

The End

Me as a Pencil

By Daniel, age 11

One peaceful morning, me, as a pencil, was sitting on a table in the classroom. I've been here since I was made. I was owned by a kid named "Daniel." He treated me really well, and loved me. It is 8:17, these kids usually come at 8:30. No one knows how chaotic it will be, yesterday I got thrown into the air by a kid named Aston. Suddenly, the classroom door flew open, kids shouting and yelling. The first person I saw was Aston, of course, he's the craziest kid in our class.

I saw my owner talking to Jayden. They call it "friendship." I have no idea what that means and I do not get why they needed a friend. Daniel picked me up and placed me in my home. He named it "pence... case" or something like that. But at least it's cozy. My buddy's eraser is also in my home, yet, I think he's kind of useless. It was really boring, because as a pencil, I CAN'T MOVE!!! I wish I could.

After I don't know how many minutes, my owner picked me up and my buddy. I saw the teacher coming in, and she's called uhh... ermm.. Nevermind, I forgot. As a pencil, I do not have a good memory. Daniel started rubbing me on the paper. I can see Aston playing a war fight with his ruler and Sharpy has a plane, and Jayden working while playing hot potato with an eraser. Finally, after a bunch of rubbing disasters, I finally got put back onto the table.

I wish I could finally relax and enjoy my life, instead a weird looking pencil started rolling to me. I have no idea how he can move.

"Hey, what are you doing here?" said the weird pencil.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"I'm a luxurious lead pencil dumboy." he said. I was shocked, and confused. How can a pencil be more luxurious than another pencil? While we were talking and arguing, Daniel suddenly picked him up. "Oh, this must be a gift from my mom! How amazing!" I

was wondering, why did he not pick up me, instead of him? His lead keeps on snapping, he isn't better than me at all! I feel jealous, but also not. I understand but I also don't.

The next few days it was exactly the same. While I was thinking about why he is so "amazing" someone suddenly grabbed me and started running away. "WHAT THE?!" yelled Daniel. The guy did not stop. Instead I slipped out of his hand and fell in the vent. How "amazing." How can things get any worse?

I can literally hear every single thing from the classroom, yet I can't do anything! Nothing's more boring than just sitting in this vent. I waited and waited. I know I have to do something. I tried my best to move, I struggled, but never gave up.

At this point I wish I had super powers or someone gave me super powers. How is that possible though? I see a rat, and two rats, three, four, and five! They started roaming with me. I have no idea what they're doing.

"Are you stuck or something?" said the rat.

"Yeah, but how can you talk?" I said.

"Everything in this world can speak." They said, it's the same word as the lead pencil said! As I wondered and wondered, thinking what possibly these rats do, the rats started saying some random things

"kasablom~~mosa~~." As they squeak and talk, I feel weird.

As they finished, I found out... I can move! I started roaming around and jumping.

"Do not let anyone see you move though!" said the rats as they walked away. I rolled and rolled, and saw another broken vent. So I jumped and jumped, and I made it. I'm finally out of the vent. As I lied on the classroom floor. Daniel picked me up. "Oh I'm so sorry." he said as he placed me on his desk softly. All after that, every single day, he treated me just like the lead pencil.

The End

A Huge Pencil Story

By Darin, age 11

I was walking with my school friends into the class, and I found an orange pencil on the floor. I didn't think much of it so I shrugged it off. At first I had thought that someone kicked the pencil by my desk. Then someone tapped me on the shoulder. It was Joe, one of my friends and he whispered:

”What are you looking at?”

”Nothing,” I said. He didn't believe me. So I walked out of the classroom and I picked up the pencil. After that, wherever I went I kept the pencil in my pocket.

I put the pencil in my pencil case. When I opened my pencil case the pencil was gone! It was gone. It wasn’t the first time. It was annoying that it kept on escaping. I was speechless and suddenly startled by a loud sound from outside. It was a car crash and an ambulance was on the way. While ambulances came to check on the situation I wasn't sure if it was the pencil or a coincidence that caused this whole thing, but I already knew something was wrong. I couldn't find my friend Joe, so I called him while walking back home and immediately he started talking to me about the car crash. I was not understanding anything since I kept thinking about the missing pencil.

So I thought about the pencil. How can he also have the same thought. It must be the pencil!! I walked back to the school not that I wanted to but my thoughts just pushed me to pick up the pencil not expecting much, but when I came to a restaurant owned by my classmates’ Grandma there was a stove which started a fire in the restaurant, so I had to leave. All I could think of again was the missing pencil. Is there a connection there at all ?

Today when I woke up it was Friday. I realized that I had slept for 2 days. I went to my new school and no one was there, which was really strange. I proceeded to turn on the news, and they were talking about a special pencil on the loose. Apparently everyone needed to find it, but I wasn't worried so I just walked back home; however, when I arrived at my house, the drawer was burnt and the pencil wasn't there. I decided the pencil was not worth searching for. Suddenly, a sound came from my airpod.

It was the pencil. It needed help getting back to its universe, but at that moment a time machine appeared in my closet. The pencil said I had to get it out of the dark alleyway and return it to the pencil universe. I immediately sprinted to the dark alleyway in the closet, but the pencil could not be found there. I kept searching until I found it and finally on the 5th try I sprinted back to my house and I went to the closet.

There was a sticky note that had the code 1846 so I entered that and then the time machine shook violently and then when I exited it then we appeared in a huge grassy land. I took my bike with me and rode it until it said to stop so then I dropped it off and walked back to the time machine and slept again.

I am not sure if I should go back and keep searching for this pencil. Should I?

The End

My Pencil Story

By Kid, age x

One beautiful, nice day there was a pink pencil that was left on a cold, dusty shelf. It was stuck there for a very long time, until it was picked up by a second grader. Baby I love me.

Hi! My name is Daisy. I am in second grade and I am 8 years old. I start school in a day and I am so scared of school.

