

P9/2011 6th-8th 479-351-9341

they walk together with their secret jokes. I keep picturing white fingers closing on my shoulders.

In a few minutes, the hill gets steeper. The trees on the summit are low and barren. The water tower hangs above us on its daddy longlegs.

Through the twisted trees we can see down into the valley. We can see the lights of the town center and the black waters of the reservoir. On three distant hills, three radio towers wink, gently soaking the valley in silent soft rock.

I turn from the view and see that Tom and Jerk are looking expectantly around, as if they actually thought they'd see a vampire on the bare hilltop. It is not the worst place to catch a vampire. The trees are so low and brittle and the sky so close that it looks like a devil's orchard.

"Here we are," I say. "I guess we just came on the wrong night. Can we go?"

Tom narrows his eyes and says carefully, "What's the matter? Why are you so down on this?"

"Because it is stupid," I say. "What would you do if you met a vampire?" The wind picks up all around us. You know, vampires have the strength of ten men."

"Ten?" says Tom.

I shrug. "It was an estimate."

"Which ten?"

"I said it was an estimate."

The pale trees are shivering.

frivolous

parties

silks and dances and flowers

of dancing

Dreaming

I found myself

I told myself

a secret

I

wanted

everything

and

nothing

At the end

'It's enough,

by: Ambar

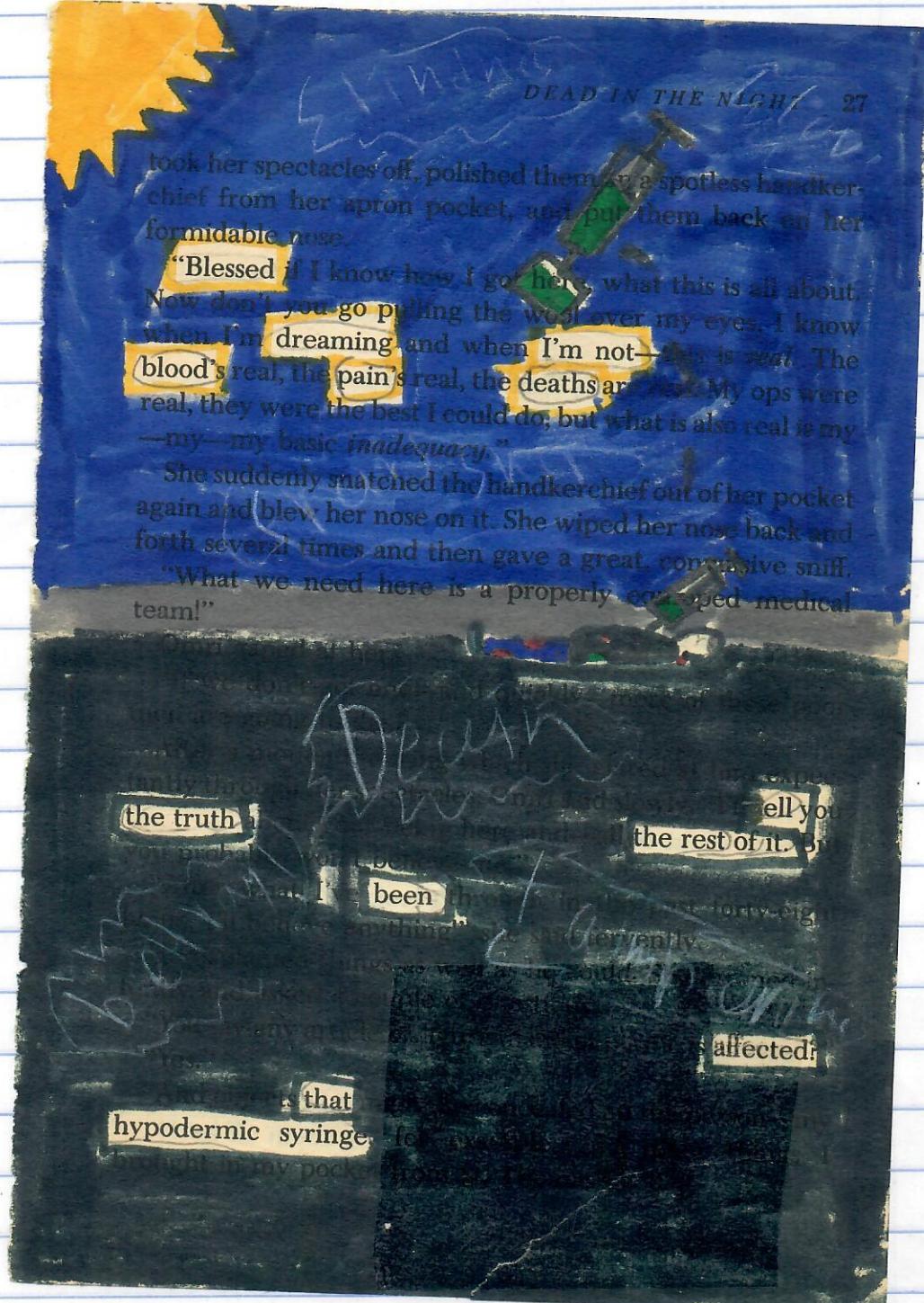
Mom; she does the same thing. The problem is when Mom's feeling ~~down~~, she mixes ~~some~~ vodka martini, which makes her even ~~more~~ depressed. I noticed when I visited home recently, the library that she'd given to me was in the library that she'd given to me. I can usually tell ~~she seems~~ to move ~~slow~~.

As I sat in my room, I glanced at the photos on the wall, then at my desk covered with cameras and junk, then at the floor covered with clothing and more junk. I understood why ~~Mom~~ gets so upset every time she comes within ten feet of my room. It's ~~a total~~, unspeakable mess. Kim sometimes asks me to blindfold her before she comes in, so she doesn't have to see it. Mom's given up; she doesn't come in at all, if she can help it.

We have this maid, Mom and I. She is neurotically neat, while ~~I'm~~ amazingly slobbish. Our living room is full of glass cabinets and beige carpets and Mom's collections of delicate seashells and antique paperweights, everything arranged beautifully with pinpoint lighting effects. Even our main bathroom has a perfectly symmetrical display of seashells and paperweights on shelves next to the mirrored cabinet. Mom's more than that; she's fastidious. Sometimes I think she's nuts.

Dad's more like me, when he's not on his Madison

Nathaniel L. 6th



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LOGAN C. 
6th Grade

Again they were silent. None of them believed that would ever happen. This business was a one off, and they all knew it.

"And meanwhile—what?" said Boone.

"Just keep on as you are—I'm afraid," said Omri with a deep, miserable sigh.

They had something to eat, and Omri—who had a special tea prepared—tried to turn it into a bit of a party, but it was no use. They were all just too upset and scared about the future to enjoy it. At last Emma put Ruby into her pocket, and Boone, with some assistance, clambered to his favorite perch with a leg each side of Patrick's ear, facing out and well-masked by hair. He said it was the nearest thing to riding.

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"Dad'll go ape when he sees this," said Omri—and then he stopped.

He'd seen something. Something that in the first second he didn't comprehend, because it didn't belong. Not that bright color. He paused to look closer. The others were ahead of him, starting down the road toward the station. Omri reached up his hand to the top of the hedge.

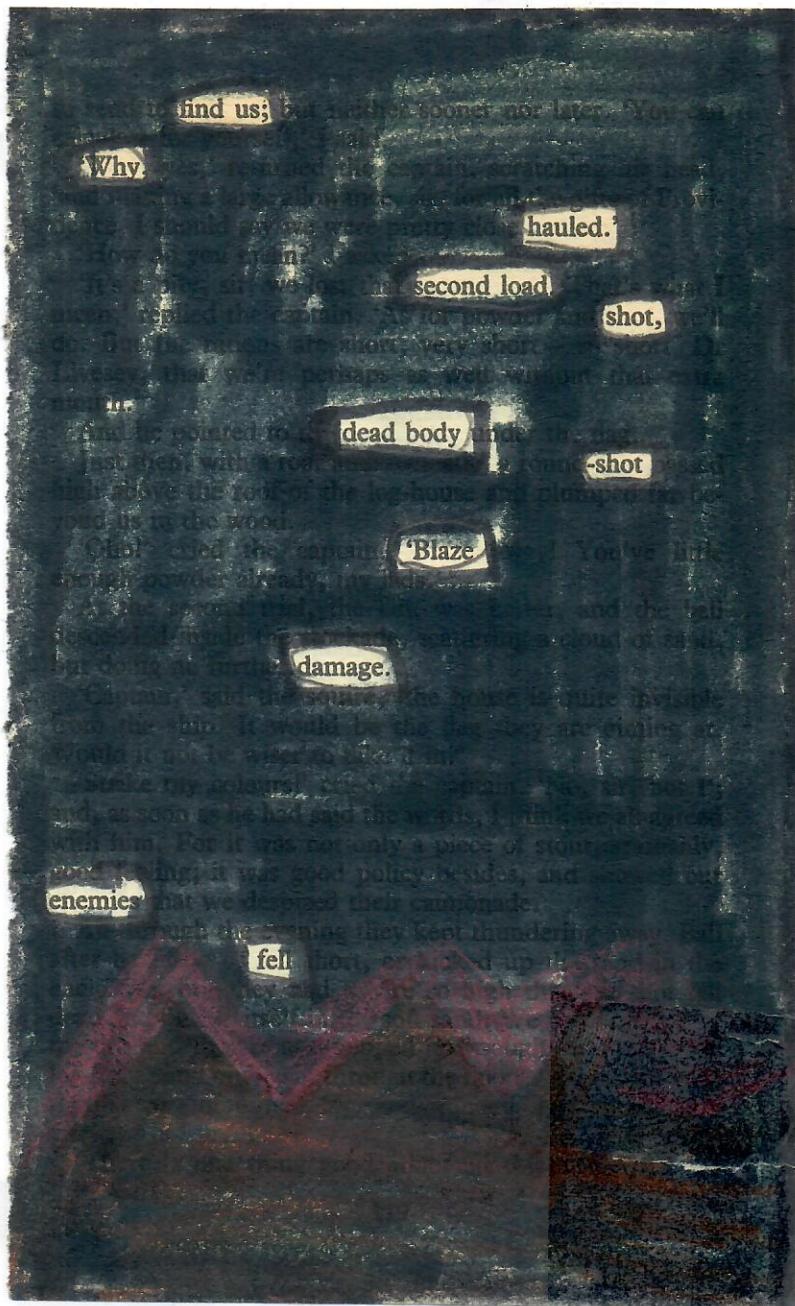
And then he saw what it was.

He didn't shout and jump and cheer. It was too important for that. He simply stood there with his hand raised, touch-

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SPinner J. M. S.



Crude G

Mrs. Schubert

Evelyn Iannelli 6th grade

80 THE SECRET OF THE GOLDEN GATE

the whole barrel jumped into his horror began rolling slowly toward him, spilling whisky as it went.

Seeing it approach, Patrick raced to get out of its way. He ran as fast as his aching legs would let him, hearing the huge barrel grundling along the wooden bar behind him, nearer and nearer. Surely, surely it must soon roll over him like a steamroller!

But luckily for him it didn't roll straight. Abruptly he heard the noise stop as it reached the edge. There was a brief pause before it shattered on the barroom floor.

He stopped running and turned panting.

The eyes of many persons in the saloon were fixed on him and every bloodshot eye was watching. Vast mouths hung loosely open; bushy beards were paper-white or mottled purple.

"Wh-wh-what IS that?" gibbered one man at last, pointing at him with a trembling finger. "Boys, am I seein' things, or—is—that—you—tiny—ackshul—fella?"

Before anyone could reply, Patrick sensed a quick movement behind him. He spun around instinctively, to find himself staring straight up the barrel of a six shooter.

"Whatever it is, I don't like it!" growled the owner, and fired.

The shot alone nearly killed Patrick, though the gun wavered at the last second and the tiny bullet struck against the shooting bar above the barrel instead and the top of the barrel right next to him, splintering the wood. Very briefly.

