

Roslyn & Max Margles

Concours
pour
jeunes
auteurs

Young
Writers'
Contest

2024 – 2025

ANTHOLOGIE · ANTHOLOGY



Concours pour jeunes auteurs ANTHOLOGIE

Deuxième concours annuel (2025)

Avant-propos—Un mot de la directrice, Janine West

Merci à tous nos jeunes auteurs qui ont pris le temps d'écrire et de soumettre leurs créations, ainsi qu'à la communauté bienveillante d'enseignants, d'auteurs et les familles qui les entourent. Ce concours ne serait pas possible sans votre volonté de participer et de partager vos œuvres.

Ce concours n'aurait pas pu voir le jour sans le patronage de Mme Roslyn Margles. Mme Margles a non seulement proposé ce concours d'écriture, mais elle le parraine généreusement en son nom et en celui de son feu mari. Son soutien appuie également les remarquables programmes de littératie pour enfants offerts par la Bibliothèque pour enfants Max Margles.

Merci, Roslyn, pour votre inspiration et votre engagement envers la littératie des enfants.

De nombreuses personnes ont travaillé très fort pour assurer le succès de ce concours. Je tiens tout particulièrement à remercier la Fédération des écrivains du Québec; Lori Schubert, directrice générale; Riley Palanca, coordonnatrice des membres; Greg Santos, rédacteur en chef de carte blanche. Merci également à notre bibliothécaire jeunesse, Bronwen Cathey, ainsi qu'à l'équipe Jeunesse et Programmes de la Bibliothèque pour enfants Max Margles, pour leur dévouement et leur enthousiasme qui ont permis de concrétiser cette initiative.

Un merci tout spécial aux juges—membres et auteurs de la Fédération des écrivains du Québec—P. J. Bracegirdle, Marie Louise Gay et Anne Renaud. Merci également à Monique Polak, l'autrice qui a animé nos ateliers d'écriture.



photo: Gilbert Dudos

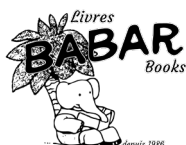


photo: Magenta Studios

Cette année, les textes gagnants seront publiés dans carte blanche, la revue littéraire en ligne de la Fédération des écrivains du Québec, ainsi que dans cette anthologie.

La conception graphique et la mise en page sont l'œuvre du Service des communications de la Ville de Côte Saint Luc, ainsi que des jeunes écrivains illustrateurs participants au concours.

Enfin, merci au conseiller municipal Mike Cohen et l'ancien maire Mitchell Brownstein d'avoir coprésenté la remise des prix, ainsi qu'à notre généreux commanditaire, Babar Books, pour les magnifiques prix offerts.



Young Writers' Contest ANTHOLOGY

Second Annual Contest (2025)

Foreword—A word from the Director, Janine West

Thank you to all our young writers who took the time to write and submit your creations, as well as the supportive community of teachers, writers, and families that surround them. This contest would not be a contest without your willingness to participate and share.

This contest would not have been possible without the patronage of Mrs. Roslyn Margles, who not only proposed but generously sponsored this Writing Contest in her and her late husband's name. Her sponsorship also supports the wonderful children's literacy programming offered by the Max Margles Children's Library.

Thank you, Roslyn, for your inspiration and dedication to children's literacy.

Many people worked very hard to ensure that this contest would be a success. In particular, I want to thank the Quebec Writers' Federation; Lori Schubert, Executive Director, Riley Palanca, Membership Coordinator, Editor-in-Chief of *carte blanche*, Greg Santos. Thanks also to our Children's Librarian, Bronwen Cathey and the Max Margles Children's Library's youth and Programs team, for their dedication and enthusiasm making this initiative a reality.

Special thanks to the Judges, Quebec Writers' Federation Members and Authors P.J. Bracegirdle, Marie-Louise Gay, and Anne Renaud. Thank you to Monique Polak, the author who ran our writers' workshops.



photo: Gilbert Dudos

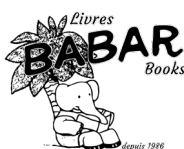


photo: Magenta Studios

This year, the winning entries will be published in *carte blanche*, the online literary magazine of the Quebec Writers' Federation, as well as in this anthology.

Graphic Design and layout are thanks to the Côte Saint-Luc Communications Department, and the contest's creative young writer-illustrators.

Finally, thank you to City Councilor Mike Cohen and to former Mayor Mitchell Brownstein for co-presenting the awards, as well as our generous sponsor, Babar Books, for providing great prizes.



**Félicitations et merci à tous les jeunes auteurs
qui ont partagé leur travail.**

Merci pour votre créativité, votre imagination et votre courage pour partager vos histoires. *Continuez à écrire !*

**Congratulations and thank you to all of the
young writers who shared their work.**

Thank you for the creativity, imagination, and courage it takes to share your stories. *Keep writing!*

Adele Mechache

Adam K.

Aderes Z.

Alice Cathey

Arianna Aintabi

Ashley Levitt

Avraham Cremisi

Avyne Rose Maeiyat

Beatriz Grubisic Seib

Catherine Poitras

Cassie M.

Charlotte Ades

Cordelia Carrier-Sydor

Dhaanvith B.

David R.

Eden Lapkovsky

Emily Fellen

Evelyn Tonatto Melamed

Gabriel Newman

Gabriella Zhang

Harrison Altman

Izzy D.

Jackson Saks

Jacob S.

Jacob Segal

Joey Sochaczewski

Klara Grubisic Seib

Koby Rubin

Liel Matousek

Lily Szraibman

Lola Wolff

Madison Rappaport

Marina Li

Mateo Ibarburu

Matthew Genis

Matti Gonzalez-Idan

Mehrad D.

Morgan Zelman

Naveen Dosaj

Nathaniel Dortort

Nechama Bauer

Nona Morakabaty

Olivia Rae Ingber

Olivia Yedid

Parnian Fayez

Phoebe Adelstein

Raphael Newman

Raymond M.

Rohan Dosaj

Sarah Ali

Sarah Israel

Sawyer Soles

Shira Wisbaum

Shmuel Farkas

Sophia Laser

Yael F.

Yael T.

Zélie Scherrer



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3^e et 4^e année • Grades 3 and 4

L'aventure de Draven

de Matti Gonzalez-Idan 6

Première place, 3^e et 4^e années
First Place, Grades 3 and 4

This story impressed the judges as a highly creative story full of humour, imagination, and clever wordplay. We especially appreciated the classic detective feel with a spooky twist.