“Daisy! Look at these pencils,” my mom said. My mom and I were shopping for school supplies.

While we were walking through the pencil aisle, I spotted the perfect pencils. They were pink and purple, my favourite colours! Then, I went to get matching erasers for my pencils. I found the perfect pair in the same shade of pink and purple, so I ran to my mom and asked her if I could have it. After begging for a long time, she reluctantly agreed, and I instantly put them in the cart. When I got to the book aisle, I picked three books. They were favourites of mine.

“Mom. Can I get these 3 books? I promise I will read them until I become a grandma.” I said. She put them in the cart. We paid and went home so that I could put my supplies in my sparkly backpack. It was getting dark, so my mom tucked me in early for my first day of school.

When I woke up, I was so scared to go to school because it was the first day and I didn’t have any friends. I ate breakfast and got in the car. My mom drove to the school and I was really nervous. I stood at the front of my classroom, and gulped. I nervously went to my class and I sat down. My teacher was very nice. I got out my pink pencil and started writing my journal about my summer vacation.

A girl named Saylor asked me if she could eat with me, so I had lunch with my new friend. I also brought my pencil with me so I could draw with Saylor. When the school day was done, I ran to my mom and I told her how much fun I had.

I also told her about my friend Saylor. We went back home and I finished some homework with my purple pencil, before my mom tucked me in before my next day of school.

Hi! I am the pink pencil that was left on the shelf, and my name is Rosey. You might think that pencils cannot talk or move, but we secretly can. Someone left me on a cold, dark shelf, until a little girl named Daisy picked me up and my friend Lavender. Afterwards, they got matching erasers for us. I hear Daisy walking towards me, so I have to be completely still. She picks me up and ...Oh no! She drops me behind a shelf.

Hi! It's Daisy again! I haven't talked to you guys in so long. It's been a couple of years, and I'm so excited for the summer before grade nine starts.

"Pack for the new house" My mom said. I hauled all the furniture in my room into a tight box. As I was moving my bedside table, I saw the best thing ever. My beautiful pencils! I haven't seen them since second grade! Now, I'm in ninth grade. I ran to my mom and told her how happy I was when I found those pencils after I lost them. Once we moved into our new house, I decided to donate the pencils to my elementary school. When I visited the school to give the pencils, I handed my teacher a card. Inside that card was Roset and Lavender. I hope they have a wonderful life here.

Then I went back home and sat on my porch. I thought about my new mature life. I now had to get ready for high school with my best friend Saylor. And I don't remember what happened to those three books. I guess that I won't have them until I'm a grandma.

The End

A POV of a Pencil

By Kenneth, age 11

It's another long, boring Monday morning, in an empty classroom. And I'm a pencil who just wants to be used. I rolled over the crack on the old wooden table, and jumped down the chair, to the cold stone floor. Then I rolled toward the long wooden door. And that's when I heard chit chatting and footsteps. The student is here.

After I got stepped on a "thousand" time the teacher finally picked me up. And then she put me in the lost and found box. The lost and found box was dark, empty, and smells like something had died in here. I walk around the wood planks and hope to find someone, then I trip on something soft. It's an eraser.

"New here?" he asked.

"Sadly, yes." I spoke. I looked around the empty box.

"How long have you been here?" I asked.

"Six months." He answered. My wooden body suddenly felt very cold.

"Six months?!"

"Yep, six months. I have been here so long that I forgot what sunlight looks like." Far away from a class, the teacher said,

"Who needs a pencil?" I suddenly felt very helpful. Finally, a kid who needed a pencil found me and took me to his classroom. Turns out that he needs a pencil to do a test. First, I feel good being used, but then he gets so sweaty and he starts to press me hard on the paper he even makes a hole in the paper.

By just looking at the answer on the sheet, I know that he is struggling a lot with the test. After the test, he left me on the desk like I didn't help him. I stare at the empty classroom, hoping I could be used again. Then I heard footsteps, it was the teacher. She put me in a cup filled with other pencils. The cup is filled with pencil that's long and short and some even looks brand new.
Then a kid came, screaming,

"I need a pencil!" He put his hand deep inside the cup. I whispered.

"Please don't grab me, please don't grab me." And he grabbed me, he brings me to his desk and puts a big sheet on the desktop.

"Noooooo, not again." It's a math sheet. At first, everything was good. But then he got stuck on a question. He holds me so tight that I can feel him thinking. Then he stopped. He stares at the ceiling and sighs,

"I have no idea."

"Me either." I said, even though I know he won't hear me. Then he panicked, and he started scribbling on the paper.

"No stop scribbling!" I screamed.

"Ok, let's just start over." The boy said. And then he took out a long blue eraser. Its the same eraser that was in the lost and found box.

"It's you!" I said.

"You are that eraser."

"Yes, it's me" And then the kid erased all the scribbles. And then, he starts doing the test again. Looks like it's going to be a long day.

The End

The Escaping Pencil

By Maelle, age 12

No! I screamed. Ginna was heading towards me and whenever she got a pencil in her hands she snapped it. She wasn't allowed in the empty classroom but she already broke many rules. I didn't want my life to end! “Whoosh” Tommy grabbed me. I was safe. He had snuck in behind her. I zoned out as I heard Ginna telling him to back off and give her back the pencil but he didn't let go of me. Oops I am so sorry! I totally forgot to introduce myself! My name is Sketch and I am a pencil. I live in classroom four at the Red Deer Public School! I know you think It's impossible that I can talk but I can.

Suddenly I was ripped from Tommy's hold and Ginna headed towards the pencil sharpener. I hated these! All they did was shave off my hair and give me new hair. My hair right now is only two days old! I braced for the pain but just then the teacher walked in and asked Ginna for me and soon I was walking with the teacher down the hall to the teachers lounge. I was stuffed in her pocket and just before she sat down I jumped out and slid over to the donut box. I had escaped! Yay! I quickly crawled back out the lid and slid out the open door. I loved the donuts but I wanted freedom! What should I do?

