



# Creative Writing Roundup

## Journey Back in Time:

*Rounding Up Stories about the Past*



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# Remembering Amy Carmichael

*by Anna Neriya Abdulla, age 8*

I would like to take you back in time to the year 1867 when one of my favorite historical missionaries was born on December 16th. Her name was Amy Carmichael, and she was born in Ireland. One of her famous quotes is, "You can give without loving, but you cannot love without giving." This is how she lived her life. She gave it all to God and to be obedient to his work. As she grew up, she heard a calling from God. After her dad died and several other events and missions, she ended up travelling to India where the biggest part of God's plan for her would take place. At first Amy did not want to leave her widowed mom to go on international missions although she felt God was calling her to. So, she wrote her mom. This is what she wrote and what her mom replied.

She wrote to her mother:

"I feel as if I had been stabbing someone I love - and through all the pain the certainty that it was His voice that I heard has never wavered... though I just feel one big ache all over; yet the certainty is there - He said to me "go" and I answered, "Yes Lord."

Amy's mother's reply is a lesson for all of us as parents:

"He has lent you to me all these years, so when he asks you now to go away from within my reach, can I say no? No, Amy - He is yours. You are His. I can trust you to Him - and I do."

Amy left for mission work, and that is what she did to the end. She never got married because she believed if she married, she would not be able to do God's work fully. In the end, God gave her a very large family and hundreds of children for her self-sacrifice in giving her all to His kingdom.

She lived and worked as a missionary in India from 1855. There she started to form a group called the "starry cluster" made up of three other Indian women. She preached the gospel of Christ to the people there, but one day a little girl named Preena ended up running into her. Preena was a temple child. Temple children are children who are freely given to the so called "gods" by their parents because the parents believed if they give their children to the "gods," in return the "gods" would give them material blessings. The little girls given to the temple were called "Deva Dasi." They were to be married to the "gods" of the temple and could never leave. Many bad things would happen to them there.

Preena managed to escape the temple once, but she was caught and her hands were branded with hot iron. Preena was determined to escape, and when she got the chance, she tried once again. This time, she ran into a kind woman from the village who took her to Amy's place. God worked ahead in ensuring that Amy was home and back from evangelizing that day, and that's how Preena came to meet Amy

Carmichael. This event changed the whole course of Amy's work in India. Amy Carmichael had compassion on Preena. Preena called Amy "Amah" which means mother in the Tamil language. Amy Carmichael withstood the pressure and threats from the temple workers who tried to get Preena back. Preena was given food, love, and a home by Amy.

This started Amy off on a new direction of rescuing other children in India from the temple. She would dye her skin with coffee and wear an India Sari (Indian dress) to disguise and blend in. Soon she had saved many girls from the temple. She even got international help and managed to put a stop to the Deva Dasi system in India and save many girls from being molested. India outlawed temple prostitution in 1948. Eventually, she opened an orphanage and founded a mission in Dohnavur, Tamil Nadu, India. This became a safe place for children of India as she rescued more and more. She served in India for 55 years until her death.

Amy Carmichael died in 1951 at age 83 years old. Amy had suffered most of her life from neuralgia. She is said to have died peacefully by her nurse who was with her. By the end of her life, she had written 35 books about her missionary work including poems. One of her poems which I like is called "For Our Children."

Father, hear us, we are praying,  
Hear the words our hearts are saying;  
We are praying for our children.

Keep them from the powers of evil,  
From the secret, hidden peril;  
Father, hear us for our children.

From the whirlpool that would suck them,  
From the treacherous quicksand, pluck them;  
Father, hear us for our children.

From the wordling's hollow gladness,  
From the sting of faithless sadness,  
Father, Father, keep our children.

Through life's troubled waters steer them;  
Through life's bitter battle cheer them;  
Father, Father, be Thou near them.

Read the language of our longing,  
Read the wordless pleadings thronging,  
Holy Father, for our children.

And wherever they may bide,  
Lead them Home at eventide.

