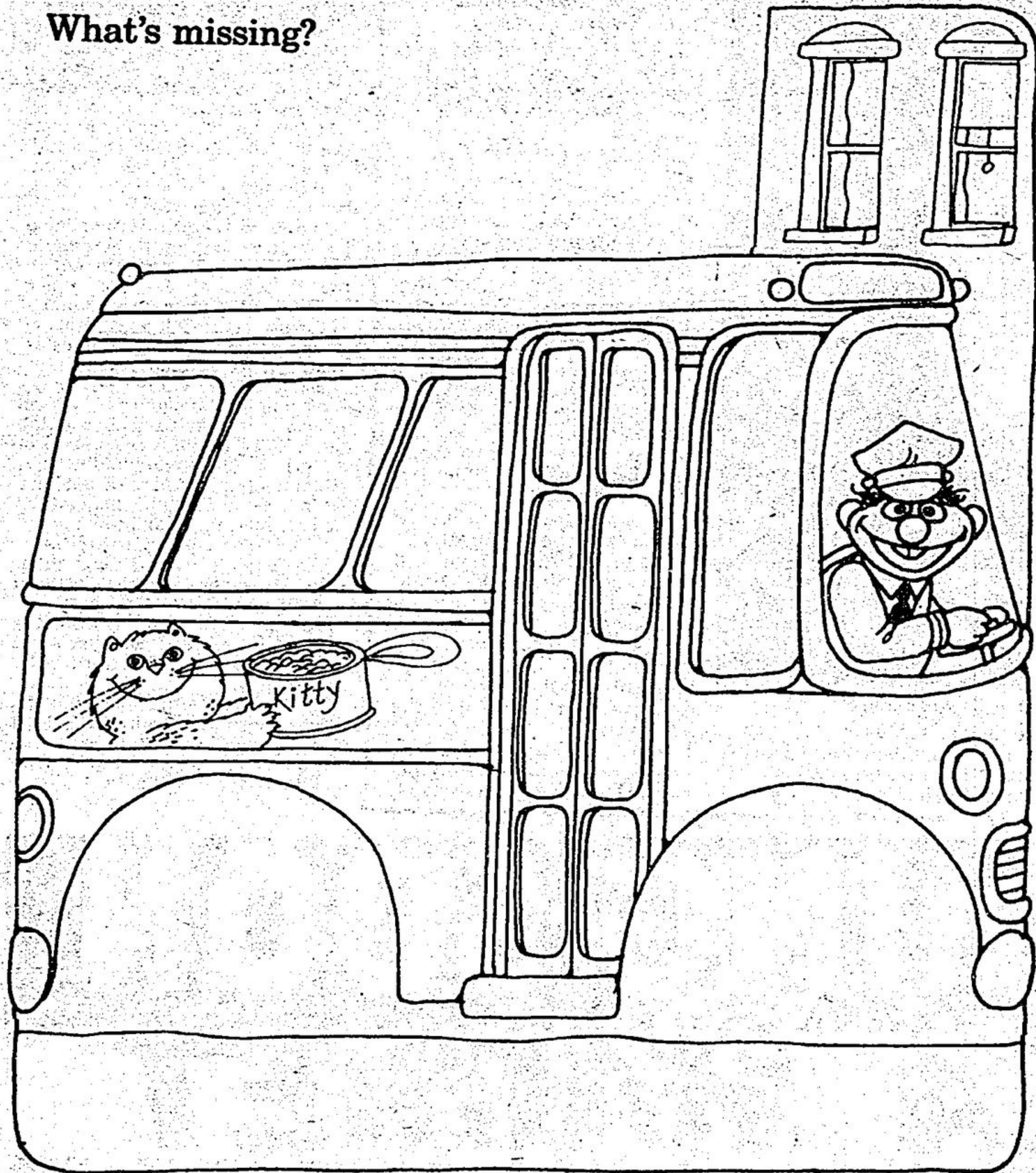


Weekender

Children's Page

What's missing?



Kateri Tekakwitha Catholic School Wishing well

One fine day in the land of large breakfasts little Jhonny B. Good went out to play.

Now Jhonny was always playing by the old well and today he decided to make a new game with the well, so first he tried running around the well and then climbing over it, but that was no fun at all.

He tried and tried, but could not think of a new game so he decided to play the usual, swinging across the well in the bucket.