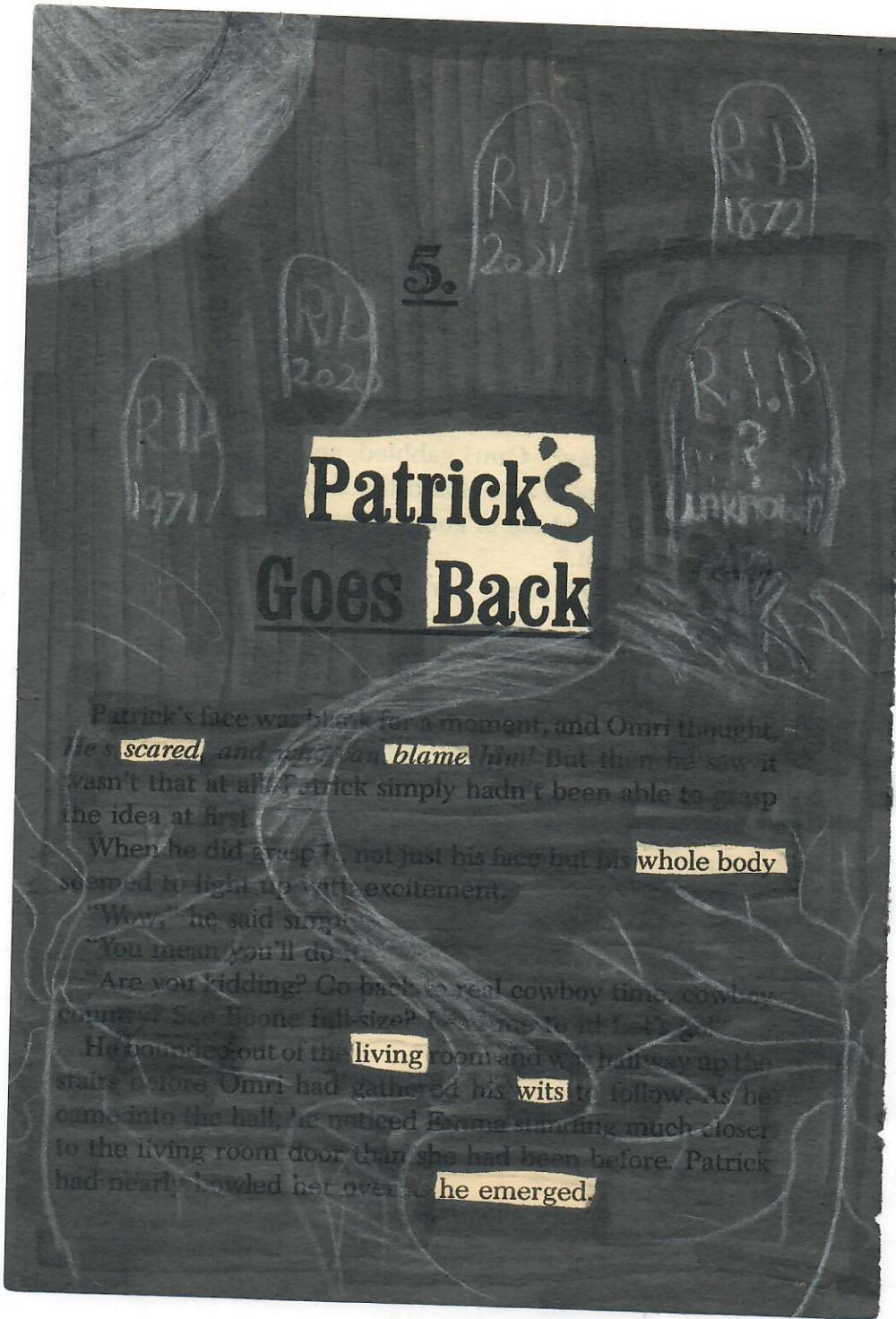
The instant complete chaos broke out.

Patrick, who had been leaning against the enormous mirror which reflected the room, suddenly and silently sank out of sight behind it. This seemed to act as

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Shyonne Salas
6th grade



Patrick's face was blank for a moment, and Omri thought, **he's scared**, and **you can blame him!** But then he saw it wasn't that at all. Patrick simply hadn't been able to grasp the idea at first.

When he did grasp it, not just his face but his **whole body** seemed to light up with excitement.

"Wow," he said simply.

"You mean you'll do it?"

"Are you kidding? Go back to real cowboy time, cowboy country? See Boone full-size? He's not to fit!"

He bounded out of the **living room** and was halfway up the stairs before Omri had gathered his **wits** to follow. As he came into the hall, he noticed Emma standing much closer to the living room door than she had been before. Patrick had nearly bowled her over as **he emerged**.

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Abigail W.
6th grade

and he remembered his thought that other time. *As far away as you can get without being dead.* It was tempting to stand there, losing himself in speculation about where the real Patrick was.

But there was no time for such thoughts. Reaching into the chest, Omri fumbled in Patrick's pocket for the five-pound note. And found something that made him snap his hand away in alarm. But if he'd burned it.

There was something else in Patrick's pocket.

Omri could feel it in his heart in his gutlet. It was a person, a small animal of some kind. With his fingers tips Omri prodded the object. Patrick must have had something plastic baggy packed in there. It was locked in the chest, and it had to be freed.

Omri reached his fingers into the pocket again. What he found was, something small, hot, naked and bony. He held of it as good as he could, feeling it struggle in his fist. He drew it out.

It was a very distressed black horse - complete with an old western-style saddle and bridle.

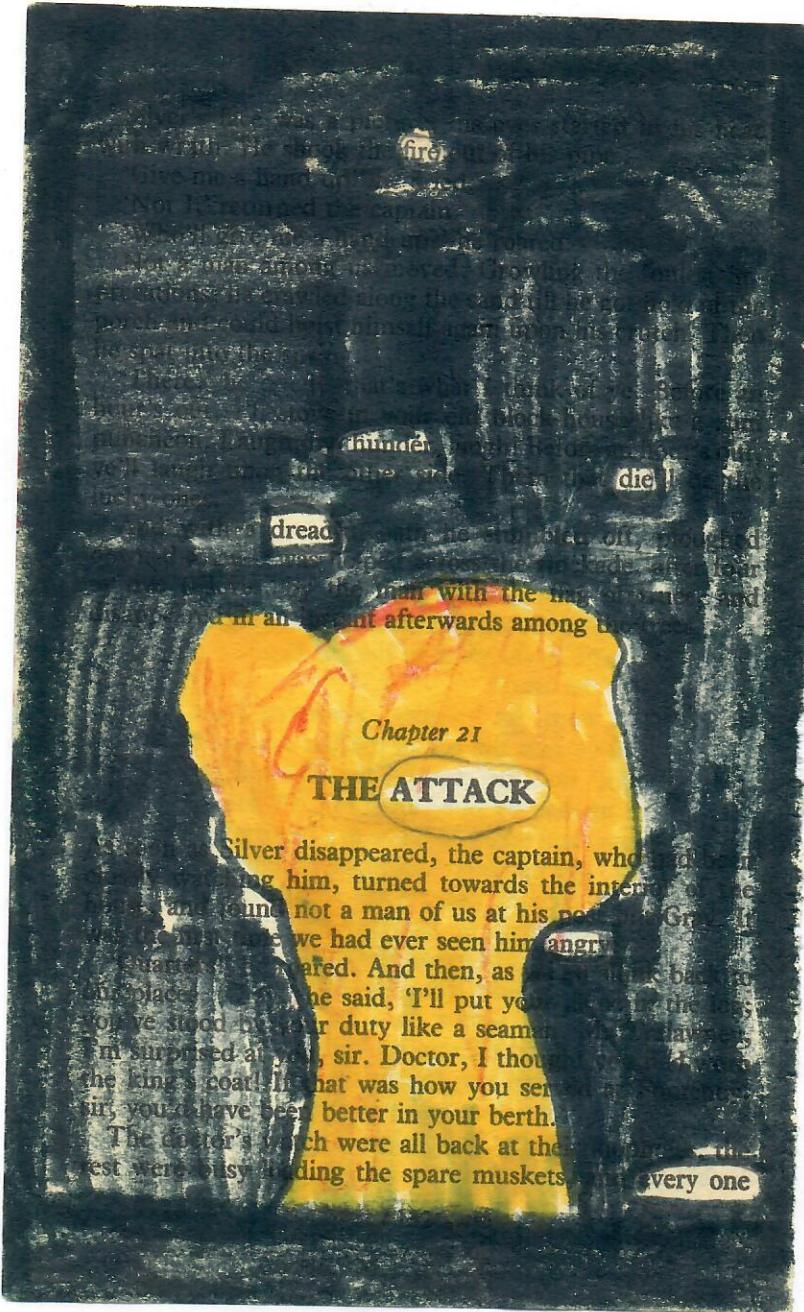
It was one's horse! His new one, that Patrick had taken from him. A British soldier. Omri set it down gently on the paddock beside the seed tray, where Little Horse's pony was lying. It was double-ply nylon thread. It drew up its head and then descended from the head, and whinnied anxiously. Both horses the black pony and the white one were on the ground and it was a case of a good snort, both their heads dropped to graze the grass that the black had dug up and laid there.

Omri smiled in relief. Evidence of the pony was all right, though he wished he could find the bridle and

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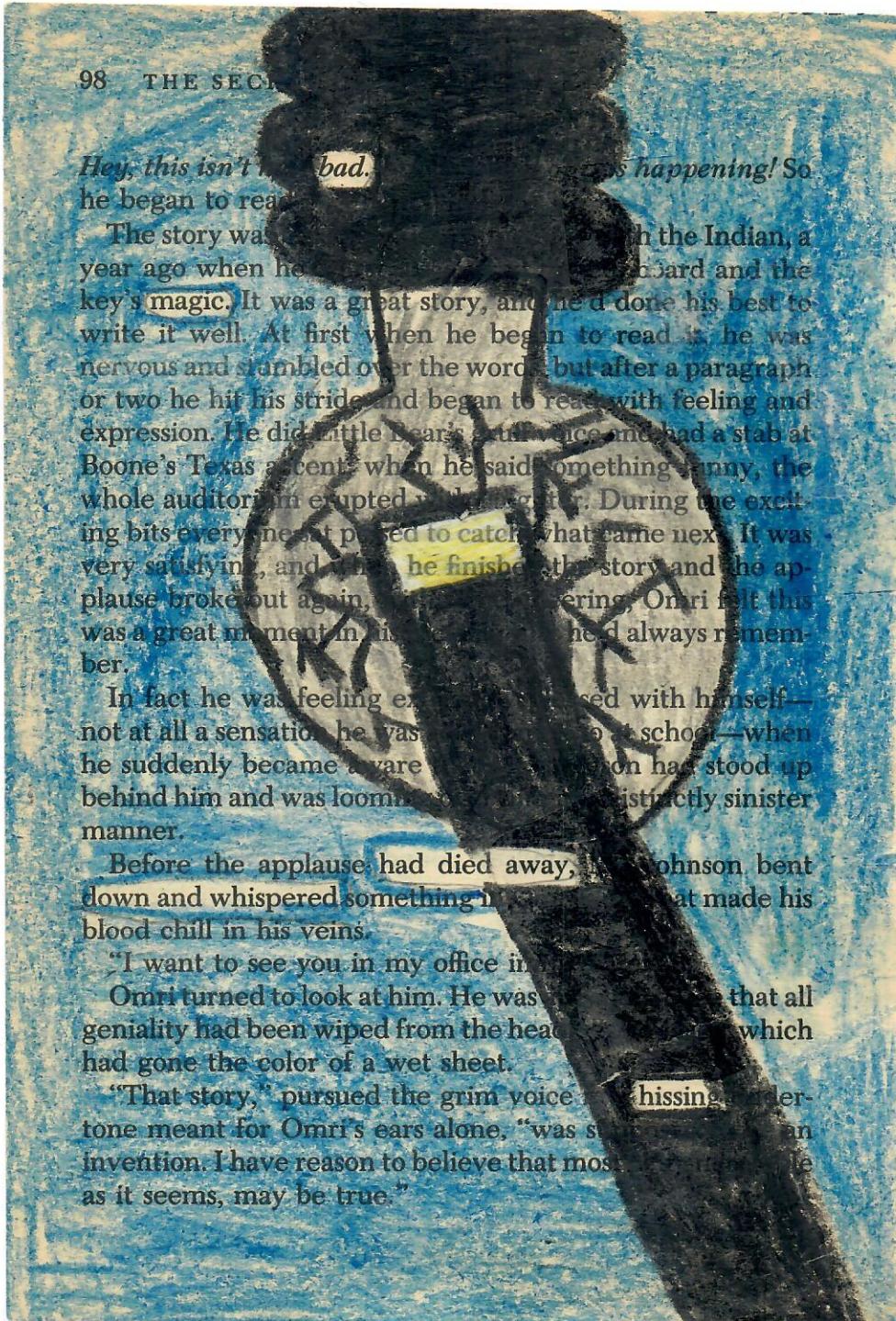
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6th



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Lily M.
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Chapter 20

SILVER'S EMBASSY

one of them waving a white cloth; the other no less a person than Silver himself, standing silent.

It was still quite early, and the coldest morning I think I ever was abroad in. The bones were at the marrow. The sky was bright and cloudless over the land, and the tops of the trees shone rosily in the sun. But Captain Silver stood with his lieutenant all was still in shadow, and they waded knee deep in a low, white vapour, that had crawled during the night out of the morass. The chill and the vapour taken together told a poor tale of the island. It was plainly a damp, feverish, unhealthy spot.

'Keep indoors, men,' said the captain. 'Ten to one this is a trick.'

Then he hailed the buccaneer.

'Who goes? Stand by the fire.'

'Flag of truce,' cried Oliver.

The captain was in the porch, keeping himself carefully out of the way of a treacherous shot should any be intended.

'Turner's to the right,' he said. 'Doctor's watch on the left. Dr Livesey, take the north side of you; never mind the east; Gray, west. The watch below, all hands to your muskets. Lively, men, and careful.'

And then he turned to the mutineers.

