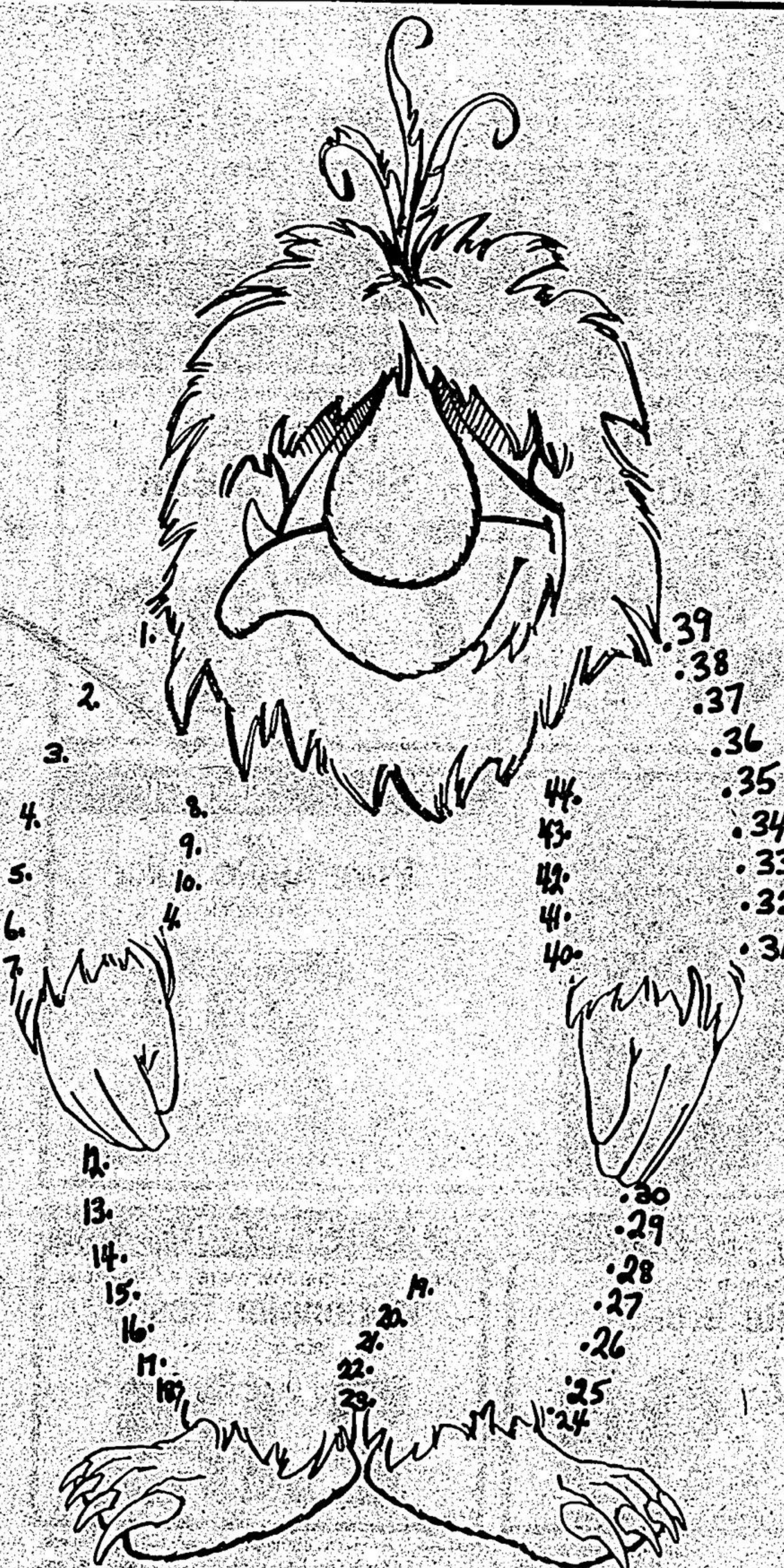


Weekender

Children's Page



Connect the dots, color the Clump, and you could win two free tickets to the opening night performance of The Valiant Tailor, Dec. 21 at the Markham Theatre. Twenty pairs of tickets will be drawn for the Theatre 48 Production following the close of the contest. Bring entries to the

Economist and Sun, 9 Heritage Rd., Markham, or the Tribune, 54 Main St. W., Stouffville, no later than 5 p.m., Tuesday, Dec. 10. Winners will be announced in the Dec. 14 issue of the Weekender.

Franklin Street Public School

Memory of a friend

Warm and glowing
A bright July Day,
My friend and I walking
Hearing a loud clicking noise.
It's becoming louder,
The truck is very near,
It's behind us now.
It swerves to the right,
Hitting Cindy.....
My friend,
My soul mate.
Her motionless body is on the
pavement.
Red is staining her pretty yellow dress.
The driver's here beside me
now.
"She's my friend,
You hit my friend!"
Yelling loudly.
"Help my friend,
She's hurt,"
But I couldn't speak.
My soul mate....
My friend.
Cindy, white as her purse.

Not saying any more words
Except the expression on her pale face.
"I'm only thirteen. I have lots to live for."
The ambulance is now here,
Taking her away.
Putting a part of my life
On the white stretcher.
There goes my "good luck charm".
Please don't take her.
I go with the police.
I'm at the hospital
Waiting for Cindy.
But Cindy isn't there.
She gave up to
A drunk driver.
An irresponsible woman who killed
My friend,
My soul mate
Cindy.

Wendi Crawford
Grade 8

Three-cent surprise

I trudged slowly through the leaves, head down. Suddenly two boys jumped out from behind a large tree. They were both wearing black leather jackets with a devil symbol on the back. They were also wearing blue jeans, worn at the knees and faded.

The first one was tall and lean. His face had a red scar running from above his left eye to his right cheek. His hair was long and black. Around his head was a red handkerchief used as a headband.

The other one was short but also

looked tough. He looked as though he had a fight with a mack truck. His face was scarred and bruised and his jacket was well worn.

They simultaneously brought out their switch blades and demanded my money. Without hesitation I gave them my last three cents. They angrily searched for more money and then left.

Now laughing, I went to the store, pulled my dollar out of my shoe and bought a chocolate bar.

Chris Kelsey
Grade 8

An ape named Boogie

Once upon a time there was an ape named Boogie.

He was eating a big bowl of porridge and he splashed it all over himself.

He tried to get it off with his claws but his claws got stuck.

Boogie called his mother to help him but she stuck to him. The

mother called for the Dad but he got stuck too.

They pulled and pulled and fell over on the grass. The porridge had dried by now and they looked like a statue.

Laura Green
Grade 2

If I had a pet dinosaur

If I had a pet dinosaur, I would ride it. I would ride it on the street.

People would be scared of me and my dinosaur. That would make me sad.

I might have to keep him in the backyard.

What would I feed him? I would have to feed him leftovers but

maybe that wouldn't be enough. I would feed him grass, but maybe that wouldn't be enough.

Maybe I would have to send him to Florida to eat oranges.

What would you do?

By Nicholas Stoneman
Grade 2

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