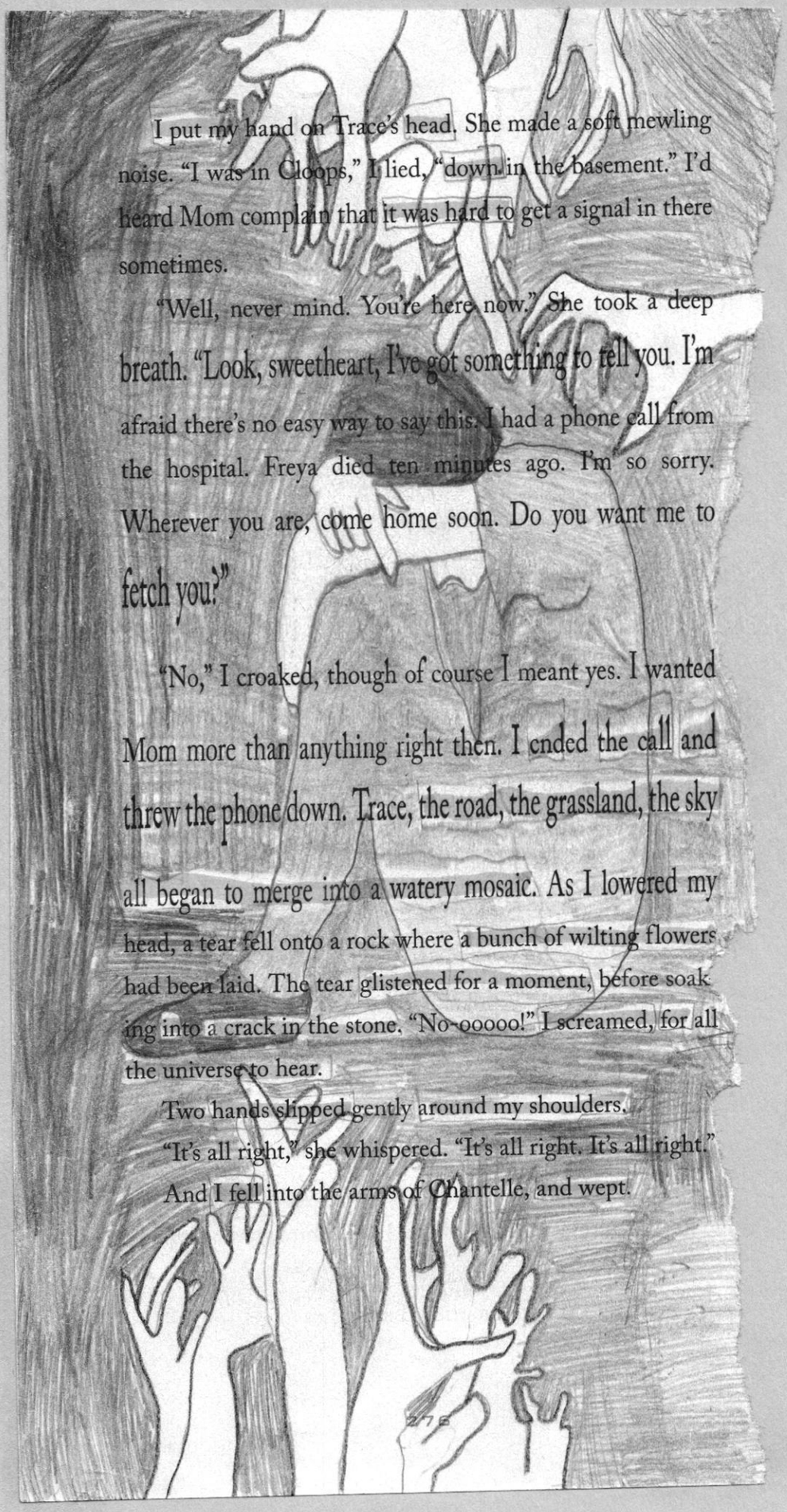
DEJECTED



I put my hand on Trace's head. She made a soft mewling noise. "I was in Cloops," I lied, "down in the basement." I'd heard Mom complain that it was hard to get a signal in there sometimes.

"Well, never mind. You're here now." She took a deep breath. "Look, sweetheart, I've got something to tell you. I'm afraid there's no easy way to say this. I had a phone call from the hospital. Freya died ten minutes ago. I'm so sorry. Wherever you are, come home soon. Do you want me to fetch you?"

"No," I croaked, though of course I meant yes. I wanted Mom more than anything right then. I ended the call and threw the phone down. Trace, the road, the grassland, the sky all began to merge into a watery mosaic. As I lowered my head, a tear fell onto a rock where a bunch of wilting flowers had been laid. The tear glistened for a moment, before soaking into a crack in the stone. "No-ooooo!" I screamed, for all the universe to hear.

Two hands slipped gently around my shoulders.

"It's all right," she whispered. "It's all right. It's all right."

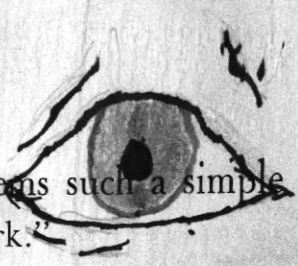
And I fell into the arms of Chantelle, and wept.

Mrs. Schubert

Ava [redacted]

[redacted]

Watson Jr. High



"I think so, Dad. It seems such a simple thing but I really believe it would work."

"I hope you're right. You'll get a chance to try. I took a gamble on the grandest-looking horse I ever saw. Over at the Double S. Nobody could ride him and the bronc rider they brought in is in the hospital with a broken leg. So they wanted to get rid of him. I got him cheap; cheap, if we ever can do anything with him."

"I saw a big black in their corral when I went by the other day. High-headed and full of fire."

"That's him. They say he is as mean as he is handsome. Maybe he is. Maybe he *is* a real outlaw. If he is we may be licked. But let's just put him in the big corral. Feed him and leave him alone. Try to get him to feel he's on his own. Never make a move—wait for him to come to you. It may take time—maybe it will never happen—but that's the only way. He's really been through the mill, that horse. Marks of spurs, quirts, ropes: everything. And one look at his eye and you know that's not for him. Not so long as he has a leg under him."

"It sounds pretty tough," said Janon.

"It is," said Mr. Kendricks. "About as tough as I ever saw." He was quiet for a moment. "But you know, Son, maybe once in your life you see a horse that you know is the one. The best you could imagine. This is the one!"

At last they had the black in the corral. It had been a job—a real day's work. He had fought so, that the only way

Mrs. Schubert

Avalynn

Watson Jr. High

mrs. schubert
watson jr. high

couple of times. She was still smiling but she didn't look that happy. She led us down a long hallway. We followed her single file through narrow corridors that twisted and turned. The old wooden floor squeaked under us. Every few minutes we'd stop in front of glass walls that looked down into rooms where we could see the *green stuff* in production. As the crowd pressed forward to the window wall, Fudge worked his way up front, wedging himself between people's legs if he had to, to get a better view. Then he waved to the workers in the rooms below. I heard him singing under his breath, *"Oh, money, money, money . . . I love money, money, money . . ."*

I couldn't believe my parents thought bringing him here was a good idea.

We saw the *green stuff* as it was printed, cut, stacked, and counted. Toward the end of the tour Rosie invited Fudge to walk with her since he was so int[illegible]. "I love money!" he told her.

"Well, you've come to the right place," Rosie said.

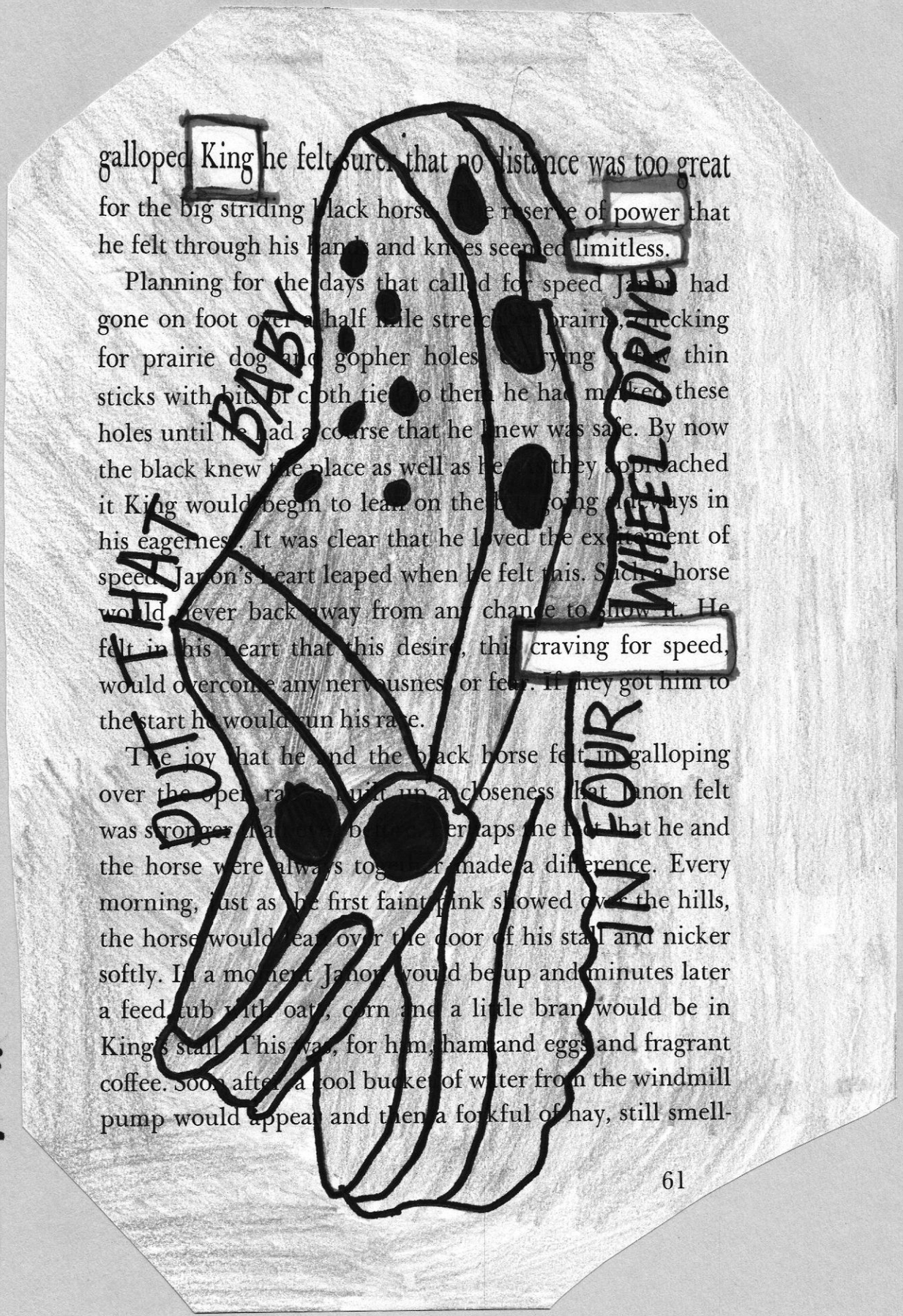
"Want to see mine?" He pulled out a [illegible]umble of Fudge Bucks. "I make it myself. Pretty good, huh?"

"Play money is fine," Rosie told him, "as long as you don't try to use it or pass it off [illegible] because then you could get in big trouble."

"Why?" Fudge asked.

"Because that's the rule," Rosie said, firmly, which

MADE FOR SPEED



galloped. King he felt sure that no distance was too great for the big striding black horse. The reserve of power that he felt through his hands and knees seemed limitless.

Planning for the days that called for speed Jamon had gone on foot over a half mile stretch of prairie, checking for prairie dog and gopher holes. Carrying a few thin sticks with bits of cloth tied to them he had marked these holes until he had a course that he knew was safe. By now the black knew the place as well as he. As they approached it King would begin to lean on the bit, going sideways in his eagerness. It was clear that he loved the excitement of speed. Jamon's heart leaped when he felt this. Such a horse would never back away from any chance to show it. He felt in his heart that this desire, this craving for speed, would overcome any nervousness or fear. If they got him to the start he would run his race.

The joy that he and the black horse felt in galloping over the open range built up a closeness that Jamon felt was stronger than love between men. Perhaps the fact that he and the horse were always together made a difference. Every morning, just as the first faint pink showed over the hills, the horse would lean over the door of his stall and nicker softly. In a moment Jamon would be up and minutes later a feed tub with oats, corn and a little bran would be in King's stall. This was, for him, ham and eggs and fragrant coffee. Soon after a cool bucket of water from the windmill pump would appear and then a forkful of hay, still smell-

Mrs. Schubert

Cooper [redacted]

[redacted]

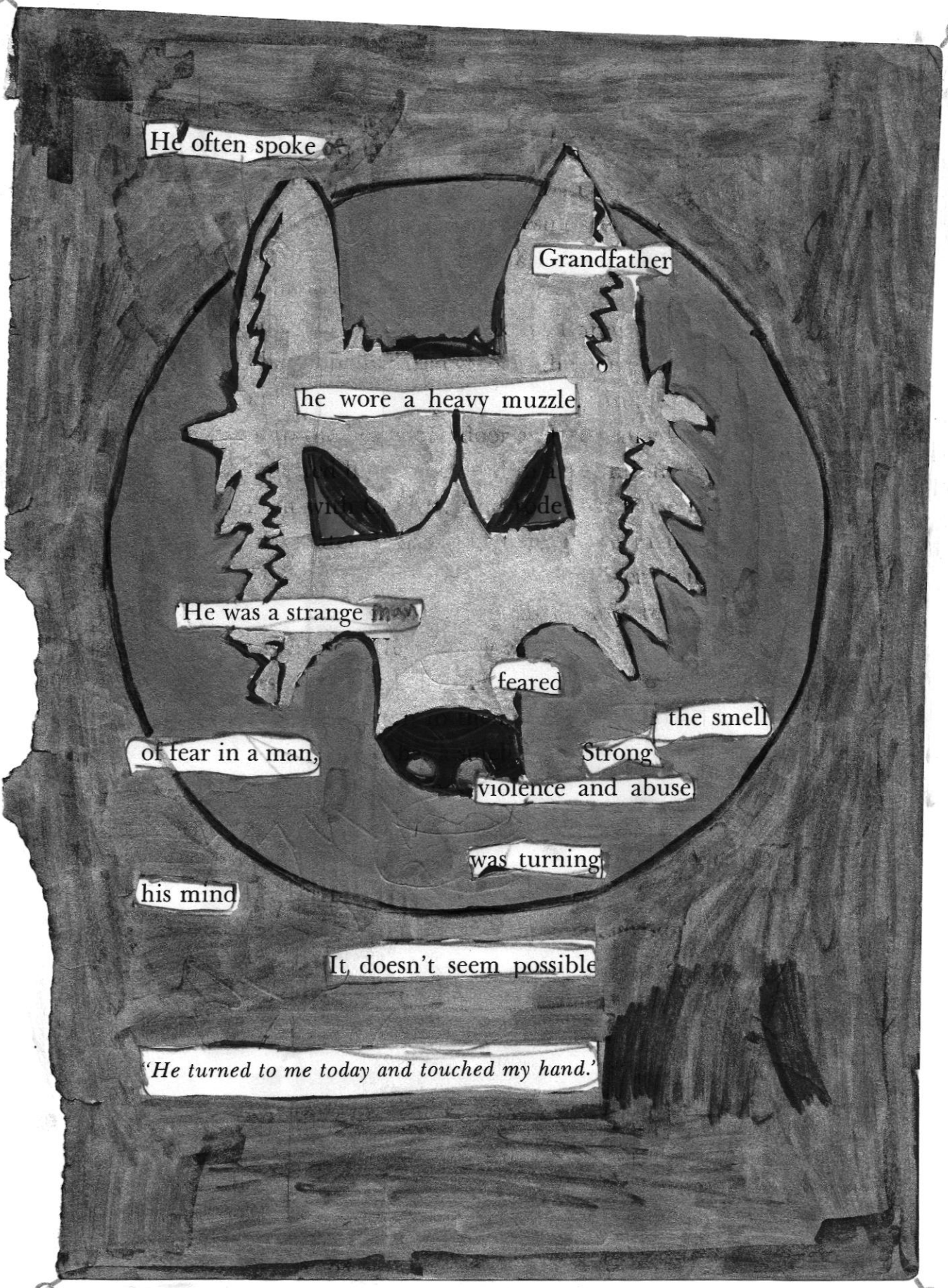
Watson Jr. High


I heard the doctor tell
I was dying,
I hope
Oliver's
given in his whole life.
never forgot.

