

The Flying Broom

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

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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 October 2026 creative writing contest.

We asked young authors to write a story about a broom that could fly. 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:** From Wood to Metal by Mitchell (age 9)
- **Ages 5-9 2nd Place:** The Magic Broom by Grace (age 8)
- **Ages 10-13 1st Place:** The Things We Leave Behind by Jane (age 11)
- **Ages 10-13 2nd Place:** New Life by Travis (age 11)

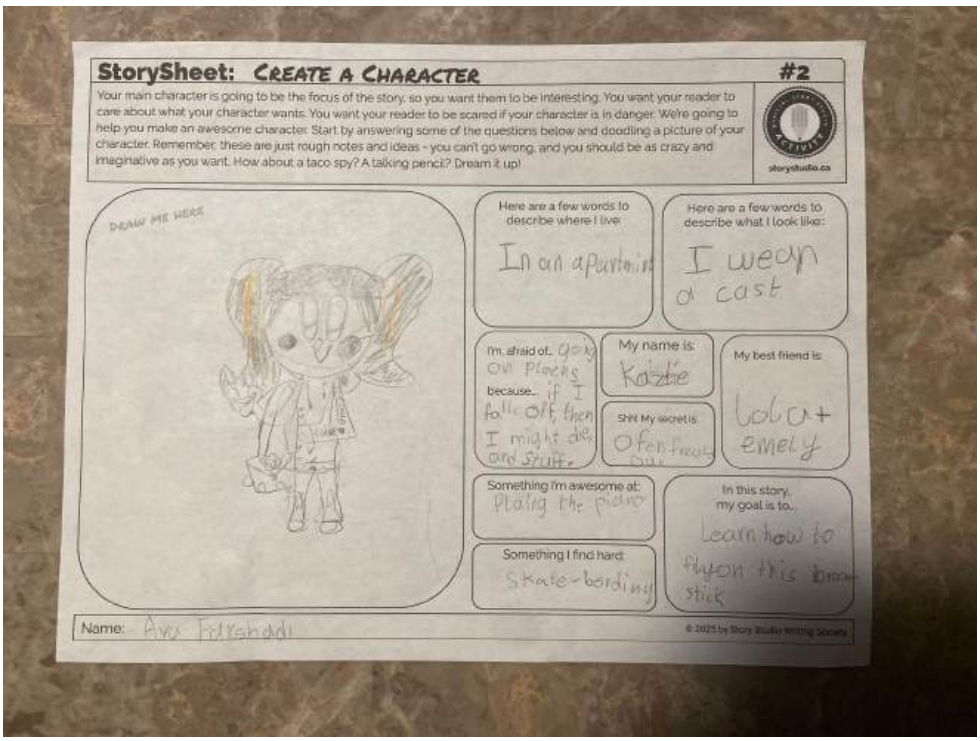
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The Attic's Broomstick

By Ava, age 7



Once upon a time, there were three girls, named Katzie, Lola and Emily. They were all playing chess together. Checkmate! Emily won!

Every single day they kept switching houses, and all of their moms would take them straight to their school. They all went to the same school.

But one day, Katzie noticed at Emily's house that there was a square cut in the ceiling.

"Hey, Look! What's that up in the ceiling?" Said Katzie looking up and pointing to the square cut that she saw.

“Where?” the other girls shouted.

“Right up there!” Katzie replied.

“Where??” Lola and Emily asked, confused.

“There!!!” Katzie shouted as loud as she could.

“Oh, I see now! Lola, have you seen this before?” Asked Emily.

“Oh... that... yeah, yeah, yeah... I’ve heard of that before.” said Lola “Do you want to go and see what’s up there girls?”

“Yes, sure!” all of the girls were giggling.

And so... 15 minutes later...

“Okay girls, let’s test this out. Lola, you hold the left. Emily, you hold the right.” The girls have built a tall pillow stack, hoping to get to the square space (the attic door).

1 minute later...

Poof! Emily, Katzie and Lola’s Pillow stack broke.

“Ouchies!” All the girls said.

“Oh well... I guess we’ll have to get up the attic another way!” Lola said.

“Yeah. I guess so. “ Emily replies.

“But we are all the mystery solvers and we will never give up and we will always be there for each other!!” Katzie replies.

At that very moment, something (or someone) has opened the attic door. Then the ladder fell down from the attic.

“Hey, let’s get up here!” Lola said. And just like that, the girls got up to the attic.

“Oh man, what if this attic?!” Emily said, “I’ve never seen an attic like this!” The attic was empty and spooky.

“You know what? I think you’re right Emily, this place is freaky.” Lola said.

“Wait a minute, don’t just leave yet! I found a broomstick! And look, it also has a print of a black cat on it!” Katzie said.

“Really? I wanna see!” The girls excitedly replied.

“How do you use it though?”

“Um... that’s a good question girls!” Katzie replied.

“Well, what are we waiting for? Let’s learn how to use that broomstick!” Lola shouted confidently.

“Okay Emily, why don’t you hold the front of the broomstick, and you, Lola, hold the back, and shake it up and down. Let’s see if that works.”

“Okay,” both girls said.

Three minutes later...

“It didn’t work out! How rude of this broomstick!” Lola said.

“Hang on a second, there is a sticky note on it!”

The sticky note said: “If you want to find out how to use this broomstick, then you’ll need to solve this riddle, and say the answer out loud”.

“What’s the riddle?” All the girls said at once.

And then they read it: “I have bones, but cannot move. What am I?”

“Oh, that’s a tough one” all the girls said at once.

Five minutes later...

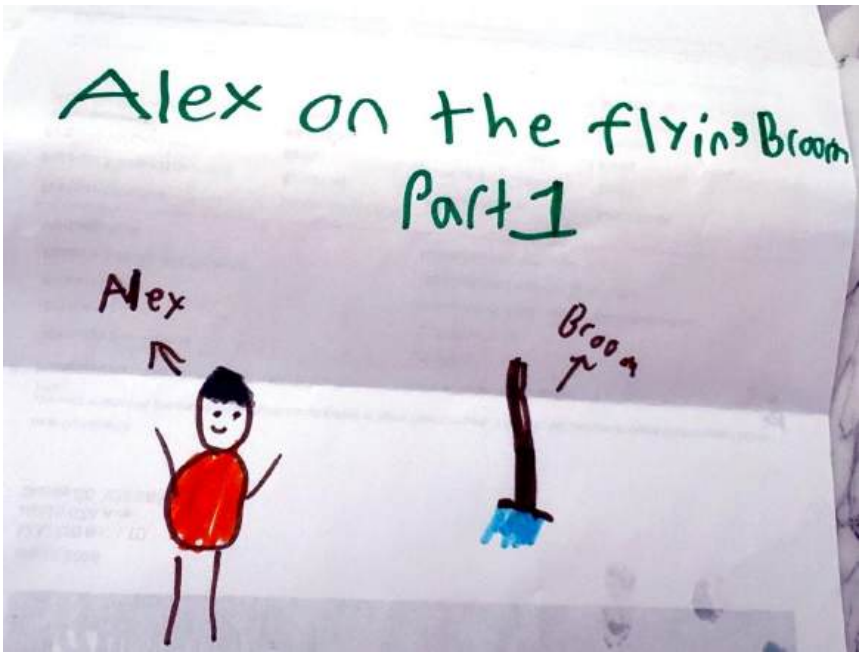
“I know!” Katzie said “The answer is Skeleton!”

“Correct!” The broomstick spoke. ”Now you can all hop on and fly whenever and wherever you want!”

The End

Alex on the Flying Broom: Part 1

By Gobind, age 7



Once upon a time there was a boy who was 7 years old named Alex. He lived in a small town near the lake in Canada.

One night he was trying to sleep in his bed and he heard a woosh sound coming outside his window. He got up to look and surprisingly saw a brown broom with the blue bristles flying in the sky.

Suddenly it zoomed inside the house through his window into his room.
He was scared and ran to his bed and closed his eyes.

He opened his eyes and asked the broom, frightenedly, Did I just see you flying?, and

the Broom said, Yes.

Alex asked the Broom, How did you get the power to fly and talk?

Broom said I got it from my witch because she gave me the book of spells. She took care of me and I would fly her to different places. One windy and rainy night we were flying and my witch slipped off from me and I couldn't find her and the heavy wind pushed me all the way in front of your house.

I am sorry to hear that your witch slipped off, Alex said to Broom, and then Broom asked if it was okay to stay with him?

Alex said yes and the Broom was so excited.

Alex asked the broom if he wants to play ice hockey with him in the frozen lake next to our house and Broom said I will clear off the snow and make the ice smooth.

Alex was a goalie and he wore his goalie suit and Broom was a shooter and both played for a bit and went inside and played board games inside the house also.

Broom asked Alex if he wanted to come ride with him and it's not a rainy day and he won't slip off. Alex said yes and asked the broom where can we go?

Broom said wherever you want to go I will take you. Alex said can you fly me to see my friends?

Chapter 1

They flew higher, higher & higher to the moon & saw Neil Armstrong & his rocket. Neil Armstrong gave them a GPS device to see the map of the world.

And also before leaving Neil Armstrong said to become an astronaut.

Chapter 2

Alex asked the broom if he wanted to turn into a human and the broom said yes so from

the moon they went to Albert Einstein house with the help of the gps. They started to ask Albert if he could do that.

Albert said a happy yes.

He gave them the power to turn the broom into a human using physics, whenever he wants to.

Before leaving his house, Albert told them to be smart in life.

Chapter 3

For their next adventure they went to watch a basketball match and met Michael Jordan and got his autograph.

Michael gave them a basketball and told them to work hard.

While flying home, Alex said to the broom he is excited about the next adventure.

The End

The Flying Broom

By Mathuran, age 7



One day Mathuran needed to sweep his kitchen, so he went to the attic to get a broom. When he went to the attic, he spotted a dusty broom leaning on a wall. He looked away but when he looked back the broom was not there! Mathuran looked back to see the broom fly back to the other side of the room. He turned around, grabbed the broom and shouted “Gotcha!” Then the broom flew out the attic window with Mathuran still holding on!

Mathuran forgot all about sweeping his kitchen! Mathuran didn’t expect to ride a flying broom today. Then the broom flew into a well. The other side of the well looked kind of like the real world but not exactly.

The other side was magical. The broom flew into a hole. In the hole there was a maze of tunnels. The broom turned right then left then once the broom turned right two more times Mathuran saw a door.

The door opened all by itself! It was dark on the other side of the door. Then a light turned on and the room suddenly had light in it.

The room looked like a bedroom. The room had a bookshelf. The bookshelf opened by itself and the broom flew into the bookshelf. Inside the bookshelf there was a field of grass.

The broom flew into the field. That was when Mathuran noticed something: the broom was going in a big circle. First out the attic window, then into the well, then into the hole, then to the room, then into the field! That meant Mathuran was close to his house!

Mathuran wanted to go to his house. Then the broom flew away again. The broom flew into the only house on the field. Inside the house there was another bookshelf that also opened by itself.

Inside there was a city. The broom flew into the city. Mathuran knew the city was his city! The broom flew to the park then it went to the park's forest.

It came out through the other side of the forest. Mathuran couldn't believe it: the broom was taking him back to his house! The broom flew over a bush then around a turn. The broom flew through two trees then through a farm.

Soon Mathuran saw his house. The broom flew up Mathuran's driveway and into his attic window. Mathuran got off the broom and went downstairs. Mathuran forgot to sweep his kitchen!

The End

The Journey of the Magical Broom

By Aamima, age 8

One day, Sofia had a sleepover at her friend's house with three other friends. They did a lot of fun activities after dinner, but then they had to go to bed. The next morning, when they woke up, they found a magical broom next to their bed. Curiously, they went to touch it. As soon as they touched it, they all turned into witches.

Sofia said, "Oh no! We have to get back to normal!" Suddenly, the broom lifted itself into the air. Sofia climbed onto it, and her friends followed. The broom soared into the sky, carrying them over the trail into the woods behind their house. They held the broom tightly because they had never flown on a broom before. They all were scared but excited.

"Where are we going?" one of her friends asked. "I have no idea, but let's find out!" Sofia replied. The broom flew over a huge forest before landing on a track that led deep into the woods. Sofia's friends asked, "What are we doing here? "We need to find someone who can turn us back into humans," Sofia replied.

They walked deeper into the woods and found a witch. They asked, "Can you turn us back into humans?"

"I can try, but I have never made a spell to turn witches back into humans before," the witch replied. The witch tried her best, but instead, they all turned into frogs! "We are frogs! We have to keep searching for someone else who can help us" Sofia said.

They walked deeper into the woods and found a little house, and knocked on its door. A tall gentleman opened the door. "How can I help you?" he asked. "Can you turn us back

into humans?" they asked. "I can try. Eat this magical apple," he said.

Sofia and her friends each took a bite. Suddenly, they all became tiny. "We are all too small now!" one of Sofia's friends said.

They continued their journey in the woods until they found a giant castle with guards at the front and back.

"I think a princess lives in this castle," Sofia said.

"Since we are small, we can sneak past the guards," said one of her friends.

They went inside and found a huge staircase leading to the princess room.

Unfortunately, the princess couldn't see them because they were too small.

Then they discovered a giant loudspeaker in the queen's back room.

"We can use this to get her attention!" Sofia said.

They carried the loudspeaker into the room where the princess was and shouted together, "Princess, can you help us turn back to normal?"

The princess was shocked to see them but agreed to try. Sofia's friend explained their whole adventure. The princess used her magical powers and turned them back into humans successfully.

"What will you pay me?" the princess asked. Sofia remembered the beautiful crown she had found on the way to the castle. She gave it to the princess, who was delighted because it was her own special crown that she had lost earlier in the woods.

Sofia and her friends thanked the princess. Then they climbed onto the magical broom, which soared through the sky and carried them safely home. Sofia wrote everything about her crazy adventure in her journal."I wonder if I will have another adventure like this," she said.

The next morning, Sofia woke up and found polka dots all over her face!

"Do I have to go on another adventure again? Seriously!" she said.

The End

Lily and the Magic Broom

By Cyan, age 8

One sunny afternoon Lily was looking for her kite. She went to the attic because maybe it was there. The floor was creaky and there were lots of old boxes. Then she saw a shiny gold broom beside a mirror. It had tiny red leaves on the handle.

Lily picked it up and the leaves went flat. Suddenly the broom started flying!

“AHHH!” Lily screamed.

She held on tight and flew out the window. The houses looked like toys and the roads looked like ribbons. She saw some birds too. She wondered if birds ever get tired of flying.

Then she went through a rainbow and a cold grey cloud. After that she saw a garden floating in the sky.

There were giant sunflowers and cherries as big as apples growing on silver vines. Lily wanted to eat one but she thought it might taste like broccoli. There was also a waterfall falling into the clouds.

But the flowers looked sad and there wasn’t much water.

Lily walked around and found a huge pumpkin stuck in a fountain. She tried pushing it but it didn’t move. She pushed again and fell into the mud.

“YUCK! My shoes!”

Then she saw her broom. She put the handle under the pumpkin and pushed. It didn’t

work so she hit the pumpkin with the broom.

The pumpkin rolled away!

Water came rushing out and went down the stream. The flowers stood up again and butterflies and ladybugs came out. Lily tried to catch a butterfly but it flew away.

She got back on her broom. A sunflower and a pink rose bent towards her and a colourful seed fell into her pocket. She didn't know why.

The broom took her home and the rain had stopped. Lily didn't remember when it rained.

The next morning she planted the seed outside her window.

At lunchtime a little plant was growing. At bedtime it was already up to the roof!

And her missing kite was at the top!

Lily tried jumping to get it but she couldn't. She thought maybe if she gave the plant more water the kite would fall.

She watered it again but nothing happened.

Lily went to bed. Maybe tomorrow she could get her kite.

The End

The Magic Broom

By Grace, age 8

Grace was really tired. School was really hard, and Grace got a Z-.

When Grace got home, she went up to her creaky attic. For some strange reason, there was a dusty broom in the corner. Weird, this wasn't here before, Grace thought.

But Grace was a really curious girl, so she touched the dusty broom. The broom wiggled a bit and glowed. Grace was very interested, so she hopped on the broom. Suddenly the broom started to fly around the attic. For some weird reason the roof fell off, and the broom flew away from the house.

"AHH, WHAT IS GOING ON? Where is the broom taking me?" yelled Grace. The broom flew straight to a giant cloud. Then it stopped. "Broom, I am not stepping on that cloud. Clouds are made out of air," said Grace shivering.

But Grace wanted to see if this cloud was not made out of air, so she touched the cloud with one hand. The cloud was not made out of air. It felt like cotton candy. Grace put it under her nose and it smelled like cotton candy. Then Grace ate it. It even tasted like cotton candy.

Grace stepped on the cotton candy cloud and walked. Pretty soon, she came to a melted chocolate river. Lollipop flowers were near the river. Trees were also cotton candy, houses were made of gingerbread, the grass was bits of green candy, and the roads and cars were hard milk chocolate. The sun was a big peppermint candy, the paint on pictures was icing, and – oh boy! I better stop talking now. I just made you hungry.

So back to the story, Grace was by the melted chocolate river. I will call this Candy World, Grace thought. Grace ate some flowers, drank some melted chocolate from the

river, ate some candy grass, and slurped up all the icing pictures, and before she could eat the bubblegum gum balloons (I didn't mention that cause we were getting hungry), a giant gingerbread man came up to Grace and said:

"Hey! Don't eat up the whole world! Pretty soon, you're gonna eat up the sun! Hey! Why are you here? Why did you slurp up all my paintings? That's disgusting!"

"Well..." said Grace. "You never know when you're gonna get eaten." And with that, she gulped up the gingerbread man.

Then Grace walked back to the broom, hopped on, and the broom flew away to a castle on a cloud. Grace touched the cloud. It was as fluffy as fluff. Grace stepped on the fluffy cloud, ran to the castle's door, and knocked on it.

The door opened, and a queen that looked like... um... a sort of... um, beautiful person said: "Come in Grace."

"How did ya know my name?" Grace asked.

The queen just smiled and touched Grace on the shoulder. Grace closed her eyes, and when she opened them, she was lying on her bed.

"Oh yay! I can travel to different worlds using the broom!" Grace said.

And that's where our adventure comes to an end. Do you think the broom will work tomorrow? Do you think Grace will travel to different worlds? If so, what worlds will she travel to? Does she meet new characters? Does she solve the mystery of the queen? Write your ideas on a piece of paper. Have fun!

The End

The Love Broom

By Sofia, age 8



Once upon a time there was a broom! The broom was stuck in a closet for 1000 years! In little Nucea's room! Nucea's mom, Cora, did not let Nucea touch the broom. Nucea wished she could sore through the sky on the broom! But her mom said no! Nucea also wanted to know why she could not touch the broom. But her mom did not tell her. She always dreamed about it and felt sad. Her mom felt sorry for her but she could not tell her!

When she turned eleven she started to become best friends with the broom even though she could not touch it! Nucea knew she should listen to her mom and she knew it was for

her safety! When she first found the broom she was just 8 years old. When she turned 30 Nucea's mom knew it was time to tell Nucea the truth! Her mom now had to drive to Nucea's house because she moved! Her mom asked her to sit down then she began. "So Nucea, the reason why I am not letting you touch the broom is because if you touch it you will fly with the broom, well on the broom! Plus you don't know how to fly! I was just worried! But now that you're 30 you can touch it and fly. But... BE CAREFUL, okay?"

"Okay, Mom!" said Nucea.

When Nucea turned 31 she touched the BROOM! She flew in the sky just like she dreamed but better! She loved her broom and her mom loved her. When Nucea turned 32 she flew with her mom as well. "woohoo!" they both said.