On the third swing he lost his penny. As soon as he found this out he jumped to the grass. As he was trying to think of ways to get it back he said, "I wish I had my penny back."

So in half a second he had his penny in his hand. "You have two more wishes," came a mysterious voice from the well.

"Boy, oh boy, oh boy," said Jhonny, "a magic wishing well. Oh well, might as well make 'em useful."

"You have two more wishes," the well repeated.

"Okay, okay already," Jhonny said an annoyed voice.

"First I wanna wish for 500

more wishes."

"First of all," said the well, "you didn't say the magic word, 'please'. And second, you can't do that."

"Do what?"

"Wish for more wishes."

"May I please have more wishes?"

"Come on. Wish for something realistic," said the well.

"Fine with me. I wish for 500 pennies so that would be, let's see. I got it! 1,500 wishes."

"Okay," said the well. "But you have one more wish."

"I wish to be a movie star," said Jhonny.

"It shall be done Jhonny," said the well. "Hey how did you know my name?"

"Well the author (Dean Spence) has been repeating it so many times, what did you expect?"

"Now," said the well. "You can drop in your first penny and we can start on your 1,500 wishes."

So Jhonny started on his 1,500 wishes far, far away in the land of large breakfasts.

By Dean Spence
Grade 6

Some alligator stew

Willoughby, wallaby, woo
I had some alligator stew.
Willoughby, wallaby, wee
An alligator sat on me.
Willoughby, wallaby, wash

I'm feeling kinda squashed.
Willoughby, wallaby, woo
I don't know what to do.

Tamara Russel
Grade 4

Return of the three chicks

A long time ago there were three chicks.