I crawled back and quickly ate a donut as the final bell rang. Oh no! I totally forgot. Now I had to rush through the kids and manage to sneak through the door while it was open. But I could almost feel the freedom of the outdoors. I had to risk being stepped on so I could do it. I rushed to the floor as the teachers stood from their chairs. I quickly rolled under the counter and as soon as they were gone I jumped up. I was in the hallway! I rushed forward and fell as the steps of the kids rushed over me. Summer was here and I had to make it out alive before I was thrown out. I did NOT want to be replaced. I rushed across to the locker side and then slid under them. I crawled my way forward and now I had to pass a door without being seen. I rushed forward and just as I was about to make it past, the principal stepped on me!

I was devastated and probably had a few broken bones but I trudged ahead with all my might. As I reached the twenty foot mark an arm grabbed me quickly and stuffed me into their pocket. It was Ginna and she was still gonna snap me! She walked outside. As I was taken out Tommy's smile comforted me. I was wrong! It had been him all along. I was free! He kneeled down, wrapped a band aid around my leg and said goodbye. He placed me between the bushes and the school wall and walked off! I was free from torture and school! I could let my hair grow!

The End

The Hunt for Penny

By Serena, age 12

I watched, frightened, as children ran up and down the aisles, gathering different stationary and other school supplies into their large baskets. It was like a stampede of elephants, attacking pens and pencils like they were buy-one-get-one-free packs of gum in the candy aisle. The school supply aisle was the only home I knew. My fellow pencils, always with me, protected each other every day. We'd always been together, even when we lived in separate packages. However, the one pencil that I promised myself I would never leave was my best friend, Penny. She was my favourite pencil in the world, my partner in everything. We laid side by side everyday in this little store, all cozy and snuggly. If I had one wish, it would be to always have Penny with me, everywhere I go.

At that moment, though, my entire family had nearly disappeared.

"BACK TO SCHOOL SALE!" More like, "Lose your family forever sale!"

Just then, a little boy walked through our aisle with his mom, holding a basket in his hand. He wasn't like the other kids, grabbing everything they could reach. He looked around the aisle carefully. I never saw any child with so much respect for pencils or other stationary. I thought for sure he would take Penny and I both as we laid side by side.

Suddenly, that tiny boy picked Penny up and shoved her in the basket. "Penelope! He's got me!"

Noooooooo!!! It was true. Worst day of my life. I had to figure out a way to get Penny back. But before I could do anything, the boy behind him snatched me. I tried hard to breathe but I laid at the bottom of the basket filled with other school supplies.. Everything happened so fast that my brain couldn't process anything. But one thing was for sure. I had just lost my one and only best friend.

The next time I opened my eyes, I was in a dark, hot place. I didn't know the time, or day and shook like leaf. I looked around and I saw a bright purple sparkling pen.

"Umm, excuse me, do you know where this is?" I asked.

The purple pen looked at me like I just punched her in the face.

"Inside a backpack, obviously," she said.

Oh. I knew what backpacks were. I usually saw them inside the store, the same aisle as me and Penny. We always laughed at how they were so chunky and weird-looking.

I wondered how long I would be stuck in this 'backpack' when all of a sudden, a burst of light shot in. A hand yanked me out.

"Ok Marcus," the teacher said. "Behave or you won't get to sit next to your best friend this year."

Was that the boy that took Penny sitting right next to us? My eyes drifted to his desk and there she was.

"PENNY!!!"

It seemed everyone got to sit next to their best friend this school year.

The End

A Pencil’s Purpose

By Ayla, age 12

I slept in the corner of my pencil box, dreaming alongside all my siblings from the factory. I was on the journey to Pencilton, the highest performing elementary school in all of Pencilmania.

I dreamt I was writing an epic novel. The story of a brave warrior who scaled the highest mountains to discover hidden treasure. Vibrant scenes of fresh air and freedom. When suddenly the voice of my hateful brother forced itself into my story. “A pencil's purpose is to serve its master” he interjected with perfect posture, shooting me an unforgiving look. I despised my brother's words, constantly reminding me of my insignificance in the world. Even in my dreams.

My mind was always imagining, and at this moment I was not prepared for a hard THUMP! The truck driver hit a gouging pot hole and I was jolted awake. I flew out of my box and impossibly my needle sharp tip pierced the tin walls of the truck. As I soared through the air, my thoughts sparked. I saw a glittering river beside a park, before I hit the ground. I waited to feel pain but nothing hurt. I rolled to a stop. I felt the driver glance at me, then he pretended nothing happened and skidded around the corner.
So there I sat in the middle of a massive urban jungle on the side of the road and waited impatiently for the world to start writing my story. Days passed, then weeks. Until one day...

The sun was the colour of a ripe nectarine and the air was sweet like vanilla and oranges, the sky was soaked a creamy blue. As I laid on the grainy side walk I saw a small girl. She had light blonde locks that fell down her back like a waterfall and eyes like blue haze. She reached down and held me tight in her left palm, then produced a notebook covered with blossoming zinnias. She flipped past several pages, then paused. She held me high and began to draw. I stared in amazement. It was my thoughts and my

imagination. I realized that my heart and soul was on that page just as much as hers. The girl slipped me into her right pocket and ran to meet her parents.

Many years went by. We worked together, pencil and hand, and the girl became famous across the world. One day she was sent a message from the school of Pencilton; the very school I was headed to all those years ago! They were requesting her presence to share her knowledge and skill. She blushed in appreciation, then immediately wrote back saying we would be honored to attend. A surge of excitement swept through me.

A week later, we arrived at the school. We were directed to a class with a wooden doorframe. When we entered, a young boy quietly whispered to his teacher, “Can I please borrow a pencil?" and she handed him a stubby pencil with a small eraser. All pencils’ eyes fell upon me, particularly the one being tightly grasped in the boy's hand. He had fiery red hair and aquamarine eyes that gazed shyly at the ground. The teacher introduced us to the students who were quietly talking amongst themselves.