I wanted to write about Amy Carmichael since my great ancestors were from India, and also I have a really good Christian friend in India. I do not want any child in India to suffer from this type of practice. I read in the news that the Deva Dasi ritual is still going on in India and seems to be making a come back as a common practice. I want Amy Carmichael's story to be remembered so that all her hard work does not become undone and forgotten. When we forget history, then evil comes out again and repeats itself because no one remembers.

# The Stories of the West: Nicodemus and Neveldy

*By Cruz, age 15*

Neveldy and Nicodemus were two brothers who had left their home in the east to seek adventure and fortune in the wild west. They had traveled across the plains, the mountains, and the deserts, facing bandits, Indians, and outlaws along the way. They had seen many wonders and horrors, but they never lost their sense of curiosity and courage.

One day, they arrived at a small farm in a town called Phenabri. The farm belonged to a widow named Martha. She lived there with her two children, Billy and Sally, and a few animals. She welcomed the brothers with kindness and hospitality, offering them food and shelter in exchange for some help around the farm.

Neveldy and Nicodemus agreed to stay for a while, as they were tired of wandering and wanted to rest their horses. They soon found themselves enjoying the simple life of the farm, helping Martha with the chores, playing with the children, and learning about the town. They also discovered that Martha was a brave and strong woman, who had defended her farm from many threats and dangers. She told them stories of how she had fought off coyotes, rustlers, and even a notorious gang of outlaws called the Black Hats.

The brothers were impressed by Martha's spirit and beauty, and they both felt a growing attraction towards her. However, they also felt a rivalry between them, as they each wanted to win her heart. They tried to impress her with their skills, their stories, and their gifts, but they also respected her wishes and did not pressure her to choose.

Martha liked both, but she was unsure of her feelings. She had loved her husband dearly, and she was not ready to move on. She also worried about her children, who had grown fond of the brothers. She did not want to hurt anyone or cause trouble.

But trouble was coming in a different way. One night, a messenger arrived at the farm with grim news. The Black Hats were back in town, and they were looking for revenge. They had heard that Martha had killed one of their members when they tried to rob her farm a year ago. They wanted to make her pay with her life and everything she owned.

The brothers heard the news and immediately volunteered to help. They grabbed their guns and saddled their horses, ready to face the outlaws. They told Martha to stay inside with the children and lock the doors. They promised to protect her and come back alive.

Martha thanked them and kissed them both on the cheek. She wished them luck and prayed for their safety. She watched them ride away into the night, not knowing if she would ever see them again.

The brothers rode hard and fast, following the trail of the Black Hats. They caught up with them at a nearby canyon, where a fierce shootout ensued. Bullets flew in all directions, hitting rocks, trees, and flesh.

The brothers fought bravely, but they were outnumbered and outgunned. They took cover behind a large boulder, exchanging bullet for bullet, blow for blow, until all but one was taken care of. The one last outlaw was the leader of the Black Hats, a ruthless man named Red.

He had a scarred face and a wicked grin. He taunted the brothers, saying that he would kill them and then go back to the farm and finish what he started. He said that he had always wanted Martha for himself, and that he would make her his wife after he buried them.

The brothers were enraged by his words. They decided to make a final stand. They charged out from behind the boulder, firing their guns at Red. Red fired back, hitting both in the shoulder. They fell to the ground, bleeding but not defeated. Red laughed and walked towards them, ready to deliver the final shot.

Just then a shot echoed through the canyon, and Red was hit in the leg. Red yelled and another shot thundered through the canyon. The bullet grazed his hand resulting in an instant drop of his gun. The brothers caught a glimpse of Martha standing at the top of the canyon lowering her rifle. They lunged to Red to tie him up and then head to the sheriff's office. Before they got too far, Martha stopped them to bandage up their wounds.

When they reached the sheriff's office, the sheriff took Red away immediately. He came back and asked them if they had brought Red in by themselves. He said that Red had robbed many stores and banks and terrorized many small farms in many counties for the past 12 years. He also said that Red's gang, the Black Hats, was suspected of robbing a train with \$7,000 worth of gold, but Red was not saying anything.

