

4. ročník

PEN AND STORY

2021



Napiš příběh
v angličtině...

PEN AND STORY!

WRITE A STORY!

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Trip to the Unknown
The Jeff-tastic Catastrophe
Black Airship
The Secret Garden
Murder on a Cruise Ship
Friendship Doesnt Always Work the
Way You Expect It
Scout Trip
Little Elephant
Time of Ghosts
Heroic Potato
Hero
Together
Cube
Flower

The Apocalypse
Sea
October 1st That Day
Colors
Trip for Sunrise
Trick or Treat
Dancing Panda
Be Careful What You Wish For
My Family, My Mission
Kitten and Pumpkin
The Midnight Circus
The Bridge
The Robbery of the Century
Strange Voices
Dont Cheat

Stalo se to zase. Loňskou soutěž jsme končili slovy "...zase jste nás nadchli...". A vy jste nás znovu nadchli, svými zážitky a představivostí, vtipem a upřímností, a ze všeho nejvíc svou kreativitou.

Děkujeme všem autorům za sdílení svého díla. Velké díky patří také rodičům a pedagogům, kteří vás v tvorbě podporují. Nepřestávejte psát a kreslit, práce vás všech opravdu stojí za to, a my se budeme těšit na počtení v příští roce!

Terese B.

Kabral

Jurčina

Petr Horáček

Colors

Grey. Such an annoying color at times. Not light, not dark, not colorful but it's rarely used the same way as white or black. It's not a happy color nor a sad color. It's the color that seems to be all around you when your mind goes blank.

The sound of wood tapping against a second piece of the same material filled a small room. A blank canvas lays in front of a green haired woman, a pencil in her hand and no ideas in her head. Struggling to keep her eyes open on this late Sunday afternoon, she searched her surroundings for help.

The four walls around them were mostly covered by papers of all different colors and patterns, scribbles all over them. And yet, none of these pictures could set off a spark of inspiration in the greenette's mind. Except for a single sheet of paper. Although it was tiny compared to all the other rectangular objects decorating the walls, the green eyes of the freckled artist lit up upon seeing it.

Blue. It's usually used to represent sadness, grief and loneliness. It was the color that the sky was painted with as a young, green haired girl approached a playground. She couldn't think about much, other than how lost she felt. Her parents were nowhere to be seen, and the tears were prickling at the corners of her green eyes weren't helping in her search much.

She was almost ready to give up, when someone spoke in her direction.

"Hey there. Are you okay? Is something wrong?" concern laced the sweet voice as they extended their hand out for the green eyed girl. Through the salty liquid in her eyes, she could see another girl that seemed to be around her age. The freckled girl could've focused on anything else and yet the only thing she could pay attention to were the stranger's blue eyes. Although it was a sad color, from that day on, in the greenette's mind it will be the color of safety.

Red. Most of the time, people think of it as the color of anger, hatred and passionate love. But the one thing that the green haired girl associated it with was comfort. It was because of the very same girl that comforted her time and time again, ever since that day at the playground. And just like back then, the girl's green eyes were filled with tears. This time, they weren't only threatening to spill, but they were falling like waterfalls. Everything seemed to be wrong. Nothing she did could do any good, and the world was upside down.

"Hey, hey... it'll be alright," the blue eyed girl with long red hair whispered softly to her friend. Her arm was wrapped around the greenette, gently embracing her in a hug. Even though the world around her was all blurry, the green eyed girl could see her friend's gentle warm and loving smile.

Yellow. The color of many different flowers, and the sun. The one and only Sun, that shines onto the Earth for as long as there was any life on it. The same sun that was shining the day that the two friends spent their time at the very same spot they first met. A girl with long black hair, red at its ends, and her friend with short green hair, both laying on the grass in the silence. The only sound that could be heard from them (other than breathing) was bubbles popping.

As they blew one bubble after another from the rounded stick, one of the rainbow colored balls flew in front of the great star above the two friends. The colors that were previously staining its walls were now all over the playground. The green haired teen's eyes widened at the beautiful sight.

This awe-inducing moment ended as quickly as it began when the bubble popped. The only color that was now all around them was yellow. That's why, for the freckled human, the color yellow was the color of joy.

And finally, green. The color of the nature, happiness and sickness. For the person who's eyes and hair were both painted by this color, out of these three things it only evoked the last one. For her, green was the color of all that is bad and wrong. Just like the day that it was all around them.

The smell of rain filled the air, as well as the beautiful scent of many different blooming flowers. And yet on this day, when spring finally washed over the monochromatic streets of the two friends' hometown, the green haired teen felt numb. She felt no joy, or anything good. All she could feel was anger, sadness and frustration, while she didn't really feel anything either.

She was standing in front of a green car, the hem of her sweater nearly tearing from her strong grip. Why was this happening? Why was this happening to her? What did she do wrong? Was she not enough?

"Hey... You okay buddy?" the sweet voice asked the same way as it did all those years ago. That sweet voice that kept the green haired one sane all her life. The very same girl she was strongly fond of for years. Her red hair was in a high bun, while she was dressed in a white tank top and denim jeans. Although there was no makeup covering the things that some would be insecure about, her beauty was just as overwhelmingly calming as always. Her blue eyes had that amazing blue color that her childhood friend adored oh so much.

"Yeah," the green haired teen answered, though she really wasn't. She tried to put a smile on her face to mirror her blue eyed friend, but she didn't have enough energy for that.

"I'll miss you," the freckled teen whispered as she allowed her red headed friend to embrace her in a hug. The tall girl patted her head comfortingly.

"Me too. But I've got to go now hun," she said as the greenette enjoyed the moment. The girl's warmth surrounding her for the last time, as her breathing soothed them.

The cold that came as soon as the redhead pulled away could be only compared that of the freezing nights in the Arctic. As the tall girl waved at her oldest friend, she could feel the tears forming in her blue eyes for the first time in ten years.

The numbness that the green haired girl felt that day lasted for a long time. And that's why she despised the color green.

The grey around the green haired adult disappeared as the pencil in her hands swiftly danced across the white fabric. As soon as she finished the part of the art done with the pencil, she prepared paint of all different colors. Just like the pencil, her paintbrush moved across the canvas with ease. A smile was forming on the green eyed one's lips as she finished scribbling her signature in the painting's corner. A swirl of colors and shapes was now decorating the canvas, forming the red headed girl that the artist used to know.

She didn't bother to wash her supplies, and she rushed over to her phone as soon she got out of her blue apron. After she typed her password into it, she opened the most essential app on the device. Her fingers then moved along the numbers, typing in a very familiar combination of them in. She pressed the green button on the screen eagerly, and waited for the sound of beeping to go away, and be replaced by a sweet voice instead.

The repetitive sound stopped, meaning that whoever was on the other side of the phone has picked up.

"Hello?"

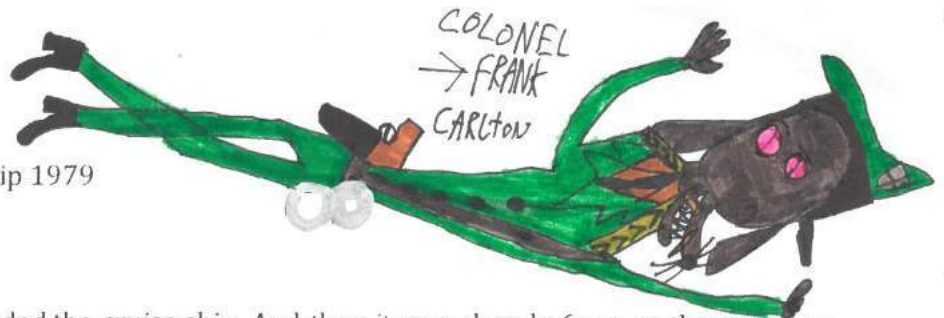
Trip for Sunrise

It was Monday and it was the principal's free day. I imagined that I could go to sunrise in Benešov. No one was at home so no one could take me to Benešov so I had to go there by bus. So I went to the bus stop. In the middle of the way I realized that I forgot money to buy a bus ticket. I was a little bit stressed about not catching the bus. When I arrived at the bus stop I was scared. I didn't know if I already missed the bus or not. I was waiting about 10 minutes for the bus and when I wanted to go home, I saw the bus in a curve. It looked like the bus driver was drunk because he was in the middle of the road, but he was just tired. I was standing at the bus stop and he almost hit me. Then he went past me and I had to shout at him to get the bus stopped. He stopped about twenty meters after the bus stop. I had to run to the bus. For a while I was looking through the bus door at him and him on me. He was looking at me like: „what you want”. He opened the door after I did a weird face. I came to the bus and I said: „One ticket to the Benešov please”. He told me that he isn't going to Benešov so I showed a monitor where it says that Benešov is the last stop. He told me: „Hmm, so I am going there”. The bus was empty. At another bus stop one man bought ticket and sat next to me. I didn't want to have a bad day so I just ignored him. I couldn't change seats because I was on that seat next to window. Whole way he was driving in the middle of road and he was honking on all drivers on right side of the road. He went wrong way so he had to go back. When we finally arrived in Benešov I was happy that I'm still alive. Then I walked to a special place and I enjoyed amazing sunrise!

Jan Šrámek and Jakub Kačer

Murder on the cruise ship 1979

by Lee Martin



All the passengers boarded the cruise ship. And then it was already 6 pm so they went to dinner, and almost everybody was full of food. But when they were leaving, the lights went out, and the colonel Carlton heard a gunshot. They found a corpse of the singer Marty the Raccoon, he was dead on the floor.

After that crazy night the investigation started. The local detective that boarded the ship started hearing all the passengers, starting with the colonel Frank Carlton.

After that the duke of Chazi -Mappo Andre Marsidof. Then the captain said to the detective in the lounge that he is armed with a gun but he was eating a turkey when he heard the gunshot. Next archeologist Andre Monto. The detective was accusing him because he had poison in the room, because the comedian Josh Marrves was poisoned in his suite.

But the duke killed both because Josh Marrves stole his brother Achmed. And Marty the Raccoon stole the Marsidof treasure and the duke hated him. The detective arrested the duke and then returned to his home in Naples, FL.



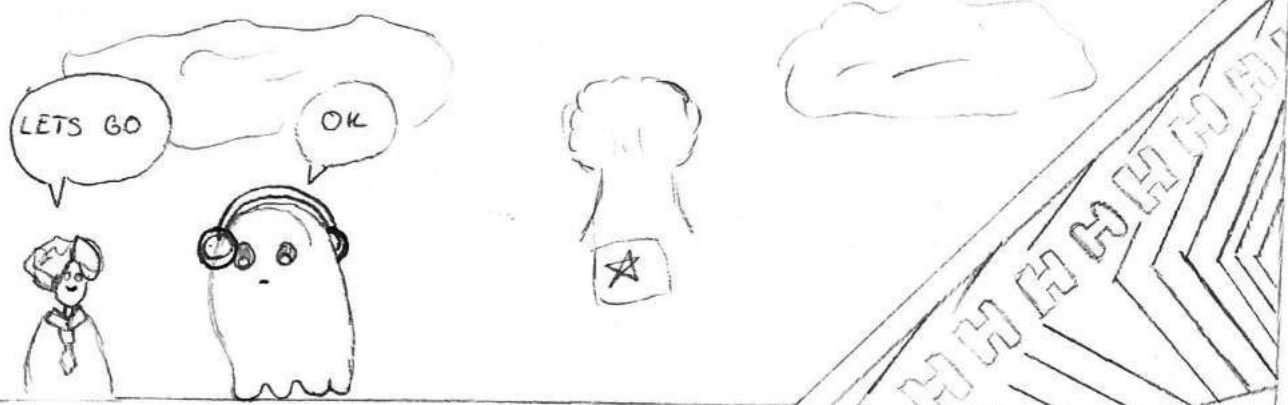
LEE
MARTIN 2021

TIME OF GHOST'S

DANIĚLA MRAŽOVÁ
13 let
ZŠ Červený Vrch



THEY HAD CHATTED FOR A WHILE AND THEN THEY DECIDED TO GO SPOOK TOBY



BOOO!

AHHHHHHHHHH

THE END

S.S. 303.

Alice was bothered by her home, so she decided to go out to sea for a while.



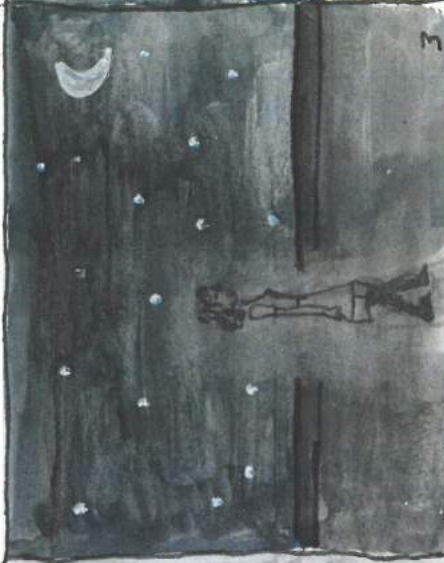
LET'S
GET
OUT!



BEAUFUL NIGHT
AND THERE ARE
A LOT OF STARS!



BUT SUDDENLY SHE SAW A
RED MOON!



THAT RED MOON WAS ESPECIALLY
BEAUFUL!

SO BEAUFUL THAT HE MADE
HER JUMP INTO THE WATER!