The artist spoke softly, “Hello my name is Pepper and this is my pencil Lenny. I found her in the park one town away from where I grew up and I've created all my pieces with her since.”

The students' eyes widened and the red-haired boy slowly lifted his hand. “How long have you had her?” he muttered quietly. She responded with two words, “20 years.” She breathed, looking dazed and stared at me in disbelief and wondered how I had not been shredded away maintaining a perfect point. At that moment I realized that it was 20 years ago. I'd fallen off that truck, and the pencil the boy was holding was my.... brother. Our eyes met. And at that moment I realized that I wasn't the only pencil with a story. The meaning of my story was understanding that.

The End

The Life of a Pencil is Never Dull

By Ava, age 12

“I can’t sleep!” I yell.

“Maebelle. Stop shouting,” whispers Maxen, “You’re gonna wake the rest of them up!”

In case you're wondering who I am, my name is Maebelle and I am a pencil. You heard that right. Currently, I am leaning on one side of the beige “Choose me” cup sitting on the teacher's desk. My best friend, Maxen, is trying to sleep. I look at the clock. 8:25am. Instead of sleeping I glance around the classroom because it’s impossible to sleep standing. I spot twenty desks, a few supplies... DING DING DING. The bell rings and startles me. Kids start crowding the classroom as the chatter grows louder. After about five minutes, a tall girl walks inside the classroom with a nametag that says “Ms. Felicity.” The classroom softens. Ms. Felicity announces, “Good Morning kids! We’ll start with attendance. Landon, Oakley...” I doze off. Why do I sleep when it’s not necessary?

When I wake up, the students have started their morning writing which is usually at ten. “Miss. I lost my pencil!” shouts a girl. “Indoor voice Lillie. And you can grab a pencil from the pencil cup” offers Ms. Felicity. As she approaches the group, I wish that she doesn’t choose me. Lillie looks at us all and then starts picking us up individually. “Too stubby. No eraser.” she declares. And finally she lifts me up by the metal part. That’s my face! “Perfect” Lillie shouts. She won’t hurt me right? But then I notice that she doesn’t walk to her unorganized desk. She runs to the sharpener station. “I’m shrinking!” I scream. But nothing comes out because the rule for the Pencil Population is if a human is close, we will be stuttered. I can see everything in slo mo. The inside is pitch black. I spy a blade! I heard stories that when people get sharpened, they get forgotten. And

suddenly I get sharpened. After a few seconds, my eyes finally get punctured by a sharp light.

I'm relieved. She drags me to her desk and starts writing. She definitely spelled at least 10 things wrong in her story. She then reverses me and starts rubbing like she read my mind. I feel a tingling sensation and realize my hair is falling! Then she violently flips me. DING. The lunch bell rings and she throws me on the teacher's desk."What happened to you?" says a familiar voice when everyone leaves. "I'm getting forgotten," I whisper. Just then the teacher comes. I flop as quickly as I can. "What is this pencil doing on my desk?" she questions. And then she tosses me into a box with paper and other materials. Before I can even move, all the students come running in. "It's now time to start our math" instructs Ms. Felicity. My eyes get heavy because of how comfy the bedding is. As I sleep I can hear whistling but I can't open my eyes. I feel the floor vibrating with an irritating rolling sound. "Maxen" I try to yell. And then I feel a scratchy human arm wrap around me and BOOM! I get thrown.

With my squinting eyes I can see Maebelle get hauled along with the garbage can. "Maxen" I hear. That means she needs my help. I have to get her out of the dump. While everybody is listening to Ms. Felicity scolding Liam for avoiding his homework, I choose to roll. I roll until I find a way out this building. I roll into a green truck with a ramp. I spot a familiar face and find Maebelle snoozing on paper. "Maxen" she screams after I pinch her. "You retrieved me!" But there's another problem. How do we escape? I noticed a rolled window. I point and my best friend and I jog. We run until we see a neighbourhood that has a sign ."Pencil's Perfect Property " I read. When we enter a hotel, I realize that this is the place where Maebelle and I belong, so we book a room and order popsicles. It was nice escaping Seashell Cove Academy.

The End

Perfectly Plain

By Ashley, age 12

I sat proudly on a desk minutes before the morning bell rang, bursting with excitement. Today I will certainly be useful!

It was a grade one classroom, which meant the crayon boxes and laminated number lines littered the desks. The teacher had given me a fresh, sharp point the night before, and my yellow paint was practically gleaming under the fluorescent lights. My teacher gave each pencil a unique name to bring the students joy, and mine happened to be Percy.

As the bell rang, the classroom door burst open with screaming children. I braced myself, ready to help my future student. I was waiting on the desk, when a girl named Pixie was assigned to my seat and looked down at me in pure disgust.

“Ewww...What’s that musty, rusty, crusty pencil? It looks like it came from the ice age,” snickered Pixie, throwing me into the under-desk drawer.

My feelings were crushed, and lying there, I thought, I might as well give up on ever trying to be useful.

I tried to move.

I tried to wiggle.

But I could not. I was a pencil; a plain pencil that no one liked.

Then I heard a voice.

“Seems like Pixie doesn’t like you. Well, why should she anyway. I’m a strawberry-scented, neon pink mechanical pencil named Penny bedazzled in sparkles and pom-poms. You, on the other hand, are an ugly rotting pencil,” sneered Penny.

I did not reply. What was I supposed to say? She was beautiful and I was something no one wanted.

I wept in that drawer for ages until Pixie reached her hand into the drawer again. I thought she was going to use me, but she reached for her pencil case instead.

Snap!

Sigh.

Snap!

Another sigh.

The lead of the mechanical pencil kept snapping and Penny silently sobbed.

I realized Penny’s lead was no match for Pixie’s strong grip. Within seconds, her worn-down eraser nub ripped a giant hole straight through the paper. After a few minutes Penny ran out of lead and jammed completely.

