

*Book of Stories*  
*by*  
*BCA*  
*Eighth Grade*  
*2000-2001*









pictured in order l. to r. - back row: Vaniah Taylor, Ashleigh Monroe, Elizabeth Rose,  
Jackie Adams, Jessica Jordan, Carolyn Kruger, Lindsay Whitlock  
front row: Tim Decker, Darius Tellez, Richard Henry, Josh Dotzler, Paul Lanphier,  
Luke Gabriel, Charles Buckman, David Whitsett, Zachary Powell







**This book was  
created and  
compiled by  
Mrs. Linnell's  
Language Arts  
Class**







## Contents

"My Crazy Dream"	by Jackie Adams
"The Mountain Climbing Expedition"	by Charles Buckman
"The World in Peril"	by Tim Decker
"The Big Game"	by Josh Dotzler
"The Runaway"	by Luke Gabriel
"Rescuing Whisper"	by Jessica Jordan
"My Family Vacation"	by Richard Henry
"B.B. and the Grand Canyon"	by Carolyn Kruger
"My Family"	by Paul Lanphier
"The Blizzard"	by Ashleigh Monro
"Tim"	by Zachary Powell
"The Snow Day"	by Elizabeth Rose
"The Sleepover I'll Never Forget"	by Vaniah Taylor
"Darius and His Big Surprise"	by Darius Tellez
"The Olympic Dream"	by Lindsay Whitlock
"The Failed Expedition"	by David Whitsett





# My Crazy Dream

Jackie Adams

Eighth Grade

2000-2001





## My Crazy Dream

Most people have had a weird dream sometimes in their life. It might be when you fall down the never ending pit, or the hallway that never ends. I've had quite a few weird dreams myself, but there is only one that sticks out more than others. That dream would be my Dr. Seuss dream. In the dream I lived in a blue, odd-shaped house and I was surrounded by different colored people like I was in a cartoon. It all started on the night I was baby-sitting.

"Jackie, hurry up," my sister whined at me from her bed. "I want you to read me a story before I have to go to bed. If you don't hurry I won't get one and then I'll cry and cry and cry and tell mom and dad, so there," my little sister threatened me. I flew up the stairs because no one lives after my sister cries and cries and cries.

As I entered her room huffing and puffing I asked her, "Okay, okay (huff, puff) I'm ready. What book do you want?" I knew that it was a mistake as soon as the words came out of my mouth. She walked over to the bookshelf and pulled out every Dr. Seuss book we have (which I may tell you is a lot). By the time I had read all the books she was asleep. After I had a drink of water and put the books away I heard my parents pull in to the driveway. I couldn't wait till I could go to bed and sleep. At the moment my brain was filled with Dr. Seuss and it kept repeating. Maybe if I slept I could clear my brain out, but that was just a thought.



"How was she, Jackie?" my mom questioned me. "Did she go to bed in time, behave, and all that stuff?"

"Yes, Mom. The only problem was bedtime and she forced me to read all the Dr. Seuss books we have. Other than that she was fine."

I soon was getting ready for bed, the usual stuff, brushing your hair and teeth, and whatever else people do to get ready for bed. I said





goodnight to my parents and went to bed. It took me a while to go to sleep, but I finally did.

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"Beep, beep, beep, SMACK." "Shoot," I grumbled, "I have to go get another alarm. It's the second one this week." For some odd reason today I didn't feel like myself, but I figured it would wear off by breakfast. I looked for my favorite cereal, sugar coated green beans, but all that was left was old people cereal. Soon it sounded like my little sister was walking down the steps. I turned around to say good morning, but before a word came out of my mouth I noticed that she was, well ummm..., well she looked like a purple sweater that has been in the dryer too long. Her body was all deformed and her hair looked like she slept upside down her whole life. My first reaction was to shake that thing in front of me and yell, "What did you do to my sister?" but before I had the words out of my mouth that thing said, "Good morning, Jackie."

"Who are you and what did you do to my sister?" I demanded.

"You know who I am, Jackie. It's me, Jessica," said the little purple blob. Soon the whole family was in the kitchen. My dad was blue and he looked like he was about eight feet tall. He had no nose and a head crammed full with hair. My mom had four feet and walked on all fours. She was pink and white and it looked like she had flowers growing out of her head. Ben, my brother resembled a green, koosh ball. Katie, my other younger sister, at least looked somewhat human. She had normal hair and was a normal size. The only thing different about her was her skin color. She was a lime green and hot pink!

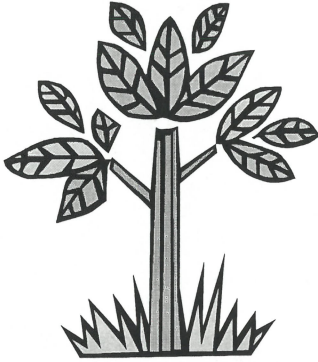
After we all had out breakfast, my parents went to run errands while I stayed home to watch my brother and sisters. Soon my brother had me running outside to play, but I wondered how we made it out of the house as soon as I found out what our house looked like from the outside. It was six feet wide at the bottom, and it widened to about fifteen feet at the top. It had rooms sticking out of every which way that rooms could stick out. It had chimneys sticking out of the roof everywhere and the door must have been about three feet off the ground. After I examined the house I turned to see that the sky was green and the grass was blue. I thought that maybe





whoever switched the colors must have read the instructions backwards, but according to my brother, it always looked like that. The first thing my brother did was run to the swings. A normal swing would go back and forth, but not these. These swings went up and down like a spring.

Soon I heard my brother say, "Jackie, come push me."



"Okay, just give me a minute," I said to him. Now pushing a normal swing is no problem, but these were just a little different. How are you supposed to push a swing that goes up and down? I went over there to push him and to my relief he was bored swinging and ran off to play with our neighbors. I went back inside and was about to watch T.V. when my parents came home. I was about to ask them if they finished their errands when all of a sudden...

"Beep, beep, beep, SMACK," I woke up. My first reaction was to run to my parent's room and make sure that they still looked like themselves, but before I could get out of bed, my sister ran into the room yelling, "Jackie, Mom wants you. She needs help with breakfast." All I could say was that I was glad my sister didn't look like a sweater. As I walked up the steps, I thought what it would be like if my family stayed looking like fuzz balls, and I was glad that no one liked like that anymore. Soon my brother was running down the stairs, but something was wrong. For some reason my brother never changed back to a human. I guess my dream somehow carried over to the real world, but my family is used to it now. The only is all the green fuzz that floats around, but we like him any way.



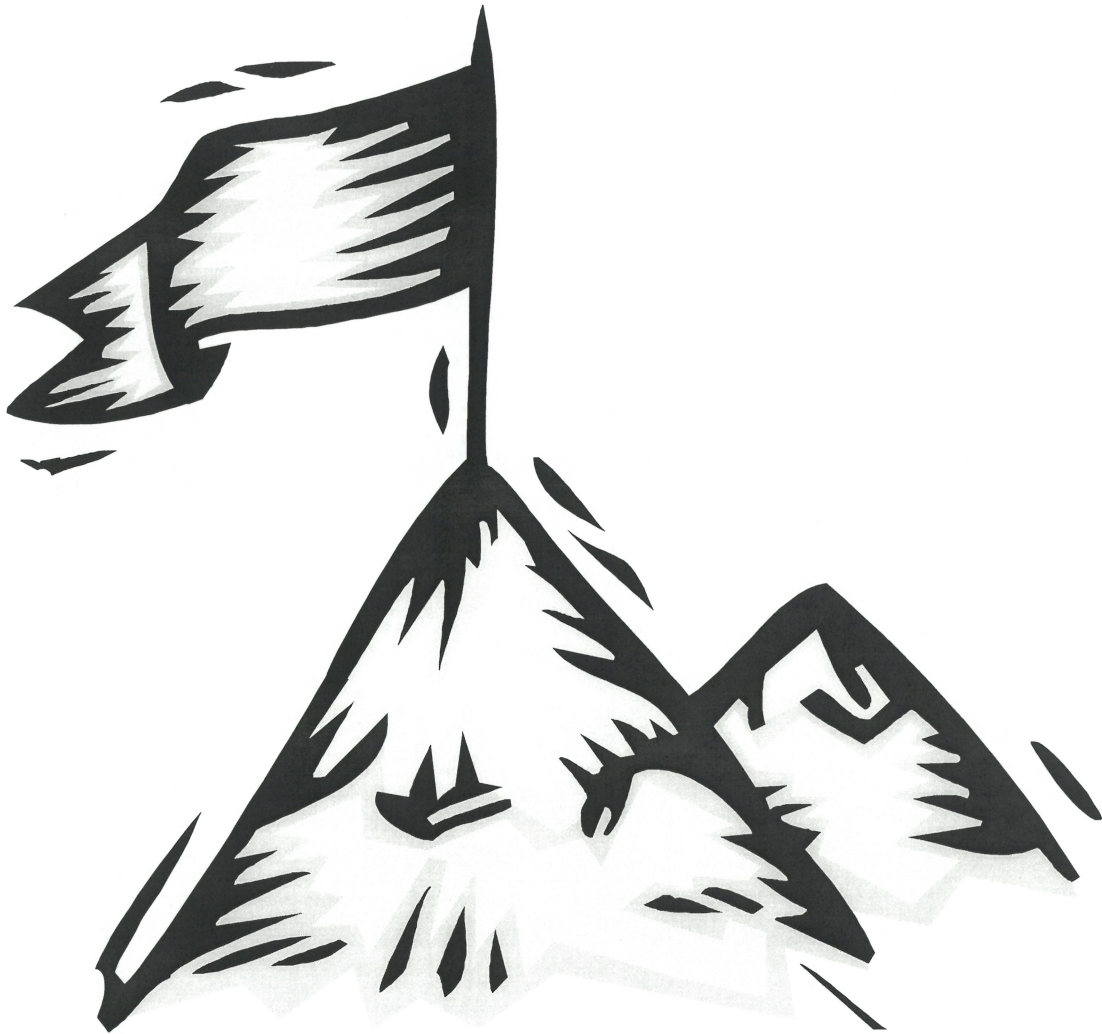
## About the Author

Jacqueline Adams was born on October 18<sup>th</sup>, 1986 in, Bellevue, Nebraska. She soon moved to Florid. After a few months Florída, she and her parents moved back to Nebraska. As a preschooler she went to school at Noah's Ark. There she quickly developed a love for reading. She soon moved up into kíndergarten and after that, first grade at Bellevue Chrístian Academy. She finished second grade at Bellevue Chrístian Academy and then was home schooled for the next four years. After 6<sup>th</sup> grade she returned to Bellevue Chrístian Academy to finish her junior high school there. During the four years she was home schooled, she started dance classes at Etenman Studio of Dance. She soon found that she loved to dance. During her years at dance she gained a broad view of the arts. At the dance studio she earned a scholarship and continued dancing. Since she had learned about the arts in dance, she decided to try her talents in other areas. She first started writing in 5<sup>th</sup> grade when she tried to write her own book. Soon she started writing many stories in her English classes at school. She does not see future plans of writing in her career, but she will never out grow her love for the arts.





The Mountain Climbing Expedition  
by Charles Buckman  
8<sup>th</sup> Grade 2000-2001





Once upon a time there was a man named Zach on a mountain climbing expedition.

While the team was climbing the mountain, Zach saw a puma on the trail about five yards ahead. Before Zach could warn the rest of the team, Tim took an Almond Joy out of his backpack. And before Zach could stop it, the puma charged right for it. Tim stood there, not sure what to do. Before he could decide what to do, the puma jumped up and ate his Almond Joy. Unfortunately, the puma was going too fast, so he kind of ate Tim's hand and knocked him off the mountain. Fortunately, Tim was wearing his big clunky nose ring. As Tim fell, the ring got caught on an outcropping.

"Don't worry, Tim! We'll save you!" Zach yelled.

"My Almond Joy... Aw, man..." Tim muttered.

"I wonder how long his nose will last..." Dairus thought out loud.

Zach turned to the rest of the team. "Okay, we need a plan."

"I know!" Paul said. "We'll tie a rope to my leg, lower me down there, and I'll pull him back up."

Zach thought about it, and then said, "It might work, except- isn't your leg prosthetic?"

"Oh, well, I guess that wouldn't work then." Paul muttered regretfully.

The team thought for a few minutes.

"I got an idea," Richard said. "We'll throw a rope down and pull him up."

Zach was speechless at Richard's incredible idea. "Oh, yeah I guess that would be easier."

Zach got a rope out of his backpack, anchored it on a rock outcropping, and threw it down to Tim. Tim quickly started climbing. Before he could climb far, he realized that his nose ring was still caught on the outcropping. Since Tim could find no way to free himself, he was forced to pull out his large industrial strength wire cutters out of his backpack and cut his nose ring off.

After about a minute, Tim reached the ledge. The team cheered.

"My Almond Joy..." Tim muttered. Unfortunately, Tim's backpack fell off as he stood up, dropping two Almond Joys to the ground.

"NOOOOOOOO!!!" Several of the team members yelled. A second later, the puma came around the corner, having smelled the Almond Joy. The puma, being angry about the wristwatch on Tim's hand, charged toward Zach and bunted him off the mountain.

"I knew they weren't paying me enough for a major role..." Zach thought as he was falling.



Little did anyone know, but Zach was really Tim's evil twin and would come back in the second season to haunt him and his family.

While Zach was falling to his doom, the rest of the team was watching the puma eat, each hoping that he would eat the Almond Joy that they had spiked.

Once the puma was finished, it was really hyper (Almond Joys always make pumas hyper). It looked angrily at Richard, and then charged toward him. The puma stopped right in front of Richard and stared at him like a hungry puma hyper on Almond Joys. Richard was so scared his left appendix exploded, he passed out, and fell off the mountain. Luckily, the puma's claw was firmly imbedded in Richard's industrial strength shoelace. The puma flew quickly off the mountain, solving most of the team's problems, except for Tim's, Zach's, and Richard's.

The team sat gasping for breath, and Bob and Columbo passed out. About this time, Abimelec noticed something about Tim.

"Tim," he said, "where's your wrist watch?"





## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Charles Buckman was born in Omaha, Nebraska, on June 7, 1986. He has brown hair, green eyes, and is a Christian.

He was home-schooled until 4<sup>th</sup> grade when he started going to Bellevue Christian Academy. He has lived in south Omaha since he was born. He enjoys reading, listening to all kinds of Christian music, playing video and computer games, drawing on the computer, climbing trees, and hanging out with friends.

He enjoys writing stories in school, funny or serious. His possible future occupations include being a pastor, being in a band, or being a scientist.

So far he has had an interesting life, and has had many interesting experiences.



# World In Peril

By

Tim Decker

8<sup>th</sup> Grade

2000-2001







One day a man in a black trench coat was trying to get away from the police. Unfortunately, he was not successful. This man's name was Charles. He had been running for a long time. A man walked in the room and started asking questions. Charles's answers were both simple and complex. When they were done they released him, and he was free to go. What they didn't know was that he was fighting a war against evil. A well-known man named Darius was Charles's enemy. Darius was known around the world as a peaceful man. Though they did not know his other side, they trusted him. One day Darius was making an editorial when Charles burst through the door and scolded Darius. Darius's bodyguards pulled out their guns and aimed them at Charles.

Darius replied, "Who are you to scold me?"

Charles answered, "I am the one who has come to destroy the demon within you."



Darius said, "It is not in my will."

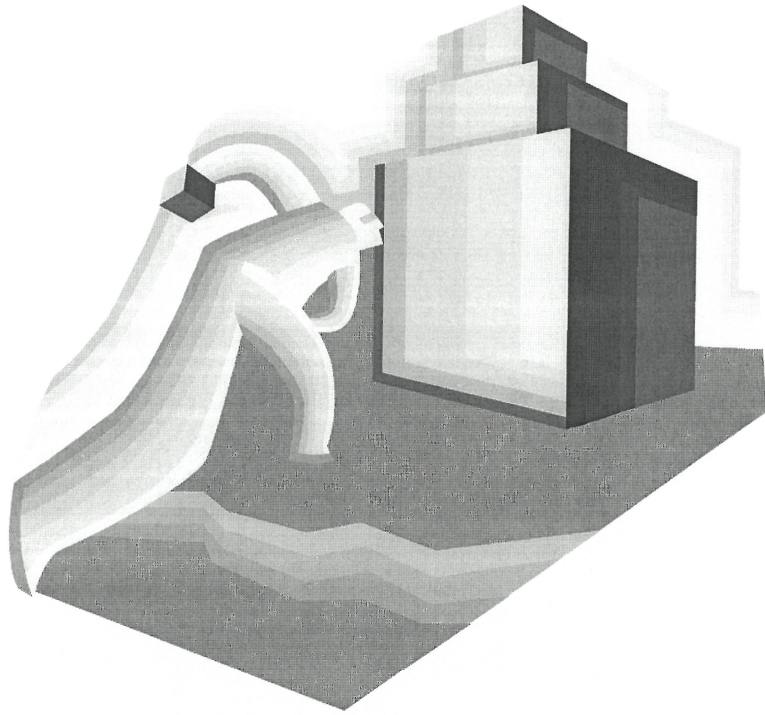
"I must withdraw the demon within you."

