

My Stories

To Omi and Opa,
From Dave

Short Stories over the years

Grade 3

Toronto Maple Leafs vs. The San Jose Sharks:

It was the biggest hockey game yet! It was the Stanley cup playoffs. All of the kids didn't think that Toronto and San Jose would make it in the playoffs. A man from the snack bar was shouting, popcorn, peanuts, chips! The game was starting, San Jose won the face off and took a shot on Grant Fur, the goalie.

"What a save!" The fans cheer. Fur gloves it right on the ground. Toronto gets the puck and skates down the ice, a player for Toronto named Clark passes to another player, Doug Gilmour. Gilmour takes a hard shot and scores! The crowd goes wild. "Yeah, go leafs!" Shouted the crowd.

The San Jose Sharks get the puck, a player for the sharks Wayne Prestle comes down the ice and scores! The score is 1-1. The crowd doesn't cheer for San Jose. Doug Gilmour has the puck, he is skating really fast but he got checked into the boards. The buzzer goes meaning the first period is over.

"Hi my name is Greg Smith and I will be taking with Doug Gilmour in the first intermission. So Mr. Gilmour, how do you like playing for the Leafs?"

"Well," replied Gilmour "I am very surprised we made it into the playoffs and I really like playing for the Leafs."

"There goes Doug Gilmour ready for the second period. On with the game." said Greg Smith.

Clark wins the face off for the second period draw. He sakes down the ice, shoots but the goalie saved it and there is another face off in the Leafs zone. Wayne Prestle wins the face off for the Sharks. He shoots, but wait there is a fight. It is Gilmour vs. Prestley, Gilmour rips of Prestley's helmet. Gilmour gets a roughing penalty for 2 minutes.

After the face off Clark for the Leafs had a breakaway. He takes a slapshot but it bounced off the goalies pad, Clark gets the puck again and scores! The second period has come to a close.

Toronto is wining 2-1.

Now late in the third period, here come the Sharks, they shoot and score with 3 seconds left in the game. The game is tied 2-2. They will go into shoot outs to break the tie and to see who wins the Stanley Cup.

San Jose goes first but Grant Fur made a great save.

Doug Gilmour for the Leafs is next, he goes up the ice deeks out the goalie and SCORES!! The Leafs win the Stanley Cup, they are the champions!!

The Witches Scariest Nightmare!

One night a witch named Zelda went to bed forgetting it was Halloween. Every Halloween she is supposed to go out and scare little kids. But if she forgets she will get the scariest dreams ever! Every year the dreams get worse. The witch Zelda was now fast asleep in dreamland and she was about to get really scared. In her dream she went to a huge house to scare some people but to her surprise she saw a ghost flying around. She ran into a closet as fast as she could. She felt something smooth running down her back. She looked to her right and didn't see anything, she looked back and she saw a big, ugly mummy with white bandages. She was really scared and ran out of the house. The road had turned into the sea and she fell in.

When the witch was floating down and down she got hit by a boat. She fell unconscious. When she woke up she was in a home. A shark's home! She screamed, the shark was just about to eat her but she swam and jumped out of the sea. She ran into a dark forest. She was running so fast that she bumped into a tree. When she got up she saw little devil creatures all around her. They picked her up and tied her to a stick. They then put her in a pot and started a fire. Zelda the witch had a pocket knife and cut the ropes but the devils grabbed her and took her to a hut. There was an old man in the hut. He told Zelda her future. He was about to tell her how to run away when "Poof!" Zelda woke up and remembered just in time that it was Halloween and she could still scare some people.

THE END

Grade Four

Robin Hood:

Long, long ago there was an ancient forest called Fernmin's forest. In that forest lived a man named Robin Hood. He lived in a fort high in the trees. One night when he was sleeping he heard a rattling noise in the bushes. He ran to his window and sure enough he saw his arch enemy, the sheriff of Fernmin. Then Robin Hood heard him say.