One day she came across a forgotten island and was stuck there for 2 years! Then she happened to find her broom in the garden. She then made some magic touches and...poof! It worked and she flew home. She was happy to see her mom and her house again. Her mom asked where she had been and Nucea said "well it is a loooong story and I will tell you over dinner okay?"

At dinner Nucea said, "Well, I was riding on the broom! Then I came across a forgotten island and I lost my broom and then I found it in a garden and flew back here!"

"Okay" said Nucea's mom "let's continue our dinner okay?" Then they finished their dinner and showered too, then went to sleep. The next morning they woke up in their own houses and Nucea's BROOM WAS GONE! She quickly drove to her mom's house and told her what happened. Then they drove back to Nucea's house and looked at the security cameras. They found the thief. It was...Nucea's friend Carlos! After finding that out they drove to Carlos's house and he had to explain everything.

Carlos said "well the reason why I took your broom is because..well... umm, I was jealous that you could fly okay?"

Nucea said "but next time just ask to ride my broom. I would have said yes! But now that you already rode it you can't do it again."

"Aw okay Nucea, I'm sorry," said Carlos.

“Mystery solved!” said Nucea.

The End

Tiffany's Friendship Problem

By Candice, age 9

When the girl named Tiffany Woods graduated from her formal school, she made it to high school. Her formal teacher recommended the popular, high quality and five star rating school called Silver Owl Academy. Tiffany went to the dusty attic to get a backpack to put all the things she needed. However, she decided to sweep up the dusty place. The broom was in the creaky corner. Tiffany held up the wooden broom. It felt smooth, and it smelled like hazel wood. It looked like an ancient broom that hadn't been picked up in centuries. Just as she was thinking, with a sparkle and a pop the broom started sweeping by itself.

She packed everything on the principal's list, surprised. She went back up the stairs. "Do you need a car?" her mom asked.

"No, I-I think I'm fine." Tiffany replied, unsure. She sat on her broom nervously and she flew to school.

She expected to have learned every subject in her formal school, but what she never learned in her formal school is magic. There were a lot of classrooms in the magic section. After a lot of magic in class it was time for Tiffany's favorite subject, gym. *How can the gym be part of the magic section?* she wondered. She was swooping in the field and sunshine poured on her uniform after she realized it was broom riding class.

She met a friend who was called Aurora Frost. A girl with beautiful, brown silky hair and beautiful dark brown eyes. Aurora was smart and elegant which made Tiffany feel less special and confident. Tiffany started to fall behind because she was too focused on her friend, Aurora. While Tiffany was passing by, Tiffany overheard that the teacher was

praising Aurora. “Wow, you're so good at science, Aurora! You really nailed that question. Shhh! Just to let you know, you're one of my top students.”

Tiffany was going to explode. “Oh! My! Gosh! How are WE even friends!?” Tiffany jealously thought. Then Aurora walked by.

“Hi! How are you doing?” Aurora said.

“I’m doing fine. What do you want?” Tiffany snapped.

“I was just asking how your day was going. Are you in a bad mood because you failed your science quiz?” Aurora asked.

“I’m fine! Can you STOP putting YOUR snout in MY business!?” Tiffany snarled.

“OK! OK! Jeez!” Aurora yelled back.

Tiffany couldn’t sleep. It was a full moon that night, and she went to the woods to get some comfort from the moonlight. She heard a little whisper from a wolf called Blizzard Claw. He whispered “Hey, why the sad face?”

“My friend called Aurora Frost always looks prettier and is smarter than me.” Tiffany whispered back, sad.

“Have you expressed your feelings?” Blizzard asked. Tiffany shook her head. “You should do that.” Blizzard said. “Oh, by the way, I have to go to the Midnight Howl!” Blizzard howled.

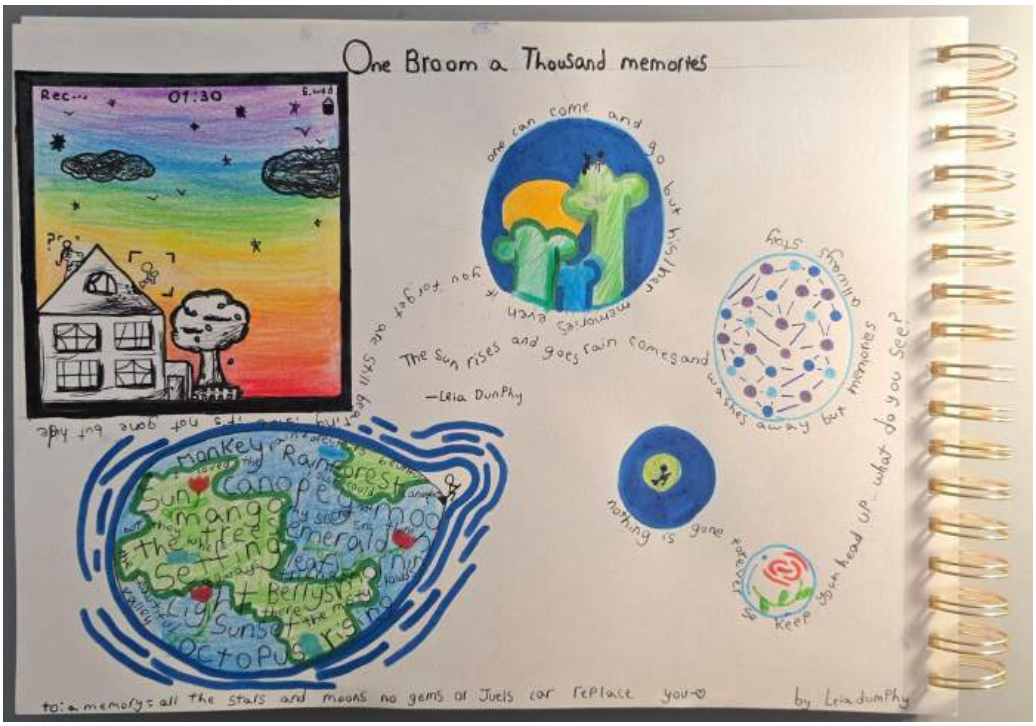
The next day, Tiffany told Aurora what she felt and apologized. “I didn't know you felt that way,” Aurora said.

“It’s okay,” Tiffany said. That day on, they did everything together and in doubt they always expressed their feelings.

The End

One Broom, A Thousand Memories

By Leia, age 9



It's always misty in Deer Lake. There's not much time with clear weather. What time is it? Oh, breakfast!

I walked down the creaky stairs to the kitchen, and there they were, sitting calmly as if nothing had happened.

“Morning,” I said.

“Oh, Rachel, sorry, honey. I forgot to wake you up,” said my mom.

“Or you just had to wake Jamie and Charlotte up and not me. Maybe you forgot,” I said.

“Just eat your pancakes, dummy,” interrupted Jamie.

“Where are my pancakes, Mom?”

“Um... you see, I forgot to make yours.”

“I was expecting that.”

I ate some leftover bread. My family doesn't hate me. They just forget me sometimes. Every time. But I'm used to it.

Jamie is my older brother. All he does is eat, sleep, and play video games. He practically hibernates 24/6. My younger sister Charlotte is the teddy bear of our family. She loves pageants and wearing Mom's old dresses.

It was Sunday, so there was no school. I randomly wanted to go for a walk.

“I'm going to go for a walk!” I called from the doorstep.

No answer. As expected. Another foggy day.

I put on my jacket, packed my bag, and started walking. Suddenly, I realized I was surrounded by trees. A second ago, I had been on my doorstep, and now I was in a completely new forest.

It started raining, so I rushed towards a cave beside a big oak tree. Inside, I discovered a little door just my size. I hesitated, but then went through it.

Inside was a little shop full of wonders. There were dolls, books, hats, and all kinds of junk toys, but they seemed precious.

Suddenly, an octopus wearing shiny glasses jumped out and offered me tea. I was so cold and wet that I drank it in one gulp.

“Do you want something?” he asked.

“No,” I replied.

Then I remembered the dusty brown broom I had seen.

“Actually, yes. I want a broom.”

As soon as I said the word, the broom appeared in front of us. It was beautiful, with little writing on it.

“As you wish,” said the octopus.

The next thing I knew, I was back on my doorstep, completely dry. It seemed like a daydream.

I went upstairs to my room and spotted something on my bed. It was the same broom!

I thought it might be one of those fairy-tale brooms that could fly. I jumped on it and hit my head on the floor.

That night, I decided to try again, but in a riskier way. I went onto the rooftop in my pajamas, grabbed my broom, and jumped off the chimney.

And I flew! Up, up, up towards the sky, until I reached a beautiful rainforest full of canopies. The sun was brighter than anything I had ever seen in Deer Lake.

I met little creatures, including lizards, and decided to return the next night.

The next morning, I discovered it was Thanksgiving. My family had gone to Grandma's house without me. Again, they had forgotten me. But I didn't mind. I had more important things to do.

I packed a picnic and some books and flew back to the rainforest. There, I met a cute little monkey. We climbed to the treetop, enjoyed the marvelous view, and shared a

banana.

The next morning, I returned. The rainforest was even more beautiful in the sunlight. I met my little monkey friend again, but suddenly heard a distant rumbling. Trees began falling down!

My monkey friend explained that a monster had been destroying the rainforest and its wildlife.

I found the monster asleep and poked him with my broom. He woke up and chased me! I quickly made a plan. I would let him grab my broom, fly high into the sky, and then let him go.

It worked! The monster grabbed the back of my broom, and I soared higher and higher until I reached the moon. I let him go there, not wanting to find out what kind of creature he was.

Then I flew back down through the clouds to the rainforest. My broom felt weak, and the sun was setting, so I decided to go home.

My family still wasn't there. They would probably return in a week. I had money for groceries, so everything was okay.

But the next morning, my broom wouldn't work. It never worked again.

I felt bittersweet. I was happy that I had helped the wildlife and made wonderful memories, but sad that I couldn't visit my little monkey friend anymore.

I guess I'll have to keep it as a memory.

But I was happy.

The End

From Wood to Metal

By Mitchell, age 9

As I clutched the poster, the fire cackling outside the window, I felt nauseous. What is going on?

I always had my coincidences. Last year, my class and I had a field trip to Greece, and for some reason, I didn't want to go. So the night before the trip, I wished that the trip was canceled. And to my surprise, some of the tour destinations we were going to go to burned down the next morning.

So this morning, I was doing my chores, cleaning the attic, when I came upon a dusty wooden broom. Blotches of it were grey and rusted, as if it had been made into metal. It was so caked with dust that, in fact, it blended in with the boring grey wall. The only reason I found it was because, for some reason, it glowed in the dark. Then, the peculiar broom started humming. Unexpectedly, a slithering wood root extended out of the broom, wrapped around my ankles, and flipped me over. The broom floated up and then forced me onto it. After that, a loud crash stated that I had exited the house.

I was confused and terrified. Tens of miles off the ground, trying to control the wicked, wood, wild beast, I didn't know what to do. It just stopped there, in the clouds, as if it wanted me to control it. I took a deep breath. I can do this. I slowly tilted the broom down, careful not to fall, then leaned forward. I chuckled. I was moving as slow as a sloth. Suddenly, I felt dizzy. I clutched my head, enduring the pain. After that, it was just black.

I woke up with gleaming sunrays shining in my eyes. I looked at the clock next to my bed. 3:00 already! I've been asleep for 4 hours! I dashed up the stairs to my attic. "What are you doing?" my mom asked. "And where have you been!?" she added with frustration. I ignored her. The same green glow in the corner of the attic. I picked it up.

“Fingerprint detected. User: Xavier Applebaum,” said a plain, cold voice. I jumped back. This is different. “What would you like to transform me into, Xavier?” it asked.

I was just about to decide whether or not I should choose a rocket ship or a hoverboard when something got in my eye.

I rubbed my eyes. In the fraction of a second that my eyes were closed, I heard the rustling sound of wood crackling, and metal clanging. I flew upwards into the cockpit, like a magnet pulling me as if I were metal. “Where to, Captain?” the broom-rocket asked in a droning voice as a robotic arm pulled a spacesuit over me.

“The Moon,” I responded shakily, not knowing what I was saying.

I must’ve passed out because later, when I looked out the window, all I saw was black. I was stranded in space, clutching the broom. My breathing got heavier. I was running out of oxygen. “Transform! Transform, Into a time machine!” I said, panicking.

I didn’t even say what time I wanted to go to, but I was just safe to say that I was home. Same bedroom, same kitchen, but everything was bare. No furniture, no lights, and to top it off, the walls were peeled. But out of the corner of my eye, out of surprise, I saw a crumpled poster. I bent over carefully and picked it up. It read: MISSING: XAVIER APPLEBAUM. REWARD: $50,000 DOLLARS. I couldn’t believe my eyes. I felt nauseous. Where am I? Or more importantly, when am I? I heard crackling. I looked outside. Horror filled my eyes. Everything was burnt down. “Destination arrived. Year: 5000.”

The End

The Confusing Broom

By Victoria, age 9

We've been there at the broom shop for more than an hour. So many kids and their parents have gone in and out, over and over again. Everybody came out with a golden carved broomstick. The brushes are all pointy and shiny. So much nicer than me. The only person left in the shop was Cauldron.

"Thank you, I love it," I heard from inside.

"Could she be replacing me?" I wondered.

When Cauldron walked out, I didn't spot a package, but it was a quiet ride home. I felt like she was ignoring me. Could this be the end of our relationship? I was so frightened that I didn't speak for the whole night.

The next day, I woke up and she left me! Cauldron had never ever left me in my room. That's when I realized I was right! From now on I will ignore her, I thought.

Later, she came into her room. "C'mon let's go for a ride"

"No way! Not happening!" I sat in the corner all grumpy!

"I thought that you loved going on the ride with me!" Cauldron said.

"When did I ever say that!"

"Just one ride. I just want to go outside!" Cauldron pleaded. "What is going on with you?"

“If you don’t even remember, why would I want to go with you!” I turned my back to her and pretended to sleep.

I heard her foot stomp.

Now she knows how I feel.

The next morning, we went to hunt for mushrooms for her mother’s soup.

“Can you see any mushrooms? If you can see then, can you stop and pick them up,” Cauldron asked.

I knew there were beautiful mushrooms down there, but I was still angry, so I just kept flying.

A few minutes later she noticed some. “Frederick! Can you stop flying so I can put the mushroom in the basket!”

“That’s not happening!” I replied.

On the way home, I couldn’t stop thinking about what she said. The more I thought about it, the more upset I became. “How could she do this to me!” I kept repeating to myself.

When we finally got home, I raced straight into my room. I slammed the door so hard that the whole house started to shake. Cauldron came right upstairs to check on me. “Are you alright?”

“Just leave me alone!” I yelled.

“Then why did you slam the door so hard? You’re upset all the time now,” Cauldron said. I stayed silent.

“Well, if you don’t tell me, how can I help you solve the problem?” Cauldron walked over and sat down right next to me.

“Why are you trying to replace me?” Tears dripped down my face.

“What?” Cauldron replied.

“The broom! That you bought the other day!” I screamed.

“It’s for Susan’s birthday!” Cauldron smiled.

“Oh.” I was so embarrassed.

The next day, we went to the party.

“Hello. My name is Frederick,” I said to Susan’s new broom.

“I’m Ben.”

After that moment, we met every week and became best friends, just like Cauldron and Susan.

The End

The Broom's Mystery

By Aarav, age 10

Once there was a wizard unlike Harry Potter or any other wizard you know or have read about. He was Ariostis. He was a very good manipulator.

Now, I know you have a thousand questions lurking in that mind of yours, and I will answer every one of them.

Ariostis had his birthday the next day - his 211th birthday. He was far too old, but I bet he did not have a wrinkle on his face—and he was very happy. He had turned off the lights at exactly 8 p.m. and tucked himself into bed. He snored and drooled after a while. It was clear that he was asleep.

The next day, he woke up, snatched his robe, and went to the dusty corridor, moisture still on the window.
CREAK...
CREAK...
CREAK...

The sound stopped when he stopped at the end of the corridor. He quietly opened the armoire and took out an old, rusty broom. It looked old, but it was as attractive as him.

"After 20 years, you still look supercalifragilisticexpialidocious!" exclaimed Ariostis.
He smiled and hugged the broom with pride. After a moment, he rushed to the kitchen, took some money, and ran to the door.

He opened it, taking in as much air as he could and releasing it after a moment. He struck a strange stance. It was funny. Then, all of a sudden, the broom flew from his hand and came under his legs.

He whistled and flew.
HIGH...
HIGH...
AND HIGHER...
But as he tried to loosen his grip, he fell...
DOWN...
DOWN...
DOWN...
He fell hard onto a stone, and something rushed through his spinal cord to his medulla oblongata.
It was a message.
Master, I plead with you not to lose your life.
It had to be the broom.
The master smiled. Blood trickled down his head.
“I love you. Protect my ancestors.”
And down he went. He took his last breath, and his grip loosened.

A boy named Marco rushed through his dusty corridor.
Kaleb—his brother—followed him.
They were playing hide-and-seek.
Marco tripped on something and took a sudden turn. He saw a door, rushed inside, and locked it.
It was the dusty attic of his house.
There was a case inside.
He opened it and saw a dusty broom. The broom moved on its own and pushed him. He fell backwards.
The broom came closer, and Marco gripped the handle.
The broom jumped, and he flew up and landed on it.
The broom rushed to the window and shook the lock.
It opened, and they both flew.
Marco screamed with excitement and was happy - very happy.

He crossed a mountain and returned home.
He loved the day.
It was good.
Then something happened.

A message appeared in his mind:
I shall protect you.

The End

The Flying Broomstick

By Alexander, age 10

One rainy Saturday afternoon, I was helping my parents clean out the garage. It was crowded with old boxes, dusty tools, and things nobody had touched for years. While moving a stack of boxes, I noticed something leaning against the back wall. It was an old broom. At first, it looked completely ordinary. The wooden handle was scratched, and some of the bristles were bent. But there was a faded red string wrapped around the handle. As I stared at it, I could have sworn the string moved slightly. I shook my head. It was probably just the wind.

The garage door was open, and a cold breeze drifted inside. For some reason, I couldn't stop looking at the broom. It felt different from everything else in the garage, almost like it didn't belong there. Curious, I walked over and picked it up. The handle felt strangely warm. Not hot, just warmer than it should have been. I almost dropped it.

"That's weird," I muttered to myself.

As I examined it, I heard a faint whoosh sound. It was quick, like something cutting through the air. I looked around the garage, but there was nothing there. A few seconds later, the broom twitched in my hands. I froze.

Before I could react, the broom jerked upward and pulled me off the ground. I grabbed the handle tightly as it shot out of the garage and into the sky. I couldn't believe it. The houses became smaller below me. Trees looked like tiny green dots. The wind rushed past my face as the broom soared over my neighbourhood.

At first, it was amazing. Then I heard a loud crack. My heart skipped a beat. I looked down and saw a split forming in the wooden handle. The broom suddenly dipped, causing me to slide forward. Now I wasn't thinking about how cool flying was. I was

thinking about how far I could fall. The crack spread a little farther. Panic rushed through me. I tightened my grip and desperately tried to keep my balance. The red string around the handle began to glow faintly.

I remembered the strange movement I had seen earlier and the warm feeling when I first picked up the broom. It was almost as if the broom had been warning me that something unusual was going to happen.