"Try me," said Darius. Then Charles charged at Darius, but Darius's bodyguards grabbed Charles and threw him out on the street.

Charles said, "#@!!\$!" Then he turned to the Lord to ask for forgiveness and strength to fight the demon inside of Darius. Charles needed time to think. He went to the place where he could concentrate most, the skate park! On his hoverboard Charles pulled off 900 spins, McTwists, Christ Airs, and a lot more. Charles was now more confident to fight the demon within Darius. Charles walked back to the building and was ready. He walked in Darius's office and pulled out his cross. Charles started preaching the word and soon enough the demon spoke.

"Leave me be, so that I may enlighten this man's life."





*"I will not let you." Then the demon came out of Darius. Charles had never seen anything so scary in his life.*

*"All I wanted was to make that man's life better."*

*"I don't care," said Charles. Charles whipped out his cross and started to pray. All of a sudden a giant light came from the sky.*

*"Who are you?"*





*"I AM THAT I AM."*

*"Oh no." said Satan.*

*"You're Satan?" said Charles.*

*The Lord said, "That does not matter. Back to hell from where you came." Then the Lord opened up the gate to hell and threw Satan into the lake of fire.*

*Then the Lord said, "It is done." Charles ran to Darius and asked if he was all right. He was fine and Darius thanked Charles for what he did.*

**THE END**



## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Timothy Decker was born on February 13, 1987 in Lawton, Oklahoma. His father was in the military and he soon moved to the island of Oahu. When he was there, one of his close friends, whom he did not know then, was living on the same island. Four years later he moved to the city of Lubbock, Texas. There he went to school for the first time. He then went on to 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> grade. After Texas, he moved to Nebraska, where he met many new people and went to a Christian academy for the first time. Afterwards, he moved to Tennessee. He met more new friends, improved his basketball skills, and attended his first years in middle school. After moving again, he returned to Omaha where he could see his old friends and go back to his old Christian school. He is now living happily in Omaha with all his friends of Bellevue Christian Academy.



# THE BIG GAME

BY: Josh Dotzler



**8<sup>th</sup> Grade**  
**2000-2001**



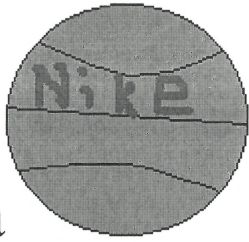


## */The Big Game*

“Ladies and gentlemen, let’s announce the starting line ups.” As I sat there waiting for my name to be announced, I was shaking. The gym was full. It seemed to me there wasn’t a seat in the house. As he called my name I started to get up out of my chair to shake hands with the other team. As I was going I stumbled over the chair. I was so nervous. As I ran to meet the other team the crowd started to roar. It was really loud. The bleachers were roaring from stomping feet, and our team was jumping around to get rid of our nervousness. It was my first start on the varsity team.

We got into our positions. The referee threw the ball up. It was tipped to me. I started to dribble while running down the court. My hands were very shaky and sweaty. I saw a player on my team open by the rim, so I threw him the ball. It was





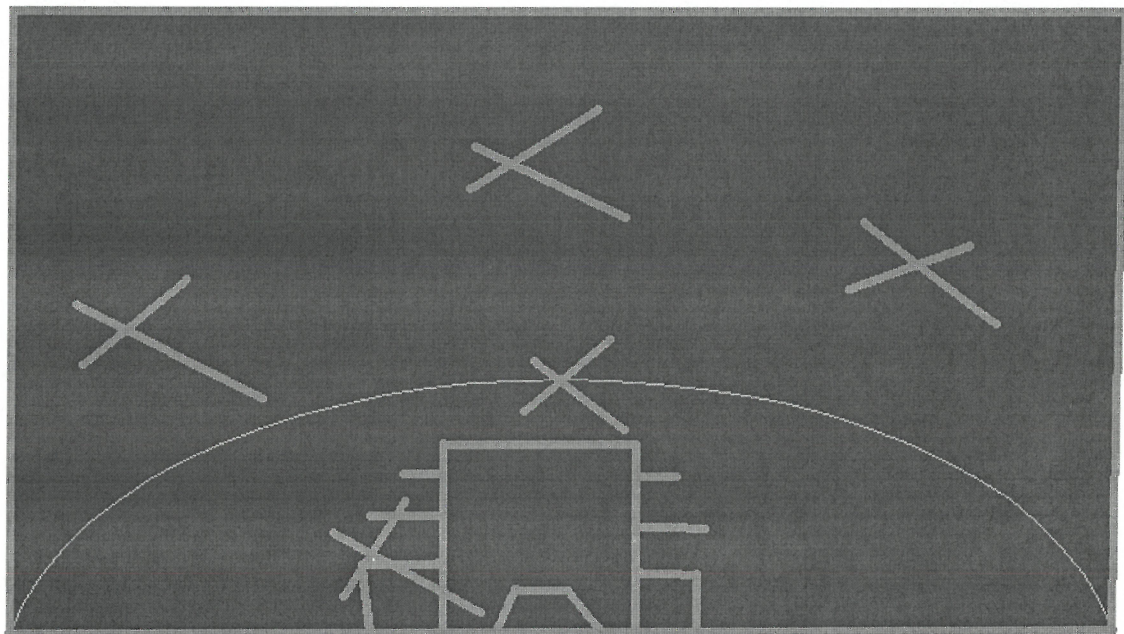
a high hard pass, and it went right over his head. The crowd silenced. I was scared cause I didn't know what was next. I ran back to go play defense, as my man (the man I was guarding) came down the court he was dribbling the ball. As he started to dribble I saw the ball slip from his hands, so I went for it. I got it and started to run down the court. The defender was racing to catch me, but I was too fast. I was one step away from the rim. I went up and dunked the ball.



The crowd was roaring. Everyone was up on there feet. At that moment my confidence went way up. I was ready to



play. From that point on I played pretty good for the rest of the year.







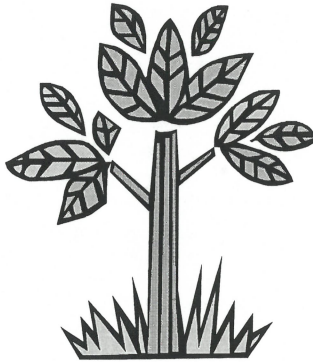
## **ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

Josh Dotzler A.K.A. SKILLS has been known for his skills, work ethic, and higher education. He was born in Omaha, Nebraska, in 1985 into a fine family of 7. His parents were on a journey somewhere, anywhere, well, they didn't know where. Eventually, his family turned into a family of 14, double the size when he was born. Josh has lived a very complicated life. As a boy, he jumped off a desk trying to do a flip and broke his arm. He has always been climbing trees, playing ball, and fighting with his two older brothers. When he was a boy, I remember, all he would do is play basketball. Growing up Josh wanted to be a professional basketball player, but at the age of eleven he would put it on hold for a while. Josh and his family packed up and went to Mexico where he would find a new life eating and killing snake, fish, and opossum. He would live this exiting life for about six months, where he didn't play any ball except for soccer. There he learned to be a skillful soccer player. After a while Josh started to miss the United States; so him and his family came home. Josh said that it was a very good experience though. I know God has a very good purpose for Josh, and I can't wait to see what he becomes.



# The Runaway

By Luke Gabriel





Once there was a boy who was a slave in Hawaii. His name was Darius. Darius's mom and dad got divorced and his dad, whose name was Pualo, got remarried to an old hag named Pupule. When Darius's dad married Pupule she made him and Darius move deep into the Hawaiian rain forest.

When Darius's father went to work every day, Pupule made Darius work in the illegal marijuana field that his dad did not know about. Pupule made Darius work the whole day. One night Darius's dad noticed Darius was very tired. When Pualo asked Darius why he was so tired Darius hesitated because Pupule said she would never feed him again if he told his dad. But he told his dad anyway. His dad told him to quit lying about Pupule and learn to like her.

That night Darius made plans to run away. Another hard day went by. When night came Darius grabbed a pocketknife and a little bit of food. As soon as his dad and his evil stepmother were asleep he climbed out his bedroom window and on to the roof. Oh no! The roof was slippery because it had just rained. Darius slid down the roof as fast as a blob of jelly on a steep, icy, playground slide in the middle of a rainstorm. Then oof! Oh no Darius had hit the ground and broke his leg! His plan was ruined!

Darius's leg was broken so bad that they could not fix it so they had to amputate it.

A whole year had gone by and Darius was getting around pretty well on his prosthetic leg. And Pupule was already making Darius work in the marijuana fields again. She had no care for him at all!

Even though Darius had a fake leg he was determined to run away again. That night Darius attempted to run away.









the illegal marijuana fields. Then Pupule and Pualo got divorced. Then Darius and his prosthetic leg lived happily ever after (for now).

THE END



## About the Author

Luke Gabriel was born on January 30, 1987 in Omaha, Nebraska. Luke was an active boy as a child. He was home schooled in preschool and kindergarten but was sent to Cross Lutheran School for first grade. Luke continued to go to Cross Lutheran until the middle of his sixth grade year when he was sent to a small school called Bellevue Christian Academy.



Bellevue Christian Academy 8<sup>th</sup> Grade 2001 Story  
Written by Jessica Jordan





# Rescuing Whisper





## The Rescue

On a brisk morning in May, Sara Morgan walked out to the old tattered barn connected to the huge corral. She knew the place so well she could find her way around it blindfolded. She looked around for her favorite horse Faith, among all the other horses. There right by Doppelganger, the gray spotted appaloosa, was her chestnut quarter horse mare, Faith.

"Hi Faith! How are you doing, pretty girl?" Faith gave a little nicker in reply. Faith was one of the prettiest mares there. She had a white stripe down her chestnut face, and four white socks. As Sara walked to her, she noticed the gray barrel used for feeding was empty. She ran through the pack of horses that was so clumped together you could barely get through. She stumbled to the barn where the soft hay seemed to be waiting for her every day in the same place. She took a bale out and stuffed it into the feeding barrel. The horses ran over laying their ears back and kicking at each other, almost kicking the white barred fence. Every horse tried to be the first one to the barrel as Sara scurried out of the way. "You greedy pigs," Sara said to them. Of course Faith, being the sweet one of the bunch, couldn't get to the food with everyone pushing her away from the feeding barrel.

"Poor Faith!" Sara exclaimed. Faith stood there looking at Sara, her big brown eyes as soft as silk. Sara felt sorry for Faith.

"Come with me, pretty girl; I'll get Mark to get you some food.

Sara ran to the stable, the one where her first pony stayed. But it no longer stayed there. It died last winter of old age, and it being too cold outside. Faith galloped after Sara not wanting to be left behind, her black tail streaming after her.

"Hey Sara, you're up bright and early." Said Mark. His dark brown hair was spiked at a centimeter high. Mark was the stable boy her daddy had hired a year ago. Mark was playful and kind, which was why Sara and him got along so well.

Sara had almost forgotten about Faith, until the mare came to an abrupt halt by her side.

"Hey gorgeous," she said as she stroked Faith's mane.

"I didn't know you cared." Mark said as he smiled at her, leaning on a stall scraper.

"Like I meant you!" Sara said and went to hit him as he ducked out of the way.

"Hey," she said. "I need some hay for Faith. You think you can handle that?"

"Sure," Mark said. "Be right back."

Sara heard the Chevy start up, at the other end of the wooden barn. The tires slipped on the soft dirt floor.

"Hey, back it over here!" Sara yelled over the even hum of the diesel engine.

"You have to guide me back!" Mark yelled back to her. The truck was right by the stalls, which were newer looking than some of the others. About 200 of the perfect green bales of hay were stacked carefully right by the stalls.

"Okay, turn a little to your left, I mean right! Right!" screamed Sara.





“BANG!” the Chevy crashed into the huge pile of hay bales. The heavy bales landed with a crushing sound onto the truck. Sara ran to the truck, covered in hay.

“Mark?” asked Sara. She ran over to the truck to see if he was okay. He opened the door as another hay bale fell from the pile. Fortunately, it landed not an inch from his face.

“Oh my gosh! Are you okay?” she asked as she ran over to him. She stepped back.

“I’m really sorry,” she said. “I could’ve really hurt you.”

“I know you didn’t mean to; it’s no big deal. Forget about it, okay? I’ll just have to restack them.” He said.

“I can help you,” Sara said. “After all, it was my fault.”

“Alright, but I get coffee breaks.” Said Mark.

“Deal, but you have to bring me along.” Said Sara, picking up a bale of hay.

“Right,” Mark said as he lifted another bale and started to stack.

\*\*\*\*\*

As she entered the white porch, the sun was beginning to shine brightly. As she approached the old screen door, she could smell breakfast cooking. The breakfast always smelled sweet when her mom was cooking. But her mom was a busy woman and had lots to do. One of those busy days was today. She could smell the burnt eggs and toast. They always end up burnt when her older brother was cooking.

“Don’t burn the house down along with that meal,” Sara commented, trying to hint to her brother.

“You’re 16 and you still can’t cook yet?” asked Sara.

“Nope but I can drive.” Chad bragged back.

“Right, and you drive like my grandma.” Sara said.

“Is that good or bad?” asked Chad.

“What do you think?” Sara asked him, picking up a horse magazine from the breakfast table.

“I don’t even want to know.” Chad sighed, giving up.

“Good morning!” came their dad’s booming voice.

“Hi, Dad,” she answered sweetly, plopping the magazine back on the table, left for someone else to pick up.

Sara’s dad was a hard worker.





Her dad, unlike his friends at work, wasn't bald...yet.

He was in his suit and tie, only because he had to. Accounting was his side job. Farming was the main work he did. Coming down the stairs with his tan leather suitcase and his suit he said, "Sorry kids, I know it's Saturday, but I have to go to work."

"I'll see you guys later." As he said that he kissed her and gave Chad a pat on the back, and with that he was out the door before they could say anything.

"Does he always do that?" asked Sarah, amazed.

"Yep." Chad answered.

That afternoon Sarah had a horse she had to work with. Her dream was to make Whisper the perfect trail, showmanship, or whatever she needed kind of horse, but first was the training part.

Sarah walked into the bright sun that her eyes had not adjusted to yet. She could see the electric fence a few yards away. Beyond that was the beautiful stable where the hay bale accident occurred. She skipped down to get her horse Whisper. Whisper needed a lot of work before he could go anywhere. Though he was a gorgeous bay with 4 black socks and a perfect star on the top of his forehead, he had such an attitude for 6 years old. "Hey boy, you ready to do some work?" asked Sarah excitedly. Whisper tossed his head and nudged the halter. "Okay, but you gotta let me in otherwise I can't get to ya. Whisper backed up, as he was always ready to learn. Sarah stepped between the two wires, which were electrified.

"Good boy," she said as she patted his dark head. Sarah tossed the bright red halter up and over his head, she buckled it on him tight. She would have more control over him this way.

"Okay, boy, let's go." They were on their way on the path to the stable when he knelt down.

"What's wrong boy?" She asked confused. He gave her a little nudge toward his back "Ohhhh!" that's what you want. She hopped on his back and rode him toward the stable.

Whisper took up a lope, not heading towards the stable as Sarah planned, but into the green woods with sticks and moss. He galloped along full speed.

Sarah led him with the lead rope on one side and the end of it on the other. She guided him back onto the winding dirt path, out of the way of danger. She halted him directly in front of the indoor riding arena that her mom was working so hard to pay off. She got off and opened the door. "Creeek" the new hard steel building squeaked as she carefully maneuvered the pole holding the door up, open. Sarah kissed to Whisper to signal him around the pole. She hooked the black leather lunge line to his halter and began moving away. As she did this he looked at her, waiting for her signal. Sarah flicked the end of the lunge line towards Whisper while clicking to him, eye contact met. Whisper began to walk. This time Sarah outstretched her arm towards Whisper's shoulder, clucking to him. Whisper took up a slow, yet steady trot. She smiled but kept eye contact. She knew she had his trust. He began to pick up his pace, one leg in front of the other, mane and tail starting to take flight. "Good boy," she said as she dropped the whip and put the lunge line down on the sandy floor of the arena. Whisper slowly



stopped and looked at Sarah. Sarah grinned at him. She walked over to him sinking in the deep sand as she went. "Boy you are a quick learner," she said patting Whisper on his soft sturdy neck.

"Do you want to start in halter, where you and I walk around?"

Whisper nickered at the idea of it; his big hazel eyes lighting up.

"Okay," replied Sarah. She reached over Whisper's neck to retrieve the long black leather lunge line, lying in a pile under Whisper's leg. "Back, click click, back, click click," Sarah said as Whisper moved steadily back, not stopping until he was asked to. "Ho, there," she said, stooping down to grab the lunge line. She coiled it up with one hand, unattached the latch to the halter, and quickly put the lead rope back on him. "All right, let's get started."

