

Les élèves de La Courvilloise

**STRANGE AND FUNNY
SHORT STORIES**

Collective Works
by Class 403

Under the supervision of Mathieu d'Avignon
English Teacher, Editing Director

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Foreword

By Mathieu d'Avignon, English Teacher

Dear readers,

Throughout this schoolyear, students in Class 403 wrote more literary texts during learning and evaluation situations. With their consent, I decided to publish those devoted to short stories in this little e-book. Their works show how brilliant, creative, and funny they are. I thank them for investing (more or less) effort and time in these short stories and short stories in tongue twisters.

The main topic for our short stories was strangeness. Students had to write a paper meeting a few requirements. 1st singular had to be used for the storytelling. Simple past had to prevail in the text. The story had to contain strange events, facts, phenomena... Students could work by themselves or in teams.

As for our short stories in tongue twisters, we decided to mix two literary genres to have fun. Students could use any verb tense. They were free to work by themselves or in teams, to pick any topic(s), and to write in verse or in prose, or both. Most important criteria in this learning situation: each sentence had to contain at least an adjective and an adverb.

Finally, we did something unusual, and pretty cool I must admit: a collective short story. I wrote a short story, *The Night I Met Mr. Owl*. My students had to write a new ending to take my story further, somewhere else within their own imagination. Each new ending could serve as an epilogue to mine. Pretty cool, isn't it? It was a pleasure being their teacher.

Enjoy your reading. I did.

Mr. Mathieu
June 17, 2019

Strange Short Stories

That Night

By Lauren Bacon-Hervieux and Ammida Elizabeth Mulenda

My story is about an event that happened when I was eight years old. That night, I was hungry so I decided to go downstairs for a little snack in the kitchen. After eating one, I turned off all the lights I had turned on, then I went back in my room. While I was walking, I saw a strange man's silhouette. I didn't recognize it at first sight because it moved so fast that I wasn't able to determine if it was real or imaginary. I decided to ignore it and kept on going. I went to bed.

I slept for approximately five seconds because a loud noise woke me up. I was so scared at that point that I almost peed on myself! I pulled a blanket over my head - thinking I would be less scared hiding this way - but the noise continued louder than before. Things got worse when I had the courage to move my heavy-feeling body out of bed and went to see what was causing it.

The silhouette was standing right in front of me! We were standing there, in front of each other, without making any sound, then it yelled loudly and disappeared. This event traumatized me for the whole night so I didn't see time go by till it was already seven o'clock.

A few weeks later, the same phenomenon happened again. This time it happened in the basement. I was alone, watching a movie in the dark. I heard someone whispering my name. At first, I didn't pay attention but at one point it irritated me so much that I just yelled: "What?" After I yelled the tv turned off so I was in a total blackout. I was so scared I couldn't make any movement. Then I felt sharp teeth enter my skin, and my eyes suddenly closed.

When I woke up I felt different. I knew that at that moment, after what had happened the day before, I wouldn't be the same anymore. I wasn't feeling like a regular human no more. From that moment till today, every time I enter a room, the lights turn off by themselves, and each time an animal is near me it is running because it is scared.

In conclusion, I'm a demon and nobody knows it! Being a demon has a lot of positive aspects. Example: I'm stronger so if someone tries to bully me, I will be able to protect myself. Another one is that now I'm immortal!

* * * *

Stars

By Lydia Beaulieu

When I was young, I was looking up at the sky. There were millions of stars. I thought it was so beautiful but so weird at the same time. I had always wondered what it looks like down here up from the sky. I tried thousands of inventions and ways to reach the sky but none worked at all. One night, after a two-year research, I thought it was all over...

I was looking out my window when I saw something strange. It had a big head and a small body. I was scared at first, then I realized it was an alien! I asked myself if I should go see it because I had always wanted to find answers... I put my shoes on and went outside to talk with it. Obviously, I did not understand what it tried to say to me. I was so sad.

For days I tried to decipher what it had said to me. Because I had written what the alien had said, I finally understood. I could read: "I can take you up in the sky to help you see the stars and the Earth from above..."

Unfortunately, I woke up and saw my bedroom's ceiling covered with a hundred stars. I realized it was a dream and found it funny because I had never wanted or wondered about seeing the stars.

* * * *

The Man on The Roof

By Laurianne Boies and Maxime Jacques

This story happened to me a few months ago. I was with my ex-girlfriend out in the woods of a camping site. This camping site was so far that there were just ten other people with us. That night, everybody except my ex and I went to a party in a nearby pub. We made a campfire near the lake. The view was beautiful, there were so many stars in the dark sky. This moment was magical. Suddenly, we heard a loud noise behind us. The noise scared my ex who shook my arms. I tried to reassure her, but we heard the noise again. Something or someone had approached towards us. During a few minutes, we didn't hear anything. When my ex finally calmed down, we heard a sound, like steps on the roof of the chalet, behind us. I turned my head to look in direction of where noise was coming from and I saw the long silhouette of a man on the roof. My ex screamed when she saw the thing. It disappeared, but we heard the steps again and again. My ex begged me to go to see if the thing was still there.

I took a burning log to enlighten my way. I didn't want to go on the roof with the thing but I had no choice. I boosted my courage up and started to climb up on the chalet. I burnt myself a couple of times. My ex asked me again and again if the thing was still there. Suddenly, the flaming log extinguished. It was so dark I couldn't see one feet in front of me. Even the moon did not shine as much as it did before. There were big clouds in the sky. I heard a loud noise behind me, and a breathing noise in my ears made me jump aside. I dropped the log and my ex yelled at me to make sure I was okay. I didn't answer...

The long silhouette was in front of me. When I fell on my butt, the man approached me. I then felt his weight on my legs. I was so scared I didn't move a muscle. The thing's two white eyes stared into mine. It slowly approached its hands close to my neck. Even if I wanted to run, to scream, I couldn't move, it was like I was hypnotized by these white eyes. They turned red when its hands strangled me. At this moment, I finally could move. I struggled the best I could, but the thing was squeezing my neck too hard. I started to suffocate. When I started seeing little white dots, I knew that I did not have much time left before fainting. Then the thing mysteriously disappeared. I coughed for a long moment.

I came down from the roof. When my ex saw my neck, her face went livid. She told me that I had red marks around it, just where the thing had strangled me. We ran away from our chalet, called our parents and we never returned to this camping site again.

Today, the camping site is closed because many people have disappeared there. Others claim that they have seen the long silhouette of a man walking between the chalets.

* * * *

Strange House

By Alex Breton and Alexia Giguère

Monday, November 27

My name is Alexandra Wilson. I'm 16 years old. Today, it's my young brother's birthday. Charles will turn two and we will celebrate his birthday this afternoon. My father, my mom, my brother and I go to the store to buy many little decorations and gifts...

When we come back home, our old house is on fire. Ten firemen are there. One of them comes forward and tells us that the fire started in the attic. Nobody in my family even knew that there was an attic in the house, so everybody is surprised by this information.

One month later...

Nine days ago, we moved in our new house. Since yesterday, some strange things have traumatized us. Last night, I heard my baby brother laugh in his bed at 3:00 AM. I saw a shadow pass in the corridor and after I heard a big scream. Honestly, I was wondering what it was. The next morning, my mother came in my room to wake me up. I had exactly no idea why, but she did so. Later, when I came in the kitchen, my dad and my dog were not here as usual. My mom was there so I asked her why they weren't there. She told me it was because Charles was crying and holding his neck this morning. I didn't ask any questions about that. Two hours later, Charles, Éric, and my father came back home and told us there was no problem with his neck.

Today, my mom takes a day off to take care of my brother, while my father and I work. My mom goes to the park with Charlo, who is weird during the journey. At the park, my little brother looks behind our mother's shoulder and begins to greet an unknown person, but only he sees this person. Because my brother sometimes does strange things, my mom didn't suspect anything.

