Saturday, September 13 is my Dad’s birthday. We live very close to a downtown called Benny’s Bakery. In order to work there you need to get up at four in the morning to bake the goods that bring people rushing in on a Sunday like puppies all running for a treat. The bakery served doughnuts, pretzels, cookies, and crispy apple turnovers that melted in your mouth like snow. They are only open on Saturday in the morning. It was definitely worth getting up at 7:00.

I made sure my dad was watching football with my brothers when I snuck into the kitchen to grab the phone. I found my mom clipping coupons in the dining room at the table. I whispered to her “Mom, may I call Benny’s Bakery so I can order a couple things for Dad’s birthday breakfast?”

“Sure, tell me what you plan on ordering.” she replied

I told her my small list and she said I could call Benny’s. I punched in Benny’s phone number and the phone rang softly. “Hello, this is Benny’s Bakery” a sing song voice sang to me.

“Hello, may I place an order under the name of Tess?” I said in a little bit of an adult voice( I topped of my adult accent with accent on the may and order sounding a little too sophisticated.

“Sure!” the voice sang back at me

“May I have one dozen pretzels, a dozen doughnuts, and one apple turnover.”
“Okay, pick it up tomorrow at eight.” and she told us our total.

The next morning my mom woke me up and said in a loud whisper “Dad’s in the bathroom we are gonna leave to get to Benny’s.”

We ran down stairs and out the door. We both hopped into my moms car as I said “Shotgun.”

And hopped in the passenger seat. We drove into downtown Saline into Benny’s parking lot. We ran up to the door, I pulled the door open. Cinnamon swirled through the air and the sweet smell of pastries floated to the air. The air around me was a jungle of smells.

I went to the front counter as a women asked me if I was Tess and handed me a bag and I gave her the money. Coffee smells drifted through the air as creams carried the cocoa bean smells.

My mom and I walked outside the door as the bell rang behind us and we jogged to the car. We started to drive home as little remains of the bakery smell lingered within the car as our minivan drove down the street, past the schools. We arrived in our driveway. I ran up to our house, cold bit at my face. I galloped with happiness up the steps
with the key in my hand and unlocked the door and jumped into our warm house.

My dad was standing in the kitchen as I walked up with the goods behind my back, “I got something for you.” I said as a puzzled look drifted over his excited face.

“What?” he asked

I handed him the bag and a smile leaped onto his face,” So that’s where you guys were, Benny’s.”

His smile was priceless as we ate our favorite treats.

Sixth Place at Pinckney
By: Tess C
It’s only a mile, it’s only a mile, I reminded myself.

Butterflies were fluttering wildly about my stomach. They seemed to be being chased by the deep feeling of fear welling up inside of me. I hated this feeling. This feeling is how I feel before a cross country race. I’m not being pressured I’m pressuring myself I want to do my best. That fear though is eaten away by my confidence, my confidence that I will do great.

My mind swayed to the memory of when the middle school did their time trial for cross country the start was a big flat open field but it skinnied down to a thin passway. Lily, a girl on my team fell and a couple people accidentally
stepped on her back. Lily was very determined mined and got up and kept running even though a large bruise on her back she also got a very good place.

I took a little time before the race to pray that my team would do good and nobody would fall at the start.

Then my team came together and we did our post race cheer.
S-A-L-I-N-E (we chanted together in unison)
saline is our name
and running is our game
we got two miles on our mind
and whoop we’re looking fine
and whoop we’re looking fine
gggggggggggggggggg
Saline.

I loved that cheer, how we all came together as one team and were not only individuals but at the same time one team. Everybody counted in our cheer, we were all one runner. No matter how fast you were you were important, you were part on the team, you were equal.

“Okay girls you will have two commands. On your mark, and the gun. If my gun doesn’t go off don’t start running.”