I knew that Penny probably could not hear me, but I spoke anyway.

“Penny,”, I whispered, “I know that you are scared, but you will be fine. You are strong, the strongest pencil I have ever met.”

Sniff. Sniff.

“Thank you for saying that even though I was mean to you,” replied Penny.

Then, a slimy hand appeared in front of my eyes. I suddenly had hope that maybe Pixie would finally use me.

A hand reached out for me and picked me up. I saw the desperation in Pixie's eyes, and I saw Penny all jammed and worn out.

“You can do this,” said Penny through her sad smile.” I believe in you!”

Pixie was hesitant to use me, but there was nothing else for her to use.

She picked me up and scribbled a sentence. My strong, solid graphite lead withstood the pressure. I glided smoothly onto the paper without snapping and effortlessly erased her previous mistake with my thick, soft, pink eraser.

A relieved smile spread across Pixie's face as she happily wrote the alphabet page after page with me. In fact, Pixie even had to sharpen me twice!

“Hehe,” giggled Pixie, “maybe Percy is better than my mechanical pencil for now!”

When I finally heard those magical words, I was the happiest pencil in the universe!

The End

Second Chance

By Marina, age 12

I practically vibrate with excitement, my lead sharp and strong, my eraser clean and soft. “How exciting is this! I can’t wait to see which grade I’ll be put in. I’m hoping for the highschoolers,” I exclaim.

Remi sighs in exasperation. “Geez Cleo, we get it.” She rolls her eyes, but can’t help but let a tiny smile slip out.

“I’ve heard that the kindergarteners are dreadful, the ones who go don’t return!” I say dramatically, pausing for the horror effect.

“What will I ever do with you?” smirks Remi.

Before I can reply, the lights suddenly turn on, illuminating the office. A woman wearing glasses walks in. She grabs our whole pencil packet, and I let out a surprised yelp as we slide to the left.

She sticks her hand in and starts grabbing us out in bunches, putting us into different cups, labelled with numbers representing the grades.

I hold my breath as she picks me up alongside a bunch of other pencils. I squeal in delight as she drops us into the ninth-grade cup.

“Yes! Remi, we did it! Remi we–” My smile fades as I turn around to see an unfamiliar crowd.

My eyes dart around the cup, but with no success.

“R-remi? Where are you?” I call out. But just then, I meet Remi’s eyes from across the room. My eyes widen--she had landed into the kindergarten cup. I gasp.

“Good luck, I’ll see you after,” Remi yells, giving me a small smile of encouragement.

“No, this can’t be. We were together!” I shout as my cup is lifted into the air. I have no choice but to watch as Remi becomes smaller and smaller, slowly turning into a tiny speck in the distance.

#

Our cup gets set down with a thump onto the office desk. My lead is rounded, and my eraser is stained with dark lead.

“Cleo,” a small, raspy voice calls out from afar.

“Remi?” I blurt out, whipping my head around. My eyes well up with tears as I see her slumping against her cup, shorter than before. Her lead is snapped in half.

“I’m fine Cleo. Just tired,” Remi mumbles, nodding fondly before she turns her head away.

Just like that, day after day. I watch Remi get smaller and smaller, her shine fading away amidst the chaos and the children. Until finally, she is only a fifth of my size.

I watch helplessly as the woman with glasses picks her up and tosses her into the recycling bin. Sorrow and grief tears at my heart.

“Remi!” I scream. A pencil behind me whispers, “Don’t. It’s part of life.” I close my eyes, feeling empty.

#

The days blur into weeks, which blur into months. I beamed proudly as I watched my student pass his exams. However, Remi still remained in the back of my mind.

I lean against the wall of my cup, exhausted. When suddenly, a familiar voice appears. “Cleo?” I glance over to see a wooden ruler, and my heart skips a beat.

“Remi? But how?” I grin, tears filling my eyes.

Time washes everything away, but the friendship of these two remains strong. To this day, they still remain as two wooden rulers sitting side by side. Through thick and thin.

The End

A Daily Life of a Pencil

By Youxuan, age 12

A cold breeze flew by as small letters were carved into my woods. The next time I opened my eyes I was in a cramped plastic box, where ten other pencils were wailing “IT'S ALL YOU FAULT MATHEW!” “NO, IT’S ALL YOUR FAULT!”

Another pencil screamed. It’s been two minutes and I already wanted to sand away into tiny sawdust. It really was cramped though, we were all squashed, if only I could have this space for myself. As I strained my ears, I felt a bigger threat coming, one that was even more annoying. Just as I predicted louder, screams echoed across, leaving everyone stunned into silence. Of course, I took this chance to relax a bit before anything. Cries echo through the pencils while human kids start laughing.

“Someone please tell me this is a dream. No wait, it is a dream if I just closes my eyes and-” a random pencil got cut off by a giggle, multiple giggles.

A large hand reached in for us, and every pencil started screaming.

“AHHHH I'm sorry I stole your leaf! "Wait what? That was you?” Every pencil started bickering. A snap turned everyone's attention to a pencil that got snapped in half, “Please save me,” a pencil whispered. More hands reached out towards us, some grabbed the one that looked strongest, some grabbed the one they thought was the shortest, only some of us remained in the box. Each pencil got a new way for torture; some were grinded in the pencil sharpener; some were snapped, thrown, put in glue for an experiment. Even one that is stuck in soda to see if it disintegrates or not. The rest of us left were traumatized, more kids flooded in all holding what I can only describe as a new torture device. They grabbed the pencil beside me, who were talking nonsense like "I have a family please no, please don't" but in the end their eraser got sharpened along with some of the metal bits. I was the last alive I must get out, somehow a kid knocks my

box making me roll on the ground. I roll across for quite some time until a beautiful exit stands right in front of me, am I free? A large foot stomps in front of me.