Le club journal

de Adèle Menache et Sarah Israel 9

Deuxième place, 3^e et 4^e années
Second place, Grades 3 and 4

Selon le jury, *Le Club Journal* est une histoire imaginative et bien structurée avec un fort développement des personnages. Les juges ont qualifié cet effort de magique et ambitieux, débordant de créativité.

Bluebell's Challenge

by Cordelia Carrier-Sydor 17

Mention honorable, 3^e et 4^e années
Honourable Mention, Grades 3 and 4

A creative and well-developed continuation of a beloved character's journey. The jury loved the strong writing, rich vocabulary, and called Bluebell a true icon of positivity in the making.

Stowaway Cat

by Madison Rappaport 24

Mention honorable, 3^e et 4^e années
Honourable Mention, Grades 3 and 4

A sweet and vividly detailed story with a clear and satisfying arc. The jury praised its lively language, wonderful feline energy, and heartwarming happy ending.

L'Aventure de Rob

by Jacob Segal 28

Mention honorable, 3^e et 4^e années
Honourable Mention, Grades 3 and 4

A dynamic and imaginative adventure full of monsters, ogres, and wizards. The jury admired the vivid language, strong structure, and wicked humour.

5^e et 6^e année • Grades 5 and 6

The Naked Cupcake

by Aderes Z 32

Première place, 5^e et 6^e années
First Place, Grades 5 and 6

A joyful, creative, and whimsical story that cleverly plays with perspective and self-image. The jury loved its strong characters and positive message.

Les aventures de Sophie

de Anastasia Maria I 38

Deuxième place, 5^e et 6^e années
Second place, Grades 5 and 6

Une histoire magnifiquement écrite et bien structurée avec un vocabulaire riche et une héroïne attachante, une fourmi intelligente et pleine de ressources. Le jury était totalement tiré au sort !

The Gold Medal Game

by Naveen Dosaj 41

Mention honorable, 5^e et 6^e années
Honourable Mention, Grades 5 and 6

The jurors found this a dynamic, energetic story with vivid descriptions, a clever ending, and strong narrative voice.

Sheldon Rubin

by Izzy Druckman 43

Mention honorable, 5^e et 6^e années
Honourable Mention, Grades 5 and 6

A heartfelt and informative biography, polished and professional.

Natation avec nations

by Nona Morakabaty 45

Mention honorable, 5^e et 6^e années
Honourable Mention, Grades 5 and 6

Une histoire créative et rythmiquement puissante, lyrique et abstraite avec un fort style de poésie à haute voix.

Première place, 3^e et 4^e années
First Place, Grades 3 and 4



L'aventure de Draven
de Matti Gonzalez-Idan

L'aventure de Draven

-----L'introduction-----

La forêt s'endort... mais pas ses prédateurs. Parmi eux, un loup pas comme les autres. Un loup-garou détective. Avec sa loupe-garou. Son nom? Draven. Draven ADORE les mystères, la viande et il aime travailler avec Larry le renard. Il collabore avec beaucoup de pawliciers et d'autres détectives. Il a résolu des tonnes de mystères, par exemple: le mystère du chauffeur-souris du Roi Lion et le masque du rat-musqué. Mais ce soir, Draven est surpris. Des pawliciers demandent son aide..."Hein ? c'est quoi ça ?" dit Draven. "C'EST UNE PHOTO D'UN CORPS MORT!"

-----Partie 1: le premier meurtre-----

Draven court. Il court. Il court vers la station de pawliciers mais... STOP ! Deux Oursécurités l'arrêtent.

"Pourquoi vous m'arrêtez!?" crie Draven.

"Il y a un meurtre dans la station de pawliciers," dit Carl, le premier ours.

"UN MEURTRE ?!?!?!?" hurle Draven.

"Oui Monsieur Dopilus R. Aven... Hihihihihiki," dit Lemmy, l'autre ours.

"NE DIS PAS MON VRAI NOM!" hurle Draven (ou *Dopilus R. Aven*).

"MAINTENANT LE NARRATEUR VA DIRE MON NOM COMME ÇA!"

"Arrête de crier comme ça, ou le meurtrier va revenir," disent les deux Oursécurités.

"Allez, partez, quittez cet endroit," dit Carl.

"T'es fou si tu restes ici," dit Lemmy.

Dopilus R. Aven est rouge comme une tomate.

"Grr, vous devez vous arrêter, vous n'êtes pas en sécurité ici!" s'exclame Carl.

"Je sais très bien que ce n'est pas sécuritaire de rester ici, je veux juste vous aider. "C'est quoi le nom du meurtrier?" dit Draven.

"On ne sait pas" répondit Lemmy.

"OK je vais aller chercher Larry le renard. Est-ce que tu l'as vu?" dit Draven.

"Je pense qu'il est au manoir de sa grand-mère," dit Carl.

-----Partie 2: le manoir de sang-----

Il y a certaines rumeurs sur le manoir de Lucy la renarde. L'une d'elles dit que le manoir est hanté, mais Draven sait que toutes les rumeurs sont fausses... enfin, peut-être. Lorsqu'il arrive au manoir, il entend un bruit étrange, comme un cri, puis quelque chose qui s'écoule de la fenêtre. Il court jusqu'à la porte et la détruit d'un coup de pied. Il entre alors, une lampe de poche dans une main et sa loupe-garou dans l'autre. Il monte les escaliers. Un silence pesant est brisé par un cri venant de Draven : « MONTREZ-VOUS ! » Une voix douce répond : « Je suis juste là. » Draven continue à avancer, encore et encore, jusqu'en haut des escaliers. Lorsqu'il arrive, il voit une bête devant un Larry tremblant et un corps sans vie. « C'est moi, monsieur Bestiole. »

-----La Partie Final-----

Monsieur Bestiole lève sa main. "Bonjour, on va jouer à un jeu. Il s'appelle: Si tu gagnes, le renard et toi aurez la chance de vivre. Sinon toi et le renard serez en danger." Draven court. Furieux contre M. Bestiole, il lève son poing pour tenter de le frapper, mais ça ne fonctionne pas. Il essaie de donner un coup de pied à M. Bestiole, mais celui-ci esquive et dit à Draven : « Ça ne va pas marcher, je suis une bête, tu ne peux pas me frapper... »

En ce moment Larry se dirige lentement vers M. Bestiole, et maintenant Larry l'a frappé dans le menton ! C'est Larry qui a fait ça et Draven doit absolument l'aider. Il court un peu après Larry pour tenter de venger M. Bestiole. Jusqu'au moment où il commence à se désintégrer tout en criant "**Je reviendrai, je reviendrai!**".