Many days later...

My brother cried nonstop to go up in the new attic. My dog, Dean, yelped nonstop, too. Everybody tried to stop them but got no results. My father finally decided to go up in the attic because he knew what strange things have happened in this house since we moved in. He came back with a big box. In this box, there were many archives of a man. He was twenty-seven years old. There were many articles about him. One of these articles said that this man was called Charles Wilson. All this seemed very scary... Later in the night, we learned that this man was dead; he hanged himself in the attic of our old house.

We think the old Charles Wilson was reincarnated in a new body because my baby brother has many problems with his neck. He laughs alone in his bed. He always wants to go play in the attic and the fire that burned down our old house started there. Both are named Charles. Finally, the day that Charles, the 27-year-old dead, hanged himself is the same date as my brother's birthday...

* * * *

The Story of the Ouija Board

By Sarah-Maude Brown, Émilie Labbé, and Léa Tremblay

This story begins when I was twenty years old. Four of my friends and I decided to go in a chalet for a weekend. We prepared our stuff for a very fun weekend. One of us decided to bring a Ouija board and another brought what we needed for the weekend, for example food, drinks, clothing, and a teddy bear. I went to pick up all my friends at their home and we went to the chalet.

The chalet was far out in the woods. I drove for five hours on gravel till we arrived. It was very big and very sinister. We walked in and decided to discover all the interior of the building. After dinner, we decided to have a walk outside to explore the area. There were a lot of trees and, far away, there was a beautiful fall and a big lake. At 9 o'clock, we decided to light a campfire on the shore to warm up.

Later that night, we heard a strange sound. We were very scared, yet we challenged one another to find where the noise came from. After an hour of intense search, we decided to end the challenge and go back to the chalet because we were tired.

When we entered the chalet, we saw that the teddy bear had changed places while we were gone but we didn't pay much attention to that. We were very tired...

Next morning, we had breakfast and it was very delicious. Later, after dinner, we decided to go swimming in the beautiful lake, then went back to the chalet. I noticed the teddy bear had changed places again. We started to wonder why and panicked! We calmed down and had supper in the evening. Then we decided to have fun with the Ouija board. Ouija's eye started moving but it didn't show us any word or sentence. Then one of my friends' nose started bleeding and the chalet's lights all flashed on and off.

Two minutes later, a flowerpot crashed on the floor and broke in thousands of pieces. My friend who had had a bleeding nose decided to clean it up and cut himself, then his cut started bleeding. He started to be possessed by a ghost. He told us that he will go kill himself in a car accident. We tried to sleep all night but we couldn't because we were all thinking about what he had said.

At sunrise, we noticed that he was not in his room. We called his name all over the place but didn't get any answer. We went outside for an hour but we didn't find him. We stopped looking for him. We went back in the chalet and got ready to leave with all our luggage. We jumped in the car and I drove very fast to go back home. On the road, we found our disappeared friend who had a car accident. We called the police and hoped that he was still alive. When we arrived at the hospital, the doctor told us that our friend was dead.

* * * *

Untitled

By Xavier Cauchon and Zachary Robichaud

Today, I'm gonna tell you a story that happened to me last summer. I found a frog, a strange frog. She was called Fortnite. She was dancing all the time and she was crying as hell. I was a little bit hungry. I made a campfire to cook this dancing frog, but it was difficult because she was dancing Orange Justice nonstop. Then I had my dinner... It was delicious!

Later, I wasn't feeling so good. I was dancing like Crazy Frog and I couldn't stop. I finally went home and my parents made strange faces seeing me dance like that. They asked me what was going on and I told them the complete story. They were completely stunned by it.

We went to a hospital to get the frog out of my stomach so I could sleep (I was still dancing all the time). They were able to get it out. This was a difficult surgery: after taking it out, they filled me up with McDonald's products, and told me that I had to eat bio foods for the rest of my life.

One night, I was relaxing in my bed when I saw Patrick the Sea Star enter the room and sing the intro of Sponge Bob Square Pants. That was the strangest summer of my life.

* * * *

My Strange Night

By Arianne Demers and Maxim Lachance

It was at night. I was watching a Netflix movie and eating popcorn. The movie playing was The Kissing Booth. It's a very cheesy movie but it's so romantic! After a while, I was about to fall asleep...

I was in a beautiful dream and suddenly something woke me up. It was a distant noise. I was tired of paying attention to this noise, yet I was able to go back to sleep. A second time, it woke me up but this time I started to be afraid.

I got up, took my flashlight and my blanket. I did the same thing as Harry Potter with his blanket, but mine wasn't see-through. I walked around the house and didn't see anything. From out a window, I just saw my 60-year-old neighbour doing a party with his old friends. Ew! I was too scared so I decided to call my brother. Like always, he didn't answer simply because I'm his sister. I went back in the house, heard the same noise again. I took a knife in the kitchen and decided to go downstairs because I had a hunch that the noise was coming from there. My legs were shaking. Maybe I was afraid for nothing, but my parents always told us to never go down there because it's their office.

They weren't there. Since I'm a wild child I decided to go anyways! I opened their office door and it was very dark. There was a very bad smell. I walked around the office and something hit my foot. Someone started to laugh. It was my brother! I didn't ask him why he was there because we both wanted to find out about that bad smell. It wasn't normal, it was disgusting! We suddenly saw a door with a lock. Because my brother is so hot and has big muscles, he smashed the door in and a dead woman was there. I felt like I wanted to puke. What was left of the door closed behind us. We were prisoners! The woman that we thought was dead opened her eyes and started screaming. Then red lights blinded us. We looked for the exit or another open door at the same time. We decided to go see what was behind one of the doors. We walked for eternity and, as we walked on, our bodies changed. They got older. My hair was grey and white. My face felt heavy. My ears were muffled. I looked at my brother and saw an old guy. After a long walk, we ended up at our neighbours' house, still old.

* * * *

A Strange Dream

By Guillaume Fortier, Charlie Pelletier-Lauzon,
and Bianka Rancourt

In this story, I am going to tell you about a dream that I had last night. It seemed so real. Let's start with the beginning...

In my dream, I was walking down the street and I saw a strange man dressed in black who was speaking to himself. I was scared and didn't know how to react as he was walking behind me. I started to run and he ran, too. I saw a shop that was open and I entered it. I thought that I was safe but when I went outside he was definitely waiting for me. This ugly guy was so scary! He had eyes coming out of their orbits. He was missing a hand, and he had a bloody face. He was there, in front of me. I started to run again. When I looked back, the strange man was not there anymore so I decided to go home to watch TV.

I put on Stranger Things. At the same moment, the doorbell rang. I thought it was the man in black but when I looked out the window I saw nobody. I opened my door and saw a little box. I opened it and saw a small pink lizard that was telling me something strange like: "You need to meet my boy." I was terrified...

Yet I decided not to listen to this small creature and closed the door. After this awkward situation, I wanted to eat a huge pizza so I took my car to go to the restaurant. When I arrived there, the waiter asked me what I wanted to eat. Suddenly I had a bellyache, and then the lizard came out of my mouth. I was shaken! I needed to go to the hospital as fast as possible. All the doctors were stupefied by my condition. My skin started to turn pink. I started to panic because its texture was really strange. The moment I saw the doctor I recognized him. He seemed really familiar to me.

Finally, I realized that the doctor was this strange black man looking out for me. The only way for me to escape was to run, so that's what I did yet unsuccessfully. I was definitely a small pink lizard. The man caught me and ate me.

I just woke up from a nap. I'm stupid... This was only a nightmare! I was in the wrong all along.