Savana P.6

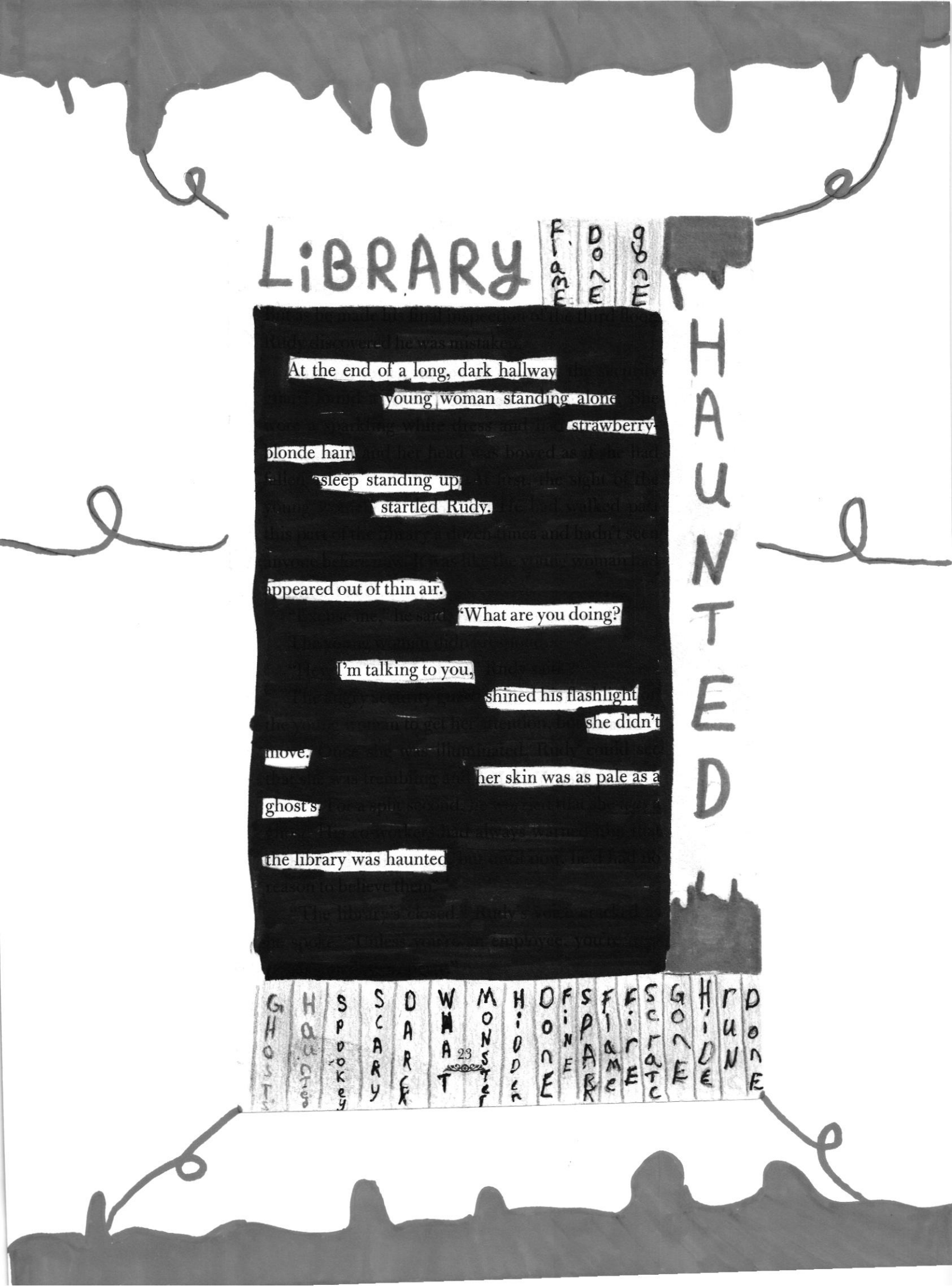
[redacted]@wsd2.org

Watson Jr. High


He often spoke of
Grandfather
he wore a heavy muzzle
He was a strange man
feared
the smell
of fear in a man,
Strong
violence and abuse
was turning
his mind
It doesn't seem possible
'He turned to me today and touched my hand.'

Call when digitized

sd 3-019


LIBRARY
HAUNTED
At the end of a long, dark hallway
young woman standing alone
strawberry
blonde hair.
sleep standing up
startled Rudy.
appeared out of thin air.
'What are you doing?
I'm talking to you,
shined his flashlight
she didn't
move.
her skin was as pale as a
ghost's.
the library was haunted
GHOST
HAUNTED
SPOOKY
SCARY
DARK
WHAT
MONSTER
HIDDEN
DONE
FINE
SPARK
FLAME
FIRE
SCRATCH
GONE
HIDE
RUN
DONE
23

MRS. Schubert

Malea Perez
(blackout)

would like her
poem back after
we digitize

sd3.org

h

TAXES:
A PARENT'S WORST NIGHTMARE

Isabelle

TAXES:

A PARENT'S WORST NIGHTMARE

Mrs. Shubert

Watson

[redacted] a

black colt [redacted]

registered [redacted] his papers.'

[redacted] we can risk that down payment.'

[redacted] the truck. He had driven many

miles [redacted] and [redacted]

[redacted] ough[redacted]res were in [redacted] The

[redacted] stallions had been donated by [redacted]

[redacted] improve [redacted] local stock. This was the last

chance [redacted] felt that the story here would [redacted]

[redacted] the stable shook his head [redacted]

[redacted] the boy turned wearily away [redacted]

[redacted] out five years ago an old fellow [redacted]

[redacted] mare here. A fine looking mare, and [redacted] he

[redacted] some papers signed to show she had [redacted]

[redacted] night. Fellow named Thomas. He [redacted]

[redacted] an. [redacted] es over Beyond Sand River. Just follow [redacted]

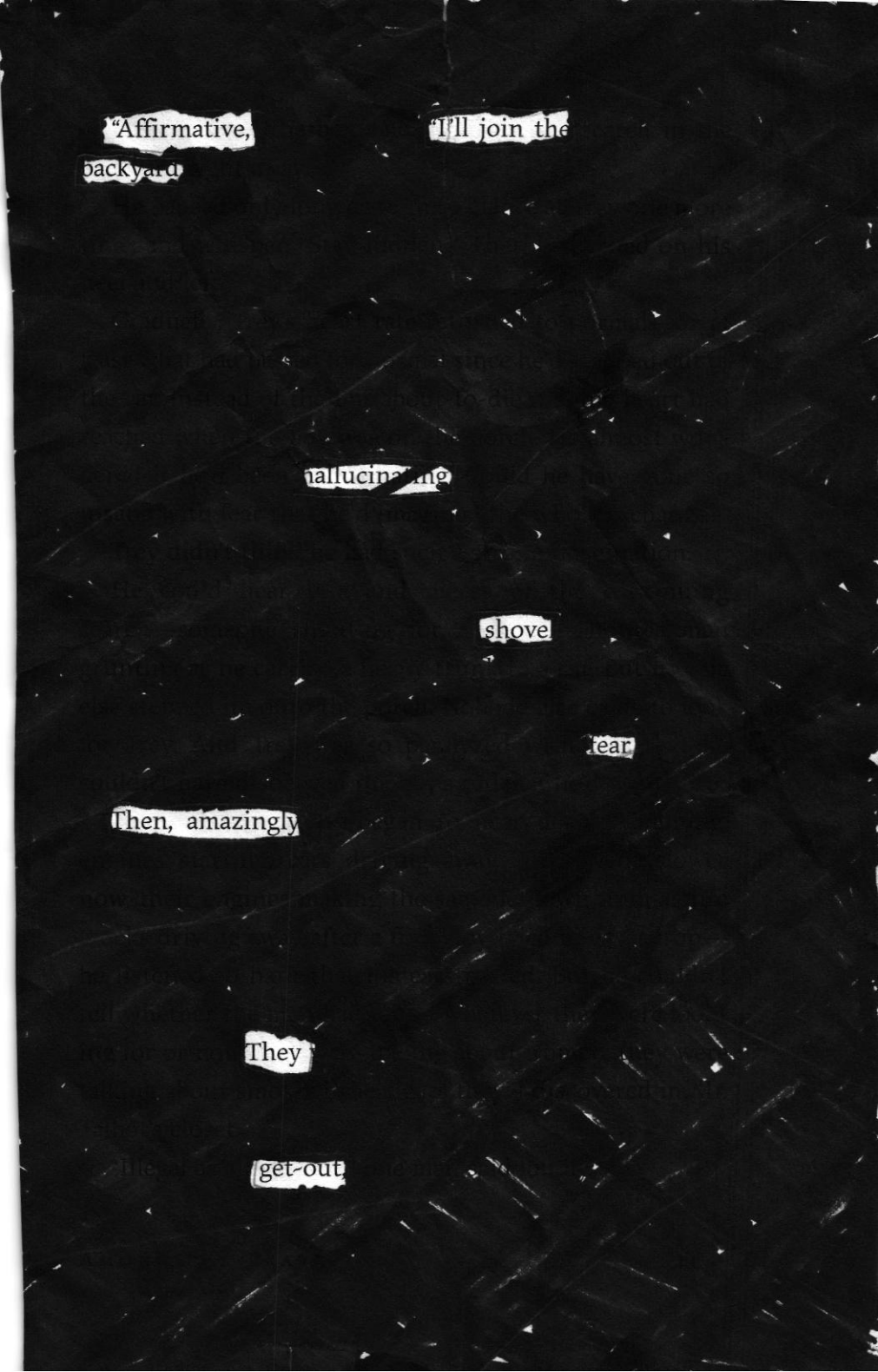
about [redacted] enty miles. Good luck, Son.'

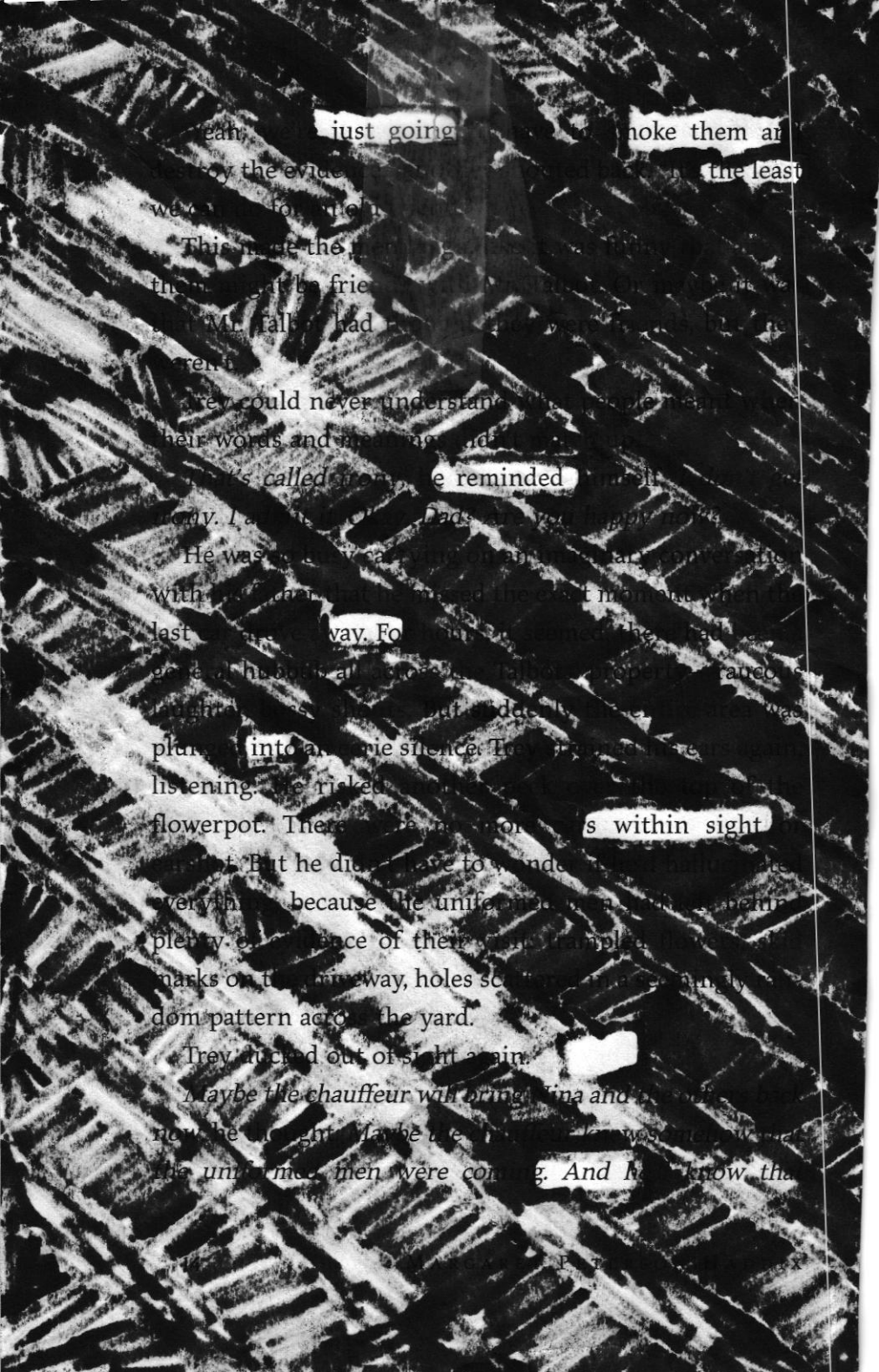
Janon's hopes rose. 'Let this be the one,' he said [redacted]

It was half a wish and half a prayer.

When he drove up to the small ranch, Janon [redacted]

mare in the corral. As she lifted her head his [redacted]


"Affirmative,
"I'll join the
backyard
hallucinating
shove
rear
Then, amazingly
They
get-out



sound came from one direction, distant but growing.

"Best be quiet for a moment. Until the worm passes," the man whispered, so close that the boy felt warm breath on his ear.

Worm? That word had more than one meaning, the spring of knowledge told him. There were the worms in the ground, the tiny, wriggling things that were feasted on by birds and in turn feasted on all things dead. Then there were the other worms. Beastly and dangerous.

He heard the thing coming—but was it one thing, or an army of things? A massive bulk scraped across a rocky surface, and there was an incessant clacking, as if hundreds of talons scrabbled over the ground. The noise grew until it became a roar as the creature passed a narrow window or door, just a few strides away.

The boy felt a single finger across his lips, and the knowledge came to him: It was a sign that he should be quiet. His shoulders quivered as the scraping, tapping sounds went on for longer than he could believe. Finally, they began to fade. The worm was gone, propelling its vast bulk—a many-legged bulk, the boy decided—through the adjacent corridor or passageway.