----- À suivre... -----

Deuxième place, 3^e et 4^e années
Second place, Grades 3 and 4



Le club journal
de Adèle Menache et Sarah Israel

Le club du journal



Par:
Sarah
Israël
et
Adèle

LE CLUB DU JOURNAL

Emma



Née en Italie, Emma adore lire et écrire des histoires. Elle est parfois timide et n'est pas du tout bavarde; le contraire de Camille. Emma est peut-être la plus jeune de toutes mais, sûrement la plus intelligente!

Camille



Née au Canada, Camille adore les aventures mouvementées, elle est aussi très bavarde du genre qu'elle ne finit jamais de parler.

Zoé



Née à Paris, cette jeune fille ne fait jusqu'à attention à son apparence. Elle adore l'art et le ballet, elle adore aussi les coiffures extravagantes. Zoé est très curieuse.

La Sorcière



Découvrez cette mystérieuse femme. Est-elle gentille ou méchante?



Ce journal est resté pendant un siècle dans un étage très haut dans une bibliothèque chez Mme Florian... découvrez la suite...

La morale

Ne jugez pas les gens par leur apparence, mais plutôt leur gentillesse!

Le club du journal

Il était une fois, trois jeunes filles une nommée Camille, une nommée Emma et une nommée Zoé. Les trois jeunes filles avaient des vies séparées et beaucoup de talents.

Un bon matin d'été, une jeune fille nommée Emma se promena pour aller à la bibliothèque de Mme Florian. Quand elle y entra, Mme Florian l'accueillit avec un sourire chaleureux. Emma dit quelle était là pour faire des recherches sur un projet sur les animaux. Mme Florian répondit qu'il y avait toute une section sur les animaux dans le coin. Emma y alla, sur une étagère il y avait des livres dont elle avait besoin. Elle s'assit par terre sur un coussin moelleux. Juste à ce moment, deux jeunes filles que Emma connaissait de sa classe entrèrent dans la bibliothèque.



Par:
Sarah
A. L.

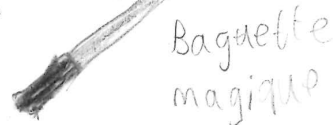
« Bonjour ! » me dit-elle. Elles aussi devaient faire le projet sur les animaux. Camille et Zoé cherchaient dans le même rayon que Emma. Soudain, Camille fit tomber un livre par terre. - Désolée les filles ! dit-elle. Puis Emma se leva de son coussin et ouvrit le livre que Camille avait fait tomber. Il était tombé à une page ouverte, qui était blanche. Emma examina le livre, puis appela les autres. - Camille, Zoé venez voir, les pages sont blanches dans ce livre. Les Filles approchèrent, très intriguées. - Un livre blanc je vais avertir Mme Florian ! s'écria Camille. - Camille, attends !!! s'écria Emma. - Il y a quelque chose de louche, ce n'est pas un livre, c'est un journal intime ! Viens voir ça ! Zoé et Camille se précipitèrent vers Emma. Emma prit un crayon de sa trousse et prit le journal. Elle écrivit "Cher journal, montre toi". Tout à coup, une chose étrange se produisit un tourbillon de vent entraînant les filles dans une forêt. Où sommes-nous ? s'écria Zoé.



On dirait qu'on est dans une forêt enchantée
répliqua Emma. Soudain, elles entendirent un
bruit et une créature sortit d'un arbre. - Ah!!!
s'écria Zoé. Ah!!! imita la créature. Tu es qui toi? !
s'écria Camille. Je suis un elfe protecteur. Notre
rôle est de protéger les trésors de la forêt, répliqua
l'elfe. Quel est ton nom? s'écria Zoé en oubliant
sa peur de l'elfe. Je m'appelle Amos, s'écria l'elfe.
L'elfe les amena les filles devant un buisson. Il
déplaça le buisson. À ce moment là, on
aperçut tout un village d'elfe. Il les conduisit
jusqu'au plus bel arbre que les filles
n'avaient jamais vu. Ceci est le trésor
de la forêt, c'est notre rôle de le protéger
des sorciers et sorcières, surtout celle dont
la dernière tentative n'a pas marché,
répliqua Amos. Conduit nous à elle, s'écria Emma
courageusement. Tu es folle!!! S'écrièrent Camille
et Zoé.



Ce journal nous a conduit ici pour une raison !
s'écria Emma de plus en plus énervée. Camille
et Zoé détestaient voir Emma dans cet état.
D'accord, on vient aussi, répliqua Camille. Elle habite
là-bas, répondit l'elfe en pointant un chantier boueux.
Avec peur et courage, les trois filles suivirent le
chantier. Enfin arrivées, couvertes de boue
et après une longue dispute pour qui aller taper à
la porte, Emma frappa à la porte. Une jeune femme aux
yeux noirs et chapeau noir avec un habit qui allait
avec. Les filles, trop peureuses pour parler ne disaient
pas un mot. Bonjour, oh lala ! Vous êtes couvertes
de boue. Me laissez-vous vous nettoyer ? Zoé répondit
en première : Oui je vous en prie ! OK, Nettoie ! et
tout à coup une lueur sortit de sa baguette et
les filles étaient propres et brillantes. Merci je n'en
pouvait plus d'être couverte de boue ! s'exclama Zoé.
De rien ! répondit la sorcière. Mais entrez donc !
Camille la regarda terrorisée. La sorcière comprit
tout de suite. Les filles, n'ayez pas peur je ne
suis pas méchante. C'est ce que beaucoup de gens
croient car ma mère était une méchante, elle. Ce n'est
pas moi qui ai essayé de prendre le pouvoir de l'arbre
c'est ma mère qui a voulu, s'écria-elle. J'ai une
idée ! Nous allons t'aider à prouver que tu es innocente,
répliqua Emma. Vous feriez vraiment ça ! Merci tellement !
s'exclama la sorcière. Fidèles à leur parole, les filles se
hâtèrent vers le village des elfes.



Baguette
magique

Elles réussirent à convaincre les elfes et à faire
la paix, et c'est avec ce souvenir que les filles rentrèrent
saines et sauves.

FIN

à suivre

Ne manquez pas le deuxième livre de la
série du club du journal. Des supers livres
avec de super fins.