All the girls nod their heads as as the man wishes us a good run. My stomach twists, turns and spirals like a Gabby Douglas on the rings flipping around, like she did in the olympics with her ponytail . I’m excited but I am also really nervous. My mom says that being nervous is just another way of showing that you are excited. All people show it differently though.

“On your mark, get set...

The seconds between set and the gunfire seems like five minutes though they were only about three seconds. He presses the little trigger on his gun but it does not go off. A few girls jump over the line then they realized that the heard a click rather than a BAM.

“Oops lets try that again.” he says as my stomach does a triple backflip.
“On your mark, get set, BAM” the gun startled me a bit when it broke viciously through the silence of the soft breaths of the girls. Slanted forward everything but there feet hanging over the start line.

Then all at once feet trampled over the soft earth and fists pumped next to the girl’s running jerseys. I broke ahead of most of the girls and pumped my arms faster through the cool autumn air the leaves dancing through the air, not falling though falling is straight down, no journey the swiftly swayed with the wind as they became loose and began its celebration of breaking free of the mountainous oak ahead of me.

Then all of a sudden I noticed a huge, humongous, enormous hill towering over me. It was incredibly steep. Taunting me, daring me to sprint up it. I thrust my knees forward and started up against the mammoth hill. Pressure being pushed up against my knees.

During the hill I passed a girl from Heartland, her red uniform flashed past my blue eyes. Wisps of hair flopped around my red face.

When I was finally up the hill, I turned a corner. It lead to a path in the middle of a cool wet forest. The path was dirt and hints of little patches of grass.

I raced down the long shoot of green trees and the smells of a woody forest swirled around me. The sun seemed to be peeking out from behind the distant trees. I saw a girl from Pinckney not to far ahead of me. Pinckney’s team name was the Pinckney Pirates. I saw the bright red shirt running through the forest and the black pirate skull on the back with a X with arrows at the end through it.

I looked up to see a bird above me gliding with the sun on its wings and then felt my feet underneath me going five times faster. I looked down to find that I was running down a big sandy hill that reminded me of the small dunes in Florida that I had gone to last spring break. My mind flashed back to my first ever cross country race called run through the meadows in fifth grade. We ran down a big sandy hill and some of the pack fell and kind of got trampled or just tripped and couldn’t go on.

After the hill I turned the corner and a golden meadow was laying before my eyes. It was beautiful and with waves of sunshine on it made it really shining and just amazing. It looked like Rapunzel’s hair and had small rippled of dirt.
which was the running path. I did not have time though to stop and walk through to see everything that the meadow held.

I saw my neighbor ahead of me and kicked in a little extra run to pass me she said hi and kept running behind me.

Then I saw a small wooded turn ahead. I sprinted at in and turned. Then I saw the finish shoot ahead of me. A girl from Saline passed me at just that moment. I kicked in a sprint and with all my strength flew to the finish line passing another girl. I smiled when my right foot leaped gleefully over the finish line. I was so happy. Tears sprung gleefully out of my eyes as people congratulated me on my time.... yay personal record six forty-five!

Later the called the first fifteen girls from about five different teams. To me it felt like more than a mile.

I ended up in sixth place!!!
I was so proud of myself.
Not only myself though, my team.

BOOGIE BOARDING IN VENICE, FLORIDA.
By: Tess C

I slipped on my pink suit with the little yellow flowers and the popping pink background and set my hand on the tiny doorknob, twisted the knob and swung open the door of the small bathroom. My family was on spring break vacation in Venice, Florida. We were in a small duplex that had nobody on the top so it was just us on the bottom. I continued down the hallway and peeked around the hallway wall to find my mom reading her book. “HI” I said to my mom.

Her eyes came up out of her book and looked at me with my pink and yellow bathing suit on. I could almost tell that she knew exactly where I wanted to go this morning. “Tess, would you like some breakfast, I have some rice krispies. Aidan, Dashiell and Dad went out golfing. So maybe we could go to the beach or walk around the stores .”