* * * *

The Mystery Man in my Home

By Marie-Hélène Fournier

Dear Diary, I'm writing to you in panic. A person I don't know is in my home. I'm really scared! I called Alicia but she thought I was joking and hung up. I don't know what to do. OMG! I hear some noise in the kitchen. I'm in my walk-in. I will try to go in my living room...

Ok. I'm in my living room. The man has moved, but I don't know for sure where he went. I think I saw him go upstairs. I think he is in my parents' bedroom. I make it to my room. The phone is one meter away from me. I will try to reach it. If I succeed, I will call the police. Ok... Oh, no, the battery is dead! I don't know what to do. I'm totally stressed out. My brother is supposed to be back home soon.

Ok. I'm leaving my room. I will try to see his face. I catch a glimpse of him. Now, I can hear him searching for something. I think he did not find what he was looking for... So now, he looks mad. OMG! Is he coming close to me? I think he is going down in the kitchen.

Hum... It's really strange, he told me something. As if I knew who he is. Am I in a dream? I close and open my eyes...

He comes to take the tv-remote and goes to sleep on the sofa with a bowl of popcorn in his hands!

Wait...

That's my brother Jake!

* * * *

The Strange Noise in the Night

By Alexandre Gagnon

When I was twelve years old, my grandfather died. The next week, one night, my family was asleep in his old house. I was in bed, too. I heard some noise, like big boots walking on the house's first floor but I thought it was weird because I knew all the doors were locked. I was awake, so I decided to go to the window to see if there was someone outside, near the gate's entrance. There was nobody. I went out of my room because I heard the sound again coming from the first floor. I went down to see if there was something or someone. When I got there, there was nothing at all, all was calm. While I was going back to my room, I heard a big noise on the second floor. I said, singing one of Pink Floyd's song: "Hello? Is there anybody in there? Just nod if you can hear me is there anyone home?" I got no answer. On the second floor, I checked out all the doors but all were ok. I questioned myself because I didn't know if my imagination was playing tricks on me or it was really my grandfather's ghost. I wondered if it was my grand-father...

* * * *

Ouija

By Arianne Jalbert

Two years ago, I was at my cousin's house. Her house is far from the city, out in the woods. I was there with my family to celebrate her birthday. We went in the basement and she showed me a board game called Ouija. It looked like a nice game. We turned out the lights and started playing. At first, we called our grandfather who died when our parents were young. We asked him information about their youth and about what really happened when he died. Later, we decided to change places to play. At the beginning, the spirits were really kind but when we called the last spirit, everything slipped. The spirit started to scare us. It made the lights flash and made some sounds, so we just closed up the board and stopped playing. The thing is that we forgot to say "Goodbye"...

A week later, I was alone at my house when doors started slamming, and the lights flashing. I was really scared. I went to hide in my room but I saw a shadow in my mirror. I knew this shadow had the same name as our last spirit. A little bit later, he disappeared and never came back.

* * * *

The Forest

By Arthur Lemoine and Alisha Rony

We left home at 10 AM to go to our cottage. I was very tired that morning because we had woken up at 6 AM to prepare our stuff and get ready to leave at 10. So, during the road trip, I slept to recover some sleep. For a long time, my brother and I slept. We had a four-hour ride to do. Suddenly, I heard a loud "Bang!" It woke me up. I learned that we had hit a deer. My dad decided to call the cops to alert them about the deer.

Twenty minutes later, we finally arrived at our cottage. We were so happy to be there. It felt so good to know that we were finally getting some break. My family and I went swimming. We spent all afternoon in and on the lake. At dinner, we heard a knock on our door. My father went to see who it was. It was a tall-old man with a long white beard. He had a cap with "Make America Great Again" written on it. He wore cowboy boots, long black jeans with a black belt. He told us to never go in the woods when the sun sets down. I've always been the curious type...

That night, my brother and I went in the forest after our parents fell asleep. After walking in the forest for a long time, we heard weird sounds. We were surrounded by fog. My little brother was very frightened. He wrapped himself around me. Suddenly, we heard a loud voice shouting: "I told you not to come out here!" We started running for our lives. We were racing towards the cottage when we saw the long-bearded man standing in front of us. We were shouting, turning pale, and we were stuck there. He grabbed us by the collar and dragged us all the way to our cottage. He rang the bell and told our parents what had happened. They were mad at us but, the next morning, they went back to normal.

We later apologized to the old man. He told us his name is Billy. He didn't want to see us in the forest at night because it is filled with roaming wolves.

* * * *

Cockroaches Are Taking Over the Earth

By Noémie Savoie

Some people say that
one day cockroaches
will inherit the Earth...

Unknown

I will tell you a short story about strange things that happened in my house last week. I was trying to kill a cockroach but I shot myself..

I saw an insect and I started by throwing a shoe at the bug to crush it. Unfortunately, I had forgotten that I had put a revolver inside this shoe. The gun fell out of the shoe. Hitting the floor, it fired and shot me in the foot. I was taken directly to the hospital after calling an ambulance. Obviously, the cockroach was always alive...

The same day, I was going back home. I stopped and bought an insect repellent to kill all those that were in my house...

A few weeks later, I heard sounds coming from the walls of my house. I put my head on the wall and then, suddenly, a big black cloud bounced in front of me. I didn't know what it was. All I knew was that this wasn't really normal. I went around the house and saw big cockroaches all over. I was very scared...

I drove my car to meet my parents. I told my mom everything that I saw. She told me to go get all my stuff and to sleep over at their house. In the end, I never returned at my house and I stayed with them.

I wonder what those cockroaches are doing as I put an end to this story...

* * * *

My Car Crash
By Zachary Tremblay

It was in December 2002. I was returning from a long vacation that lasted three months. The difference between Québec and Miami is incredible: switching crazy hot to crazy cold is stunning!

I was on the road back to Québec City when my wheels slipped on some black ice and then, black-out...

These are the last things that I remember before I went over the bridge...

I woke up in a strange place. It was grey and monotonous. There was a cold ambiance. I was not sure where to go so I started walking. I made it to a road and, suddenly, I was driving my car.

This situation looked familiar. This is what happened to me before but this time there was a car that passed me by just as I went over the bridge.

Since that day, the accident keeps happening over and over again. I think that I might be dead but I still want to know how. How did that happen? Until then, I will not be free.

Some people see the accident when they cross the bridge. When they call the police, they learn that this accident occurred some winter, years ago!

* * * *

Short Stories in Tongue Twisters

The Boy and the Bear

By Lauren Bacon-Hervieux, Marie-Hélène Fournier,
and Ammida-Elisabeth Mulenda

The baby boy plays with the bear around the fire at five o'clock.

The children eat chicken with their funky friend.

The animal is happy tonight because it saw sparkling stars.

They are discussing about dinosaurs that disappeared many years ago.

Everybody thinks these two have a newfangled friendship.

They also eat cake to celebrate their birthday because they were born the same day.

The baby and the bear go swimming in the scintillating lake to finish their fabulous day.

* * * *

Life

By Lydia Beaulieu and Arianne Jalbert

Peter the perfectionist is competing with his pet Petunia.

Manuel is manipulating a manager to become a mannequin.

Willy is weekly at really boring weddings.

Sasha is shopping for a shiny shirt in a tiny shop.

Jose is jealously joking about Jasmine's jawline.

David is dancing dangerously in a dark room.

Noémie is now leaving for Norway.

* * * *

When a Fisherman Fishes a Fish
By Laurianne Boies and Maxime Jacques

A friendly fisherman wants to fish a fish.

The fisherman finally arrives at a fishy lake.

The fisherman happily fishes a fish, but the fish is stronger than him.

The fisherman drops his fishing rod in the fishy lake.

But the fisherman really wanted to fish a fish so he had many fishing rods.

He starts fishing again with a shiny-new fishing rod.

Many fish bite the fishing rod's bait, but they all flee and go free.