Mention honorable, 3^e et 4^e années
Honourable Mention, Grades 3 and 4



Bluebell's Challenge
by Cordelia Carrier-Sydor

Stowaway Cat
by Madison Rappaport

L'Aventure de Rob
by Jacob Segal



Bluebell's Challenge

by Cordelia Carrier- Sydor

It was a beautiful, summer day in Space Serpent Town. The sun was shining and the streets were busy. Animals from far and wide loved visiting Space Serpent Town for summer vacation because there were a lot of amusement parks, restaurants and a huge shopping center called Mermaid Mall that was the biggest in all the land and was a very popular hang out for all creatures big and small.

Bluebell the unicorn's majestic pink and blue mane sparkled in the sunlight as she took in the sights and sounds of this new, exciting place. She was ecstatic to finally be on summer vacation with her great group of friends- Bella the bear, Caleb the chicken, Cleo the cat, Gael the goose, Peter the pig, and Stella the sheep. She had stayed up almost every night, counting down the days until their trip together, and now they were finally there.

This was not only Bluebell's first time visiting Space Serpent Town, but it would also be her first time meeting Daisy the deer. Daisy used to live in the Iceberg Forest before moving to Space Serpent Town, and Bluebell's friends were her good friends, too.

It was almost time to meet up with Daisy at Phoenix Park to have a picnic. It had been two years since the friends had last seen Daisy. When they arrived, there were cheers, applause and lots of fun festivities awaiting them. There were owls holding up a beautiful pink welcome sign with a rose pattern in each corner. There was a huge three- tiered, green cake that was covered with multicoloured flowers made of icing. The cake was topped with edible paper that read "Welcome", and there was an elegant, pink bow as the final touch. Daisy had paid attention to every detail and had worked very hard to make this party a memorable one for her friends.

All of the friends were delighted to see Daisy again. Bella was the first to run up and give Daisy a big bear hug. All of the friends soon joined in. Peter said, "Wow Daisy ! Everything looks so beautiful. It must have taken you a long time to prepare all of this."

"Nothing but the best for my friends," replied Daisy.

"Speaking of friends," said Cleo, "Daisy, I'd like you to meet Bluebell, and Bluebell, this is Daisy."

"Pleased to meet you, Bluebell," said Daisy.

"Pleased to meet you, Daisy," said Bluebell.

"Oh, where are my manners?" asked Daisy. " Today wouldn't have been possible without the help of my friends from Space Serpent Town- Braxton the bunny, Rosy the racoon, Tianna the tortoise, Felix the fox, Florence the frog, and Charlie the capybara."

Daisy then introduced all of her friends from Iceberg Forest. "Everyone I'd like you to meet my friends , Bella the bear, Caleb the chicken, Cleo the cat, Gael the goose, Peter the pig, and Stella the sheep."

"Let's not forget Bluebell," added Gael.

"Bluebell, what a lovely name that is", said Florence.

"Thank you," said Bluebell.

"You're very pretty!" said Tianna.

"Your mane is so sparkly and colourful, and the way that the sunlight hits your horn makes it look magical!". exclaimed Rosy.

"Oh, it is magical!" declared Stella. " Bluebell saved us last year from a rockslide with the magic from her horn!"

Daisy's friends from Space Serpent Town seemed intrigued; but just when Stella was about to continue her story of Bluebell's act of kindness, Daisy interrupted and said, "Come on, guys. You're going to make Bluebell blush if you don't stop talking about her! Besides there are so many fun things I have planned for today."

The friends spent the rest of the day dancing, singing and feasting on a meal of a big tasty salad with the finest dressing, frost flower smoothies and, of course, Daisy's delicious three- tiered cake. As the day went on, Daisy seemed to become more and more standoffish, and all of her friends, including Bluebell, had noticed.

As evening approached, the friends built a fire and sat around it with full bellies. Braxton asked Stella to continue her story about what had happened with the rock slide the year before. Stella picked up the story where she had left off earlier. Once Stella had finished telling the story, everyone seemed amazed. Everyone, that is, with the exception of Daisy who seemed to grow more and more agitated as the day went on.

Felix said, "Wow! You're like a superhero!"

Then Caleb added, "Felix is right! You are amazing! Thanks to you, we are safe and sound!"

Bluebell gushed, "Thank you all so much, but I am being serious. I am no different than any of you."

Daisy jumped up and said, " I think I'm going to head home now. I'm not feeling very well, and we have lots planned for tomorrow. I should probably get some sleep. Have a good night, everyone."

"Goodnight!" her friends answered.

The group of friends continued chatting for awhile before deciding to get some sleep themselves.

The next morning, everyone had planned to meet at Celestia's Café in Mermaid Mall for breakfast. Bluebell was the first to arrive. Within ten minutes everyone else was there, everyone, except Daisy. The friends waited and waited and waited, but Daisy never showed up. The friends finally ate their breakfast and were getting ready to leave when Daisy burst through the door.

"Oh ,there you are Daisy! Where have you been? Is everything alright?" asked Cleo.

Daisy replied sarcastically, "Wow! Thanks for waiting."

Felix shot back, "We did wait for you. We waited for over an hour!"

Daisy screamed at the top of her lungs, "SOME FRIENDS YOU ARE! YOU KNOW WHAT? I DONT EVEN WANNA BE YOUR FRIEND ANYMORE! SINCE YOU'RE ALL SO IMPERESSED WITH BLUEBELL, WHY DON'T YOU JUST BE FRIENDS WITH HER AND LEAVE ME ALONE!"

Just then, a waitress with a large tray was passing by. On purpose, Daisy flipped the tray, flinging the food all over her friends before running out into the mall. Bluebell had an egg stuck on the top of her horn. Cleo and Braxton had Frostflower smoothies running down their faces, and Bella slipped in the mountain of food that now covered the floor and fell backwards into a Glowberry cake with a thud! It was a mess.

Shocked, Bluebell still managed to clean up with her magical horn and apologised to the waitress. The friends made their way out of the café and into the shopping mall. They followed Daisy' leading all the way to Fantasy Fashion, a big clothing shop. As they looked inside, they saw Daisy covered in hangers and clothes, and critters running towards the exit.

Charlie asked " Daisy why are you so angry?"

Daisy shouted "I SAID TO LEAVE ME ALONE!"

Everyone was surprised, and then Bluebell said kindly, "Please tell us what's wrong! Maybe we can help you!"

"BE QUIET YOU KNOW-IT-ALL! WHY DON'T YOU GO BACK TO ICEBERG FOREST!" was Daisy's answer. Everyone was shocked!

Braxton exclaimed, "Hey! Don't treat Bluebell like that! What's gotten into you? "

Daisy replied, "WELL, I CAN'T HELP MYSELF!" Breaking down into tears, Daisy continued, "Everyone just loves Bluebell so much, and you're all just ignoring me."