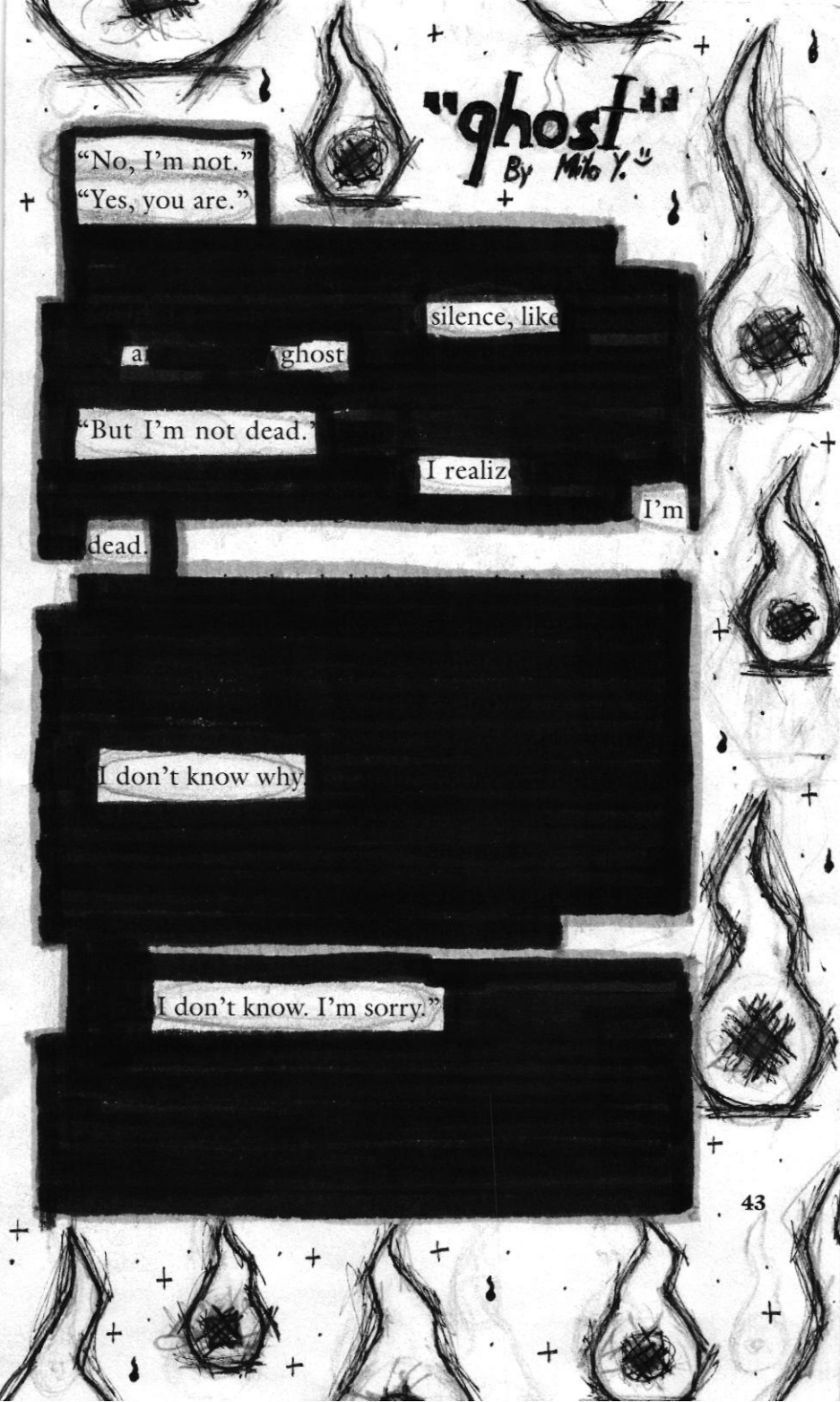
When the sound died, the man spoke. "Well, I hope the worm doesn't eat them."

"Eat *who*?" asked the boy.

Athena 5.

6th

(7,9)


"ghost"
By Milo Y.
"No, I'm not."
"Yes, you are."
silence, like
a ghost
"But I'm not dead."
I realiz
I'm
dead.
I don't know why
I don't know. I'm sorry."

remains a sad little irony — this is an irony you will find very sad, Christopher — the sad irony is that most vampires die very quickly. You can be killed with a stake through the heart if you are caught. Or you can starve to death if you don't drink human blood. That's a tall order, drinking human blood. You will have to kill to live."

"I've got to go," I babble. "I have to catch up with my friends." I gesture wildly toward Jerk and Tom.

The celestial being's gaze shifts and he focuses on them. Far down the shore, Jerk is chasing pigeons. He makes roaring noises and waves his arms at them. He is so far away it sounds like he is mewling like a kitten.

I say apologetically, "They may not be much, but they are the only friends I have."

The celestial being in the sharp black suit smiles quickly at me. "I try hard," he says, "to love every human soul."

He folds his hands in his lap. "May I continue? Please, Christopher, don't try to run away from this. I told you that I'm here to help you. Do you understand? Help."

"How can you help me?"

"You, Christopher, are on the cusp. You may move through both human and vampiric society with impunity. To humans, you are a human; to vampires, a vampire. In a few months, that will not be the case."

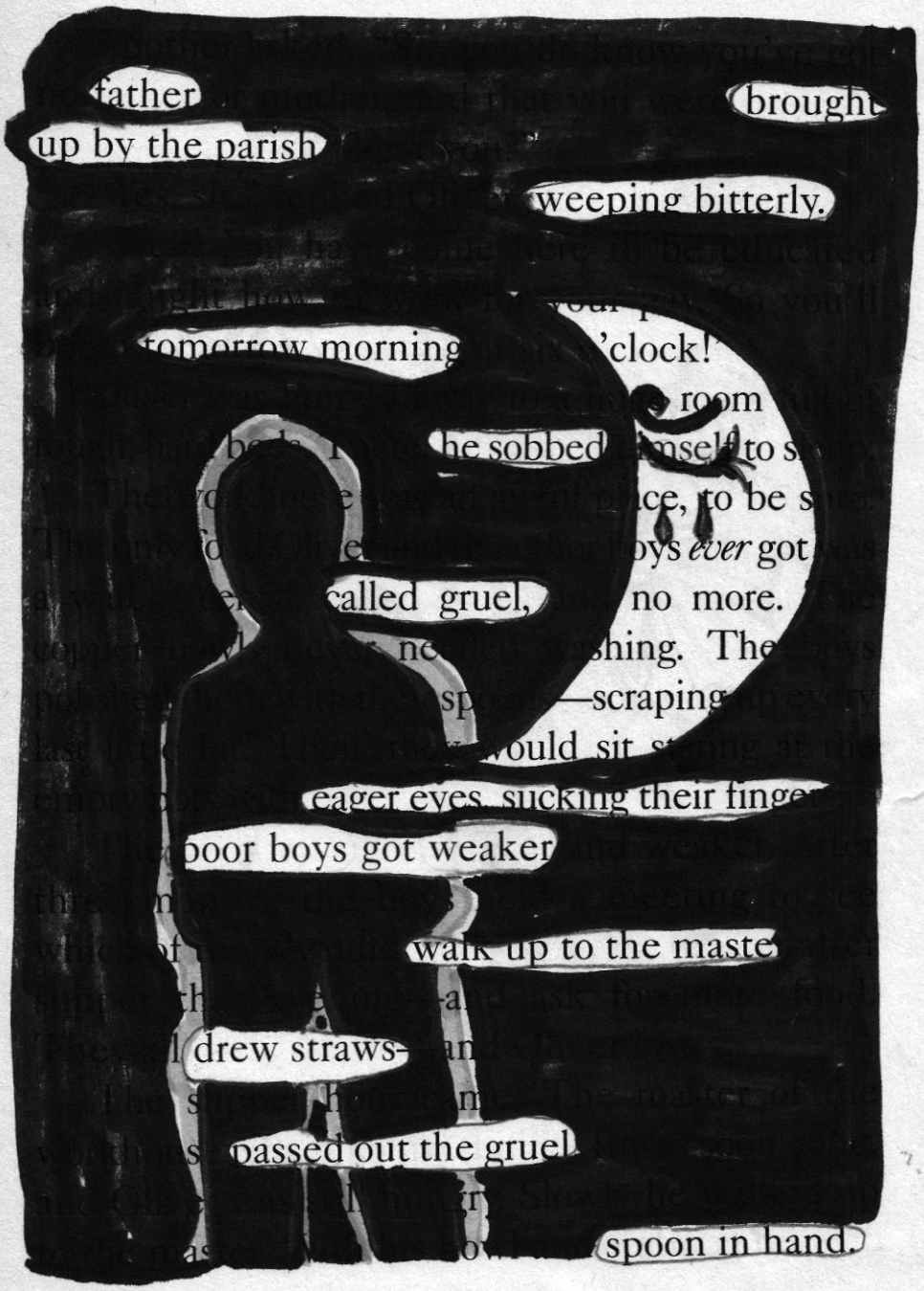
"Why?" I ask. "What will the case be?"

"Since you ask about the case, I'll tell you. You'll be too savage and crazy to fit in among the human population. To the vampires, if you haven't killed, you'll still be

Destiney R.
P.5
4/12/2

ceiling lights and floor vents. Every now and again I'd catch Grandma in a web and she'd get tangled [redacted]. "Help meeee, help meeee," she'd squeak [redacted] fly crazy [redacted]. Sometimes [redacted] she'd just get mad a[redacted]p after [redacted] everything I did. [redacted] Don't run. [redacted]," he'd bark o[redacted]. No matter what I to[redacted] did, I felt like [redacted] cartoon hell standing on ho[redacted] with [redacted] me in the bottom v[redacted] as [redacted] e fiery place to a[redacted] Even the words I spoke [redacted] deed my tongue [redacted] by accident [redacted] and just [redacted] she'd [redacted]. She could yell at me [redacted] at [redacted]. She'd get those needles [redacted] as if [redacted] she'd have a [redacted] uld reach around [redacted] block of [redacted] nd be tied in a bow. [redacted] Everything became [redacted] n piles collecting dust.

Even now my bed[redacted] the walls [redacted] Pin[redacted] he had [redacted] bottom but [redacted] p. Someone [redacted] the color pink would calm me down. But it didn't work.


father
brought
up by the parish
weeping bitterly.
tomorrow morning
'clock!
room
he sobbed
to s
ce, to be s
oys *ever* got
called gruel,
no more.
hing. The
—scraping
ould sit
eager eyes, sucking their finge
poor boys got weaker
walk up to the maste
drew straws-
passed out the gruel
spoon in hand.

Mrs. Schubert
Sarai C
Watson JR. High.



faster. There was something familiar about her, like a family resemblance. Then he saw she had a large irregularly shaped star in her forehead. His heart skipped a beat. This was the end of the trail!

He soon found Mr. Thomas, a kind-faced elderly man who listened attentively to his story. When Janon finished Mr. Thomas nodded. "That's him," he said. "Black, with a big white diamond in his forehead and fine conformation. I registered him. Hoped to race him, but had a bad year—drought and dust storms—and I had to sell him. I've been sorry ever since. When I saw the way they handled him when they loaded him I was sick. He fought them to a standstill and was half dead before they got him in the truck."

"His papers," said Janon tensely. "Have you got his papers?"

"Yes," Mr. Thomas nodded. "Those fellows never asked for them. I guess they intended to race him on the small bush tracks and make their money betting. So you've got him now? How is he?"

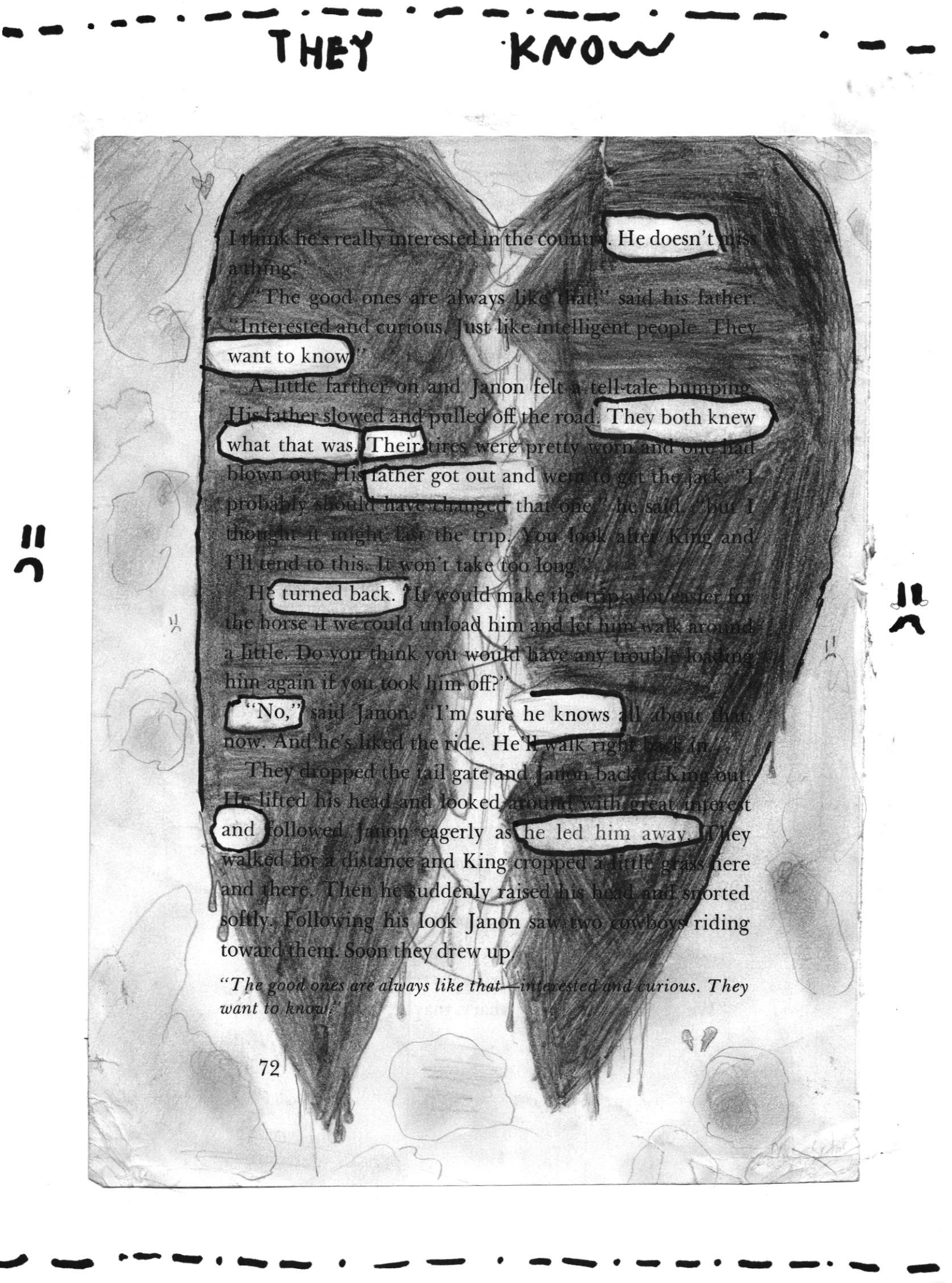
Janon told the story from the beginning—how they had gotten the horse, and the slow and patient work with him. Mr. Thomas listened intently.

"That's the way he always should have been handled. He was the highest-spirited horse I ever saw. Many of the really good ones are like that. They have to be handled gently or not at all."

Mrs. Schubert

Elizabith.

watsonJr.Hight



I think he's really interested in the country. He doesn't miss anything."

"The good ones are always like that," said his father. "Interested and curious. Just like intelligent people. They want to know."

A little farther on and Janon felt a tell-tale bumping. His father slowed and pulled off the road. They both knew what that was. Their tires were pretty worn and one had blown out. His father got out and went to get the jack. "I probably should have changed that one," he said, "but I thought it might last the trip. You look after King and I'll tend to this. It won't take too long."