Finally, the fisherman fishes a big field boot.

* * * *

Ken and Candies

By Alex Breton and Alexia Giguère

Can Ken eat candy while calling in a caravan car?

No, because he always hates to take risks.

In his backpack, he has a big brown bag of blue bubble gums.

Can Ken eat kaki candy canes and cotton candy?

* * * *

The Boring Marriage of Milly and Willy Bobby
By Sarah-Maude Brown, Émilie Labbé, and Léa Tremblay

Milly Bobby will boringly marry Willy Bobby.

Don't worry, they are not from the same family.

They are blamelessly bilingual.

As for Billy Bobby, he is bewilderingly very happy.

Billy Bobby likes bubbly drinks.

Billy Bobby talks discretely to Milly Bobby.

Milly Bobby is perfectly happy with Billy Bobby...

* * * *

The Dreaming Boy

By Xavier Cauchon and Guillaume Fortier

The boy from the east earned an eagle after an earthquake.

A monkey sold some moly' to get more money for his mommy.

* * * *

When Craig the Crow Met Common Toad at Crimson Crossroad

By Mathieu d'Avignon

Craig the Crow flew over crowded Crimson Crossroad and came upon Common Toad.

Toad rollickingly told Craig: "I hear a royal roar down the road.

Definitely, the King of Kings and Queen of Queens have left Marcus Columbo's Famous Circus for Columbus.

They got tired of always having to share the show with Sheena the Shrieking Hyena.

When it was time for lunch and there was only pasta...
Man, I tell ya, there was always drama!"

* * * *

Extra, extra, read all about it...

Untitled

By Mathieu d'Avignon

World-famous butchers surely can cut fine slices of sweet-and-spicy Sicilian salami with their shiny-stainless-steel Japanese slicers.

Rocking Rolly dropped a rare real reel when he recklessly reeled and danced a reel.

* * * *

Crunchy, Crunchy

By Arianne Demers and Maxim Lachance

My cheesy cherry chicken should change to chocolate.

Mary married Manny in Malaysia.

Yesterday, your newfangled yellow yoga pants were huge.

My lion population is antipollution along my onion's addiction.

Spring King Ring is missing something in spring.

Chase child champion Chapstick is childproof in China.

Suzy Sozie eats zucchini spumoni sushi.

* * * *

Real or Not?
By Alexandre Gagnon

I know you are not real. Now you can be real.

Real or unreal you can be, not related to reality.

But I know you are unrealistically real.

Maybe you can be real if you are real within your reality.

* * * *

Arthur and Alisha's Friendship
By Arthur Lemoine and Alisha Rony

Arthur is a small boy with freckles who likes to eat pickles.

Alisha is a small girl with curls who thinks she's a pearl.

Their friendship sails like a ship or more like a chip dipping in a dip.

No one will ever break their bond. It is like a diamond.

* * * *

Shanny the Shy Sheep
By Léane Lévesque

Shanny will shave a sheep...

She will shower the shy sheep shortly after chasing it.

The shampoo is shining and the short sheep shivers.

Should the sheep share the shed?

Sadly, the sheep is scared to share it so she stayed in a small and secured space.

She suddenly felt sociable so she stepped out and shined.

Luckily, Lucky looked like she learned to love life and, fortunately, she found friends and finally had fun.

* * * *

Untitled
By Zachary Robichaud

The shore is surely short.

Should you show me the shore or a seashell?

Surely shores are better because the sea is surely beautiful.

There's more than one seashell!

Shells from the sea are for sure cooler than crap.

* * * *

Bill and Bob
By Noémie Savoie

Bob the Bold is bored eating bones and he is boisterous.

He has a bobtail because he got boiled.

Bill will chill outside when he sees a rill and a frill.

* * * *

The Story of Little Billy the Bully
By Zachary Tremblay

Little Billy's a bully.

Baldly, Little Billy barbarously continues.

The other little yellow Simpson fellow sorrows.

Today, Little Billy the Bully is bullied by the little yellow fellow.

Now that Little Billy has been bullied, he no longer bullies.

* * * *

A Short Story with Twenty-Five Different Endings
By Mathieu d'Avignon and Class 403

The Night I Met Mr. Owl

By Mathieu d'Avignon

*You won't believe this story,
I can't even believe it myself.*
Mr. Mathieu

When I was a kid and a teen, I grew up among golfers. My dear father gave me a custom-cut-and-gripped set of clubs when I was six. In our backyard, on golf courses and on driving ranges, I had fun hitting balls, and became a pretty good golfer myself. I spent so many days, evenings, and nights aiming at trees, flags and greens, putting for holes... and driving golf carts without even having to ask for permission (the Pros trusted me)! On most evenings, at sunset, around 8:00 PM, my parents were at the Saint-Paul-d'Abbotsford Golf Course's clubhouse with their friends and every other adult on site. Even if I was alone on these vast courses, I felt safe, and always waited for the sun to set and the moon to rise before joining them.

One night, I was walking along a pond on the 7th hole, when I noticed a crow trying hard to pick up something in shallow mud, jumping between fine and long bulrush stems. I stopped and watched for a while – since my childhood, I have always been fascinated by crows. The sun was setting, so I had to leave without knowing what it was this crow was digging for. I walked for a while, swinging my pitcher to cut fine pieces of grass and watch them fall down, disappear among their roots. I looked around, too, trying to see some nocturnal birds on the hunt while resting on a tree branch. When I think about it, I was a very happy and lucky boy. Those were some of the best times of my childhood and teenage.

I was getting near the clubhouse: I could hear cheers, teasing, and laughs. I had a final undergrowth to cross before making it to destination. A full moon was rising, almost everything around me was still. I was already aware, even if I was just an eight-year-old boy at the time, that our world, planet Earth, is beautiful and fragile. I could hear Louis Armstrong and Dada, my late grandfather, singing somewhere in the back of my head: "And I think to myself, what a wonderful world, oh yeah!" At one point, I dropped a golf ball I had found on the 5th hole (a Titlest 1, my favorites!), and had to kneel down to pick it up. I grabbed it and heard a very weak sound above my head. I looked up and... froze!

There was a huge owl standing with its head straight and still, ten feet above me, staring straight at me. Its beak and claws seemed bigger than my two little thumbs. I had heard about owl-and-other-birds-of-prey's attacks on children – and even on adults – at night, yet I wasn't scared. My whole body just completely froze! I thought about screaming to try to scare it away but I didn't. I just waited and hoped for it to fly away. The scene was solemn and surreal: I was staring eye-(in)to-eye with an old owl! To be honest, I just guessed it was old because it seemed so calm and wise. I just couldn't believe what was happening and how lucky I was. Such encounters don't occur often

in one's lifetime. It hooted once, then again and again, and I got scared! For each hoot, its jump scare, all mine!

- Hoo! ... Hoo! Hoo! Hoo!

I clearly wasn't in control anymore and my parents seemed so far! I still don't understand what my brain decided to do that day. Let's just say that my mouth answered:

- Who? ... Who am I?

Then, it said:

- Don't be scared, young lad. "Hoo": I was hooting... I'm an owl, Kiddo! What's your name?

- Mathieu.

- Well, it's a pleasure meeting you, Mathieu. You seem like a good kid.

- I am. Well... I try to be. My mom always tells me "Be good" when I leave home to meet my friends or to hang out in the woods by myself, riding my BMX in familiar trails in spring, summer and fall, skiing or snowshoeing all over in winter. It's not far from here, just up the hill.

- You have a wise mother. I know you like snowshoe-hoo-hoo-hoo-ing. I've seen you plenty of times before out in the forest. A forest is a good place for a kid to grow up... Hoo!

- Who? Who are you talking about?

- Come on, Kid, I haven't got all night! I've got some mice to catch, and there are a few foxes and crows roaming around on my territory... And I don't like that! Do you want to know?