'And what do you want with our flag of truce?' he cried. This time it was the older man who replied.

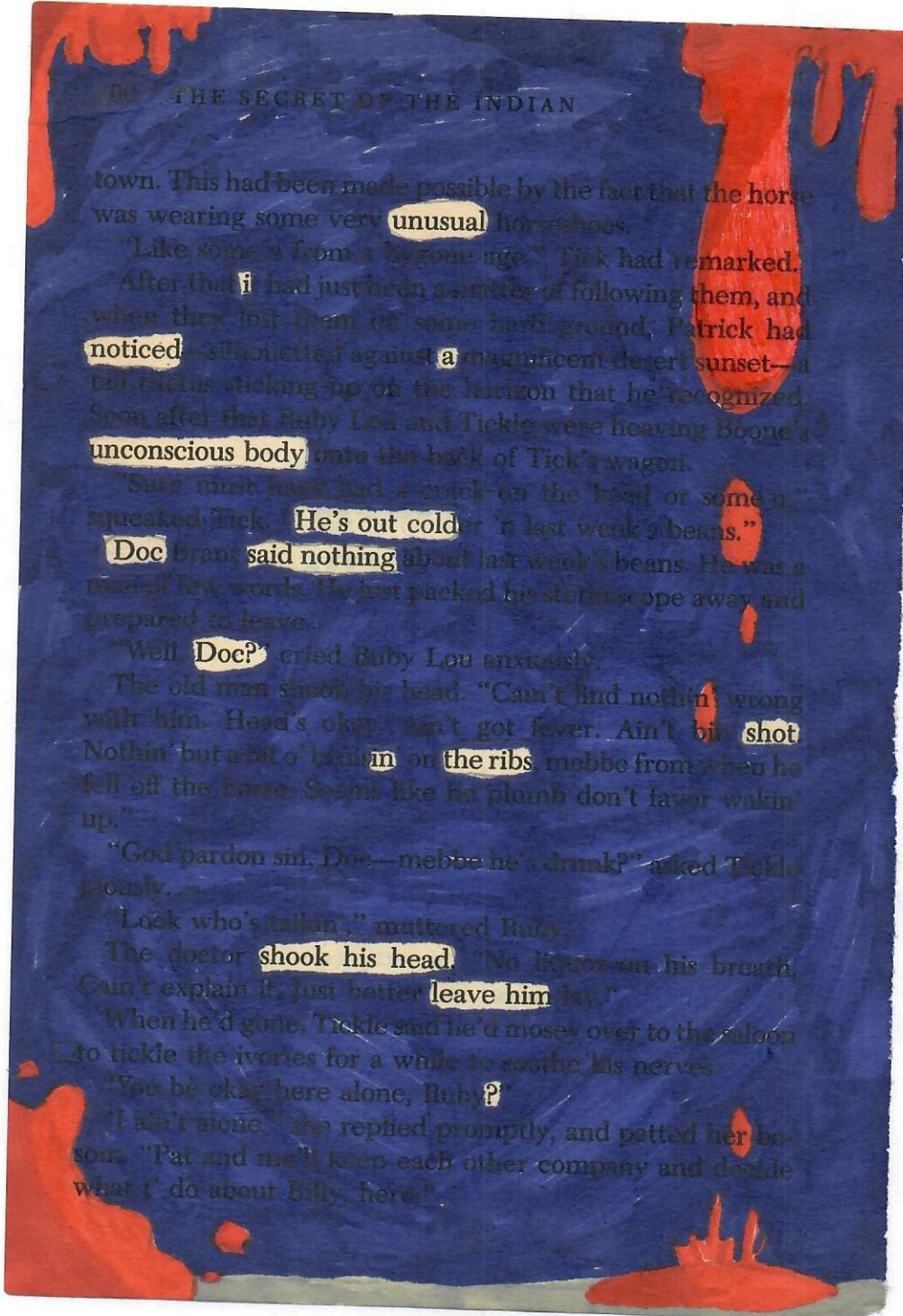
'Cap'n Silver, sir, to come on board and make terms,' he shouted.

'Cap'n Silver! Don't know him. Who's he?' cried the

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Brienne F
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But they wouldn't. How could they?

Looking at Mr. Johnson, Omri saw the same thought come into his mind. Mr. Johnson was not a man who enjoyed looking a fool.

"Go ahead and phone them," said Omri.

The trap shifted. It was not Omri who was caught in it now. Mr. Johnson drummed with his fingers on the desk, looking at the phone, inwardly rehearsing the conversation.

. . . No. He must get the boy to admit the truth first. But how?

Just at that critical moment fate intervened. The phone they were both staring at began to ring.

They jumped. Mr. Johnson, recovering himself, answered,

"Hello? Yes, the headmaster here . . ." He listened, and his face changed. His eyes flashed to Omri, and his eyebrows went up. "Yes. Yes, he is. He's with me now, as it happens. . . ." He covered the phone with his hand and said grimly, "It's your mother."

"Wh-what does she want?"

He didn't answer, just handed the receiver to Omri.

"Mum?"

"Omri? Where's Patrick?"

Omri's heart plummeted to new depths in his chest.

"Patrick—?"

"Yes, darling, where is he? I've got his mother here, frantic. Emma's with her." His mother lowered her voice. "She's crying. Apparently she told Patrick's mother that he was spending the night with us, whereas of course he didn't. Now come on, out with it, where is he?"

"I—I'm not sure," stammered Omri. Which wasn't precisely a lie.

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He frowned, and I knew his caution was wrestling with some of our happiest memories from Keramzin. Then a little smile appeared on his lips. "All right. There are certainly enough people for us to blend in."

We joined the crowds parading down the road, slipping in with the fiddlers and drummers, the little girls clutching branches tied with bright ribbons. As we passed through the village's main street, shopkeepers stood in their doorways ringing bells and clapping their hands with the musicians. Mal stopped to buy furs and stock up on supplies, but when I saw him shove a wedge of hard cheese into his pack, I stuck out my tongue. If I never saw another piece of hard cheese again, it would be too soon.

Before Mal could tell me not to, I darted into the crowd, snaking between people trailing behind the *dom* cart where a red-cheeked man sat with a bottle of *kvas* in one chubby hand as he swayed from side to side, singing and tossing bread to the peasants crowding around the cart. I reached out and snatched a warm golden roll.

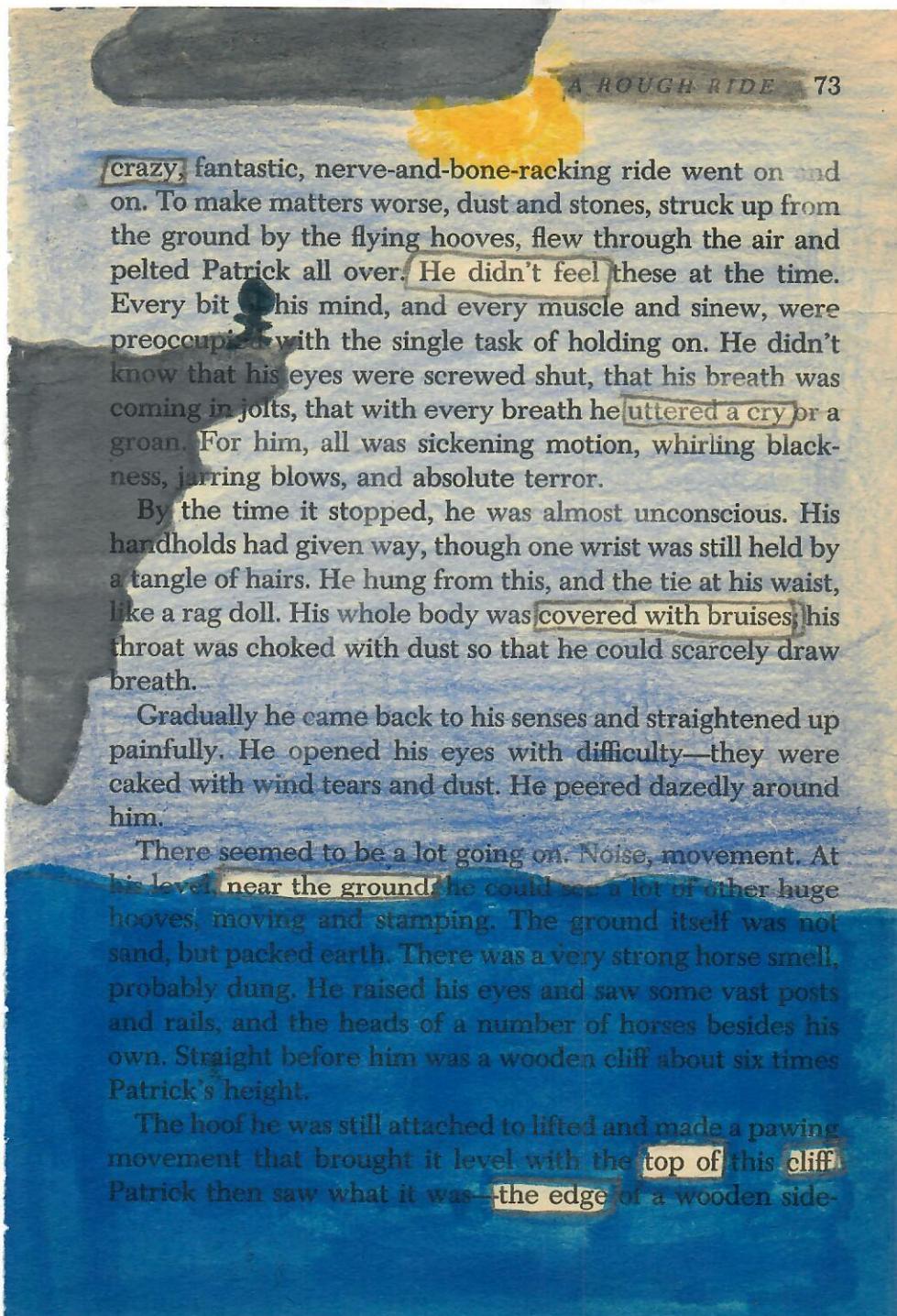
"For you, pretty girl!" the man shouted, practically toppling over.

The sweet roll smelled divine, and I thanked him, prancing my way back to Mal and feeling quite pleased with myself.

He grabbed my arm and pulled me down a muddy walkway between two houses. "What do you think you're doing?"

Lexie F

Grade 6



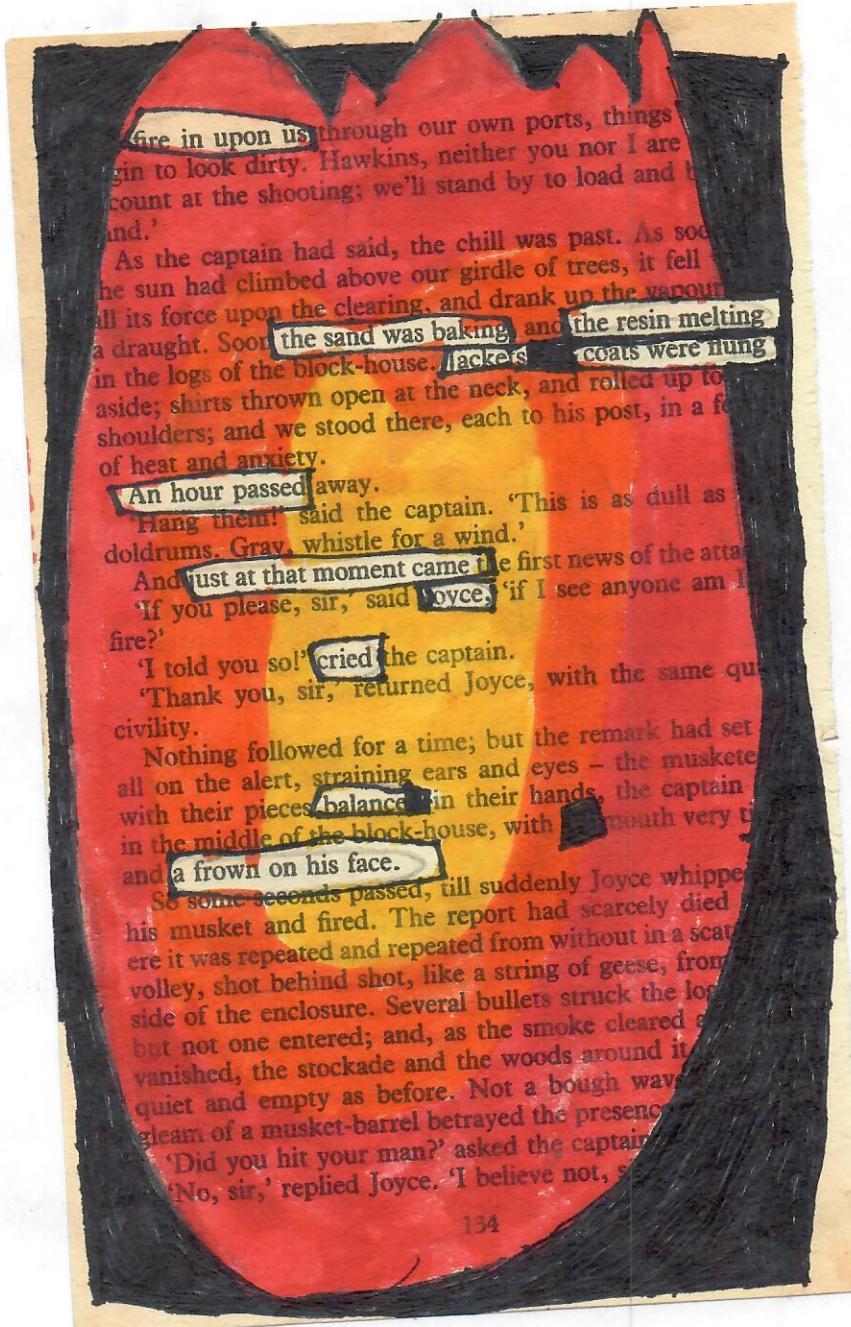
Mrs. Schobert

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Carmela

Hawkins

6th Grade



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slammed down the lid. His hand was so unsteady—they were nearly at the door—that it took two or three stabs before he could thrust the key into the lock. Then he turned it.