Sarah dropped the lead rope in front of him. "Ho," Sarah said jogging in a big circle around him, thick sand kicking up behind her. Whisper started to turn just as Sarah jumped back. She tugged at the lead rope. "Ho," she said more sternly. Again, she walked around in a smaller circle this time watching Whisper closely. He didn't budge. As she finished the circle she turned in towards him. "Good boy," she said while patting his head. This time as she circled him she walked around pretending to be unaware of his presence. She looked at the walls covered with different colored saddles and bridles, along with feedbags scattered along the ground behind a half wired fence. Then she looked towards the back of the arena where cones were set up for different patterns of showmanship. She stopped in front of him. "Good boy," she said. "We'll stop on a good note." Sarah led Whisper back on the winding dirt path. She decided to test what he had just learned. As they came near the fence opening she dropped the lead rope in front of him. As she started to unhinge the wire to open it, she spun quickly around grinning to see if he had moved. Sure enough, there he was walking up to the front yard for some tall green grass munching away. The grin turned to a scowl. "Errrrrr!" cried Sarah annoyed at the thought that she actually thought he was going to just stand there. She marched up to the yard obviously annoyed. When she had finally reached the front yard she smiled. There was Mark asking Whisper where the heck Sarah was and why he was out of his pen. She tiredly made her way to where they stood. "I see you found my horse. I lost him for a second." She said as she neared them.

"Oh, there you are. I thought he just ran off without you noticing."

Sarah stopped. "Yeah, he couldn't get past *me*." She said, rolling her eyes. She reached for the lead rope as Mark put it behind his back. "What's the magic word?" He said grinning.

She went to hit him but he dodged her and hid behind Whisper, who was obviously not interested in their little game. She smiled, grabbed him by the shirt, yanked the lead rope out of his big hands and pushed him to the ground. "You want to play a little game do ya?" she asked Mark. "I'll play along." She said as she wiped her hands on her jeans, clicked Whisper into gear, and headed back to the pasture.

\* \* \* \* \*





"Don't you ever embarrass me like that again, especially in front of Mark. He thinks I'm the best." Sarah said as she opened the wired fence, this time with the lead rope in her hand. Whisper walked happily along until suddenly Sarah stopped.

"You know I can't let you get away with that," she said as she closed the wire fence in front of them. Sarah headed back towards the riding arena with Whisper following her. As she entered the entrance of the arena, she led Whisper through, turned him around, and shut the door behind him.

"Now," she began, "Ho." Whisper stood there. Sarah ran over to the apple treats and placed some in front of him. He began to walk towards them until Sarah snapped the lead rope. He jerked away from the treats and stood there, looking longingly at them.

Sarah took her lead rope in her hand and started to circle him. He again took a couple steps forward. Sarah flicked the lunge line at him and he backed up. "Ho," she said sternly. Again she started towards his back. She stopped, and looked back. He was still standing in the same spot she had left him. He turned his massive head to look at her. She started around the other side and ended at his head. He was still there. She switched sides so he wouldn't be a one sided horse. He stood as still as possible. Once in a while he would turn his head to see exactly where Sarah was. She would then appear at his side. She smiled, kissed his forehead, and praised him with the apple treats she had taken off the ground.

"Good boy," she said, still smiling. She took him to the pasture gate, dropped the lead rope, unhinged the wire, dropped the wire, and turned around. There he was, standing there, waiting patiently.

"What a good boy," she said and patted his head. She led him through the gate, closed it, and took his halter off. "I'll see ya tomorrow," she said as she turned to walk up the steep hill to the house, the sunset barely peeking over the hills.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Hi, Daddy," Sarah said as she slipped off her boots and hung up the halter in the closet crowded with coats, the vacuum, and anything else that would fit in there.

"Hi, Honey; how was Whisper?" he asked while putting down the last of his coffee.

"He was okay," she said, as she slid into one of the seats beside him. "We had a bit of a problem until we reinforced what he had learned."

"I see," he said as he picked up his coffee again.

"So, what have you been doing today?" Sarah asked while glancing at the wooden clock that hung by the stairs in front of them.

"Oh, I did quite a few things today. First I plowed the field of the horse poop. Then I worked on the small Ford tractor. I can't say I have finished it, because I need to get some parts for it. Then I went to the neighbors' to borrow their work 4-wheeler for the back road so I can put the gravel on. That's about all."

"That's a lot to do in one day," said Sarah peeking into the now empty mug, which had once held coffee about five minutes ago.



"Yep, it sure is. It was very tiresome. I'm probably going to bed early tonight. Had a long day," he said as he elevated himself to his feet. "But first I'm going to watch some television." He walked into the living room. As he sat down and picked the remote up you could hear the old easy chair squeak. *Here comes Dad's line.* Sarah thought to herself.

"Pardon," Dad's voice came from the living room. She rolled her eyes. The kitchen was dark and empty. Except for the stove light that was on, she heard the *drip, drip* of the kitchen faucet.

*I wonder where Mark is? Is he still out with the horses?* She asked herself while getting up. She looked up at the clock. It was already nine-thirty at night. "Dad...Dad!" yelled Sarah over the booming television.

"Yeah?" came his response.

"I'm going to bed, okay?" Sarah asked.

"Okay, goodnight." He yelled, the television still blaring.

"Goodnight," she yelled back.

Sarah ran up the steep stairs, two at a time. When she had finally reached the top she peeked into the darkness of Mark's room. Clothes everywhere you could imagine, his dresser drawer open, and his blinds half closed. She stepped in cautiously, not wanting to trip and cause suspicion from downstairs. As she neared his bed, she saw a big lump. She pulled back the covers as she saw a shadow coming in the room.

\*\*\*\*\*

Mark flipped on the lights to his room. "Hmmm...I thought I heard someone in my room," he said while he shook his head and pulled back the covers to his bed. "Wow, it feels good just to sit down and relax." He said as he pulled a teen boy magazine from under his bed.

\*\*\*\*\*

Sarah saw a hand reach under the bed and grab for the magazine right by her. She covered her mouth and tried to keep her breathing shallow, her heart pumping so loudly she thought it would give her away. The hand picked the magazine up, and then disappeared again. *Go to bed Mark* she thought to herself as she heard magazine pages flipping.

"This looks like a good book." Sarah heard Mark say as he stumbled around the floor covered in clothes, looking for his book.

*Oh great! He's going to be up forever!* Then she heard him go over to his dresser. He was shuffling in his top drawer for something. "Ah ha!" Mark exclaimed. "Here you are." He shuffled through the clothes on the floor back to his bed. The bed squeaked a





bit when he sat down on it. "You know, you have a real talent, girl. *I wonder if he found me. Is he going to look under the bed?*" thought Sarah as she continued listening.

"I wonder if you are sleeping yet?" Mark said, heading towards Sarah's room. *Oh no! He's going to find me missing!*

"Mark...Mark!" called Sarah's dad.

"Yep?" Mark called back, as he ran down the steep stairs.

"Thank you, Dad!" Sarah exclaimed as she pulled herself from under the bed, ran into her room and closed the door. She leaned back against the chestnut wood door, a picture of a roper on it. She breathed heavily. Remembering she had left her light on, she scrambled to turn it off. "Wow!" Sarah breathed; that was close. She quickly got into her pajamas and hopped into bed in the pitch black. She heard a knock at the door

"Are you in bed?" came Mark's voice through the door.

"Yeah, why?" asked Sarah, who sounded sleepy.

"Oh, I was going to give you something," he said. "But I'll give it to you in the morning."

"No! I meant, no, umm...I'll be out in a minute." Sarah pretended to yawn and opened the door. Her hair was in a ponytail and she was wearing plaid boxers and matching plaid spaghetti strapped shirt.

"How *you* doin'?" Mark asked sarcastically.

"Pretty good except for the fact I probably won't be able to go back to sleep," she sighed.

"Oh, jeez, I'm sorry...I'll come back tomorrow." He said apologetically.

"No, it's all right...really. I'm already up."

"Okay, here we go," he said, handing her a small box.

"It reminded me of you when I was in the store the other day. I thought I'd get it for you seeing that you are a natural with them. This can remind you of all the training experiments you've done with them. Oh, and I threw in a little something that reminds you of me. Well, go ahead...open it.

Sarah carefully unwrapped the small box in her hand.

*I wonder what this could be.* Sarah thought, tears coming to her eyes. *I want to cry, but not in front of him!* thought Sarah, blinking back the tears. She finally got it unwrapped and opened the tiny box. In it was a gold locket with a picture of a horse on the top, galloping in the wind. She fumbled with it to get it opened.

"Here, let me help you," Mark said as he unlocked it and handed it to her. There was a picture of Whisper and Faith's heads, and on the other side was a picture of Mark on it. When she looked up, he was gone.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next morning Sarah awoke to a fine smelling breakfast. She looked out the window to see the sun just rising over the hills. Sarah slipped on her jeans, then her shirt that was a present from her mom. It had a picture of a farmer with a tractor cutting his hay field. Right behind the tractor there was a horse that said, "*Go ahead make my hay!*" Mom says that shirt should remind her to feed the horses in the morning. Her dad always fed them at night. She slipped on the locket Mark had given her that very night. As Sarah walked down the stairs, she could see her mom with the two iron pots with eggs in



them and four pieces of toast were sitting in the two toasters waiting to be cooked. She glanced up at Sarah.

"Good morning. It's about time you got up. I was just about to come wake you up."

"Glad to see you, stranger." Sarah said as she skipped down the stairs and gave her mom a big hug. "I have to go feed the horses." With that she was out the door.

It was bright outside now that the sun was almost at its highest in the sky. She squinted when she opened the old screen door. She ran to the pasture where the horses were already waiting at the gate. She ran past them and up towards the barn with the hay bales. The horses stampeded after her. She could feel the earth shudder and the sound of thunder come near her. The horses stopped as they neared the feeding barrel, all eyes on her. She stepped over light planks of wood as she opened the gate leading into the barn loft. She threw a couple bales down, jumped down herself, and threw the bales to the hungry horses. Faith, being in a separate pasture whinnied from where she stood about 50 yards away.

"I'm coming girl, hold on."

Sarah grabbed another bale for Faith and walked it over to where Faith was standing. With labored breath, she eased the bale over the wire, and then pulled the bale twine off the bale.

"There we go," Sarah said. "Enjoy!"

She walked back to the barn to grab yet another bale. Only this one was for Whisper. She walked 300 yards over to where he was, dropped the bale over the fence, and then sat down on the soft green grass right by Whisper who was munching away on his bale.

"You and I are going to do some training after you get done with breakfast," Sarah told Whisper.

\* \* \* \* \*

About a half hour after, she had Whisper in the arena, walking, trotting, and cantering. He finally got down the pattern of the signals she gave him.

"We'll try ground tying today, bud," she said.

He nickered, agreeing with her. She dropped the lead rope and put apple treats in front of him. He looked at them but did not move. Sarah circled around him once. He stood there, looked at her, and turned his head back around. At the end of the next circle Whisper turned his head to look at Sarah. Sarah looked at him, looked at the treats, and nodded. He knew his cue. He took one ate it and turned around to face her.

"Well, we've got that covered. Let's go in for today; shall we?" she asked. She took Whisper up to the field, let him loose, and walked to the house. It had to be at least noon already and Sarah was starving. She ran to the house. As she stepped through the door she saw her dad just head upstairs. After a morning of hard work he always went to lie down for a couple hours. Sarah and her dad had not had a very close relationship from the start. They were totally different except for the fact that they were both hard workers. That's the one trait she got from her dad. The rest of Sarah was more like her





mom. They both shared the love for horses, they both new how to work with them, and they both new how to have some fun. Dad on the other hand, he was too serious.

There was Mark eating a ham and cheese sandwich.

"How's it going, Mark?" Sarah asked.

Mark looked up from what he was doing.

"Oh...hi!" said Mark with a smile.

"Thanks for the locket...it...it was real nice of you. My dad never gives me these things. He always tells me to work up enough money to buy it on my own. I really appreciate this. Thank you, Mark," said Sarah, giving Mark a hug.

"Sure, happy to oblige you."

"I should probably go get some groceries for the family, since I am considered part of it.

"Okay, see ya," Said Sarah.

"Later!" replied Mark.

\*\*\*\*\*

Sarah's dad came down the stairs.

"Dad?" asked Sarah.

"What?" he answered.

"I was wondering if we could buy some cones for the arena; they're not that expen~"

"Sarah, I've told you time and time again no! If you want them so bad then you buy them yourself," he said harshly, getting a glass of water.

"But dad, I paid for his shots not that long ago and I'm totally broke. I still have to pay for the hay he eats. Could you just~"

"No!!! I've told you no. If you can't pay for him you'll just have to sell him. Why can't you be more sensible and find another hobby besides those dumb horses. You waste all your time trying to train them when it does no good anyway. You don't know how to train them. Just give it up. It does them no good.

"But, Dad~" Sarah pleaded, almost to tears.

"No buts! The answer is no!" he yelled.

Sarah ran upstairs in tears. She threw herself on her bed and sobbed into her pillow, her father's words spinning in her head, his hateful words.

*Why can't you be more sensible? You waste your time. You don't train them, you don't know how to. You are useless!*

Then Mark's words came into her head. She looked down at the gold locket. She gripped it in her hands.

*You're a natural; you have a real talent, girl.*

"I'll show you, Dad," she said to herself. "I'll show you I can train, ride and teach horses. You'll see."

\*\*\*\*\*



The next morning she slid out of bed, put some pants, and a shirt on. This time the shirt said, "*Don't mess with me*" on the front, *perfect shirt to wear*. She thought. She went out to feed the horses. She ran as usual to the barn, threw some bales out to the horses and one out to Faith, and brought one to Whisper. After she had finished feeding them she ran back to the house, up the blue stairs and to Mark's room, where he was still sleeping. The alarm clock on his dresser read 5:30 in red letters.

"Mark," she whispered hoarsely. "Mark, get up we've got things to do.

"Huh?" asked Mark sleepily.

"Come on... I need your help.

"Can I get some clothes on first?" asked Mark.

"Of course, but hurry up." She said while exiting his room. She leaned against the hallway wall waiting patiently.

He came out, almost running her over.

"Come with me." She said while leading him out the old screen door. Sarah went down to the tack room on the side of the barn and got a saddle, a bridle, and a pad. She went over to Whisper who was already done with his hay. She placed the stuff on the ground while Mark started grooming Whisper.

"Okay, I'm done."

"Mark, I need to give you directions on what we're going to do. Do you know that field? It's about forty-three acres across?" asked Sarah.

"Yeah, I know the place.

"Okay listen up." She said while putting the saddle pad and saddle on, her golden hair blowing in the breeze.

I want you to take the Chevy along the road and watch me run across the field with Whisper. I'll give you a stopwatch to time us. We're going to run across the field, that whole way. Now what I want you to do is time us."

"Gotcha" Mark said, helping Sarah get the bridle on.

"Also, do you have a video camera?"

"A small one." He said.

"Well, go get it." Sarah said as she tightened the cinch and strapped the breast collar on. One of the pieces of leather holding the medal part up seemed to look thin.

*We can fix that when we get back.* She thought to herself, double-checking everything.

\*\*\*\*\*

Mark ran into his room, his eyes frantically searching for the camera. He dug under a pile of clothes as he went to his dresser.





"There!" he cried. Mark grabbed for the video camera and ran down the stairs.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Here, I got it." He said, breathing hard.

"Good, now keep it in your pocket. You'll need it. Hears the stop watch." She said handing it to him.  
You'll be in your Chevy going the speed I am on Whisper. You'll be about 300 yards away from me videotaping. Now, I have a question for you. Are you up for this?" she asked.

"Sure I guess, but the real question is...are you up for this?" Mark asked.

"Well, yeah." Replied Sarah, as she mounted Whisper.

"Now you're sure you know what to do?" asked Sarah.

"Positive." Mark said.

"Good, meet you down there." She turned Whisper towards the dirt road leading down to the field. They trotted the whole way past big trees, garbage on the side of the road, and even old rusted tractors on the side of the road. They stopped for a short brake to catch their breathes and off they were again. When they were on the road again they heard a truck coming down behind them. Sarah turned around and saw it was Mark who was following them, just as they planned. When Whisper and Sarah finally reached the field of knee high grass, Mark came rumbling in. He got his video camera all set to record, with the extra video in it. He gave Sarah the signal. He put his truck into drive and they were off.

"Yaw Whisper!" Sarah yelled, her hands clenched to the reins. She kicked him and kicked him until he was at top speed. The field of tall grass in blur as they zoomed by, Mark and the Chevy at their side. Sarah looked down to check the thin part of the breast collar. It looked like it was coming loose. She checked to see if the saddle was loose. It didn't seem so. But that collar was coming undone every second. Whisper was running hard, snorting along the way, his hooves thudding the ground. Mark was still beside them trying to see what was wrong. The breast collar had snapped, and the saddle was as loose as possible. She looked ahead of them. *Good, we still have time to spare if I could only get the piece back where it's supposed to be.* As she reached for the collar, which was swinging as they galloped along, full speed, the saddle slipped even more. Whisper kept his pace, he never slowed down. But the saddle slipped even more under Whisper's stomach, Sarah sliding off every second, getting closer to the ground. Whisper snorted, he started to panic. Something was under his stomach. He started bucking and crow hopping, with Sarah dragging along the ground now. Every time he started to buck, her head was not an inch from the ground. If Whisper fell, he would land on top of Sarah and crush her.