Taking a deep breath, I held on as tightly as I could. Slowly, the glowing string wrapped itself tighter around the crack. The split stopped growing. A few moments later, the broom steadied and began flying smoothly again. Relieved, I guided it back toward home. When I landed in the garage, my legs felt shaky. I placed the broom against the wall and stared at it. It looked ordinary once again. But now I knew better.

The End

Magical Broom

By Angelina, age 10

Once upon a time two twin witches were born, one girl and one boy. Their names were Monica and Nick, and they were very powerful. Nick could cast spells, but Monica always made a mess when she tried. She was sad that she couldn't cast spells like Nick, but her family kept cheering her up.

One day when Monica was cleaning up the attic she found a broom. Monica took the broom outside to her backyard. "I wonder if I could ride on this broom?" she thought. Monica put her legs over the broom and all of a sudden she flew up in the air.

"This is so fun!" shouted Monica. "Mom! Nick! Look at me! I'm flying!"
"So cool!" said Nick.
"Well done Monica," said Monica's mother.
Monica flew off on the broom. She was happy that she found the broom.

The next day, when Monica woke up, she took the broom and told her mom that she wanted to go to a broom training lesson. Her mom said "Sure, call your brother and eat breakfast."

Monica went up the stairs to wake Nick up for breakfast. By the time they got down for breakfast, the breakfast was ready. They ate breakfast together at the table. After they ate breakfast, Monica and Nick headed off to the bus to Magic School. When they got out of the house, the bus just left.

"Hurry Nick, the bus is leaving!" shouted Monica. "Run as fast as you can!"

"Can't you see I'm carrying all your things?!" Nick shouted back.

“Opps...” whispered Monica. Then she got an idea. She pulled out her broom and shouted at Nick, “Get on my broom as fast as possible!”

They jumped on, and Monica went max speed to chase the bus. In just a few moments, they finally caught on. The driver stopped the bus and let them on.

After class they went back home and Mom went out to buy food. Monica and Nick were home alone. Then suddenly Monica’s broom started sweeping the floor and rooms over and over. Monica and Nick thought it was so cool! They wondered if they could teach the broom things. First they taught the broom how to play the piano. Then Nick taught the broom how to cast spells. A few hours later, Monica and Nick were hungry. When they opened the fridge it had barely anything except rancid milk and eggs. Then they checked the drawer to see if there were snacks, but there were only stale cookies and a rat.
“I’m so hungry.” moaned Monica.

“Me too!” shouted Nick. The telephone rang,

“I’ll not be back until 9pm!” The kids were shocked after hearing what mom said.

Hours passed, Monica and Nick were starving and bored. They were so bored that they even started talking to the black cat (which Nick didn’t really like).

The telephone rang again, “I’m not coming home tonight and I ordered some McDonald's for you guys. Bye!”

Before Monica could speak Mom ended the call. A few minutes later, food arrived. They were so hungry that they snatched them when they got it. They gobbled up the food in 5 minutes. When they were eating the broom was playing the piano. It was late at night, They were sleepy so they went up the stairs and went to bed. The broom kept sweeping all night long.

The End

Around the World

By Charley, age 10

Crrreeeaaak, crrreeeaaak... went the attic stairs as I slowly went up.

I didn't want to be here, but dad had said that I had to get his tools, since we were building the new shed in the backyard.

When I got to the attic, I blew away some dust and sighed. This was going to take forever, since there were probably a hundred boxes in there. So I started my search. After a long time of searching, I found a box labeled TOOLS. I happily started to take it, but then I saw an enormous heap of boxes also labeled TOOLS.

A thought whooshed through my head. I only need the big green shovel, the purple pliers, and the black screwdriver, dad had said. I moaned in frustration.

Then something caught my eye. A broom! I thought. I loved witches, magic, cats, and brooms. I once got a pink broom that made magical sounds every time I pressed a button for my birthday, and I played with it every day. I had lost it, but this one seemed to be in good condition!

I put down the toolbox and took the dusty broom for a whirl. Suddenly, as I was running around, I lifted off! Like, really lifted off! My feet were touching the ground, and suddenly they weren't!

I screamed in surprise and delight as I flew around. Then I realized that I was heading straight for the glass window! It was the window that had always stood out to me. It seemed to have a special gleam on it, and was very, well, mysterious. On top of that, I could never see through it. As I hurtled towards it, I braced myself and screamed.

When I crashed through, I didn't feel anything. All I saw were glimmering lights and a flash of purple, green, orange, and... gold. Before I could do anything, though, I landed plop! on soft ground. I blinked and pinched myself. I was seeing... a winter wonderland! This couldn't be happening! I was supposed to be in Florida, USA, during a particularly hot and sunny day!

I got up and looked around, hoping to find some kind of portal that would maybe bring me home. As I was looking, I noticed a sign reading: Welcome to Antarctica!
My eyes grew wide. There was also a fake penguin beside it, and I touched it. Then it twitched, and my eyes grew wider. It squawked, and I screamed!

Then there I went again, whooshing through the portal on my broom.
This time, I landed on a hard concrete floor. Lots of people were walking past me, and I could tell I was in a busy city. I then looked up and saw the Statue of Liberty! I was back in my home country– in New York! Before I could do anything, though, I went through the portal again and landed in China, on the Great Wall of China! I got up and saw an amazing view!

Finally, I went home. I loved going to places around the world, but I couldn't express my relief to be back at home. Besides, I had a feeling that I would go around the world again, someday!

The End

The Mysterious Dimension

By Claire, age 10

One Halloween day a little boy called Issac woke up in front of a creepy looking house. Looking at the building, he suddenly heard a noise: “Hello, little boy. Come in.”

Then he said in a confused voice, ‘’uhm where did my house go?”

Issac was creeped out by the old lady he saw standing on the patio. But he still went inside and some arrows led him to the attic.

Isaac saw a broom. He reached out, grabbed it, and started to float on the broom and there was a cat beside him. The cat could talk. It said that Issac needed to go home before day or he would be stuck in this dimension, forever gone...

Moments later, there was a magic note in the sky which Issac saw and grabbed it in curiosity. The note said a bunch of things he needed to get to make a portal. The things he needed to get were: evil unicorn tears, a goblins hat, and lastly a rainbow apple with sparks of golden stars. But one was crossed out.

Issac first landed in the evil enchanted forest. The cat said, ”We have to hit the head of the evil unicorn to make it cry.” Issac tried to get a stick. At the first try they failed and almost got trapped in the cage for trespassers. After the second try the cat distracted the unicorn then as Issac hit its head. The EVIL UNICORN cried and they got the tears! In seconds they ran to the broom as fast as a tiger and got on. After Issac started to panic because he saw something red behind them! The cat wondered why he was panicking. So the cat looked behind him. In seconds he screamed, “RED MONSTER!” They had flown away by the time it was 7pm. WOOSH!

Next stop: goblin’s secret lair. They went through, and luckily the goblins weren't home. Last stop till the crossed out one shows!

All they had to do was to make the rainbow apple in the rainbow kitchen. So they helped each other and started making the rainbow apple. First they had to get an apple then they had to wash it. But for the rainbow sparkles they had to go to the rainbow castle secretly so the guards wouldn't catch the duo. After that they had to go to the rainbow hall to get it. They were looking around first in case of danger because there might be goblins.

They soon arrived. Issac first looked around the rocks for any danger again. First, the guards did not see them so they went to rainbow hall. They got the sparkles but the guards saw them, so they both started running away. They got on the broom and the secret crossed out paper showed. It said that the broom would help Issac leave this dimension. But time was ticking!

“It's 8:49,” said Isaac looking at his watch. So Issac and the magical cat went to The Portal Issac should go to leave. Woosh, the broom moved. The wind blew the carpet and they found the key.“YAY!” Issac yelled. He went through the portal in a blink of an eye. Moments later Isaac got home and Halloween was over.

The End

Isabella's Dream

By Ella, age 10

Isabella had long, beautiful brown hair, and she loved reading. One rainy afternoon, Isabella was reading in her bedroom. "Isabella!" her mother called. "Please go to the attic and get the old sewing machine."

Isabella climbed up to the attic. "Creak, creak, creak!" She found the old sewing machine and beside it lay an old broom with faded golden bristles. Isabella picked up the broom and carried it into her room.

The next morning, Isabella brushed her teeth, changed her clothes, and hurried downstairs for breakfast. As usual, Isabella sat alone and ate alone. She did almost everything by herself. Although loneliness followed her like a shadow, she had grown used to being on her own. But sometimes she wished she had friends.

After school, Isabella returned to her bedroom and picked up the mysterious broom. She placed it between her legs and leaned forward to reach for a book. Suddenly, the broom shot forward like a rocket.

"WHOOOOSH!"

Clinging tightly to the broomstick, Isabella zoomed down the stairs and out the front door. Suddenly, a flash of golden light surrounded her, and the broom vanished,leaving a wooden stick in her hands. She waved it, and suddenly she was transported to a school called Pasmoins.

"That's a weird name," Isabella said.

An old lady hurried toward her and said, "Dear, you were supposed to be inside for the

ceremony!”

Isabella had no idea what ceremony the old lady was talking about, but she followed her into a great hall. Five tables stood in rows, and people were lining up. Isabella had no idea what was happening. An old man began talking about the different kinds of people at the school: werewolves, vampires, wizards, and witches.

A girl standing beside Isabella whispered, “That’s Monsieur Flamal, our principal. The woman is Madame Beauté. She teaches spells and potions. I’m Emma, by the way.”
“I’m Isabella.”

Madame Beauté came over and said, “Follow me. I’ll show you to your rooms.”
Emma turned to Isabella and asked softly, “Isabella, would you like to be roommates?”
Feeling nervous, Isabella paused before saying yes to Emma because she didn’t know anybody else at the school.

Their room was divided into two very different sides. Isabella’s side was filled with nature decorations, animals, and books. Emma’s side looked as if a rainbow had exploded everywhere.

The next morning, Isabella woke up and rushed to the Great Hall for breakfast before heading to spells and potions. Madame Beauté was waiting for everyone. She asked, “Do you know where the rest of the students are?”

“No, I don’t,” Isabella replied.

“Well, you can all pick your seats. We’re doing potions today.”

Five minutes later, the rest of the students arrived, and Madame Beauté began the lesson. “Today, you are going to learn how to brew the Elixir of Life. Turn to page fifteen of *Potions for Beginners*. This potion can be extremely dangerous, so anyone who fails to follow the instructions will be expelled!”

Isabella and Emma carefully followed the instructions. When they finished, they handed in their potion.

At lunchtime, Isabella ran outside and jumped onto her broomstick. Emma was just about to sit behind her when—

“Ring! Ring! Ring!”

Isabella opened her eyes and found herself back in her bedroom, and her alarm clock was ringing beside her bed.

“That was the craziest dream ever!” she said.

Sitting up in bed, Isabella felt sad that Emma was gone. She wished she could see her again.

From that day on, Isabella wrote every dream in her notebook, hoping to return to Pasmoins. She never had a dream like that again, but she never forgot the magical school, her flying broom, or her new friend, Emma.

The End

The Little Witch: Part One

By Emilia, age 10



Hi! I'm Milly, ten years old, and I live in a little old cabin in the prairie with my strict grandmother. My mother had once lived here, too, but she died six years ago. We're quite poor and every day my grandmother hops in a horse-pulled carriage and rides all the way to town to work and she doesn't come home 'till 6:00pm.

While she is gone, I'm expected to cook, do house chores and entertain myself. I don't go to school and can't associate with other people, but a stray black cat decided to make a home on my front doorstep, and I named him Twilight. Grandmother let me keep him as long as he never sets foot in the house. He doesn't. And the two of us became best friends. My only other friends are the chickens, the cows, the sheep and the horse that pulled the carriage (though I don't see her as much).

One morning, I awoke to hear Grandmother yelling at the horse to hurry up and take her to town. I knew why the horse wouldn't go—she probably hadn't had breakfast yet. I

looked at my only clothes: a white dress, a grey dress, a black dress and a pair of brown leather boots. I put on the black dress and my boots, then tried my best to finger-comb my hair. It was difficult without a mirror. On my windowsill, I keep a toothbrush and toothpaste. I quickly brushed my teeth, spitting out the window. I picked up a necklace that was sitting beside my toothbrush. Mother had given it to me and I've worn it ever since. It was gold with a real tiger's eye crystal at the end. Tiger's eye resembled bravery.

I rushed downstairs to find a hard boiled egg, a slice of bread and a glass of milk on the table. I ate the egg and drank half the milk. I ran outside and ripped a handful of leaves from the garden. I fed them to the horse. Finally, she started running. Then, the horse and grandmother were off to town.

I ripped my bread down the middle. One half for me, one for Twilight. When we were done, I let him lap up the rest of my milk. I fed the chickens, the sheep and our cow their breakfast, too. Grandmother left food for them, but not Twilight. He was my responsibility. I didn't tell her I let him eat off my plate. I finished my chores and found myself bored, walking circles in my room.

Suddenly, I noticed something... a trapdoor in the ceiling of my room. I stepped on my bed and opened it. There seemed to be some kind of attic. It was old and dusty. Spiderwebs were everywhere, and I could barely see the broomstick in the corner.

That's it. A broom. I picked it up and took it outside to show Twilight. He sniffed it and meowed softly. Suddenly, the broom began to tremble. I watched as it levitated right out of my hands. Twilight tried to scratch it, but it was already out of reach. It lifted higher and higher. A small paper fluttered down from it. It said: "Dear Milly, if you've found the attic and the broom you're ready to become a witch. The broom only flies outside, and you can take Twilight with you. Fly around, have some fun. But remember one important rule: your grandmother can't know.
Love, Mom."

The paper faded in my hands. Mom had written to me? "Well, Twilight," I said, "Let's fly."

The End

The Farmer and the Broom

By Freyja, age 10

It was a scorching hot summer in Arizona. None of farmer Bob's crops were growing and because of this he was broke. No crops meant no money. Each day there seemed to be less and less and less food.

Then one day while feeding the chickens in the barn he discovered an old broom he had never seen before lying in the corner. He picked it up and began sweeping up hay on the ground when suddenly the broom started to glow and shake. Then in the blink of an eye the broom swooped up and out of the barn bringing farmer Bob with it. The broom moved so fast that farmer Bob passed out and when he woke up he didn't know where he was. None of the plants looked familiar and there were no people or buildings either.

Suddenly there was an extremely loud noise in the distance and the ground began to shake. He got up and saw a stampede of dinosaurs running towards him. He screamed and ran away. Forward backward and zigzag, finally he lost them. He took a second to catch his breath and tried to understand what had just happened.

Then he remembered what comes after a stampede of dinosaurs: a T-REX. He turned around and it was coming right towards him. He could feel its hot breath and its dripping saliva on his back. It was terrible! While he was running away he tripped and fell into a bush. The T-Rex zoomed past him. He was so relieved. Then he remembered the broom. The thing that had brought him there in the first place. He realized it was the only way back home.

He looked around knowing that the broom was probably where he had landed at the beginning of the mess. He tried to remember what turns he made but it was hopeless.

He was going to be stuck in the prehistoric era FOREVER!

Just as he was about to give up something hit him in the head. It was the broom! He was so happy! He grabbed onto the broom joyfully. It started to glow and shake and once again flew away at the speed of light.

When the farmer woke up he was in the middle of the crops holding the broom. But something was off. Instead of dry brown crops far as the eye could see there were rows of green that stretched on forever. He was overjoyed. Some kind of miracle must have happened while he was gone. He started picking his crops.

Two weeks later he reopened his stand at the farmers market. By the end of summer he finally had money again, and he only had the broom to thank.

The End

The Broom Stick

By Jonathan, age 10

I was just relaxing on my couch reading my new book, Charlotte's Web, when my dad suddenly yelled “Yo! Find something to do!”

So I decided to go to the attic and find what things were hidden in there. When I reached its entrance, all I saw was plain darkness and some gigantic webs. I decided to grab the vacuum cleaner. I grabbed a short end and started running toward the attic to clear the space. Once I got to the lightswitch, I had just realized how long the attic was. Because inside there were dozens of meters of cobwebs. I called it a day.

The next morning I asked my mom if she had a suit that could cover the whole body and luckily she said yes.

After 30 minutes of trying to put on the suit I got inside it. I ran straight to the attic and started charging into the cobwebs and started searching inside. I was hoping to find some ancient Chinese sculpture that somebody put away but I found nothing.

But there was this strange thing like a broom that always has leaves falling from literally nothing. So I decided to take it back downstairs and show it to my mom. But she said nothing and smirked, “Go play with your toys.”

I knew something was wrong so I went outside and tried some things. Including some weird things like throwing the broom in the air, but it broke.

After I fixed it with hot glue and a whole batch of tape I tried some other things. But one trial made the whole thing different. I held it above my head and it started moving. It started to hover into the air and went wherever my body wanted it to go.

After 10 mins of complex flying I landed.

After that I went back out and started flying again but this time I tried to sit on it instead of hanging on. So as I flew past downtown I wanted to go eat something. But of course I knew that was a no, so I decided to keep going.

Later I found something that surprised me. It was a gem. A real gem. Probably a ruby because it was reddish-pink, so I decided to go back.

But before I went back I saw a shop that was called “Kyle’s Gem Store”, so I decided to try it out. As soon as I went in I showed the gem to the owner and he actually told me the price of the gem was 3 million dollars so I sold it to him and received my 3 million dollars and flew back home.

Once I arrived my mom started yelling at me for not finishing my english homework. But when she was speaking I just showed her the briefcase and she said no homework for a week. So I happily sat down on the couch and finished reading Charlotte's Web.

The End

Emma's Broom

By Muna, age 10



Emma walked up to her grandmother and sat on her lap. Emma asked her grandmother, "What was your favourite thing you did when you were a girl?"

Her grandmother told Emma that her favourite thing had been riding on a magic broom. "It could take you anywhere you like. All you had to do is snap your fingers and it would appear."

Emma was intrigued but her grandmother wouldn't tell her any more. Her grandmother said, "It's no use trying to find it after so many years. My daddy burned it because he didn't think it was a good idea for little girls to be riding around on brooms."

Emma's grandmother walked her to bed and kissed her goodnight. In the early morning,

Emma walked downstairs to her grandmother's room. She asked her grandmother, "I have just one last question. Where did you find the broom?" Her grandmother replied in a sleepy voice: "Oh the first time I saw it, it was right up in the attic."

"Oh goody!" cried Emma. Emma ran over to the closet. She got the step stool and carried it over to the living room. There she propped it open and climbed up. She pushed open the attic door on the ceiling. And she climbed up carefully. She looked around and stopped in wide-eyed amazement. She saw a big thick, dusty old broom. She walked over to it and gripped the handle tightly. Then she snapped her fingers. She wanted to fly away with the broom.

Quite suddenly, the broom jumped up in the air and levitated for a while. Then slowly, it glided toward her. She got on and immediately the broom flew off, crashing through the window. Windowpane pieces came flying everywhere. Emma was scared but mysteriously, the shards were not cutting her, not even scratching her. It was as if they were avoiding her.

The broom flew off. Emma's hair was flying behind her as she sped through the air. The broom did loop-de-loops. Emma was having the best time she had ever had. She flew past the hospital and her school. She flew past the restaurant that Grandma didn't like because she said the chicken they served was raw. They flew faster and faster. They passed Central Park. They passed the community centre. Then they saw her friends Kyle and Lily. She waved to Kyle and Lily but it seemed they didn't notice her. She tilted down and the broom went slow and steadily toward the ground. She yelled, "Kyle, Lily! I'm up here!" Finally, her friends saw her.

They yelled up at her, "How are you up there? How are you flying on a broom?!"