He turned back. "It would make the trip a lot easier for the horse if we could unload him and let him walk around a little. Do you think you would have any trouble loading him again if you took him off?"

"No," said Janon. "I'm sure he knows all about that, now. And he's liked the ride. He'll walk right back in."

They dropped the tail gate and Janon backed King out. He lifted his head and looked around with great interest and followed Janon eagerly as he led him away. They walked for a distance and King cropped a little grass here and there. Then he suddenly raised his head and snorted softly. Following his look Janon saw two cowboys riding toward them. Soon they drew up.

"The good ones are always like that—interested and curious. They want to know."

[redacted]

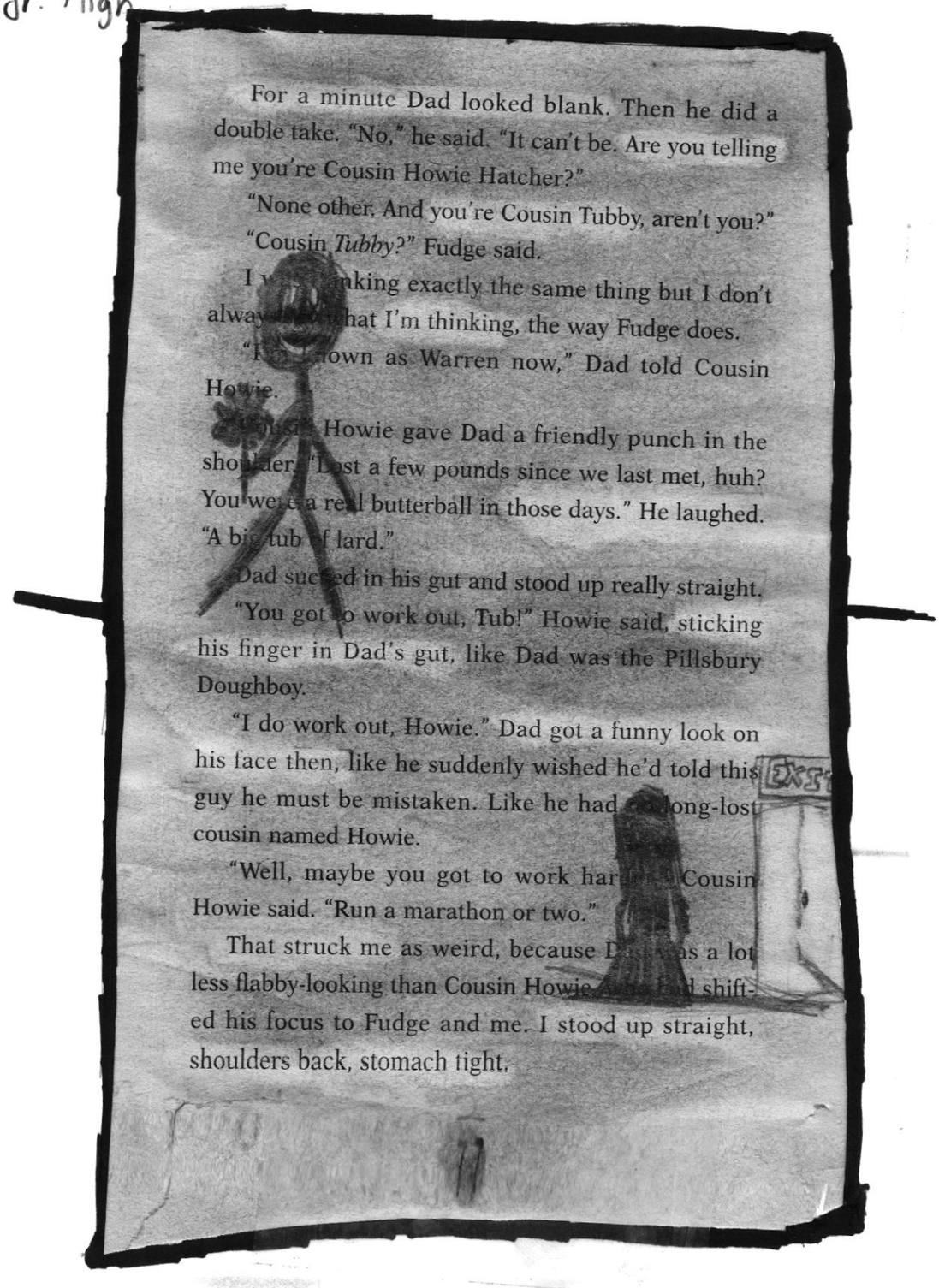
Mrs. Shubert

Anahi [redacted]

[redacted]

watson Junior High.

Yanelli
Ms. Schubert
Watson Jr. High



For a minute Dad looked blank. Then he did a double take. "No," he said. "It can't be. Are you telling me you're Cousin Howie Hatcher?"

"None other. And you're Cousin Tubby, aren't you?"

"Cousin *Tubby*?" Fudge said.

I was thinking exactly the same thing but I don't always know what I'm thinking, the way Fudge does.

"I'm known as Warren now," Dad told Cousin Howie.

Cousin Howie gave Dad a friendly punch in the shoulder. "Lost a few pounds since we last met, huh? You were a real butterball in those days." He laughed. "A big tub of lard."

Dad sucked in his gut and stood up really straight.

"You got to work out, Tub!" Howie said, sticking his finger in Dad's gut, like Dad was the Pillsbury Doughboy.

"I do work out, Howie." Dad got a funny look on his face then, like he suddenly wished he'd told this guy he must be mistaken. Like he had a long-lost cousin named Howie.

"Well, maybe you got to work harder," Cousin Howie said. "Run a marathon or two."

That struck me as weird, because Dad was a lot less flabby-looking than Cousin Howie. Then Dad shifted his focus to Fudge and me. I stood up straight, shoulders back, stomach tight.

"See, that's why we used to call him *Tubby*," Cousin Howie said, as if we didn't get it by now. "So, Tub . . . these handsome boys belong to you?"

Dad said, "Yes, this is my family. My wife, Anne . . ."

Cousin Howie kissed Mom's hand. "So you're the little lady who stole Tubby's heart." Mom looked like she might puke.

"And these are my sons," Dad said, "Peter and Fudge."

"Fudge!" Cousin Howie said. "Now there's a name."

"Actually, it's Farley Drexel," Dad said. "We just call him Fudge."

"Farley Drexel!" Cousin Howie's voice was so loud I backed away. "What a coincidence."

Fudge pulled me aside. "What's a coincidence?" he asked.

"It's like when something just happens, something you didn't expect."

"We didn't expect Cousin Howie, did we?"

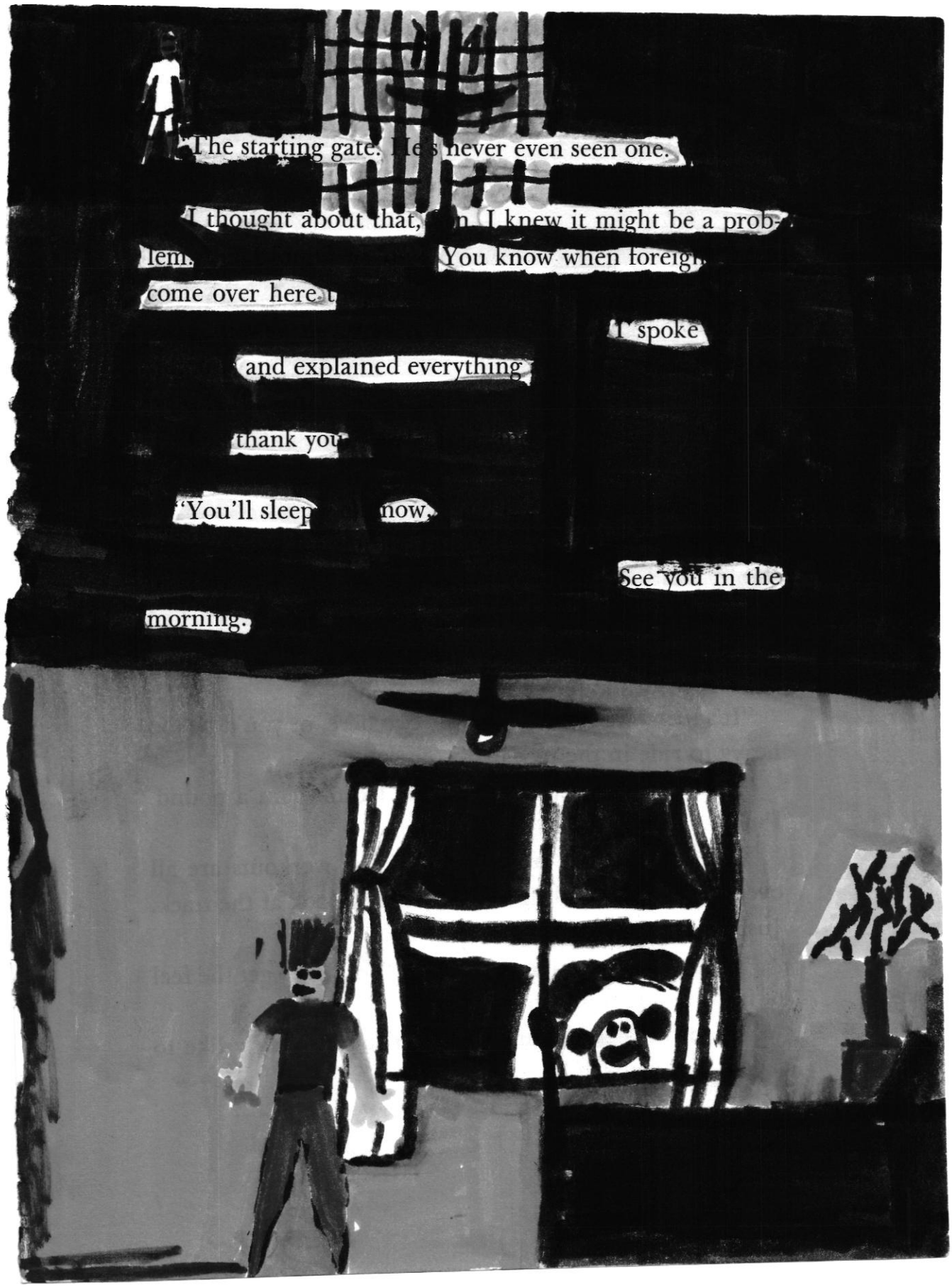
"No," I told him. "We definitely didn't expect Cousin Howie. But he's more of a surprise than a coincidence."

Cousin Howie wasn't alone. He introduced us to his wife, Eudora, a chunky woman with freckles, a doll's mouth, and straw-colored hair. "Sweetheart," he said, "I want you to meet my long-lost cousin, Tubby Hatcher."

SKIP THIS PAGE
TURN PAGE

The Gate

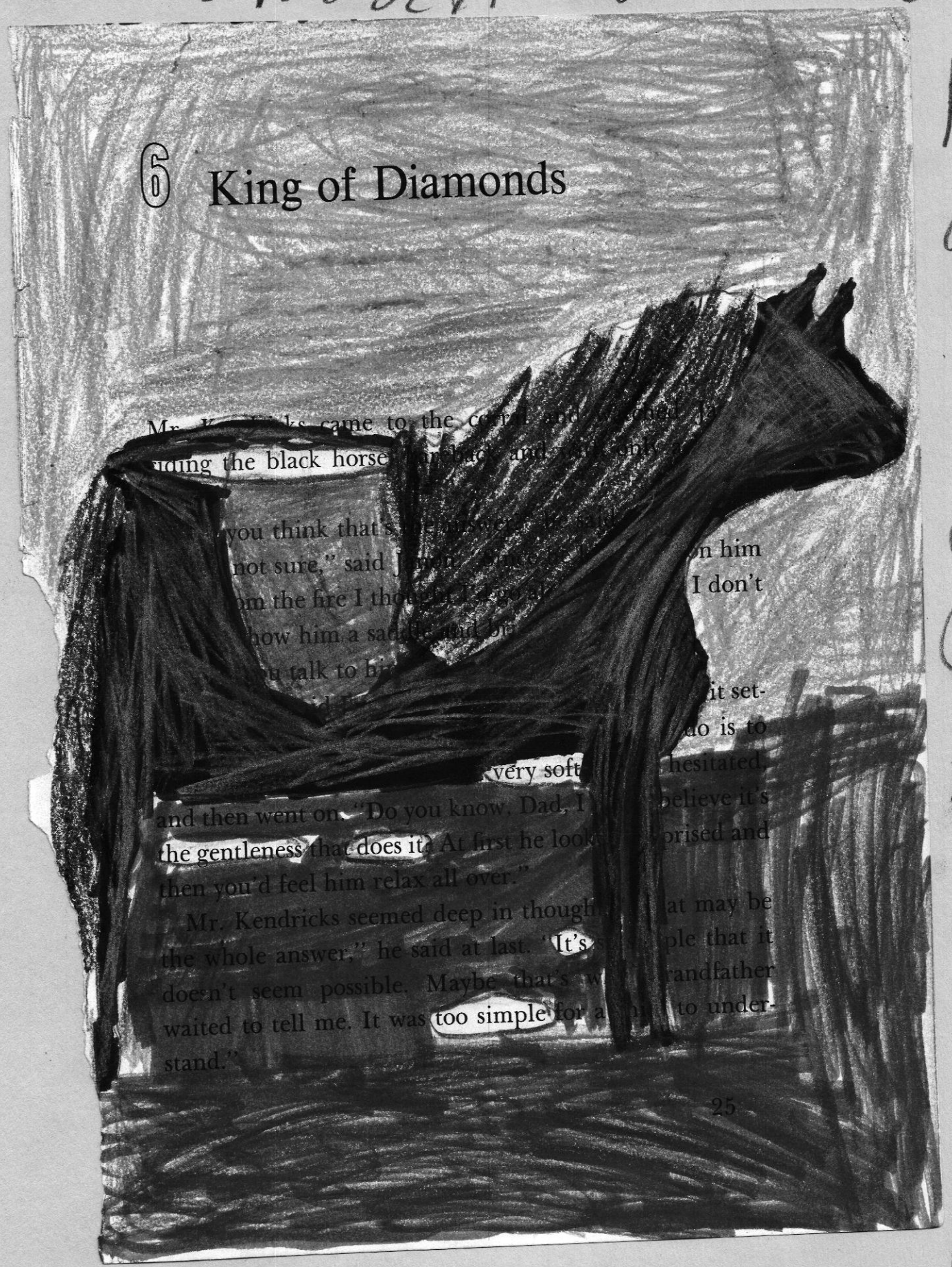
mrs. Shubert
Watson Jr. high



Shubert watson

Kaelyn Ruby

6 King of Diamonds



Mr. K[illegible]ks came to the c[illegible]
[illegible]ding the black horse [illegible]

[illegible]you think that's [illegible]
[illegible]not sure," said J[illegible]
[illegible]m the fire I tho[illegible]
[illegible]how him a sa[illegible]
[illegible]u talk to hi[illegible]

[illegible]very soft
and then went on. "Do you know, Dad, I
the gentleness that does it. At first he look
then you'd feel him relax all over."

Mr. Kendricks seemed deep in though
the whole answer," he said at last. "It's
doesn't seem possible. Maybe that's w
waited to tell me. It was too simple for a
stand."

[illegible]n him
[illegible]I don't

[illegible]it set-
[illegible]do is to
[illegible]hesitated.
[illegible]believe it's
[illegible]prised and

[illegible]at may be
[illegible]ple that it
[illegible]randfather
[illegible]to under-

25

Ruby [redacted]@wsd3.org

Lucky for us, Fudge doesn't know how to go online.

The first time Fudge went to Richie Potter's for a play date, he came home full of [illegible] bigger apartment."