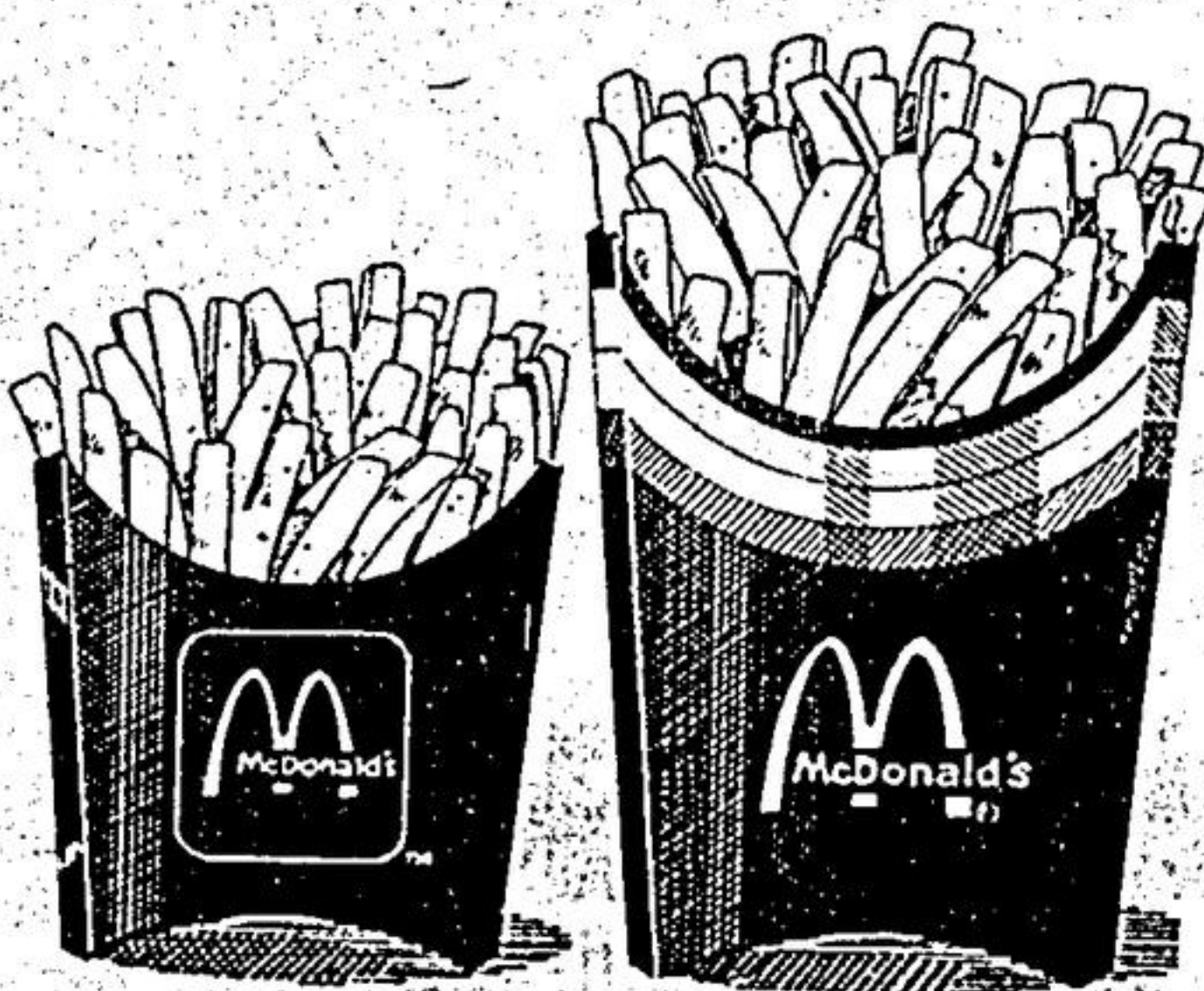
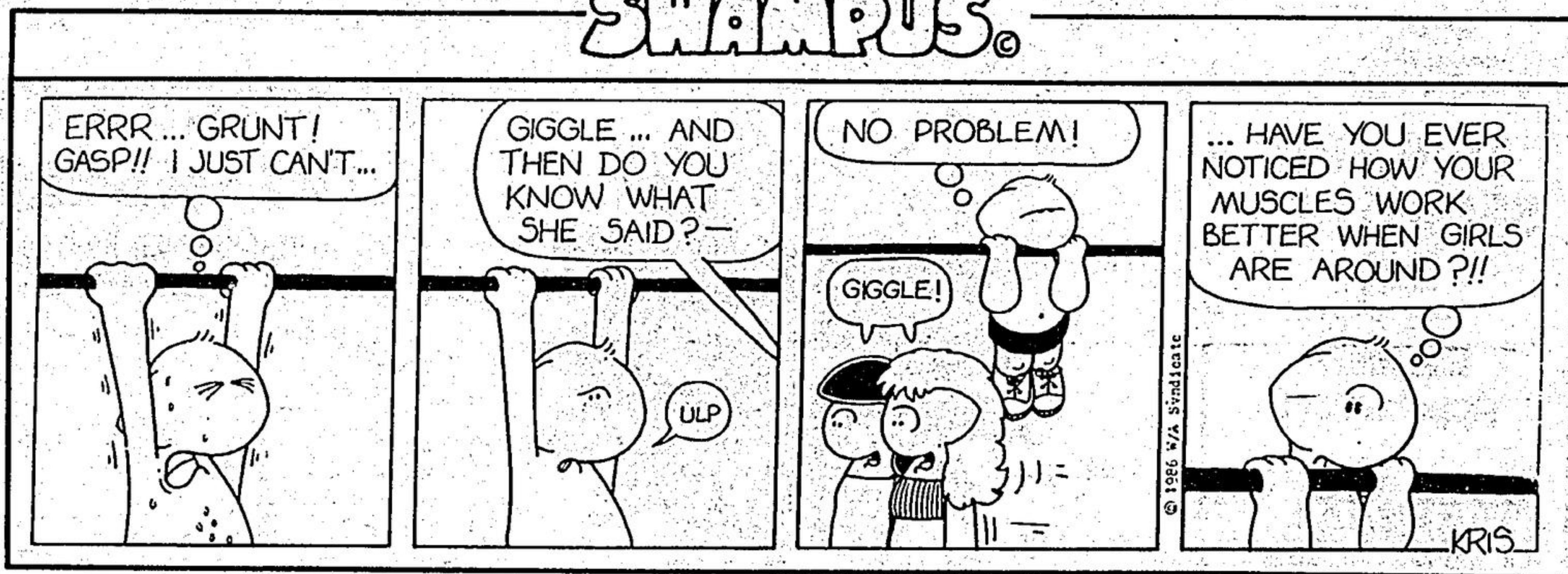
They remembered that once two of their parents' eggs were stolen by humans, and the three chicks were going to do something about it.

So they left to go to their home town. They brought weapons. They wouldn't need them, but you never know.

When they got there the chicks thought of an idea, let's move the chicken campground to a safe place and saved other chicks from the same thing that happened to their parent's eggs.

Mike Bevacqua
Age 9

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