Emma came down with a thud on the grass. She told the broom to go back to the attic and it sped back as quick as it could. Her friends said, "We were just about to go get ice cream, wanna come?" Emma did. So the friends walked to the truck that sold delicious ice creams.

The End

The Broom that Could Touch the Stars

By Olivia, age 10

Delphine was always the extra one in the house. All the attention was always on her twin brothers Liam and Noah. Whenever Delphine felt lonely she would go to the attic where she set up a space just for her with all her reading books and the golden pendant that she was somehow born with.

One day her parents scolded her for accidentally spilling some juice on the ground. What could she do? She went to the attic and started sobbing. Suddenly she heard a sound and she looked up and saw a broom that was floating with a note on it that said hop on I will teach you the truth about your story. Delphine thought, “Why not? At least I can get away for a little.”

Delphine hopped on without even hesitating. The second she got on the broom whooshed out the window (luckily it was open). The broom headed straight to space!

Delphine was so confused she held her breath but for some reason the second they got to space she grew a pair of wings made of star dust. She, for some reason, felt freer than ever. She could breathe. She flew around for a while then decided that golden pendant that she wore around her neck felt burning hot. When she touched it she got sucked in then she was suddenly in a different place. She saw so many people like her with wings it was magnificent! Then she realized the broom was still with her. She thought it was ridiculous. She talked to the broom and asked, “Where is this place?”

The broom answered! It said you are in Eldoria. The broom you are talking to is your mom except her soul has been trapped inside. You must free her by breaking your pendant that you have but you will also lose your only connection to Eldoria and live with

your fake parents forever.

Delphine choose to free her mother but first she carved her name to a big oak tree then she smashed her golden pendant so hard that her fists hurt. The moment it broke her mother was freed and she caught a glimpse of her dear mother. She was beautiful but Delphine saw stars and she was suddenly back on earth in the attic. She thought it was a dream so she never bothered to find a way back to Eldoria.

Years later when Delphine was a young adult and just received a University certificate, her mother appeared in front of her saying, “Come back to me Delphine. I can’t live without you. Come on take this new pendant. It will take you back to your real home.”

Something told Delphine to take the pendant. The moment she touched it she was in Eldoria with wings made of star dust. A second later her mother was by her side hugging her with tears of joy. Her mother made her promise to never leave her again.

Soon Delphine learned that the reason she was sent to earth was because there was a time where a shadow queen was ruling. Things were not pleasant and her mother was forced to be locked up in the broom. But if you think about it , Delphine and her mother are reunited. It's a happy ending.

The End

The Secret Broom

By Yiran, age 10

As the wind passed Luna's house during the night, she slowly stepped into the attic. She heard a squeaky creak below her feet. A chill ran down her spine as she shivered through the cold wet air. The room was dim with only a small oil lantern. Around the corner was a large dusty broom surrounded by spider webs that caught her eyes. "Achooh!" she sneezed as the dust drifted away from her.

She grabbed the broom which was quite heavy when it suddenly blasted out of her hands. A neon purple light flooded the room and she closed her eyes from the brightness. When the light finally descended, she opened her eyes. The broom was lying flat on the floor a few inches away from her, she picked it up cautiously but the broom suddenly wiggled and suddenly started floating in the air. Luna was so startled that she stumbled backwards, without knowing what she was doing she hopped on the broom! The broom immediately took off through the attic and into the opened sky.

Luna watched from above and she could see the whole wide world! As the wind blew past her, she wondered about the times when she hated the dark but now she knew both day and night were just as beautiful as heaven.

Luna started to day dream when she suddenly fell off the broom, only one hand was still on the broom. As she tried to get back on, one of her fluffy bunny ear slippers fell off. "Nooo!" she cried then the rain started pouring down onto her. The wind howled as she struggled, tears started dripping down her face with a terrified expression. Now all she wanted to do was to go home.

Suddenly it looked as if the broom understood her, it turned upside down so Luna could climb back on. Once she was ready, they soared through the sky and even brought her to Disneyland! After she played every roller coaster ten times they went back home. There

was one more hour before school so Luna decided to clean the broom.

Suddenly she got an idea, “ I will call you Scruffy from now on.” She said happily. “I think it fits you very well and also I promise I will play with you every night but you need to bring me wherever I want, okay?”

Scruffy nodded excitedly.

“Perfect!” Luna exclaimed. “Well, see you later.” She went to her room and snoozed off for a bit.

As she ate breakfast she wondered about the broom once more. “Mom, do we have a broom that could fly in the attic?” she asked.

Her mother shrugged, “What nonsense,” she said. “Eat quickly, or you're gonna be late.

Luna smiled, "When my mom was young she definitely played with this broom too.” She already had a great plan for tonight's adventure with Scruffy.

The End

The Broom that Changed History

By Ziking, age 10

It was October 22, 2026. Ethan, a little boy, was searching through his attic when he found an old broom in the corner. There was a cobweb surrounding the broom, so he slowly peeled through the cobweb and took out the broom. He took the broom downstairs and started to play with it.

Ethan got bored. Then a red little button caught his eye, a small screen was in front of the button it said"MM/DD/Y. Ethan thought it was a toy and didn't take it seriously he said, " May/23/1985," and pressed the red button. The surroundings changed into purple and blue. Ethan had a tight grasp on the broom. It was traveling at light speed, and suddenly he fell on stone bricks. He looked at the date. It was May 23 1985. Ethan asked a nearby man, "Do you know which country we are in?"

"Young lad of course we are in America!" as the man said, "Did you see in the newspaper some guy tried to sell bomber secrets to the Soviets!"

Ethan never knew that but now he was fascinated by how much the broom could do. Then Ethan said, "April/15/1912," and he pressed the red button again as the broom flew at light speed. Now he was on a gigantic ship. He asked one of the sailors and said,"Hey, do you know where we are?"

"I believe we're somewhere in the North Atlantic."

As the sailor responded, Ethan saw the big word TITANIC. His face froze like a piece of ice, then he shouted, "WE ARE GOING TO CRASH INTO AN ICEBERG!"

People laughed at him off, people told him that the Titanic is unsinkable. Ethan ran to Captain Smith and told him about the iceberg. Captain Smith thought it was funny but still decided to change course a little bit.

He finally decided to leave and go to another place so Ethan said, “May/25/1979.”

Then he pressed the red button again. He was at an airport when he saw a plane ready to take off. It was a livery that he had never seen before but he guessed it was American Airlines. It was a McDonnell Douglas DC-10. The body was like gleaming silver with red, white and blue stripes along its body. Soon the aircraft started to move forward faster and faster. Suddenly one of the engines fell off and the aircraft started to bank sharply to the left, then a few seconds later it banked past 90 degrees. The aircraft crashed into a warehouse a second after takeoff.

Now Ethan thought he should help with something big with the 9/11 incident.
Ethan said, “September/11/2001.”

First he went on the airplane which crashed into the first tower. He punched all of the tires so the plane got delayed for a few days. He did the same thing to the other plane and told the Police about the terrorists. Police arrested the terrorists.

Ethan now knows that he saved a lot of lives. He thought his family would be proud of him. Ethan learned that doing good things is hard and he respects every one who died in these incidents.

The End

Magical Broom

By Andrea, age 11

You are playing hide and seek with your friend in your house and you start planning the ideal hiding spot.

An idea pops up into your head. You decide to hide in the attic. You tip-toe to the attic.

The attic is dark, gloomy, dusty, and very Halloween themed. You spot a dusty broom. However, you ignore it and continue finding the ideal hiding spot.

Just as you look away, the broom moves on its own. You walk back to the broom, spotting ancient patterns. Maybe it's an ancient broom, maybe it's not. You don't know.

AHHHHHHH!

What happened? A spider hung down from above and jumpscared you. You calmly told yourself it was just a spider and continued searching.

Just as you came back to your senses—BOO! Ahhhh! Your friend gives you a jumpscare. You think your friend is suspicious.

When you ask, your friend disappears again. Did you imagine the jumpscare? Maybe, or maybe not. You still don't know.

You see your friend and ask again but your friend claims that she had just arrived. In the corner of your eyes, you see the broom move. Again. You still aren't sure if it did move or not. You look for your friend but you don't see her again. What is with the moving broom and disappearing friend?

You remember that it's the night of Halloween and think that it's a prank. You start overthinking as you feel your heart pounding like it's locked in a room.

"Found you!" your friend exclaims as she rushes up to you! Your mom calls you down for dinner. The thought of suspecting your friend pops into your head but you devour it as quickly as lightning.

Without a second though, you grab your friend's wrist as you two jolt down the stairs. Just then, beside you, you see the exact same broom that was in the attic. How could it possibly be here if it was in the attic just seconds ago?

Just then, the broom starts flying around in circles. That's when you realize, from the start, this was never a normal broom.

Your mom tells you to wait for her to get the soup from the kitchen.

Just as she walks away, another flying broom flies in from the window and captures your friend. You try to grab onto her but you're one step late.

One adventurous idea pops up into your head. The magical broom. In a blink of an eye, you hop onto the broom, hoping it will help you find your friend.

Just as you expect, it starts flying. But it's going very fast. Very very fast.

Too fast.

Your eyes start feeling heavy as your head feels like it's spinning. Your ears are ringing.

When you wake up, you see you are in a dark, gloomy place. Where is this place? You don't know.

You see your friend also in this place. But asleep. You also see some other brooms flying that look the same as the broom from earlier.

Now you know. This was never a normal broom. You wished you didn't go on the broom. But it's too late. There's no going back.

The End

The Revenge of the Broom

By Andrew, age 11

While playing hide and seek, I hid in the attic. There were all sorts of things, furniture, and broken old toys. But then I saw something that caught my attention: a black broom with silver stripes and a zigzaggy handle. It looked 100 years old. I reached for it. Suddenly it sprang to life, hovering in the air.

Startled, I fell back. The broom started talking.

“Thank you for awakening me from my curse! I can take you anywhere because you saved me!”

I hopped onto the broom and said, “Take me somewhere adventurous.”

Then the broom flew out the attic window. It turned left and zoomed forwards. I admired the view from so high up. After a while, the broom said, “We're here! We are at the boss witch’s castle. She's the one that cursed me. We are here to take revenge.”

“What!?!?! I said somewhere adventurous, not somewhere that could end my life!” I exclaimed.

“Too bad, we’re already here,” the broom said.

The broom tilted down and flew into the entrance. I felt a chill the second we got in. Suddenly, “BANG!!!” The door slammed shut. We were trapped.

I opened my phone flashlight and continued down the creepy hallway.

We reached a door with a sign, reading, “To escape you must complete all the rooms.”

In the first room, there were red and blue buckets of paint.

Another door with another sign, “Paint the door purple to get out.”

Just as I was about to move, I saw a piece of paper that read, “Magic Spells”. I read through it and figured it was the boss witch's magic sheet that she left here. I put the paper in my pocket in case it was useful. Then, I mixed the blue and red to make purple and painted the door. It slowly lifted up.

We entered the second room, which was just as easy. Now we were in the third and final room. We entered and were shocked. It was as big as a shopping mall.

I looked around, and took a step, then felt something touch my feet. Suddenly, a heavy metal box with a small opening dropped from the ceiling, trapping us. It was dark except for light coming through the opening. I took out a carving knife and started carving the box open. But my knife broke after a minute. I realized the box was made of reinforced steel and diamonds. It was practically indestructible. My brain struggled to think. Suddenly I remembered the broom.

“Broom, can you fit in that hole?” I asked.

“Yes, I think I can fit, ” the broom replied.

“Can you fly out and lift the box so I can escape?” I pleaded.

“Why should I? You’re not the boss of me,” the broom said obnoxiously.

“Please, if you lift it, I can help you fight the boss witch,” I urged.

“No, It’s ok I’m fine,” the broom replied carelessly.

“Well, I guess you don’t need me anymore. I’m just gonna sit here,” I said stubbornly. Finally, the broom agreed.

“Okay, fine! I’ll lift it! But only because you’ll help me fight the boss witch.”

The broom squeezed through the hole and lifted the heavy box. I quickly crawled out. Suddenly, the ground shook. A giant door opened, revealing the boss witch sitting on her throne.

“How dare you enter my castle!” she screamed.

She shot a fireball at us, but the broom and I dodged it. I jumped onto the broom, and we flew toward her. The witch raised her wand again.

“Now!” I shouted.

The broom spun around, knocking the wand from her hand. I grabbed it and pointed it at her. I quickly got out the small paper from before and said the first thing I saw.

“Fire!”

A burst of flames came out of the wand and melted the witch.
“We did it!” I yelled happily.

The broom flew me home safely.

When I got back to my attic, I heard my friend yelling, “You can come out now!! I’ve looked everywhere!”

I wish I could tell him what happened, but I was scared he wasn't gonna believe it.

The End

Witch Academy

By Aria, age 11

The sound of the alarm clock woke me up, chiming with the loudest, annoying type of enthusiasm. I groaned, rolled over and slapped the clock silent. Reluctantly, I fell out of bed and opened my eyes wearily. I'm Elara, I'm in Level 6 in Witch Academy, and it's a new school year. Yesterday, the first day of school, everyone was given new brooms. I'm so excited to try mine out!

After breakfast, it was assembly time. The chatter all died down when Headmistress Isabella greeted us.

"Good morning, students. How's everyone's second day of school going?" A murmur of "good"s echoed through the hall. "Unfortunately, we have bad news. Magic is expiring."

We erupted in shock and fear, voices filling the hall. How could magic expire? How could she tell us this all out of nowhere?

"Silence!" The headmistress' sharp, shrill voice cut through the air, sound dying down instantly. "For some reason, the Crystal Coves, the heart of Witch Academy's magic, is dying. There's a way to fix it. It's on the peak of Mount Cumulo. Moonberries grow there. If we feed the Crystals, it'll get restored. Just one of those is enough.

Flying class came around after lunch, and today was a special challenge to find the moonberries. My class and I flew in a group with Ms. Woods. We took to the sky, soaring through the clouds determined to save magic.

Suddenly, thunder boomed and lightning crackled. "Take cover!" Ms. Woods yelled. I tried to turn back with the others, but I couldn't. My new broom wouldn't listen to me. It flew rigorously fast, ignoring the treacherous rain pattering hard against my skin. It flew

past the Crystal Coves, dodging threatening sharp gems. It flew past the Whispering Waters, murmurs of disencouragement flowing in the water. It ascended high, high up until the clouds parted, as if the heavens knew about the rebellious broom.

Then I saw it. Mount Cumulo. This was where the broom wanted to take me.

I landed on the peak of the mountain, walking slowly towards the bush.

There it was.

Moonberries.

The key to healing magic.

I had found them.

I picked a branch and put it in my pocket. The storm had subsided to a slight drizzle. It felt refreshing. Even though it had only been an hour or two, I felt drained.

I flew safely back to the academy, and Ms. Woods ran towards me looking relieved. “Where have you been? The storm was bad. Are you okay?”

I grinned. More than okay. I pulled out the berries, and it was at that exact moment when everyone realized. Magic was safe again.

Ms. Woods ran inside, and, moments later, came out with Headmistress Isabella. The Headmistress took one glance at the berries. “You...you found them. To be honest, I wasn’t sure anyone could, especially a Level Six on their first try. I’ll bring these to the Coves immediately.”

I saved magic. All thanks to my broom who wouldn't listen.

The End

Keeper of the Clouds

By Elizabeth, age 11

Lily stood on a flat stone in a lush field of vibrant, purple grass. Golden buttercups dotted the ground and the cool summer breeze brushed her face. She breathed in the sweet smell of the buttercups.

”The sky is so much clearer when it’s summer.”

Lily held up her hand and a nearby cloud floated towards it. The cloud clumped itself together and a fluffy, white broom appeared. She hopped on, kicked off the ground and soared into the air.

Lily flew through another cloud and giggled when the mist tickled her. Then, she noticed something very strange. A few clouds were being sucked away into a dark storm.

“What in the world? Don’t take my clouds!”

Lily flew closer and tried to control the storm. Every time the storm absorbed one of her clouds, it turned a little bigger. It was like watching a wolf eat her precious sheep.

“Oh no!” she panicked when it didn’t stop. The clouds were her only friends. If they all disappeared then she could never feel the wind rushing past her as she sliced through the sky again. She released the storm from her hold when it didn’t react to her commands. “Maybe if I observe it, I can find out why this storm is like this.”

Lily circled the storm many times and suddenly had an idea. She intended to fly through it and break it apart.

As soon as she entered the dark cloud,a bright flash of lightning struck her broom and it

faded into mist. Lily dropped hundreds of feet and her white clouds rushed to save her. Just before she went splat on the purple field, the clouds dove under her and caught her.

“Whew, that was close.”

Lily summoned her cloud broom again. She flew into the sky and was shocked that only a few clouds were left. The storm grew enormous after absorbing all the clouds. She could only hover there and watch. Her fists clenched in anger.

The storm finished the last of the clouds and started to move toward her. “You can’t take my broom! It’s all I have left!” Lily cried and zoomed away from the storm.

As the storm closed in and chased her in the sky, Lily thought of a plan. She remembered that her clouds hated to go to the ground. They would sneeze because of the pollen from the buttercups and burst into mini clouds.

Lily descended to the ground, collected the buttercups that scattered there, and combined them with her cloud broom. Just before the storm touched her, she hurled the buttercup infused cloud at it.

The storm sneezed and exploded!

All of Lily’s white clouds were free and they floated happily into the sky.

Lily resummoned her broom. She flew around and checked that every cloud was in the sky and hadn't disappeared. Lily was glad clouds had allergies too.

The End

Throwing Blueberries at a Bear

By Henry, age 11

Jeff made his way up the stairs to the attic. It had been years since someone visited the attic. The ceiling boards were rotting, and an old leather couch rested in the corner. The air smelled musty. A small window was the only light source.

Jeff was looking for a broom because his other one broke and he needed to clean his house before his mom came home from her trip to France.

Looking around the attic, he spotted a medium sized, antique broom. Unlike the other objects in the attic, the broom wasn't rotting, it looked untouched by time. Jeff grabbed the broom and, as he started to make his way downstairs, felt a pull towards the window.

The broom burst through the window, scattering glass everywhere and dragging Jeff with it. He was floating dozens of feet above the ground, so he quickly pulled himself onto the broom handle.

The broom started flying north, towards the mountains. Jeff panicked as his house got smaller and smaller.

The broom stopped suddenly in a forest at the base of a mountain. It glided through the trees and arrived at a lake. Jeff closed his eyes as the broom dived into the middle of the water.

When he opened his eyes, Jeff was in a damp cave that smelled very earthy and his arm was cut. With great effort, he sat up and looked around. He was sitting on a rock and all kinds of wooden furniture floated around in the air. Beside him, the broom realized he

was up and said, “Hi there, I’m sorry about the bumpy ride, but thank you for releasing me.”

Jeff looked at the broom and immediately started asking questions. “How are you speaking? Why am I here? How were you flying?”

From behind him a deep voice said, “Welcome to the cavern.”

Jeff turned to see a large oak tree. He tentatively asked again, “Why am I here?”

The tree said, “I don't know why you're here.”

“What?” asked Jeff.

“It seems that you were accidentally brought by Bob," said the tree, motioning at the broom.

“Well then, how can I get back?” asked Jeff.

“You'll need a magical compass that is located on the top of the mountain,” said the tree. "Don't worry, though, Bob will help you.”

The tree sent Jeff and the broom out of the cave through a small trapdoor. Once outside, they started to make a plan. Jeff suggested, “Can't you just fly me up there?”

“There's a really big bear guarding the top,” said the broom. “We have to lure it away from the box that's holding the key.”

“Well first fly me to the top,” said Jeff.