Bluebell felt overwhelmed and her eyes welled with tears as she cried silently. Daisy looked up and saw tears streaming down Bluebell's face. It was as if a magical spell had been broken when without hesitation Daisy went to Bluebell's side.

"I'm sorry, Bluebell. I didn't mean to make you cry."

Bluebell responded, "It's okay, Daisy. You did hurt my feelings, but it's more than that. I know what it feels like to be excluded, and it doesn't feel nice. I'm sorry that we made you feel like that, even if it's not what we meant to do."

The group of friends surrounded Bluebell and Daisy and comforted both of them. The friends apologised to Daisy.

"We are sorry that you felt left out, Daisy. We all love you," said Caleb.

After the big hug the group of friends cleaned up trail of trash from Fantasy Fashion all the way to the Celestia's Café. With a little help from Bluebell's magical horn, they were done in no time. Daisy apologized to all the critters she had upset. The friends spent the rest of their time together having fun and exploring Space Serpent Town. Time seemed to pass very quickly; and before they knew it, it was time for the group of friends from Iceberg Forest to return home. Everyone had learned an important lesson, that it is not nice to exclude or ignore anyone. It was a summer they would remember forever filled with new lessons, places, experiences and best of all, new friends. And they all lived happily ever after.

Stowaway Cat

Once upon a time, there lived a cute little cat named Luna. Luna loved cuddling with her owners, Rachel and Mia.

One day, Rachel and Mia decided to plan a trip to the Bahamas on a cruise ship. When the day came for them to travel, Rachel was rushing to pack her luggage in their apartment. One thing you should know about Luna is that she's really curious. She squeezed into the suitcase before Rachel entered the room and zipped it closed. A few minutes later, they were in a taxi to get to the cruise port. Rachel and Mia rolled their luggage until they got to "Baggage Drop" and they gave the suitcase that had Luna in it to the Porter!

Soon enough, they got on the ship and little did they know that their own cat was embarking with them! The ship's name was "*Icon of The Seas*." Rachel and Mia got on the ship and the first thing they did was go to *Sorrento's*, the pizza place. Meanwhile, Luna and the luggage were being delivered to Rachel and Mia's room 8758.

When the Captain announced to everyone on the microphone that their rooms were ready, they raced up the stairs to the 8th

floor. The second they got to their room, they started to unpack. To their surprise, they heard a “*Meow*” coming from the inside of their luggage! As they started to take out their clothes from the suitcase, Luna burst out and ran around the room. After about 5 minutes of zoomies, Luna jumped on the bed and curled up to nap.

Rachel and Mia were scared that Luna would escape the room but they were so tired that they went to bed and accidentally left the balcony door open, and Luna crawled through the gap. She then jumped down onto a lifeboat, and then she climbed onto the walking track that went around the whole ship. There she met a dog named Rover who was a mascot on the ship. Rover chased her all the way to the bridge, where the Captain steered the ship.

Before the Captain saw her, Rover started chasing Luna again but Luna escaped back up onto the balcony and then into her room.

In the morning, Rachel and Mia left Luna in the room while they went snorkeling in Saint-Thomas. When they left the room, Luna snuck out of it again before they closed the door. She went exploring the ship and she sniffed the best smell ever! She followed the scent and it led her to the *AquaDome Market*.

After she ate a piece of strawberry crepe, she went to the *AquaDome Theatre* where people were practicing the aquatic show they would be performing that night. She arrived right at the time where two people were on a huge wheel spinning around. She wondered what it was so she jumped on it and all the performers were amazed! Luna got excited by all their cheers and clapping, then raced back to her room. She hid in the hallway until the Room Attendant opened the door to clean it, and watched him make a towel animal shaped like a frog. She snuck in and hid under the bed until he left.

A few hours later, Rachel and Mia found Luna on the bed sleeping next to the towel frog. At the same time, they heard a knock at the door. It was the Captain!

“Is this your cat?” he asked, pointing to Luna on the bed.

“It is. I’m sorry that she hid in our bags.” Rachel replied.

“It’s okay, you’re not in trouble. Actually, your cat had quite the adventure. The performers and audience at the aqua show were amazed by her talent. They would like to invite her to be part

of their team permanently, but of course, that's only if you're willing to stay here too," the Captain said.

"It is our dream to be able to be part of something on a cruise ship," Mia told him.

"Well, we have two openings in our kid's club, *Adventure Ocean*. As long as you wouldn't mind taking care of children?" the captain said.

"We love working with kids!" they said. "In fact, for the past two summers, we were both counselors at *White Pine* summer camp," they exclaimed.

And that's how Royal Caribbean Cruise Lines became famous for their "*Aqua Action*" show, featuring "Luna and her amazing AcroCATics!"

Written by: Madison Rappaport (Grade 4; SSA)
February 19, 2025

L'Aventure de Rob

Il était une fois, dans un monde où les monstres et les ogres parcouraient la terre, il était un garçon nommé Rob. Un matin, Rob se réveilla, mais ses parents n'étaient pas à la maison. Il savait que son père était en voyage d'affaires, mais sa mère avait disparu. Rob parla à son voisin, un homme étrange qui possédait une boule de cristal. Celui-ci lui expliqua que le Blanc Orcbloch avait capturé sa mère et qu'il l'emmenait auprès de sa reine lors de la prochaine pleine lune. Rob ne voulait pas que sa mère devienne la reine du Blanc Orcbloch, car son voisin lui avait également dit que celui-ci était le roi de l'hiver et qu'il plongerait le monde dans un hiver éternel.

Rob décida alors de se rendre chez son ami Blurg, un barbare très musclé. Les parents de Blurg ne se souciaient pas vraiment de ses déplacements, et Blurg accepta immédiatement d'aider Rob à retrouver sa mère. Avec un peu d'argent, Rob acheta une carte indiquant le chemin à suivre pour se rendre à l'Arctique, où se trouvait le château de neige du Blanc Orcbloch.

Le voyage fut long et difficile. Rob commença à avoir des cloques aux pieds, mais Blurg, fort comme un rocher, ne ressentait aucune douleur et continua de marcher sans faiblir. À un moment donné, Blurg porta Rob sur ses épaules pour qu'il puisse se reposer.

Le lendemain matin, alors que Rob se réveillait, Blurg marchait toujours. Ils arrivèrent bientôt au Volcan des Pandas, un endroit réputé dangereux, mais Rob n'y vit que des pandas mignons. Cependant, il entendit dire qu'un monstre, Crastik, vivait dans une caverne à l'intérieur du volcan. Crastik avait été autrefois un humain normal, mais un vilain sorcier l'avait transformé en monstre de cristal. Depuis, il vivait dans la caverne.