" If I could only catch that dirty Robin hood I'd challenge him to a sword fight and beat him to the bitter end!" When Robin Hood heard that he jumped down from his tree fort and swung his sword at the sheriff but the guards grabbed him and held him prisoner. Robin Hood was in the dark dungeon for along time and then finally he saw an opening near a few rotted bricks. He climbed out and tried to run away but the guards saw him and started to fire away at Robin Hood. But Robin hood out smarted the guards and ran into the forest. But the sheriff was waiting for him. They had a grueling sword match that went on for hours. Finally Robin Hood scared the sheriff away and he was never seen again!
That night Robin Hood was thinking and he thought that this town was to much for him so he ran away and was also never seen again.

Grade 7

The Perfect World

Prologue: A 17 year old boy named Victor grew up with a deformity. He had a funnel shaped head and a third lifeless eye. Victor was not a child anymore and his worried parents didn't know what to do with him. They then heard information that there was a planet called Boreon. It was seriously under populated and they would accept anyone who goes there. Victor took that request and flew away in a silver rocket to greet his destiny in Boreon. When he walked out of the hatch he looked around, everyone looked like he did with the third eye and the funnel shaped head. He thought to himself

" I will be very happy here!"

"Yes, I will be very happy here!" Victor repeated slowly.

"May I ask what your name is?" Victor questioned the young lady.

"Oh, it's a..." The women paused slightly and stared at the ceiling. " R-Rachel.

Come on Victor. let's get out of here. I'll take you to your living area."

As soon as Victor walked outside a freezing chill went up his spine.

" What the... Rachel it's snowing!"

" Yeah, it does get quite chilly in winter." She replied

"It doesn't make sense though," Victor whispered to Rachel who was trailing behind him. " The officials on earth told me that the climate on earth was the exact same to Boreon's, but it's summer on earth."

Victor had turned around to see that Rachel had disappeared and in her place was a small piece of paper that read.

THE BUILDING AHEAD IS WHERE YOU STAY, APT.#144

"Wow, pretty weird!" Victor said to himself. He ran into the building to get out of the cold and checked in. He walked into his apartment and get comfortably settled. There was a small computer on his right bedside table.

"Very intriguing!" Victor muttered as he punched a red button on his keyboard. Victor was able to log-in to a program that showed the planet earth and Boreon. The screen read:

Earth: Population: 3,688,475,179 people

Boreon: Size: 1/3 of earth :Population: 1,552,963,286 people

"What!" Victor shouted. " The personal on earth said that Boreon was seriously under populated, but the population that is shown here reads that Boreon has almost the exact same amount of people as earth but Boreon is 1/3 the size of earth. This can't be right!"

Suddenly there was a knock at the door. Victor was so surprised that he literally fell off his seat. He scrambled to his feet, shut off the computer and answered the door.

There in front of him was a man in a red suit which Victor presumed to be a bell-hop.

"Victor, sir" spoke the bell hop. " There is a party down stairs being held in your honor."

" A party ? I'll be right down" Victor replied cautiously as he shut the door.

" It's not right!" Victor screamed " The climate, The population, the people! and here I am being treated as a king! There's no such thing as a perfect world! It's just not right!"

Suddenly all of the lights flashed off except four very dim ones in each corner of the room stayed on. Victor looked around in fright, everything was gone, it just disappeared. He could now see the out line of three people. Two of them looked as if they were his parents. A strong voice came out of a loud speaker.

" Well Victor, you're right. There isn't anything like a perfect world." Victor just stood motionless in the center of the room. " You passed the test Victor, now for the real journey."

It was time:

"Get out of here!" His father screamed while pushing poor, young Tom out of the house into the cold winter. "And never come back!" He shut the door on Tom's face drawing a thin line of blood, running from his swollen lip.

"I guess it was time" Tom muttered to himself dabbing his mouth. "I've been planning to run away for quite some time, and I guess now I've got to go!" Tom hiked down the steep hill from his beer filled house located near the base of the Rockies. He was searching for his mother who lived in southern British Columbia. His mom and dad divorced when he was five. He had to live with his dad because he had a job and his mother hadn't. Since then his dad had drunk all the beer and rum he could get his hands on. Now Tom is 12 and determined to find his mother. "I've been w-walking for miles!" Tom whispered exhaustibly "W-what's that?" Tom saw a dim light coming his way. Suddenly Tom felt very cold and collapsed in the snow losing all consciousness.