"Ho Whisper!" Sarah yelled over the thud of his hooves hitting the ground hard. The field was just about to end. Then there were the woods. Sarah's hands



were numb gripping the saddle horn in front of her. The only problem was is that she was upside down. *If only I could stop him*, was her last thought until the dark.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mark was in the Chevy racing beside Sarah. All he could do was shout. "Ho Whisper, ho boy!"

Whisper saw a big knarled tree that spooked him. Now he was running of fright that if he stopped, then it would eat him. Mark dug in the back seat of his truck, with one hand attached to the steering wheel. He found some bungee cords in the back and hooked the video camera on the side of the truck so that he would be more free to do what he wanted. He sped up Faster then Whisper now and turned to his left to cut Whisper off. It worked. Whisper reared and leaped the other way. Forcing Sarah's caught foot loose. She plunged to the ground, coughing, trying to get out of the way of Whisper. Whisper took off towards home, Mark right beside him, the truck parallel with Whisper's body.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sarah left in the dust, could not get up. Her leg all twisted up from being dragged every which way. She looked around. She could hear the truck's engine off in the distance. There were just fields of grass around her, hiding her from view. *Mark will never find me in this tall grass. How will he know that my foot got loose and I'm down here? I might be here all night.* She recalled her dad's words

"Now if you're ever lost or injured you just stay in that one spot. Somebody will come and find you eventually. But never get up if you're injured. It could cause the injury to become more fatal." Sarah felt lightheaded. As she reached for her head she saw thick red blood oozing from her head onto her hand.

"Oh my God!" cried Sarah. "What am I supposed to do, sit here and bleed to death?" she started to cry at the thought of it. Never being able to see her mom or Mark or let alone her bedroom. Never be able to see Faith or enjoy the company of the horses that surrounded her every summer day, sitting in the pasture, daydreaming. She started to cry, nowhere to go, no help to help her. *What am I to do? Sarah asked herself.* She could not here the Chevy's engine anymore. She was left to bleed to death out here in the middle of a grass field. She attempted to get up. It was useless. She plopped back down, feeling lightheaded and dizzy. *What am I to do? Sarah whispered to herself.*





\*\*\*\*\*

Mark was still chasing Whisper through the field, the road just ahead of them. Whisper, spooked more than anything, slowed down to a trot, than he blindly took a right turn into the woods and disappeared. Mark could now see the saddle. Sarah wasn't under Whisper anymore. Mark let the video camera run, while he turned around to go in search for Sarah.

\*\*\*\*\*

Sarah was lying in the tall grass around her, covered in her own blood. The wind started to pick up just a bit, grass moving every which way. She thought she heard the engine of the Chevy truck coming toward her. *Ah, it's just the wind.* She thought to herself as she strained to hear it. *Maybe it is the truck.* But all that was around her was the wind indeed. She sat there thinking about her dad. *He probably doesn't know that I'm gone. Figures.* Another half hour had passed. *How long will I be out here?*

\*\*\*\*\*

The truck slowed down as Mark looked desperately looked around along the ground of the field for Sarah.

"Come on girl, you gotta be around here somewhere!" he said as he moved on to a different spot. Mark revved the huge Chevy up the hill to the road. Once he hit the dirt road he sped up to 75 mile/hour. Trees, glass bottles and brown bags were littered all over the side of the road. He was coming up to the particular spot in the road where giant; limestone rocks lay scattered all over the road. The truck slipped and slid all over but managed to find some traction on the side of the road to help it ease up the road. He came into view of the normal dirt road, which was about a couple miles from their house. There wasn't much scenery except for a few corn and bean fields. While on the road he turned the video camera off and unattached it from the side of the truck. It seemed like forever but the house finally came into view. Once in the driveway he slammed the break and ran inside the house, the screen door slamming after him.

"Hey, is anyone home?" Mark yelled. Chad appeared at the top of the stairs.

"Yeah, I'm home."

"Good, I need some help. Sarah and I went down to the grass field to ride. But Whisper went nuts and dragged Sarah a long way until her foot finally slipped I guess."

"You guess? Where the heck were you, and why can't you find Sarah? Chad said angrily glaring at him Come on...who did you take riding?"

"Huh?" asked Mark confused.

"Which horse did you take riding?" Chad asked.

"I took my truck." He answered looking down at the floor.



"You said you went riding. So are you lying to me?"  
"No...Sarah asked me to drive the Chevy and video tape her riding on Whisper.  
I...I ...didn't see any harm in it. I mean what could happen in a huge field of *grass*?  
"I don't know." Answered Chad.  
"Well we can't just stand here and talk about it. Let's go find her." Said Mark.

\*\*\*\*\*

Down by the tall grass lay Sarah, not being able to sit up. Her leg badly injured on her way to bleeding to death. She tries to sit up but can't. She props herself up with her elbow, waiting for help to arrive. She's almost lost all hope. She dreams about how happy she was in her life. *I hope Mark finds me. I can't yell or do anything to get anyone's attention. I'm helpless. What if no one comes to get me? What if they don't care? She gripped her gold locket in her hand and recalled the time Mark gave it to her; I thought I'd get it for you seeing you're a natural with them. It will remind you of all the experiments and training you did with them. Oh, and I also threw in a little something for you to remember me by.* She leaned back. "So if he didn't care about me then he wouldn't of got it for me. She smiled. He'll come back for me." She said.

\*\*\*\*\*

Mark and Chad were down to the rocky part.  
"Wow," remarked Chad. "This is some pretty bumpy stuff!"  
"Yeah, well, hold on cause it just gets wwwwooooorrrrssee!" said Mark, gripping the steering wheel tighter. After they got off of the bumpy part he sped up. Every time Mark turned, Chad would go flying into the door.  
"Gee, thanks," Chad yelled over the revving engine.  
"Anytime!" Mark yelled back, turning another sharp corner, his low beams on.

\*\*\*\*\*

Evening was finally setting in. Sarah heard a truck engine. "They're coming!" she yelled as she tried to stand up. Her attempt was futile; she plopped back to the hard ground of the field, the tall grass swaying in the light breeze. *I'll try not to do that again.* She thought, her head spinning.

\*\*\*\*\*

"Hey," asked Chad. "When are we going to be there?"





"Hmm...right... now!" Mark said as he spun around the last corner.  
"Gees!" cried Chad.  
"Wuss!" said Mark, scanning the field for Sarah.  
"I don't see her," said Chad looking like he had just seen a ghost.  
"I'm gonna park my truck in the middle of the field. You take front; I got back, got it? Asked Mark as if he was in charge.  
"Yes sir!" said Chad and saluted Mark as he ran towards the front lot. Mark rolled his eyes and then headed towards the back lot. It was getting really dark. He could barely see a thing. He walked back towards the woods area.  
"Sarah!" he called. There was no reply. "Sarah!" where are you?" he called again.

\* \* \* \* \*

Chad tramped through the tall grass, falling in a hole occasionally. "Sarah! It's me...Chad... where are ya sis'?" He stepped on something squishy. "Oh my God!" Cried Chad, as he knelt down to pick the squishy thing up. "No... Sarah?" Chad cuddled the hand. He looked down. "Oh my God!" screamed Chad into the night air as he dropped it. He quickly stepped away from it. The head was full of blood and guts dripping from the skull, the skin torn open. It was a wild deer, obviously squished by a big grain truck, and eaten by who knows what. He took one last glance at it and ran the other way.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mark ran through the thick grass, faded auburn and light brown color, pushing it out of his way. He stopped dead in his tracks and looked around him. He cupped his hands to his mouth.

"Sarah! Sarah...where are~ oh my God..." His color drained from his face. "Sarah?" he asked looking just ahead of him. A human outline lying on its back, flimsy was almost hidden in the grass of the field. He went over to her and put his cheek just above her mouth and nose. She was still breathing. He knelt down beside her and took her small hand in his.

"Sarah?" he whispered. "This is Mark. I know you can't see me but I want you to squeeze my fingers if you can hear me. I'm going to carry you back to the truck now, okay?" As Mark said that he felt a weak squeeze on his fingers. "Oh my God! You are still here. There is a God!" he said as he stroked her matted hair and laughed. "Thank God!" he said as he picked her up in his arms and headed for the truck, weeds crunching under his feet.

\* \* \* \* \*



Chad was in the truck with the A.C. going. "Knock, knock!" Mark said as Chad opened the door for him, the truck light turned on. "Yes! You found her" Chad said giving Mark a happy pat on the back. "Sure did," Mark said, lying Sarah in the passengers seat. "Where am I supposed to sit?" asked Chad annoyed. There's always the back cab." Replied Mark. "Yeah, *I'm gonna sit there?* Said Chad. "Well... there's always the bed of the truck if you prefer that." Mark told Chad, grinning. Chad just scowled. I'll take back cab," he said, getting in. Mark shut the door behind Chad while walked to the driver's side, grinning. "Some people you just can't please," said Mark shaking his head as he got in and drove away.

\*\*\*\*\*

At the hospital, Mark sat tapping his foot anxiously waiting in the E.R. waiting room with Chad flipping pages to a magazine beside him. It seemed hours ago that this accident had occurred. There was a T.V. blaring hooked up to a V.C.R, but all that was on was the news. He remembered the video he had in his truck. *I'll get it if someone asks what happened, that way I won't have to explain what happened. I'll go make a phone call to her parents.* He thought as he rose from his chair and walked over to the telephone, hanging on the wall with a sign over it. It read:

To make a call out of this hospital press the numbers 153 and dial the number of your choice. Please make your call less than ten minutes.

Thanks

Sincerely,

The Medical Staff

Mark quickly dialed the number quickly. It started to ring...it ran five times and then the answering machine picked up.

"Hi, you have reached the Morgan residence, we're not home at the moment but if you'll leave your name, number and a brief message we will return your call. Thanks, and have a terrific day. Beep!

"Hi, this is Mark. I'm at the~

Someone picked up on the other line.

"Hello...this is Mark... I'm at the hospital right now...it's a long story...I'm at the Midlands Hospital...uh huh...well that's the closest hospital there was...okay, I'll see you and Mr. Morgan in a bit...okay...bye. Mark hung up the phone. He went over to sit back down when he noticed every face in the room was looking at him and Chad. Mark looked at them, smiled sheepishly, and sat down. Blood doesn't come out of clothing very well, son. I suggest you better use tide. He chuckled while everyone in the room laughed a long with him. Chad looked at his shirt, turned pale, and ran to the bathroom. While Chad was in the bathroom cleaning himself up, Mark ran out to his truck to fetch the video. He came back just in time to see the Morgan's walked through the door. 'I'm worried,' was written all over their faces.

"What happened?" asked Mrs. Morgan, as she sat down in one of the blue chairs, her husband right beside her.

"Hold on one second." Mark said as he went to the med tech behind the desk.





"Excuse me," Said Mark, as he leaned over the desk. "Could I please move that T.V. to a private room?" he asked, while pointing to the other side of the room.

"No, but I could get you a room in the hospital if it's that important." The med tech said.

"Well it's that important," Mark answered showing his I.D. to the tech. "It's a video of what happened to one of the patients that the doctors might want to take a look at also, a long with her parents.

"I'll see if I can get some clearance." Said the tech hustling out of the room. He came back in a matter of minutes with another tech, who appeared to be the highest ranked tech there.

"I'll escort you to a room. You said you needed the doctors working on this particular patient to join us as well?" he questioned, as they walked down the tile hall with the parents following.

"That's correct." Mark answered. "All we need is one. Probably the one doing the paperwork."

"We'll see if we can do that." The tech answered. They followed the tech down a long carpeted hallway. At the end of it was a desk with one of the doctors busily writing the situation down.

"Excuse me, Sir. There's someone here who needs you."

"Yes?" the Doctor asked spinning his leather wheeled chair around to face them. He looked to be in his mid forties with light gray hair and a weathered face. He was wearing gloves on his hands with a white scrub jacket on with a white over coat.

"I needed someone who is taking care of Sarah to come view the video of what happened to her to make her in this shape." Said Mark looking up at the doctor. Even though Mark was tall for his age, he was half the size of the doctor.

"First order of business is this." The Doctor thrust out his hand to Mark. Mark solemnly shook it. "My name is Doctor Jerry." "My name is Mark, and I'm with the girls parents. Her name is Sarah and she has shoulder length golden, now blood stained hair, a thin face, with medium olive skin. Have you seen her Doc?" asked Mark anxiously awaiting his response. "You know," said the doc. "I have been sitting at this same desk all day. I can't say that I have...but, I can go look for her if you want me to."

"That would be great doc." Said Mark, hope gleaming in Sarah's parent's eyes.

"It'll be a minute," he said while getting up out of his chair and walking down the long hallway. He headed for the emergency room door and disappeared. About twenty minutes later he reappeared a twinkle in his eyes.

"I've found her alright. She's in surgery for her leg she broke and they already stitched that nasty gash in her head up. But no one can see her until she's out of surgery. I would like to see how that happened. Just follow me. He led them to an elevator and up one story to where all the hospitalized people lay in their beds, waiting for recovery. Mark couldn't bear seeing Sarah helpless in one of those nasty hospital beds that had that awful smell to them. *I could always bring her perfume and body spray in and drowned everybody in that scent.* He gripped the video in one hand, hoping that it had recorded for Sarah's sake and for his. They walked past a couple of rooms, one that held someone in a body cast in it. He shuddered at the thought Sarah could be in one of those things, looking like something off of a horror movie. He was still looking in the rooms as they went by when the Doctor all of a sudden stopped. Mark almost ran him over until he put



his air brakes on and almost toppled over. The Doctor led them into a pure white room. The walls were white, the bed, the curtains and even the separating curtain was white. It felt like something off of Stargate. He looked up at the television and right below it was a V.C.R, on a dresser, which was white. He thought he'd barf, too much white. But if he were going to get sick, this would be the perfect place to do it in.

"Hand me the tape Mark." Doctor Jerry said as he hit the power button on the V.C.R. to get it started. He popped the video in and sat on the bed. Sarah's parents huddled as they watched the video. It showed the part where Sarah and Whisper took off in the tall grass field that enveloped them, the camera following the whole way. It did pretty well for being in the bumpy truck. Then Whisper spooked at something. Mark had turned the camera to see what it was. It turned out to be a tree. He returned it to its original position. Whisper started bucking and crow hopping. Sarah appeared to be checking something on the saddle. She grabbed for something and the saddle slid under Whisper's stomach. Sarah's parents gasped as they saw their daughter getting dragged trying to stop the horse, her head hitting the ground violently, again and again. They saw the truck turn and cut Whisper off. He lunged back and leaped the opposite direction. Then the camera followed Whisper back to the end of the field. The video cut off there.

"Oh my God!" Mrs. Morgan's voice came, muffled with her hand. Mr. Morgan shook his head, tears in his eyes. The trauma was too much for them to bear. Doctor Jerry took Sarah's parents and led them to the waiting room. There, he would try to comfort them.

"I know how difficult this is for you as parents." The Doctor said, squatting in front of them, his notepad and pen resting on his knee. "I have a son at home about fifteen. I couldn't imagine anything so tragic happening to him." The parents looked shocked as tears of remorse streamed down their face, especially the dad. He knew he was hard on her. But if anything happened to Sarah, he could never forgive himself. The Doctor went on. "This is a serious head injury which could cause some brain damage. More than likely it will. I have one special medicine for you. It's called prayer. Boy...the power of prayer. Last winter was such a terrible winter I could never get up the hill to my house without a prayer for help from the biggest strongest angels to get me up that hill. Boy howdy does it work. My God is merciful. I used to be so stubborn and try on my own. But that hill and ice was stronger than my little car. God can always help you out when the weather is beyond your control."

"Thank you doctor. We'll be praying." Mrs. Morgan said as the doctor left the room.

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Sarah finally got out of the E.R. and was in a room now, her head wrapped with a white sterile bandage. Her leg elevated by two ties attached to a machine above her. She had an I.V. in her left wrist and oxygen tubes up her nose to help her breathe better. Mark entered the room with the body spray he had bought at a store not too long ago. Sarah smiled as he entered the room. Her face covered in bruises and her hair freshly washed, stuck back behind her ears.





"Hey you" Mark said, sitting on the edge of her bed. "I brought you something. I don't know if it's just me but the hospital smell gets on my nerves after awhile." He handed her the plum aria body spray.

"I'm gonna miss you when you leave to go home." She said, looking up at him.

"Home? *Home*? Now where did you get that crazy idea?" he said grinning at her.

"Well you have to go home and feed the horses some time don't you?" Sarah asked, her eyes pleading for him to stay.

"No, Your brother and I fed a huge round bale out to them before we left. Heck, they shouldn't be finished with it until the next couple weeks." He said.

She looked at him worriedly. "Do you know if I'm going to die?" She asked as she bit her lower lip, waiting for the answer.