What happened next was something he could never afterward remember clearly, and yet would never, ever forget.

The main memory, later, was of a stupendous noise, a deafening roar that filled the room to bursting. But the pressure of the sound was not what threw him and Emma right across the room and slammed them backwards against the wall.

The chest . . . He was to remember seeing the end of his chest. It simply lifted into the air as the lid blasted open, and then it disintegrated. It simply blew outward into fragments. One bit of it hit him in the stomach and knocked the breath out of him. At the same time something large and heavy was hurled and tumbled across the floor and struck Emma's legs.

Then Omri witnessed, in a few traumatic, incredible seconds, the total destruction of his room.

The skylight above his bed vanished first, though he was too stunned to see it go—the glass erupting in a puff of sparkling dust as the violent charge that had come out of the chest roared upward through the hole in the roof. But the hole wasn't large enough, nothing like large enough to channel that black tower of pure force that detonated from bottom to top of the little room.

The edges of the square hole bent outward like rubber for a split second, and then with a tearing, wrenching, screeching sound that could be heard distinctly through the original roaring, the whole slope of the roof disappeared.

~~I wanted to show you something."~~

I had avoided the art rooms since my return to the ~~High J.~~ My father spent a lot of his free time painting down here. The bathroom where he died was just around the corner. In addition, the art classrooms did not require much custodial attention during the summer. The art teachers even though they all seemed a little flaky to me, cleaned and organized the rooms ~~th~~ before the school year began.

Roxanne pointed to the back of the room. "Look, Dulcio."

I turned to the wall ~~where Roxanne was pointing,~~ It was covered with art work, paintings mostly. They all ~~seemed to~~ have something in common, but I couldn't figure out what it was at first. I took a step closer. Step again. And suddenly, I knew.

"Your dad," Roxanne said. "It's all about your dad."

The wall was covered with framed canvases, a few drawings, and lots of matted work. There were watercolors and pastels, a couple bold oils, all obviously created by students. Some of the work was better than others. A few were really terrible, but a few more were very good.

"What is this?" I asked. "Why did people do this?"

"The art teachers loved your dad," explained

I didn't mean to highlight they

Sean G¹⁰

LOGAN C. [unclear]
6th grade

Again they were silent. None of them believed that would ever happen. This business was a one off, and they all knew it.

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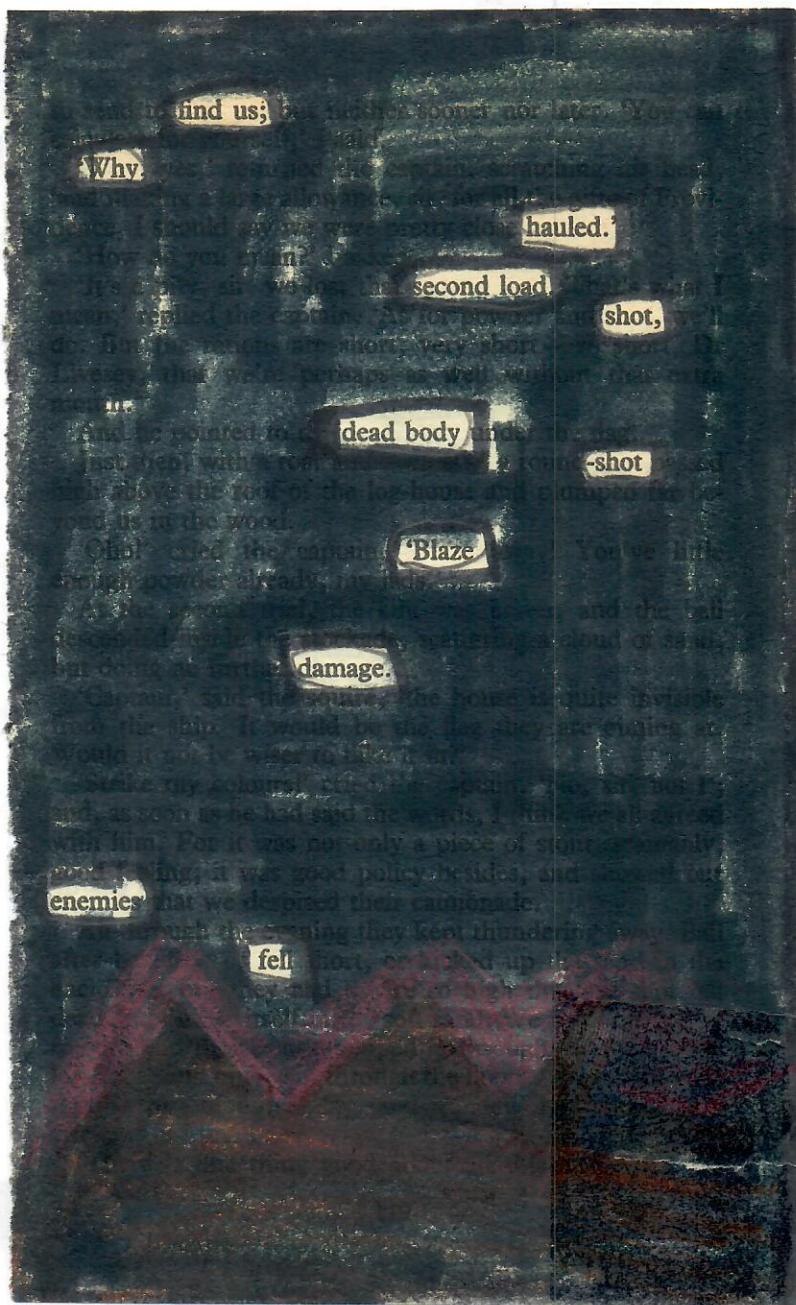
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SPANNER J. M.
F.



Grude G
Mrs. Schubert

Evelyn Iannelli 6th grade

80 THE SECRET OF THE INDIAN

the whole bar jumped and to his horror began rolling slowly toward him, spitting whisky as it went.

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The next moment complete chaos broke out.

The bullet was the first to strike against the enormous mirror which had reflected him down, suddenly and silently sank out of sight behind the bar. This seemed to act as

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Shebby 6 6th grade

WTH

Shelby Gr. halva
(6th grade)

GOING TO WEDDING

143

Dead Eye Gang had planned to kidnap him, he
simply hid himself in the bushes and waited for them to
pass this part.

He saw them approaching from across the field.
He was holding his forehead. He went down and never
burned his skin, though he knew it would have
done so had he been like me. But he still got it in mind to do
what he did.

"You ought to help rebuild the church, Boone," prompted
Emma.

"What?" he exclaimed. "But Ruby gave him a
purge and the quilted map to divide a Mobbe."

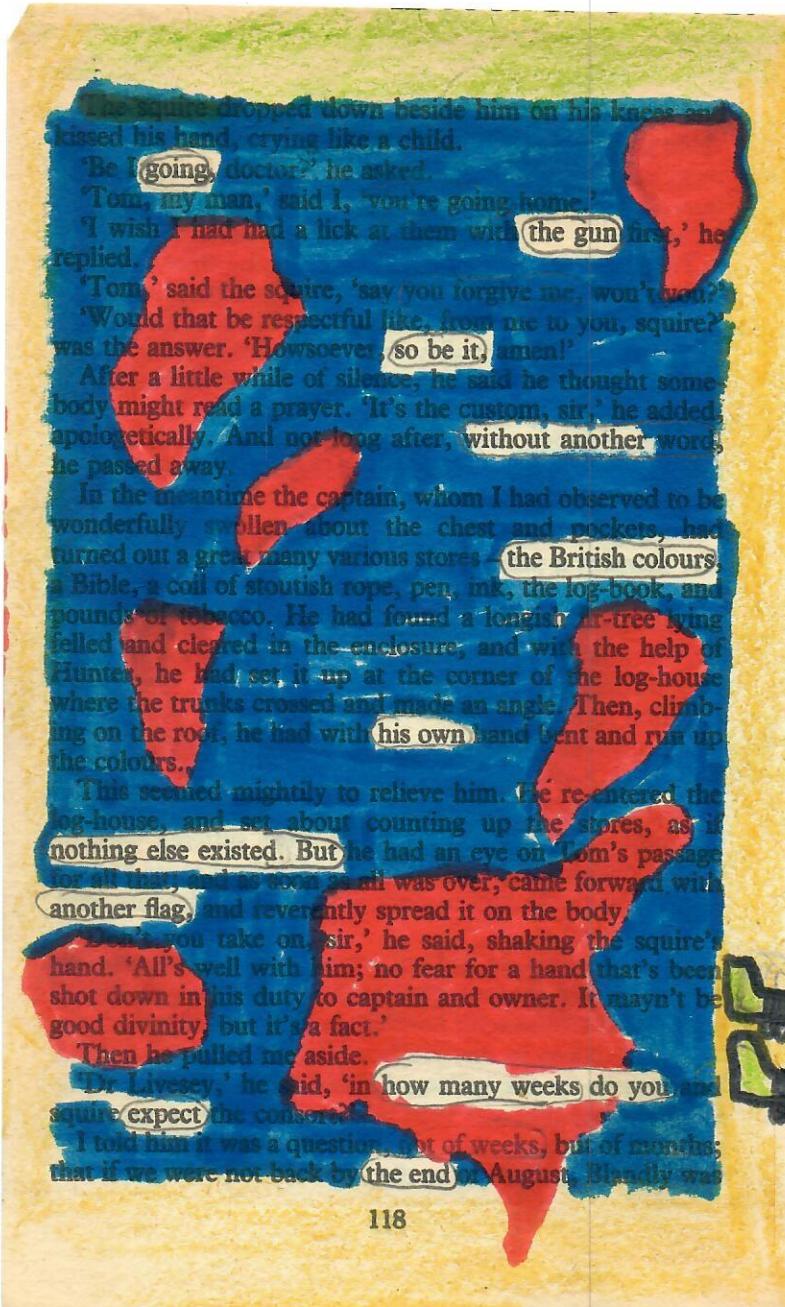
The wedding was held in Emma's room. It was rather dark
because the hole in the roof was still covered with a big
tattered canvas. There wasn't any furniture except the built-in
bunk, but they spread a sheet over the floor and lit a candle
or two and set everything up the best they could.
There was a tiny altar made of a piece of decorative stone
with a single daisy on it; a stained-glass window made of
scraps of colored tissue paper with a candle burning through
it, and of course a feast of food, including a miniature wed-
ding cake that Emma had found in a rather posh baker's. It
was still as big as a table to the bride and groom, but Little
Bear would help eat it with his knife. They had lots of wisps
crushed fine, and hundreds and thousands of dishes made of
tiny shells from a necklace of Emma's. There was 7 Up for
champagne.