When they got to the top, Jeff got a look at the bear. It was a massive brown bear, dwarfing the young saplings around it. It also smelled of blueberries.

Jeff asked the broom, “How are we going to lure it?”

“We could try with its favorite food,” said the broom.

“Well, what *is* his favourite food?” asked Jeff.

“Blueberries,” said the broom.

Jeff and the broom located a blueberry bush and started picking. Once they had a handful, they made a trail, getting the bear's attention by throwing blueberries at it. After the bear started on the trail of blueberries, Jeff cracked open the box and took the compass.

Jeff and the broom flew back to the cavern. The tree congratulated them. “Now you can go home.”

The tree muttered an incantation.

Reality warped.

Jeff was back in the attic and in his hand was the broom.

The End

The Things We Leave Behind

By Jane, age 11

The attic door complains when you push it open. Dust floats through the afternoon light. You've come looking for photo albums. Instead, you find a broom.

It leaned beneath a slanted window, its straw bristles gray with dust and its wooden handle carved with tiny flowers. You recognized it from your grandmother's house. She had brought it here years ago, before the hospital and funeral.

You reached for it.

The handle was warm.

You remembered her hands guiding yours around a mixing bowl, flour gathering in her palms. You swallowed, trying to push the memory away.

Then the broom lifted from the floor.

You stumbled backward. It hovered in the air, waiting.

"This is ridiculous," you whispered.

The broom tilted toward the window.

You should have called your mother. Instead, you climbed onto the handle and gripped it tightly.

The floor vanished. Wind swallowed your scream as your neighborhood shrank beneath your feet. Beyond the city, clouds opened like curtains, revealing green hills, winding rivers, and a village nestled between fields. You recognized the red roofs from Grandma's photographs. She had described this place so often that you imagined it as a story rather than somewhere real.

The broom descended toward a cottage beside an orchard. Beneath a crooked fig tree, a woman gathered fallen fruit into her apron.

Grandma.

She looked younger than she had in the hospital, her silver hair dark again, her shoulders straight beneath a faded blue dress. She hummed the tune she used to sing while washing dishes.

You ran toward her. "Grandma!"

She turned. You reached for her, but your fingers met only cool air. Her outline trembled in the fading light, like a reflection disturbed by rain.

The truth returned all at once: the white flowers, the crowded room, your mother's trembling hands. No amount of wishing could bring someone back.

Grandma smiled. "You never finished telling me about this place," you whispered.

"Then listen," she replied.

She told you about climbing the fig tree as a child, stealing fruit with her brothers, and running home barefoot during summer storms. You memorized every word. You wanted to ask her to come home with you. Instead, you sat beside her until the sunlight disappeared behind the hills.

When the broom nudged your shoulder, you understood.

The flight home was quiet. Stars appeared, and the wind carried the smell of rain. You watched until the village disappeared into darkness.

By morning, you were back in the attic. The broom settled into its corner, ordinary once more.

Downstairs, your mother was making tea. You found Grandma’s photograph and carried it to the table.

“Tell me about her childhood,” you said.

Your mother smiled and pulled out the chair beside her. As the kettle began to sing, the stories came.

You couldn't bring Grandma back, but you could keep her memories alive through stories, photographs, and places you had never seen.

Upstairs, a single straw lifted from the broom.

As if the sky were still calling.

The End

Eddie's Magical Broom

By Kenneth, age 11

It was a cold morning. Eddie woke up to his mom yelling, "Eddie, wake up! The truck is already here. Help your dad move the furniture!"

"Okay, Mom!" Eddie shouted back.

Eddie hurried downstairs. His dad was carrying a giant dinner table with pieces of wood on top, while his mom was busy making scrambled eggs.

"Guess who's visiting our new house next Sunday?" his mom asked. "Your grandparents!"

"Are they going to give me hongbao?" Eddie asked excitedly.

"Of course not! They're just coming for a visit to our new house."

After breakfast, Eddie helped his dad load the furniture onto the truck. Then he packed some snacks and books into his backpack. "I'm going to miss this place," he mumbled. "But I wonder what our new house looks like!"

They drove away from their old home. Thirty minutes later, after driving through a birch forest, they arrived at a huge, two-story house, with a fountain in the front yard and a pine tree in the backyard.

"WOW! This place is enormous!" Eddie exclaimed.

"Don't run around too much," his mom warned. "We still have lots of work to do."

Eddie ignored her warning and rushed inside.

“Why don’t you help us move our things?” his dad asked.

“Nah! I still haven’t explored the house yet!” Eddie replied, dashing up the stairs.

Upstairs, Eddie discovered a ladder leading to the attic. The attic air puffed with dust as he walked. In the corner, he spotted an unusual broom.

“What a weird-looking broom,” Eddie whispered, touching it.

The broom shot into the air and floated near the ceiling!

“Are you a magical broom?” Eddie asked.

The broom spun in a circle, as if answering him. Without thinking twice, Eddie climbed onto it.
“Let’s see what you can do!”

WHOOSH! The broom soared into the sky. Eddie was so scared that his hands were sweating. His house became tiny and the trees looked like little green dots.

“This is AMAZING!” Eddie shouted, as they flew toward the clouds. The cloud felt like giant marshmallows melting in his hands.

Suddenly, the broom began shaking wildly and dived toward the forest.

“Slow down!” Eddie screamed.

They crashed into a pile of leaves. Eddie rubbed his head and realized he should have listened to his parents. He climbed back onto the broom and said, “Please take me home. My parents must be worried!”

But the broom didn’t even move, it just lay on the ground, quiet.

Eddie panicked. Did the broom lose its power?

Eddie walked back home, carrying the powerless broom. He apologized to his parents and spent the afternoon helping them unpack.

That evening, he didn't sleep well. He kept thinking about the broom.

He heard a cracking sound and followed it up the ladder to the attic.

"Who's here," said Eddie, "show yourself."

A light glittered in the corner.

Eddie smiled and whispered, "Tomorrow, we can fly again, but only after I finish my chores!"

The End

The Shy Boy

By Louis, age 11

Ray didn't have a lot of friends. Everyone always made fun of him.

One day, Ray had enough. He jumped out of his seat during math class, crying. But nobody cared. A boy named Jack made fun of him. "Cry baby Ray!" Everyone laughed.

When Ray went home, he said, "I don't want to be in school anymore, everyone is bullying me."

Ray started learning with his mom, but he didn't pay really much attention.

One night, Ray went outside. He saw a creepy house a few blocks away from his house and went inside to explore.

Inside the creepy house, Ray saw a broom that was very old. He reached it and then he realized the broom could fly! He had a new plan to make friends.

In the morning Ray was a normal kid, but at night he became a life saver. He saved so many animals from danger and made new homes for them. Now, he had lots of friends, but none of them could talk.

Ray flew to many different countries to get supplies for animal translation. He was the first person to have that.

When Ray came to feed the animals, he saw a UFO coming from the sky. He hid in his house to see what was going on. A big alien came out. The alien used his laser gun and killed a horse. Ray was heart broken. He left his house and hit the alien with the broom, but it did nothing

The alien laughed and said, “This helmet is made out of our special materials. No one can break it!” He scratched Ray and said, “Be careful kid. Me and our aliens are going to attack!” Then the alien flew away in his UFO.

Ray remembered every single word the alien said. He began planning to save the world. He buried the horse and used the magic broom and flew away. After two hours he came back with supplies. He made swords, gave one to every single animal and went to sleep.

The next day, Ray knew the aliens were going to attack. He made traps and prayed for hope.

At eight p.m., the aliens attacked. But Ray had already warned everyone to get safe.

The war began with aliens killing animals. Some animals killed aliens. They kept fighting, but the animal team was losing.

Then Ray saw a button on the broom. He pressed the button and every alien exploded.

Ray saved the world. Sadly, the broom is broken forever. They call it a life saving broom.

Then another boy picked the broom out of Ray’s house.

The End

A Sweet Rider

By Maelle, age 11

“Grammy! Can I please go up in the attic?” Scarlet screamed through her wooden bedroom door.

“What for, sweetie?” Grammy responded, in her sweet tone, from the downstairs kitchen.

“I want my own playroom up there!” Scarlet explained, as she walked down the stairs and entered the kitchen, which was filled with the sweet smell of gingersnap cookies. “Because all Charlie does is steal all the ground in our room.”

“Scar, you need to share with your brother. You're only 7! You don't need your own playroom” Grammy playfully slapped Scarlet's hand when she reached for a cookie. “They are hot!”

“But Grammy, I will do all the work! No work for you!” Scarlet swore.

“I doubt that's true, but, if you promise that I don't have to lift a finger and that you only use a fourth of the attic.”

“Fine,” Scarlet said.

Scarlet walked back up the stairs and into Grammy's room. She reached for the string and used all her weight. She was about to call Grammy for help when she remembered her promise.

Finally, the trapdoor opened, and the ladder unfolded.

Scarlet climbed up the stairs and walked into the dusty, old attic.

Chapter 2

Scarlet wiped the air in front of her, making even more dust rise from its hiding spots. “The first step is to move the stuff out of my space.”

Scarlet spoke to herself quickly, regretting it when the dust caused her a coughing fit. She scanned the room, listing all the pros and cons of each corner. After about five minutes of back and forth, she decided on the back right corner by the window.

After about an hour, the corner was perfect. She had a rug, chair, and even brought up a few of her very own toys. After proudly showing Grammy, she settled in for the afternoon. She adored her new playroom.

After reading a bit and playing with her toys, Scarlet got awfully bored. She scanned the room for something to do. As she was about to head down the ladder, she spotted an old rusty broom standing in the corner. She decided to play horses with the broom. After quickly cleaning the broom, she sat on it and rode around the room.

Suddenly, as Scarlet was running through the room, a purple circle appeared right in front of her. She didn't have time to stop herself, and before she knew it, she was in another magical world.

Chapter 3

Scarlet quickly scanned her surroundings. She couldn't believe it! The air was much fresher than the attic air. It almost tasted like candy. But what really caught her eye were the magical ponies and horses around her. Or were they unicorns?

More than a hundred creatures were flying around Scarlet and grazing at the green grass. After grasping what was happening, she walked over to a horse. The horse stopped eating. As Scarlet was about to run away, the horse leaned down, inviting her to hop on.

Scarlet quickly accepted and sat on the horse's back. As the horse galloped, she smiled

to herself. This was so cool!!! Before she could think any more, the horse leaned down and jumped, leaping her through the air onto a flying horse, which flew with her.

Scarlet realized she was a part of the horse show. Every single horse around had powers. Flying, super speed, fire breath, and more. She still couldn't believe it. She was part of something. She was part of a horse family.

From then on, Scarlet lived two lives: the horse's favorite rider, even though she was the only one, and her life with Grammy and Charlie. She called herself the Sweet Rider, and that she was.

The End

The City That Breathed Fire

By Melissa, age 11

“No! No! No!”

It was the first day of Andrea’s new job and everything was already humiliating. Andrea was interested in a cleaning job at a school, but had accidentally slipped and fell in a puddle of milk, while trying to clean it up. All the students were laughing at Andrea and several teachers had to look away. She ran out in embarrassment.

Andrea crouched down in a closet trying to get away from everyone who saw her.

“Psst!” a sharp voice came from a broom. “Hey over here!” The broom waved its wooden handle.

Andrea was bewildered. She had never seen a talking broom before.

“I’ll take us somewhere where we can talk,” the broom shot out, scooping Andrea off the ground.

“Ah!” Andrea yelped. They were going so fast that she wasn’t sure if her watch was working anymore. Within seconds they were already miles away.

“We should be safe now,” said the broom.

“How can you fly?” blurted out Andrea.

“Not important right now! You need to help me!”

“With what?”

“Rumours say a dragon is coming to burn down this city. You have been chosen to stop him.”

“Me?” Andrea struggled to even ride a bike. Stopping a dragon would be beyond her limits.

“Yes, you. But you will see him coming long before he sees you. Many strange events will occur like deep crimson or black lightning during a thunder storm,” continued the broom.

“Well how do I beat it?”

“We let it come to us and you’ll need this,” the broom said, showing her a black arrow and a ballista on the hill beside her.

The next few days passed in a flash. Just like the broom said, crimson lighting erupted from the clouds with non-stop storms everyday. Soon a dark shape loomed over the city and piercing crimson eyes stared contently at the city.

The dragon had arrived.

Smog filled the air, making it almost unbreathable. The dragon let out its first fiery breath. Crimson fire rained upon the buildings. It locked eyes on Andrea.

Andrea ran to the ballista and shoved the giant black arrow into place, just as the dragon finally came into full view.

“What can you do?” taunted the dragon. “You are weak and puny! I watched empires crumble to ashes under my wrath!”

Andrea looked closer. There was a dent near the dragon’s heart. If she hit it, she could kill the dragon. Andrea aimed the ballista...

Ting! The arrow bounced off the dragon's scales.

“Hah! Didn’t I tell you?” asked the dragon. “You are nothing!”

Andrea lunged for the arrow again and locked it in place. This was her last chance. She aimed, then fired.

Bang! This time she hit the dragon’s heart spot on.

“Argh!” The dragon convulsed. With one final scream, it blundered down to the ground.

Andrea heard the horrible snap and ripping of bones.

All was quiet again.

The End

The Broom's Way Home

By Rachel, age 11

I heard a loud thump coming from the attic. I rushed up to see what it was. In the corner, covered in cobwebs, was a broom.

The broom had smooth wood, looked brand new and had my name on it.

I took the broom out of the attic. Who had left this broom for me? I called all my family members, but all of them said they had never known there was a broom in the attic. My only hope was grandma, but she was out of state and not back until the start of November.

I thought the broom would look great with my witch Halloween costume so I decided to use it. On Halloween, I took it with me. But, when I was trick or treating, the broom suddenly started flying in the air with me.

I was so excited. I had never thought a broom, I found in the attic, could fly.

After all the flying around, the broom spoke to me. "Hi there," the broom said.

"Hello. May I ask where we are going?" I asked.

"I have tried for many years, but none of my attempts ever worked," said broom, sadly.

"What were you trying?" I asked.

"I was trying to get back home, through a portal that only opens every Halloween. Can you help me?" said the broom.

“Yes, sure. Let's go, then,” I said

The broom zoomed upwards into the sky. I held on tightly, so I wouldn’t fall off. After it stopped, I saw blue, purple, and light pink swirls. I realized it was a portal. I had never paid attention to the sky during Halloween because I was trick or treating.

“Wow this is beautiful.” I said

“Yes, it is. But my wish is to go in it, not stare at it,” said the broom

“Then let's go to the portal! ” I said

The broom sped to the portal, but, as we entered, the portal said, “Access denied!”

I asked what we had missed. The portal said there was a map in the attic. We had only one hour left to find it, before the portal closed.

The broom zoomed back down to my attic to find the map. But, when we got there, we couldn’t find a map of anything. I was so sad.

Then I found a scrap paper with the old witch lady. I thought to myself, this location is the old lady that lives down the street. Maybe this is where the map is. I quickly told the broom to go to the old lady’s house.

Before I could even hold on to the broom, it rushed to the old lady’s house. When we arrived at the old lady’s attic, something sparkly caught my eye. I hopped into the attic and grabbed a box which said ‘maps. I scurried through the box to find the map. After a while, I found it. But I’d made too much noise. The old lady was climbing up the stairs to the attic.

I bolted for the window and hopped on the broom. When I looked back, I saw the old lady looking out the window, clutching the maps which I’d dropped. “Uhhhh ohhhhh!” I exclaimed. “If you don’t wanna become wood for a fire, speed up!”

The broom got scared. It zoomed like its life depended on it. We reached the portal in a flash of time.

I looked at the broom. “Well, broom, it was a fun time flying on you,” I said.

“Here. I give this to you because you helped me.”

The broom gave me a coat. I tried it on and started flying without the broom, and I became invisible. “Bye, broom. Visit me next year, please?”

“Okay. I will make sure to bring you my favourite candy from my world next year!" said the broom.

The End

The Flying Broom

By Rocky, age 11

When Ethan moved into his new home, they were told not to go into the attic. Ethan did not listen, he decided to go in the attic anyways. But how would he get up there?

After overhearing his mom talking to the person who they bought the house from, Ethan knew that there was a secret ladder attached to the roof. He got to work and, after a little bit of struggle, managed to bring the ladder down.

Ethan climbed his way up. “Whoaaa,” he said outloud, as he tumbled his way towards the corner of the attic, going through many cobwebs.

Ethan heard a thump coming from the corner. “Will you be my friend?” someone said, in a shy voice.

“Who is there?” Ethan asked, in a trembling voice.

As Ethan walked towards the corner of the attic, he saw it. A broom. Not just a normal broom, a flying one.

When the broom saw Ethan, he started jumping up and down. He had a friendly smile and a dusty body.

“Oh my...” Ethan fainted due to his shock.

As Ethan’s body slammed against the floor, the magical broom got to action. The broom used its magical powers to heal Ethan.

After Ethan got up, he was very curious about the broom and asked many questions. He

learned that the person that sold the house to them had trapped the broom in here for many years and could not get out.

Ethan felt bad for the magical broom and wanted to help it. He promised that he would find a way to set it free. Hearing this, the broom flew up into the air, bouncing around with excitement. It pointed its brush toward a small window under the roof. Ethan ran over, wiped off the webs, and shoved the window hard open. With a loud slam, the window opened, and fresh air blew into the dusty attic. The broom did a happy dance in the air before flying right next to Ethan. It brushed him on the shoulder and pointed out the window.

“I want to go outside!” the broom exclaimed.

Ethan smiled and agreed. He climbed onto the broom and held on tight. “I’m scared!” he said.

Together, Ethan and the broom flew out the window and disappeared into the dark, beautiful night sky. Ethan was not allowed to get McDonald’s, so the first thing he did was to buy some. He told the broom that he was craving McDonald’s, as they passed the nearby McDonald’s.

After downing his Big Mac and medium coke, Ethan smiled and wiped his fingers on his pants.
"Where should we go next?" he asked the broom.

The broom did a fast spin and pointed toward the mountains. “Disneyland!”

Ethan exclaimed in shock. He had always wanted to go to Disneyland. He hopped onto the broom and they zoomed out of the door.

Flying through the sky, Ethan saw beautiful fireworks in the distance. When they got there, they rode on the Pirates of the Caribbean. After that, they watched the fireworks slowly fading from sight as they headed home, just in time for dinner.

The End

New Life

By Travis, age 11

The wooden floorboards creaked awkwardly. I marched up the stairs to the attic with a small vacuum and cylinder of Lysol wipes.

I had to clean the attic, practically ankle deep in dust and grime. Cobwebs decorated the interior, sprawling across rotted wood. I cringed at the dead bugs that laid around, sighed and bent down, ready to waste away hours, if not days, from my precious childhood.

Suck. Scoop. Wipe. On repeat, until I accidentally knocked an old broom over with my butt.

“Oops.”

Just before my hand reached the broom, it shot upright all by itself. Shaking the dust off, it whipped around, revealing a face of bristles, threaded and tied together to look like a scowl.

“Jeez kid! Your butt sure packs a punch. What’s the deal, knocking me down into century old dust, huh?!”

I fell back and let out a bloodcurling shriek that rattled the attic, until dust fell off the roof.

“Wow, a screamer, you can chill out a little, kid.”

I jabbed a finger in the air at the broom. “You- you- you’re talking!”

“Amazing deduction, Holmes. I can tell you’re a talking human, as well.”

My mouth hung open. “Why- why are you here?”

The broom rolled his eyes. “How would I know? Last thing that I knew, we headed for Hong Kong and now I’m here.”