He looked down, took her hand in his and looked back up at her. "You're not going to die Sarah. I promise you. She sat there quietly. "Have you found Whisper yet?" she said, changing the subject.

"I'm sorry, we have not yet found Whisper...but, once you are out of here me and you will go look for him. Doctor said that you could get out in a couple days.

She wrapped her arms around him. "Thank you...I new you would come and rescue me. I knew it was just a matter of time before you found me," she whispered in his ear.

He returned the warm hug. "You're very welcome, Sarah. I would miss you too much to let you go." She smiled and let go.

"It's good to be back." She told him.

"Yeah, well it's good to have you back." Replied Mark.

"Your dad requested some time with you, so I guess I'll see you some time late tonight. I'll come and check on you lots of times. I promise." Said Mark, as he slipped out the door. About five minutes later her father appeared in the doorway.

"May I come in?" he asked.

"Sure," she said looking at the floor. The door closed behind him as he sat on the bed by Sarah.

"Sarah...I...I'm sorry for all the pain I've caused you." He sighed and took her hand, looking into her eyes he said, "I know I've been hard on you. I just want you to know what the real world is like. But I've realized you'll find out soon enough. I'm glad you are my daughter, my brave daughter. You were willing enough to go on and keep training when I down right told you that you were no good at it. I'm proud of you. You and I are hardly alike. That's what gets between us. I am the one to blame for the arguments." He looked at the floor, tears coming to his eyes. "I know you work hard to feed your horse and get stuff for training with it, and it's my job as a parent to teach you. But teaching means to set an example, and quite frankly you've been setting a better example then I have. I just want to let you know how proud I am of you for being brave and you kept training, because you're an awesome trainer. You've trained Faith and now look how well she knows stuff. I love you Sarah, and no one could replace you. When I heard about your accident I had to have your mom drive because I was blinded with tears. I almost lost you. You are the most *important* thing in my life. Would you forgive me of



being so stubborn and hardhearted towards your needs?" he asked, his voice soft and hopeful.

"Of course I will daddy." She said as she was enveloped in his strong, loving arms, her mother in the doorway with tears in her eyes. She stepped in and joined the family moment as Chad appeared in the door. He smiled.

"May I join?" he asked joining in the big circle of love. They sat there in a long moment of silence, not wanting to break away from each other.

\*\*\*\*\*

Mark came in the now pitch black room. He heard Sarah breathing softly, tucked away in the corner of her bed. The room smelled much better. *I guess someone sprayed the body spray.* He said as he sat in a blue chair by her bed, where he would soon fall asleep. The parents found a guest bedroom by the room that Sarah was in. Chad went to pick up some food since he hadn't had supper. The hospital was quiet except for the silent hum of the breathing device in the other room.

\*\*\*\*\*

The next morning was bright. The sun came through the blinds of the hospital onto the bed. Mark was curled up in the blue chair while Sarah was in her bed still asleep. He awoke to the beep of a device in the room. It was steady along with Sarah's breathing. He walked to the side of her bed rubbing the sleepers out of his eyes. He looked at Sarah. The covers were at the bottom of the bed. He pulled them up and placed them on her.

"Sleep well," he said going down the hospital halls where nurses in white scrubs ran busily around. He exited the building to his truck to pick up some breakfast. As he got closer to the Chevy he saw Chad lying there, his dinner still in the sack. He laughed and opened the door. "Wake up sleepy head. Your dinner is cold. Chad awoke. "Ah man!" he said as he picked up the sack. "This sucks! Do you have any idea how much I paid for this food?"

"No, but I guess not enough." Mark said, smiling as he started the truck up. "Breakfast is on me. Since your dinner didn't make it in your stomach." Mark laughed. He pulled into the Burger King about a couple miles away from the hospital.

"Welcome to Burger King can I take your order?" asked the black box in front of him. He looked at the menu chart.

"Uh yeah, could a get those mini pancakes and a egg sandwich, hold on...make that two please. And I would like two, no three large milk shakes, two strawberries and one chocolate.

"Would that be all?" the box boomed.

"Uh...yeah.

"That would be five dollars and seventeen cents. Please pull around.





Mark shifted the truck into drive. He pulled up to the window with six bucks in his hand. The window pulled open and the lady took the money and exchanged it for his change.

"Eighty three cents is your change and your food will be out in a second." She said as she closed the window. As she said, the food was out in a matter of seconds. Chad grabbed for the bag but Mark, having longer arms, reached it first. He opened the bag and took out his meal, then put it back. "I'm going to eat this with Sarah, you can have yours, you didn't eat last night." Said Mark handing the bag over to Chad.

\*\*\*\*\*

Mark sat in the blue chair of the hospital room. Sarah was still asleep, curled up and warm in her bed. Mark got up and set the bag by her face along with the strawberry milk shake, the aroma catching her nose. She stirred as her eyes fluttered open.

"That smells really good." Sarah said as she sat up in the bed, opening the bag.

"Thought you'd be hungry by now." Mark said as he looked at the bag. "I didn't know what food you liked so I just got Burger King."

"That's fine by me." Sarah said as she opened the mini pancakes. "Any thing's better than hospital food."

"You got that right," said Mark. "You know, doc said you could go home today."

"Good, than I can go look for Whisper." She said.

"Uh, there's one part I didn't tell you." He muttered.

"Is Whisper okay? Did he get he get hurt? Asked Sarah, a worried look appearing on her face.

"We found a dead animal down when we were looking for you. I think it was a deer...but... I 'm not positive." He answered looking at the floor. "But we have to sign you out. Well...your parents have to. But they were saying it was a good idea for you to stay here, and rest. I told them you could rest at the house. But if you do go home you'll have to stay in bed. I'm just reminding you... but when we do go and look for Whisper he probably won't be the same gentle horse he used to be. He was stuck out in the woods traumatized by the dark and whatever is out there. I want you and I to be careful when we go. He could act up. There is a slim chance he will still be tame, but...after all he went through, I doubt it. So first let's get you out of here, shall we?" he asked. He got the crutches and handed them to her. The doctor entered.

"Why hello there," he said, walking through the open door way. "Get used to them things. You'll be using them for a month. Your parents have already signed you out and you're free to leave." He said, opening the door for her, Mark following.

The parents and Chad were waiting for her in the lobby. They all smiled simentamiously at her as she approached them.

"You'll be riding home with us dear." Her mother said, smiling. Sarah hobbled over to them. She smiled at the doc who returned the smile.

"Have a safe ride home." He said as he turned and left. The family hopped into the Wind star van and drove off, Mark tailing them from behind.

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Mark helped Sarah out of the van.

"Hey Mark," Mr. Morgan said, getting out of the driver's seat. "Why don't you and Sarah go back to the field and look for Whisper. I know Sarah can't wait to find him. Make sure you use those crutches girl," he said as he entered the house.

"Tim," said Mrs. Morgan worriedly. "She's supposed to stay in bed!"

"Honey, she'll be fine, and besides, she needs to work on that leg every day for it to heal." He said bringing his wife into the house.

"Let's go look for your horse." Mark said as he opened the passenger door for Sarah. He climbed in and they were off to the field to find Whisper. They reached the bumpy road where they held on to their stuff as they flew around each corner. They stopped as dirt flew from the ground and hit the truck. Mark helped Sarah with her crutches. They walked along in the tall grass. It was too silent out. They had to find Whisper; he had no food or water.

"We have to split up, you get front, and I'll get by the woods. There's a good chance he's in there." Said Sarah, heading in the direction of the woods.

"Whatever," said Mark, starting in the front. He walked by the deer that was cuddled by Chad a few nights ago. He walked along further, stepping in huge holes, nearly spraining his ankle.

\*\*\*\*\*

Sarah raced against the wind beating against her. Pellets of rain started to beat down upon her, but not as much as if she were out in the open field. Her crutches began slipping in the mud, but she went on. She had to find Whisper. She yelled in the other direction for Mark who returned her call. "Mark! Hey Mark! Go get the trailer.

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Mark raced to the truck, rain beating down on his face. He started the truck and headed onto the slippery mud road. The windshield wipers were racing back and forth across the windshield. He could barely see the road in front of him. He reached the main road and headed towards the barn where they kept the trailer parked on the outside. He backed the truck up and hitched the horse trailer to the back of it. He loaded up an extra four-wheeler just in case the truck got stuck. He raced back to the truck, got in, and sped off with the horse trailer following it.

\*\*\*\*\*

Sarah limped through the forest, her hair and clothes drenched with rain. She limped down one hill and hobbled up the other, desperate. She saw a figure of a big animal, and it wasn't Whisper. Up in Minnesota there were tons of mountain lions, and that was one of them. She screamed and scrambled up the hill. Mark came sliding down the ravine to



help her up. They both ran to the truck as the mountain lion started after them, his big fangs showing. Mark and Sarah dove into the truck, her crutches in the back seat. Mark got out his hunting rifle and took post on top of his truck. He aimed, and then, Bang! He shot it dead. As he went over to it, it lay there breathing shallowly. It lifted its giant head as it began to get up, and then it dropped dead, another bullet hole put through its skull, blood oozing every where, its eyes glassy and covered over by a thick film, laying in puddles of water, mostly blood.

"Serves you right!" Mark said as he walked back to the truck to put his rifle away.

"Are you ready to go find Whisper now?" He asked helping her out of the vehicle.

"..... Yeah," she said as they walked back towards the wooded area. They came to the giant hill.

"There! I see him!" Sarah yelled up to Mark who was at the top of the hill, not sure how to come down.

"Good! Go grab him. Here take a halter with you." He said as he threw one down to her. Whisper looked in poor condition. His coat matted, his mane and tail in huge knots, and his eyes huge of fright more than anything, he lost the sparkle and now they were dull.

"Whisper, its me...Sarah," she said as she climbed towards him.

"God, you look awful!" she said. "I know you want to go home. I'll take you there. She put her hand out towards his soft nose and let him sniff it. He seemed to remember her smell and touch.

"It's me boy...Sarah...do you remember me?" she asked. He took a few steps towards her and nuzzled her.

"I love you boy." She said as she hugged him, his coat full of water. "I'd never trade you, or sell you. Come back with me." Sarah said gazing in his eyes. He nudged the halter weakly. Sarah smiled and put the halter on carefully.

"Come on boy," she said encouragingly. Mark smiled from the top of the hill. "I knew you could do it girl." He said to himself. He stood up and made his way back to the truck. Sarah and Whisper just appearing over the top of the hill, the rain turning into a light shower. Sarah's hair was soaked and so was Whisper's fur, the hay field surrounding them as she led him to the trailer. Mark opened the trailer door widely and got in the front part standing by a door he would let himself out of. Whisper loaded up, hesitantly at first but made it with Sarah coaxing him in. Mark shut the door after them. Sarah tied Whisper to the trailer inside and then exited out the door made for her. She climbed in beside Mark who started the truck.

"Are we all set?" asked Mark looking at Sarah.

"We sure are." She said while looking ahead of them. They started moving onto the main road after about fifteen minutes. The rain finally ceased as they pulled into the driveway. The taillights on the trailer glowed red. Mark got out along with Sarah who opened the huge door to the gray painted trailer. She untied Whisper and led him across the front yard into the front pasture where he started to munch away on the lushes grass. The sun was coming out from behind the light clouds. It was probably four thirty or five by the time Sarah went out on the four-wheeler to get two bales of hay for Whisper and one for Faith who was waiting patiently by the gate. When she came in, supper was on the table, all the lights out with candles in the center of the dining room table, flickering. They hardly ever used the dining room table except for Christmas and Thanksgiving.





Everyone was sitting down at the table, even Mark. The nice purple and blue tablecloth was out, covering the table along with a delicious looking ham on top. Sarah felt out of place with her farm clothes on that were drenched. She sat down and looked at Mark who had not changed either. *I'm glad I'm not the only one who is wearing casual.* She thought as she looked across the table to her mom, who had her sweet smile on her cheery face.

"Shall we say grace and give the good Lord some thanks for all he's done for us?"

Sarah's mother began;

"Dear Lord, Thank you for this meal you've provided for us and we especially thank you for our daughter Sarah. Lord, you know our needs, and you've been with us through our troubled times. We pray for Doctor Jerry who led us to you God, to just give him your peace Father. I pray all these things in Your name...Amen.

"Amen," everybody echoed. The food was passed around the table. Sarah took more mash potatoes than anything. The family talked while they ate about anything and everything. Chad was telling about his deer experience while he went to look for Sarah, Their Dad was talking about how Doctor Jerry led him and their mother to the Lord while everybody listened intently to each of the stories. After supper everybody helped clean up and get the dishes done, and then went to watch a movie on the big screen. Their Dad sat in his squeaky easy chair, their mom sat in the rocking chair, Chad sat on one of the smaller sofas and Mark and Sarah sat on the big sofa. After the movie everybody was crowded in the bathroom at once, trying to get ready for bed, water all over the sink, with clothes all in a heap at the doorway. Sarah was the last one out of the bathroom. She hopped into and fell asleep right away. Next to Sarah's room Chad was sound asleep. Mark, in his room, was in his bed looking at the picture of Sarah.

"You did real good today," he said and then tucked it under his pillow. As he sunk down in his bed his thoughts took over, drifting him to sleep.

\*\*\*\*\*

A couple weeks went by as Sarah progressed at walking. She now had no need for crutches, but she still had a slight limp to her walk. This morning she woke up and went to see how Whisper was doing. The bright morning sun making her squint. Sarah walked along the fence line down to where Whisper was eating. *Hmm...that's funny. I haven't fed the horses this morning yet there eating. Now, what's wrong with this picture?* She thought as she turned to look up by the farmhouse. There was her dad, coming towards her.

"Thought I'd give you a break," he said, shifting his work gloves to the other hand. "After all...you disserve one."

"Thanks dad." She said.

"Sure, well I gotta get busy on getting you those cones so you can work with Whisper," he said, heading back up the hill to his little ford truck. He waved before he got in the truck and drove away. She waved back at him. Sarah made her way to





Whisper. "Hi boy," she said, looking him over for any scrapes or cuts. There was none. Sarah knew that she didn't have Whisper's total trust, and to accomplish that she needed to work with him in the arena. She grabbed a halter and gently slid it over the bay's nose. She led him down the winding path of dirt and into the arena, shutting the door behind them. She flipped the switch to the arena's lights on. The light was extremely bright, but their eyes just needed to adjust to it. Whisper stood with his head up and his eye whites showing. "It's okay boy," Sarah said patting his head. He snorted and walked nervously around half of the arena, in a big circle. Sarah attached the lunge line to him and let him start out by walking. She looked at the corner of saddles, bridles, and food by three newer looking wood stalls. She looked at the back of the arena, which held some cones and other judging equipment. She turned her gaze on Whisper who was still walking around the arena quite nervously. She put her left arm out. Whisper turned both ears forward as he took up a trot, his full attention not on Sarah. Sarah looked full into his eyes, focusing on Whisper. Seeing every move he made, how his ears moved and how he responded to her signals. She dropped her hand, while Whisper pranced around on the end of the lunge line. She kept a hold of the lunge line. "Ho," she said. Whisper kept going. It seemed like he lost his respect and trust towards humans. "Ho!" she said and tugged on the lunge line. She kept looking at him. "Alright, if you want to run I'll make you run." She said as she took the whip from the ground. She snapped it until he got going. He cantered in a circle, sand flying from beneath his feet. Finally he pricked his inside ear towards her and eased up a bit on his stride. The stride was less tense. Now she had him slow down to a lope. "See what happens when you listen." She told him. Sarah put her arm down. Whisper halted and waited for Sarah to cue him to come to her. She gave him permission. Whisper walked up to her and put his head down to her level. That had been what Sarah was looking for. She patted his head and then gave him a hug. "It's good to have you back." She said, moving away from him. He nickered. "Let's put you back." She said leading him to his front pasture. "Maybe tomorrow we can go for a ride after our regular training session." She said, patting him and leaving to head up to the house for some lunch.

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Sarah stepped inside to the air-conditioned house. She found her mother upstairs doing laundry.

"Hey mom," Sarah said as she went up stairs. She turned the corner into Mark's room.

"Hey, what are you doing still in bed?" Sarah asked as she pulled the covers back.

"I'm finishing my book." He said, obviously into the book.

"Okay," she said, as she walked out of his room into her own. She plopped down on her bed, and got under the covers. She soon drifted off to sleep.

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It was six thirty three by the time she awoke. There was a pile of clothes lying on her dresser, waiting to be put away. *I must have been extremely tired. I never take that long*



*of a nap.* She thought to herself as she got up. She limped downstairs to find that dinner had been eaten without her. Her dad was in the living room watching television with her mother and brother. Mark was sitting at the table with his book, one more page to go. As he finished the book he had a dreamy look on his face.

"That was an awesome book," Mark announced, getting up from the table.

"Have you had supper?" Asked Sarah.

"No, but I'm having it right now he said as he stretched and got up from the kitchen table. He opened the fridge.

"Ah, this looks like a good supper," Mark said as he picked up a couple of cookies from the fridge.