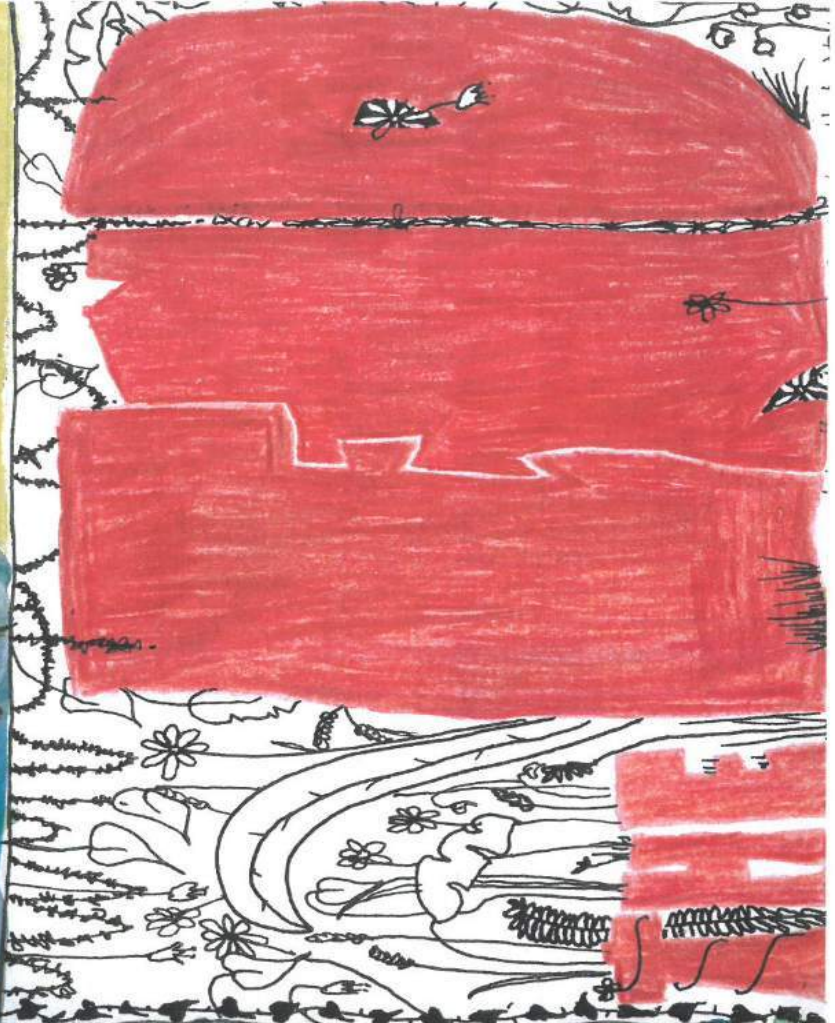
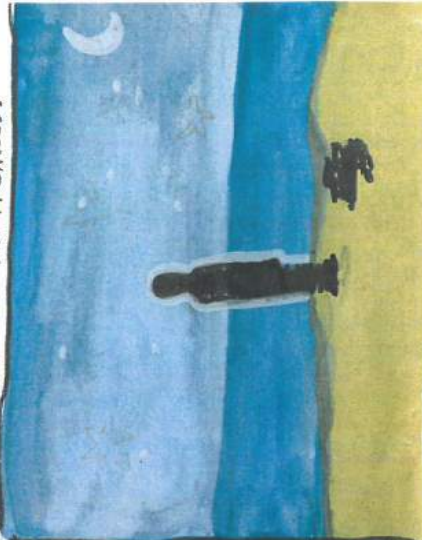
SHE HAD NEVER SEEN ANYTHING
LIKE IT!



IN THE SEA IT WAS AMAZING. LOTS OF COLORS AND LIFE. IT PUTS HER IN A VERY GOOD MOOD, ALICE WAS SURPRISED HOW BEAUTIFUL THE SEA IS.



WHEN SHE CAME OUT OF THE SEA SOMETHING WAS DIFFERENT. THE WORLD WAS SUDDENLY FULL OF COLORS AND EVERYTHING SEEMED TO ALIVE! AND THE RED MOON DISAPPEARED.



TRICK OR TREAT

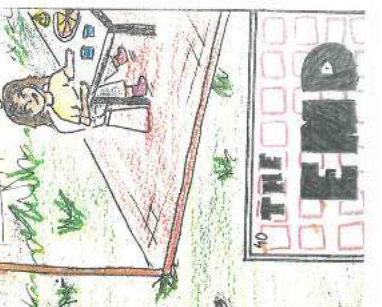
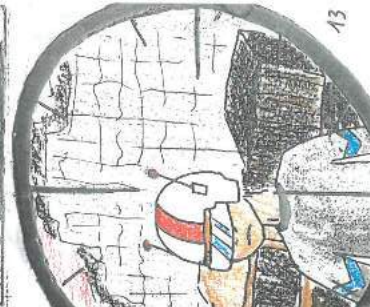
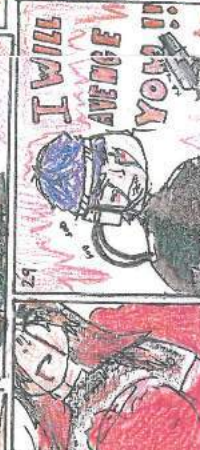
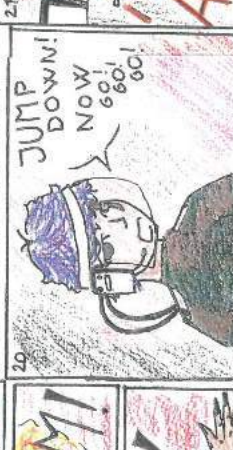
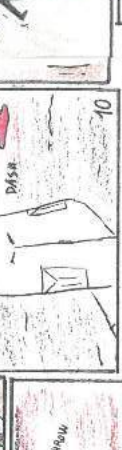
16 years old Emma was home alone. It was the 30th of October. Her parents weren't home and her little brother went trick or treating with his friends. She wanted to go too but all her friends went to this huge Halloween party. But she didn't go. She was scared her dad would find out and will be grounded.

It was about 9pm and was getting extremely bored. She started trying on different outfits and while throwing all her clothes out of her closet, she noticed a dress. "How did this get here?" she thought to herself. It was a beautiful, long, blue velvet dress from the 50s. She tried it on and it fit like a glove! She quickly did her make-up and hair and BOOM! She looked like Marilyn Monroe.

After she finished cleaning her closet Emma went downstairs. But on her way there she heard something. "Give me back my dress.", a soft voice said. She turned around but there wasn't anybody there. She decided to just wash it off but in the kitchen she heard it again. "Give me back my dress!". It was clearly a woman's voice. "Give it back!". And the lady was very angry. "Didn't you hear her? She said to give it back!", a male voice joined. They both started yelling at her and Emma couldn't handle it anymore. But suddenly the door bell rang. The voices stopped. Emma stood up and went to check who is it. She was relieved that the house was finally quiet, but what if it was something worse than just voices. She looked through the window. It was just a group of kids. She quickly picked up some candy and rushed to the door. She opened it and smiled at them. But when she looked at their faces they were terrified. They started screaming and running away. "Hey! Wait! What happened?", Emma yelled at them, but they didn't even look back. All confused she closed the door and went to the living room. And that's when she saw her reflection in the glazed almara. She was completely covered in blood. From tip to toe. It was dripping all over the floor. She had deep and ugly scars, messy hair and the velvet dress was destroyed. It had holes everywhere. But it didn't look like a scary costume. It looked real. Very real. She started screaming and backing off. She hit the bookcase with her back and a book fell out. It was the exact shade of blue as the dress. A dirty photo flew out of it. Emma was super curious so she picked it up. It was a picture of a young lady. She was standing on the stair in the same house Emma lived in. And she was wearing that blue velvet dress. Emma was studying the picture and couldn't believe her eyes. She flipped it and began to read the text on the other side. "30/10/1952 Always and Forever. Your Helen♡."

THE APOCALYPSE

1 SUP. It's already day 3475. In our den is only me and DS15. It's year 50158 after end of "THE WORLD". We're waiting for funny comms.

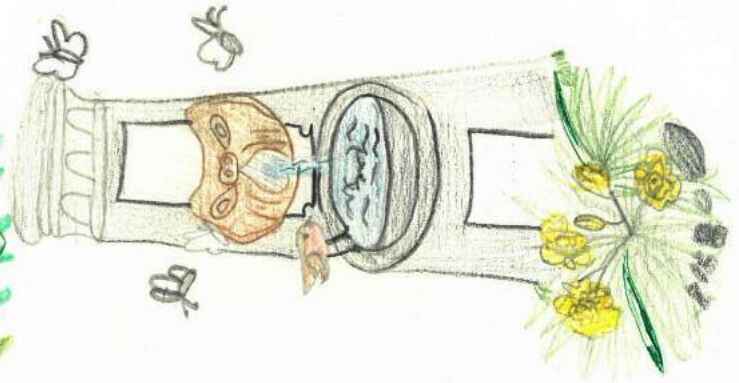


The end

Comics

The Secret

Garden



Eva Valisová, 4A



10. Wait
I know this place

12. Hang up kitty
was there

13. Oh those are steps of her room
She is my mom

16. Meow Meow

9. Now all she has to do is to find her home
I agree

11. Please Wait
I know this place too

15. It is sweet
I can't imagine it

14. In the secret garden

2. It is nice
It is true
I am going to the castle

4. She is cute
She is a kitten
She came to us from an unknown part of the garden
She got lost

6. Surprise we found the door
Meow

8. In the secret garden

1. Hello Tom so let's go to that secret garden
OK let's go Clara

3. In the castle
Wow it is amazing

5. We need to lead us to the place where she came from.
OK but she likes you more than me!
Meow Meow

7. Open the door quickly
door a lot of creaking



Friends Forever

„Moon! Come on! Hurry up! You know they can't catch you!“ Moon just snorted softly and Anna looked back. They were moving away. Great. After a while, Anna heard only the distant shouts of the pirates and the roar of their horses. They aren't pirates really, Anna just calls them that way. When they were far enough away Moon stopped. „I mean, this time it was close.“ Said Anna and slipped onto the soft grass. Moon laid down and Anna took a place next to him. She closed her eyes and said „I'm sooo glad I met you.“ Moon just blinked in agreement. „Do you know what I think? I think you look pretty similar to Moonlight.“ Moon lifted his head up. He looked offended. „Oh yeah, sorry.“ Anna laughed. „No really, you are maybe not similar on the first glance, but if you look closely you have completely the same eyes.“ Moon didn't answer. „Yeah I'd like to take a nap too.“ Agreed Anna and yawned. „I've had enough for today.“ In a moment she was wandering in Lalaland. She was dreaming and dreaming but suddenly something tickled her cheek. Anna growled and shut her eyes even tighter. But this time something licked her. She sat up with fright. It was Moon of course, and he was nervously prancing. She looked around and suddenly it was clear to her why Moon woke her up. „Damn! Damn! Double Damn!“ moaned Anna. She knew it was time to say goodbye. „It was too short! I don't want to go!“ She moaned. „Yeh, sure Longbeard is kind, but I don't like that he's trying to catch you.“ Anna sighed but she had to get back to the camp before he did. She looked at the sun. It was already sunset which means it's time to go home. Moon cheerfully poked into Anna shoulder and she smiled. „Say that you will take me home,“ asked Anna with hope. Moon neighed in agreement and Anna joyfully hopped onto his back. Moon slowly went in the direction of Anna and Longbeard's camp. When the camp was in sight, Moon stopped. „Thanks!“ said Anna quietly and hopped down. He shook his head goodbye and galloped back to the forest. Anna took a deep breath and headed to the camp, but when she arrived Longbeard stabbed her with his eyes. „Why are you late this time?“ demanded Longbeard. „Sorry uncle“ said Anna quietly. „That is not an answer to my question!“ barked Longbeard. „I was at the lake“ Anna lied. „And why weren't you there when we were passing by?“ asked Longbeard suspiciously. „Weeellll, I was kind of everywhere. But most of the time I was at the lake.“ Said Anna. But Longbeard was still looking at her veeeeery suspiciously. „And where exactly were you?“ he asked again. Anna started to sweat. She didn't like to lie, although she did almost every evening. Each time she felt bad about it but then she said to herself „I'm doing it for Moon“ and then she did not feel so bad. „W-w-well ...“ stuttered Anna. Suddenly she felt a well-known tickling on her neck. Moonlight! Anna happily turned around and cuddled Moonlight's neck. Moonlight nickered and Longbeard said „Fine, you got out of it this time but