I couldn't believe we were having this discussion. I suddenly realized I couldn't just flee, that I had to keep on talking formally with one knee on the ground, as if I was to pledge an oath of honour or about to be blessed. It put an end to my astonishment, and said:

- Hoo! Hoo! Do you want to know? Hoo?

- Do I want to know who? I don't get it...

- Ah, geez Mathieu! Do you want to know what Crow was digging for, getting mud all over his tiny-chicken legs and feet? Always screaming and causing trouble all around...

- What? You were there, spying on us?

- I didn't need to be there... I'm sorry to say but, like I told you, I don't have time to explain. DO YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT HE WAS TRYING TO FIND? Always screaming and causing trouble all around!

- Well, I had stopped thinking about that but, since you ask... Yeah, I would like to know. I waited a while hoping for...

- Cut it! To be honest, I don't care what you were hoping for... Sorry, Kid. I didn't mean to be impolite nor to scare you. I don't know.

- What don't you know? If you were impolite and scared me? Neither. It's just that...

- Cut it! Don't you start yappin', too. "Give a hoot, don't pollute!" I don't know what Crow was digging for. Oh, by the way, my name's Owl, Mister Owl. I was pleased to meet you. Now, get going, beat it, scram, get out of my sight!

An Adventure with an Owl

By Lauren Bacon-Hervieux

So, I did what Mister Owl said to. After that curious discussion with an owl, I tried to figure out what he had tried to explain me. When the owl took its flight, I followed him in secretly. While he was flying away I looked at him and he was so beautiful and majestic. At the moment, I didn't worry about the direction he was taking. I was too impressed by him. Because of that I fell down and I made a lot of noise. This fall caught his attention. He heard something, but I was fast enough to hide behind a tree. The forest was so vast, I thought the owl would not find me.

A few minutes later, the owl found me. He was very rude when he talked to me because he knew that I was following him. At the moment, I was lost! I was crying and the owl felt pity for me. After that, he helped me find my home. He had an emergency because his family needed him so he told me to follow the crow. I understood and I followed the crow. When I was at home, I couldn't stop thinking about that adventure. The next day, the owl came to see me and gave me a gift. I was so happy that I had such a special friend, so I give him a snack to be polite. For a few years, I never saw him again.

My Night with Mister Owl

By Lydia Beaulieu

Then, Mister Owl opened his huge wings and flew away. I didn't understand why I let him go so I screamed:

- Come back, Mister Owl! I know what crow was digging for! Unfortunately, he did not hear me because I didn't scream loud enough.

That night, I decided to go inside the clubhouse and not to tell anyone about Mister Owl. Everybody asked me why I came back inside later than every other day. I tried not to tell them but it was so hard. After that, I went to bed and had a long night sleep to be in shape for the next night.

All night long, I dreamt about Mister Owl and how impressive he was. When I woke up, I went downstairs to eat a huge breakfast and I prepared all my stuff for that important night. All day, I played golf with my amazing father. I felt grateful to have him as my father. The sun was setting down and the moon was rising so I left and went to the same wonderful and colorful tree. There I waited for Mister Owl to show up.

I didn't know how but I woke up in my small room. I was wearing my ugly sleeping shirt with a teddy bear on it. I felt sad because I didn't remember anything. That day, I decided to take a walk in the forest behind the clubhouse. While I was walking, I saw the impressive owl in a tree. I didn't expect to see him during the day. Mister Owl came to me and bit my arm. I was scared so I ran to the clubhouse. I woke up and realized it had all been a nightmare from the beginning.

The Last Time I Went on a Golf Course

By Jonathan Blouin

I stood up from the ground and looked at him. He was glaring at me as if he was better than I was for some reason. I noticed that the top of his head was shaped like a crown. Maybe he thought he was the king of owls, which I should be thankful for his presence but, to be honest, I was too young to notice that. Therefore, I just walked away in confusion.

The next day, I came back to where I had found Mister Owl. He was there. We decided to go meet the crow that was still digging. However, today, I could see a pitch-black hole in the middle of the hole he dug, as if it was leading somewhere so dark even light could not get through it, like the void. That hole started to make strange noises that I could barely hear. I tried so get closer so I could hear a little better. However, before I could get close to it, Mister Owl came and stopped me.

- Stop! We do not know what it is. Therefore, we should not get any closer to that hole. It's too dangerous.

Right as he said those words, a human hand came out of the hole, grabbing the crow by its neck and brought it inside. Both Mister Owl and I were shocked by the event. After the crow disappeared inside of it, a human started to emerge himself out of it. Mister Owl told me to run as fast as possible away from him, so I did. While I was running I looked back to see if I was being chased by him, but all I saw was Mister Owl's corpses laying on the ground. I ran and never went back there.

Mr. Crow, the Crow
By Laurianne Boies

The owl flew away, leaving me alone on the grass of the golf. I was a bit shook. Mister Owl was weird, very weird. I slowly shook my head, disappointed. Maybe I was just very tired, that's what I thought at this moment. I looked up, the moon was full and beautiful. I heard a strange noise far from me. I don't know why but I went to see what that noise was. It was the crow. He kept on digging in the mud. He suddenly stopped and looked at me when I sighed. He stared at me for a while and then, he started to talk:

- Crew, crew! Stop looking at me and come, you peasant!

Another animal who could talk in one night? Why not? I couldn't control what I was saying at this moment anymore:

- Ah! Here we go again...

- Crew! What did you just say?

- Argh, nothing, I replied, weary of that night.

- I heard you, you dumb! Stop talking and come help me, I can't reach this thing with my beak.

I sighed another time. Why couldn't this night be like the others? Yet I was a bit curious too, I wondered what was in the mud. Annoyed, I was going to help the crow when he suddenly turned his head to look at me.

- Crew! My name is Crow, Mister Crow.

Immediately after that he said, my fingers touched something in the mud. It was a beautiful necklace. Mister Crow jumped around me many times, happy to find it.

- Crew! Finally, I found it! This necklace will allow me to retake my human form! Thank you!

Mister Crow took the necklace with one of his foot. Before something could happen, Mister Owl stole it and flew on a branch.

- Hoo! I'm gonna retake my human form, NOT YOU, he yelled, very proud of his stroke.

Mister Crow angrily flew in direction of the big owl. The two birds started to fight in the air. I saw the necklace falling in the 7th hole. I quickly took it and

started to run toward the clubhouse. I stumbled and at the moment, when my head was going to hit a rock, I woke up in my bed. Something was in my hand, it was the necklace. I gave it to my mom. I never returned to this golf course.

The Revelation

By Francis Bois

- The crow can be pretty dangerous... He wanted to attack you. Now, go away, please.

I didn't completely understand but I went back home. I turned back and saw the crow. He is waiting and watching me. I start to be scared and I try to run away. I watch in my back and see the crow behind me, he's following me but suddenly, he started to transform is self into a thing I never see before. It's like a demon. My body stop instantly and I fell on the floor. The creature walks in my direction, I'm very scared. Behind him, I see Mister Owl coming and transforms itself into a thing like an angel. Mister Owl attacking the demon in the back and kill him.

- What was that? Why you didn't tell me about the fact of the crow was a demon and you are an angel?

- I am not an angel, I am your guardian angel. My quest is to protect you and I didn't tell you about the demon because the brain of a normal human can't handle it.

- So why can my "normal" human brain handle it?

- Because you have been chosen by the god himself for being the next god at is place.

- Why me, I have nothing special?

- It's the other reason why am I here. I will help you to awake the power who sleep in you.

- But how we will make it?

- That is a good question because anybody know how to do because it's the first time we're we need to do that in all the history.

- I think I can't do anything so let's go work on it...