"Why not," Sarah said as she dug into the cookies along with Mark. She didn't feel so guilty if someone older was doing it.

"I'm going to eat and then go to bed." Said Mark as he took the last bite of his cookie and headed upstairs.

"That's not a bad idea," said Sarah, heading up the stairs after him.

"Goodnight," Mark said giving Sarah a hug.

"Goodnight," said Sarah returning the hug and then heading for her own room.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next morning Sarah woke up early, ate her breakfast, and headed out the door to feed the horses. After she fed the horses, while she was waiting for Whisper to get done eating, she went up took a shower, did her hair, and picked out a shirt for today. It just so happened to say "I love Jesus, my horse, and than it's between you and the dog." That was Sarah's favorite one to wear riding. She limped down the hallway and out the old screen door. She hobbled down to where Whisper was waiting for her. She put the halter on Whisper and led him down towards the arena. She began with the normal routine of walking, trotting, and loping. Then she worked on the ground tying part. Whisper had a few errors in the training part but after that he did fine.

"Now, shall we go on a little ride?" Sarah asked, as she led Whisper up to the pasture.

"I'll be back once I get Mark." She said, jogging up to the house.

\* \* \* \* \*

As Sarah stepped into Mark's room, she noticed his alarm clock said 8:00 a.m. in bright red letters.

"Hey Mark," she whispered, the darkness of the room enveloping her.

"Yeah?" he asked, as if he had had no sleep at all.

"Umm...I was wondering if you wanted to go riding this morning." She asked, trying to see his face covered by the shadows of the room.

"Umm...sure, I can always use a good ride." He said, stumbling out of bed.

"Well, get dressed and I'll meet you over by the tack room. I'll get Faith out for you." She said walking out the door.





\* \* \* \* \*

"Hey Faith!" Sarah yelled to her from out by the pasture gate. Faith came running. Sarah always had a treat in her pocket when she called Faith. She halted abruptly while looking at Sarah expectantly.

"Here's your treat girl," she said as she reached into her pocket and pulled out a baby carrot. Faith licked it up, horse slobber all over her hands.

"Thanks. I give you a treat and all you give me is a slobbery hand? Gees, what a friend you are." Sarah said as she unhinged the gate and put a rope over Faith's neck to keep her from walking away from her. Sarah led her over to the tack room. She took out a bridle, strapped it on Faith, and tied her to the hitching post just outside the tack room.

"I'm going to go get Whisper. Now don't you try anything stupid, you here?" she said as she walked away. Mark was coming down the hill to brush Faith and get her saddled up. Sarah brought Whisper and parked him along side Faith, who was currently being combed out. Whisper needed a combing badly after being in the woods for three days.

"You're a messy boy aren't you?" Sarah said to Whisper who looked like he could care less. Finally after an hour, Whisper was as clean as a whistle. They got their saddles on and checked everything to make sure nothing was wrong with the equipment they were using. They took off like a couple of bullets. Mark and Sarah raced down through all different kinds of fields. It didn't make a difference whether there was scenery or not. They were going to fast, everything was just a blur. The sun was high in the sky by now, warming their backs as they raced through the fields. Faith led the way for Whisper, since Faith was built to run. Faith loved to run. She always got excited when they took off. They were breezing by tall sunflowers on either side, weeds and grass under the pounding hooves. Mark and Sarah decided to let the horses rest and take a drink of the stream in the middle of the fields, a run off of rain that settled on the now soft mud of the field. The stream was about 3 to 4 feet deep and about 14 to 15 feet across. It stretched for miles, a beautiful spot to come and just enjoy as you ride. Mark and Sarah sat under one of many trees that were down there, staring across at the beautiful blue sky that stretched for miles around them.

"This is a gorgeous spot to just stop and take in all the scenery. To share with people who are close to you." Said Mark gazing at the awe of it all.

"It is beautiful isn't it?" Sarah said as she looked at Mark who turned to look at her.

"Very," he said smiling. He took her hand in his as they sat there together in the warm sunlight.





### **About the *Author***

Jessica Jordan was born in England and moved to Maryland. After about 8 years in Maryland, her family was transferred to Nebraska. She found Bellevue Christian Academy in the 3<sup>rd</sup> grade. Jessica did very well in literature, and loved writing brief stories. She then began to write short stories about her pets. This was the beginning of her writing career. Then, she took her stories to a higher level in 8<sup>th</sup> grade when her Language Arts teacher asked the class to write a one-page story. However, Jessica's story ended up being 14 pages. She then decided at home that it was too short and that there was not enough explanation for a story. At the end of the month she finished her story. It ended up to be 40 pages long! Jessica decided to write another story titled "On a California Evening." She is currently working on it and hopes to be done before April. It will be released to all of her friends and family if wanted.



My Family Vacation  
By Richard Henry  
2000-2001





## My Family Vacation

Our trip started on a rainy Friday. Our destination was Nebraska City. We were going to celebrate my dad's birthday in a hotel called Arbor Lodge. From the pamphlet it looked really big, but you can never tell. It had a pool, a Jacuzzi, and a whole bunch of trails that you that you could walk on.

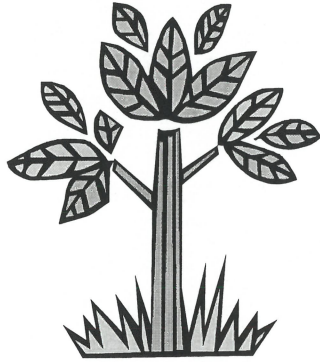
"Richard hurry up, you're going to make us late. We are going in five minutes" yelled mom.

My mom was taking this really serious everything to be perfect. She got everybody's stuff ready except me, she says I need to be more responsible for my stuff. I started to run around the house. I threw my bag in the trunk and got in the





car. We said a prayer and we were off. We made a stop at Burger King. We checked in to our hotel room and watched TV. Then that we went to swim and looked at the



trees



### About The Author

Richard Henry lives in Bellevue, Nebraska. He was born in 1987. He likes to play sports. He decided that he was best at soccer. He also likes to play games. He wrote this story about the time his family went to Arbor Day Farm.



*B.B. and the Grand Canyon*

*By*

*Carolyn J. Kruger*

*Eighth Grade*

*2000-2001*







You have heard of Pecos Bill, Paul Bunyan, and John Henry, but have you ever heard of a small man named B.B.? He used that big ole crater in Arizona as his bowl for food and such. He used Old Faithful as his drinking water and he takes his baths in the Gulf of Mexico. He is not huge like the others; he is actually smaller than most men. He just likes big things. Even though he liked big things he liked his friends small. He had friends of all sorts across the country. Always the smallest and usually animals. That is what my story is about.

I know you have all heard about or seen the Grand Canyon, but do you know how it came to be? B.B. wanted a source of relaxation so he invented one of those lazy rivers at the water parks. One day he just decided he was going to dig this thing. No careful preparation or anything at all; he just went out and built himself a shovel (I'm not sure what he made it out of) and a pick and started digging.



This is where his super human strength comes in. He dug and dug and dug some more. The sound of his shovel against the rock and his heavy breathing rang out. All that noise made his friends take notice and brought them from miles around. All that



hard work was making his blood surge through his heart and veins. He had just finished digging the Grand Canyon and his heart was fairly bursting (literally). After he had finished he went to the Gulf of Mexico to bring back water to fill the canyon up. (That is how we got the Colorado River.) The bottom wasn't even close to being half way full and he was on his 49<sup>th</sup> trip back to the Gulf of Mexico. While coming back from his 49<sup>th</sup> trip all that pounding of his heart and all that blood surging through his veins made his heart actually burst, but with his heart and blood going so fast his heart didn't stop until he was pouring the 99<sup>th</sup> load of water in. His friends watched in horror as their friend fell to the ground with a muffled thud. They buried him there right where he fell and, just like he would've wanted, a big funeral. All the rest of his friends came from miles around. A wise old owl he knew gave the eulogy. It was a long and loud, just like he would've wanted. They buried him there that day and that was the end of B.B.





## About the Author

Carolyn Kruger was born in Omaha, Nebraska on November 20, 1986. She lived in Bellevue, Nebraska most of her life. She went to Noah's Ark for preschool. For kindergarten through eighth grade she went to Bellevue Christian Academy. At an early age she showed a love for reading and learning. She always did well in school and always excelled in English. Her favorite book was *A Swiftly Tilting Planet* by Madeline L'Engle. Her first success in writing came in seventh grade when she had a story published, "*My Very Bad Day*".

When talking about her story "*B.B. and the Grand Canyon*" she said, "I wanted to write my version of a tall tale. I remember loving stories about Pecos Bill, John Henry, and Paul Bunyan. It didn't turn out the same as those beautiful told tales."

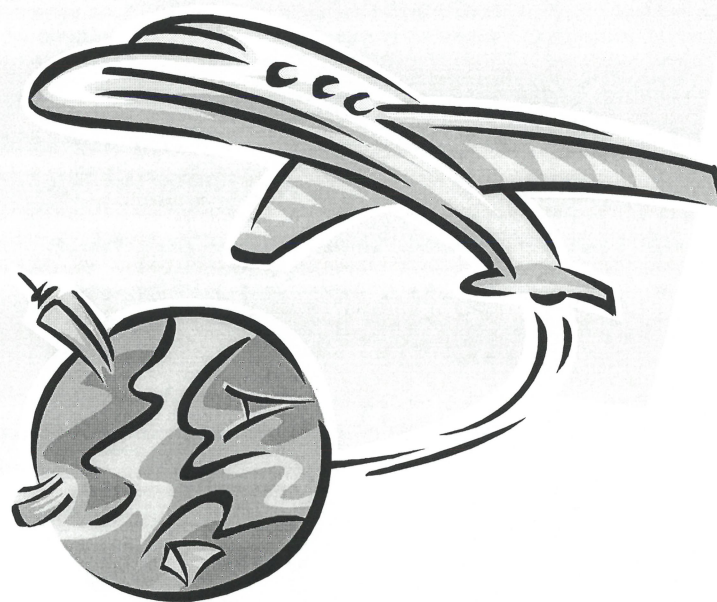
After Carolyn finishes high school at Bellevue East she hopes to pursue a career in English or the arts.





My family  
By  
Paul P Lanphier

Eighth Grade  
2000-2001





## My Family

I love my family, my mom, dad, sisters, and brother. The reason I like my family is 'cause they're Christians and they love me. Back in the day, we were going to Fun plex and I had my friend Sicococa over. It was really hard on my Popito, my, dad. My sister, Yutyuen, didn't really care cause she didn't spend that much time with it anyway. But my younger sister, Gesdon was very sad cause she liked Poopo a lot. The reason my dog died is 'cause it had hip mislasous for about two years, and it was just going wacko. My mom was kind of sad 'cause she had grown pretty close to Poopo. My brother, Hooto had no clue 'cause he's an airhead. But I hope my dog got reincarnated as a piece of grass





## About the Author

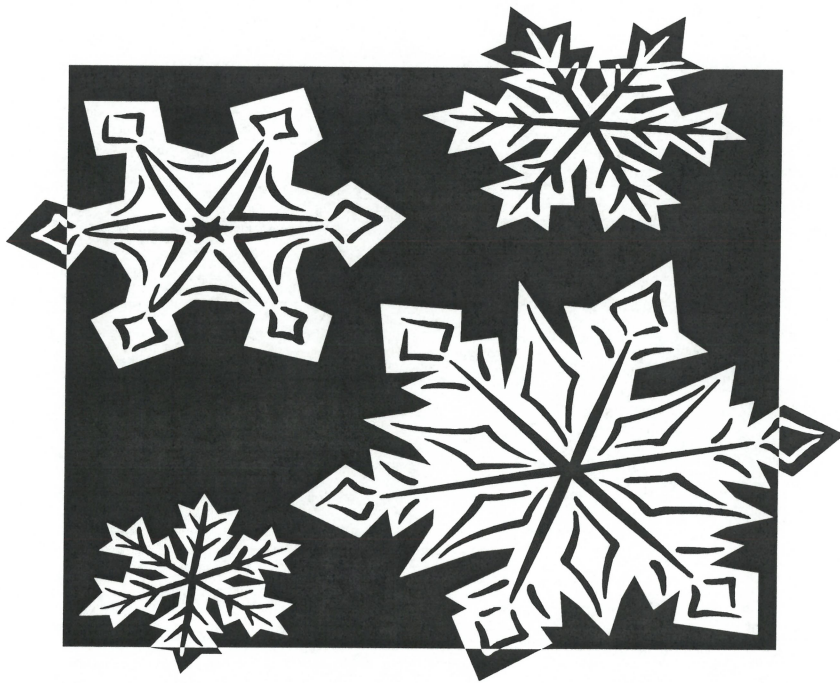
His name is Paul Lanphier. They say he's a "legend". He was born in Omaha on April 27, 1986. He was raised to be a strong Christian boy. By the time he was 7 months old he was challenging every kid in the hood to a foot race. He was a very outgoing person. When he was 6 years old he went off to a institute of hire learning called Cross Lutheran. He was a very boastful young guy. The teachers always had bad reports for his parents. Paul has always been an AB student. He has always wanted to be a doctor. When people tell him he can't do anything, he gets very mad and wants to beat them with a bat. When he was 11 he decided to serve God forever. He is going to get a record deal pretty soon. People still try to get close, but he let's them. Paul started another institute of "hire" learning in the 6<sup>th</sup> grade. Now he attends there and is planning to graduate in May. He has always liked sports he has a lot of dreams. To this day he plans on going pro in two sports. He will do anything he can to get there. To this day the "legend" is living. He plans to write a book- soon The Life of a Christian. Peace.







The Blizzard  
By: Ashleigh Monroe  
8<sup>th</sup> grade 2000-2001





Ashleigh Monro  
Language 8  
October 20

### *Blizzard*

*It was a cold dewy morning. The fog went for miles down the gravel road and Grandma went to go feed the cattle. My Grandma was a wrinkled pretty lady that managed a farm with my grandpa. My Grandpa was the kind of guy that could never stop working till dinner, but let's get to the story.*

*Well, the morning of November 19, 1981, started out lightly snowing like raining but softer.*

*"Get your little sacks out of the bed and help with the chores," Grandpa yelled at the kids.*

*"Dad, do we gotta?" yelled Kit.*

*"Of course, if you want to keep your board," explained Grandpa.*

*"Dad, I live here. You can't kick me out," said Kit.*

*"Dad, I'll do it, no problem but tomorrow you gotta do it," said Kip*

*So Kip, the considerate brother he was, went to do the chores at 8:00.*

*"Well Dad, it doesn't look like it's going to happen," said Kip in a happy tone.*

*"Dad come look. There's snow 3 feet high," said Traci.*

*"Honey, the power just went out. I am gonna start the furnace. You kid come on and bring the radio," Grandma said in a disturbed voice.*

*Down the road on Highway 36 a few men were driving some businessmen to a small town named Howells. The men were very determined to get there because of business. Nothing could stop them.*

*"Hey, Bill do you think we should stop for the night at a near by hotel?" asked Bob.*

*"Why would we do that? We only have 45 minutes of drivin' 'til we're there," asked Bill furiously.*

*"Bill we have gone only 20 miles in 45 minutes. Does that tell you something?" asked Chad.*

*"We gotta stop. NOW!" said Simon, the elder of them all.*

*So they went on for a few miles. The rescue unit got a call that a car rolled in the ditch. It had four men in there. Well, the rescue unit took about 3*



hours to get there because of the snowfall. The men were probably not alive because they had no gas and no heat. All they had was they own heat to keep each other warm. The rescue unit's hearts were beating fast and sweat was running down their forehead and questioning if they were alive or dead.

Well, at Grandma's house everyone was panicking.

"Pa, do you think this will be over anytime soon," asked Traci, the oldest and mature one. She and her brothers were panicking, but in another sense they were happy because, if the snow stops, they would be able to go sledding and there would be no school. They prayed that it would stop soon so they would be out of school, but still be able to go sledding.

"Ma, do you think Duke is all right?" asked Keal the littlest in the family, about 4 or 5 years old.

"Well, I hope so, but then again that dog is a survivor," said Mama in a worried manner.

"Hey Pa, do you think we can go get Duke and put him on the back porch, and we could put him out there with food and water so he won't freeze to death," explained Kip. "Who do you think you are a wonder man its snowing hard, you can see, and the snow is probably 3 ft. high and growing higher, Pa said furious.

At midnight the rescue crew got there, but that wasn't the car or the description of the amount of people in the car. There was nobody in the car so they keep on going they were DETERMINED. Then out of the blues about ten miles down the road they found a car the same description and location.

"Thank God. He is good. Now hopefully they are alive," said dispatcher Laura Denjoy.

As they approached the car their hands start trembling and their faces turned ghost white.

"Oh, my God!" one of them muffled a scream.

The car was flipped over, glass all over the white soft snow. Blood was on the glass imprinting the white snow to red.

"Laura. . ." Todd called over the radio, "We need more help than I thought."

Soon the squad swerved on the ice. Tom signaled the car.

"Darn!" yelled Tom. Here came the news vehicle.