next time, I won't let you go off so easily." He turned around and stomped away. „Yeah, I know these threats. He said it the last time and perhaps the time before.“ Said Anna quietly. „How about you? Would you like dinner too?“. Moonlight neighed in agreement. Anna laughed „Come.“ Both of them went to the stables. Anna went to Moonlight's stall with her, closed her in and went to fetch the food. When she was coming back with a bag of hay, Moonlight started to paw and neigh hungrily. When Anna was in front of her stall Moonlight reared. However, once she saw the hay then she stopped. Anna smiled and opened her stall. Moonlight stood steady like a statue and only after Anna put the hay down did she started to gulp it down. Anna smiled and went back for dinner. There was unusual silence in the dining room. Longbeard was intensively thinking about something and the others were scared to disturb him. „We will prepare a trap for that horse!“ said Longbeard suddenly. Anna got frightened and wanted to say something. Then she rather changed her mind. She didn't want to create a suspicion that she's seeing Moon. „But what trap? There are a lot of traps.“ Said one of the bandits after a while. „Well that's the thing...“ said Longbeard thoughtfully. Anna couldn't listen to it anymore. They want to set a trap for Moon! She stood up and ran to the stable. Moonlight was sleeping so she didn't want to wake her. She just sighed and went outside. In the paddock opposite the stable Prince was looking at her curiously. His dark brown fur was shining like a dark emerald in the weak orangey shades of a sunlight. Anna smile and run towards him. The dark stallion joyfully neighed and trotted closer. Anna climbed over the fence and slipped into the soft grasses in the paddock. Prince wishfully looked towards the saddle over the fence. Anna shook her head and said „Maybe tomorrow, I can't today anymore.“ Prince sadly looked at Anna and the saddle. Anna saw his sad expression so she started running in the paddock. Prince followed her until he caught up to her. They were running there a while until Anna dropped to the ground exhausted. Prince leaned his head towards Anna and sighed. Anna looked at his surprise and said „I should probably go now.“ Prince got sad. „I will come tomorrow.“ Promised Anna. She stood up and went into the house. In the night Anna had a wild dream. She had a dream that they caught Moon. She was tossing and turning the whole night. Even though she was trying hard she couldn't wake up. The next day Anna sat down for breakfast and looked around. Everyone else was still sleepy and their hair was messy. However, Anna didn't feel like eating. She was feeling miserable because of the bad dream. She stood up and said that she is not hungry. Longbeard growled but let her go. She ran out of the dining room and rushed to the forest but suddenly she heard a neigh and looked back. It was Prince of course. He was looking at her with his big longing eyes and Anna sigh „I will come back after lunch, I promise.“ Prince didn't answer, he was just looking how Anna disappeared. When Anna arrived to the place where she meets Moon, she started to look around. Moon wasn't there. She was just about to turned around when she heard the familiar neigh. Moon trotted to her and poked her

happily. Anna laughed and hopped on his back. „Let’s go!“ said Anna and off they went. Moon galloped through the forest for a long time and Anna hoped that it could stay like this forever. Moon suddenly started to slow down. Anna got frightened but then she realised why. Moon was tired. No surprise – he was galloping for almost half an hour. Anna slipped onto the soft moss and sat down. Moon stood next to her and started to breath deeply. „I should probably go now.“ Said Anna quietly. „Lunch is going to be ready soon and I promised to Prince that we will ride after lunch.“ Moon looked confused. „I didn’t tell you anything about Prince?“ asked Anna. „Well, he’s a beautiful dark brown stallion. He’s got short main and big kind eyes.“ Anna said. She stood up and kissed him. Moon quietly snorted goodbye. He waited until she got out of sight and then he trotted away. Anna ran to the camp as fast as she could. Her long red messy hair was just fluttering in the air. When she arrived everybody was just about to go for lunch. When lunch finished, Anna stood up wanting to walk away but Longbeard didn’t let her go. „What’s the hurry?“ „I am going to ride Prince.“ Anna answered. „And what about asking me? *Princelet* is **my** horse! And don’t call him Prince! His name is *Princelet*!“ angrily said Longbeard. Anna rolled her eyes „Can I please ride *Princelet*?“ asked Anna. „Of course.“ Answered Longbeard. „Thank you.“ Anna responded and left. She went to the paddock where Prince was standing. She grinned and asked „How are you *Princelet*?“ Prince squealed with irritation. Anna smiled and went to pick up the saddle. When they were on their way out, Moonlight offendedly neighed. „Oh my god! I’ve almost forgot about you!“ said Anna. She took Moonlight out of the stall and put a halter on her. She tied her to the saddle. Then they went together to the village. When they returned it was already sunset and Anna had one thought on her mind – to go and see Moon. In a moment she was in her bed. She was so tired and fell asleep in no time. She had a beautiful dream. At half past four she woke up. She immediately jumped out of her bed and still in her pyjamas, she ran to the forest. She was pretty tired when she arrived to the forest. She looked around and then she saw Moon. He was sleeping on a small glade. Anna ran and laid next to him. The sun was already rising and the birds were singing. Close by there was a titmouse teaching her babies to fly. She was encouraging them with her soft singing. Anna sighed happily. There were a lot of adventures ahead of them.

Ellen Gurney

11 years

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777 006 466

Dancing Panda

MY DANCING PANDA

I was home alone yesterday. I was watching a panda from the Edinburgh Zoo through an online camera. He bit bamboo, drank water and slept. Because he was biting and eating bamboo for a long time, I called him a bamboo-biter.

The next morning I turned on the Edinburgh on-line camera and saw that the bamboo-biter was asleep. I called to him, "Pando, get up!" Panda raised his head and stood in front of the camera and began to look directly at me. I was waving at him. The bamboo-biter picked up his paw and waved at me as well. "Yeah, he's listening to me!" I shouted. I started dancing. The bamboo-biter started dancing as well. The camera showed that more and more people were gathering on the shredder at his paddock. Then I had to say goodbye to the bamboo-biter. The next day, when I came home from school and turned on my PC, I saw the headlines "The Edinburgh Zoo has a dancing panda at." The article showed a video of a panda dancing my dance. It was also written there that no one knows why the panda dances.

Since then, I've been dancing with my bamboo-biter every day. The Edinburgh Zoo has a lot of new visitors who go to watch the panda.

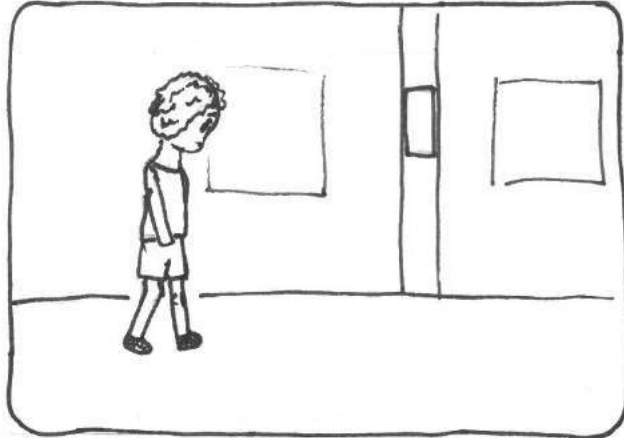


Written and created by: Daniela Řeháková, 7C ZŠ BÍLA

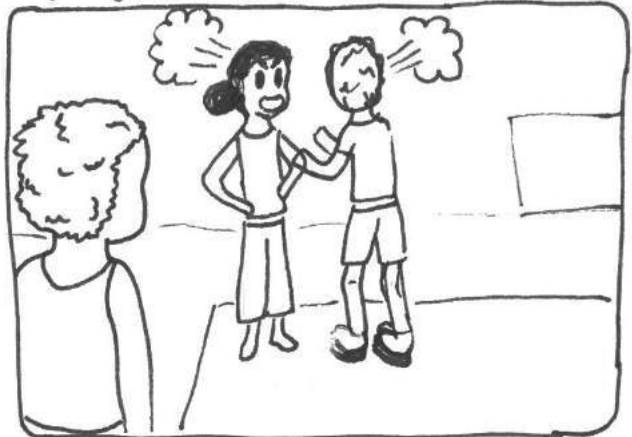
Hero

Jolana Kalousova
14 years old
ZŠ Červený vrch

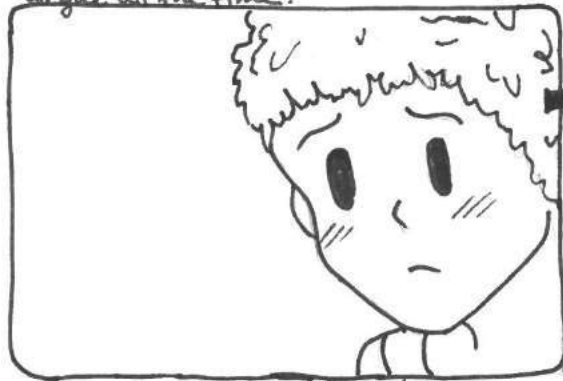
Liam goes to swimming lessons every Friday and his parents always come get him home.



Liam find his parents but they are arguing so he don't wanna go to them.



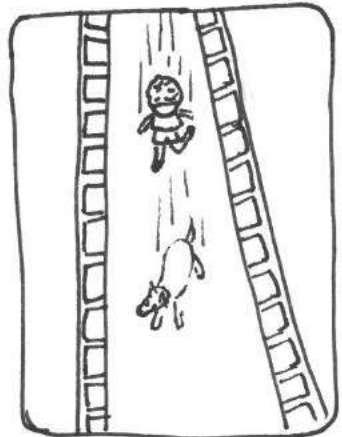
He's really sad about his parents because he love them both but they argue all the time.



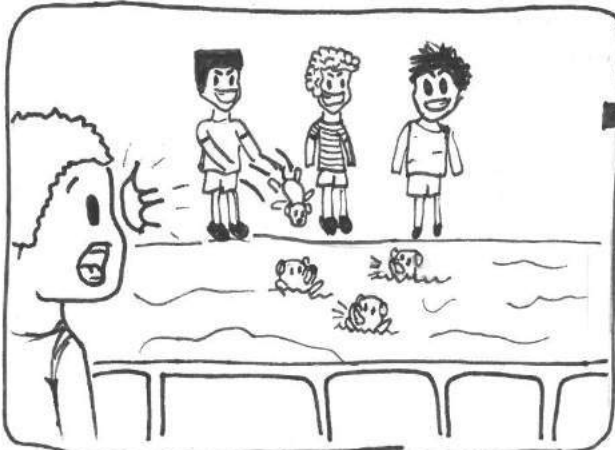
Suddenly, he feel something grab his t-shirt from the back. The dog wants to follow him.

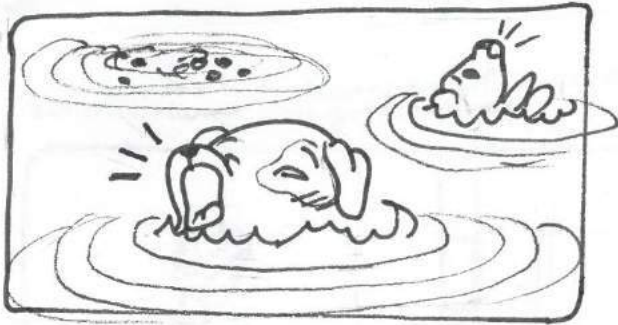


Liam's running as fast as he can because the dog is so fast

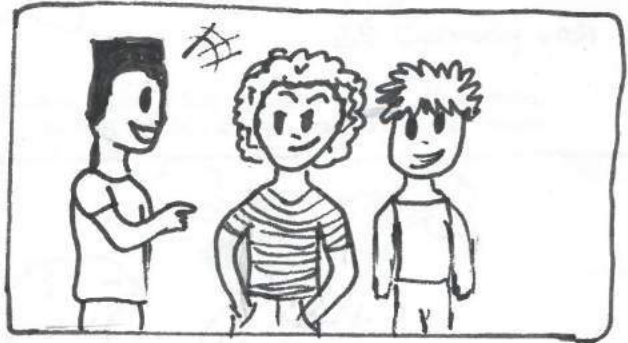


Liam sees guys about his age, how throws puppies in the water.

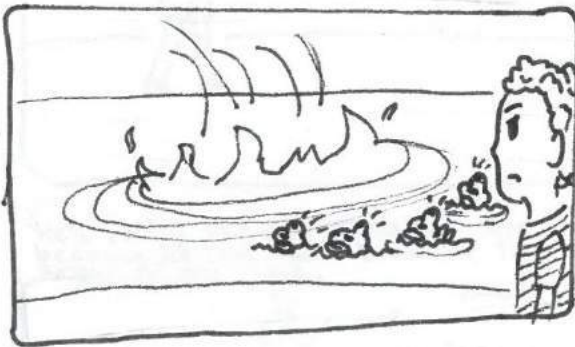




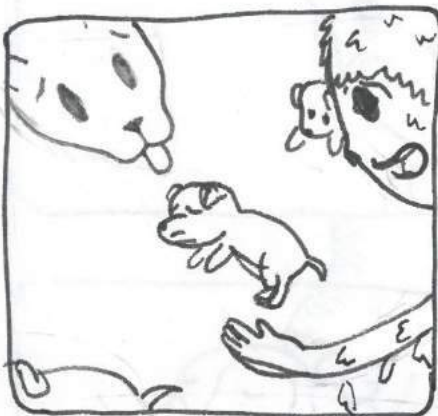
Liam must help them?