The cupboard was nearby, a little to one side. Its door was
symbolically open and the covered key was in the lock.
Emma, who had a feeling for these things, had made a little
triumphant arch of bows and a rope step leading up to the

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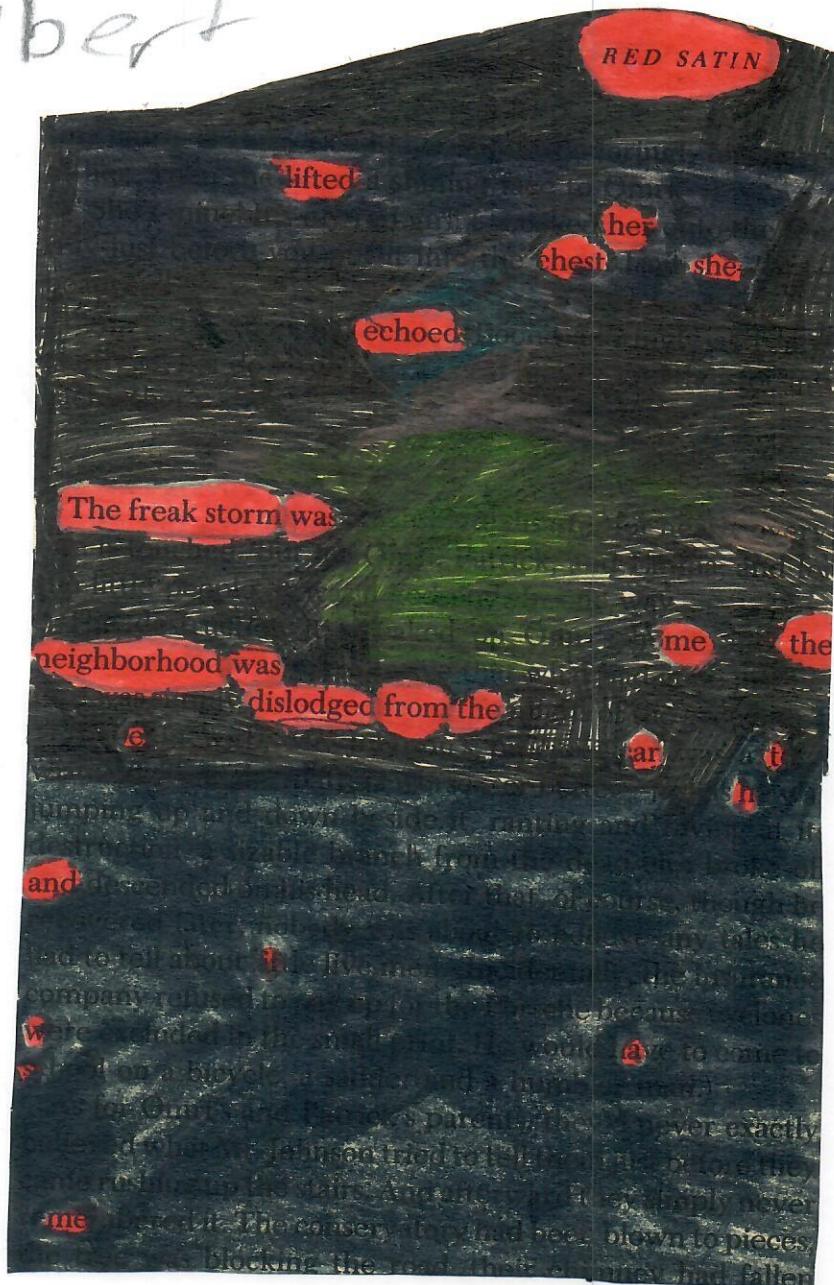
Cameron S. "L" 6th grade Watson



Logan R. 11

6th grade

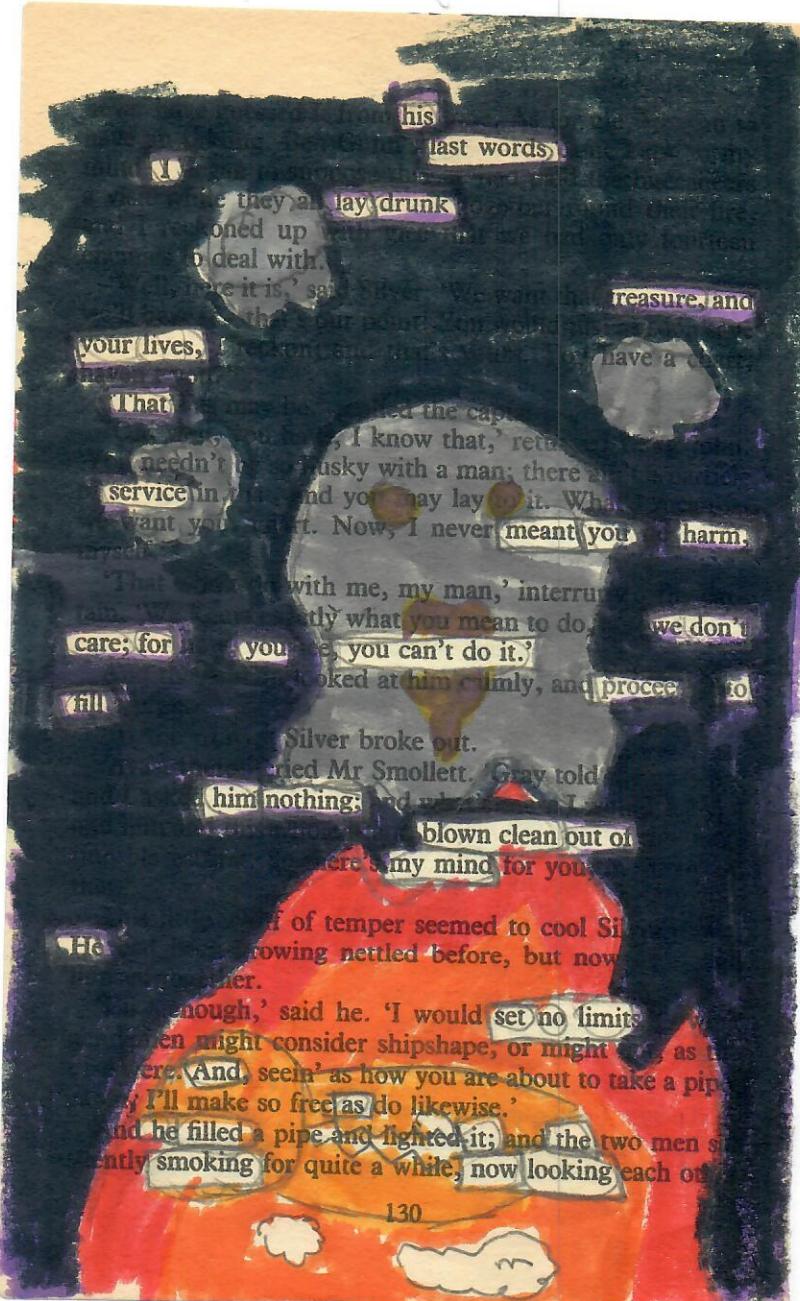
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Lillian Ai

6th Grade



Sixth
Grade (Cartoon)

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Leila Brown
6th Grade

blockout
Poem

I could hear, as well as see, that brandy-faced rascal Israel Hands, plumping down a round-shot on the deck.

'Who's the best shot?' asked the captain.

'Mr Trelawney, out and away,' said I.

'Mr Trelawney, will you please pick me off one of these men, sir? Hands; if possible,' said the captain.

Trelawney was as cool as a cucumber, and looked to the priming of his gun.

'Now,' cried the captain, 'easy with the gun, sir, or you'll swamp the boat. All hands stand by — mind her when he aims.'

The sculler raised his gun, the rowing ceased, and we leaned over to the other side to keep the balance, and all was巧妙ly contrived that we did not ship a drop.

The sculler had the gun, by this time, slewed round upon the swivel, and Hands, who was at the muzzle with the rammer, was, in consequence, the most exposed. However, he had no time; for just as Trelawney fired, down he stooped, the ball whistled over him, and it was one of the other four which hit him.

The cry he gave was echoed, not only by his companions on board, but by a great number of voices from the shore, and looking in that direction I saw the other pirates, coming out from among the trees and tumbling into the bushes in the boat.

'Here come'

'Give way there,' cried — 'I don't mind if we swamp her now. If we can't get ashore, all's up.'

'Only one of the gigs is being manned sir,' I added, 'the crew of the other most likely going round by shore to cut us off.'

'They'll have a hot run, sir,' returned the captain. 'Jack ashore, you know. It's not them I mind; it's the roundshot. Carpet bowls! My lady's maid couldn't miss. Tell us, squire, when you see the match, and we'll hold water.'

In the meanwhile we had been making headway at a good pace for a boat so overloaded, and we had shipped but little

Name: Aubrey D. 1 4/27

A SHOCKING HOMECOMING 3

"But where is the wretched baby-sitter? Why didn't she come? How dare she not turn up when she promised?"

Omri's father was stamping up and down the living room in a fury. His mother, meanwhile, was holding Omri around the shoulders. He could feel her hand cold and shaking right through his shirt. After a shocked outburst when she'd come home and seen that she'd said very little. His father, on the other hand, didn't seem to stop talking.

"You can't depend on anyone! Where the hell are the police? I called them hours ago!" (It was five minutes, in fact.) "One would think we lived on some remote island instead of in London, the greatest city in the world! You pay their salaries and when you need the police, they're never there, never!"

He paused in his pacing and gazed around wildly. The boys had put the television back and there wasn't much disorder in this room. Upstairs, they knew, chaos and endless unanswerable questions . . .

"Tell me again what happened."

"There were burglars," Omri said patiently. (This part was safe enough.) "None of them. They came in through that window—"

"How many times must I tell you we ought to have locks fitted? Idiot that I am! —the sake of a few lousy pounds— go on, go on—"

"Well, I was asleep in bed—"

"In the living room, then—"

"I—er—I just was. And I woke up and saw them, but they didn't see me. So I nipped upstairs and—"

JACK.

From time to time the doctor came to the door for a little air and to rest his eyes, which were almost smoked out of his head; and whenever he did so, he had a word for me.

'That man Smollett,' he said once, 'is a better man than I am. And when I say that it means a deal, Jim.'

Another time he came and was silent for a while. Then he put his head on one side, and looked at me.

'Is this Ben Gunn a man?' he asked.

'I do not know,' I said, 'whether he's sane.'

'If there's any doubt about the matter, you return to the doctor.' A man who has been three years biting his nails on a desert island, Jim, can't expect to appear as sane as you or me. It doesn't lie in human nature. Was it cheese you said he had a fancy for?

'Yes, sir, cheese,' I answered.

'Well, Jim,' says he, 'just see the good that comes of being dainty in your food. You've seen my snuff-box, haven't you? And you never saw me take snuff; the reason being that in my snuff-box I carry a piece of Parmesan cheese - a cheese made in Italy, very nutritious. Well, that's for Ben Gunn!'

Before supper was eaten we buried old Tom in the sand, and stood round him for a while bare-headed in the breeze. A good deal of firewood had been gotten, but not enough for the captain's fancy; and he shook his head over it, and told us we 'must get back to this tomorrow rather livelier'. Then, when we had eaten our pork, and each had a good stiff glass of brandy grog, the three chiefs got together in a corner to discuss our prospects.

It appears they were at their wits' end what to do, the stores being so low that we must have been starved into surrender long before help came. But our best hope, it was decided, was to kill off the buccaneers until they either hauled down their flag or ran away with the *Hispaniola*. From nineteen they were already reduced to fifteen, two others were wounded, and one, at least - the man shot

b

Schubert @ vfd3.

LOGAN C. ~~11~~
6th Grade

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"And meanwhile—what?" said Boone.

"Just keep on as you are—I'm afraid," said Omri with a deep, miserable sigh.

They had something to eat, and Omri—who had a special tea prepared—tried to turn it into a bit of a party, but it was no use. They were all just too upset and scared about the future to enjoy it. At last Emma put Ruby into her pocket, and Boone, with some assistance, clambered to his favorite perch with a leg each side of Patrick's ear, facing out and well-masked by hair. He said it was the nearest thing to riding.

Omri went out with them to the gate.

The roofers had gone home for the day, leaving the front garden in chaos. There were tiles and broken bits of wood everywhere. The front lawn and the hedge dividing the garden from Hovel Road were all chopped up and smothered with debris.

"Dad'll go ape when he sees this," said Omri—and then he stopped.

He'd seen something. Something that in the first second he didn't comprehend, because it didn't belong. Not that bright color. He paused to look closer. The others were ahead of him, starting down the road toward the station. Omri reached up his hand to the top of the hedge.

And then he saw what it was.

He didn't shout and jump and cheer. It was too important for that. He simply stood there with his hand raised, touch-

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Destiny T. 6th grade

owls.' And I thought Captain Smollett would have set them skipping.

Meanwhile, the current gradually fell off, and filled again upon another. It sailed swiftly for a minute or so, and brought up dead in the wind's eye. Again and again was this repeated. To and fro, up and down, north, south, east, and west, the *Hispaniola* sailed by swoops and dashes, and at each repetition ended as she had begun, with idly-flapping canvas. It became plain to me that nobody was steering. And, if so, where were the men? Either they were dead drunk, or had deserted her. I thought, and perhaps if I could get on board, I might take the vessel to her captain.

The current was now as strong as ever, and schooner sailed at an equal rate. A dark, irregular mass, it was, and inconstant, but I could see that six o'clock in the morning, if she had not even risen. If only I dared to paddle! I made sure that I could overhaul her. I had a fair air of adventure that inspired me. I had the water-breaker beside me, and I had my courage.

Up I got, and welcomed almost instantly by another cloud of spray. I paddled with all my force; and set myself, with all my strength and caution, to paddle after the *Hispaniola*. The water was now as heavy as ever, so heavy that I had to stop every few strokes, and lay flat, swimming like a bird; but I paddled on, looking about, and guided me by the sun, which shone now and then a blinding light in my face.

I was swimming along, and still I could see the brass gun-barrels of the *Hispaniola*, and still no soul appeared. I could not choose but suppose she was deserted. I lay flat, with my arms wide open, and my head above water, and my hands were lying drum, below, where I might have been, perhaps, and do what I chose with them.