Looking for Arite in Africa

By Xavier Cauchon

Since that meeting, I have been fascinated by owls. I asked myself if I could have this chance again. Now, I am twenty-two years old. I studied in ornithology at university. I spend most of my days taking pictures or making videos of birds. Each day, I pray to see him again. I pray to see Mister Owl again because I want to understand the meaning of what he said. Suddenly in one of my researches, an owl came. She was speaking with such wisdom, like Mister Owl.

-Mathieu, my name is Arite. I know you've been searching for answer.

-Yes, I am. Do you know anything?

- I don't know many things but here's what I know.

She gave me a little piece of paper. It was a map of the Africa with a checkmark on Kenya. This location is not usual for an owl. They're more situated in cold environment but I trusted this owl...

I began my journey to Africa. Finally, I arrived in Kenya. I started asking if people there had seen an owl. Everybody I asked this question just made a weird face. I'm so desperate after what I have done. I spent all my money for this!

I was sitting under a tree, saying to myself: "I'm stupid!", and hitting my head with my hand. A fruit fell on my head. I looked up and there was Mister Owl. I started going crazy, asking him so many questions... After I calmed myself, I started asking my questions one by one. I came out of this discussion wiser than ever.

Hallucination

By Arianne Demers

I was so confused. I just thought about it for a second. The first thing that came in my mind was that it was so ridiculous to have a conversation with an owl. Maybe I was in a dream... I took my left hand and pinched it and it hurt. Wait... I wasn't in a dream! I was getting afraid and more confused at the same time. What was happening? In one second, the big owl came beside me. Another one came on the other side and two other owls, bigger than the others, came behind and in front of me. A big family of owl looked at me! It was... Hmm... Very strange!

I said: "Hi!", and they started talking together. They were panicked. I didn't know why and couldn't understand what they were saying. A second later, I didn't feel my legs anymore... and I saw black everywhere.

I finished the end of this night at the hospital. I didn't know who took me there, but I was there with my parents and some of their clubhouse friends. Some of them looked like the owls I saw two hours before. For two seconds, my heart beat really fast. Then my doctor said that sugar wasn't a good idea for me. He told us why but I didn't really hear him because I was too sad to not eat sugar anymore. The only thing I heard was that sugar can make me see somethings differently. After, my mom told me what happened. It was like my story but the owl that I saw first was my dad and after he saw that I wasn't looking good so he called my mother and their friends to help me.

The Red Circle

By Guillaume Fortier

After I met Mister Owl, I went home to go to sleep because I couldn't believe what I had experienced. The next morning, I went back to get golf balls laying on the ground. After getting many balls, I returned at my home to show one of balls that I had picked on the ground to my parents, because this ball was very different from the others. While my dad checked the ball, I went to my room to do a nap. While I slept, my father came to wake up me because on the ball that I found there was a small red circle on the ball and my dad asked me many questions. For some days, I had been finding many balls with small red circle, but the red circle was not normal. I didn't know where it came from. My dad and I started an investigation because there were balls with a red circle and balls with no red circle. My dad and I, we spent many hours to try to find what was the red circle. The next week, every day, I went to the same ground and I tried to find other balls for my collection...

Today is Friday, I went to ask to the man who worked on the course, he who cut the grass, why there was a red circle on the balls. The man said that balls who had a red circle were the balls who belonged to the owner of the golf course. Finally, that put an end to my investigation.

The Magic Owl Forest Mystery

By Marie-Hélène Fournier

- Okay, bye, but I hope to see you again!

After our conversation ended, I took my legs to my neck and I went back home. When I arrived home, my mother looked scared. I asked her what was going on. She told me that an owl had come to see them and that he had threatened them. But, it was not the same owl as mine, because she told me that her name was Caroline. At this moment, I understood everything. Caroline was Mister Owl's girlfriend! That night, I wondered if all the owls on Earth could talk...

Tonight, I have decided I want to discover the mystery of owls that speak...

Twenty years later, I tell you this story. Until today, I haven't discovered the mystery but I am about to discover it.

Five years ago, I went to explore a forest. This forest's name is "The Magic Owl Forest". That day, I walked for hours, until I lost consciousness. I laid down on the ground...

I woke up the next day in a house. I realized someone was there, then I understood everything, even him. It was the man, or the owl, that I had wished to see again over all these years! He approached me and he laughed. He whispered something in my ear, and everything went dark. A few days later, I woke up in my car, in the front of the magic forest.

Today, I am in front of the magic house. I think you already know what I'm going to do...

My Strange Meeting with an Owl

By Alexia Giguère

After this warning from Mr. Owl, I was very scared. I started to run out of its sight, but I didn't know where I was going. Three minutes later, I was on a dark road without any lights, so I picked up my phone to turn its flashlight on. It was sure that I couldn't return at the same place, in the forest, because I didn't want to talk with this owl ever again in my whole life. I tried to take another way to find my family.

I returned in the forest but I stayed away from Mr. Owl. Each step I took, I heard a strange sound. I didn't know exactly where the sound was coming from but I know it seemed like an owl's "Hoo". I started to run faster and suddenly the sound stopped. I stopped to walk, to be sure that I was not going crazy. I had never seen such a thing: when I didn't move, the sound restarted again.

I finally arrived to destination. Later, I went to sleep. Before I turned the light off in my room, I promised myself to never again go in that forest alone. Since then, I have respected my promise. I never went in that forest again.

But some days, when the moon starts to rise, I can see a little shadow flying over the forest. I don't know why this owl chose me that night but one thing is sure, it's not the last time that this owl and me will talk together...

Awakening

By Maxime Jacques

- WHAT? You was yelling at me for nothing and you want me to get out of your sight? Why were you asking me if I wanted to know what Crow was digging for, if you don't even know? That's stupid!

- You wouldn't understand... So, get out of my way.

- If you explain to me, I will understand. I'm sure

- No! A foolish eight-year-old boy like you could not understand. So, I'm asking you again, GET OUT OF MY WAY!

Mister Owl jumped down the tree and started flying away. Letting me alone with my questioning.

- What is he talking about...

I stayed a long time alone sat on a branch, just thinking about that strange conversation that I've just had. I even started to ask myself if I was crazy. After almost an hour, a sound took me out of my head, a hoarse and terrifying sound. I looked everywhere to know what was that sound. The only thing I've found was a crow looking right at me. His eyes turn red and start shining. He started flying at me and... I woke up.

The Clubhouse Treasure

By Arianne Jalbert

Like the old Mister Owl told me to, I scrambled. I ran and joined my parents at the clubhouse. That night, I was in my giant bed and I could not sleep. So, I stayed awake all night long thinking about everything that had happened with Mister Owl and the Crow.

The next day, I went back to the beautiful golf course. I went to see what the big crow was digging for. I saw that it had dug a really big hole but I thought that it did not find what it was looking for. I ran home looking for my old shovel. Later, I went back to the magnificent golf course, near the clubhouse, and started digging. It was already dark outside when I found it. There was a big brown box with a lock on it but there was no key.

The next morning, I decided to try to call the old Mister Owl because I was sure he lied to me and he knew why the crow was digging for this treasure. I waited a long time. He came very late that night. I asked him about the crow and he told me that the crow was a thief. Crow was stealing everybody and when he heard about the huge treasure, he wanted it for himself. While we were talking, I saw the crow not far from us. He had a big key attached to his neck. I took my shovel and hit him so I could have the key. When I turned back, Mister Owl looked very happy. He told me that I just saved every Owl because Crow was threatening them. At the end, everyone was happy. I had my treasure and Mister Owl's friends were saved.

My Friends Meet Mister Owl

By Émilie Labbé

After a long discussion and bawling out with Mister Owl, I decided to scam and went home. The next morning, I called my friends because I wanted to ask them if they wanted to come over. When they finally arrived, we ate a sandwich for dinner. After dinner, I told them about what happened last night with Mister Owl. After talking about the event, I asked them if they could go with me at the golf course after the supper.