The sheriff stated that he had him on about 30 other charges. It turns out that he had been threatening to burn down the farms and stores of the people he had been terrorizing.

The sheriff was so amazed by what he had heard about Red's capture that he couldn't help but offer Neveldy and Nicodemus a place in his team of deputies. He admired their bravery and skill in taking down the bandits and saving the town. Neveldy thanked him for the generous offer, but he said that he had already found his calling and his family with Martha and her children on the farm.

Nicodemus, on the other hand, was thrilled by the offer and accepted it without hesitation. He said he had always dreamed of being a lawman and fighting for justice.

## Epilogue

Nicodemus lived a meaningful life as a sheriff, brother, and uncle. He died a courageous and selfless death at the age of 57, standing up to a gang of outlaws who tried to terrorize the town he loved.

Neveldy and Martha tied the knot and welcomed five more children into their family, along with Billy and Sally. Neveldy lived a full and adventurous life, always loyal to his wife and his friends. He passed away peacefully three days after Martha, at the impressive age of 89.



# Twisted History

by Ayesha Binti Mahmud, age 12, Moncton, NB

This story is about Sir Isaac Newton and the watermelon.

Not so long ago, in a distant land far beyond human existence, there lived an old female scientist whose name was Victoria. She was 100 years old, but she looked and had the energy as though she was only 18. She started writing diaries ever since she turned 5.

So, she also had 95 thick diaries and journals (1 for each year).

One morning, she woke up from a dream that was telling her to make a time machine, travel to 1666, and find Isaac Newton. She had been having this dream since her 13th birthday.

So, she felt annoyed that this ridiculous dream kept coming to her. But she suddenly felt curious and decided to follow this dream.

Victoria made herself an egg omelette, entered her time machine, and set the year to 1666. The time machine buzzed and zapped! She was in 1666, so she looked for Newton.

As she walked, many people looked at her clothing very curiously, but she kept walking without a care.

Victoria finally found Newton who was reading under a tree and started to walk towards him but stopped short and decided to play a trick on him because, after all, he was her great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great-grandfather.

Victoria tiptoed silently towards a nearby watermelon field and took a perfectly round, juicy watermelon. Then she climbed into the tree under which Newton was reading his book.

She sat on the branch and giggled mischievously and counted to 3 and then dropped the watermelon on poor Newton's head, covering him with watermelon juice.

"Ahhhhh!" cried Newton as he got soaked. Then he looked around and spotted the watermelon. "Oh, it's a watermelon. But how did the watermelon fall from an apple tree? And why did it fall to the ground, not sideways or upwards?"

At that moment, Victoria jumped gracefully from the tree and laughed.

Newton spun around and saw a young girl with curly black hair and an odd-looking dress laughing at him.

"Who are you? And why are you laughing?" Newton asked with a shocked expression on his face.

Victoria stopped laughing but the corner of her mouth twitched.

"You could say that I am your great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great-granddaughter," said Victoria struggling not to burst out laughing again. "My name is Victoria Newton, and I am laughing at you."

"But why are you laughing?" Newton asked.

"Because...well because you have a cracked watermelon on your head." And saying that she burst out laughing again.

"Alright, miss. Kindly stop laughing. That is enough," said Newton feeling his face turn red. "I must get home to do some experiments on whatever is pulling us down."

Victoria stopped laughing for the second time. "Alright I will, but that does not mean you can stop me from talking or interrupt me," she said in a very sugary voice, then she became stern and said "Understand?"

"Y...Yes," said Newton shrinking slightly.

"Good," said Victoria satisfied. "You shall accompany me to your home, and I will help you with some answers."

They walked to Newton's house, and Victoria explained gravity to Newton and then instructed him not to tell anyone about that day's events.

"Of course," agreed Newton. "But before you leave can you prove that you are my great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great-granddaughter?"