Rob et Blurg décidèrent d'explorer la caverne. Ils découvrirent de nombreuses statues de cristal, car Crastik avait le pouvoir de transformer en pierre toute personne qui croisait son regard, comme Medusa. Heureusement, ils parvinrent à s'échapper en courant dès que Crastik les tourna le dos.

En sortant, il était déjà nuit. Rob et Blurg trouvèrent un petit abri où ils passèrent la nuit, se reposant bien après leur longue journée. Le matin suivant, ils furent réveillés par un sorcier étrange, qui n'avait qu'un seul œil. Après que Rob et Blurg eurent cessé de crier, le sorcier expliqua qu'il avait été autrefois un faucheur, mais qu'un accident

avec sa faux lui avait coûté un œil. Il avait ensuite remplacé son œil perdu par un œil artificiel.

Rob lui raconta l'histoire de sa mère, et le sorcier, qui s'appelait Frank, leur proposa son aide. Il n'aimait pas le Blanc Orcbloch, qui l'avait maltraité lorsqu'il était enfant. Ensemble, Rob, Blurg et Frank se mirent en route vers la Forêt Magique, connue pour ses trolls et ses poulins, des créatures ressemblant à des requins fusée avec des poules.

Arrivés à la forêt, ils rencontrèrent des trolls qui leur expliquèrent que les poulins détestaient leur odeur à cause de tous les déchets que les trolls laissaient dans leur village. Après une discussion, les trolls acceptèrent de ne plus jeter leurs ordures dans le village des poulins.

Ils continuèrent leur chemin et arrivèrent finalement à la Montagne Elizabeth, où il faisait très froid. Frank utilisa un sort pour créer une main magique qui se transforma en chariot chauffé. Grâce à ce chariot, ils montèrent la montagne et, lorsqu'ils atteignirent le sommet, Rob aperçut le château du Blanc Orcbloch au loin.

Ils s'approchèrent du château, et Frank leur expliqua qu'il existait un passage secret. Après plusieurs heures de recherche, Rob découvrit le passage en touchant un mur qui s'illumina d'une lumière bleue et s'ouvrit. Ils pénétrèrent dans une grande salle glacée. Lorsqu'ils

entrèrent dans la chambre du roi, tout le monde se figea en entendant un rire. Ce n'était pas le Blanc Orcbloch, mais Noël, qui se trouvait là, en train de préparer ses vacances d'été.

Rob, étonné, demanda à Noël pourquoi il était là. Noël répondit qu'il voulait passer l'été dans ce magnifique endroit et invita Rob et ses amis à le rejoindre pour des vacances. Mais Frank, furieux, expliqua que Noël était en réalité son frère, et qu'il était très gourmand. Quand ils étaient enfants, Noël s'emparait toujours des cadeaux avant tout le monde, et en grandissant, il n'avait cessé de vouloir plus de cadeaux.

À ce moment-là, Frank lança une boule de feu sur Noël, mais celui-ci la bloqua avec des boules de neige, et un combat magique s'engagea entre les deux. Les boules de neige et les boules de feu volaient dans toutes les directions. Soudain, Droki, la main magique de Frank, s'écrasa au plafond et attrapa tout le monde dans sa prise.

Le combat prit fin lorsque Noël réussit à figer Frank contre un mur de glace. Finalement, Frank se rendit et s'enfuit très rapidement. Noël, quant à lui, renvoya tout le monde chez lui, et Rob retrouva enfin sa mère, saine et sauve.

Créé par Jakey Segal

Première place, 5^e et 6^e années
First Place, Grades 5 and 6



The Naked Cupcake
by Aderes Z

THE NAKED



CUPCAKE

Written by: Aderes Zigman

Jjjjjjjj! Tik tik tik! Ding! And into the fridge I went. I bet you're wondering why I'm in the fridge. That's an easy question to answer. I'm a cupcake, well more like a muffin right now, I don't have my frosting on yet. Oh! Where are my *table* manners? A bit about me - I'm Betty Batter, your average 30 second year old and I live in Frigidaire Town. Oh my! Also, how could I forget, my favorite singer is *Flavor* Swift. Anyways, I have a little story for you, starring.....ME!!

My sister's friend's uncle's underpaid babysitter told me that Mr. Cupcake-Man takes you out of the fridge to put frosting on you! I'm soooooo excited for my turn to get frosted. I wonder what flavor I'll get: vanilla, chocolate, strawberry, blueberry, mint or...Wait! How do I know I'm not going to have a really gross flavor, like bubblegum! A bubblegum cupcake! Yuck!Yuck!Yuck! That is disgusting. You need to calm down Betty...*MINDFULNESS* Alright I'm good.

But then the fridge light flashed on. "Looks like these pre-cupcakes are all cooled off." Mr. Cupcake-Man pulled out my tray so he could frost us. On the counter there were 3 frosting flavors. I couldn't read yet but I knew the letters of the alphabet, from Apple pie to Zucchini bread. I figured out the flavors: chocolate, vanilla and mint, no bubblegum. Hmm, I guess I can read. Anyways, I'm so excited!

I was on the bottom right, so judging by the way Mr. Cupcake-Man was frosting us, it looked like I was going to be last. This was very disappointing. Then something emotionally painful happened. I was about to get frosted when the baker got a phone call from somebody (and by the way he was angrily speaking, I think he was talking to his wife) so he put us back in the fridge and walked out of the kitchen! I didn't even get a turn to get frosted! Everyone else but me. I couldn't believe it! Why me!?

My frenemies came up to me and I was expecting them to say something like "Too bad for you, whatever, and nobody cares!" But I think they actually felt sorry for me because

they said things like “I feel bad for you, tough luck and not everybody gets their frosting on the first time” I wasn’t really sure what to do, so I just rolled with it “Thanks for the sympathy guys.” They left, it was a bit strange. Maybe because they think I’m different, and I was, I don’t have my frosting like them. But, it’s the same old me!.

Later, I saw Charlotte, Violet and Max in a group talking. A few minutes later, Charlotte, the chocolate cupcake, came up to me. She asked what frosting I’d get if I **had** the choice. I couldn’t believe her! I didn’t know what to say... “I’m not really sure, I mean there are like a hundred thousand gazillion flavors to choose from,” I said awkwardly. She looked at me like I had salmonella, which is impossible since I’m a muffin...cupcake! Charlotte said that I should be a chocolate because being chocolate in our village is considered “cool”. Really, I mean really.