"Where am I?" Tom said sleepily finding himself lying in a warm bed with a lukewarm face cloth over his head.

"Oh, my dear boy!" Responded a kind looking lady who looked about the age of fifty. "My name is Jane, Jane Wisconsin and this is my husband Josh. He found you face down in the cold up in those dreadful mountains when he was snow mobeling. Let me fix you some warm chicken soup." She said with heart.

Tom started growing up with and becoming quite fond of the Wisconsin's. They never asked why he ran away or how he got up in those gigantic hills, nor did he care. He never really wanted them to know anyway.

One day when the time was right he decided to continue his search for his long lost mother. When Josh had left for work and Jane had gone shopping, Tom left a note saying how much he cared for them and that he would never forget them. He quickly ran to the phone booth that was visible from the Wisconsin's window and looked up his mom's name. He found it and it read:

Ms. Joanna Thompson
541 White Rocks, Vancouver
Q7C 9N4 Apt.# 132

Right now Tom was about 4 hours away from his now known destination. He then walked to the high way and jumped on a rapidly moving pick-up. He sat patiently as the falling snow gathered upon the rim of his hat. As soon as he saw the sign "Welcome to White Rocks" he lunged out of the on-going veichal, rolled into a snow bank and into a ditch. He finally managed to secure his feet to the ground and find his way to the apartment. He dashed up the apartment's stairs faster then the elevator and banged on his mother's door.

"No, Come on! Answer!" Tom repeated a few moments of consistent banging, then he cried. He cried because he was so frustrated and now he didn't know what to do!"

"Tom?" a voice came from behind him.

"Mom!" he screamed. Tears filled their eyes as Tom lunged into his mother's arms.

"Oh mom, I love you."

"Shh." Tom's mother whispered softly " You need rest."

And that was exactly what Tom needed, was rest!

T'was the night before Christmas with a twist:

The Night before Christmas

Twas the night before Christmas and all through the shack,
Not a creature was stirring but two lab mice on a rack,

They always try to take over the world,
But that was too hard so they left it for a squirrel,

"Take over Christmas!" They thought in conquest,
No more Santa, They would be the ones to address,

These crazy yet determined little mice,
Jumped on the floor and slipped on the ice,

One of these mice had all of the Plans and brains,
You could tell that the other was completely insane,

Every Christmas night these two petit mice,
Have tried to pull off this deranged but clever heist,

St. Nick had never brought them wonderful goodies and cheese,
Even when these poor, wee mice had bagged on their knees,

Their stockings were hung by the smoking chimney with care,
But when they woke up on Christmas day the dime lit socks were bare,

They were ever so sad, and Oh how mad,
The two mice were never really that bad!,

They brew up a devious plan that would never fail,
Even the Prime Minister would have to bow down and hail,

When Santa wasn't looking they would blast him high and clear,

With a cork, a string and a shook up bottle of root beer,

They had this blundering trap all equipped and set,
A trap like that, boy you'd wish that you were never in debt,

They huddled in the corner to wait their destiny,
The brainy one got quite a scare when he was stung by a bee,

They heard a rattling noise upon the roof,
They went to check what it was and they were real goofs,

They climbed on top of the snow filled roof and saw not a thing,
But when the weird mice started down, the roof started braking,

They ran inside the caving shack and covered up their heads,
For that was no good, for soon enough snow covered their tiny beds.

Standing out in the icy, freezing forest,
The two lunatics wished they had brought a warm vest,

Suddenly they saw a twinkle of bright red light,
Up in the mystical sky the light now shone so bright,

They thought in a moment, it must be jolly ol' St. Nick,
They searched for their trap, but slammed right into an ice pick.