"Oh, I just needed a pencil" the kid said but me on the inside felt like wood and ice just when I felt free this kid can just come here? No, of course not, right? As soon as I got picked up I wanted to become free again like the time I was a tree. As soon I got put into the pencil sharper torture, maybe I was meant for this was I made for this reason? Until I saw a pencil getting put in the trash.

"Never mind," I said to me like the last word I'll ever say.

The End

A Drawing of Friendship

By Coco, age 12

The sound of a pencil scratching paper filled the silence in the classroom. Slowly, stroke by stroke, a delicate piece of art came to life on the paper. Perfectly shaded corners and curly lines that created the softness of the woman's hair. Those were the good times. The old pencil James always used for his drawing, Woody, now lay forgotten at the bottom of his backpack, crushed under his sketchbooks. In its place was the new mechanical pencil. Using that, James never had to sharpen his pencil just to draw a thin line. Never had to get up when his pencil lead snapped. Instead, all those problems could be solved with just a click.

Woody stayed in darkness for what felt like forever as he watched drawing after drawing done by the replacement gets set in the bag carefully, all beautifully coloured. When using Woody, James never coloured the stretches, always made sure the pictures were shaded and realistic looking. Day after day, after day.

Eventually, Woody was left forgotten in a classroom. Kicked around by whoever comes and goes. One quiet day, when everyone was in the cafeteria, a girl walked in. Her hair was the colour of fire and she kept her hair down. Clutching a sketchbook under her arm, she bent down and picked up Woody. Examining it carefully, she picked it up and brought it to an empty desk. Sitting down, she started drawing.

Different from Jame's drawings, she drew detailed pictures of animals. Using the pencil lightly to make the animal's fur look fluffy and layered. Woody felt glad to have a use again. Soon, the two grew attached, with the girl, he learned that her name was Mary. He felt happiness with his new owner, producing picture after picture.

Mary also treasured Woody, she knew that he isn't just a regular pencil but one special one. One quiet afternoon as Mary was drawing with Woody, James came through the

door, looking for something. Shyly, Mary asked, “Are you looking for something?” James explained that he was looking for his pencil. He hadn't used it in a long time but he had had it since childhood, it was special to him.

Mary held up the pencil, “Is this what you’re looking for?” She asked him. “I found it in this classroom a few weeks ago, it’s very useful.” James looked at the pencil and nodded, confirming. He took the pencil from her slowly and examined it, seeing the familiar patterns on it. He thanked her over and over, glad to have Woody back. James peeked over at Mary’s sketchbook and was shocked by what he saw. “You used my pencil to draw these?” He asked as Mary nodded in reply.

James sat down next to her and pulled out his own sketchbook. “If you don’t mind, can you teach me how to draw like that?” He asked, smiling.

Just like that, the two became good friends, sharing drawings and teaching each other. They say that Woody is the one to thank for this connection. Woody was glad to be used again, making many dreamlike pieces with both Mary's and Jame’s art style. It turns out they worked very well with each other.

The End

I’m Forgotten Again

By Antony, age 12

The classroom was empty like it always was. The final bell rang nearly an hour ago, but there I was. Lying motionless on the teacher’s desk. My owner, named Daniel, had forgotten about me again. I tried to sigh just to remember that I was a pencil. Not a living organism. In that case, I thought to myself, I will just imagine I took a big sigh. The classroom was quiet except for the small ticks of the clock and a soft hum of the hallway lights.

Just as I thought that I would be spending the night alone again, suddenly a huge crash disrupted the tranquility of the school. It sounded more like something had fallen in the hallway. With all of that, I nearly rolled off the edge of the desk with the amount of horror that could not be described. A few seconds later came hurried footsteps. Tap, tap, tap, tap. Someone was coming closer and closer to the classroom. The door slammed open and Daniel, my owner, swiftly walked inside.

“There you are!” Daniel whispered as he grabbed me. I was relieved; however, he spun his head to look at the clock. “Oh no! I forgot my science project!” He placed me on the floor beside his backpack and ran to the storage cabinet in the classroom.

Then, something bad happened. His backpack started to tip towards me. It was like a massive tower slowly falling down before getting smashed to the ground. Pens, papers, an eraser, and a piece of candy spilled across the floor. I got pushed away from the mess. Unfortunately, I rolled straight underneath the teacher’s desk. Great, I thought to myself. Now Daniel would not find me anymore.

As expected, Daniel did not notice a thing and left with his science project. Now I am all alone again. I looked around to see what was under the teacher’s desk. There was sadly nothing except me. Then, I heard the same hurried footsteps. Tap, tap, tap, tap. The door

silently swung open. Daniel came back. He whispered while searching his desk, “I forgot my textbook.”

Suddenly, he stopped. “Where did my pencil go?” he thought to himself. He looked around. I wanted to scream “I am here! I am here!’ But I could not do that since I was only a mere pencil. Daniel got down on his knees and searched the floor. Then he found me. “There you are!” he whispered triumphantly. He reached underneath and pulled me out. I was all dirty. Still, he did not mind that. He brushed me clean and shoved me into his pocket and left the school.

As we walked through the quiet hallway, I could feel Daniel’s footsteps getting faster. I was finally going home. No more empty classrooms, no more dusty floors, and definitely no more being forgotten on desks. Suddenly, Daniel stopped. He reached into his pocket and pulled me out. “Oh, right,” he whispered. “I still have homework.” He placed me on top of his science project and continued walking. I couldn't help but laugh in my head. After all the trouble I had gone through tonight, I was finally going home. Maybe tomorrow, Daniel will remember me from the start.

The End

The Lead that Used to Lead the Way

By Vihaan, age 13

For some, life progresses, but for me, it was ineluctably transformed in 2020. Why? I am Blacky, the pencil. Let me tell you my story...

It's September 2026, the start of a new school year!

It means, waking up from my two-months slumber and cheerfully standing straight in the pencil stand.

On this first day of the school year, I look forward to students coming into the classroom, using me to create new work, write tests, and complete assignments.