“YAY!” I exclaimed
“Can we go to the beach” I said with excitement breaking through my voice.
“Sure, but you have to go get you sunblock, towels and don’t forget your goggles.”

I ran into my room and found my long blue towel with my goggles right next to them. I ran through the house and out the door to find the sunscreen on the front deck. I squeezed the white thick mixture into my hands and rubbed into my pale face. I thought to put a little extra under my eyes so I didn’t look like a racoon. (the way I always look when I have been out in the hot, beating sun. The sun always seemed to find himself up right under my eyes.)

“OK mom, I’m ready to go to the beach”

The beach is only a couple blocks from our duplex we were renting for the week. As we arrived close to the beach I could see that it was dotted with people who came for the waves and the tiny little bits of sand. Kids who had come from their homes to make sand castles along the line where the water and sand meet.

We found a little spot to sit close to the shore so we could see the deep blue ocean. I could almost smell the salt in the air and the water licked at my feet when I stepped a few steps forward to get to the shore. The water made my toes do a little dance. They were a little surprised at how cold it was.

I waded out into the ocean as the water started to rise above my shins to my knees. Then I dove into the soft blue shades of color the water weaved through my long light, brown hair. The water closed around me as if I was jumping through a portal between land and water. My feet kicked powerfully at the thick water. I saw a large wave of gushing blue ocean coming at me and just before the water transformed into a soft foamy cream. The smell of lightly salted water bit at my nose.

“Hello.” said a woman behind me

We talked for a while about boogie boarding (the same thing I was doing but using a board) She made it sound like it was really fun. She saw the eagerness for the joy of a boogie board in my eyes and asked me if I wanted to try. I bet you could guess what I said.

At first I must say it was a little bit of a mess. I wasn’t very balanced and I kept slipping off.

Then finally I got it, my feet sprung off of the soft gooey sand at the bottom. My hands flew up and grabbed the board as I thrust it forward and pounced on the board. I zoomed over the water I felt like I was almost like flying over the blue ocean as the water around the tips of my board became white foam. I felt the air weaving through my hair and the sun beating down onto my back seeming to burn right through my suit. The air was still dancing around my face when I took in how the water sliced along my calves to my ankle and my elbows glided sharply and cleanly through the smooth water.

I did this several times, each time faster until a huge wave came I ran next to it and jumped on my board and felt myself on top of the wave gliding through the waves,
my wave was dying as I came close to shore and the last energy of the wave dragged me to shore. I was so happy as I looked back at my improvement from starting falling off the board and then feeling the rush of confidence when I conquered the wave. Not only was I proud of myself but I was content with being able to just jump on a wave and fly over with almost no effort. I wished that this feeling would never go away.

Haunted Davenport
by; Tess C

I just moved into an old house near a Dairy Queen on Michigan Avenue it has been vacant for 47 years now but my parents are really in the Victorian houses so they decided this was the fixer upper for them. My name is Charlotte Mae Davenport I am 12 years old, when I moved into my house I noticed two letters have been scratched off after Davenport I wondered, maybe just an error. My great, great, great, great grandmother was Mrs. Davenport who owned this house long before we did. My room is at the end of a long hallway six doors down from my parents room that has three times the size of our old colonial sized house green and white. I
started unpacking in setting everything up then I heard a sound from the far side of my room I crept towards the sickening sounds, I turned around the couch in my room and found a small eerie green colored door slightly open I felt as if it was trying to lure me in, an invisible force grab my sweatshirt I stepped in. Then ice cold long fingernails grabs at my long pale arms, screaming, shrieks, yells, a dance of words sprung into my ears.I woke up in my bed I thought it was just a dream, but it felt so real. My ears still ring viciously till finally they stopped. I ran to the other side of my room to check for the small green door. One side of the door peeked up around the corner of the couch, I saw the door but not just that I saw a little yellow note that read; not welcome human. Then suddenly as if whatever sent this saw me read it and the note burned in ashes. Then suddenly something cold taps me immediately I I turned around swiftly it's a red writing on my wall, the wall read human not welcome scrawled across my wall. I ran downstairs and asked my mom to come upstairs right now. I grabbed her hand and pulled her up the creaky stairs inside the door. I told her about the door, the wall then she just looked at me funny, because there was no door whatsoever. “Charlotte Mae it is not good to lie!” my mother exclaimed with little hints of rage in her voice.
I looked down at my feet, disappointed. Why could only I feel the monster creeping around my room. I went to bed laying my head on my pillow and as my eyes shut a cold wind swept over me.