Around 9:00 PM, my friends came at my home and we went to the golf course. When we arrived there, we went looking for the owl as planned. We could not find Mister Owl. After a while, we decided to go to the spot where I saw Mister Owl for the first time. Suddenly, I heard the same hoot that last night. We tried to find where it hooted from. A few second later, we finally saw it.

Mister Owl was started to talk with us. My friends were not happy to talk with him because Mister Owl was not very nice when it talked to them. It did not talk normally, it was as if he cried. Tension was rising. My friends and Mister Owl could not stop talking one second. This bawling out degenerated rapidly. My friends were so frustrated that they decided to throw a stone to Mister Owl. I put an end to this situation. My friends and I decided to scam and never returned to this place.

My New Owl Friend
By Maxim Lachance

I didn't want him to go away and I didn't want to leave because I wanted to know who he was talking about.

- No, don't go away please, we barely talked and I want to know more about you.

- Well... Ok! I can stay a short hour, but just an hour!

We talked a lot about his beautiful and easy life as an owl and mine as a terrible life.

- Why would your life be so terrible.

- I have to go to school, clean up my room and I don't really have friends...

When he heard that, he hugged me and said to me that he could be my best friend. I was very happy to have a new one. Not any friend, an owl! Later on, Mr. Owl and I stopped talking because I needed to go see my mother. I didn't want my mother to freak out and die.

- I really need to go see my parents at the Saint-Paul-d'Abbotsford Golf Course's clubhouse, but we could meet again. If you want to?

- Yeah, yeah! We could meet tomorrow at the same time.

So, as we had said the day before, I met Mr. Owl. I talked about my day at school and he talked about his day. A few minutes later, out of nowhere, my mother came to see me.

- Mathieu, my darling, with who are you talking with?

- Don't you see, Mother? I am talking with my new friend, Mr. Owl.

- Don't lie to me, Boy! You are literally talking to no one.

- No, Mom... I swear...

She took me by the arm and said to me:

- Look, we are gonna go to the hospital.

- Ahhh!

And then, I just woke up from a weird dream. I was sweating and I was traumatized. These days, I still remember this dream.

Hoo is my New Friend

By Arthur Lemoine

So, after this long conversation, I left this place because he told me to go away. I decided to take a walk to relax myself after this weird conversation. An hour later, as I was walking, I saw a strange thing in front of me, which was moving very slowly. I kept on walking in its direction to know what it was.

Suddenly, I heard a really big scream which scared me. I started to run everywhere for no reason just to move away. I turned to look behind me and saw another owl. So, I went to meet him, too, because I really like this animal and because I didn't have friends, too. When we started a conversation, I learned he was friends with Mr. Owl, but he did not have the same personality. He was very funny and so sweet to me compared to the first. He had a good idea, which was to visit his house to find out what was life as an owl.

The owl invited me to follow him to his home, which was not far. It normally takes a five-minute-crow-flight to get there, but this time it was a twenty-minute walk. At his home, I could just look at it from afar because it was way too high in the tree and therefore impossible to see from the inside. I decided to go back home because it was late and I went to bed after this big day.

The next morning, I woke up and saw the two owls out my bedroom window, waiting for me to come outside.

Found It!

By Léane Lévesque

Then the old owl flew away, while I was staying there, shocked by what had just happened. I told myself that I'll never know what the dirty crow was digging for. Maybe he only saw a worm underground and wanted to eat it. Anyway, I don't know how much time the conversation lasted, but it was long enough to lose my parents on this vast golf course.

Suddenly, a crow came close to me. He wasn't very sociable. He was walking in circles around me, like he was waiting for something. I thought to myself: "Maybe I should talk to him."

- Hello?

- ...

No answer.

- What do you want?

- What? Me?

- Yeah, you. I've seen you digging in the dirt. What you were looking for?

- Nothing. I was there, chilling and relaxing. Everything's fine, Bro, relax.

- Don't lie to me. I'm not as dumb as you think I am.

- You're dumb, it's a fact. But I didn't mean that you were when I said I wasn't digging. It wasn't me.

- Oh, yeah? But you still have dirt on you.

- Ok, but who said I was digging? You liar, you don't have any proof of it.

- Hey, don't be rude, Dude! I'm not a liar. I saw you. If you were not digging, what you were doing, gymnastics?

- Oh, my GOD! Leave me ALONE! I was hiding from your stupid golf ball, that's all!

The Magical Flower

By Ammida-Elizabeth Mulenda

I don't know why but my discussion with Mr. Owl gave me the strive to learn more information about owls and cows. First, I had the idea of following the owl later on. I stayed behind the trash bin near the building and started to run when it left. This bird was flying very fast and I had to do my best to have the answer to a question about them. When it stopped, we were in the woods and I heard something strange: owls and cows had been competing to find a mysterious treasure for over twenty years.

The treasure was a blue flower that can give them the power to be stronger than other birds. I heard it in a discussion between two cows behind a big tree. The night after, I went back in the woods and decided to try to find the flower before them. For two months, I searched everywhere it could be. One day, my friend and I were playing in my garden when, at one moment, Derek yelled my name:

- Mathieu, come see what I found!

- What is it? I answered.

- It's a flower, the rarest flower that I've seen in my life!

I was so excited. I had finally found the thing that cows and owls were fighting for! When I took it, I saw yellow shining eyes looking at me. I ran as fast as I could and went to hide in my house. I was so proud of me!

The Owl Attack

By Pier-Olivier Ouellet

With that last sentence the bird really scared me. My body unfroze almost immediately and I started to run as fast as I could. I accidentally dropped my golf balls but I was too afraid to go get them back. When I finally got inside the clubhouse I calmed myself and started to look for my father. I found him in the bathroom and he was drunk. He thought my story was funny but didn't believe a word of it.

- Son, make a man out of yourself and go get those golf balls!

- But, Dad, there's a huge scary owl outside!

- Some small bird won't kill you, and if you don't find those balls, you better say goodbye to golf!

With that last threat in mind I forgot about the crow. I knew I had to get those golf balls somehow, otherwise golf would've been over for me. I was surely going to meet this owl again. So, I took some weapon and armor to defend myself. I found a bucket which I made two holes in so that I could see through. I then grabbed a flashlight that I duct taped on the helmet so that I could see, because it was night time. Lastly, I grabbed my golf club and went outside. I could see that my golf balls weren't that far as they were shining in the grass. I then saw the owl's eyes, they were red. It hooted in an aggressive way and then tried to attack me. I successfully dodged the owl's attack. Mr. Owl hadn't said his last word and even though I had a helmet he started flying towards my head. Afraid but confident, I took my golf club and aimed at the owl. I had about five seconds to react. I then swung my club so hard you could hear the wind produced by its fast swing. It smashed the owl's head. It was coming in at me so fast and was so heavy that it was just deviated a bit and landed in my face. I fell to the ground and woke up about thirty minute later with blood on my face. I washed myself in a nearby pond and took the ball that had felt on the grass earlier. I then gave my ball to my father and he told me:

- You see, young boy, it wasn't that hard! Now, go home, and go to sleep!

The Little Crow
By Gabrielle Raboin

- No, I'm not gonna scam until I know what the crow was searching for!

- Perfect, she was... Well... I don't know what she was searching for. He, he.

After Mister Owl told me the truth, I took a deep breath and just screamed the loudest I could: "OH MY GOD!", came out of my body. Mister Owl turned around and just said:

- Are you okay now? Are you fine? Can we talk?

- Yes, I am...

After looking around for literally five minutes, I said:

- We need to know what this mysterious crow was searching for.

- Maybe we can just... follow her into the forest?