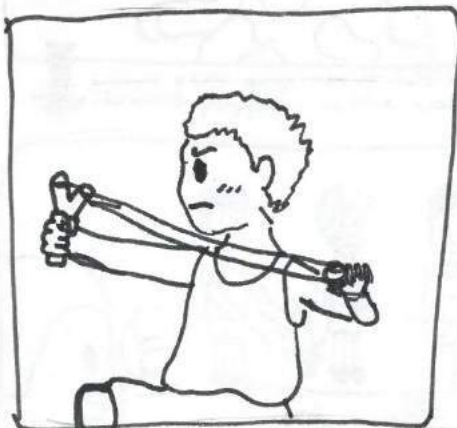
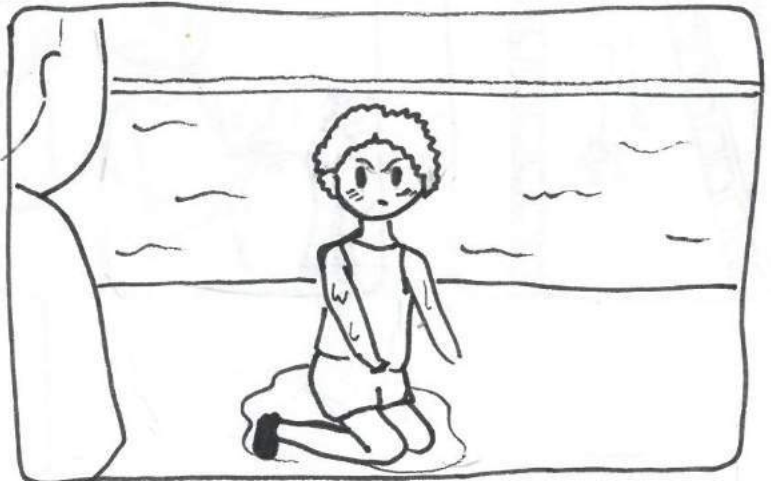
Liam pulled puppies from the water to their moon, but there ~~was~~ are the guys still standing here.



He gets angry. No one should behave like that.



Liam wants revenge.



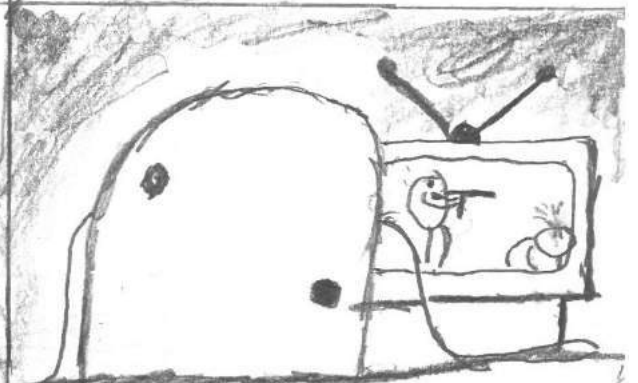
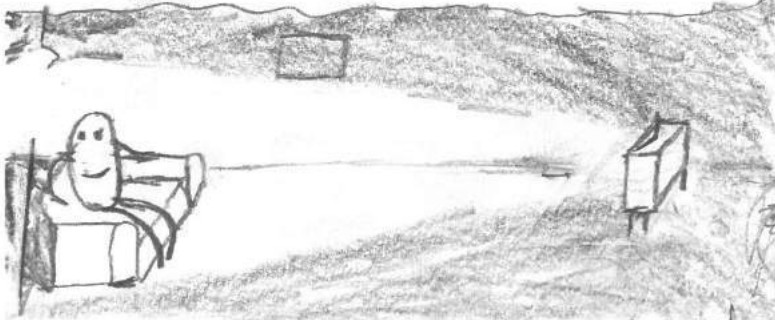
THE END



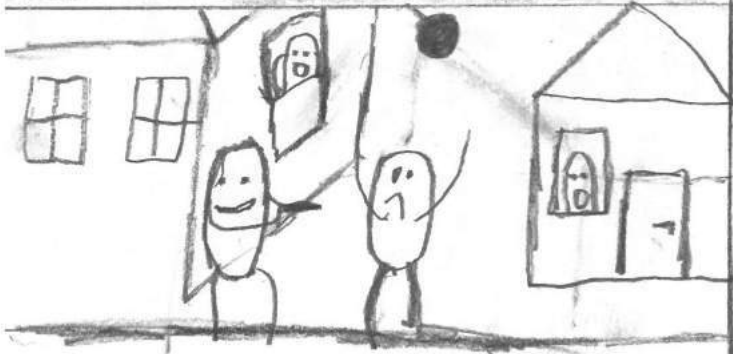
AEROIC POTATO

name : Jan Jember
age : 13
school : 25 Community
much

MR. POTATO lived a great
life.



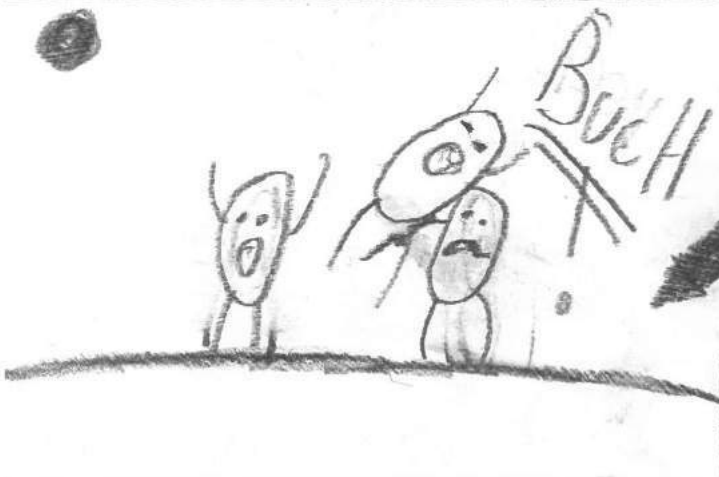
EVERY NIGHT HE WATCHED ON TV SHOW
POTATOES IN ACTION

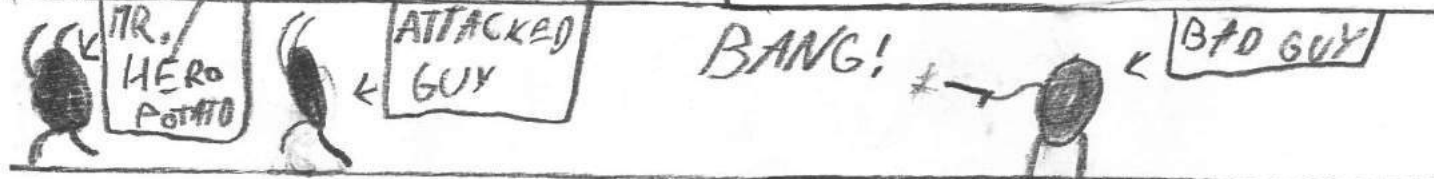
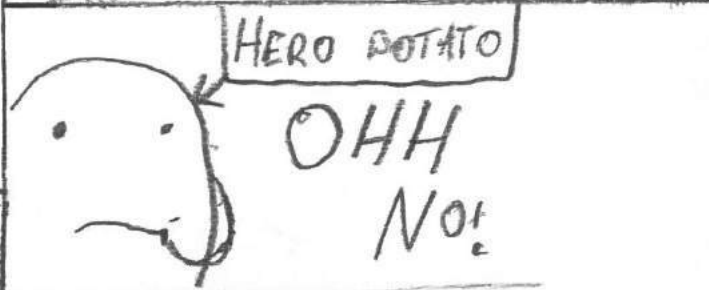
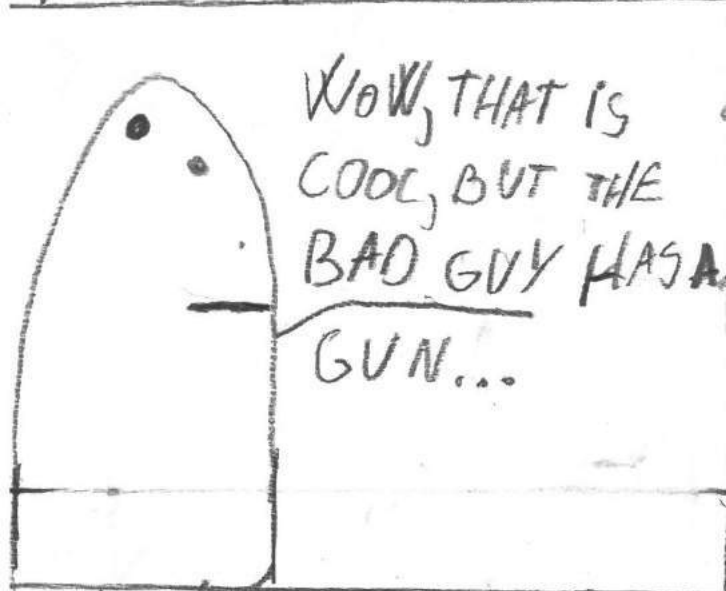
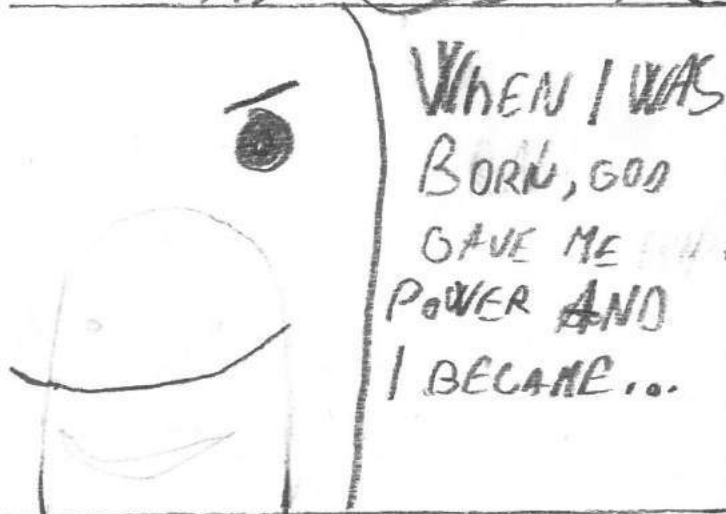


GET
AWAY
FROM
HIM!

ONE DAY HE GOT UP AND
SAW MEN WITH A GUN...

He KNEW WHAT TO DO...

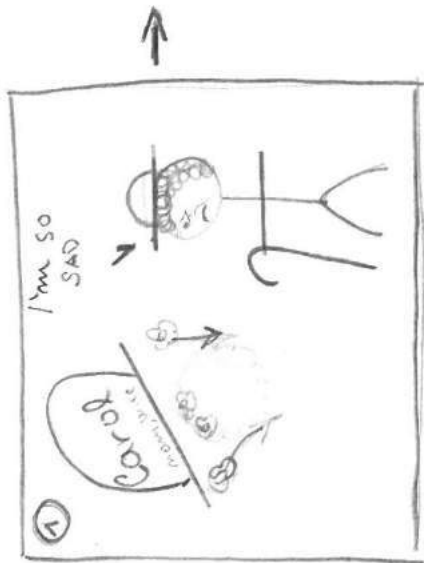




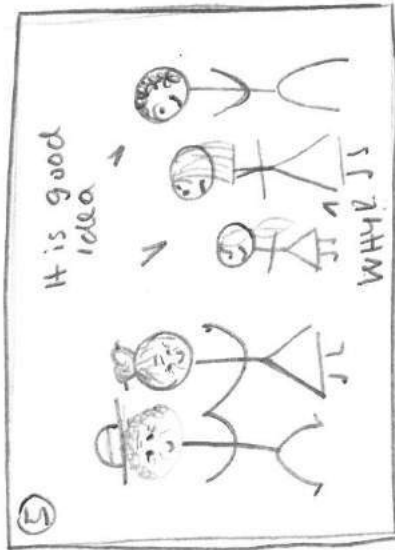
END

♡ THE GRANDDADS WEDDINGS ♡

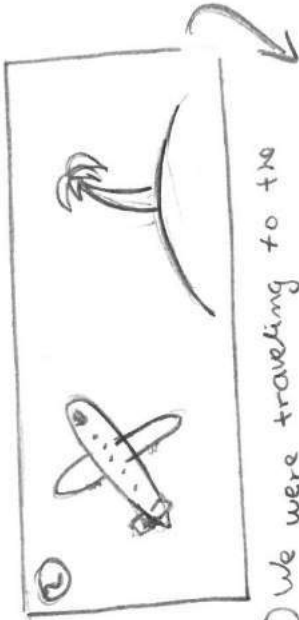
Kateřina Holkmannová 15. let



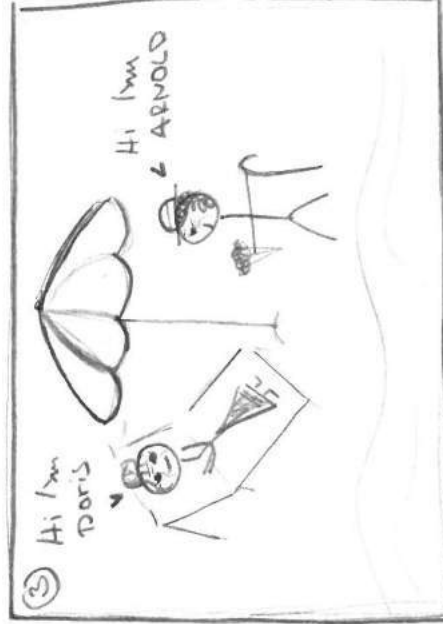
① This is my granddad his wife my grandma died 2 years ago. We had plan to enter up grandpa.



② They told to us they were going to have a wedding. Me and dad was happy but my mom things his dad must have only one woman her mom.



② We were traveling to the CARIBBE.

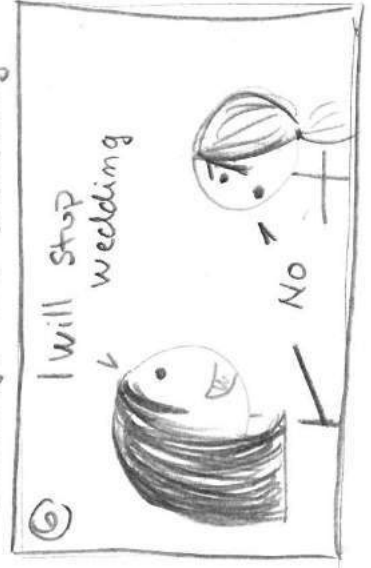


③ In Caribbe my grandpa met DORIS. His LOVE



④ Next year he proposed Doris. And she said him YES.