The little mice heads were throbbing in pain,
But out of nowhere they were hit by a transit train,

They gradually managed to get up and find their trap,
But when they did, the now faint red light was facing their backs,

They frantically ran back into a green, open clear,
But the light was a light from plane that was loaded from the rear,

They threw their really weird root beer contraption down, they were tired of
pursuit,
They sadly walked back into the condemned shack and knew that was know use,

It was covered in snow excepted for the Christmas tree,
They looked in wonder as there was a present and a note of the,

It was from plump, merry Santa himself and the scroll read,
"I'm sorry. Your house is very hard to find, Oh and next time make your bed!",

Under the tree was a kit on how to take over the world,
It even said that it could beat all of the other squirrels,

Followed by a gigantic piece of cheese and an inviting, shiny pearl,
With that enormous cheese you could feed the entire world,

Then they heard a voice up in the sky with their tiny ears,
"Ho,ho,ho," Santa exclaimed "Merry Christmas and thanks for the Root Beer!"

Dave Bauer

The Man With No Luck

"You're fired!" shouted a high corporate, red faced, heavy smoking business man.
"But boss, I...I!?" replied a shy, gray bearded man
"No buts! No out you go!"
The man slouched, sighed and walked out.

Jim Henderson, a shy, gray bearded man walked out of the looming skyscraper business building into his 1993 Chevy Blazer. You could see that skyscraper from his apartment. The way the brightening light glistened on the tinted windows as the morning sun filled the new sky with brilliant oranges, yellows and reds. Yes, it was quite a sight, but not anymore for Mr. Jim Henderson. No, that was yet just another quivering image that he would have to get over. He had no children. But oh how he wanted a little boy. He could take him to ball games and teach him how to shoot a black, rubber puck into the hockey net. He would be there to guide him and be ready to discipline him, not harshly but just enough to let him know about how he felt about the situation. He would have loved a little boy but that dream was diminished as he was recently divorced. Kate was a loving wife and always helped out. That was until Bob came. Bob was a new man at Kate's work. She introduced him to Jim. Jim always despised the thought of wanting to see him again. Then Kate started to "go out" more often and she would sneak out of the house in the middle of the cold night. One dreadful night he woke up restless and leaned over to put his arm around his loving wife. But there was nothing there to put his arm around, just a torn, crinkled sheet and a memorable pillow. He would remember that pillow. It was the only thing he could give Kate. You see, there was
45
... to Kate. She lived in a small blue house

with a picket fence. He ran out into the cold, wet night but he dropped the diamond ring. He didn't know what to do. He ran back into his car and he found that same pillow. He proposed to her and gave her the soaking, drenched pillow. She laughed, smiled and said yes. But that was just another painful memory.

" I guess I'm,,," Jim paused with watery eyes " I'm the man with no luck."

Jim opened the door to his car and got out. There he stood near a dirt path leading to a crooked line of gigantic trees. Through the trees he could make out a small, wooden boat.

This was a memory that was not forgotten. When Jim was 18 his dad gave him his own boat. Jim loved to fish. He always went with his dad. This boat had a blue boarder around the starboard side. The lettering read WINDCATCHER. Just shortly after Jim's birthday his dad died with the lung cancer virus.

Jim grabbed a long fishing rod and climbed into the now, brown rotting boat. He set out and waded along the shoreline. Jim cast his rattling lure into the silent river. He didn't catch any fish, naturally, He was after all the man with no luck.

Jim was about to paddle that rocking boat to shore when he noticed out of the corner of his eye a glistening ripple in the water. Then another. He stood up in wonder to see what the commotion was. Then two rainbow coloured fish lunged themselves into the air. Jim was stunned. The two magnificent fish hurled themselves yet again into the evening air. But Jim was ready, he wasn't going to let luck pass him by this time. He quickly flung his skinny arm towards the fish. After much struggle, he had manage to throw the helpless fish into the tipping boat. The other fish seemed to leap itself into the boat. A startled shy, gray bearded men lost his balance. He plunged into the evening water which was now filled with commotion. He felt himself sinking down and down and down.

"I'm still the man with no luck" He thought to himself.