For some time now I had been in the worst thing possible for me — sailing, as I did, headed nearly due south,

Notation N
6th Grade

PANIC 117

thing was to get him back, but first Omri had to hide every bit of evidence of the magic.

The second they got into the room, he bolted the door and made for the seed tray.

"Give her back."

He turned. Emma was standing by the cupboard.

"What—"

"I'll put her in myself."

"But who in? What are you doing about?" panted Omri.

"It's the end, isn't it? You're sending them all back now, and you won't do any of it again because the grown-ups are used to finding out, and it's too dangerous."

Omri looked at her. Her face froze him. She was Patrick's cousin, and now he saw a likeness—she had the same look Omri had seen on Patrick's face so many times when he had made up his mind to do something outrageous.

"What are you on about?" he asked sharply.

"I picked out that girl from my model set. I'm going to make her real, and I'm going to keep her forever."

Omri almost pushed her out of his way. "You're mad," he said shortly. He was still breathless from his run, and from stiff panic; his brain wasn't working well, and he couldn't cope with this new threat.

He ran to the entrance of the longhouse. "Matron!" he shouted. Her headpiece was all bent, which happened only when she was thoroughly flustered.

"My dear!" she cried; her hands on her thin bosom as if to restrain her heart from leaping out of it. "I thought you and Patrick were giants, but some people came into the room who were even bigger than you! I think they were looking for something." I ducked back into the longhouse the second

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their own characters, their own lives and destinies. And against his own intentions Omri had been drawn in. He'd found himself acting out his own part in these destinies, which would never have been possible but for the magic of the cupboard . . . and the key.

The key turned any container into a kind of body-shrinking time machine. His seaman's chest had taken him and Patrick back to the eighteenth century, to Little Bear's time and place. Omri had not had time, so far, even to begin to think about the possibilities of that.

Now he scanned the seed tray and saw that two of the Indians who had not been injured were carrying another body out of the longhouse and into the little paddock Patrick had made with miniature fencing for the sonies, and which was now a makeshift morgue. Matron followed the sad procession, her face, rather grim at all times, now grimmer than ever.

"I did my best," she said shortly. "Bullet lodged in the liver. Couldn't reach it."

She watched the two braves lay the dead Indian down beside the others. Suddenly she turned to face Omri.

"I know I did that operation on your friend!" she said. "And I operated last night—emergency ops—three of them—but blow it all, I'm not a surgeon! Stupid of me—conceited—to think I could cope. Can't. Not trained for it. Anyway . . . too much for any one person." Her voice cracked.

"Matron, it's not your fault—" began Omri, terrified that this capable, efficient, down-to-earth woman might be about to burst into tears, which would have unmanned him completely.

"Didn't say it was! My fault indeed!" She glared at him,

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6th
Grade

mind. And I don't want you bringing me back after ten minutes, either. You had your adventure in the Indian village. I know you had a rough time, but you *saw* it, you saw the battle, you *experienced* it. Now it's my turn, and I don't want to hear any of your feeble objections. Just put the key in the lock and turn it, will you? I'm the one who's taking the risk. All you're asked to do is stall everybody for a few days."

Omri's mouth dropped open.

"A few days?"

"It's hardly worth going for less than that!" Patrick retorted.

That he would stay away for longer than a few hours had not been any part of Omri's—~~as he now saw it~~—idiotic idea.

"But it could be dangerous! What if—"

Patrick made a move as if to get out of the chest. "Are you going to do it, or am I going to have to back you?" he growled.

Omri was not afraid of him. They were evenly matched. He stood his ground.

You don't have to use skinhead tactics," he said.

Patrick looked sheepish.

"Sorry. You're always trying to hold me back from doing what I want to. Listen. We'd better decide beforehand when you're going to bring me back. Time works the same at both ends. So let's say—a week from today."

"You're completely round the twist," said Omri. "A week! Anyone'd think you were going on holiday! All right, lie down. I'll send you. But don't get too comfortable in Texas, because you'll be back before you know it, if I get into any trouble about you, which I'm bound to."

Patrick stared at him for a moment, then slowly took the

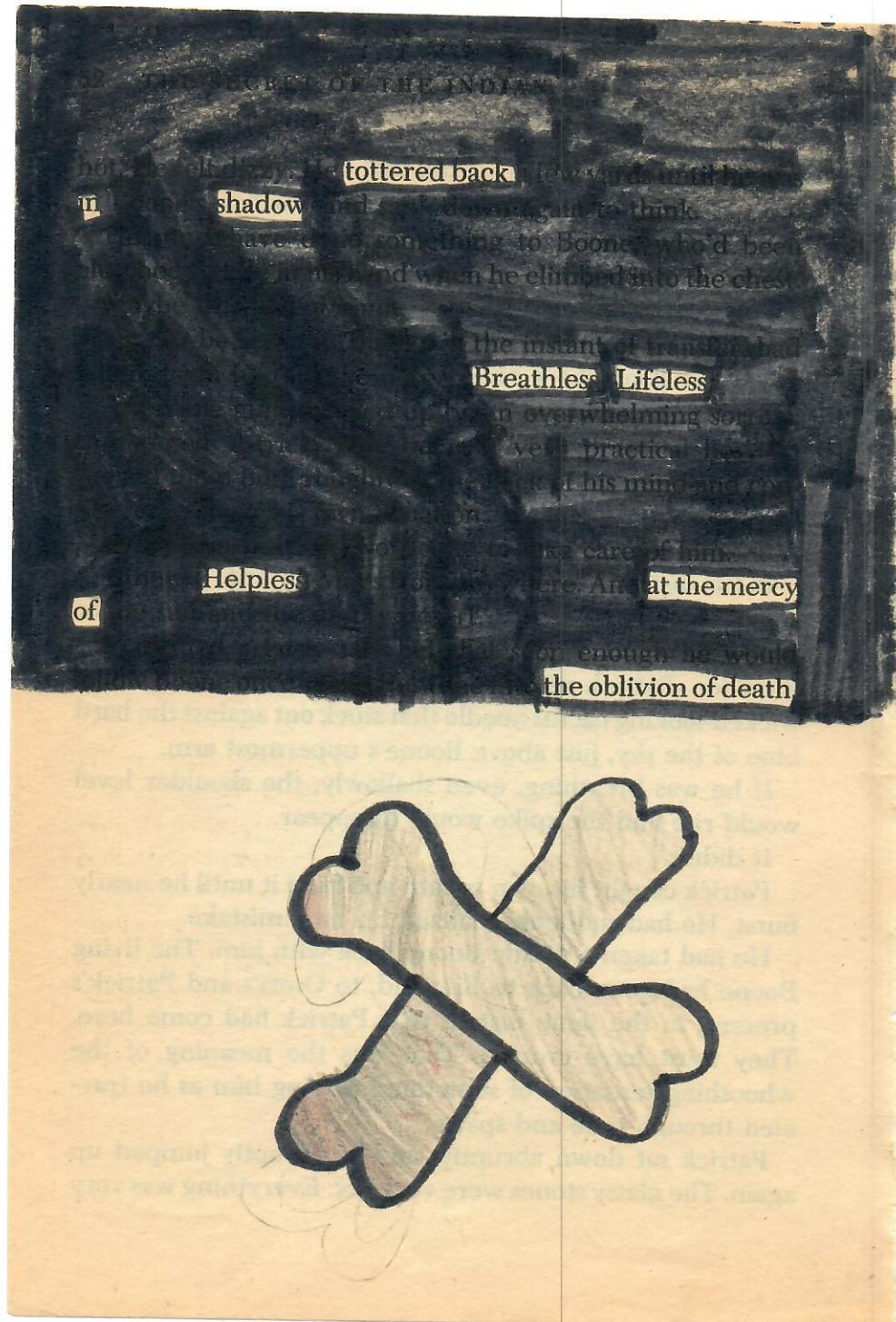
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Harlow B
6th grade



Start

water in the process. We were now close in; thirty or forty strokes and we should beach her; for the ebb had already disclosed a narrow belt of sand below the clustering trees. The rig was no longer to be feared; the little point had already concealed it from our eyes. The ebb-tide, which had so cruelly delayed us, was now making reparation, and delaying our assault. The one source of danger was the gun.

'If I durst,' said the captain, 'I'd stop and pick off another man.'

But it was plain that they meant nothing should delay their shot. They had never so much as looked at their fallen comrade, though he was not dead, and I could see him trying to crawl away.

'Ready!' cried the square.

'Hold!' cried the captain, quacking an echo.

And he and I dashed forward with a great heave that sent her stern bodily under water, and reported in at the same instant of time. Thus was the first that I ever saw the sound of the square's shot, nor having reached the shore, did it pass, nor did one of us precisely know where it came from; it must have been over our heads, and that the noise of it may have contributed to our disaster.

At any rate the boat sank in the water quite gently, in three feet of water, leaving me, Captain, myself, facing each other, on our knees. The others had took complete headers, and were again drenching the bubbling.

So far there was great harm. The guns were lost, and we could wade ashore in safety. But there were all our stores at the bottom, and, to make things worse, only two guns out of four remained in a serviceable service. Mine I had snatched from my knees and buried in my head, by a sort of instinct. As for the captain, he had carried his over his shoulder by a muddle, and, like a wise man, lock uppermost. The other three had gone down with the boat.

To add to our concern we heard voices already drawing near us in the woods along shore; and we had not only the

*View
for*

6th grade
6th Period

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Emma E.

6th Grade

And the head popped back again; and we heard no more, for the time, of these six very faint-hearted seamen.

By this time, tumbling things in as they came, we had the jolly-boat loaded as much as we dared. Joyce and I got out through the stern-port, and we made for shore again, as fast as oars could take us.

This second trip fairly aroused the watchers by the shore. 'Lillibullero' was dropped again, and just before we lost sight of them behind the little point, one of them whipped ashore and disappeared. I had half a mind to change my plan and destroy their boats, but I feared that Silver and the others might be close at hand, and all might very well be lost by trying for too much.

We had soon touched land in the same place as before, and set to provision the block-house. All three made the first journey, heavily laden, and tossed our stores over the palisade. Then, leaving Joyce to guard them - one man, to be sure, but with half a dozen muskets - Hunter and I returned to the jolly-boat, and loaded ourselves once more. So we proceeded without pausing to take breath, till the whole cargo was bestowed, when the two servants took up their position in the block-house, and I, with all my power, sculled back to the *Hispaniola*.

That we should have risked a second boatload seems more daring than it really was. They had the advantage of numbers, of course, but we had the advantage of arms. Not one of the men ashore had a musket, and before they could get within range for pistol shooting, we flattered ourselves we should be able to give a good account of a half-dozen at least.

The squire was waiting for me at the stern window, all his faintness gone from him. He caught the painter and made it fast, and we fell to loading the boat for our very lives. Pork, powder, and biscuit was the cargo, with only a musket and a cutlass apiece for squire and me and Redruth and the captain. The rest of the arms and powder we dropped overboard in two fathoms and a half of water, so

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Audrey O.
(KAI)

6th

CBAD

TAMSIN DRIVES A BARGAIN 61

Patrick's mother was practically on the doorstep to meet them.

"Well, where is he?" she asked without even saying hello. Emma turned to look at Omri expectantly. "Er—I came to explain," he said. "You see—" He swallowed hard. Her eyes were piercing him. He had to drop his. "We . . . we went into Richmond Park this morning to look for chestnuts. On our bikes."

"Patrick's bike is at home in the country."

"I mean—he used Gillon's. And . . . we were playing—and he got a bit lost and I got fed up waiting and came home without him. I expect he'll be back soon," he added hastily as Patrick's mother rolled her eyes, gritted her teeth, and uttered a kind of snort.

"How like him to do the disappearing act just when I want him! Doesn't he realize we're going home today? What *am* I supposed to do? I *have* to leave!"

"Couldn't Patrick stay with us for a few days?"

"Don't be so silly. What about school? It's *school* tomorrow!" She was obviously infuriated, and Omri couldn't exactly blame her.

However, there was nothing to be done for the moment. Leaving her seething in the doorway, Emma pulled Omri past and into the small living room.

"Leave Tam to me," she whispered. "She absolutely hates you for some reason."

Omri felt rather hurt, even though it was entirely mutual.

Tamsin was slumped in front of a small television set, watching some middle-of-the-day rubbish. Her leg, encased from foot to knee in a white plaster cast, was resting on a

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falling pieces

In the boat, Jondok had time to realize he was lucky. He hadn't cut the rope. With no paddle, he couldn't control the boat if it started to drift. The shore was near a narrow rocky beach clipped off as it rounded the bend to a steep bank, with trees crowding so close to the water that naked roots burst through to claw at the air for sunlight. Maybe he could find something that would serve as a paddle there. He took the paddle back to prepare for the return and the rope was now slipped over the side.

It was deeper than he expected; he went in over his head. The boat moved like a log. Determined, he found his way against the river current; the fish was moved closer to him. The sturgeon started to swim after the boat, grabbing for the rope, but the light canoe slipped, skimming the surface of sun-kissed sand and dashed away more quickly than he could follow.