I raised my eyes. “Hong Kong? But we're in Toronto!”

“Jeez, I knew I could go anywhere, any time, but Toronto?”

“Any time?” I gasped.

“Anywhere, any time. Where do you want to go?”

I scrunched my eyebrows. I never thought about time travel.

The broom tapped its handle impatiently. “How about future-Japan? Tokyo. It’s one of the popular ones for beginners. Hop on.”

Hesitantly, I got on the broom, horseback style. We headed straight for a wall, but, instead of crashing, we faded through.

We whizzed through the air, the broom rapidly changing directions.

“Hold on tight!” The broom yelled through the wind.

Our surroundings warped and melted, replaced by a bustling, bright city. The broom lowered to ground level, and we set down in Tokyo.

I looked around, eager to see what our future would be like, but, instead, froze. Robots dotted the entire city. Not a single human in sight, other than the ones carrying boxes, shoulders slumped, sweat dribbling down their foreheads. Some had chains tied to their ankles and wrists. Meanwhile, brooms flew in with more humans.

My broom smiled. “This job is easier than I thought.”

“What- what is this?”

The broom’s smile grew wider. “Your new life.”

The End

The Magic of Brooms

By Wenxi, age 11

Once upon a time, there was a town named Piriana. My mom, dad and I lived there.

Hi, my name is Lianna. This is my first time trick-or-treating with my friend Morgan. We had been friends for a long time, but we had never gone trick-or-treating together.

“Hey Lianna, what are you going to dress up like?” asked Morgan.

“I am going to be a witch,” I replied.

The next morning was Halloween. I rushed to the kitchen where my mom was cooking breakfast for us. “Hey mom, you know where the broom is?” I asked.

"Your grandmother left one in the attic years ago," Mom replied, "but I haven't seen it in ages."

When I hurried up there, I heard a creak; it sounded as if someone was following me. I turned around and saw my dad following me.

“Where are you going?” he asked.

“I’m going to get a broom from the attic,” I replied.

“Okay, love. I will meet you downstairs,” he said in a hurry.

I slowly opened the attic door. It was dark and silent. In the corner stood an old broom covered in thick layers of dust. I crept over to it and saw a fingerprint glowing. I put my finger on it, and the broom suddenly started to spin. It worked as if someone had been

controlling it.

My vision blurred, and everything around me disappeared.

“Hello, is anyone here?” I asked quietly, looking around.

I saw a castle. “You have officially joined the Witch Academy,” said a welcoming voice.

When I was on the doorsteps of the castle, I put my finger on the door where it said, ‘Put Your Finger Here’. The door swung open and I went inside, carrying my broom.

I wandered around the castle until I found a room named Lianna. I went inside and saw a lifeless body lying on the ground. It was Morgan. My heart skipped a beat. I noticed a person with blood on her clothes trying to escape. I wanted to get justice for Morgan. Hopping on my broom, I flew after the murderer.

My heart pounded so hard as I looked down at the ground far below. I squeezed my legs so hard, but it only made the broom go faster. My hand accidentally slipped and, now, I had only one hand on the broom. I tried to throw myself onto the broom but it didn’t work.

Suddenly, I was face to face with the murderer.

“Why do you keep following me?” she asked.

“Did you kill the person who was lying on the floor?” I asked.

She made a huge shadow that almost sucked me into it. I crossed my fingers at the monster and it made a protective shield around me. “I summon the greatest monster of all time,” I yelled.

I put all of my strength into the monster, and suddenly a Space Godzilla came out of nowhere. It had triangular crystals sticking out of its head, the tail had jagged spines and the body was enormous and rough. When the Space Godzilla shot out a bright, crackling, purple light from its mouth, the shadow monster melted down in no time.

All of a sudden, my eyes started to blur.

Finally, I was back in the old attic and had just touched the broom.

I walked back down the staircase with the broom. I ate my breakfast in peace, but my parents knew something was wrong.

“‘Why are you so silent, sweetie?’’ asked my mom.

“Nothing is wrong. I am just so excited today,’’ I said.

When I walked to school, Morgan was already there.

When it was trick-or-treating time, I was so excited. Morgan and I both knocked on the first door and said, ‘trick or treat’.

The door only opened a little crack and I knew who was looking at us with the blood dress.

The End

Magical Broom

By Yangang, age 11

It was a rainy day in London, and Jack was at his grandpa's house. He was supposed to go back to America, but his flight got canceled. Bored, he started exploring the house.

Jack went upstairs and saw an attic. He looked around and didn't see anyone, so he opened the attic door. He climbed up into the attic, looked around and saw a wooden crate that had a lock on it.

"What's inside that crate?" Jack whispered. He wanted to open it but he didn't have the key. He tried to pry open the crate with his fingers, but it didn't work. He looked around for the key. He looked and looked until it was dawn but still couldn't find the key. "Ill find it tomorrow." Jack said.

A couple hours later, Jack's phone was on 5 percent battery. He checked the time: 1:25 am. Jack put away his phone and went to sleep.

Creek.

Jack woke up to the sound of something moving. He grabbed his phone and turned on his flashlight. He looked around and there was nothing.

"HELLO ANYBODY THERE," Jack shouted. No one answered.

CREEK.

The sound was coming from the attic. Jack went up the attic and saw the lock open. "What the," he whispered.

Jack creeped over to the crate and opened it. It was a broom stick. Jack picked up the broom and the broom started levitating.

“Whoa,” Jack said. Thinking he was dreaming, he pinched himself. “OW!” he hollered.

Jack grabbed the broom. The broom started moving. Jack quickly got on the broom stick and pretended he was a wizard, flying to wizard school.

The broom suddenly flew into the window and shattered it. The broom stick was soaring through the sky.

“WO HOOO, I'M FLYING.” Jack shouted.

The broom stick felt like it was faster than the speed of light. Jack couldn't control the broom stick and the broom stick started shaking very badly. The broom stick went crashing to the trees and Jack got caught on a tree branch. He was scared and didn't know where to go.

“Magic broom please take me back, I'm scared,” Jack cried.

The magic broom showed mercy to Jack and flew him back to his grandpa’s house. He was relieved and went back to bed.

The End

Imagine!

By Zoe, age 11

Leila walked shyly through her grandma's door .

The old woman ran to greet her and her mother, covering Leila's face in slobbery kisses.

"You came!" she said. "Oh, it's been so long, too long!"

Leila greeted her grandma, then pushed past her to get to her new vacation room. Her room had used to be her mother's, and it had quirky bright blue walls that she didn't approve of. But hey, it had a bed.

A few hours later, Leila creaked open her door. A creak sounded above her, followed by a hollow thump. A trap door above her opened, and a ladder fell after it. Her grandmother came climbing down the ladder, with a surprising amount of grace for an old woman.

When her grandma saw Leila watching her, she slammed the trapdoor and said quickly, "Yes, that's the attic. Lots of mice, spiders, best not to go up there." Then she hurried away.

Leila wasn't scared of mice and spiders, just curious about the attic, so, when she noticed a rope hanging down from the trapdoor, she pulled on it.

Leila scurried up the ladder and felt a rush of disappointment. It looked like any old attic, with dust and cobwebs everywhere, and a couple brooms and chests in the corner.

Well, she might as well clean the room, as she had nothing better to do. Leila grabbed one of the brooms, and oof! It was heavy for such a normal-looking, wooden broom. As she cleaned, she talked to herself. "The way Grandma acted! And I thought...a grandma

with secrets. Imagine!"

Just then, the broom swept underneath her legs, and lifted her straight into the air! She stifled a scream, but then the broom swung her around the room, and she yelled, "Help!"

Leila's grandma came running, saying, "Tell her down! Tell her down!"

"Down!" Leila commanded, and the broom swept right back into her hand.

Leila's grandmother looked mad. "Leila! You must stay away from the attic, okay? It's not safe! It is not safe!"

Leila had never seen her grandma mad, and was quite a bit fazed. She went to her room, and stayed away from the attic for the rest of the day.

Leila lay awake in bed, restless. She had to fly that broom one more time, she just had to! Slowly, she crept out of her room, and pulled the rope on the attic. She flinched at the hollow BANG sound the ladder made as it swung down. She scurried towards the broom and held it in her hand. She shook it. Nothing happened.

Leila shook her head at herself. She was going crazy. She walked towards the wall where the broom had leaned, muttering to herself, "A broom that could fly. Imagine!"

Suddenly, the broom flew under her, thrusting her into the air. The code word to make it fly must be 'Imagine!' thought Leila, swooping and looping around the room. The broom thrust itself towards the window. Leila barely pulled it back.

The broom repeated this, over and over again, and Leila, frustrated, pulled the window open. Her broom flew out with such a force that it almost knocked Leila off!

The broom seemed to be getting out of control. It jerked this way and that...and it dived towards the ground. The sudden movement jerked Leila so unexpectedly that she lost control, and flew off, plummeting towards the ground...

Leila opened her eyes. Her grandma, her mother, and a nurse she didn't recognize peered over her.

“Leila!” her grandma all but screamed.

“What happened? How am I alive?”

Her grandma smiled weakly. “My broom threw you off, and nearly killed you...but it flew under you just before you hit the ground. Then you...fell off again, and fell unconscious. You broke a few bones, but you’re lucky to be alive.”

“I’m sorry, grandma, it went rogue when I took it outside!”

“It’s not your fault. She tends to get overexcited when she’s taken outside.”

“She saved my life.”

Her grandma suddenly looked uncomfortable. “Yes...but...she also endangered it.”

“Grandma...what did you do with the broom?”

“I destroyed it.”

“That’s probably for the best,” Leila sighed.

The End

Bristle

By Antony, age 12

Rain tapped against the windows as Daniel climbed into the attic. Dust swirled around his flashlight, revealing stacks of boxes and forgotten furniture. Behind an old wooden chest, something blue flickered.

Daniel pulled out a broom. Its twisted handle felt warm, and its bristles glowed faintly blue.

“Finally! Someone can hear me!” a voice shouted.

Daniel nearly dropped it. He spun around, shining his flashlight into the corners, but nobody was there.

When Daniel set the broom down, the voice disappeared. The moment he picked it up again, it returned. After several minutes of testing, Daniel reluctantly accepted the impossible. The broom, which called itself Bristle, could only speak while he was holding it.

Daniel turned the broom over, searching for wires or a hidden speaker. Finding nothing, he glanced toward the attic hatch. He should have put it back, but the faint blue glow made it difficult to look away. “There's only one way to find out if you're really magical,” he muttered.

Daniel carried Bristle downstairs. He waited until his parents were busy before slipping into the backyard.

The rain had stopped, leaving the grass wet beneath his shoes. Daniel straddled the broom, feeling ridiculous.

For several seconds, nothing happened. Just as he was about to climb off, Bristle's bristles flashed bright blue.

The ground dropped away. Daniel shot into the air, his stomach lurching as the house shrank beneath him. He clutched the broom handle, barely steering around a tree before crash-landing in a bush.

Leaves stuck to Daniel’s hair, and his knees trembled, but a grin spread across his face. The broom really was magical.

Over the following weeks, Daniel practiced with the broom every evening. He flew over trees, raced through clouds, and grew stronger with every use. Blue sparks danced across his fingertips, and even heavy furniture became easy to lift.

At home, however, nothing changed. Daniel’s father criticized every mistake, while his mother punished him for the smallest mess. A broken glass earned him a furious lecture; a poor test score meant finishing homework without dinner. Daniel learned to stay quiet and avoid attracting attention.

One afternoon, while hiding in the attic after another argument, Daniel discovered an old photograph. His grandfather stood beside a broom identical to Bristle. On the back, faded handwriting read: If it glows blue, take it away.

Daniel confronted Bristle. The broom's bristles dimmed as it revealed that his grandfather had once possessed its magic. He had grown so powerful that he could barely control it, causing destruction throughout the house.

Before Daniel could ask more, his father appeared. He grabbed Daniel's arm and yanked him away from the glowing broom. Daniel stumbled into a stack of boxes as his mother snatched Bristle from his hands.

The moment Daniel let go, the blue light disappeared. His parents locked Bristle inside a metal chest and forbade him from entering the attic again. When Daniel tried explaining, his father struck the wall beside him, ordering him to stop making excuses. Daniel retreated to his bedroom, rubbing his aching arm.

Days passed, and his unusual strength faded. He missed the freedom of flying, but he never forgot what had happened.

One afternoon, Daniel's father tossed him a basketball and ordered him outside to practice. Daniel missed his first shot. Instead of giving up, he retrieved the ball and tried again. The second shot went in.

For a moment, Daniel smiled. Bristle remained locked away, its magic gone silent. Daniel couldn't change his home overnight, but he could still choose what kind of person he wanted to become.

For the first time, he began imagining a future that belonged to him.

The End

12 at Night

By Ashley, age 12

The wind was howling outside like a raging tempest. Silky clouds blanketed the crescent moon, revealing it only in small doses.

Creak!

“Shhh...” whispered Theo. “If Mum and Dad catch us looking for our Día de los Muertos presents, we’ll be grounded until college!”

“Fine, since you’re the boss,” muttered Coco, sweeping dust off her pants.

Suddenly, the moonlight shining from the attic window formed a purple broomstick. It zipped around and stopped inches from Theo’s face. Before either of them could react, the broomstick scooped them up and flew out the window into the night sky.

Theo and Coco thought they were going to die, but a shimmering protective force field shielded them.

“You two are the prophecy,” said the broom. “You will kill the foul beast in his hideaway! Don’t worry, I’ll take you there now!”

“What are we going to do?” murmured Theo.

“I don’t know,” whispered Coco.

Soon, they flew into a wretched cave that smelled worse than their dad’s socks (and that was saying something).

"Who dared to enter my home?" shrieked a monster. It spat out bones that looked awfully like a human's. The monster had six glowing red eyes, skin redder than fire, and a club squelching and dripping with blood. It was so big that they seemed like ants compared to it.

The monster roared and threw Theo, Coco, and the broom into a cage made from human skeletons, which were still dripping with blood.

With blood seeping from his back, Theo stood up and found an obsidian dagger attached to a metal stick with a rope. Without hesitation, Theo cut through the cage and swung his dagger as hard as he could!

Bam! Whap! Whap! Stomp!

Choking up blood and nursing two cracked ribs, Theo was defeated.

Still determined, Theo limped back to the cage, grabbed the broom, and staggered back out. He jumped onto the broom and flew up until he locked eyes with the monster. With one final burst of strength, Theo leaped and thrust the dagger again, this time aiming for the monster's neck.

Thwack!

The monster swung his club, and Theo was knocked unconscious onto the floor.

"You thought you could beat me? Hahaha, you really are a special one. Don't worry, I'll turn you into a delicious snack," mocked the monster.

However, the monster didn't notice Coco, who was already jumping from a row of human bones, holding a pointy bone of her own. Coco stabbed the monster right in his artery.

The monster's head fell off and slowly disintegrated into thin air. The creature tried to grab the children, but it was too late. A foul odor grew stronger by the second as it decayed, almost as if it were intentionally spreading its stench.

Coco rushed over and carried her brother onto the chipped broom. With the monster

dead, Theo and Coco flew back home and through their attic window.

“So... we didn’t find the presents,” Theo said.

Coco, panting heavily, managed to whisper in a raspy voice, “Yeah, total failure on the gift side.”

Moments passed, and then both of them burst into ragged, painful laughter.

“Ow, ow, don’t make me laugh!” Theo wheezed, pressing his hand against his cracked ribs. “But like, legitimately, that was easily the best night adventure—even though we’ve never had one before.”

"Hands down," Coco agreed, looking down at her ruined, dark-streaked shirt. She paused, her eyes darting toward the attic stairs. The smile vanished from her face. "Hey, Theo?"

“Yeah?”

"How exactly are we going to explain why we reek like a sewer, why you can't breathe without groaning, and why my sweater looks like a crime scene?"

“We’ll say we fell off the bed... in a very flashy way!”

The End

Broom in the Middle

By Chelsea, age 12

As the middle child, Sarah was practically invisible, so when she touched the old broom in the dark attic corner and felt it vibrate, she had no idea it would grant her the wish of becoming the oldest.

It all started at the dinner table. Her parents were raving about her older sister, Olivia, getting another first-place award in a math contest. Sarah tried to tell her parents that she had won the lead role in her school play, but the moment her younger brother started crying, they gave him all their attention. It was as if her parents didn't even notice she existed. Sarah was sad, but that sadness quickly turned into anger.

Later, her brother took her favourite book. Fearing he might break it, she tried to take it back, but again, he burst into tears, causing her parents to shout at her, "Why did you make your brother cry? You're older, so why can't you just share?" They snatched the book away from her hands and gave it to her brother.
Angrily, she went to the attic, mumbling to herself: "I wish I could be the oldest. This is so unfair!"

Suddenly, a broom in the corner began to glow. She approached it to get a closer look and reached out to touch it. It vibrated against her fingers, and in a bright flash of light, she was gone.

When she opened her eyes again, she noticed things were completely different. Her room was bigger, and her table and stationery were all completely new. When she looked into the mirror, she was shocked. Sarah was looking at Olivia's reflection! She looked at the broom resting in the corner of her room and thought, "Did it actually turn me into the eldest child?"
Sarah went downstairs. Everyone turned to her and said, "Good afternoon, Olivia".

Hearing her sister's name directed at her made her certain that the spell had worked.

But being the oldest was not as great as she thought. The moment she sat on the couch and turned on the television, her mom said, "Olivia! What are you doing? You're supposed to be doing the dishes!" Sarah had never been forced to do any dishes before, but she did them anyway, just so she wouldn't give away her secret.

The chores didn't stop there. After the dishes came mopping, helping her younger siblings with their homework, and finally starting her own huge pile of homework. Although she liked receiving praise for her top grades, the endless tutoring, cleaning, and high expectations made her too exhausted to even move.

Standing in the hallway, Sarah looked at her middle sister, who was sitting quietly in the corner, just like she would do. At that moment, Sarah understood being the oldest wasn't about special treatment, it was about carrying a non-stop responsibility, while the middle child was left feeling entirely invisible.

She wanted to go back more than anything, but when she touched the broom this time, nothing happened. Panic got to her. She stared at the magical broom in desperation, whispering, "I'll do anything to go back."

Suddenly, a calm voice echoed from the broom, "As long as you promise to appreciate your life and stop wishing to be someone else, I will bring you back." Without hesitation, Sarah agreed and cried, "I promise!"

The room began to spin, and with a sharp burst of light, Sarah was back standing in the quiet, dusty attic. Downstairs, she heard the familiar chaos of her family. She took a deep breath and walked down the stairs, ready to be a middle child again.

The End

Play of the Past

By Coco, age 12

The quiet buzzing of crickets filled the small attic as Alric sat in his armchair, squinting at his memory book. The attic was his sanctuary, his private space, and today, his place for remembering. Flipping through page after page of him smiling with boys whom he couldn't quite place. In the back of his mind, he faintly remembered a woman, smiling proudly at him. Racking his brain desperately for his memories, he still couldn't remember who she was and why she felt so important to him.

In a moment of frustration, Alric threw his book at the wall, breathing hard. He buried his face in his hands and groaned. Up until now, his amnesia has worsened considerably throughout his life, but couldn't be helped. He couldn't even remember his own childhood, unless he concentrated hard.

As Alric brooded, a small buzz could be heard from the corner of the attic. He felt a pull towards the dusty area, almost electric. Walking over, he found that his book had knocked over a new broom in the corner. It lay on the ground, glowing slightly.

"Strange." Alric thought. This corner hasn't been cleaned for years and yet the surface of the broom was still smooth. It looked as if it was waxed only hours ago.