Then suddenly he realized that he didn't want to die. He struggled upwards towards the boat. He flung his arms and grabbed hold of one of the seats in the capsized boat. He couldn't let go. He knew now that life was precious. He didn't let luck pass him by this time. In fact, he made his own luck and didn't give up. He climbed on top of the soggy boat and lay there a while. A shy, gray bearded man realized that he should always try and never give up.

He thought:

"Maybe I'm not the man with no luck after all."

The Question From The Clouds

"Do you believe?" she asked.

He put his pen down and gazed towards the clouds that he could not see. His lips were tight and his eyes looked like two moons at the height of their fullness beaming across a vast distant plane, yet his expression was not stern. He was pondering the question and she noticed his duality. She found it fitting, even more ironic.

"I don't have time for this" he answered as he returned to his work. "There are far too many immediate problems for me to think about".

But she knew he was thinking about it, he just wouldn't admit that he was; everyone thought about it once the subject was brought up.

"They're beautiful." She passionately continued "as beautiful as the glisten of the morning dew. And mysterious! As mysterious as a warm wind in the cold of winter. Anything that is beautiful and mysterious is also romantic. Life needs romanticism. If a person lives life without romance then a person forgets how to live. When you have a feeling there might be sunshine yet you feel a drop of rain, that is when they show up; when a person forgets how to live. That is when we know they are there. It is the rediscovery of what is important that they show to us, which is what makes them so inspirational and graceful. It is the meaning of the message we take from them that is hard to put to words, yet it can change our direction if we have the courage to follow that message. I think about it because of what happened this afternoon. I was drinking from a warm glass and when I gulped from its bounty the cup cooled, yet when I sipped, the glass stayed warm. Do you understand? It is ignorance that brings about the situation. When you feel that life is a chore rather than a journey, a circumstance occurs that forces you to choose if life is a genuine blessing or instead a treacherous journey full of sorrow and anguish. That is why they are here – to bring about choice. The path is up to the person."

She hesitated in her speech when she noticed a single tear rolling gradually down his reddened right cheek.

The Perfect World

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" I will be very happy here!"

"Yes, I will be very happy here!" Victor repeated slowly.

"May I ask what your name is?" Victor questioned the young lady.

"Oh, it's a..." The women paused slightly and stared at the ceiling. " R-Rachel. Come on Victor. let's get out of here. I'll take you to your living area."

As soon as Victor walked outside a freezing chill went up his spine.

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" Yeah, it does get quite chilly in winter." She replied

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"Tom?" a voice came from behind him.

"Mom!" he screamed. Tears filled their eyes as Tom lunged into his mother's arms.

"Oh mom, I love you."

"Shh." Tom's mother whispered softly "You need rest."

And that was exactly what Tom needed, was rest!

The Days When We Were Kings

Verse 1

As the days grow older and the night gets darker,
The light begins to dim, life seems uncertain,
As I hold on to a shred of light, a beam of hope,
Confusing thoughts then a shimmering sight and I know,

~~(I know these years will never die.)~~

We lived like kings in a house of cards,
Holding each other strong yet so fragile ^{against} the wind.
~~And as the breeze blows across my face, and,
a smile grows and I know, and I know~~

Chorus

I want to live these years forever,
never forget these years as long as there's ever,
ever ~~after~~ after, is life a fairy tale? young and
old, a story for all.

Our days have been a blur but so meaningfully
the days when we were kings. (repeat line)

Verse 2

The dream wakes me even though I'm not asleep,
I realize that these two feet were made of stone,
Trampled across the bridges and kicked down all
the doors,

and I know these years will never die

chorus 2 (variation of 1)

I want to live these years forever, ~~never forget~~
never forget these years as long as there's ever
ever after, the fairy tale has yet to be told,
we will always be kings from young to old,

Our days have been a blur but so meaningfully
the days when we were kings.

Verse 3

So let's cut the deck and take a chance
We'll go for broke and put it on the line
'cause the legend of kings never dies

and we can live like Kings until the
end of time

Chorus 2

We're gonna live like Kings forever
These years will be remembered forever, ever after
Our life is a fairy tale
and the days have been a blur but so meaningful
(repeat)

FADE OUT