NEXT YEAR

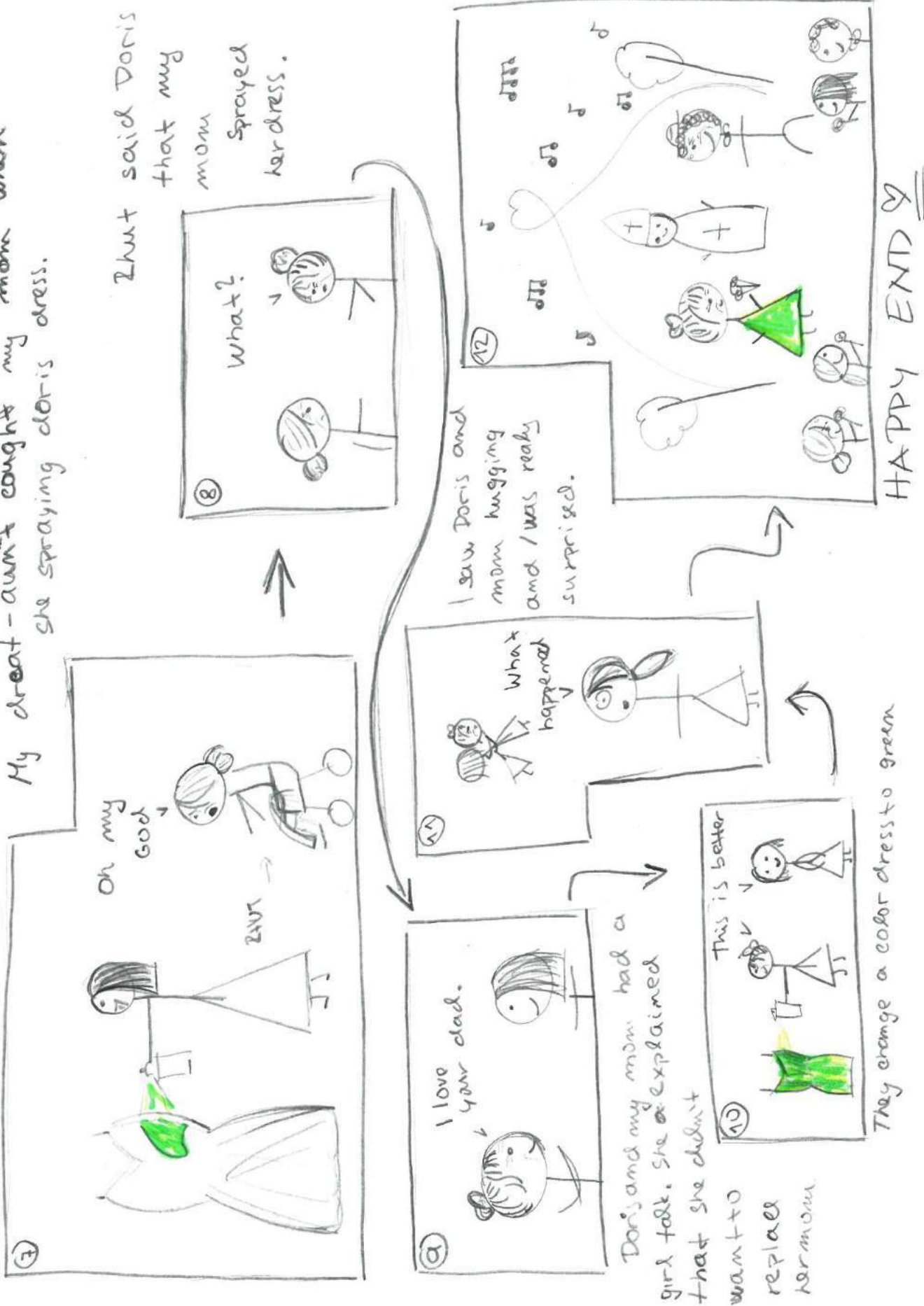


⑥ My mom told me she wants sabotage the wedding

⑥ I will stop wedding

THE GRANDDAD'S WEDDING 2

My great-aunt caught my mom when she spraying Doris dress.



Dr. GRISSBOOG

by Dominik Maloy



In the museum...



Dr. Theodore J. Grissboog
This is a bust of a great scientist. Legends say that he invented a cure to all illnesses and hid the bottle with the cure into his bust.

Doctor Grissboog has a very smart brain
Sadly he's crazy and his work is insane
He is a scientist with a big mind
He's dangerous, crazy, but nowhere to find

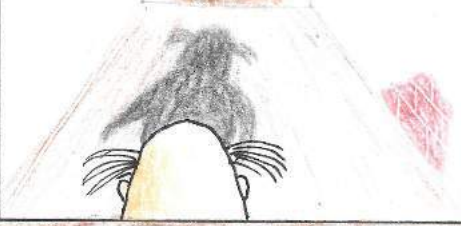


← Dr. Henry Grissboog



Later in the laboratory...

Steal I must
My uncles bust
I'd like to do it now
But the thing is, I don't know how!



In the house are guards with tasers
And round the bust are lots of lasers
The house is guarded by dangerous hawks
And on the doors hang enormous locks
I'm not strong, not strong to fight
I'd rather use a dynamite
Oh, but now I'm thinking too far
I can't afford even one chocolate bar
That's bad because what I love best
Is wearing nice shoes, eat chocolate and rest

Ok, now, how to pick locks
Not mentioning lasers and tasers and hawks
Yes, I have it, with a tail of a mouse
I'll get in and away from that house
Now, how to avoid those hawks
Oh, I'll catch them into my socks
The tasers, yes, I know it of course
As a distraction I'll let in a horse
The lasers, how to get past by those
I'll bring in some water and a hose
That's my plan, I will not fail
Now I'll go check my morning mail
I'm selling my shoes, it seems a bit funny
But for this plan I really need money

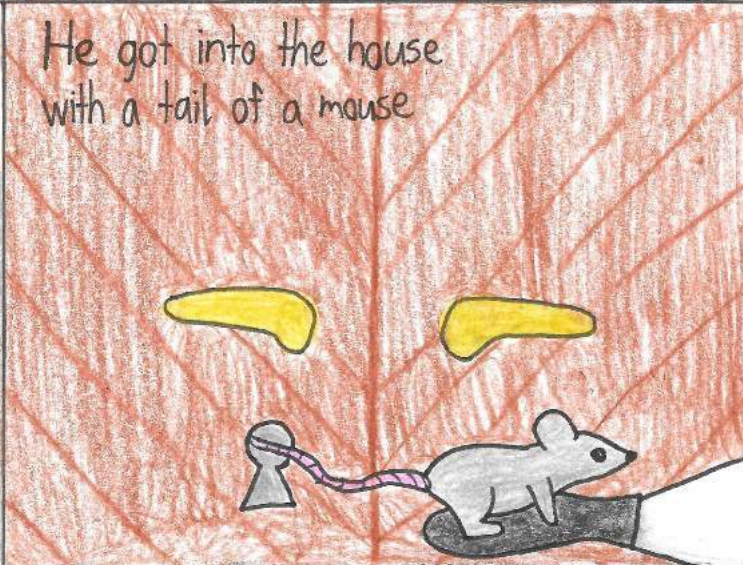


AND SO HE DID...

He caught the hawk into a sock



He got into the house with a tail of a mouse

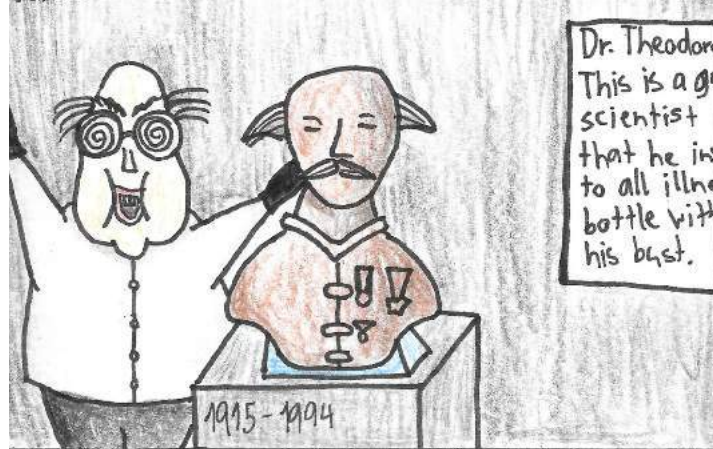


He let the horse in and passed the tasers



He brought the hose and destroyed the lasers

So there he stood, finally he could take it!

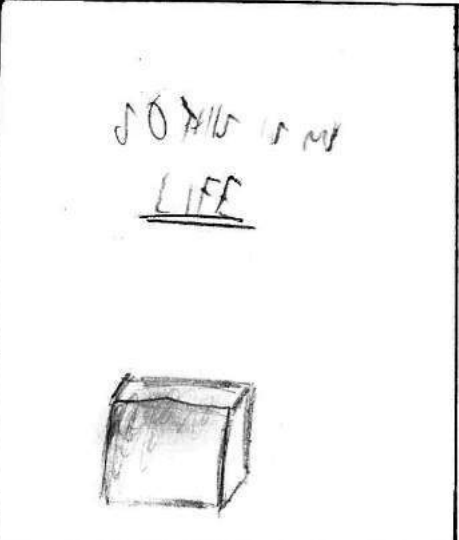
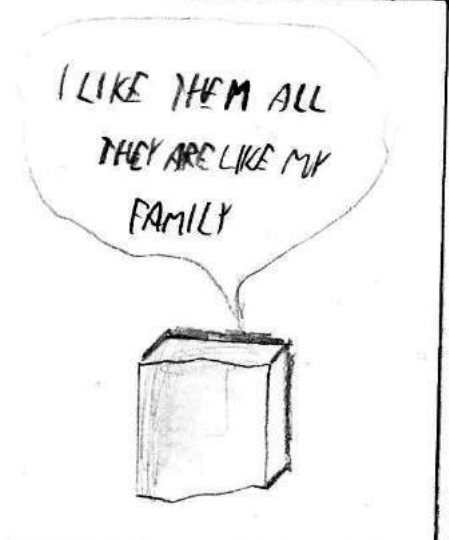
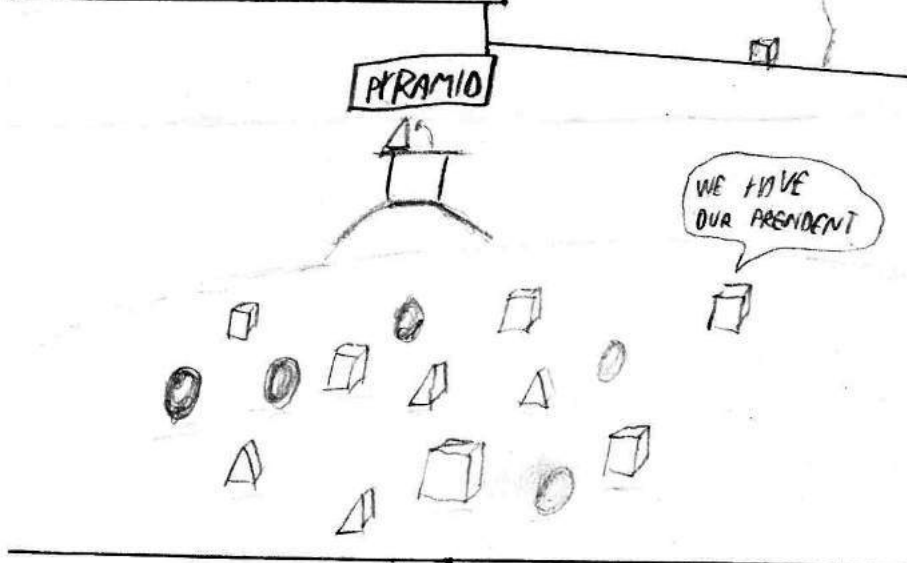
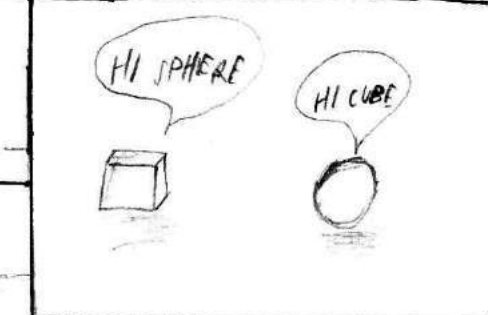
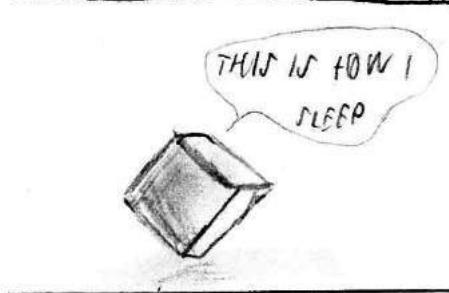
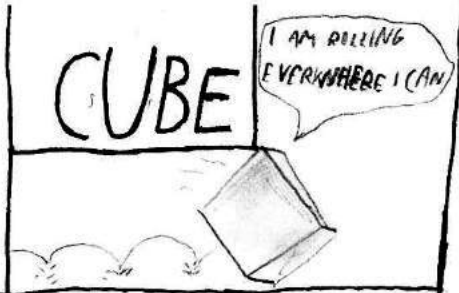
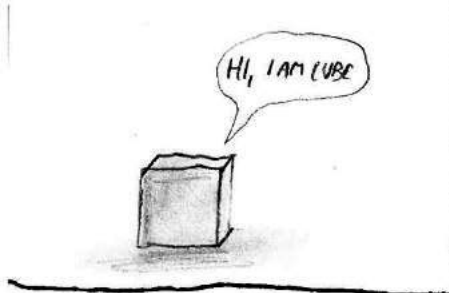


Oh, it's finally mine to take I'll check it, wait, the bust is a fake



THE END





A Scout trip

It is 4 p.m. and I am tired to death, as I have been walking almost all day with my Scout group. I woke up early in the morning ready for a weekend trip. Nothing too hard, I thought; I am already an experienced Boy Scout. We met with the other boys at a metro station, then took a train to the western Bohemia, and started walking from there. Our aim is a cottage in the woods where we will spend the night.