I woke up in the middle of the night, I heard screams running through the hallways. I lied in my bed, super scared and freak out nobody could hear the screams. I slipped out of bed a tip-toed to my doorframe, I peeked out the side of my door frame I couldn't believe my eyes.

I saw a girl walking up and down the hallway, but the weird thing was his skin was as black, brown, or bashe, it was milky white. She looked at me and started mouthing words they looked they were rhyming like a spell. Her skin glowed, then all of a sudden a purple mist started from her toes then her ankles to her knees eyes to her belly button, to her small, thin, white shoulders away at her neck as her head was the only part left after hair turns the same color as the mist. Then she is completely not there only the mist. The mist is now her and she is just left in the air she then she wad gather in by a painting on the wall next to me. Back in the same place that she came in. She must have been paranormal. I went back to bed a cold waves fell over me it was her I didn't need to see it because I already believed

I was still in shock and how the purple mist just carried her away so quick like she was a feather. Click click click click went my clock, then a hum went through the
air it was formed by the green door. I couldn't hold myself back from the following the hum. Quietly over the door I slipped on my tennis shoes and sweatshirt who knew what would be down there my Nike shoes reached the tip of the root and the door I stepped in everything is silent until purple mist formed around my feet creeping up my body I try to run but it doesn't work my feet are cemented to the ground my hands are at my side the purple mist looks at them a tingly feeling bites at my knuckles as income unable to move tears flow out of my eyes my law orange brown hair is dip slightly by the Miss D types of hair look frosted the mystical my mouth include shot in the breathing in my lungs to the rent still have my sky blue eyes free everything is out of the shadows of the room I'm breathing I know it one of these creatures steps forwards and says she's a human my lips seem to thaw When I whisper what is this gingerseth Oct in a small green creatures with big brown eyes and tall green ears you're not welcome here or the half you are not one of us says the one who declared me a human I feel as everything starts closing in on you the purple mist find its way to me again hypnotizing me to black out my vision becomes blurry then all is nothingness

I woke up in a bright white room with three windows two doors and one note the note read; three doors, one safe, the other? Three will discover wrath. 3 windows I will send to you will eventually and one will end, one chance
for you.

The three doors one is dark purple one is dark green and one is orange. I think about finding information without possibly dooming myself. I walk over to the three windows, I peer out as one leads into a house, the other lead to an ocean and the last to a theme park. I heard noises coming from the door. then hooves banging against the door. Think fast, I thought to myself. I sprinted for the first window, at the house. I sped through the window as glistening sweat runs down my temples. I see dogs running out the window I went half expecting them to crash into me and destroy me scared to breathe. Until I heard it banging sound. The window was closed, like a portal. they couldn't get through. I watched as the windows started to get eaten away by the eerie purple mist. Gone is the window, gone.

A piece of old paper whipps past my face as my hands grips it in the air. It read;

    Congrats you have made it far. But how much farther can you go. Good luck.

The note burned into ashes and was swept away with the the wind as its broom.

I saw a house ahead of me. Shawdoed figures seeped out of the woods, I sprinted for the house.
... I’m dead. My skin was pale. I noticed this when I found myself sprinting into “my” house. Then it hit me the two letters That had been scratched off of our house were the letters A and L davenportal it was a portal Zen I decided. I heard voices inside they were very familiar and worth sweet but it had seemed like I had not heard them for centuries. Sweet like candy. I saw my mom, dad,