But my excitement was ephemeral. Even this time, like the last few years, no one used me, no one cared for me... Who was I kidding! They don't need me anymore.

Although now I am surrounded by kids but feel completely lonely.

I vividly remember when I was first placed into the pencil holder on the teacher's desk in the afternoon, the date on the calendar was March 12, 2020. I was vivacious, thinking of the young faces that would soon surround me, as I was waiting for one to come, pick me up in their hands, and play with me.

But that day never came...

Day after day, I waited for the kids to come into the classroom, but no one came. When they came after a few months, they were wearing strange cloth on their faces, which I later heard was called ‘a mask’.

The teacher assigned a task for the students: write about their experience during the lockdown. “Finally! I will be used to write!” I exclaimed. But, the teacher announced that the assignment would be done online. Did I get excited too soon?

I looked over at the newspaper that rested on the teacher's desk. The page kept repeating the words lockdown and COVID-19. Over the next year, I heard and read these words a million times. I didn’t know what it was, but maybe it was the thing that transformed my world.

Today, feeling ennui just sitting there, with my lead still fresh and unused, eraser untouched and unmarked.

But, every year, I still look out for this first day of school, thinking that maybe this year, kids will need me again. But … that day never comes.

As this school year starts, it is probably going to be the same. A new French teacher came to teach, and she did something amazing for me. She announced, “this year, I have tried to create a set of assignments that would barely use technology.”

I felt a deluge of feelings, but more so a feeling of serendipity. Years of being almost completely ignored, just sitting there in the bin on the resource shelf, were now over. Almost!

If I could talk to the kids, I would just tell them that laptops, software, and web browsers may all be important but don’t forget us. We educated billions before all these things existed, creating masterminds like Albert Einstein and Stephen Hawking, and laying the incommensurable fundamentals for today’s education.

The End

The Short, Sharpened Life of a Pencil

By Ettan, age 13

I woke up to find myself in a dark room full of polished wooden desks with a large chalkboard. Where was I? More importantly, what was I? Suddenly, as I tried to put the pieces together, bright lights gradually filled the room and rid it of its former darkness. Just then I could hear heavy vibrations nearing the classroom as I cautiously watched gargantuan figures march into the room. In fear I rolled off the edge of the desk in desperation to escape the chaos that I was engrossed in. For a brief moment I breathed a sigh of relief, but it was not long before I was grasped in a suffocating grip and being shook back and forth. “Who’s pencil does this belong to?”, asked the monstrous figure who held me.

“Oh, I think it’s mine! Thanks Alex. I must have left it here during the winter break.” said another figure from the opposite side of the room. I was transferred from one hand to the other as I tried to wriggle free, but it was to no avail. “Huh, this pencil must be new, it hasn’t been sharpened yet.”Out of nowhere I was shoved down a cylindrical hole as it chipped away at my hair. Although I must admit, it sure felt good getting a new haircut. “Students please take your seats. I would now like to start my lesson for this morning.”, announced a much older womanlike figure. The woman appeared to be teaching them about fractions on the chalkboard, not that I understood anything she was saying, but it did permit me a rest after a hectic morning. “Now, class, I will begin to distribute some word problems on fractions for you to solve; however, if you do not finish it in class you must complete it at home.”

The woman began pacing around the classroom handing out sheets of paper and placed one on the desk of the figure who had me in his possession. What was this? Then unexpectedly I was grabbed and I was now being rubbed across the page and perhaps to my surprise, mathematical expressions and differing symbols were being inscribed

onto the page. Was this my purpose after all? To serve as a tool for these monstrous beings? I would not accept this pathetic fate!

At lunchtime, I rolled off the desk to search for any possible escape out of this dungeon. My eye quickly gravitated towards a vent in the far corner of the room. Perfect. I began creeping slowly and cautiously along the edges of the classroom, hoping to pass unnoticed. So far my brilliant tactic was working and after all nobody would notice me among this bustling room of giants. I was wrong. A hand suddenly picked me up before starting to meticulously examine me. “Huh this looks like a nice pencil, barely used...maybe I’ll keep it.” He proceeded to shove me down to the bottom of his pencil case and zipped it shut.

I was now submerged in total darkness. All hope was gone...or so I thought. In the darkness I heard someone whispering to me:

“Hi, I am an eraser, specifically Michael’s eraser. I suppose you’re quite a new pencil considering your size. As a pencil you are perhaps one of the most important yet also one of the most neglected members of the classroom as well as one with the shortest lifespan.”

I interjected. “How is that supposed to be good? You confirmed my life is constantly under the control of others. I have no freedom.”

“But did you ever wonder how much you are aiding them? Yes, your life could be short but if during your life you help these kids to serve as a tool for writing and witness them learn from their mistakes, trust me it will be worth it. It is better to have a short life of purpose than a long life with none.”

At that moment I heard the pencil case unzip as I was plucked from it. Maybe he was right, maybe a life is better served with passion and purpose.

The End

First Day at School

By Sofia, age 13

It's been a peaceful few months at my new home, the school bookshelf. I was brought here from the dollar store, but a teacher left me here, and ever since then, I've been having a nice, quiet, life by myself. My days are the same, but I like it that way.

Occasionally, I'll roll around, jump on some books, and sharpen myself up. Life was good until a week ago. I was just bathing in the sunlight, until I heard loud noises. It sounded like I was about to get trampled by a herd of elephants. All of a sudden, kids emerged from the stairs and into the classroom. I glared at all of them, but they seemed to ignore the fact that they'd just ruined my summer. I stopped myself from rolling around because inanimate objects have just one rule - Do not move around humans. As the day went on, I tried to rest, but the kids grew louder and louder; chewing, stomping, and laughing. I decided that I've had enough. I rolled off the shelf and somehow landed between the shoes of a kid. I looked up, and she was towering over me. She reached out one giant hand and grabbed me. "I found this pencil on the floor!" she announced to the whole class.