Out of curiosity, Alric brushed aside the spider webs and picked up the broom. It buzzed louder, the sound coming in sync with his heartbeat. After examining the odd object, a cold feeling passed over him. Alric felt as he was being shoved around in a tornado as his feet left the ground, pulled by the broom. He squeezed his eyes shut and held on tight.

The world spun in circles, and then, nothing.

Alric slowly opened his eyes, finding himself in a small room with comfortable lighting. The woman from his vivid memories stood over a crib, smiling at the tiny life that was giggling inside.

The scene shifted as Alric's vision was blocked once again, replaced by his old living room. The woman and his younger self sat on the couch, bent over a map. Alric tried to reach out to touch the figures but found he couldn't reach them. He realized that they couldn't see him. The thought frightened him so much he stumbled a step back.

The scene changed again as Alric found a 7-year-old him being elected as team captain for his school soccer tryouts. He watched the woman cheer him on in a soccer game in the pouring rain, not complaining even once.

The memories of Alric's life events began to wash over him like a storm as he watched scene after scene of his childhood. Until a screen of mist blocked his vision one last time, as Alric found himself back in the attic, clutching the broom.

Placing the broom down, Alric let out a breath he didn't know he had been holding and descended the stairs.

The End

Spider Den

By Elliot, age 12

“Burn you witch!” the executioner bellowed.

The townspeople had been waiting for this very day for ages. A witch had been terrorizing them for months, taking their children, and making people sick.

Strangely enough they had searched her house, but all they were able to find was a broom and nothing else; no furniture, no evidence of the kids. The broom had a musty smell emitting from it, the creepiest part of it was the initials CK etched into the handle.

“Sam! Breakfast is ready!”

Sam groaned as she crawled out of bed. She glanced out the window. The sun was just rising and the tree in her yard had finally started dropping its leaves like tiny canoes being carried away in the wind. Then she went downstairs.

“How’d you sleep my little Samiricle?”

“Stop calling me that, Mom!” Sam muttered while chewing on a piece of toast. Her dad was reading the newspaper while her brother crawled around. Sam looked at the newspaper. She didn’t know what anything meant but she enjoyed making up stories based on the headlines.

“Trump and Hilary in the charts,” and “World famous gorilla Harambe reported dead,” and Sam's personal favorite headline of the day: “Costume contest prize announced of 500 dollars.” She was going to join. But first she had to finish her costume. A black hat, a black robe. All she needed was a broom.

“Mom, do we have a broom?” she blurted out.

“I think there’s an old one in the attic. It was your great grandmother’s, why do you ask?” her mom asked.

“I need it for my costume!” Sam said before climbing up the stairs to the attic.

Sam studied the attic before noticing a large chest and she dumped its contents out. Low and behold, the broom, and after a quick inspection she noticed the initials ck engraved on it, but it should do! She grabbed it enthusiastically and.... POOOSH!

Suddenly the whole world went silent as the broom seemed to go as fast as a rocketship drifting through a cone of vibrant colors that twirled. Sam tried closing her eyes but the colors still seemed to seep through.

After what felt like years had passed Sam opened her eyes and to her delight it was a beautiful night in a camp .The broom strangely vanished from her hand. She looked around and noticed a few cabins and the glow of a fire from around the corner.

She peaked around it and noticed about 20 girls sitting around a fire.

“Oh! Hey there, what are you doing here?” one of the girls called out without even looking at her.

“Um, do you know how I can get to Everest Street?” Sam replied while taking a seat next to them.

“Hm? What’s that?” another girl asked.

“Oh, it’s a street in Virginia.”

“Virginia?”

“You’ve never heard of Virginia?”

Something’s wrong here, but she couldn’t pinpoint it. She glanced behind her. Strands of

silk lay everywhere.

She turned around to see a girl with her face deflated like a balloon as eight horrifying legs grew underneath the now puppet-like body that grew until the girl was unrecognizable.

Suddenly all of the girls became spider-like creatures and turned towards Sam.

Sam began running back to the cabins. She could hear them pursue her. Then she saw it, the broom burning in the fire. It might be a stretch, but if the broom took her here can it take her back?

She took a leap through the spiders and made a dash for the broom and grabbed it with both hands burning them in the process and.....

Found herself back in the attic with the broom in her hand. Then she took a closer look at the broom, she noticed some small letters under the initials CK, it read “camp kidd”.

The End

The Weird Broom

By Ethan, age 12

It was finally time to start the summer vacation and visiting my grandparents in the countryside was certainly a novelty for me. Their house was old and had one of those roofs with bright red tiles on it that you usually do not see in the new flat roof houses. I was interested to explore one afternoon and see what the roof looked like from inside the attic.

I slowly walked up the stairs to the attic. It was one of those old stairs that led straight up and you just opened the latch to go in. The stairs cracked under my feet, and I could already smell the dust. When I opened the door, I looked around. There were old boxes, broken toys, and a bunch of things my family hadn't used in years.

Then I saw something in the corner. It was an old broom. The broom was made out of natural material, and it has a very tall handle made out of wood. I was surprised. I thought "This broom is as tall as me!" I walked over and picked it up. It was all covered in dust and cobwebs. "Ew, I said", brushing it off. Suddenly the broom started shaking in my hands. I was so scared, I dropped the broom, and the broom started floating in the air and shaking a lot.

Suddenly, the broom flew up to the ceiling and spun around like a helicopter. I ducked just in time and the broom flew over my head, and right after it smashed into a pile of boxes. Dust filled the air, and as I looked around old toys covered the floor. I ran for the door of the attic, but the broom pulled me back. Its wooden handle began to glow green and its bristles quivered as if alive. I grabbed an old blanket and threw it over the broom, but it tore right through the fabric and flew right at me!

I screamed and almost cried as I hit behind a wooden chest. The broom hit the chest, tossing books and pictures into the air. Then the glass bottle from the chest fell and

broke, pouring thick purple smoke over the room. I coughed and waved the smoke away, and as the smoke cleared, I saw the broom that was hovering in the middle of the room. Two glowing yellow eyes looked at me from between the broom's bristles, and I was shot up into the air by the broom's handle before I could do anything else.

I grabbed the broom's wooden handle and started screaming as the broom started to lift me into the air. I yelled: “Someone help me!”. I really shouted but nobody could hear me. The broom flew around and started knocking down the old boxes, all of the old clothes and toys that my family hadn't used in years fell out. I still tried to hold onto the broom, because I was afraid of falling. Then I saw the two glowing yellow eyes of the broom which freaked me out, and as I lost grip of the broom, I fell to the ground.

As I looked up, I realized as I was staring at a ceiling of the dusty attic and I just got beat up by an old broom. Wow!

Suddenly, I heard careful footsteps coming up the stairs, and I was sure it was my grandpa. Grandpa said: “How did you find my favorite broom? I remember putting it downstairs, and then it disappeared! I am so glad that you came up here and found it for me."

Grandpa looked around at the mess, smiled at me and said: "Oh, I am not sure what happened here. It is alright if you made this mess. And I am glad that you do not appear to be hurt. Are you injured?” I replied quickly: “No, I'm fine!”, as I got up and started dusting off my pants.

Grandpa picked up the broom and we headed toward the stairs. As I slowly walked behind him, I thought to myself: “Does anyone else know that this broom is evil?”

The End

Rosalie's Secret

By Grace, age 12

The dusty smell of cedarwood and aged paper hit Evangeline as she stepped into the creaky attic. Two years ago, her grandma passed away, yet the strange message she left was something Evangeline still couldn't quite crack:

"The attic...don't let it...fade."

She checked everywhere, but without success.

Evangeline sighed, letting her hand clasp over the old, crooked broom resting in the corner.

Suddenly, the broom hummed to life, sweeping her out the open window. Evangeline screamed in bewilderment and fear.

The broom soared high into the sky, as if drawn by an invisible pull. Climbing higher into the clouds before finally settling down to a small, grassy clearing. It felt familiar to Evangeline. She saw a small dirt path. Evangeline tried to pry her way out of the thick brambles and vines lining the path, but branches held her back.

Suddenly, voices filled the forest, branches snapping and leaves rustling under feet.

"There's no hope whatsoever. It'll disappear with us," a gruff voice mumbled.

Filled with curiosity, Evangeline stumbled behind a tree, peering toward the noise. Gnomes. There must've been at least thirty, walking smoothly in single file.

Evangeline stepped on a tree root, and tumbled through the leaves and ivy, sticks

stabbing and grazing her as she plummeted toward the gnomes.

“A girl!”

“And who are you?” a bushy-eyebrowed gnome asked.

“I-I’m Evangeline.”

The gnome asked, “Your grandmother sent you?!”

“I...I don’t know,” Evangeline replied. “Wh-Who are you?”

One explained, “I’m Orros. You must be the granddaughter of Rosalie. Come with us, and I’ll explain.”

Led by the mysterious, stubby gnomes, Evangeline trailed them through the woods until they reached a cluster of tall, lofty trees with carved holes, making homes for the gnome community. “This place is a magical realm almost impossible to get into from the outside. It’s because your grandmother, Rosalie, possessed magic like us gnomes, and cast a spell to conceal it from those who wish to destroy us.”

Orros and Evangeline sat on chairs carved from logs. “People are trying to erase our existence and our magic,” Orros continued. “While the illusion still stands, it grows weaker by the day, after Rosalie’s passing.”

Wonder filled Evangeline’s heart. Her grandmother had possessed magic all along, but had kept her enchanting secrets until her death. How she wished she could ask her about it!

Orros beamed. “You must have arrived to save us, and- ”

“Save you?” Evangeline interrupted. “I didn’t even know this place existed. Grandma only told me to look in the attic.”

Orros’s grin vanished. “W-Well, you have the magic to maintain the illusion, right?” he sputtered.

Just as Evangeline was about to protest, something caught her eye. Outside the window, bright trees shimmered, but beyond them were people. People in shiny gear and glistening swords stood, their metal clashing and rebounding against nothing. “How odd. What are they hitting?” Evangeline wondered aloud.

Orros turned, eyes widening. “You must leave. Immediately.” He ran to the others. All the gnomes gathered to prepare defences.

Suddenly, the people’s armour no longer rebounded. It went straight through, and their armies blasted through.

The gnomes clicked their tongues, summoning animals from the forest. Moments later, heavy footsteps trudged onto the thick grass, soldiers filling the clearing. Chaos erupted. Swords clashed against metal. Woodpeckers and owls snatched enemy helmets and equipment off as starlings gathered like a cloud, confusing the soldiers. Below, badgers fought claw against metal, foxes tripping the soldiers, and squirrels throwing acorns from the trees.

However, blood spilled, both of the enemy and of the gnomes. They were losing. She wanted to help, yet she had never wielded a sword before.

Her mind was focused; for once, she wasn’t drifting off. Trees moved. Branches twisted and wrapped around the enemies. It was her magic. Concentrating more, the grass tightened around the soldiers’ boots, sending them tripping down all at once.

Orros stepped near the enemy leader. “Let us be, now until forever, and we will let you live.”

The soldiers agreed and left. “That was…you?” Orros asked Evangeline.

“Yes. I think so.” Now, Evangeline understood.

The End

The Cream Kingdom

By Ivy, age 12

“What is this?”Unique found a magic broom in an old box. She sat on it, and it suddenly flew out of the window,”Wait! I’m not ready yet!”

After flying through the clouds, she arrived at a kingdom above the sky, called Cream Kingdom. Everyone there wore hard cream on their faces. A child bumped into a noble and quickly said sorry. The noble scolded the child for having thin cream on his face. Unique asked a passer by why everyone wore it.

“Cream shows you rank,” the person whispered.”When it gets hard, it becomes a mask. It takes away your emotion, and you can never remove it.”

Unique saw an old man who looked hurt but still had to smile.

“But why don't they put cream off?”She is talking to herself.

A guard saw her bare face and shouted,”She has no cream on her face, she broke the law! Catch her!”

Unique flew into the palace, riding a magic broom. In a dusty room, she found a bottle hidden in a cabinet with a note:Original Cream, can melt all cream masks. She remembered the people’s stiff smiles and decided to help them.

At the balcony, the Queen stopped her.

“I used to hate cream, too,” said the Queen.”But rules keep our kingdom safe. Without order, people will fight each other for money and power.”

“But they can’t even show their feelings!” Unique replied.

For the first time, a little bit of anger appeared on the Queen’s face, “You don’t understand this kingdom, You don't even know what I'm doing. Give me the bottle!”

“I know what you want to do. You want to turn them into puppets without resistance!” Unique sneered back.

The guards were coming. Unique jumped onto the broom and flew above the street. She pulled out the cork and poured the Original Cream over the kingdom.

Unique looked at the people and smiled happily,”See, you don’t have to smile when you don't want anymore!”
But her smile soon disappeared.

The cream mask began to crack. Some people cried, some people stunned, while others shouted in anger.

A noble pointed at Unique,”Why did you destroy my cream mask? I worked for years to earn my place!”

“I was helping you!”Unique said.”Now you can show your real feelings!”

“Who asked for your help?” another woman shouted.”You changed our lives without asking!”

Unique was confused. She thought she was saving them. Why were they blaming her?

The Queen felt the cream mask melting and gave a wry smile,”Once you’ve grown accustomed to the wrong things, even if you know the correct answer, you might not necessarily want to change.”

Unique finally decided to leave. At the gate, she saw a little girl putting soft cream on her face.

“Why are you still wearing cream?” she asked.

“Because it looks pretty,” the little girl answered and asked carefully."Does it look bad?” Unique paused. She didn’t know what to say, so she climbed onto her broom and flew away. The kingdom grew smaller below her, until it became a tiny white dot among the clouds.

The End

The Broom

By Jessica, age 12

One night, Freddy was lying in bed, playing video games on his phone Suddenly, he heard a knock from above, hard, loud and slow. At first he didn't think much of it but it kept on knocking... knock... knock... . It was coming from the attic. His parents had told him never to step foot in the attic, but he needed to find out what was in there. Freddy decided to check it out.

First he put on his sneakers, and opened the garage door as the bitter winter air hit his face, Freddy carried a ladder up the stairs. He placed the ladder under the attic, and unlocked the lock.. thump! The lock fell onto the wooden floor. He slid the wooden trapdoor open, rusty metal slowly creaking as he opened it. As he reached into his pocket to take out his phone he could see something moving in the dark, shivering perhaps.. Freddy tapped the flashlight icon on his phone, the shine lighting up the small rusty attic. Inside, he could see what was moving, a broom?!

Freddy climbed up, even though he was wearing socks he could still feel the dust on the floor, most likely piled up for decades. As he got closer to the broom, he could hear it mumbling something under its breath "watch out... itsss coming... 3.. daysss..." Freddy's birthday was in 3 days, he is turning 13. What was going to happen in three days? Freddy decided to take the broom, and hide it under his bed for some time. He covered the broom with a small blanket and went to sleep, his mind still lingering on questions he wanted to ask.

As the days passed, Freddy realized his birthday was tomorrow, but he was more interested in what the broom meant. As his curious mind found thousands of possibilities of tomorrow, his eyes closed, and he slowly drifted off.

The morning sunlight poured in through the cracks of the curtain. Freddy's eyes slowly

opened as he yawned. He opened the curtains and the bright sunlight filled the dark corners of his room. Today was the day Freddy would find out whether what was coming was just a harmless prank or something deeper, larger, and horrifying.

Freddy reached under his bed to grab the broom, when he heard it, a loud terrifying growl, coming from underneath his house. Freddy grabbed on the crusty broom, still repeating itself, “its...comin-” then the broom started glowing, so vibrant that Freddy had to cover his eyes. When he opened his eyes, the broom had transformed from a rusty, old looking broom, to a clean one with a letter attached to it. The letter read “save Earth from it...” under that it read a bunch of gibberish.

All of a sudden, a loud crack sound came from outside, Freddy looked outside, there he saw something emerging from the Earth's crust, magma spilling through the cracks of the gravel, burning whatever it touched. The creature was terrifying, it was about the size of 7 skyscrapers stacked on top of each other and 16 football fields wide. The creature had 7 pure black eyes, two large teeth peaking out of its mouth and lava coming out like a drool. Its horns curve in a spiral shape, and in between the two horns, was a star symbol and it was glowing neon yellow. The skin had spikes all over it including the tail, which was wagging rapidly, demolishing every thing it touched.

Freddy understood, he was the only one who could save Earth, he had to. Freddy held the broom under his legs and he started levitating, higher and higher, “We got this” whispered Freddy, the windows burst open, and he flew off into the magma covered streets.

The End

The Broom of Chernobyl

By Jonathan, age 12

Cleaning the attic was my punishment. My crime? Skipping school by vaulting over the school fence.

The attic had multiple ancient brooms. One looked more modern, with a metal handle that was so clean you could see your reflection off of it. Some letters were carved on the bottom of the broom handle right before the broom's head.

I saw some English letters that were 10 times worse than mine when I first learned the ABCs. I thought I was already in trouble so why not try this after all it's just a broom after all, what could possibly happen to me. I realized I was probably having paranoia and decided to just grip the broom handle which was the worst decision of my life. As I shot through cobwebs and through the attic roof straight up into the sky, I hung on the broom for dear life as it flew through the sky like a fighter jet.

Suddenly my broom stalled and plunged toward the earth faster than my brain could process. I had planned for a slow heroic jump, but before I could even stand up I lost balance and fell off and tumbled towards the ground. I didn't even have time to register the pain before a gun was pointed straight at my head, next thing I knew I was staring down the barrel of a rifle with a Russian soldier glaring at me like I was some type of spy or something,

“This is a restricted area,” he barked as I got marched out of the fenced area at gunpoint.

As I walked through the town, it seemed empty. Windows had been covered by blankets or other stuff, doors were locked, it seemed as if there had been a war here. An old man tapped me on the back.

“Go find somewhere to take shelter,” he advised.

“Why is everyone hiding and shouldn’t children be in school?” I asked. The old man pulled me aside to a narrow alley,

“Don’t tell anyone this, but rumor has it that the nuclear power plant had a huge explosion just a few days ago...”

“Shh... you should get shelter and hide before they find you, because I heard they are looking for young men to enlist and manage the radiated area.” I whipped around to find that I was face to face with a tall man with a short beard in a shiny military uniform.

“Young man would you be kind for a small clean up regarding some problem we have, it won't be much.”

“Um, sure” I stuttered. Then he handed me a yellow hazmat suit and said "That's what I like to hear, now before you go into the area you'll need this because safety first right.”

“Thanks,” I said nervously looking at the pistol on his belt wondering what would have happened if I refused. I put on the hazmat suit which smelled like burnt rubber.

As I walked in the restricted area that the guard told me not to go in but this time he saluted me and welcomed me in instead of yelling at me which was strange. Then I saw another person in a hazmat suit so I went up to him and asked, “Um, what is going on.”

“You got fooled too eh, well let me tell you the government tricked us and put us in here to clean that stupid radioactive reactor.

Before I could ask more the broom shot through the dirt and scooped me up straight into the sky. I could see the guards raising their rifles, but they were too late as I zipped through the air.

Before I knew it I was heading straight for my attic back at home then I heard an

earsplitting CRACK as the broom snapped in half sending me crashing headfirst through the attic window.

As I got up bruised I wondered if this was all a dream, But even if this was all a dream, cleaning my attic sounds better than cleaning that radioactive reactor. Then I heard my mom scream from the kitchen “STOP SLACKING YOU LAZY BRAT” that was when I realized I was home.