The icy water was numbing. He turned toward shore. The sturgeon was bumping against the bank. His headed for it, grabbed it by its open mouth and hauled it along after him. There was no point in losing the fish now. He dragged it partly onto the beach, but it was heavy. He hoped it would stay. Don't need to find a paddle now, he thought. I will make one. Or maybe I can find some wood to make a fire. He was shaking wet and cold.

He reached for his knife and found an extra blade. He had forgotten that he had lost it, and he didn't have another. He used to keep an extra blade in the pouch he carried around his waist, but that was when he wore Zealandia attire. He'd given up the pouch when he began wearing Ramuotch clothing. Maybe he could find materials for a platform and fire drill to make a fire. But without a knife you can't split wood, Jondok said to himself. I shave thin skinning. He shivered. At least I can gather some wood.

He looked around the sandbank. He found a few scrubby bushes. One shrub was covered with damp, rotting leaves and moss. No, he saw any more. Young, greenish, small wood, he needed, too. And there were dead dry lower branches, of course, and the old ones, the ones beneath the green growing branches. But he was used to a coniferous forest like the one near his home. The climate of this region was less severe. It was not influenced as much by the glacial ice in the north. It was cool—it could be quite cold—but damp. It was a temperate climate. Forest, not boreal. The trees were the kind the boats were made of: hardwood.

JMTS m

James M
Grade: 9-12

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Marley P.
6th Grade

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cleverer than all those crazy men in the bar who had started shooting and fighting at the sight of him.

— And she was brave, and tough. The way she'd ridden that horse, the way she'd stuck to the search, the way she'd lifted Boone's big body onto the tail of the wagon . . . Patrick admired her. And she liked Boone, she liked him a lot. Patrick wondered if he liked her.

She stopped pacing. "What's it like—in the future?"

"It's okay. We've got a lot of gadgets and stuff, for making life easier. You get about in cars—that's like horseless carriages, very fast—and we've got flying machines. We've got moving photographs that you can have in your home to entertain you. And doctors have found out how to cure lots of diseases, so people live longer."

"Gee. Sounds great. Any drawbacks?"

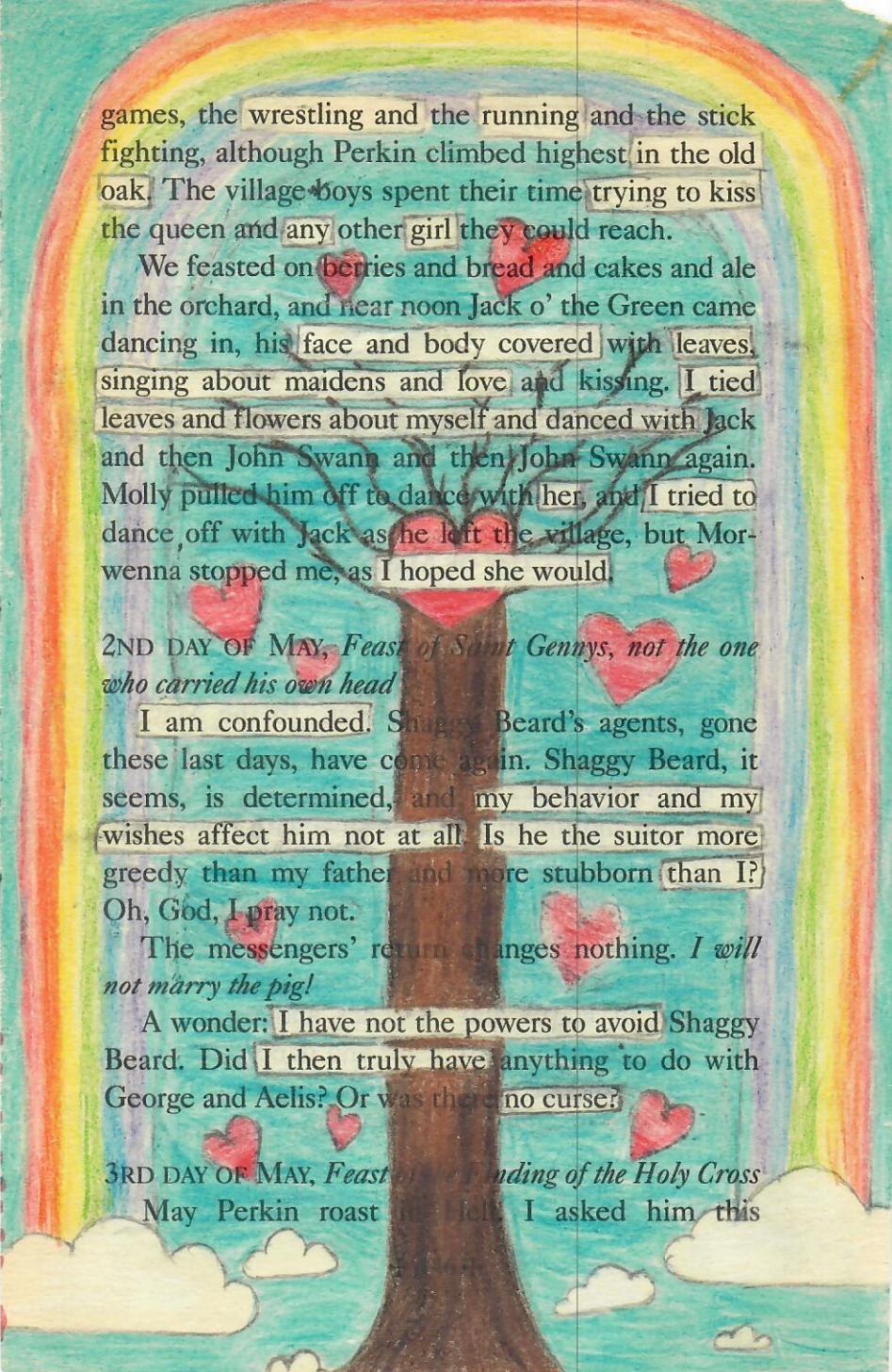
She *was* clever.

"Well, yes. There are too many people really. They make a lot of mess, and plenty of them are still poor and starving. There's still crime. And there are lots of wars. Not just with guns, and bows and arrows and stuff. There are weapons now—I mean—*then*, I mean—well, anyway, they're much scarier, they could blow up the whole world."

Ruby Lou strolled back to him and sat down. She put her elbow on the table near him (her arm was like a great white marble pillar) and rested her chin on her hand. She fixed her blue eyes on him.

"That's quite a drawback all right. I guess I'll stick around here till my time's up. . . . It gets tough at times, but at least we're too civilized to kill more'n one or two at once. Say, they ain't gonna shoot any of them big ones off while Billy's there, are they?"

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games, the wrestling and the running and the stick fighting, although Perkin climbed highest in the old oak. The village boys spent their time trying to kiss the queen and any other girl they could reach.

We feasted on berries and bread and cakes and ale in the orchard, and near noon Jack o' the Green came dancing in, his face and body covered with leaves, singing about maidens and love and kissing. I tied leaves and flowers about myself and danced with Jack and then John Swann and then John Swann again. Molly pulled him off to dance with her, and I tried to dance off with Jack as he left the village, but Morwenna stopped me, as I hoped she would.

2ND DAY OF MAY, *Feast of Saint Gennys, not the one who carried his own head*

I am confounded. Shaggy Beard's agents, gone these last days, have come again. Shaggy Beard, it seems, is determined, and my behavior and my wishes affect him not at all. Is he the suitor more greedy than my father and more stubborn than I? Oh, God, I pray not.

The messengers' return changes nothing. *I will not marry the pig!*

A wonder: I have not the powers to avoid Shaggy Beard. Did I then truly have anything to do with George and Aelis? Or was there no curse?

3RD DAY OF MAY, *Feast of the Finding of the Holy Cross*
May Perkin roast and tell. I asked him this

Morgan S. 6th grade

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giving him artificial resuscitation, hands on his ribs, throwing her weight forward and back, panting from the effort she was making.

"Is he—alive?" whispered Omri.

"Yes," she said short between pushes. "Just about."

"What's wrong? Is he crushed?"

"Crushed? Of course not! He's been—has suffocated—
that's all!" She continued to his chest again.

"Where's his face?" said Omri suddenly.

Boone straightened himself with an exclamation.

"What?" she said sharply. "What in the world does that mean?"

"His heart stopped! Omri's own heart nearly did the same. "Then he is dead!"

"Not if we can—Wait! You could do it! He needs a good thump on the chest to get it going again! I just haven't the strength. Come here, do exactly as I show you! Now watch!"

Poerina began to show him to do something with her tiny fingers.

What—

She gave an exclamation of exasperation. "Are you blind? It's a flicking movement—flick your finger out from behind your thumb—"

"Oh—like this?"

"Right! Now do it downward—against his chest! No, not so gently—do it hard, thump him, man, thump him!" she cried agitatedly.

Omri flicked his middle finger hard so that his nail struck against Boone's chest, rocking his body.

"Again!"

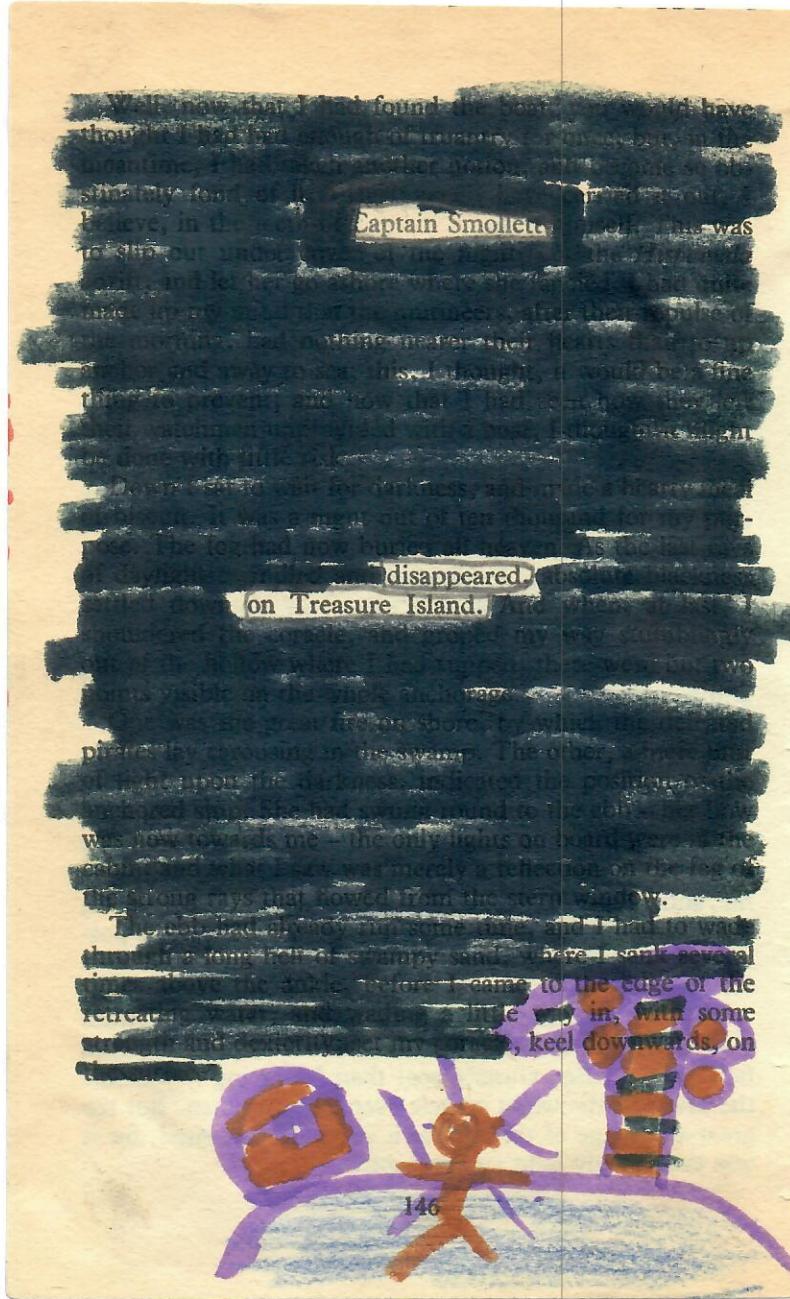
Omri repeated the movement. Matron then pushed his