"A bigger [illegible]," [illegible] "but we're [illegible] what we do."

"But Mo[illegible]. I need two rooms, one for my [illegible]udge and I. It's [illegible] in the living roo[illegible] and keep my toys in *my* room."

"Keep dreaming, Fudge!" [illegible]

"I'm not dreaming, Pete. I'm wide awake."

Later he came to my room. I was instant messaging with Jimmy Fargo when I was supposed to be making a [illegible] for [illegible]. I'd be in big trouble if Mom or Dad knew. The computer goes back in the living room if I don't keep up my grades.

"The problem with our family is," Fudge said, "we don't have enough money. We need to get more. And fast."

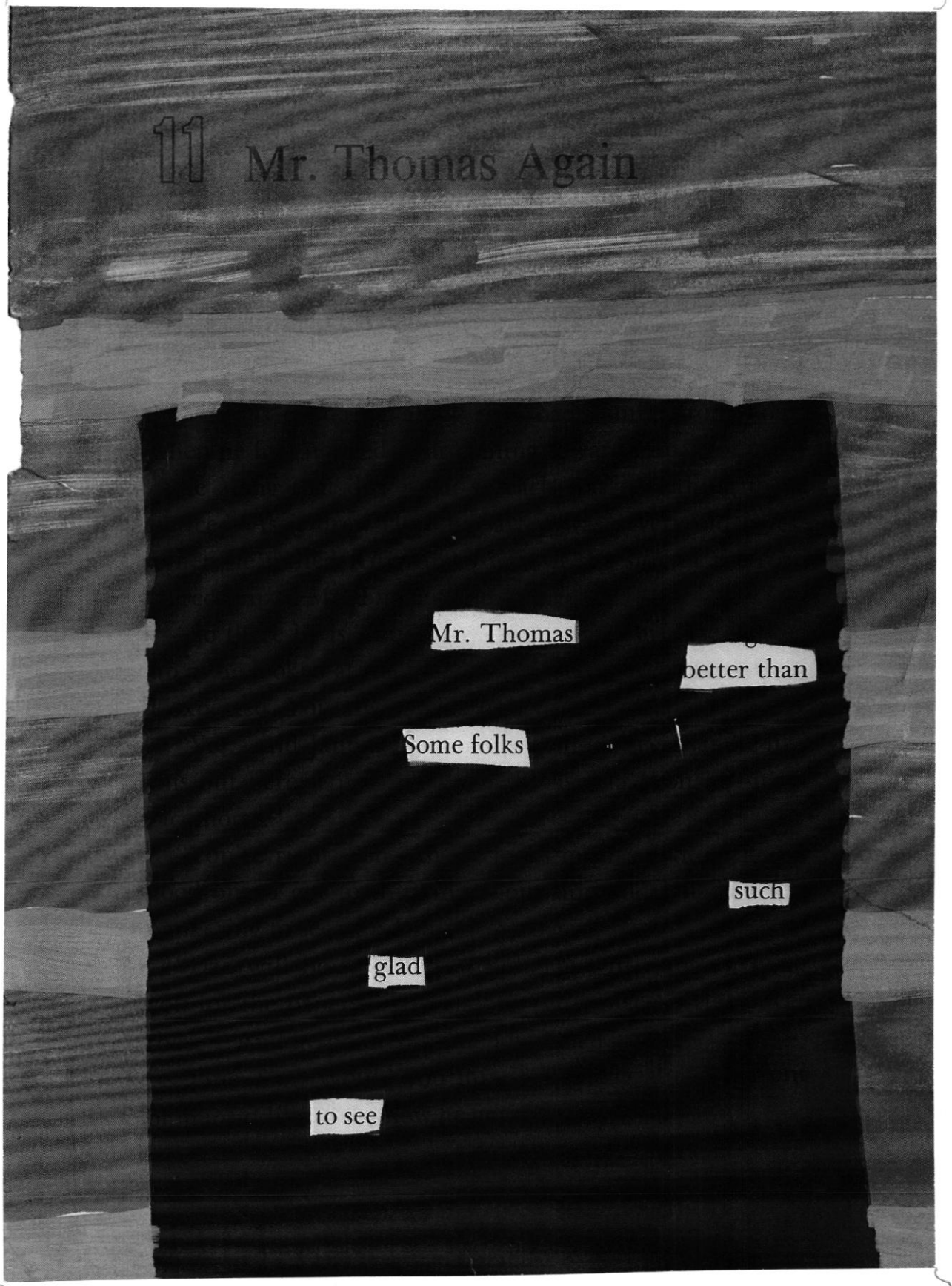
"Cheer up," I said. "Maybe we'll win the lottery."

His eyes lit up. "The lottery! That's it."

But when he told Dad his brilliant idea, Dad said, "Buying lottery tickets is just a way to waste money."

"No," Fudge argued. "It's a way to get rich fast!"

Mrs. Schuberts class 1st Period
Watson Jr. High
Madison [redacted]
Email: [redacted].org


11 Mr. Thomas Again
Mr. Thomas
better than
Some folks
such
glad
to see

Kyle [redacted]

Mrs. Schubert

[redacted]

Watson Jr. High

mouth and brushed off his hands. The crumbs landed on my *Living Spanish* textbook.

"I don't know anyone really famous!"

"Yes you do."

"I give up."

Fudge whispered in my ear. "He's *You-Know-Who's* cousin."

told him,

Harry Potter isn't real.

Fudge

said

thing terrible wi

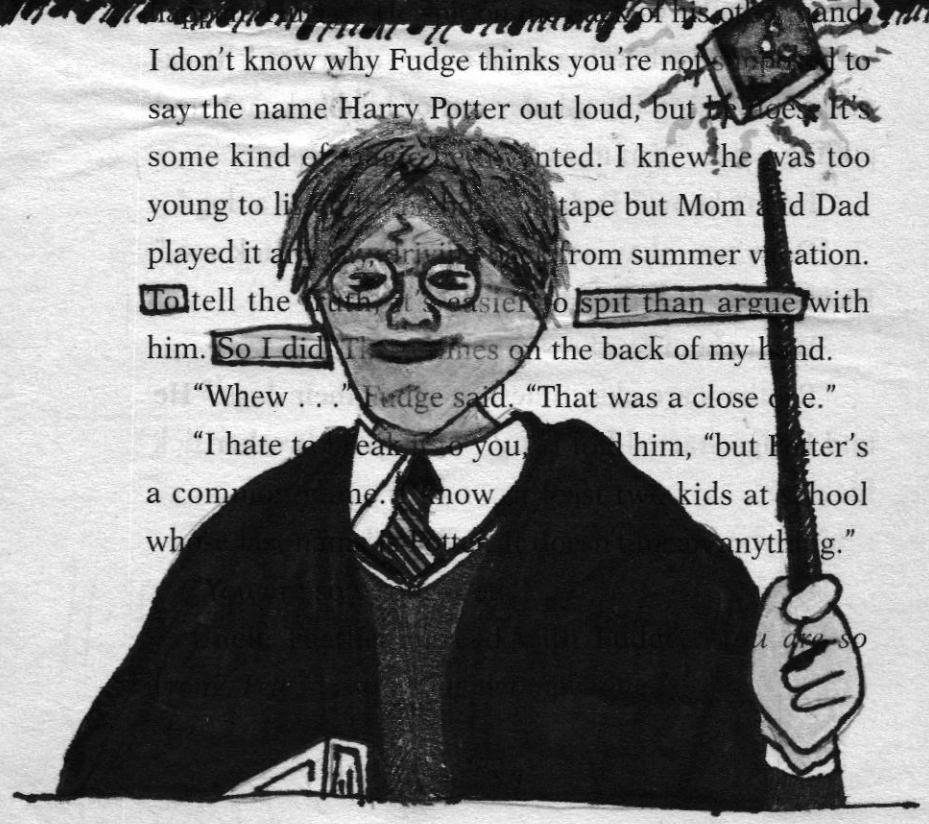
of his o and

I don't know why Fudge thinks you're not supposed to say the name Harry Potter out loud, but he does. It's some kind of

nted. I knew he was too young to li tape but Mom and Dad played it a from summer v ation. To tell the truth, it's easier to spit than argue with him. So I did. T mes on the back of my h nd.

"Whew . . ." Fudge said. "That was a close one."

"I hate to eal it to you, d him, "but Potter's a com ne. now kids at hool wh anyth g."



Mrs. Schubert - teacher

Aubrey

watson Jr. high

Mrs. Shubert

Joseph [redacted]

Watson Grade 6

[redacted]



Alone...



8 [redacted]

Rosie was right. Fudge loved the gift shop. Everything in sight had a money motif. *Everything.* Shirts, socks, ties; pencils, notepads, snow globes; you name it—it was done up as money.

"This is better than the tour!" Fudge sang, racing all around. He was fascinated by a five-pound bag of shredded money containing a minimum of ten thousand dollars. You could buy it for forty-five dollars. "Pete, look . . . ten thousand dollars all in one little bag."

"Yeah . . . but it's shredded, so it's totally useless."

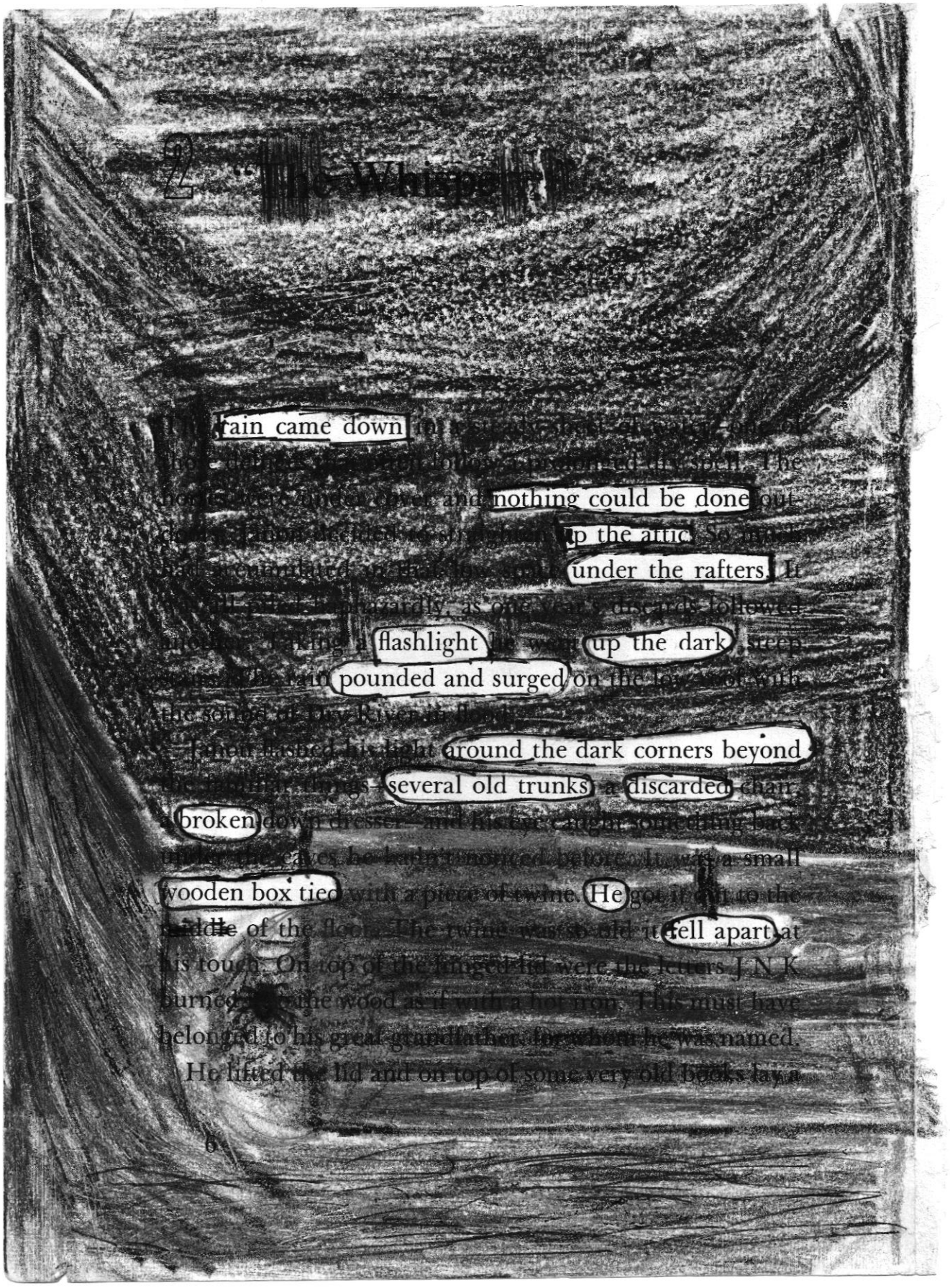
"I could try to glue it back together. Then we could buy every toy in the world."

"Even if you could glue it back together, it'd be

Mrs. Schuber+

Watson Jr. High

Mrs. Schubert
Isabella (Watson Jr. High



2 The Whisper

rain came down [illegible] nothing could be done [illegible] up the attic. So [illegible] under the rafters. It [illegible] hazardly, as one year's discards followed [illegible] flashlight he went up the dark steep [illegible] rain pounded and surged on the low roof with [illegible] the sound of fury. Rivers of [illegible]

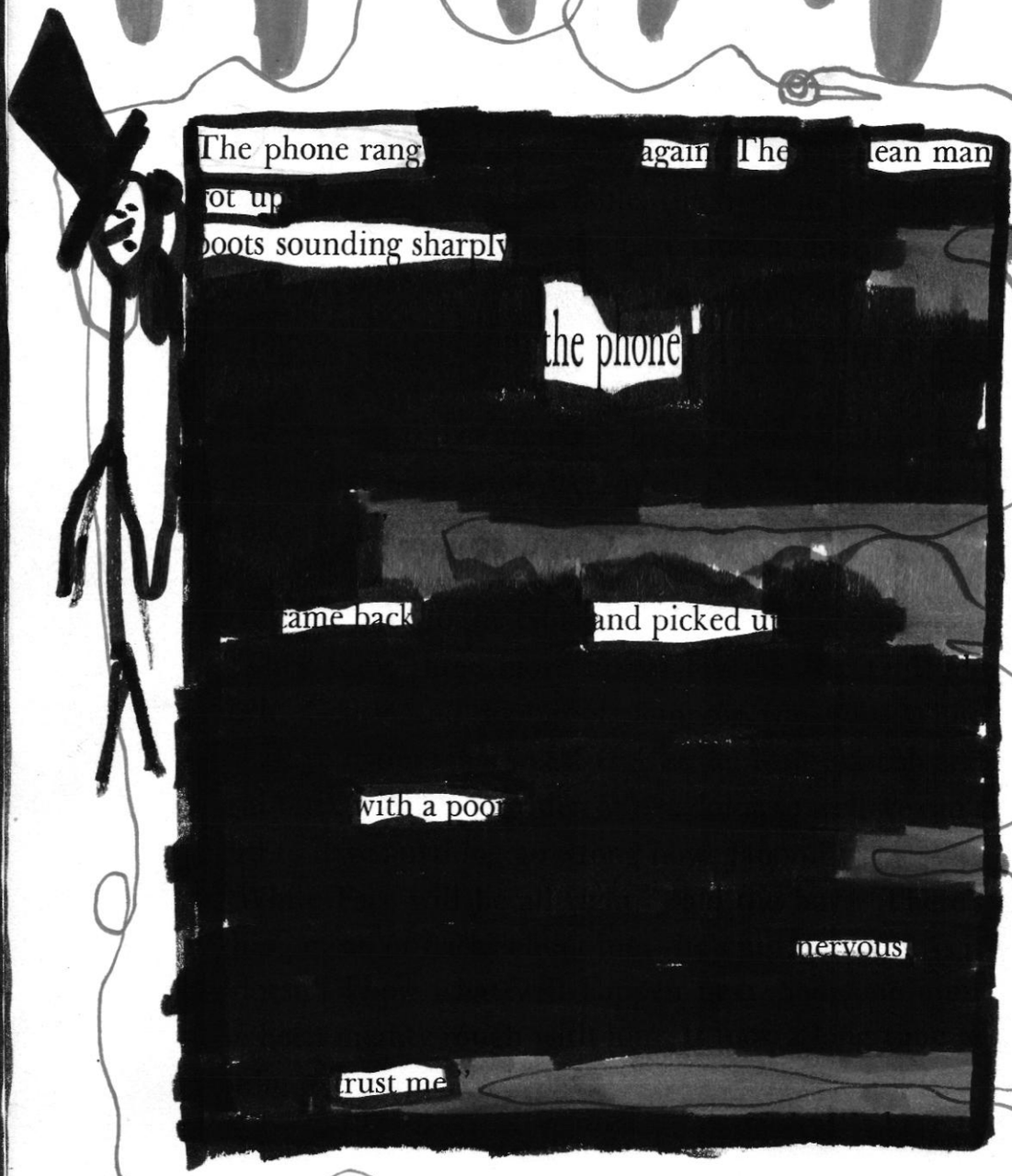
[illegible] flashed his light around the dark corners beyond the [illegible] things—several old trunks, a discarded chair, a broken-down dresser—and his eye caught something back under the eaves he hadn't noticed before. It was a small wooden box tied with a piece of twine. He got it out to the middle of the floor. The twine was so old it fell apart at his touch. On top of the hinged lid were the letters J. N. K. burned into the wood as if with a hot iron. This must have belonged to his great-grandfather, for whom he was named.