Some 22 kilometres and 6 hours later, we are still walking and we have another 7 kilometres left. It seems endless. All boys carry heavy backpacks with a sleeping bag, a mat, spare clothes, food and water that weights around 10 kilos. We are all exhausted, our legs are heavy and our backs and shoulders hurt. The boys walk in silence, they concentrate on the path. What am I doing here, I ask myself. I wish I were at home, sleeping late, playing video games and watching the YouTube. But I am here now, far from civilization, and I have to go on.

We were walking for another two hours climbing hills up and down, we crossed a river in the valley with bare feet twice and went through a forest. Then we finally saw it. A wooden cottage on a clearing. Suddenly, I am feeling very happy. I made it! I forgot all the bad things, pain and discomfort and I am only enjoying the moment.

A half an hour later we are cooking our dinner on fire. We have soup, bread, sausages and cakes from home. It is a beautiful evening, the sun is going down, someone is playing guitar, we are chatting, laughing and having a great time. We will sleep on simple beds made of wooden planks. We have to get up early tomorrow morning because we need to walk 20 kilometres to the bus that will take us home but it does not bother me at all. After today, everything seems easy.

I now realize that this is what I like about the Scouts: friendship, adventure, nature and even hardship. Sometimes it is very tough and I think that I cannot make it but I always do. And it makes me feel great and proud of myself. I am already looking forward to the next trip, even though I will be probably lazy at first.

Little Elephant

Once upon a time there was a herd of elephants. A new little elephant was born. It is an elephant's girl. Her name is Lurka. She is grey and much smaller than the other elephants. Lurka has got four legs, two big ears, a short tail and brown eyes. On her head she has got a red bow.

One day Lurka says to her dad:
"I am not a real elephant. I cannot trumpet." Her father says: "If you are a real elephant, you can trumpet."

"No, I can't."

And her mum says: "Why don't you try it?"

Lurka tries to trumpet. The first time it is hard, but then she trumpets perfectly.

Her mum and dad say: "You see. You are a real elephant. Every elephant can trumpet."

And so Lurka is very happy and trumpets a lot. Everybody can see that she will become a big elephant.

Krishna Datta

THE BRIDGE

Maturing is releasing that no one really care until something dramatic happen. If you think about that for a second, you realize that the only reason there are some new road signs in your street is because some drunk guy hit a 5-year-old kid. Years before that, you went many times to the police and asked them to put some of them on, but no one really cared. Until now.

When you realize that, your whole life is changing. And that was the same with him.

He didn't know what to do. To do with his life anymore. He wanted to be known. Known by her. He wanted to end all of it, but there wasn't the main reason he waited for. And then the main reason came. He saw the photos. The photos of her. The photos of her with him. He was one of the guys that no one cared about. And then his mom died and everyone started caring. But it was too late for him.

Anyway, that's a different story, let's continue.

He stopped for a second.

He wanted to cry but for some reason he couldn't.

"Why am I even doing this? What am I even doing?" he thought.

He wanted to stop.

He really did.

"I can have everything, I have everything so what the problem, shouldn't I be happy?"

But there was a thing he was missing.

Her

She was the only `thing` he couldn't have.

He started overthinking.

"It's about 8 pm, so she is supposed to be at her art class."

But she wasn't

"I know everything about her, right?"

The time she is getting up, what she is having for lunch, who she is texting...

Just everything right?"

Right?

He didn't understand what was wrong, deep down he knew but he wasn't just able to admit it to himself.

He treated her like piece of garbage, he broke her.

He thought he knew everything, but there is always something. Something he would never expect.

She wasn't at her art class.

She was there with him the whole time, just on the other side so none of them knew about the presence of another.

"I'm thinking too much,

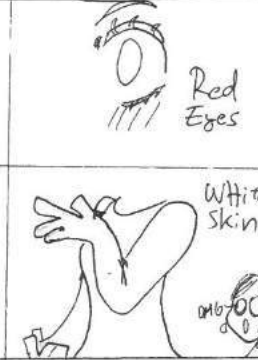
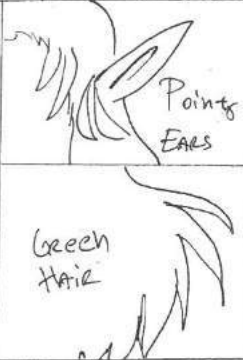
It's too much,

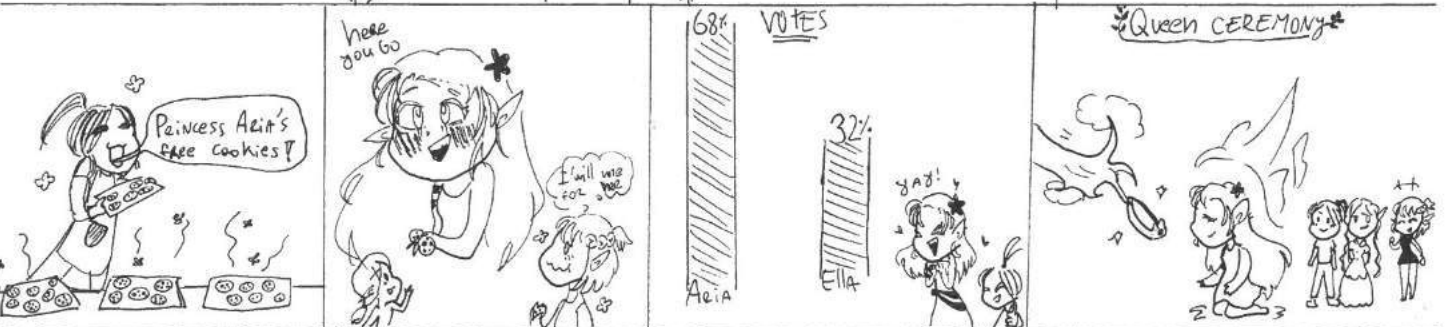
I AM too much" he screamed.

And then he jumped.

And so did she.

Flower





My family, my mission

A phone started to ring in the office. Inspector Jones leaned over the device and picked up the call.

„We have a car accident,“ said the raspy voice of Jones’s new assistant, George, „I’ll tell you the details on the spot. Hurry up.“

Inspector Jones went from his office to the car and bought cough medicine for George on the way to the crime scene.

When he arrived, everything looked as his assistant had described to him on the phone - at first glance, everyone would have thought it was a car accident. Jones went to inspect a car, nothing suspicious, just some family photos and holiday cards. One of the men in uniform approached the inspector and began to explain that the car had failed brakes so it could not stop. With this statement, Inspector Jones confirmed in his head that if a young woman was not prone to suicide, it must be a murder...

„Agatha Crawley, thirty-eight years old, no children, works as a doctor at a reproduction clinic. „ That was four pieces of information what George had told inspector Jones this morning. So the inspector decided to proceed by sending George to ask Crawley’s colleagues in the hospital, and he would find out where the murdered woman was going.

After Inspector Jones’s colleagues found the station that Agatha Crawley’s phone had last connected to before she died, he set out for that place. It was a house on the outskirts. When the inspector rang the bell, a lady came out with a blonde girl behind her. The woman invited him inside and offered him a cup of sweet coffee. Jones watched the girl for a moment and asked about her name. „Agatha“ she answered, then said goodbye and went to play in her bedroom. The inspector sat down on the couch with Mrs. Bloom, as he found out her name was, and began to ask her questions about the late woman. „Yes, my husband and I both knew Aggie. She was a very kind young lady. You know, we couldn’t have children, and after several unsuccessful attempts at artificial insemination, she was the only doctor who still wanted to deal with us. And now we have Agatha, our little girl, we named her after Aggie for helping us. We kept in touch with the young lady as friends even after she was born. ” This is all what the lady, mother of Agatha, said to inspector Jones. Then she accompanied Jones out of the house.

In the afternoon, George met with his supervisor in the office to tell him everything he had learned about Agatha Crawley at the clinic. „She was a very interesting woman.“ George said “A lot of her colleagues told me that clients were always the most important for her, more important than business. Some also observed that she started to behave differently. Sometimes she was extremely cheerful and happy, and sometimes she was up to cry all day. A nurse told me that she saw Crawley crying in the hall over a little photo during a lunch break. Her main enemy here was doctor Monty, head of the clinic and he even threatened to fire her several times. No one really understood why they disliked each other so much.“ Thus ended the meeting of Agatha Crawley’s murder investigators.

The next morning inspector Jones decided to follow in the footsteps of doctor Monty. He picked up his colleague, George, on the way to the clinic but the nurses told him that Monty was out of office that day. He fearlessly went to Monty’s house to see him. He arrived in the busiest possible moment that everyone who is going on vacation has to go through. He arrived just as Mr. and Mrs. Montys were packing their bags to fly to the Bahamas in a couple of hours. „Did you know Miss Crawley?“ Jones asked, „Sure, she worked under me, didn’t she ?!“ „And did you have a problem with her?“ the

inspector insisted, „Yeah, that woman almost deprived me of my job. She kept announcing her “wisdom” about helping everyone, no matter the cost. But tell me, where was I supposed to take the money for all her plans to save humanity ?!” he replied even more indignantly. He certainly didn’t look like a man who would be saddened about Agatha Crawley’s death. It might even suit him.

„Oscar, if you don’t rush now, our plane leaves without us !“ the voice of doctor Monty’s wife came from outside. „Just one last question,“ assistant George intervened. „What were you doing the day your employee died?“ „I was watching the live broadcast of Westham United FC : Arsenal.“ George asked if anyone could confirm this. The doctor just replied, „I don’t know, probably my TV. And now please leave my house, I’m going to lie on the beach and watch dolphins for the next two weeks, and you two won’t ruin my plans !“

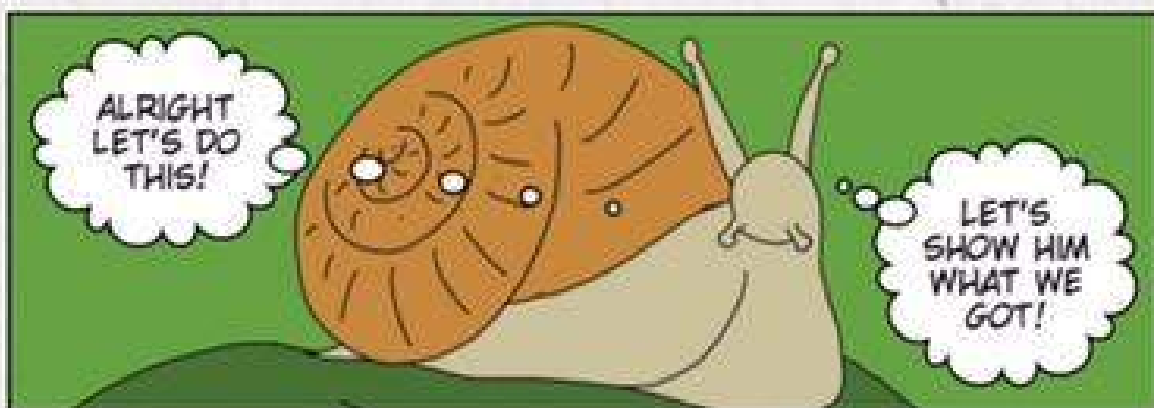
This is how the conversation between investigators and doctor Monty ended. When inspector Jones and his assistant George returned to their office, they wondered out loud what the doctor’s situation now looks like. „In my opinion, he did it,“ George told his supervisor, „he has a motive. Crawley had been complicating his life at the clinic for a long time. I can imagine he couldn’t stand her anymore, so he could follow her to the Blooms, don’t you think? ” Inspector Jones had to admit that his assistant’s theory made sense and it would be inappropriate to argue with him about it. „Then let’s go to the airport quickly !“ The inspector ordered, decided now that he would make Monty change his seaside holiday with dolphins for an exclusive cell in prison. The hunt for the doctor began.

Investigators caught Monty at the door to the plane. When Jones put him in handcuffs and led him down the airport lobby, he got extremely angry and threatened to complain to the police chief. The detectives could not prove his guilt. The case remained unresolved and Inspector Jones started to forget about it.

Months after, Mrs. Bloom stopped by to visit Jones with her husband and little Agatha. The family looked very happy. They even brought him a gift basket full of cheese and good wine.