DEATH

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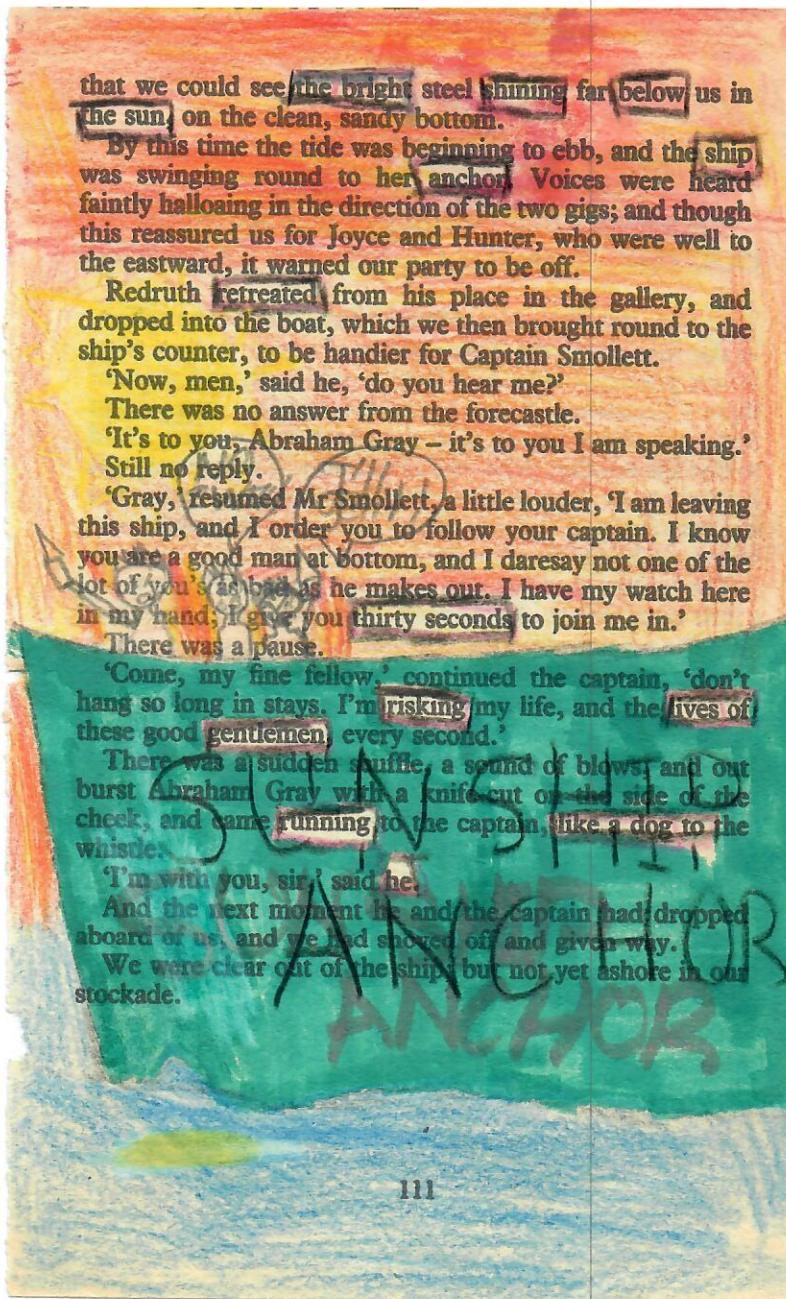
Backpacks
Teenagers
Sleepovers
Boo Boos
Meltdowns
Tears
Tantrums
Bandaids
Driving
Laundry
Sleepless
Nights
School plays
Prom Dress
Music lessons
Bedtime stories
Snuggles
Sweetness
Picnic
Sweetness
Stress
Spelling Bee
Learning
Heartbreak
Cooking
Tooth Fairy
Love
DayCare
Shopping
Bath
Field Trips
Play Dates
Teach
Weekends
Pizza Night
Birthday Parties
Dinnertime
Giving
Activities
Kisses
Bottles
Stroller
Hugs
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Motherhood
Sweetness
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Diapers
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Cole Fitts 6th grade



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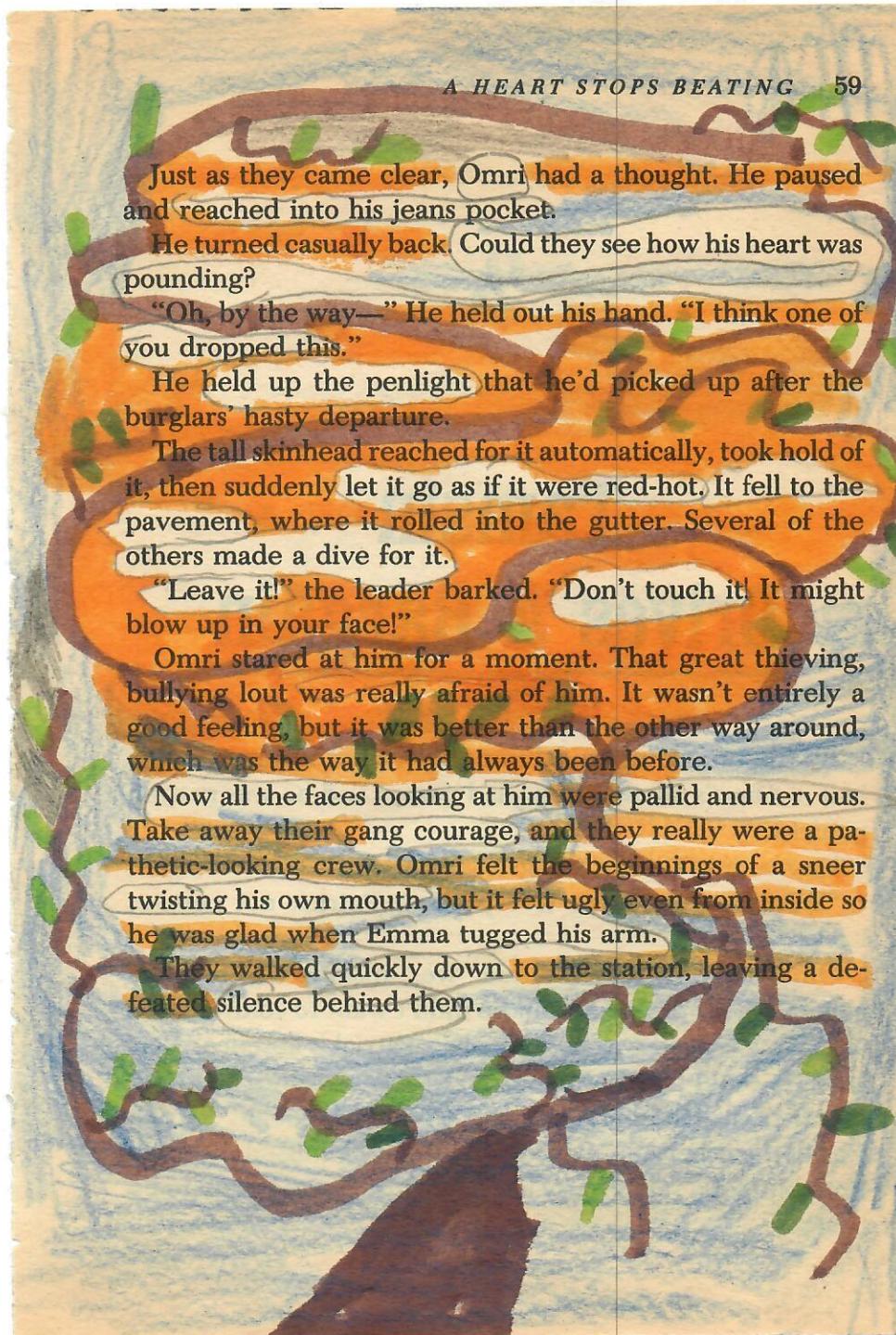
Katelyn Ziem
6th grade



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Bryson

6th



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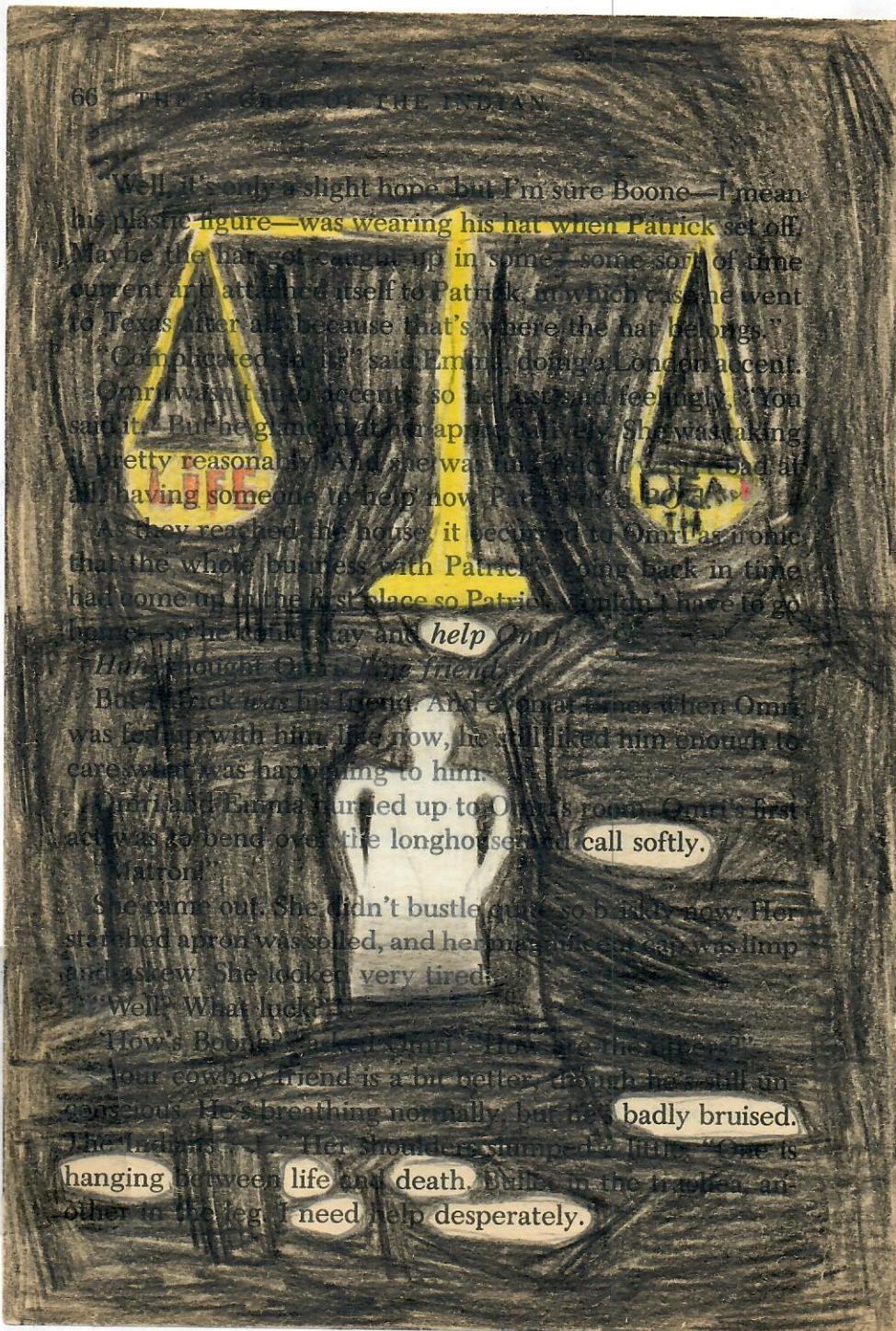
“Alone”

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE

From childhood's hour I have not been
As others were—I have not seen
As others saw—I could not bring
My passions from a common spring—
From the same source I have not taken
My sorrow—I could not awaken
My heart to joy at the same tone—
And all I lov'd—I lov'd alone—
Then—in my childhood—in the dawn
Of a most stormy life—was drawn
From ev'ry depth of good and ill
The mystery which binds me still—
From the torrent, or the fountain—
From the red cliff of the mountain—
From the sun that 'round me roll'd
In its autumn tint of gold—
From the lightning in the sky
As it pass'd me flying by—
From the thunder, and the storm—
And the cloud that took the form
(When the rest of Heaven was blue)
Of a demon in my view—

Jazzmyn
Brennan

Piper Ellis 6th



66 THE DAWN OF THE INDIAN

"Well, it's only a slight hope, but I'm sure Boone—I mean his plastic figure—was wearing his hat when Patrick set off. Maybe the hat got caught up in some—some sort of time current and attached itself to Patrick, in which case he went to Texas after all because that's where the hat belongs."

"Complicated, isn't it?" said Emma, doing a Long-drawn-out.

Omri wasn't very accents so he just said feelingly, "You said it." But he glared down at the paper. She was taking it pretty reasonably! And she was the friend of the bad all having someone to help now. PATRICK BOONE

As they reached the house, it occurred to Omri as ironic that the whole business with Patrick's going back in time had come up in the first place so Patrick wouldn't have to go home, so he could stay and *help Omri*.

Hah thought Omri. The friend.

Boone stuck near his friend. And even at times when Omri was fed up with him, like now, he still liked him enough to care what was happening to him.

Omri and Emma hurried up to Omri's room. Omri's first action was to bend over the longhose and call softly,

"Strong!"

She came out. She didn't bustle quite so briskly now. Her starched apron was soiled, and her magenta cap was limp and askew. She looked very tired.

"Well? What luck?"

"How's Boone?" asked Omri. "I don't know how he is." "Your cowboy friend is a bit better, though he's still unconscious. He's breathing normally, but is badly bruised. The Indians—?" Her shoulder slumped a little. "One is hanging between life and death. Bullion in the trailer, another in the reg. I need help desperately."

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