"Get these people outa here! They don't need to be in our way!" Cried Tom over the blaring sirens of the squad and the fire trucks

"This is Amy Winster, reporting for NBC News. Sir, what's going on?"





*"Get the heck out of here! You're not getting nothin from nobody." yelled Tom, shoving the mike out of his face. The officers sent the news away.*

*"Harry, get them out a there! I think two of them are still alive."*

*The firefighters grabbed for a crowbar that they yanked the door off with. "Help me out Tom. This guys heavy." They dragged the freezing body across the snow. Red trails of blood trailing after him, Soon the other body was being dragged out.*

*"Help me cover this one, and I need a body bag for the other one," Tom hung his head. "... He didn't make it. He lost too much blood and it was too cold outside. "*

*The ambulance swung onto the highway, heading to the hospital.*

*\* \* \* \* \**

*Bob's family, also known as Robert, was huddled on the living room floor In front of the small screen of the TV. waiting for some news about Bob. Reporting from NBC news. A terrible car accident occurred on highway 36. Four men in there early thirties had a car roll. Two of them survived and two of them died in this tragic accident. The two men are being treated and are currently in surgery at the Norfolk Hospital. Located on Highway 38. This is Amy Winster reporting from NBC news. Have a good night.*

*The family was struck with the news and race to the hospital.*

*"Pa, is Bob gotta be alright," whispered little Kip in a frighten voice.*

*"Don't you worry son Gods taking care of him," explained Pa in an assured voice.*

*"Robert, do you think he is even going to live," Said Mama in a thoughtfully manner.*

*"Honey, don't worry everything is going to work put. Remember Gods on our side," Papa said in a weary.*

*In was when they got to the hospital that they didn't know what to do or say because their oldest son was laying in a hospital bed just hanging on by a thread. He was only living because of life support, so far at least. Until, he could gain his own breath back. They crowd into the room watching him struggle for breath. They cried mournfully for the son. The other kid were asked to leave the room and to wait in the waiting area. Mama and Papa didn't want them to get all work up while the kids were in the room. Finally, after hours of struggle, he was off life support. He coughed and cried and said, "MOM DAD, How are you?" Not knowing what happened mama had to step out of the room it was to much for her so see checked on the little one in the waiting room.*

*"Mama, how's he doin'?" Asked Traci in a whispering voice.*



*"Pretty good, but it will be a while 'til you see him," said Mama.*

*It was not long 'til the snow melted and it turned to puddles of water, it also wasn't long 'til everything was back to normal. . . . except for the parents of Bill and Chad. They still morn to this day at the graves of their sons. As for the parents of Bill and Simon, everything is okay. They are back to the business and back on their toes. And that treacherous blizzard is still out to take more lives.*

*The Moral of the story is: DON'T GO OUT DURING A  
BLIZZARD BECAUSE IT WILL GET YOU!*



## Biography

Ashleigh Monro was born on July 8, 1987, in Fort Walton Beach, Florida. She was 7lbs and 11oz. She had coal black hair that stood straight up on her head, and she had blue eyes. Ashleigh attended Navarre Elementary for her first two years of school; her first teacher was Mrs. Castleberry. She moved to NE after being at Florida for 7 years. She also moved due to her grandfather's death. She and her family lived with her grandmother for a few months and then found an apartment near the Air Force Base in Bellevue. She then, with her mother and siblings, attended Bellevue Christian Center. She has been in soccer for 6 or 7 years and she loves every minute of it. She attended Bertha Barber for her 2<sup>nd</sup> grade year in Bellevue. At that time her father was in KOREA on a TDY and during his TDY her family bought a house in Twin Ridge II Area. Then for her 3<sup>rd</sup> thru 6<sup>th</sup> grade she attended Twin Ridge. Then for Middle School she attended Logan Fontnelle for 7<sup>th</sup> grade. For her graduating 8<sup>th</sup> grade year she attended BCA. Her teachers were Mrs. Hayes, Mrs. Linnell, and Mrs. Arrowsmith. She hopes to have a good future at Bellevue East High School and in her new house in Oakhurst.







*Tim.*

*By*

*Zachary Powell*

*2000-2001*

*8<sup>th</sup> Grade*





## Tim

Tim was born deprived without much money or food but his family managed. He lived in a small house in the ghetto of st. Louis. Their family was just about to go on welfare; then one day when Tim went to check the mail. He opened the mailbox there was only one letter it was from a place out west. As he walked in the house his mom asked "What did we get in the mail?"

"Just this thing from some place in California." Tim responded. "Were"

"California"

"Bring it here"

Tim ran to his mom who was in living room. "Let me see that" Tim's mom said.

"What is it?"

"It's from your uncle Bob, remember him? He came last Christmas, he gave you the shirt."

"Oh ya, he was the rich, what about him."

"He died. The good thing about it is he left us 3.5 million"

"Ha ha, very funny, really, what is it" Tim asked in doubt.

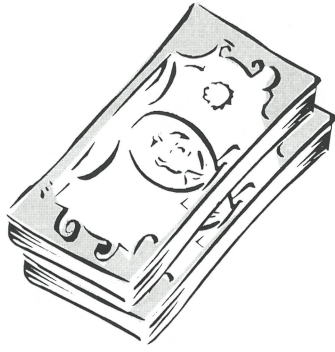
"No serious"

"Then you mean we have 3.5 MILLION dollars"

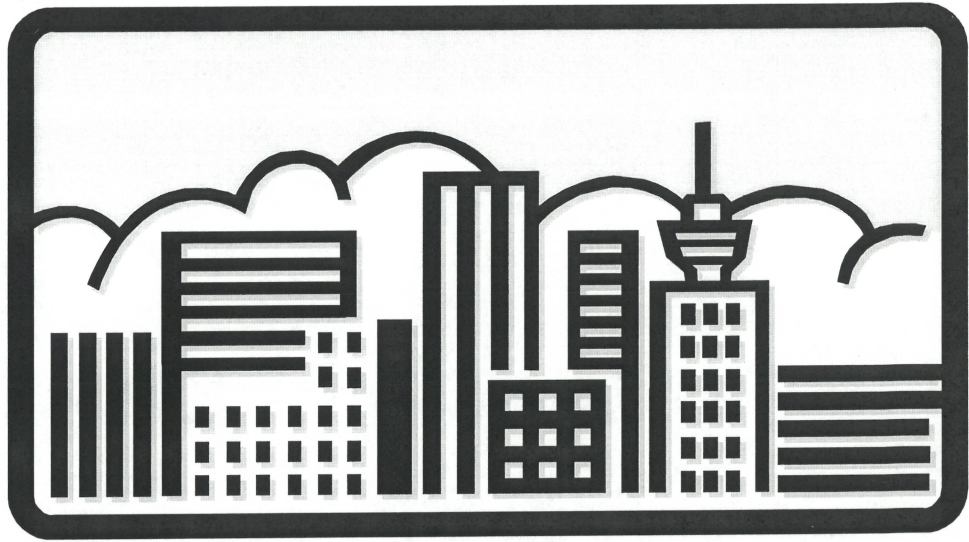
"Yes. It says, upon the death of Jerry Rogers he has left three and one half million dollars.... To retrieve the money and the savings account it was placed in go to the First national bank on 190<sup>th</sup> and Giles road use the key enclosed to open a lock box number 243 where will be a check for the money."

"Shoot! Were rich! Holy smokes."





That same day they went to pick up the money at the bank, but the bank had been robbed and they took the check and everything. Tim was very let down but he went on with his life.







## About The Author

Zachary Powell was born on May 28, 1987, in Omaha Nebraska. That was a glorious day. He was a very nice Christian boy. Zachary's family consists of his mom and dad and his brother and sister. He has a family of five. His middle name, Richard came from his uncle, Richard Brott, from his mom's side. When he was 12, on April 1<sup>st</sup> (April fools day) at a family gathering Zachary jumped off his steps grabbed on to the railing swung twice then fell backward and broke his wrist.

Zachary started Kindergarten at Bertha Barber Elementary school near his house in east Bellevue. He did not live far from the river he could even walk there from his house in two minutes. Zachary plays football and enjoys going to the YMCA. He will be going to the home of the Chieftains, Bellevue East!



# THE SNOW DAY

BY: ELIZABETH ROSE





## The Snow Day



One day sometime last year we had a snow day, so we got the day out of school. We had to watch the Kessler kids so their dad could plow snow with my dad at the church. We stayed inside for a while and messed around. My mom fed us lunch. We had hot dogs and macaroni and cheese. While we were eating Jessica Northern called.

“Hey, what you doing?”

“We have Laura and Michael over and, we are eating lunch.”

“What are you eating?”

“Mac and Cheese and hot dogs.”

“Oh. You want to come sledding with me?”

“Sure, come on over.”

“Okay. Do you have any snow pants?”

“Maybe. You think you could wear Tim’s?”

“Ya, I’ll be on over in a few minutes.”

“Okay, see ya .”

“Bye.”

When she came over we started putting on all of our stuff. We looked really funny, kind of like colorful marshmallows. Then Lindsay called and wanted to know she could come over. I told her that was fine. So we sat down and waited for her. She came about 15 minutes later.





Our house has a forest behind it, but you can't really call it a forest anymore because they built a development in it. They built a bridge, over it but it more for decoration than for water. There is some water under it but it is all from drainage from the streets when it rains. There are two hills down either side of the bridge. On one side the hills are not very steep so we tried that one first but we didn't go very fast so we went to try the other hill.

It was pretty steep but we decided to try it. When you go down it straight you go right by a place where the rain has washed away the dirt and a bunch of tree roots are showing. If you hadn't fallen off your sled by then you went over a big bump and you can go for a little while without hitting anything but then there is a cement pipe. Behind the pipe there is a little creek and some trees. There is another way to go down that hill you go down the side of it. It is a little steeper than the other part of the hill but it isn't too bad. There are some rocks at the end of it though.

Anyway we went sledding and we used an orange toboggan, a round yellow sled, and a black sled. At first we had to get used to the hill and we eventually got pretty good at it but we still crashed a lot, so we invented THE BUTT PATROL. Let me explain, whenever we wrecked we had the other two people that were at the top of the hill slide down on their butts and help the person who was at the bottom of the hill who couldn't get up. Well we stayed out there for about two hours and it was pretty fun. When we got too cold to stay outside we went inside and drank hot coca and hung out with Laura. A little while later Lindsay's mom came and then Jessica went home, and that was the snow day.



## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Elizabeth Rose was born on July 19<sup>th</sup> 1987 in Bellevue, Nebraska. When she was five she started school at Bellevue Christian Academy, she still goes there to this day.

Elizabeth started to write stories in 7<sup>th</sup> grade when her language arts teacher Mrs. Linnell forced the whole class to write stories in Writers Workshop.

When Elizabeth came back to BCA the next year Mrs. Linnell continued the tradition of writing stories. She asked the class to write a story that could be about anything if, that subject was appropriate. Elizabeth wrote her story about a snow day a while ago when she had some of her friends over to sled. Later that year she, had the class correct their stories so they could make a book of stories. Then sell them in the silent auction for big bucks.



**The Sleepover I'll  
Never Forget**

**By Vaniah Taylor  
2000-2001**





**"Lights out, girls," said Mrs. Amstutz. Carrie and Lisa were already in their sleeping bags ready for bed. "Ahh Mom! Just ten more minutes, please!" begged Melissa.**

**That's what you said an hour ago, sweetie and now it's 2:00! No, you're going to bed now!" said Mrs. Amstutz.**

**"Gosh, mom you're no fun at all!" screamed Melissa. "It's my 15<sup>th</sup> birthday, you know!"**

**"I'm sorry gorgeous, but, I'm tired and I don't trust all six of you to behave without an adult around."**

**"Thanks for the compliment, Mom," Melissa said sarcastically.**

**"You're welcome," replied Mrs. Amstutz and with that she headed for her room.**

**"It's okay," I said trying to comfort her. At least you tried."**

**"Ya, it's okay, really," chorused Adrienne, Jessi, and Nikki.**

**"I'm just not tired though," Melissa said sadly. Just then we heard a strange beeping noise, but couldn't tell where it was coming from. "Shh! Do you hear that? What's that noise?" asked Carrie as she got up from her sleeping bag.**

**"O my gosh," exclaimed Nikki, "I think that's my beeper!" She ran over to the corner of the room and searched frantically for it in her backpack.**

**"Ahha," she said holding the flashing beeper up in the air. "I found it!"**





**"Shhh," screamed the girls in hushed whisper. Mrs. Amstutz will hear you!"**

**"Oh, right," Nikki said trying to be a little bit quieter.**

**"Hey, who paged you?" asked Lisa who was now awake.**

**"I don't know. I can't see anything 'cause it's so dark. Melissa, do you think you could turn on the lights for a sec?" asked Nikki.**

**"Oh, sure. I don't care. Just everyone be quite so my mom won't come in okay?" she asked.**

**"Sure," everyone said at once. When the lights came on everyone was squinting and moaning. "Hey, it's Kyle," screamed Nikki excitedly. Kyle was Nikki's fifteen year -old boyfriend.**

**"Oh, my gosh," I exclaimed.**

**"What does he want and why is he calling you at 2:30 in the morning?" I asked.**

**"I dunno," Nikki said.**

**"Melissa may I use your phone to call him back, please!" she begged.**

**"It won't take more than five minutes tops I promise!" she said very convincingly.**

**"My mom said we can't use the phone, but I guess since this is an emergency it'll be okay."**

**"Thanks a bunch," Nikki said. After talking to him for about fifteen minute, all six of us wanted to talk to him too! We kept hanging up on him though, because we always seemed to hear footsteps and we didn't want Mrs. Amstutz to catch us!**



**"Oh, my gosh, guys, I think someone is coming. Hang up, hang up!" screamed Melissa. After about thirty seconds of being totally silent we realized that it was a false alarm.**

**"Okay, guys you've talked to him for a long time now, and you're not even his girlfriend! I think I should be the one to talk to him next." Nikki said. She picked up the phone and started dialing numbers and the next thing I heard was, "OH, MY GOSH!"**

**"What! What happened?" I asked.**

**"He broke up with you didn't he? That jerk! What a loser you didn't need him anyways besides..." Nikki looked at Carrie smiled.**

**"No he didn't brake up with me!" Nikki said sarcastically.**

**"Then what happened?" Lisa asked. "You were freakin' out!"**

**"I accidentally dialed 911!" Nikki said.**

**"What!" we all screamed.**

**"How can you accidentally dial 911 if the numbers glow in the dark!" I asked angrily.**

**"I dunno." Nikki said. "I guess I wasn't looking."**

**"Well, obviously!" Jessi said sarcastically.**

**"Great! Just great! If my mom finds out about this I'm dead meat!" Melissa cried.**

**"Would you stop crying Melissa!" Adrienne screamed. "No one is going to find out because the police aren't going to call back."**





**"I wouldn't be so sure." Carrie said. "One time I called the police and they called backing less than five minutes! It was really bad!"**

**"Oh, man I'm really gonna get it now!" Melissa moaned.**

**"Don't listen to her Melissa." Adrienne said calmly. "They won't call back. I mean it is 4:00!" But just guess what happened next!**

**"Shhh," screamed Melissa. "Do you hear that?"**

**"That's the telephone!" I gasped. "Hurry answer it!" Melissa frantically looked on the floor for the phone and nervously picked once she had found it. She looked at us hesitantly as weither or not to answer it, but then finally said a shaky hello.**

**"Well, who is it?" Lisa asked.**

**"Umm, it's the police station." she said "They're coming over to inspect the house and they want to speak to an adult!"**

**"What!" we all screamed in amazement.**

**"Well, my voice could pass for an adult's voice." Carrie said calmly. "Should I give it a try?"**

**"Hello, Carrie this is not my mother here, this is the police! No you can't try!" Jessi said asngrily.**

**"Oh, my gosh! What are we gonna do?" Nikki asked.**

**"Everyone stay calm and try not to freak out!" I said.**





**"Well, I guess we're gonna have to wake up your mom." Lisa said sadly.**

**"I'm soo dead! I won't even live to see my 16<sup>th</sup> birthday," Melissa cried.**

**"Oh, take a chill pill!" said Jessi "You're such a drama queen!" Melissa slowly, but surely went into her mom's room and as calmly as possible tried to wake her mom up without showering her with tears!**

**"What is it Melissa?" Mrs. Amstutz asked "Is somebody sick?"**

**"No mom. Nobody's sick."**

**"Oh, well then what's wrong sweetie?" Melissa couldn't hold back the tears any longer. She told her mom the whole story and cried hysterically.**

**"Okay Melissa, calm down. It will be all right!" Mrs. Amstutz said trying to reassure her. It seemed like hours passed before Melissa and Mrs. Amstutz finally walked into the living room. When they did Mrs. Amstutz picked up the phone from the floor and started talking to the policeman on the other end.**

**"What's gonna happen mom?" Melissa asked frantically. "Are we going to be thrown in jail?"**

**"Melissa, don't be ridiculous! No one is going to throw you girls in jail for accidentally calling 911, but they are going to have to come over to inspect the house. It's some type of regulation or something."**



**"Mom I'm so sorry!" Melissa said. "Will you please forgive me? I had no idea that it would turn out like this. I promise that I'll never disobey you for as long as I live!"**

**"Well, I dunno about that Melissa, but of course I'll forgive you!" Mrs. Amstutz said. After that all of us gave our apologies to Mrs. Amstutz and promised that we would never do anything like that again either.**

**About five minutes after our crying and apologies we heard a knock at the door.**

**"That must be them now." Mrs. Amstutz said heading for the door. We all huddled together on the couch as two officers walked through her house and talked on their walky talkies.**

**"Every thing seems to be okay here, Tom." One of the policeman said to the other.**

**"So, which one of you girls called us and hung up?" One of the officers asked. Everyone looked at Nikki and she slowly, but surely walked up and said, "I did, sorry."**

**"That's all right." He said. "This kind of thing happens at least twice a week if not more."**

**"Really!" we all said in amazement.**

**"Yup, but just remember, even if you accidentally dial 911 never hang up! Instead tell them that you made a mistake and they will give you the okay to hang up."**

**"Okay." we said.**

**"Ya, I'll try to remember that next time I call." Nikki said sarcastically. Everyone**





took her seriously until she started laughing and then we all did too.