They told him about how well they are doing and that now they are all only for themselves. But Mrs. Bloom shouldn’t say this phrase, because when the inspector heard it, he realized how the murder had actually happened. „You !“ Jones shouted, firing from his chair like a jester out of a box. He points his finger at Mrs. and Mr. Blooms, knowing in his subconscious, that he is one hundred percent right at this time. „You sent a woman who believed you to die!“ Mrs. Bloom fell on the couch at that moment, and her warm smile was out. She began to cry, and her husband just hugged her carefully and began to comfort her. „But why!“ Inspector Jones shouted at Mrs. and Mr. Blooms for the second time. „We were afraid,“ Mrs. Bloom sobbed, „We were afraid she would take our Agatha from us. She was so kind to us all the time, but by the fact that, to our happiness, she made such an effort to cling to my daughter as if she is her own. Lately, she has started to visit more often and asked us for Agatha’s photos from school and trips. „Aggie even wanted to make her a room at home so that our daughter could come to her,“ Mr. Bloom continued in a cold voice, „but it was over the line, she wanted to steal her from us, and I wouldn’t let that happen. I will not apologize for anything, because I think, no, I know that I did what was best for my family and that is and will always be my duty as head of the family. ”

THE JEFF - TASTIC CATASTROPHE





THE END

October 1st 2021. Yes, it is that day. The best day of the entire year. Many, many, many humans come to the shelter, each to take one of us home. Yes, home. A place I haven't seen for quite some time now. This is the day that most dogs find their forever home. The day we no longer spend our days behind the shiny silver bars, with gaps barely large enough to fit a paw through. The day we become free. This was our special day.

"Alright everyone. Today is the day you discover your fate! You either go home, or you spend the rest of your smelly lives in here, like stinky old Bruno over there." The guard's hard stare burned right through my eyes, as if implying I don't belong in a home. I swallowed, unease fluttering in my belly. But I didn't let that throw me off. I will get picked, I'm sure of it!

The door flung itself open, a crowd big enough to fill a whole bus streamed through the corridor. Every dog started barking, their glossy fur fluffed up with excitement. On the left side of the corridor, are the smaller dogs, put in pairs or threes. They wiggled their small butts, shaking left and right. Their tails wagging so fast one might think they would have flown off by now. Their small pink tongues lolled from their tiny mouths, revealing their small but sharp teeth. Their high pitched squeaks attracted the visitors who crouched down to pet them. (from left to right)

On the right side are the bigger dogs, I am one of them. All sorts of breeds mingled here, all the way from kind hearted retrievers to scary looking Pitbull's and bulldogs. I myself am classified as a Pitbull. Apart from the retrievers, husky's and other 'Beautiful' dog breeds, we aren't as excited. People see our breeds as 'dangerous', and 'scary'. We rarely get picked. Some of us, like Bruno at the far side there, have nearly spent their entire lives here. Each year, the chance of getting picked are slimmer and slimmer. My breed is in the vast majority of the dogs getting left behind at the end of the day. But this year, I plan to get picked.

As the sun moved across the sky, the number of people left got smaller by the minute. Most of the noise had died down, and the stench of people weakened. Many dogs have left, their heads high and their tails wagging. I did my very best to drag attention to myself, but the constant spinning in circles and jumping around was making me tired. I was beginning to lose hope.

As the day comes to an end, the moon hung brightly in the dark sky, the corridor became empty. The remaining dogs howled with grief and sadness. I was so devastated, I no longer had the power to join in myself. I lay down on the stone cold floor, thinking. My claws scraped the ground impatiently. What do I do now? Do I wait till next year, just hope to get picked until I end up like Bruno? No! There's no chance I'd get picked! But what can I do? And then it hit me. Why not just escape, leave this place for good? I felt a surge of energy beneath my pelt. Tonight is the night. Goodbye shelter and hello world!

The door creaked open and two humans, wearing shiny yellow coats walked in with a trailer; it is dinner time. It's now or never. Once they open my cage door, I'll finally be free. As they moved along the left side of the corridor, giving the smaller dogs their food first, though there's very little of them left.

Passing Bruno, they gradually made their way over to my cage. They unlocked the wired door and let themselves in. Fast as a lightning, I dashed out of my cage, along the corridor of barking dogs, and out the main door. The humans started shouting angrily, trying hard to catch me. One man pushed a big red button on the side of the wall and the alarm went off. I tried to stay focused on the path, which was fairly easy, since I know the place like the back of my paw. I zig zagged between the arms of humans, making sure they wouldn't catch me. I swerved around the corner, shaking off those behind me.

In a few moments, I am out in the open streets. Huge four wheeled monsters, which people apparently call cars, roared past me sending blows of wind in my face, knocking me over. I pick myself up and move along the side walk. A few paw steps further, I saw a small girl. She wore two ponytails and was dressed in a bundle of multicolored clothes. She came running up to me, her tiny arms outstretched in front of her. Unconsciously, I felt myself walking toward her, with my tail wagging, like it hasn't in a long time. I felt excitement burning deep in my chest. This is the moment, I thought to myself. I broke into a run, and as soon as I reached her my excitement gave way and I could no longer stop myself from jumping with joy.

“Daddy look, a doggy!” A taller human appeared behind her. “Can he come home with us?” she looked up at the taller human, a wonderous expression in her sparkling eyes. “Honey, don't you want a nicer doggy? These doggies arent allowed in some places.” The taller human answered. I looked down at my paws, a small pinch of fear came across my body. “Well, are they allowed here?” the little girl asked questioningly. “Yes, they are.” The girls face lit up, and I began to feel my tail wagging. “Then can we keep him?” The taller human stopped to think for a moment. “Pretty please.” The girl stared hopefully at the bigger human, squeezing me tight between her tiny arms. “OK, but you have to be a good girl.” “I will, I promise.” The human crouched down searching my neck, as if looking for a collar. A man in a yellow vest runs up to us, completely out of breath. “I'm sorry sir, but this dog belongs to the shelter. I'm afraid I have to take him back.” said the security man. “No you're not.”, said the tall human. “We want to adopt him.” There was a moment of silence. “OK... I'll go get the papers.” The security man ran off again, his bright yellow vest glided behind him. He came back with the papers for the tall human to sign, and walked away again. We were alone once again. “What is your name little buddy?” the human asks. “Woof!” “Buddy? You like that?” “Woof! Woof!” I barked my approval. “Do you want to come home with us?” Home. I felt warmth creeping from my nose to tail tip. I haven't heard that word in a while. Finally, I've found my home.

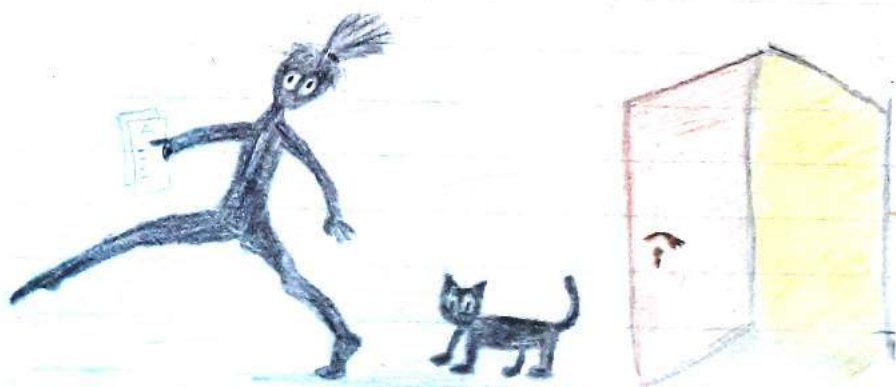
Written by Tereza Pokorna, born in 2007, home address at Prague 5, dated 10/2021

Don't cheat!

Decembre 24 we will write a test in English with Mrs. White and it means - get it in five. But I want to get it in one. So I should know, what will be in test.

Decembre 23, I stayed in my closed and waited for everyone to leave the school. I was shaking and scared. I still had to watch out for the cleaning lady, who was dancing with broom around the school. When was absolutely quiet, I left a closed and looked for a Mrs. White's cabinet. It was dark and I wore black closed. I used my copy of key from the cabinet door. When I entered, I started look for the test. There were tests A and B, so I took both and ran away. I heard some noise - cleaning lady went home. I ran into one of the classroom. The door slammed loudly. Old woman asked: "What is it?" and she peered into the classroom, where I was. I opened the window and jumped on the school's garden. What to do? Fortunately, there was a cat, which was probably catching mice there. Althought, I don't like cats, I didn't hesitate and threw her through the window into the classroom. So the cleaning lady thought, that was cat, which maded the noise. I was saved, but scared, so I ran home.

Decembre 24 we wrote the test. I didn't get test A neither test B, Mrs. White had prepare the test C!



THE KITTEN WITH A PUMPKIN ON HER HEAD

Once upon a time lived a kitten, black as night.

The kitten went on a trip one day. She went across the river the meadow to the field. At the moment it was getting too dark and started raining and lightning.

The kitten was scared and started run, but after a while fell. She fell on a pumpkin and at the moment lightning struck her

Next day she woke up with the pumpkin on her head. She couldn't take it off. The kitten started to cry, because "WHAT CAT HAD A PUMPKIN ON HER HEAD!"



She went home sadly. At home mum saw her and she asked what she was doing. The kitten told mum she went on the trip when the storm started. When she got up, she had a pumpkin on her head. Her sister came to the kitchen and started to laugh "what she had on her head!"



The kitten was sad and the next day ran away.



She was hidden for three days then she met a girl. The girl wasn't common, she was a witch. They become friends at the moment. The kitten liked the girl and the girl liked the kitten too. The witch thought the pumpkin was very beautiful.

The kitten was happy since that day.



THE END

Friendship doesn't always work out the way you expect it

Today I woke up with the sound of the rain dripping lightly on the window I had a feeling that today is going to be a gloomy day. When I arrived at school, my two best friends were secretly talking to each other while I was approaching. Jealousy clouded my heart.

After classes the three of us would usually walk home together but this time it was different. After lunch they were speeding up the stairs to their lockers getting quickly changed running down the stairs and out of the school. I was surprised that they didn't wait for me as usual.

On the weekend my mom organized a trip to the woods. She invited my friends Zoe and Evie to come along. On the way I heard them giggling as they were keeping to themselves behind us. Most of the time I was in the front with my mom.

I wanted to have fun with them but they left me out even when my mom explained to them that it wasn't nice to ignore me. I was sad and angry. I didn't expect it from them.

At home I couldn't sleep I was still thinking about Zoe and Evie. I was starting to cry when my mom came to calm me down. "What's wrong?" mom asked curiously.

"I feel miserable. I didn't expect Zoe and Evie to act like this." "Why don't you tell them how you feel?" "But I'm so scared," I answered. "If you don't tell them, they will continue doing what they're doing," mom responded.

The next day I ran to Evie and Zoe in the main hall before classes and fired off, "I don't like when you don't include me when we're all together." Zoe understood,

but Eric didn't. She got quiet and then defended her self. I realised that you can't hide your feelings from others even if you risk losing a friend. A friend can come with good and bad sides. Friendship doesn't always work out the way you expect it.

Christine Alena Young,
9 years old,
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ZŠ Bělá Praha 6

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THE ROBBERY OF THE CENTURY

Aryia Man

Year 7, ZŠ Bílá, Praha 6

Last week and I was visiting my Grandpa in London. It was a foggy and cold night. We were sitting and talking by the fire at his place. "Do you know who I think I saw last week?", my grandpa said. "Who?", I asked. "Francesco Romano", he said. I didn't know who that was so I asked. He sat comfortably on his chair and started telling me a story.

It all happened in November 6. 1985 downtown. It was around 1 am in the art museum in London the guards shifts just changed. every time a shift changes, there is about a 20 second window when a guard isn't watching the monitors. But no one can get past the security in during that time. But James Kyle managed to steal the most precious painting in the museum the Guernica a famous painting by Picasso. The painting was on a tour around the globe to all the most famous museums in the world .No one knows how he managed to do it but he did. The painting is worth over 200 million US dollars. That is insane.

Now James Kyle wasn't an art collector, he was just interested in the money. After two weeks of hiding from the authorities and searching a buyer, an Italian Art collector reached out to him. He wanted the painting so much he offered 210 million US dollars for the painting. The collectors name was Francesco Romano. After Arguing about the meeting place they decided to meet in London.The meeting was planned to the 30. of November in a Hotel. On the 29 of November Francesco got on a plane by the name John Tree and was supposed to fly back on the first of December. The meeting happened at midnight. They were both wearing red hats so they could recognize each other."Show me the money".James said when they met. Francesco showed two full cases with hundred dollar bills James was happy. Give me the painting Francesco said while he was handing the money.

KNOCK! KNOCK! POLICE OPEN UP! Franncesco turned to the door and started panicking. He was running all over the place trying to figure out what to do, but he didn't come up with anything. When he turned to ask James what to do, James or

the money and the painting weren't there. The police broke the door and got into the apartment. GET ON THE FLOOR! they shouted. Francesco was arrested and sentenced to 20 years in jail. James wasn't seen from that day. Rumours say that James called the police. 20 years from that day have passed and Francesco was released.

"So Grandpa you really think you saw him', I asked . "Im quite confident it was him', he answered . "OK, I think that story was very interesting" I replied. Good night he said. Good night I replied. I didn't sleep well that night. I was thinking about James and that he could still be among us.