He lifted the lid and on top of some very old books lay a

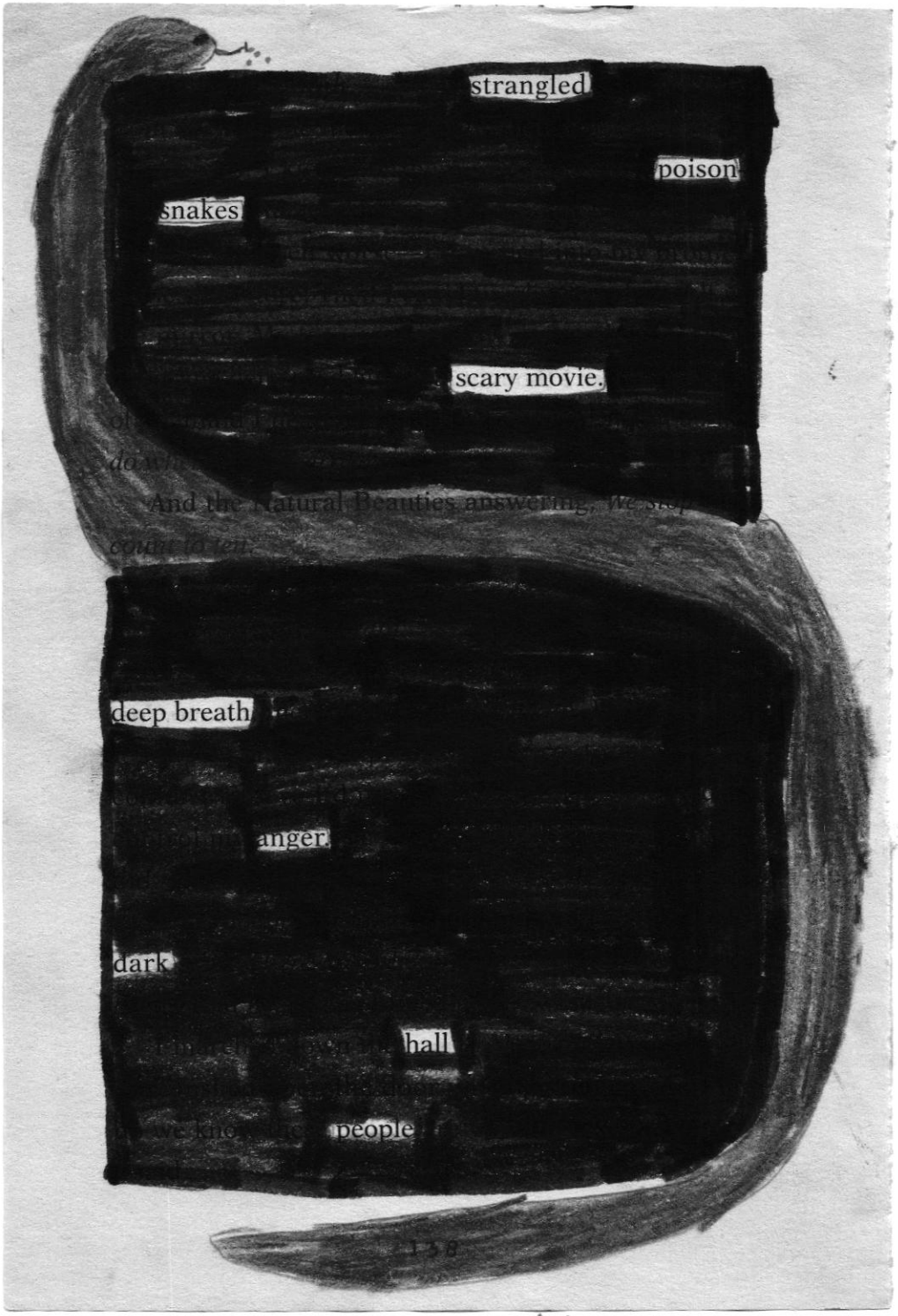
Mrs. Schuber
Watson Jr. High

The Phone

1 Father and Son



Spirit Snake



Jasmin [illegible]

Mrs Schubert
P.3

[illegible]@wiki3.org

Watson Jr. high

Shout out

Mrs. Shubert

Elizabeth

[redacted]

Watson jr. High

DINNER

DINNER

By: Elizabeth [redacted]

[redacted] I don't think we have any broccoli [redacted] but we have carrots.

Carrots are good [redacted] Dipped in [redacted] hummus.

Now Mom was [redacted] surprised. We [redacted] have [redacted] peanut butter!

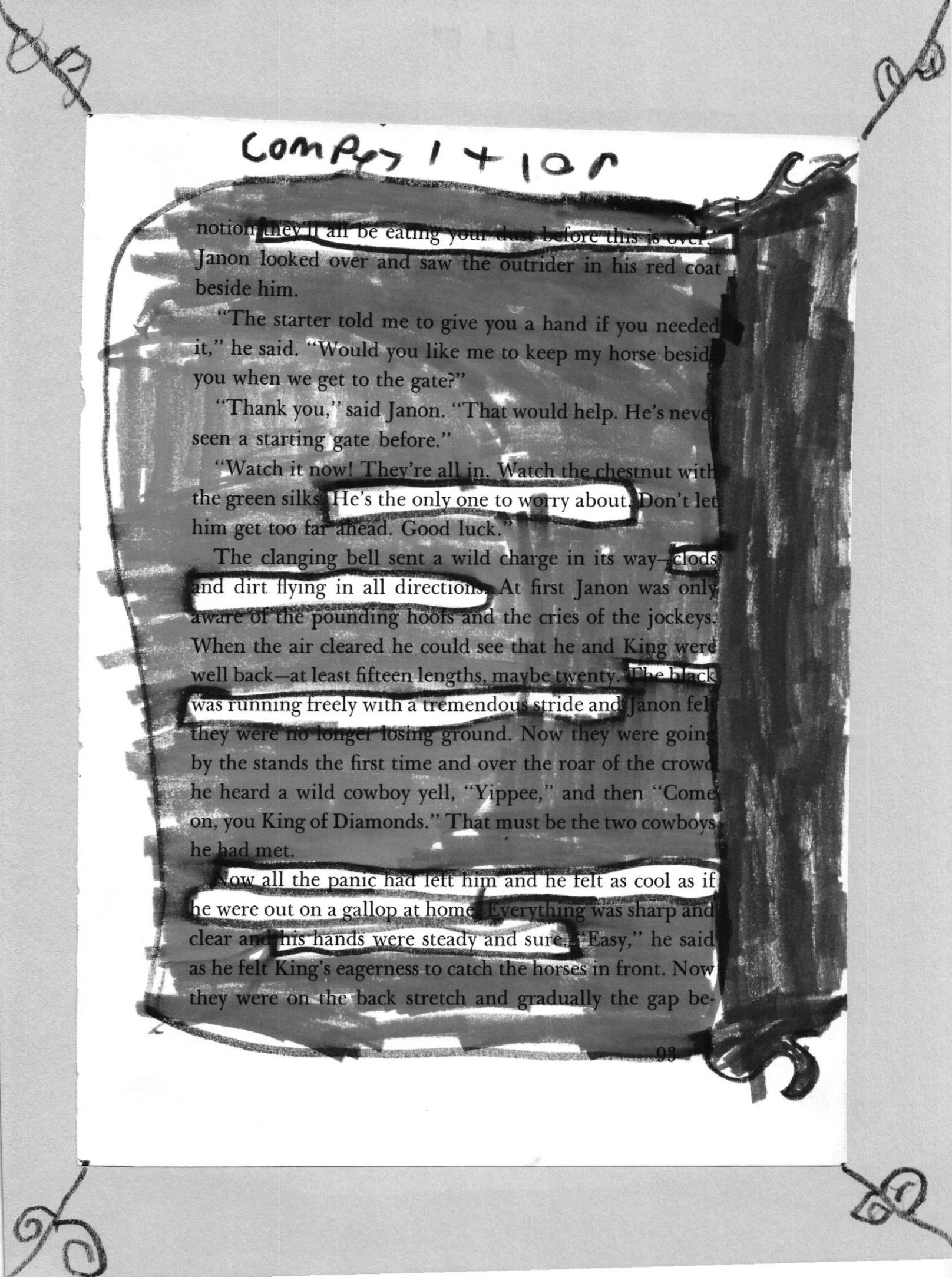
I'm afraid we don [redacted] know [redacted]"

[redacted] baby carrots [redacted] just [redacted] have a [redacted]

Fudge [redacted] swirled in peanut butter [redacted] can I have peanut butter and [redacted]

[redacted] banana [redacted] pouring [redacted] a glass of milk [redacted]





notion they'll all be eating your dust before this is over." Janon looked over and saw the outrider in his red coat beside him.

"The starter told me to give you a hand if you needed it," he said. "Would you like me to keep my horse beside you when we get to the gate?"

"Thank you," said Janon. "That would help. He's never seen a starting gate before."

"Watch it now! They're all in. Watch the chestnut with the green silks. He's the only one to worry about. Don't let him get too far ahead. Good luck."

The clanging bell sent a wild charge in its way—clods and dirt flying in all directions. At first Janon was only aware of the pounding hoofs and the cries of the jockeys. When the air cleared he could see that he and King were well back—at least fifteen lengths, maybe twenty. The black was running freely with a tremendous stride and Janon felt they were no longer losing ground. Now they were going by the stands the first time and over the roar of the crowd he heard a wild cowboy yell, "Yippee," and then "Come on, you King of Diamonds." That must be the two cowboys he had met.

Now all the panic had left him and he felt as cool as if he were out on a gallop at home. Everything was sharp and clear and his hands were steady and sure. "Easy," he said as he felt King's eagerness to catch the horses in front. Now they were on the back stretch and gradually the gap be-

Ms. Schubert

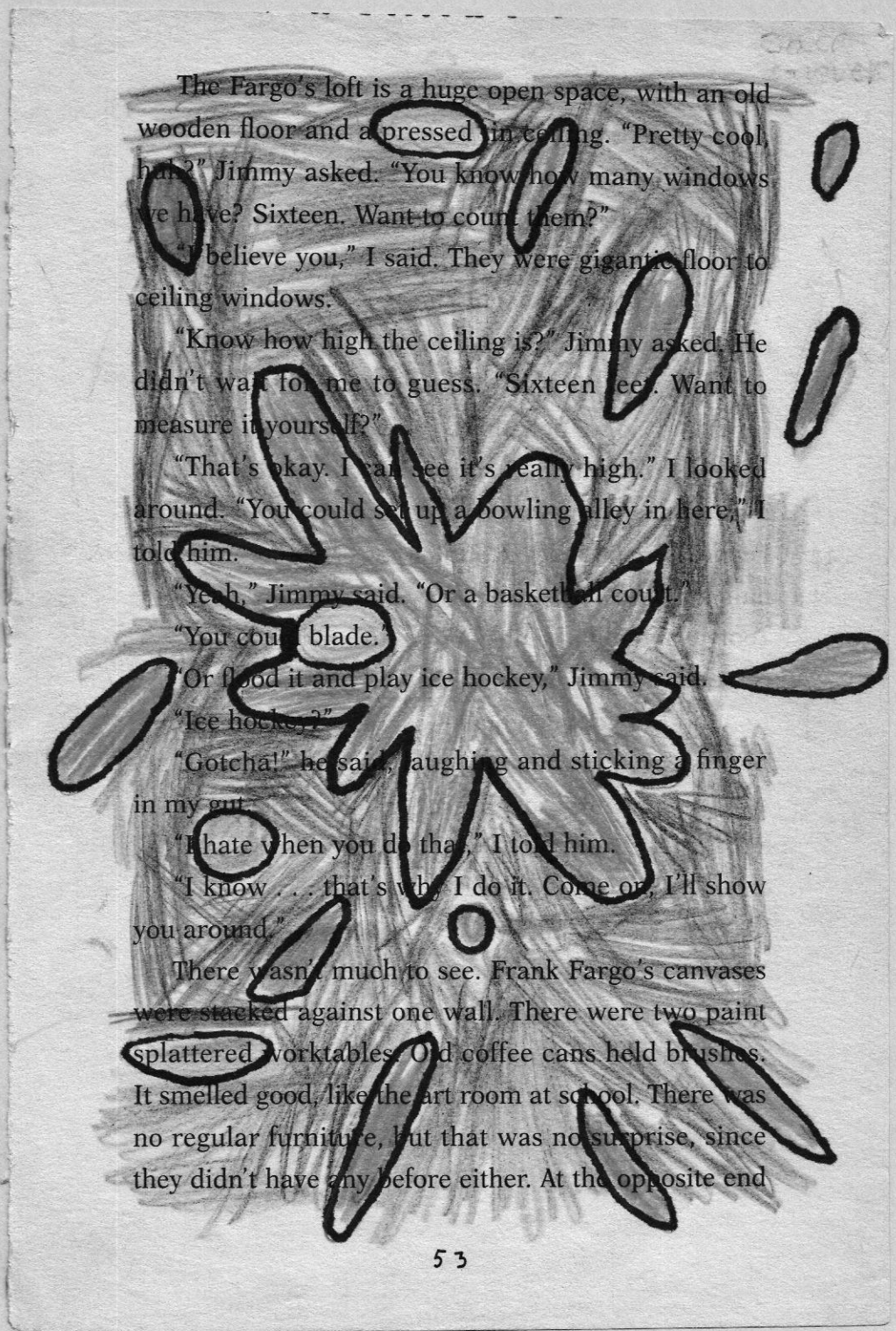
Nathaniel

[redacted]

@wsd3.org

Watson Jr High

Splattered Hate



The Fargo's loft is a huge open space, with an old wooden floor and a pressed tin ceiling. "Pretty cool, huh?" Jimmy asked. "You know how many windows we have? Sixteen. Want to count them?"

"I believe you," I said. They were gigantic floor to ceiling windows.

"Know how high the ceiling is?" Jimmy asked. He didn't wait for me to guess. "Sixteen feet. Want to measure it yourself?"

"That's okay. I can see it's really high." I looked around. "You could set up a bowling alley in here," I told him.