By the time the officers left it was 5:23 exactly.

"Oh, my gosh!" I said enthusiastically. "Look what time it is!" Everyone looked at the clock and started getting into their sleeping bags. We all had a really hard time getting to sleep that night, but in the morning we all managed to have enough energy to tell our parents exactly what happened.

**The End**



## About The Author

Vaniah Taylor is a fourteen-year old girl who lives in Bellevue, Nebraska. Vaniah was born in Tulsa, Oklahoma on May 15<sup>th</sup>, 1986. She is the oldest and one of four children. Vaniah has lived in four different places and moves constantly because of her father's job. When asked about what place she most enjoyed living she replied, "I think I would have to say Washington D.C., because it is so rich in culture and has a lot of things to see and a lot of places to go."

Vaniah has been in several different schools, but none of them that she has attended have been public. When asked about what high school she would be going to next year she told us that she would be attending Bellevue West High School. We also asked her what she thought about that and if she was nervous to be going to a public school for the first time and she said, "Actually, I'm really excited about going. I think that my bubbly, outgoing personality will be at my advantage and help me make friends easier."

Vaniah also enjoys trying new things and is constantly changing her styles. She told us that she likes to stick out from the crowd and be totally "different" from everyone else. She told us, "I hate doing what other people are doing or following the crowd. I love to just be different and as I've tried that I've found that people respect you a lot more. Truly she is a very unique girl."



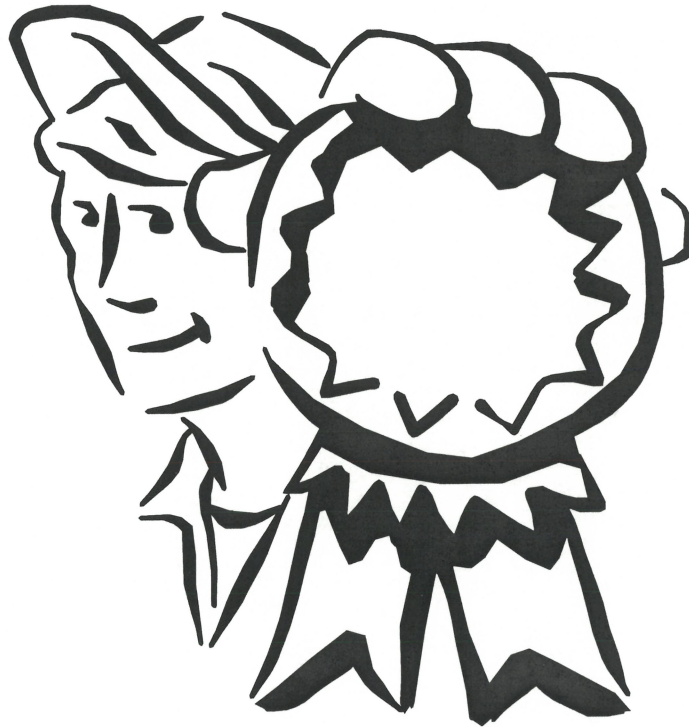


# Darius and his Big Surprise

By: Darius Tellez

8<sup>th</sup> Grade

200-2001





# Darius and his Big Surprise

"Wow!!! What is that!!!" exclaimed Darius. Darius sat there gazing at a huge television set in the middle of ShopKo. There was a boy playing on the newest game console system. He was playing the new game on it. "May I have a try?" asked Darius. But the boy did not reply. "I said, may I have a try!!!" But the boy still didn't reply. So Darius came to a conclusion that the boy was deaf or just didn't like to share.

A few months later Darius' mother said, "Darius, your birthday's coming up. Ya know what you want?"

Darius said, "Actually, I do. A few months ago I was at ShopKo and I saw this game system. I think it's called a Playstation, but it looked really cool!!!"

"I'll have to think about it. " Said his mother.

"Guess what tomorrow is!!!" said mother.

"I know, Mom. I'm so excited!" Tomorrow was Darius's Birthday. He wanted a new game system. "You know, Mom, my Super Nintendo is getting old. They don't even sell games for it anymore."

" I know, Darius. I'll see what I can do."

The big day was here and Darius couldn't wait. He jumped out of bed and ran downstairs into the kitchen. His mom was there baking a cake; and Dad was there wrapping a present. "Happy Birthday, son!!!" said his parents in unison.

A few hours had passed and Darius began to get impatient. "Could I please open my presents!"



"I suppose," Said his Dad. Dad handed him the smallest one first.

"Cool, a pocket knife! Thanks Dad." Then Dad handed him a much bigger package. Darius immediately tore off the wrapping and peeked inside. Immediately he recognized the gift and jumped with joy. It was the exact system he had seen.  
"Thanks, Mom and Dad!!"

.....and Darius lived happily ever after!!!

The End





## About the Author

Darius Tellez was born on September 17, 1987. When he was about three he moved to the island of hot Oahu. There he learned to surf and swim not knowing one of his good friends lived on the same island. When he was in 1<sup>st</sup> grade his dad was to serve in the Air Force headquarters in Bellevue Nebraska again. This meant leaving most of his relatives and the nice weather of Oahu. But God had better plans, so the Tellez family left to Nebraska again, destination Bellevue. Here his dad became a pastor at Bellevue Christian Center. He met many friends and became known as the D man. In 5<sup>th</sup> grade he met the friend that did live on the same island as he did when he was young. Now he is 13 years old and is getting ready for high school. He is involved in many things and is looking forward to many great years of happiness and growth to come.



# THE OLYMPIC DREAM



WRITTEN BY LINDSAY WHITLOCK

MARCH 16, 2001

LITERATURE CLASS



"I can't wait 'till Florida!" said Brooke

"Me either." Said Leah

The two girls were going to Florida for a gymnastics meet. They had been friends since forever. It was spring break and they both made it to the Junior Olympics. Brooks was spending the night over at Leah's house, because her parents were already waiting Florida waiting for her. Brooks' parents owned the gymnastics gym that we went to.

"I hope that I do good and get to the Olympics," said Brooke.

"Me too" said Leah.

"Time to get ready for bed girls." Yelled down Mrs. Sanders.

"Okay," we both said together.

The next morning "Wake up wake up girls, we are going to be late for our flight. You girls must have overslept!"

"UUUQQQQ said Leah." We both hurried to get ready. They went down stairs to go eat breakfast.

"Hey Leah said where are your pop tarts?" I asked.

"AAHHHH, probably in the top right shelf behind the cereal.

While I was getting the pop tarts Leah was getting the milk.

"Mom we don't have any milk. What are we going to do?"

"It's okay we can just have orange juice." Brooke said

"Sure you can say that you don't even like milk."

"Yes, I do."

"Whatever." Leah said. After breakfast in a hurry, they ran up stairs to go get dressed. Brooke put on a blue tank top and Tommy Hilfiger shorts. Leah on the other hand had a thing about always dressing appropriately. She said "You can always take off clothes when you get hot but if you get cold you won't have any to put on. So on that note Leah was wearing short sleeve shirt with shorts. Then she had a sweatshirt and pants on over.

"IIICCKKK what are you wearing." Brooke asked. But before she had time to answer her mom said ten minutes till we leave. A loud scream came up



from Leah room. Her mom rushed up stairs and said, "What's wrong?" she asked.

"We haven't even took a shower curled our hair put on make up or brushed our teeth or anything like that."

"I yelled out I get down stairs shower."

"I get up stairs." Said Leah. They all finished just in time to get to the airport. They all rushed to get to the plane.

When we arrived to check into the plane, Leah's dad asked, "Are we in time?"

The lady at the counter said, "You are all just in time. You can put your baggage to that tube tight there, then hurry on the plane, I will alert the pilot not to take off for about another five minutes."

"Thank you," they all said. We ran to the plane like a herd of elephants and all sat down in the plane. A flight attendant came and asked if they wanted a thing to eat or drink. Brooke and Leah both said at the same time, a Shirley Temple please." She came back with their drinks and asked if any one wanted lunch. Brooke said, "I would like the chicken plate, that comes with mash potatoes corn and country gravy please." Leah said, "Oh that sounds good but I would like the Chinese plate please."

"Will that be all?" asked the flight attendant.

"Yes." They all said.

After they ate they talked about boys, shopping and other things.

They finally landed. They grabbed their bags then they called for a cab. It was a yellow cab that said, "Great driving for less" in red print. Leah's dad told the cab driver to go to the Disney World Gym. He took off and when they got there, they left the cab driver the money and went in side.

"It is huge." Leah said

"Mom, Dad." Brooke shouted and went up to hug them.

"So how do you like it?" my dad asked.

"It is great," Brookes and Leah said at the same time.

"May we go and play on the bars," Brooke asked.





"No the vault," said Leah.

"Yes go ahead." Dad said.

Brooke went up to the bars and started practicing her bar routine. It was a kip onto the low bar, then a hip circle into another kip, which went right into a jump on backwards. Then Brooke jumped onto the high bar and did a kip into a giant. Brooke did the giant two times and then did a release onto the high bar, did three giants and did a dismount with a half twist.

"If you do your bar routine like that you'll for sure get in the top three." Said dad. Meanwhile Leah was having trouble on the vault. She continued to get her foot placement wrong, so she couldn't finish her full twist.

After we were done playing we got into the cab and drove to our hotel. I was an hour away so Brooke and Leah both fell asleep. After we got settled in our dad's asked where we all wanted to eat.

"Burger King." Leah and Brooke both said.

"I don't think that Burger King is very healthy for a gym meet, but if you want it...."

"Yes." Brooke and Leah both said.

After we ate our nutritious dinner we were on our way to the gym. When we got there the announcer said Omega school of gymnastics starts warm-ups on beam.

"That is us." Leah said

I was first to start on the beam for warm ups. I wasn't even paying attention to my routine. So many things were going through my head. Will I do this right will I make it to the finals? All I wanted to do at the moment was finish. Before I knew I stuck my dismount.

"Good Brooke, work on your leap a bit." Said dad. Next rotation said the announcer. We went through our rotations smoothly. The big question was going through all of the competitors minds were they going to go in the finals? Brooke went to go get a drink of water and came back to the floor where she was first in line. The judge raised his hand signaling it was time to begin. Her heart was pounding so hard she thought she was going to scream. She was so excited



that she thought her lunch was going to come up. The music started. She thought that she was doing well and she just kept on trying her hardest. Her first tumbling pass was approaching. She did a round of backhand spring back tuck into a full twist. She did it. She continued on her routine and was doing great. Then she finished the first routine was over! Brooke raised her hand to signal she was done. Her dad ran up to hug her.

"You did so good." Said Mom and Dad. We awaited the score a 9.2

"Yes, Yes." Brooke shouted.

Brooke had a break so she went over to watch Leah.

"Dad where is Leah?" Brooke asked

"She got sick."

"Will she make it to the finals?" Brooke asked.

"The judges said that she would be able to compete tomorrow if she felt better." Said dad. Time was up Brooke had to run to her next event beam!!!

Brooke waved to the judges and started. She did a front handspring on to the beam her hand slipped and she fell on her head. Brooke got back up and started over. She continued the rest of her routine shakily but solid. When she dismounted a sigh of relief came on her.

"Brooke are you okay? ", said her dad.

"Yeah I'm fine." Said Brooke.

"Hey I don't mean to put pressure on you but you only got a 9.0 on the beam so you are going to have to get above a 9.5 on the rest of your routines if you want to finish in the top three.

"Okay." Brooke said.

Brooke started her bar routine. When she went up to the high bar to do her release move she slipped off the bars and broke her leg. She started to get back up saying that she was okay but when she put pressure on her leg she began to cry. A cute guy came over to carry her to the nurse office. Brooke was feeling a lot better!

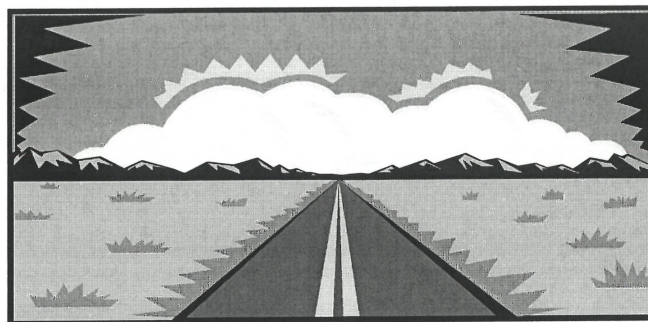
So even though she did not get in the top three or win or go to the Olympics she thought it was all worth it. Maybe god did not want her to go to the



Olympics maybe he had another plan for her life. Just thinking on this thought made Brooke feel better.

Written by

Lindsay Brooke Whitlock







## About the Author

### *Lindsay Brooke Whitlock*

*Lindsay Whitlock is fourteen years old. She was born in Nebraska on March sixteenth, nineteen eighty-seven. Lindsay is the oldest of four children. She has lived in two states in her life so far. She moved to New Jersey when she was two and moved back to Nebraska when she was seven. When she lived in New Jersey she was home schooled. When she moved back she was home schooled for one year, then she went over to the church school, Bellevue Christian Academy. Lindsay was in fourth grade when she wanted to be a poet. She remembers sitting at home writing poems just for herself. She still loves to write poems, but would not want to do it for a full time job. She said that she would rather be a singer or a volleyball player. Now Lindsay is in eighth grade and will be entering high school next year.*



# THE FAILED EXPEDITION

BY: DAVID WHITSETT  
8<sup>TH</sup> GRADE 2000-2001





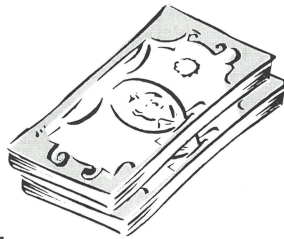
It was a dark and stormy night in San Francisco, but what do you care. This story takes place in Bellevue Nebraska. Oh wait! No, it doesn't, it *actually* takes place 2,000 feet under the Atlantic Ocean.

Well, maybe I'm getting to far ahead. It all began when a man named Charles



(Charles)

began planning an under water research expedition. First he had to buy a



boat, and having only ten bucks,

(His Cash)

this could be difficult. Being the resourceful person he is, Charles came up with an idea. He quickly jumped into his car, literally. After peeling himself off the door, Charles was on his way to Sears.





(His Car)

When he arrived at Sears Charles jumped out of his car and ran towards the door. Charles forgetting that the doors were not automatic, slammed into them, eliminating the door problem (and the door all together). After entering the store Charles quickly located the appliance section, purchased a blender, and then he went home (after stepping carefully over the glass remains of the door) to begin working in his basement.

After about an hour Charles emerged from the basement with a boat, of course it was made of cardboard and the motor was just a blender, but Charles was so busy marveling in his glorious creation that he didn't realize that it might not work.

Charles figured that, before he hired anyone to assist him on his expedition, he should test his boat first. So, he took it to the ocean, and threw it in the water. Then Charles, realizing what he had just done, swam out to the boat. Once in the boat, Charles noticed a few errors in his plan. The first was that cardboard absorbs water. The second was that the blender had to be plugged in. And the third was that the boat sank under his weight. After swimming back to shore Charles decided that he would postpone the research expedition until later.

Okay, so this story doesn't take place under the ocean, but that's where Charles's boat is.

**THE END**





## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

David Whitsett was born May 24, 1987, in West Covina, California. He lived there for five years and then moved to Omaha, Nebraska. After a year or two they moved to a different house. They moved around a few times, but eventually ended up in Bellevue.

In 1999 he began going to BCA. Before then he had been home-schooled by his mom, who had taught him how to read, write and all that basic school stuff. He continued going there until 9<sup>th</sup> grade. Many of his friends went to that school, and he would miss them when he left.

David has done many interesting things in his life such as: Working on his school paper, becoming mortal enemies with D.J Decker, and “gettin’ jiggy with it.”

Soon he will be going to high school and making new friends and improving his education.