- Well... That sounds great.

An hour later

- It's been an hour since we left the club and we didn't found nothing.

- I know but if you really want to know we have to continue following her with discretion.

- I FORSAKE!

- Why?

- I could run like a weird clown in a circus just to find out what the crow was searching for...

- Well, it's your choice Mathieu, I respect it.

- Thanks Mister Owl.

- Welcome boy.

After taking a walk to the club, we heard a really weird sound, a loud one.

- OH, MY GOD!

- What happened, Mathieu?
- The crow... SHE'S BACK!
- Yes, I can see her!
- No, this can't be happening...
- What?
- She's not alone, she came back with her crew!

Five seconds later Mathieu said:

- We need to follow her, NOW!
- And you say that to me?
- Yes, and?
- Whatever, we have to go!

The crow was with her family, searching for the treasure, her baby. Five minutes, after getting some worms for her little crow, she came back to the family nest and he was gone. So, she flew all around the forest and found nothing. She was so sad. She called her family and now they were trying to find the little baby crow.

- Do you hear that?
- No! What are you talking about, Mathieu?
- That little weird sound.
- Yes!
- Guys! I think we found your baby!
- Thanks guys, we're coming!
- Great!

Ten minutes later

- Where is he?

- We need to find my little baby...
- Don't worry. We're gonna find him.

Five minutes later

- I FOUND HIM!
- Oh, my god! Thanks... You are an angel.
- Ha, ha! No.
- We need to go my little crow.
- Yeah, me too, I need to go meet my parents.
- Yes, bye.
- Bye!
- Thanks Mister Owl for helping me find the little crow.
- Welcome, Boy!
- I need to go now.
- Yes, me too.
- Bye!
- Bye, see you later, I guess...
- Yeah, later...

My New Life

By Bianca Rancourt

- I was pleased to meet you, too.

After this awkward conversation with the owl, I continued my walk to get to the clubhouse. Finally, when I arrived there, I saw a lot of my friends and my mom. They shouted: "SURPRISE! Happy birthday Mathieu!" I didn't understand because my birthday was in three months, it wasn't that day. I looked at my mom and asked:

- Mom, where are your friends, and my dad?

- Your dad died last night, Mathieu.

At this moment, I fell to the floor. My head hurt a chair. I fainted.

When I opened my eyes, I could only hear my mom saying: "Mathieu, Mathieu? It's a joke! Hoo! Hoo! Hoo..." This sound reminded me of something, I thought about Mister Owl. When I looked at my mom, I understood everything that had been strange for me to me since my day one on Earth. My mom was an owl! My dad and my friends, too! The clubhouse was a club for owls. The owl that I saw when I got to the clubhouse, Mister Owl, was my mom! It's for this reason that Mister Owl was so stressed.

Today, I'm 45 years old, I can explain it all to you. At eight years old, in the owl calendar, we have to choose if we want to change into an owl or remain in our human body. I decided to change for this because I can be human, too. After hitting a chair with my head, my life changed for the rest of my days...

The Return of the Owl

By Zachary Robichaud

He disappeared in a single flap of a wing and then I continued to walk along the park of golf. When I finished my game, I had this idea of going back where the crow was digging. When I arrived at the destination, the crow was digging a big golden bell an owl sign on the front, on the left, not the right and behind the bell. I had the impression that if I rang the bell maybe I will be able to call the mighty owl? I searched under the ground to find maybe like a mallet or something that I can use to make enough noise to call it. I searched and suddenly I heard a big bang. I continued to dig and saw a little shiny object, it was a golden mallet! I dug a little more just to be able to take it out of the dirt. When I took it out, I heard a big "hoo" and I hadn't even hit the bell. When I hit the bell with the mallet, it made a strange noise just like a flap of wings but much bigger than last time. Suddenly, the owl came back.

- What are you doing with the mighty owl bell?
- I wanted to know what you were talking about sooner
- Oh, that conversation! Ah, ah, ah, I was just kidding, Kid!
- Are you serious? I dug up that big bell and that mallet for a stupid joke?
- Yes, you did! Ah, ah, ah!

After that he returned where he became. For my vengeance, I'm gonna sell it to a local museum and they are gonna ring the bell each day for the rest of eternity.

What Happened in the Woods

By Alisha Rony

I did what Mister Owl told me to. I scrambled. I ran towards the clubhouse. I had to share my story with my parents. I sprinted for two minutes! I was so out of breath... While my parents were waiting for me in the lobby, I burst in. I scared them. My mother screamed. She was worried. She asked me what was wrong. I told her everything. No details were missed. She looked at my dad and they both started laughing. I was so confused. This wasn't a joke. They said that I was tired and I imagined things. I was hurt. My own parents wouldn't believe me. Tomorrow night, I will show them wrong.

I took my father's Palaroid and placed it in my backpack. I went along and did what I would normally do every day. I played golf and rode golf carts. It was 7:55 PM. I was so excited to prove my parents wrong. I took the Palaroid out of my backpack. There it was! The crow was at the same spot. I took a photo of it. The flash scared him away. I noticed something whitish coming out of the ground. I came closer to it. Then, Mister Owl came and said:

- Well, well, well. Didn't I tell you to go away?

- I want to prove my story to my parents.

- Hoo! Go on then. Dig and you'll surely have the last word, hoo!

And that's what I did. My hands were dirty, filthy. I was scared to see what was down there. And that's when I felt something in my hands. I pulled it out of the ground.

It was a bone! I was frightened. I took my father's Palaroid and quickly took a picture. I then started to run. Mister Owl was flying right above me. I was close to the clubhouse. I never ran that fast. I finally got in. Mister Owl was standing on a tree branch, looking right at me. My parents were waiting for me in the lobby as usual. I was confident. I showed them the picture. Their eyes squinted. That's when my mother said:

- Honey, there's nothing wrong here...

What was wrong with me? Was I ok?

My New Best Friend

By Léa Tremblay

After talking to Mister Owl, I decided to go eat my supper. I ate lasagna with all my family. We also ate a chocolate cake. After eating my dessert, Later, I went to my room to play video games. A moment later I heard a discreet noise from out my big window. I decided to get out of bed to see what was happening. I opened the window and saw a big owl standing in the tree. It was Mister Owl! He said to me with a very deep voice: "Hi, my friend!", and I said "Hi" back to him. He flew away instantly when my mom knocked on my door to say to me I had played enough video game for the day. When she got out of my room I was sad because Mister Owl had gone away again. At 12 o'clock, I decided to go to sleep and prayed to see Mister Owl again tomorrow. When I woke up the next morning, I brushed my teeth. I took a shower and ate. I went back to the clubhouse to salute everyone, then I played golf.

The Camping Trip

By Zachary Tremblay

When I thought I wouldn't see him again, the most insane thing happened to me...

My parents organized a vacation. We went to visit a natural park in California. I had grown up a little since the last time I talked to the owl about the crow. I was ten years old then. When we arrived, we were stunned by the view. We set up our camp beside a gigantic water fall. One after noon, right after lunch, I decided to explore the vast site.

There were very tall trees everywhere. I didn't think I would see a lot of animals but I did. The last one I saw was a buck. I decided to follow him in the woods. While I was getting deeper and deeper into the woods, I lost the buck. I didn't know where I was and it was getting dark. I decided to make a campfire and build a little shelter so I could sleep but, even with a shelter surprisingly comfortable and a warm fire, I was not able to sleep because of the noises outside. I thought it was a wolf and his pack.

In the morning, I was thirsty and I was starving. After a long thought, I decided to walk towards the closest water source so it could lead me to the waterfall. When I arrived there, I saw him. Mister Owl was waiting for me. While he was guiding me through the forest, we talked of past years, and he finally told me what the crow was doing back then. The crow was hunting for a rat...

The End?
Why should there be one?