Then a few minutes later Violet the vanilla cupcake came up to me and asked the same question as Charlotte but with a different comment “We take the quickest to frost so you’ll be sure to get frosted.” (I think they were talking about me and trying to get on my nerves because I didn’t have my frosting, but I wouldn’t give in) I was kind of surprised that Maya the mint cupcake also came up to me and asked the same question! she said that being a mint was fun and that you have a sudden change in your personality, being more fun. Fun,fun,fun,fun,fun it’s all FUN! We get it, Maya, fun!

They were all pushing me around, (not physically, they were just trying to make me feel bad) but I couldn’t stand it! So, I simply ignored them and walked away. I guess they took offense to that, because they scoffed and walked away whispering.

The thing is, I just wanted to be normal! People don’t like plain cupcakes. If I don’t have frosting just call me a muffin! But please don’t actually call me a muffin, I hate, just hate muffins. I know people say “hate” is a strong word but I mean it! They’re so bland and flavorless!

Pudding aside the fact that I dislike muffins, I had to figure out what to do about my “baldness”. I had a plan. I needed some time to get some other cupcakes to help me.

Okay, so somehow I gathered every single cupcake in Frigidaire Town to help me with my plan. I’d been planning a speech for about 30 minutes to tell them (and you) what was going to happen and what I was doing. Here was my speech; “Hello fellow Frigidaire Town inhabitants! I’ve brought you all here today to help me execute my little plan.” I paused, and realized people weren't even paying attention! I pulled myself right back on track. “So for my plan I will need everyone to PARTICIPATE!” I yelled that last part. Still nobody listened. So again, I kept going. “My plan is how we are going to open the fridge!” I saw everybody turn their heads, boy oh boy that felt great. “Here’s what I’m going to do. I am going to frost myself!” So smart.

I explained how we would open the large, heavy door. I saw some cupcakes tilting their heads in confusion, others nodded and some made faces. I guess some people had a few mean opinions about my idea, but I was okay with it.

Everyone gathered around the big door. I yelled “PUSH!” and we did just that. The fridge light flashes when the door opens, so that was our cue to step back. *Flash* The door swung open. Fortunately everybody remembered what to do, so nobody fell out of the fridge.

The counter was right next to the fridge. So all I would have to do was climb the door then jump off the top, landing on the hard marble counter. I got kind of scared. Tingles crawled up my back like a spider. Would I splat from that height? I was freaked out. Was this still a good idea?

People went on each other's shoulders, so I climbed up on top of them, all the way to the top. I heard a bunch of “ouches”, “oofs” and “heys!”.

Anyways, before I knew it, I was at the top. The fridge started beeping. I looked at everyone screaming, “JUMP!” Then, I looked down and I saw a big flour bag. That was a life saver. (Literally) The fluffy flour bag would break my fall so I wouldn’t fall flat on the counter.

I looked down again, but this time I wasn’t so afraid. I decided to jump as soon as possible, just to get it over with. “1,2,3!” And there I was, falling.

I couldn’t decide whether I was scared or having the time of my life. I’m pretty sure it was a cross between both. I landed on the bag of flour. There was white powder coming out of the sack, like a fog machine. It was a sight to be seen.

I stood up, and stepped in the flour. It looked like I was stepping in the snow, like inside the fridge, the baker should probably get that checked out. I walked to the frosting bag. It looked a bit big for a cupcake. I suddenly had some chills (Which was weird since I was used to the cold of the fridge) Would I be able to even lift the frosting bag up?

I finally got to it, and it was way bigger when I was up close. I put my hands under it, and remembered what my personal trainer said; “Lift with your legs, Betty. Now drop and give me 25!” I did what he told me, but didn’t succeed. After a bit more trying, I realised that I couldn’t lift it, what a let down.

So many thoughts span around in my head, “ Nobody likes me. I tried too hard for nothing. I’LL NEVER BE NORMAL!” At that exact moment in time, at 1:27 p.m, Tuesday, September 16 2024, I realised that nobody is normal. If we were, we would all be robots. Nobody’s the same, even if you have two twin cupcakes write a autobiography, they would be so different!

That’s when I realised I didn’t have to be like every other cupcake, I could be...me, Betty Batter, half a day year old. The O.G. Naked Cupcake! This was the best day of my life, the day I realised I can’t be anyone but me.

Deuxième place, 5^e et 6^e années
Second place, Grades 5 and 6



Les aventures de Sophie
de Anastasia Maria I

Les aventures de Sophie

Le soleil brillait haut dans le ciel et aucun nuage ne risquait de cacher son beau visage d'or. C'était vers midi quand une colonie de fourmis marchait en chantant dans le bois. Les adultes surveillaient constamment les petits qui essayaient de les suivre. Bientôt, tout le groupe arriva dans le verger pour manger de grosses pommes rouges et délicieuses. Plusieurs étaient tombées par terre d'un pommier dont les branches touchaient le ciel. Sophie, la plus jeune, était aussi très curieuse. Profitant de l'inattention des autres, elle s'éloigna pour grimper sur une jolie pomme jaune un peu plus loin.

Tout à coup, un grand corbeau affamé vit la colonie et décida de s'en régaler. Il survola les pauvres fourmis pendant quelques minutes, puis il se lança comme une flèche en leur direction. Terrifiés, les insectes se réfugièrent chacun dans un lieu sûr. L'oiseau croassa à cause de sa frustration, puis il s'envola tout frustré. Il ignorait que Sophie s'était accrochée à l'une de ses pattes.

La pauvre fourmi n'avait jamais volé et elle se sentit soudainement très seule. Pourtant, elle était courageuse et elle savait qu'il y avait toujours une solution à tout problème. Lorsque le corbeau se retrouva dans l'air, elle se laissa glisser doucement et plana comme une feuille dans l'herbe. À sa grande surprise, elle se rendit compte qu'elle était de l'autre côté d'un torrent. Il lui était impossible de le traverser, donc elle devait trouver une solution, car elle ne pouvait pas vivre sans sa famille. Alors qu'elle restait sur le bord de la rivière en train de réfléchir, une idée lui vint à l'esprit. Pourquoi ne pas monter sur le dos d'un poisson pour traverser la rivière ? Elle s'approcha donc de l'eau limpide et se mit à attendre. Pourtant, aucun poisson ne vint vers elle. Avaient-ils peur des ours et des renards qui les pêchaient sans pitié ? Sophie devait trouver une autre solution et vite, avant qu'il ne fasse noir.