The End

Broom of Destiny

By Kara, age 12

My mom always said to never go inside the attic. For years, that was the one rule I never broke. That was until I hit the ripe age of 15 and started to wonder why Mom had this bizarre rule. As far as I knew, all the other high-school parents never told their children that going into a cellar was forbidden.

When Saturday came, Mom and Dad had left the house to go shopping, which gave me the chance to finally explore.

Taking a ladder from the garage, I brought it upstairs. I may or may not've dropped it a few times, but it was now placed underneath the hatch. Climbing up the steps, I had to be careful to not fall.

I grinned devilishly.

No lies could explain all the bruises if I fell.

My desperation and want to know what lurked inside that attic was only growing stronger. Once I finally reached the cellar, nothing out of the ordinary was there. Cobwebs, dusty boxes, old family photos. I didn't understand why the cellar was labelled as 'off-limits'. There wasn't anything dangerous or anything worth hiding. That was when I found a rusty broom.

Normally, there wouldn't be any significance about a broom, but this one was different. This broom was floating.

I checked the time.

10:25am. I could take the broom for a quick trip to wherever I wanted for 25 minutes, come back, hide the broom, and place the ladder back all before Mom and Dad came back at 11:15.

Giving into my impulsive thoughts, I decided to try it out. Opening the window inside the attic, I got onto the broom and successfully flew out.

It was hard to see how fast I was going, too.

My list on where to visit was only growing larger by the second. First, I wanted to go to Six Flags, then a waterpark, then even Paris.

I had so many wants, but none were my needs.

Suddenly, I had crashed into an invisible barrier, then the last thing I remembered was grasping the broom and my eyes fluttering shut.

Now, my eyes opened and I stared into the eyes of a mysterious man and a woman standing beside him. I couldn't recognize the man, but the woman's face was too recognisable.

Mom.

"Why did you go in?" Mom said in a hushed tone.

"More importantly," he interrupted. "Do you know what you've done?"

"What?" I ask, utterly confused.

The man sighs.

"The broom. It is the thing keeping our universe from splitting into pieces." He explains.

"And now?" He chuckles, "you've just unleashed it."

"Which means?" I demand.

“Which means, you, and that,” the mysterious man pointed to the broom. “Could be the key to saving the universe.”

The End

We “Witch” You a Merry Christmas

By Marina, age 12

“James, I hate to do this to you on Christmas Eve, but up to your room. Now.” I roll my eyes. Not being allowed to eat as many cookies as you want on Christmas Eve is dumb.

I make my way up the stairs to my room, when the stairs to the attic in the corner catches my eye. A little adventure couldn’t hurt anyone, right? Big mistake. I peek my head into the attic, and just then, I notice a broom leaning against the window. I walk over and reach for it. But just as my fingertips brush it, the broom suddenly starts levitating.

“What the–” I yelp, stumbling back. I blink. Maybe this was some optical illusion? Nope. I slowly reach out to touch it again. That was dumb.

The broom jerks abruptly and smashes the window, with me still holding on to one end of it. Oh no, but I’ll have to deal with the window later. I’ve got bigger problems, such as why I’m currently dangling off of a flying broom mid-air.

I manage to get my other arm onto the stick of the broom. Great, now I’m at least dangling with two hands. The broom suddenly jerks and takes full flight into the night sky. I start screaming like a rubber chicken. By the time the broom stops, I feel like vomiting.

The broom lowers and my feet finally touch the ground. I love you ground. Just then, a squeaky voice sounds from behind me, “Is this the “trained wizard” they were talking about?”

I get up and look around me, “Trained wizard? Where?”

“It’s you! Or at least it’s supposed to be you,” the squeaky voice exclaims.

I turn around to see...an elf? The elf, seeing my visible confusion, gives me an explanation. This is what I got from it. Santa and his reindeers are ill, so the broom went to look for a “trained wizard” to deliver presents, and apparently the broom has a very bad sense of direction and went to the wrong location. Here I am.

Before I can protest, the elf practically throws a huge bag of presents at me and I barely catch it. Then, the broom scoops me up and whisks me right back into the night sky. Just what I need.

#

Now, I’m telling you this back in my room. The broom got lost a few times but finally managed to take me back. So, this is how my evening went. For my first house, I slipped off the broom above the chimney and tumbled down miserably.

I then stumbled and bumped into the light switch, revealing a chubby toddler trying to pull off a midnight cookie heist. She pointed a chubby finger at me and started screaming. So did I. Any opera singer would be proud of us.

In a panic, I threw the present directly at the girl and she started crying even harder. Oopsies. Then, the broom came down the chimney, and seeing the levitating broom she started screaming even harder– if that was even possible. I’ve never ran so fast in my life.

Wait, I think I hear my sister’s voice. “Mom, James broke the window!” Oh shoot, I forgot about the shattered window. Just great. What a merry Christmas this is.

The End

You Will Hear Me Anyway

By Pandora, age 12

For Myelya, productivity in the form of sprucing up the attic was adequate noise to drown out the tumult of the anxious questions in her mind:

Do I have it in me to jump the chasm between childhood and adulthood soon without falling in?

and

How will I go from being an insignificant bug who, for some unknown reason, everyone believes in, to a capable, successful somebody?

and

Could distancing myself from anyone who's ever loved me keep me from disappointing them when I fail at both?

Myelya could have gone on methodically decluttering the attic for eons.

Luckily, she found the broom.

Its handle was made of cheap red plastic, reminiscent of a kindergarten playground slide. The description stirred a sudden desire to rewind to a simpler time, when Myelya's heart was light enough to fly free.

She shut her eyes, now clutching the broom, as a wave of desperation to be an unburdened child washed over her.

When she reopened them, she was standing in front of a dingy gymnasium door with a rudimentary sign reading “Fourth Grade Halloween Dance!”.

Myelya was… a kid again!

These things, time travelling and teleportation on brooms, happened all the time during the spooky season, didn’t they? That’s what Myelya told herself as she gave the door a gentle push and stumbled inside.

The gymnasium was dark except for neon spotlights flickering across the walls. The thumping, cheerful dance music reverberated in every costumed 9-year-old’s ears. Myelya was swept into the unselfconscious dancing crowd by an invisible current of joyful abandon.

She felt not a spike of anxiety or nudge of some jagged piece that constantly poked, ripped at her happiness. It was everything she’d dreamed of since the horrors of mental health issues, of being a teenager, set in.

But Myelya couldn’t fully enjoy her freedom because things weren’t meant to be like this.

Myelya knew everyone got their precious moments of comfort, then grew up.

This led her to another thought, accompanied by a twang of selfishness, of hoarding: who could catch her doing anything wrong? Some higher power bestowed the broom upon her in the first place, after all.

“Maybe it’s a sort of test, to see if I’ll act with compassion.” Myelya mused.

Talking aloud to herself amid the music was similar to screaming into the void; therapeutic, peaceful.

“But who’s to say that higher power spares the slightest thought for me?”

Myelya had gotten a whiff of self-awareness once. It wasn’t something she was eager to sniff again. (It smelled of uncertainty and lemon rinds.) Now, though, she knew she had to.

“Nothing in my sick, sad life truly matters because no one will remember it but me.”

Myelya had never thought of herself from such a perspective before, compared to whatever master of the universe existed. Daunting, it was.

“Yet isn’t that a reason to make the most of it anyway? Playing the game of life may be meaningless in the end, and its rules may be irrational, however isn’t everything you feel, everyone you love along the way the fun of it?“

“To the universe, I suppose I’m the fly we self-important humans swat. To the universe, I’m a buzz. But you know what, universe? You will hear me buzz, no matter how softly, anyway.”

Myelya felt enlightened.

“You will hear me anyway.” she again, bizarrely confident and eager to live.

The future now seemed less like a black hole and more like writing a story. Absolute torture for a bit, but torture that’s worthwhile. And surprisingly fun.

Myelya didn’t consider such intricacies of how she was going to return to her proper time and age four years in the future.

Everything seemed perfectly right-side-up in her life; knew there was nothing she couldn’t fix.

So instead, Myelya danced to her heart’s content.

The End

The Broom Boy

By Ryan, age 12

The attic had always been a dusty and mysterious place to Leo. He had been sent up there to look for a box of winter blankets, but the moment he entered, the blankets were completely forgotten. The attic was a maze of dusty boxes and furniture. In the farthest corner, resting against an old wooden chair, was a broom. It didn't look like the neon green plastic broom his parents used regularly, this one was made out of a strange type of wood, its handle worn by many years of use.

Leo walked over and picked it up. It was extremely light, impossibly light for solid wood "Cool," Leo said, examining the strange broom.

The moment his fingers squeezed the handle, it felt like the broom was pushing against him. Suddenly, the broom shot up at the ceiling. Leo gasped, nearly dropping it, but before he could let go, his feet left the ground. The broom stopped inches from the ceiling, leaving Leo dangling from the handle. His heart hammered against his ribs, but slowly, his shock transformed into excitement. After testing the broom a bit, he discovered that he could control it by yanking back or pointing straight ahead, he zoomed around the attic, his sneakers occasionally kicking up small clouds of dust. But as he guided the broom towards a narrow gap between two cardboard boxes, the sound of a door opening reminded Leo of what he was there for.

"Leo? Did you find the blankets?" said his mother from below.

Panicking, Leo pulled back hard on the handle. The broom slowly hovered to a stop and Leo jumped off.

"Just looking, Mom! Found them!" Leo called back, his voice squeaking slightly.

He carefully tucked the broom back into its dark corner next to the wooden chair, putting a dusty purple blanket over it. He patted the wooden handle one last time before turning. Smiling, Leo grabbed the box of blankets and headed for the ladder, knowing exactly where he would be spending his entire weekend.

The End

The Sounds in the Attic

By Serena, age 12

Ever since my parents and I moved into this new house, I couldn't shake that terrible feeling in the pit of my stomach. Every night around eleven, I could hear something coming from the attic but... it might also be my imagination. I'm not sure.

"Mina! Are you finished unpacking yet?"

"Yes, mom. I'm almost done." I organized the rest of my clothes in the closet, with that crisp, new, woody smell. Honestly, I think the whole house smelled like that.

As I folded my last hoodies, I heard it. Something scratched on wood, sharp and clawing. It started as faint. I hated that sound. My throat tightened as it got louder. My stomach ached more every second. Before I exploded, it stopped.

Without my brain's command, my hand reached for the handle of my bedroom door. In the hall lay an ordinary dusty broom. I went to examine it, but suddenly, it stood up. I screamed and backed away. It pushed me back into my room, closed the door, grabbed a pen and scribbled something on the wall.

RUN

I stumbled back but then I heard a loud BANG from the attic. My lips trembled.

"Wh- what? What is that?" I managed.

The broom just pointed at the wall.

I just sat there, terrified, not knowing if this was a dream. The broom nudged me again

and again until it finally flew to the window and shattered it. Then, it went back to the wall and scribbled:

ESCAPE NOW

It dove right under me and scooped me up and flew toward the shattered window. I screamed so loud that I lost my voice. The broom went straight out of the window but instead of going through, I hit the window with a loud THUD. I hit the floor with glass everywhere. All I could hear was my heavy breathing.

I stood up, brushed myself off, and raced into the hallway. Then . . .

CRASH!

I looked up as the attic door broke as a creature emerged. Arms flung frantically. No legs in sight. Drops of sweat rolled down my face. A ghost!

Just as it reached for me, another window shattered somewhere in the house.

I caught sight of the broom. It swooped me up as wind gushed upon my face. We crashed out the door and flew into the sky.

As the broom slowed down onto the garden, I saw mom and dad already standing there and waiting for me. The fear in their eyes was unmistakable.

“Mom! Dad!”

My dad wrapped his arms around me and looked me in the eyes. “The moving truck is on their way.”

The End

A Volleyball's Worth of Trouble

By Stacy, age 12

Nine-year-old Kiwi had no idea why she thought her pink volleyball would be in the attic. It wasn't anywhere in the house, and she even checked the bushes where her brother might've thrown it into.

So, with nowhere left to look, Kiwi wandered into the attic. It was where old treasures and junk were kept.

Spiders roamed everywhere. Cobwebs hung from the ceiling, and wherever Kiwi stepped, the wooden floorboards would creak. Even worse, it was dark, so it made the attic extra spooky.

She almost tripped over a statue and stumbled towards the wall. But when she looked up from the ground, she saw a broom that looked a hundred years old. The straw bristles were tied together neatly with a gold ribbon, and the handle was made of a dark, polished wood.

Kiwi thought it was some old treasured broom. As she picked it up to move it out of the way, she realized it was heavier than she thought. It slipped right through her grip and clashed to the floor.

Or at least she thought it fell.

The moment before it hit the ground, the broom stopped suddenly and floated a foot in the air.

Kiwi wasn't sure what to do. "Uh...fly?"

The broom stayed where it was.

"Pretty please fly?"

The broom shot into her hand. Kiwi stumbled back, surprised. Then she swung a leg over it.

"This is a terrible idea," she murmured. "Flying out the attic window."

The broom tried to buck her off, as if it disagreed with her idea.

"Fine!" yelled Kiwi. "This is a great idea. Totally."

The broom soared right out of the window into the night. However, it turned in the direction of the woods.

"What?" she asked, horrified. "Why are we going to the woods? Hey, I'm talking to you!"

The broom did nothing in response and kept flying toward the trees.

Soon, they approached a red flashing light. It was the old rusty signal tower.

Everyone knew that it existed. Nobody went near it, though.

"Are you crazy?" Kiwi exclaimed in shock and horror. "This is the abandoned signal tower! Why would you come here in the middle of the night?" She kept rambling as if the broom was a real person. "Bring me back now!"

Suddenly, a girl's voice said, "Hello, Kiwi."

Kiwi spun around in shock. Behind her was a girl about her age, except she had darker hair and green eyes.

"Who are you?" Kiwi asked, forgetting about the broom.

“I’m Olive,” said the girl.

“Awesome. Hi, Olive. I’m leaving now.”

“Actually, I’m going to be needing that broom of yours.”

“No,” said Kiwi flatly.

“I need it to go inside the tower.”

“How are you planning to go inside the tower?” Kiwi asked, confused.

Olive frowned. “If you know where to look, you can. Look, I’ll give you something you really want.”

As if out of thin air, Olive pulled out...Kiwi’s pink volleyball.

“It’s a good deal,” she said.

The End

Witch’s Broom

By Wendy, age 12

It was a dusty day of cleaning out the attic to make extra room when I discovered it: an old broom that looked like it hadn't been used in centuries, with a small hat symbol carved into the handle.

I tossed it aside, but a faint glow pulsed from the hat symbol. I took a closer look. For an old broom it was in pretty good shape, aside from the layer of dust. I grabbed it, and a sudden jolt of energy shot through it. I dropped it in surprise, then picked it up again. It felt lighter than before.

“DINNER’S READY!” Mom yelled. I rushed down the stairs to eat.

“Hey mom, are witches real!” I asked.

Her spoon stopped, then she chuckled.

“I've only heard your great grandpa talk about witches. He said your great grandma used to fly around on a broom. But he also had dementia “ She sighed, then returned to eating.

“Sweetie it's getting late, go to sleep. Your aunt Maya is coming over tomorrow.

“Got it!” I said.

The next morning is bright and kinda cold; I could hear the rustling of the leaves.

“She's here,” Mom yelled. Standing in the doorway was my aunt, her name was Maya, my aunt. Me and Maya went to the kitchen as Mom was bringing tea.

“Hey Maya, are witches real?”I whispered.

“Oh of course they are, my grandma taught my mom to fly though she stopped after me and your dad was born so she never got a chance to teach me,” she answered.

“What nonsense are you spouting? "Mom yelled from the kitchen.

“You know this better than anyone. Your grandma was also a witch”

“It's dangerous, that's why she died! “

“NOT YET!” Maya yelled.The room fell silent, then she continued.”Once you turn thirteen you can fly. Your great grandma has an illness which can only be cured with a special flower. Sadly it only grows on the top of a tall mountain and I can’t fly. I'm hoping you could help.”

“That's way too dangerous!” Mom said.

“It's fine, I want to learn,” I responded.

Over the next few days she told me the basics stuff that I could have guessed like stay calm and don't panic if anything happens.After lots of failed attempts I finally got the hang of it.

“Look! Maya I'm flying “ I said laughing. I could already fly, I'd say pretty well. The days went past pretty fast and it was already the day that I would take off. Just before Maya handed me a compass, and a map with a little red X on one of the mountains.

“There!” Maya pointed at the X. “The flower is orange to red and has distinct heart shaped leaves. “

We went to the yard and I got ready to fly. I gave a wave to mom and with a push I was in the air.

I was in the air for a while, one hand on the broom and one hand on the map. In the

distance I saw a slim but tall mountain. The wind was blowing harshly on my face and I see why mom didn't want me doing this.

After a few minutes more of broom flying I was so close to the mountain that I could almost feel the rocks. When suddenly my broom gave a shake then started to jolt like a wild bull. I reached my hand out barely scraping the little edge of the rock, the broom collapsed. On the edge without a broom that's when I saw it. Not even three rocks away the same flower Maya described. The heart shaped leaves and orange to red petals were exact. I crawled over and shoved it in my pocket. In the distance I saw a faint glow.

“MY BROOM ITS COMING BACK” I yelled without realizing. Right when it was just in reach I grabbed it and jumped on. I had never been so glad to be heading home. After I got home mom hugged me so tight I could barely breathe and finally I gave the flower to Maya.

The End

Sweeping Me into a Beautiful Experience About Life!

By Vihaan, age 13

On a bright Saturday morning, Leo's family decided to go to their beach house. A 3-hour drive from their home, the old 2-storey brick house had been in Leo's family for over 150 years. The faded paint, creaky floorboards, and light brown wooden doors had become a second home for Leo.

The first night, his sleep was somehow evading him and he was feeling bored lying on his bed. At the corner of the ceiling, he saw an entry to the attic and decided to explore it. Upon entering the dark and dusty attic with just a torchlight, he came across a long and slender wooden chest, with a rusted iron fastener, tucked into a small gap in the wall.

As he opened the clip and lifted the creaky cover, an ash-gray broom stared back at him.

"A broom? That's it?" he wondered.

To his surprise, the broom flew up into the air.

"A magic broom!" Leo exclaimed.

With curiosity, as he swung his legs over the wooden handle, the broom started moving, and soon, they were out of the house. As they gained height, Leo was able to see the entire town from above.

Lights from the few houses in the town shined like beacons in the night. Water from the nearby lake sparkled, reflecting the light of the stars and the moon, like thousands of tiny diamonds.

The pure untouched beauty of nature made him realise that while we think that the world revolves around us with our sorrows and happiness being the biggest, the truth is that life is so much bigger and beautiful than we can ever imagine.

At a distance, he saw a family of deer roaming freely in the jungle, and a mother deer lovingly caring for her fawn. This made him realize that the land belonged to animals much before it belonged to us, and that love has no language.

The beauty from a bird's eye view just left him awestruck.

Leo was now getting sleepy, and upon returning to the attic, he noticed a small faded piece of paper tucked into the side of the box.

The note read that the broom belonged to his grandfather. His spirit had been tied to the ashy-gray flying broom, and upon his death, the broom would turn into ashes.

He suddenly realized that his grandfather had died just a few weeks back.

Just then, smoke started to come from the broom. And, instantly, the broom turned into ashes.

He bent down towards the ashes, while a tear trickled from his little eyes and whispered, "Thank you for giving me the experience of a lifetime. I will always remember how I once rode a flying broom and it transformed my world. The invaluable lessons it taught me through the ride changed the way I would see and cherish this world – the beauty and love in our life and the mesmerising nature around us. I would always preserve these!"

The End



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With Gratitude

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