"Yeah," Jimmy said. "Or a basketball court."

"You could blade."

"Or flood it and play ice hockey," Jimmy said.

"Ice hockey?"

"Gotcha!" he said, laughing and sticking a finger in my gut.

"I hate when you do that," I told him.

"I know . . . that's why I do it. Come on, I'll show you around."

There wasn't much to see. Frank Fargo's canvases were stacked against one wall. There were two paint splattered worktables. Old coffee cans held brushes. It smelled good, like the art room at school. There was no regular furniture, but that was no surprise, since they didn't have any before either. At the opposite end

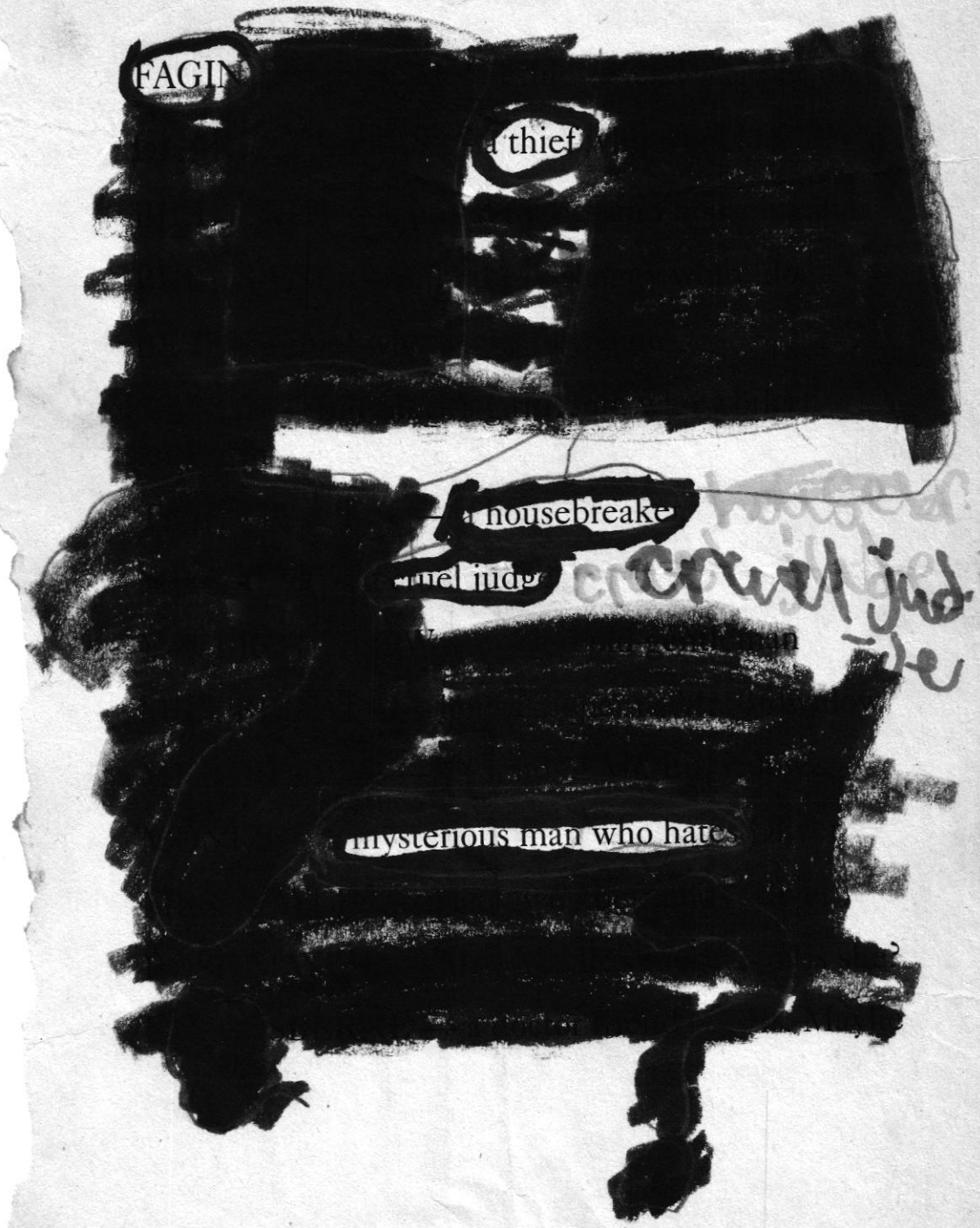
Mrs. Schubert

Jace [redacted]

[redacted].org

Watson Jr. High

CHARACTERS



Mrs. Shubert

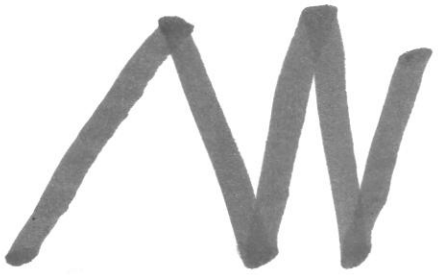
jacob [redacted]

[redacted]-3.org

[redacted]@wsd

Watson jr high


Much further
ough
Many
s," it said.
w m
lv
off a dripping
box
and ran his finger
over the le
burned
must
you find it?"
Up in the attic. Way off in a dark corner. I'd
seen it without a flashlight. Look at the
tended the old
Mr.
deep thought.
spoke of The Whisperer," he said at
that." All whips and spu
slow and gentle.
MUCH FURTHER
Kids
toys
Kids
toys



Mrs. Schubert

Kaitlyn [redacted]

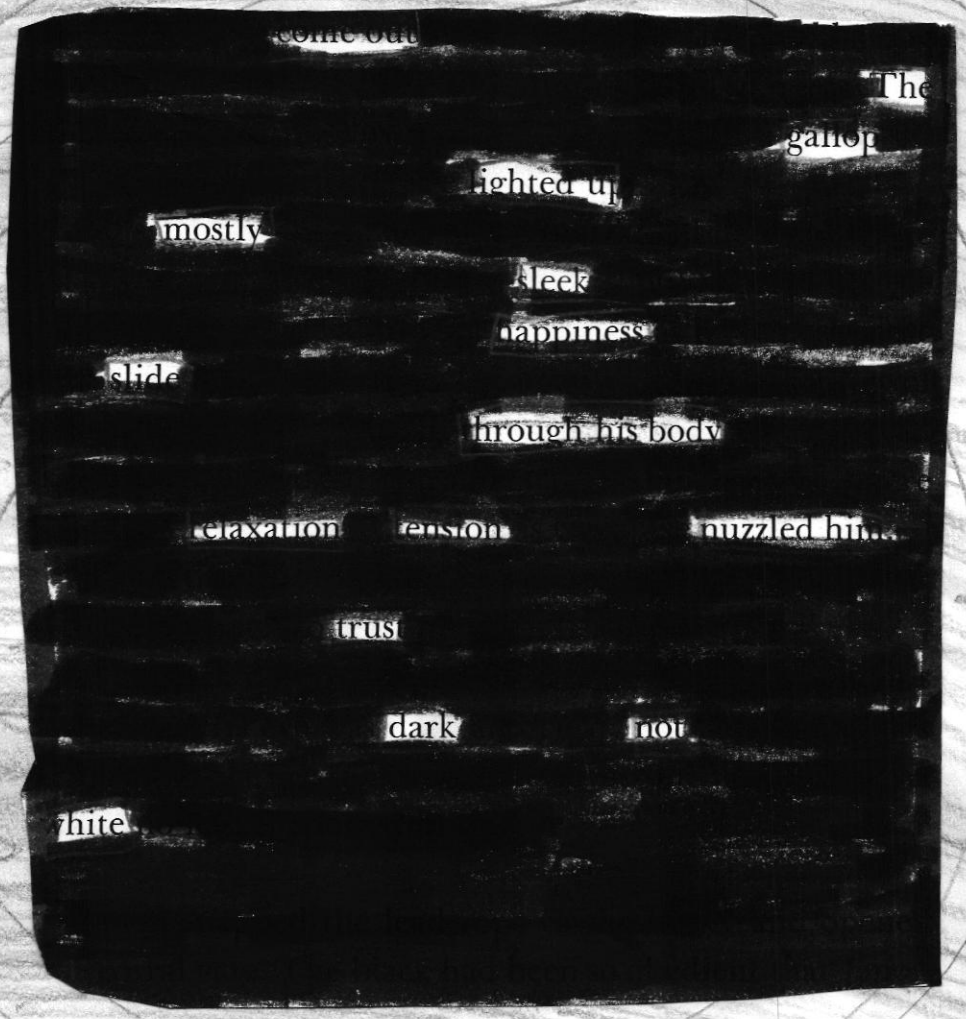
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Watson Jr. High

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Peppresion seaks

out

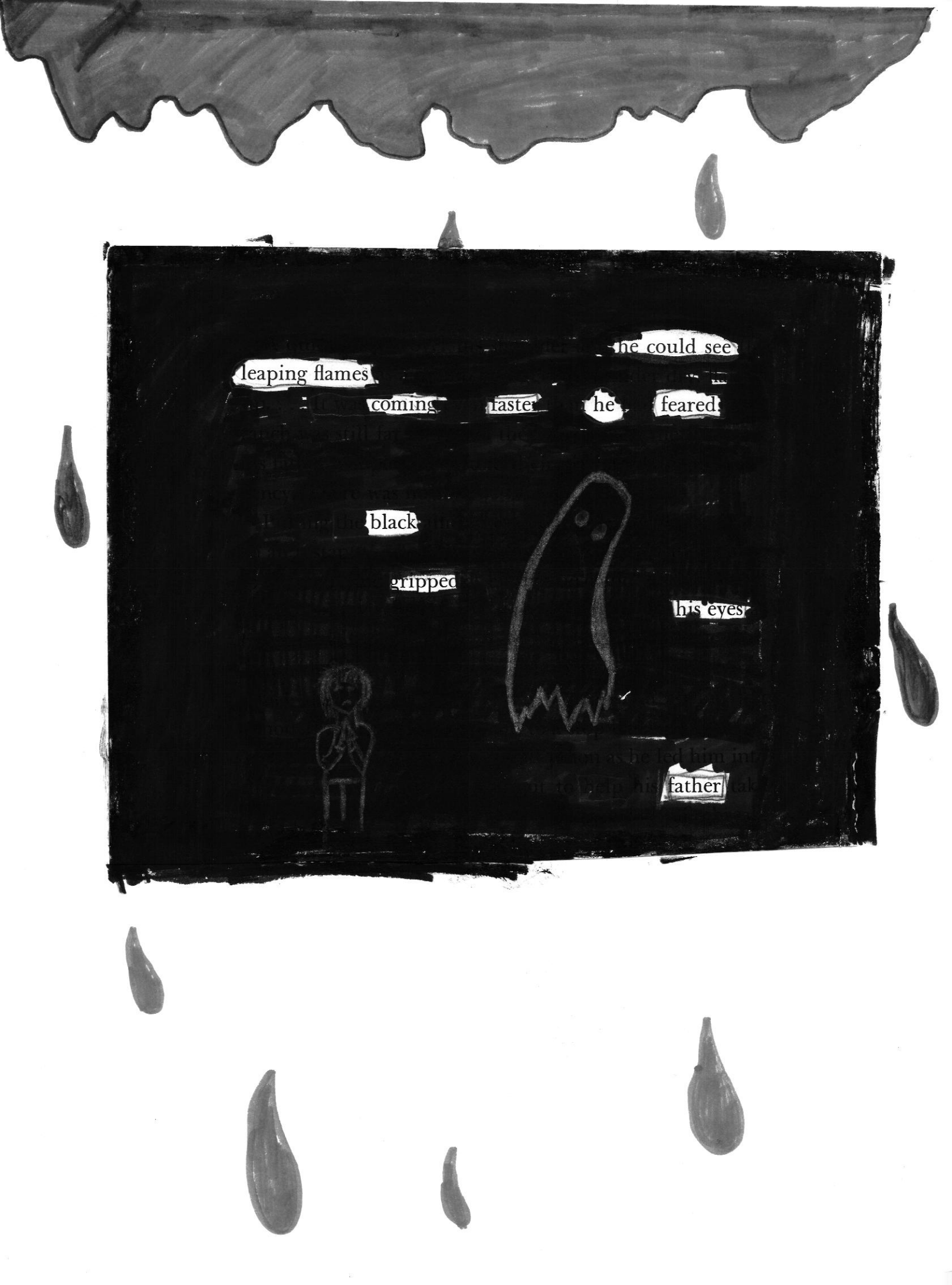


Mrs. Schubert

Victoria [redacted]

[redacted] 100@wsd3.org

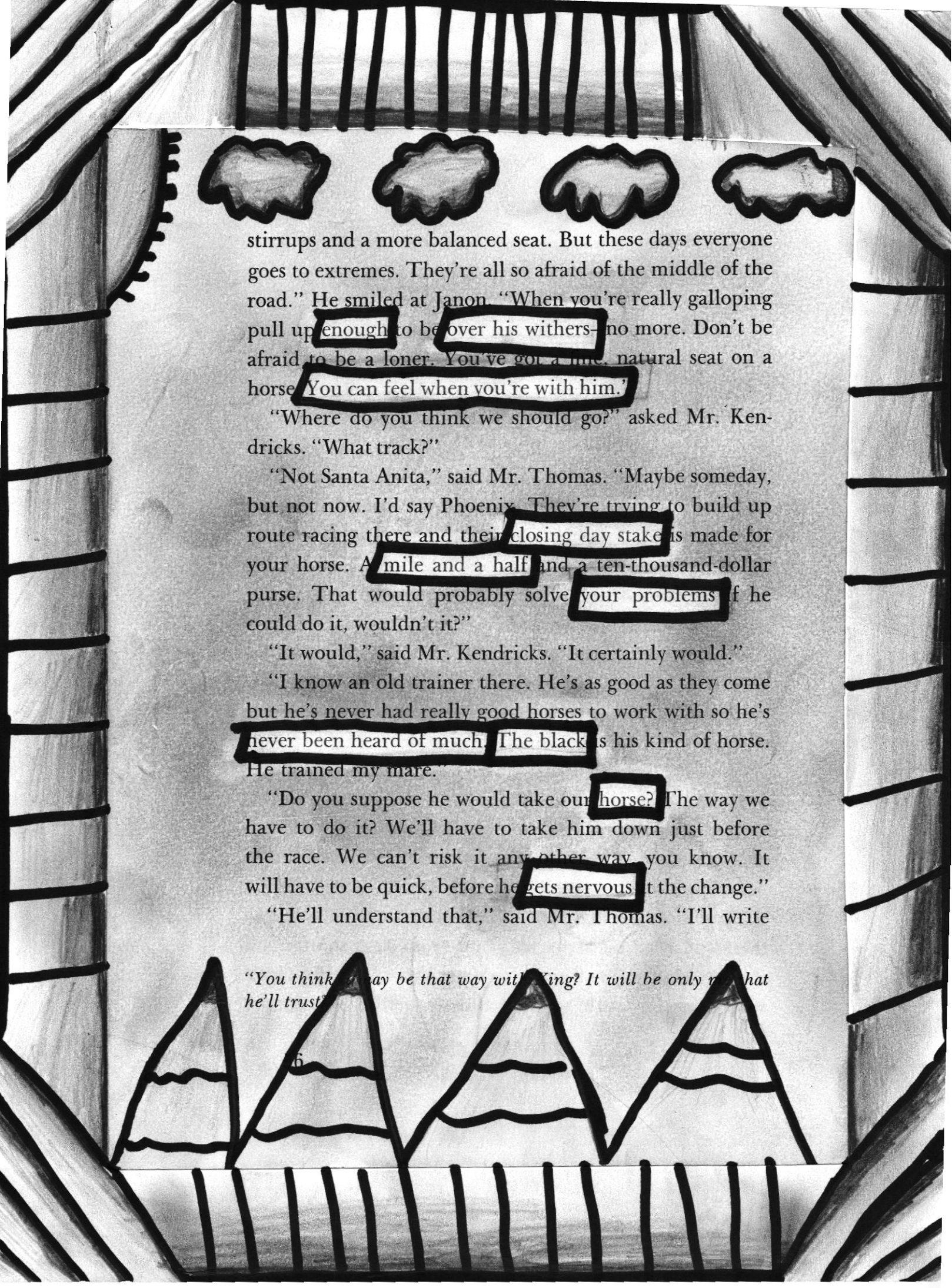
Watson Jr. high


he could see
leaping flames
coming
faster
he
feared
black
gripped
his eyes
father

Mrs. Schubert

Kaiden

Watson Jr. high.



stirrups and a more balanced seat. But these days everyone goes to extremes. They're all so afraid of the middle of the road." He smiled at Janon. "When you're really galloping pull up enough to be over his withers—no more. Don't be afraid to be a loner. You've got a fine, natural seat on a horse. You can feel when you're with him."