Comme toute fourmi intelligente, Sophie décida d'attendre les caribous qui traversaient chaque jour le torrent. Elle était sûre qu'ils allaient passer avant le coucher du soleil. En effet, son attente ne fut pas longue, car elle entendit ces magnifiques animaux s'approcher d'elle. Dès qu'elle eut l'occasion, Sophie s'accrocha aux poils de la patte d'un petit caribou, puis monta jusqu'à ses minuscules cornes. Pourtant, les caribous ne donnaient pas de signe qu'ils allaient traverser le torrent. Ils broutaient l'herbe et poussaient des bruits de plaisir. Impatiente, Sophie mordit le petit caribou qui se mit à courir. À sa grande surprise, il se lança dans la rivière et se rendit de l'autre côté en un rien de temps. La petite fourmi se laissa tomber et courut vers sa famille qui l'attendait en pleurs. Tous se donnèrent des câlins avant de rentrer à la fourmilière.

Sophie ne voulut pas avouer à ses parents qu'elle était affamée, mais elle avait un plan secret : retourner toute seule dans le verger pour se régaler de la pomme jaune.

Anastasia Maria Ion

Mention honorable, 5^e et 6^e années
Honourable Mention, Grades 5 and 6



The Gold Medal Game
by Naveen Dosaj

Sheldon Rubin
by Izzy Druckman

Natation avec nations
by Nona Morakabaty

The Gold Medal Game

June 6th, 2022, Rouyn-Noranda, 6:45pm. Gold medal game of the Quebec Little League provincial baseball tournament. Our hero steps up at-bat with nobody on base, with no outs and a tied match.

I step in and wait for a pitch. A juicy ball hangs over the plate. I reach out and swing my bat. CRACK. The ball soars through the infield as the opponents dodge the speed of the ball. In the outfield, the ball slowly stops as the center fielder picks it up with a sticky palm and throws to the second baseman.

Our hero has already passed second base and is heading to third... he slides in right before the throw from the cut-off man (the second baseman) and gets to third base easily. He does a sort of celebration as his teammates cheer him on and dance with him.

Next up at-bat for the NDG Black Lynx is Owen Lindsay, all Owen must hit the baseball hard on the ground or hit it in the outfield. The Patriots put their defense in, if an infielder receives the ball, they will immediately throw to home plate to prevent the winning run from scoring.

Back to the game. Owen is ready, I am ready, and the pitcher is ready. The pitcher throws the ball and Owen swings as hard as he can, but he misses. That's okay. The pitcher winds up and Owen strikes his bat at the ball. It's a weak ground ball hit directly to the Shortstop. He charges the ball as I dash towards home plate as fast as a cheetah chasing its prey.

The Shortstop throws the ball while I slide belly first into home plate. The catcher tags me violently with his glove but it's up to the umpire to make the decision of whether I am safe or not.

The umpire at home plate is old, and old umpires make better decisions than young umpires. The moment of truth is upon us: safe or out?
"You'rrrrrrrrreeeeeeeeeeee..."

Sheldon Rubin

By Izzy Druckman

This is a story of a man who devoted his life to his family and helping others. Sheldon Rubin was born on February 10, 1943, to immigrant parents in Moncton, New Brunswick, where he grew up with his two sisters Betty and Roslyn.

From a young age, Sheldon loved science and reading. He dreamt of becoming a doctor. That dream led him to Dalhousie University Medical School in Halifax, Nova Scotia, where he graduated in 1967. Who would have known that this would be the start of a journey that would change the lives of thousands of people.

Sheldon's father died from leukemia in 1971 which led Sheldon to specialize in oncology and hematology. After finishing his internship at Halifax's Victoria General Hospital, he completed his Research fellowship in hematology at the Princess Margaret Hospital in Toronto where he met the love of his life, his wife Sharon.

In 1974 Sheldon received his Fellowship of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons of Canada in both internal medicine and hematology. He then moved back to Moncton with his wife and in 1975 became a staff member at The Moncton Hospital, as an oncologist and hematologist. Few people could have guessed that this was the beginning of a career that would change patient care in New Brunswick and the Maritimes forever.

In 1976, Dr. Rubin established a Chemotherapy Clinic, single-handedly treating patients from the entire eastern half of the province. He established the first comprehensive Hemophiliac Clinic in the province in May of 1988 in cooperation with the New Brunswick Hemophilia Society. He also started the first HIV treatment program in New Brunswick, and subsequently the first Hepatitis C program. The awards and accolades Dr.

Rubin received during his career are too long to list, but he would say that the greatest reward he received was the ability to help people.

Dr. Rubin was dedicated to his patients, he used to give them lots of support beyond just medical support. Dr. Rubin was a humble man with a huge heart. No one, including his family, would have known how far he went for his patients if it wasn't for the letters the patients sent him.

There are countless stories from his patients such as his purchasing a bicycle for a young boy whose mother had died from cancer or paying for taxis for patients who had no transportation to make it to their appointments. He had a terminally ill patient with a very short time left to live that asked him if she would make it to her High School graduation, not only did he guarantee it, but he was also at the ceremony to watch her get her diploma.

After many years of hard work, Dr. Sheldon Rubin finally retired in 2016 and started spending more time with his family. Because of his dedication towards his coworkers and patients, the Moncton Hospital named their new Oncology Clinic after him. It is now known as the Dr. Sheldon H. Rubin Oncology Clinic.

Although Dr. Rubin's passion was helping others, he also enjoyed spending quality time with his family, children and grandchildren. His home was always filled with joy, and he would always make sure that everyone felt welcome.

Sadly, in August 2018, Dr. Rubin died, leaving behind a huge legacy.

And that is the story of a kind, generous, funny and heroic doctor I was very proud to have been able to call my great uncle and he was a truly great person.



Natation avec nations attends son attention actuel
Sincèrement actuellement sensation avec sentiment
mêlé dans l'obscurité de l'obscur dans le sanglot
de mon cœur, j'adore l'eau de la piscine sans
consentement de la lune. Pour combattre la guerre, j'
espère que je continue la paix sans actualité pas de
poème direct sans passage d'âge j'ajoute des
tâches sur mon épaule sage plein d'espérance
de date sans âge pendant l'orage j'espère que
je sors du rage sans tâche très tard sans
comportement gras sans base de trace salissant des
blessures qui tâchent des taches sur nos cœurs
sensibles plein d'émotions éclairant l'eau turquoise
qui révèle l'absurbe sensation d'apaisement dans nos
corps plein de fatigue, car ça fait apprendre comment
respirer dans l'eau civile de la piscine.





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