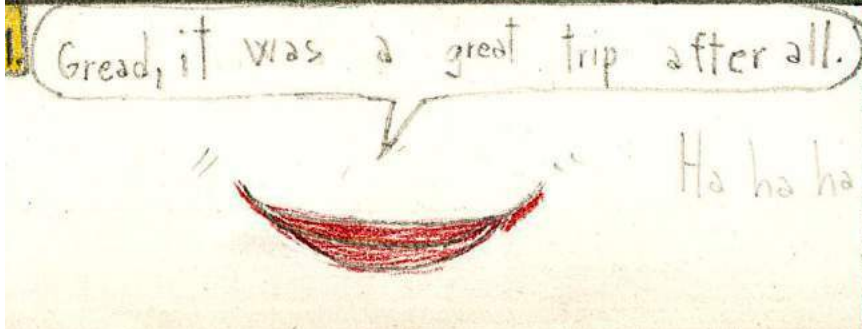


A trip into
The
unknown



author: Zdenka Urbanová





Be careful what you wish for

It all started on the 31st October 1981 when two girls;twins, were born to a happy couple. John and Linda Campbell named their first born Ava and the second one Zoe. Unfortunately after three weeks Ava started to get sick. She had headaches, stomach pains and she always ended up in the hospital. In another three weeks a tragic event happened. The doctors said that Ava was too weak for her to live. So Zoe ended up growing up without her twin.

Maybe Zoe hadn't had her twin next to her physically, but sure she had felt her there. She felt her there because of the twins' bond. Ava was always there with Zoe. At school, at home or when she went to town. Everywhere, except today. On the 31st October 1992, on their 11th birthday.

"Mum, I have to tell you something" said Zoe shyly. She had long wavy raven hair and mysterious dark black eyes. Dressed in her yellow dress that matches her tan skin and brings out her freckles around her nose. "Okay, I'm listening" said Linda while she was preparing the party decorations in the kitchen. "Do you know where Ava is? I can't find her anywhere since last night". Linda looked at John across the kitchen and they exchanged uncertain glances between them. "Ehm ehm" emphasized John. "I think it's time that we tell you something important" "What? What is it?" said worried Zoe. "We and everyone else can't see Ava. She isn't here with us. We thought that you're making this up that you see her, to be interesting" said Linda. "You were little so we let you. But now, now you're older and you have to know this" said John. "Oh, I know" Zoe laughed awkwardly. "I was just joking, don't worry about me" But of course she wasn't joking. She was 100% sure that Ava was next to her all the time until last night.

"Happy birthday dear Zoe!" "Now blow out the candles and wish for something" said Mia. Zoe's best friend. So Zoe blew out all the candles and she wished that she could see her twin sister again. "What did you wish for?" said Lisa. Another of Zoe's friends. "It's a secret" she replied and smiled. And the party continued.

Zoe is laying in her bed and she's about to fall asleep. Suddenly from nowhere a glowing ghost appeared and it said. "Hi, my name is Moringe but you can call me Mori" said Mori. "Who are you?" said a frightened Zoe. "Oh sorry I completely forgot. I'm your wish from earlier" says Mori. "But you're not my sister" said a shocked Zoe. "No, I'm not. But I can take you to her"said Mori. "Like right now?" said Zoe. "Yes, the only thing you have to do is fall asleep"said Mori. "Okay. Goodnight!" said Zoe and rushed to bed. "Goodnight" said Mori with an evil smile on his face.

Meanwhile Zoe wakes up in her dream. "Ava! Ava! Where are you!" she shouts. "I'm right here" said Ava behind her. Zoe turned around and hugged her. They talked all night until Zoe had to wake up for school.

Zoe wakes up happy after her dream worked, but right after she stands up, she feels dizzy. She felt pain in her bones and had a terrible headache. She said it to her parents and stayed home. It went like this day after day and night after night. But every time Zoe went to meet her sister and woke up in the morning she felt much worse than last time. One time when her mum went to check her, she noticed a bruise on her neck. She gasped. This is the exact same bruise on the same place that Ava had when she was dying. Her parents got scared that they're going to lose their daughter just like they lost their first one. They decided that they're going to take Zoe to hospital if she doesn't get better through the night. Zoe realized that her pain was causing her meetings with her sister and that this one has to be the last. "Ava are you here?" said Zoe with sad voice. "Yeah I am. Where else should I be?" wondered Ava. They talked like usual the whole night and when it drew to the end Ava asked. "Are u okay?" but her eyes looked different. "Yes, of course" replied Zoe. And at this

Be careful what you wish for

exact moment she realized that Ava isn't her twin sister, but Moringe and he is a devil. Everything started to shake around Zoe, she started falling. She opened her eyes and was in her bed again and the bruise disappeared.

The End.

STRANGE VOICES

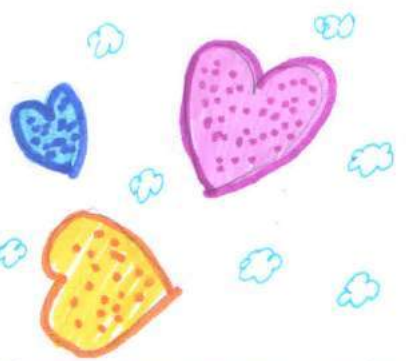
This is a story about how I died. My name is Alice and i hear strange voices. They are everywhere. Hiding in shadows. It all started a year ago after the accident. Our car fell of the cliff. Luckily my whole family survived. All of us were in a hospital for a long time. I don't remember much but I know, that nothing has been the same since then. We sold our house and moved to my grandmas house. No one have told me why. At first I almost didn't notice the strange voices, because they were silent. But now I have a headache every single day, every minute. I don't know where are they coming from. The only thing i know is, that they are calling me. I've never had the courage to follow them. But tonight I will. Tonight i will look in to the shadows.

I climbed out of the window and I was standing at our backyard following the voices. It seems that they are louder when i got closer to the old garden house. I went closer when icy fingers grabbed my arm. I turned around and I screamed. There were three red eyes glowing in the impermeable darkness. Something was dragging me through the wood behind our house. Then we were falling down through some tunnel a long time but suddenly we stopped. I opened my eyes and couldn't be more suprised. I was back in my room. That is really weird I thought. But one thing was really strange, this was not a room that I have now, it was my old room that i had before the accident. I heard my sister calling my name, so i came downstairs still really confused. My whole family was sitting around table, and talking normally. That never happened after the accident. Maybe it was only a dream. I still wasn't sure, but I didn't thought about it anymore. The next day my mom needed someting in the mall, so the whole family got in the car. After twenty minutes, it started to rain. The road became very dangerous. It was hard to drive. And then, our car was falling down. Everything was in slow motion. I saw how my family died. I realized that I was imagining them the whole time, and no one have told me. A siren came out the sea and holded my hand. She led me through the time, back to my grandma.

„Why didn't you tell me that they are dead?“ I whispered. „I didn't wanted to hurt you“ she answered. „You were so happy talking to them, that I didn't have the heart to tell you my dear“ This was the time i died, not in the way you thought, I was dying inside.

THE END

BLACK Airship



ON MONDAY MORNING ARE TWINS Kiky and Viky IN THE PARK. THEY ARE PLAYING Fotball.

BUT DURING the game the ball disappeared

WHERE IS THE BALL?
I don't know :-
RUSTLE

RUSTLE

I have the ball!
O'oh WHAT'S THAT?

Come ON! there is an AIRSHIP!
Really? OK. I'm coming

AND WHO IS HE?
Hello My name is Puk

I don't understand him

AND now do you UNDERSTAND me?
yes

OK. My name is Puk. this is my AIRSHIP. I can't FLY because my airship isn't built yet, I'm missing ONE BALL. Shared Pi. I'm not FROM THIS PLANET.

But we have a ball, we can give it to you seriously?

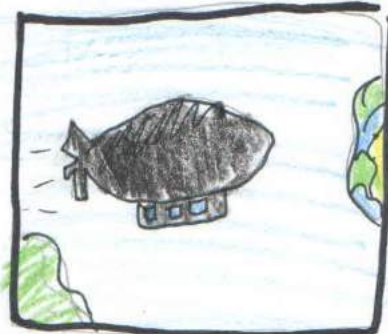
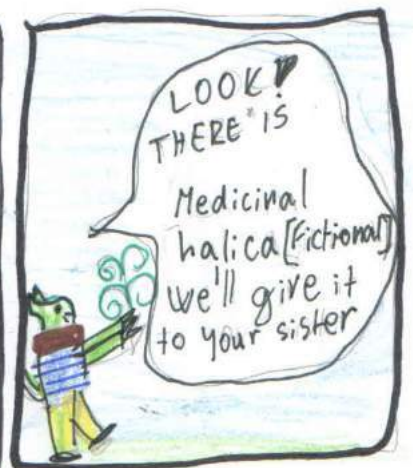
You can fly with me tomorrow afternoon FOR A REWART
OK. :-)

ON TUESDAY morning

WHERE IS KIKI?
She is ill.

THIS IS A SHIP we set off

this is my Planet



THE
END



THE MIDNIGHT CIRCUS

The howling wind cut into Estelle's cheeks as she walked down the streets of Paris. Her serving shift had just ended, but she wasn't heading home yet. Her sister was ill and she was taking over her job for the night. A rat dashed beneath her feet and Estelle sighed, not surprised by the occurrence, wrapping her scarf tighter around her neck. Although, what awaited her was no ordinary evening. It was a shock to her that she got to attend Le Cirque, the circus, all while serving the elite of the elite. She had only heard gossip about the event, rumoured to be something entirely magical. It came once a year and an invitation to the event was worth gold, especially when it meant you might see the royal family. Finally, Estelle spotted the massive outline of the circus and sped up. She entered the circus through a side entrance. A wonderful warm feeling took over her, when suddenly, someone tapped her shoulder. Estelle turned around to find a short old woman looking up at her. „What do you think you're doing? Come with me!“ she snapped. Estelle, a little dazed, followed. The backstage was busy, but the woman navigated it well. They entered the kitchen and she handed her an empty tray. „Now go,“ she pushed her towards the door. Estelle was expecting nothing short of grand, nevertheless, the sight before her took her breath. The circus was swarming with guests dressed in bizarre robes, tables leaning under the weight of food. It was already far larger than what it seemed like from the outside, even with most of the circus still hidden. Suddenly, a woman in a gown made of real flowers sets an empty glass on her tray. „Oh right. I'm here to work“ Estelle realized. For the next few hours, she darted to the kitchen and back, carrying empty plates while her own stomach hurt from hunger.

She was in the kitchen when she heard a voice cry out. While quietly putting the plate down, she sneaked out into the hall. „I'm sorry,“ the young voice quivered. Estelle followed it, silent as a mouse. Finally, she reached the source. A tall man in a fancy suit was towering over a trembling girl. „I didn't mean to-“ she sobs. „Silence,“ the young man commanded. However, the order had an unsettling ring to it. The girl started grabbing at her throat, gasping for air. A feeling of nausea overcame Estelle. It was the forbidden dark magic. She grabbed the door frame to steady herself, but to her horror, the man turned around. It couldn't have been worse. It was the crown prince, staring at her, and he looked furious. Estelle dashed into the hall without a direction. She reached a staircase and swiftly went up. „Ladies and gentlemen, we have a criminal among us. The fugitive, a tall, dark-skinned young woman has committed an act of rebellion against the crown and is attempting to flee. We appreciate your cooperation. May the show continue,“ carried through the circus. „I've seen who the prince really is and now they're going to kill me,“ flashed through Estelle's mind. She finally runs up the stairs to see a stage. It featured a man channeling fire with his hands, creating beautiful images of animals. A tiger, a crane, a snake... „Magic. That's what makes Le Cirque so unique,“ she whispers to herself, when she hears footsteps. Estelle frantically looked around. She heads down a path that seemed like it led to the backstage. When she enters or rather falls in, she's met with the gaze of a girl wearing shiny acrobatic attire. „Let me guess. You're the one everybody's

looking for,” the girl says. Estelle scanned the stranger, from her short blonde hair to the knife she was spinning in her hand. The girl noticed her stare. “Oh, that? It’s a part of my performance,” she laughed. Silence. “Yes. I need to get out of here,” Estelle sighed. “And you want me to help you?” she smirked. “Alright, then. Sounds fun,” the girl shrugs her shoulders. “I think we might want to get going, though,” she remarks. Estelle, big eyes wide open with fear, nods. “By the way, I’m Lou,” the girl said. “Estelle,” she introduced herself as they hurried up another set of stairs.

After a while, they reached a ledge so high the people below looked like insects. “You’re going to have to trust me with this,” Lou said carefully. Estelle looked around and saw an acrobat bar, the one you use to suicidally launch yourself in the air. “Come on, it’s the most efficient way!” Lou exclaimed. “This way’s going to get us killed!” Estelle hissed. “Do you have a better idea?” Lou grabs the bar. “Come on,” she stretches out her hand. Estelle looks behind her and with a sharp inhale, she grabs Lou, using her assistance to firmly squeeze the bar. “Hold on tight,” she says and lets go off the ledge. The world around Estelle blurs. There’s an awful feeling of fear sitting in her stomach, but for a moment, she looks at Lou, face bright with joy, and feels it. The freedom so high above everyone feels limitless. They’re approaching the other side. Lou lands effortlessly and pulls Estelle with her, the two of them collapsing. “Wasn’t so bad, was it?” Lou says with a smile and helps her up. “We just have to go down this construction,” Lou replies, climbing down. Estelle follows, cursing silently. They finally make it down and the inevitable is here. “I guess this is good-bye,” Lou remarks with a bittersweet smile. “For now,” she adds as Estelle lifts the fabric of the tent. “Thank you, Lou,” Estelle looks at her for perhaps the last time, smiles, and disappears into the night, leaving the circus behind her.

Děkujeme a těšíme se na příští ročník!

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