"Leave it on my desk," the teacher says. The girl started walking towards the teacher's room, but just as she was about to place me down, she turned around and threw me across the room.

Everything was spinning. A boy caught me, then threw me at another student. Then another. The teacher made an attempt to stop them, but after a while, she seemed to have given up. I was furious. Just as another kid was about to pick me up, I yelled "STOP!" Everyone went quiet. Then, erupted into screams. The teacher's mouth dropped open in shock. "D-did that pencil just t-talk?" She stuttered. I looked around the room. Everyone seemed to notice me now. Suddenly, a door opened, and everyone turned their

heads. The principal walked in. “Well?” She asks sternly. “What was all that screaming about?” Silence. Then, a small girl in the back stood up, “The pencil talked.” she whispered. The principal chuckled, but not in a humorous way. “Is anyone going to tell me the real reason why there was so much commotion?” She gestured to the bewildered teacher. Miss Deja opened her mouth, but nothing came out.

“Alright. If you want to play pretend then we will.” She inched closer to me. “If you really can talk, then say something.” She shook me. “TALK!” She shook me harder. I didn’t move. “See?” She said, “The pencil doesn’t talk. And if this pencil is causing so much trouble, then we will have to get rid of it.” She placed her coffee down on a nearby table, and picked me up with a large hand. She then proceeded to throw me in the trash. What a horrible first day.

The End

The Murder of Penny Paige

By Tisya, age 13

A harsh flash of light pierced the darkness, reflecting off my orange overalls. I blinked violently, startled by the sudden flash of light. "Where am I?" I asked nobody in particular. My gaze fell onto a piece of tape, stuck to the wooden frame of the desk. The piece of tape was covered in colourful letters. They seemed to form the word Penny Paige Pencilton. "I'm Penny Paige Pencilton!" I deduced. "That must be my name!".

"Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding!" buzzed a sound from the intercom above me. I jumped, thinking it was an attack. This place had been quiet for two whole months. What could be happening right now? Twenty-five to twenty-eight young students piled into the now-crowded room, rushing to choose desks and to make sense of their new schedules. "It's September!" I chortled happily. "It's a new year for new eighth graders!"

A huge girl in a yellow T-shirt and bright, blue overalls slid into the seat behind the desk on which I was on. She had short, brown, bobbed hair and a cheeky grin. Her pastel, yellow bag spelt out Ellianne Celine Green. I could tell that she was going to be one mischievous little monkey. I always knew how to tell the class clown apart. As soon as Ellianne sat down, she shook the desk for no apparent reason. I held onto the corner of the desk, praying I wouldn’t fall. But alas, I lost my firm grip, and slid violently down to the floor.

My mother always kept me away from middle schoolers. She was a yellow pencil, until one child sharpened her out of existence. But I trusted these kids, and had never been in danger. Until today.

“AAAAAAAA!” I yelled, screaming for my life. But none of the kids heard me. Their ears weren’t developed enough to hear the pencil language. They don’t think we’re living creatures. Thankfully, I landed not-so softly on the floor. “PHEW!” I gasped, shuddering. “I survived!”

But that was until Mr. Rodrick Alan stepped on me.

I had known Mr. Rodrick Alan for twenty years, and he was generally exceptionally careful with school supplies. But then again, he never expected to see pencils on the floor. “OWW!” I cried. I was in severe pain. I heard the devastating sound of my back cracking in half. It was extremely loud, causing most students to turn around and chuckle. Despite all this, it was one of the most painful experiences of my life. It was also the last experience of my life.

I woke up here, in the stationary heaven, where I became an honorary professor. Apparently, this is where young pencils get their training. Unlike Mr Alan, I don’t step on pencils. I instead educate young highlighters, pens, pencils, mechanical pencils, glue sticks, and sticky notes. I teach them what to avoid in the classroom, just like I’m teaching you. But there is one thing to always remember. For your own safety, stay away from Ellianne Celine Green.

The End

Your Friendly Neighbourhood Pencil-Man

By Mmesoma, age 13

My name is Pip, and my life began in a neat, yellow box, lined up perfectly with 5 of my identical siblings. Ever since my human bought me, my job was to write things down and be a secret pencil superhero. (I call myself Pencil-Man.) That was before the backpack. The backpack or maybe I have to call it, my home is a dirty, dark abyss and unfortunately, I share this space with a half-eaten granola bar and a leaky blue pen. It's always a bumpy ride especially during the morning bus ride, but I guess that's my life now.

The best part of my day is the rescue. Oh, that wonderful feeling when I can finally leave my human's dirty bag for a clean and polished desk. "It's so empty in here," I thought, hearing the quiet breeze through the window and feeling the wind brush past my eraser. "This is the best time I've had in forever!"'

"RING!" The bell crashed through my train of thought. I could hear all the busy students rushing to get to their classrooms.

I never know what my human is going to do next. Sometimes it's math. I don't enjoy math that much. It involves a lot of quick movements, and my eraser gets a serious workout. There's nothing like the sick feeling of being flipped upside down to scrub away a wrong answer. My little pink hat is already half gone, worn down from endless long division problems.

But then there are the good days. The days when we have English time. My human holds me a little differently, loose and more relaxed. We glide across the page together, writing definitions like “What is a noun?” I can feel the hesitation when my human doesn’t know what to write next. I can also feel the rush of inspiration when it comes as we race to get the words down before class ends.

I’m a lot shorter than I was when I started. I’ve been through Ms. C’s sharpener more times than I can count. It’s a dizzying and scary experience, but I always come out of it feeling more sharp and refreshed. Eventually, I’ll be too short to hold and my human will throw me in the trash, or I’ll probably get lost under a car seat. But until then I’m going to keep doing my job as your friendly neighbourhood Pencil-Man and I’ll always look forward to the best part of my day.

The End



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With Gratitude

Big thanks to Eve N., Chrissy S., and Isaiah F.
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