"Where do you think we should go?" asked Mr. Kendricks. "What track?"

"Not Santa Anita," said Mr. Thomas. "Maybe someday, but not now. I'd say Phoenix. They're trying to build up route racing there and their closing day stake is made for your horse. A mile and a half and a ten-thousand-dollar purse. That would probably solve your problems if he could do it, wouldn't it?"

"It would," said Mr. Kendricks. "It certainly would."

"I know an old trainer there. He's as good as they come but he's never had really good horses to work with so he's never been heard of much. The black is his kind of horse. He trained my mare."

"Do you suppose he would take our horse? The way we have to do it? We'll have to take him down just before the race. We can't risk it any other way, you know. It will have to be quick, before he gets nervous at the change."

"He'll understand that," said Mr. Thomas. "I'll write

"You think it may be that way with King? It will be only now that he'll trust

Khaleah:

Teacher: Mrs. Shubert

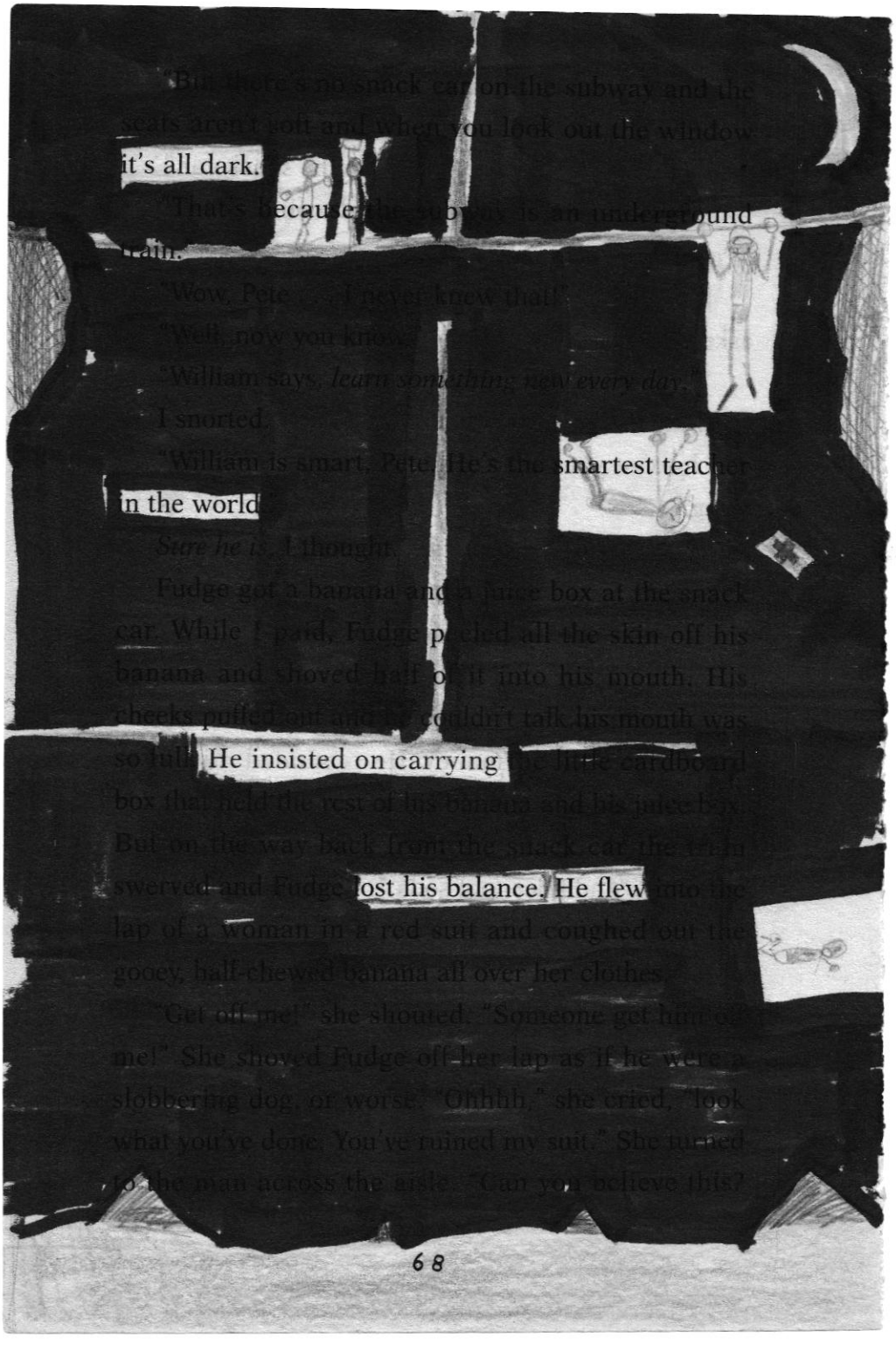
My [redacted]@isd3.org

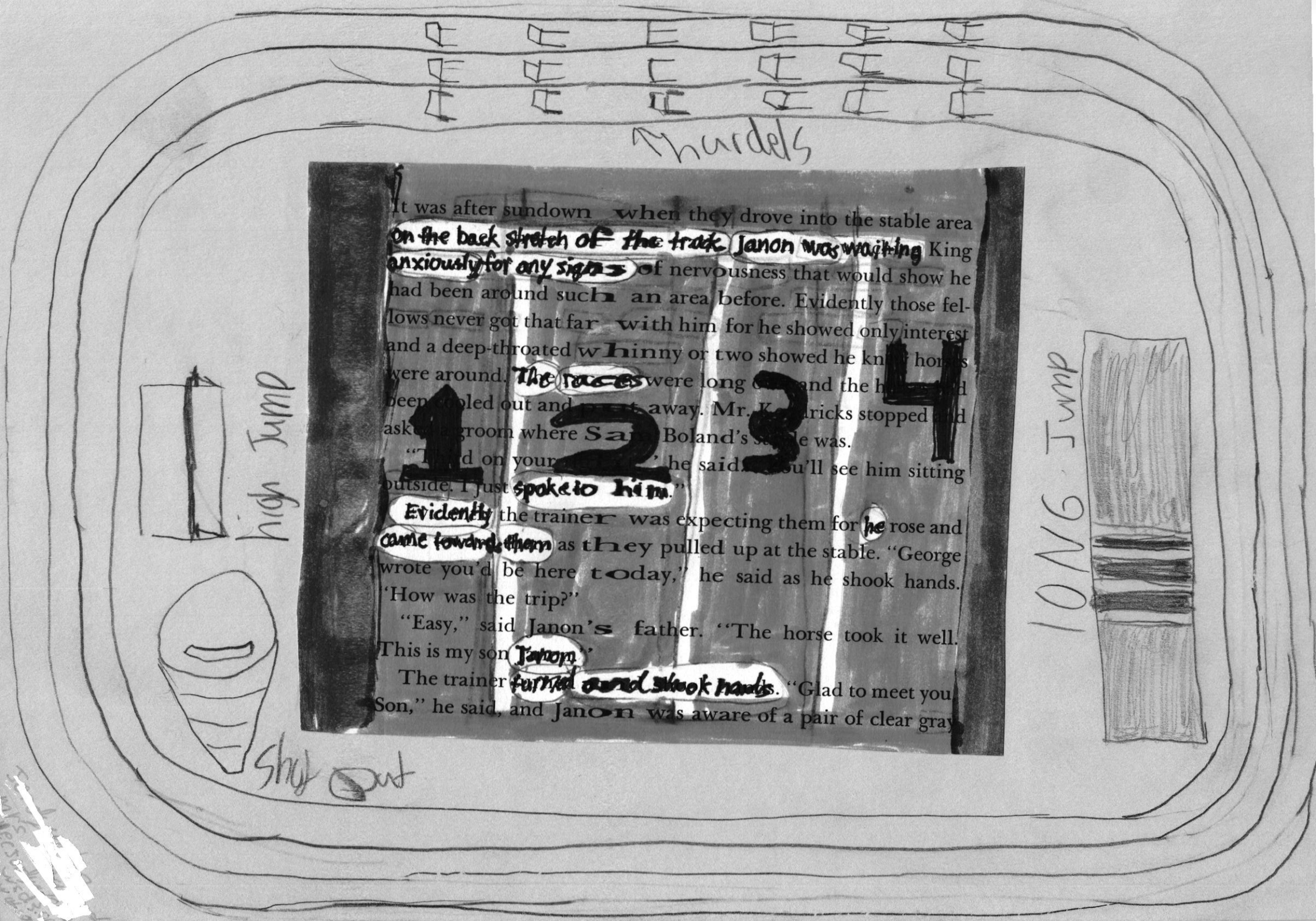
Watson Jr. High

OLIVER TWIST
shouted
blow

Brenden f
Mrs. Schubert

-100@wsd3.org
Watson Jr. High




Thurdels
It was after sundown when they drove into the stable area on the back stretch of the track Janon was waiting King anxiously for any signs of nervousness that would show he had been around such an area before. Evidently those fellows never got that far with him for he showed only interest and a deep-throated whinny or two showed he kn horses were around. The races were long and the h d been led out and away. Mr. ricks stopped d asked groom where Sa Boland's e was.
"d on your he said. u'll see him sitting outside. I just spoke to him."
Evidently the trainer was expecting them for he rose and came towards them as they pulled up at the stable. "George wrote you'd be here today," he said as he shook hands. "How was the trip?"
"Easy," said Janon's father. "The horse took it well. This is my son Janon."
The trainer turned and took hands. "Glad to meet you Son," he said, and Janon was aware of a pair of clear gray
1
2
3
4
high Jump
Shot Put
10V6 Jump

Brooklynn

him. But he knows more about a horse, just seeing him, than lots of them do handling him for a week. He'll really help, even in that short time."

Mr. Kendricks seemed relieved. "I'll certainly be obliged if he'll handle things down there."

"He will. I can guarantee that," said Mr. Thomas with conviction.

"And what shall I do to get him ready?" asked Janon anxiously. "Since we have to go down just before the race I've got to be sure he's ready to do his best."

"On the track they give them long slow gallops every day and then ask them for speed every third or fourth day. Just go along like that." Mr. Thomas paused and then added, "There was a very successful trainer who once said, 'When they look good they feel good. When they feel good they run good.' Follow that and you won't go wrong."

When Mr. Thomas was ready to leave he cast a last long look around the place. It was clear that he was reluctant to go.

"I've had such a nice time," he said earnestly. "Talking to you folks and seeing the horse again. It gets sort of lonesome on there. You get to talking to yourself for fear you'll forget how."

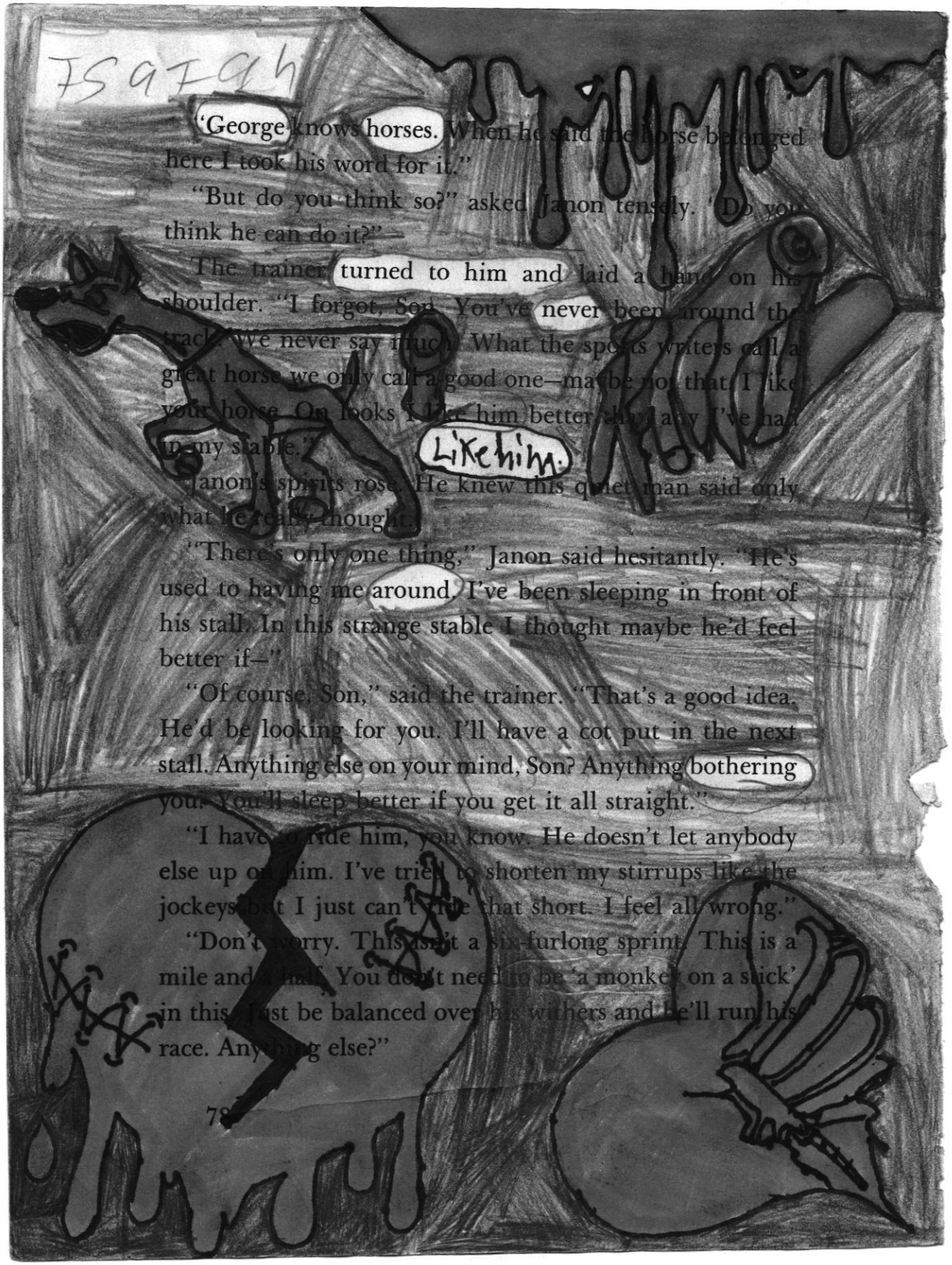
"You're more than welcome anytime," said Mr. Kendricks as he gripped the older man's hand. "Anytime at all. We expect you to come over and see how we're doing

Mrs. Schubert

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Watson jr High

I Search Mrs. Schubert



Ryleigh Watson

Mrs. Shubert




"That's the rule," Dad said.
Yes, we do.
We just don't say it
right, Pete
told him

Kayanna

[redacted]wisd3.org

MRS. Shubert.