"Here," Victoria said, pulling out an old, battered-looking parchment. "This is our family tree, and you are right... here. See?"

"Yes," said Newton, looking at his name on the parchment.

"And I am right here," said Victoria pointing at her name. "So now do you believe me?"

"Yes," said Newton.

Victoria then carefully put the parchment back in her bag.

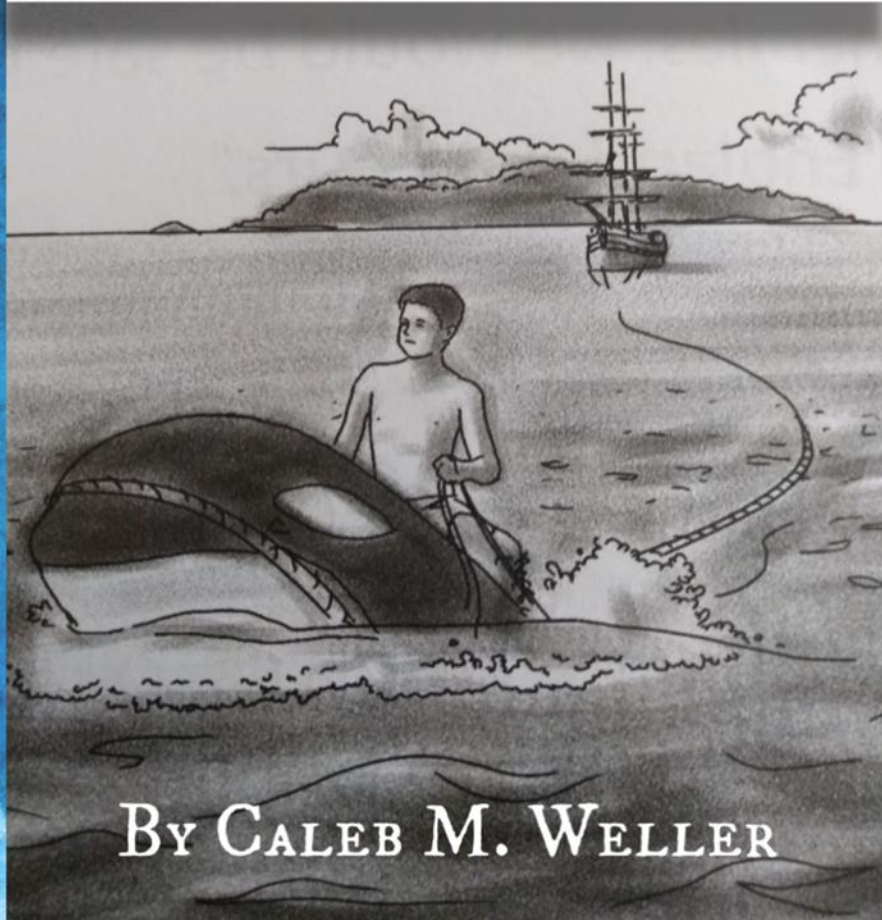
"Goodbye," said Newton looking upset. "It was very pleasant meeting you."

"Goodbye," Victoria said as she set up the time machine. "It was very nice meeting you, too."

The time machine buzzed, and she was back home.

**The End**

# The Boy and the Orca



BY CALEB M. WELLER

Once upon a time, there was a poor boy who lived with his pirate family. One day, the family went treasure hunting. The boy said, "I want to help!"

While the boy was looking for treasure, he saw an orca with his pod. He swam out to meet the orca. He said to the orca, "We're looking for treasure!"

All of a sudden, the orca jumped out of the water and the boy jumped on his back, and they went scouting for Treasure Island. But then they saw an enemy ship coming towards them. The enemy ship was getting closer and closer. The boy and the orca headed back to his family's boat. They arrived, and the boy told his family about the enemy ship.

His family asked, "Is this true?"

The orca and the boy said, "Yes, it's true!"

The orca's family suddenly appeared and asked, "What's this motion commotion?"

The pirate family and the orca family raced together towards the enemy ship. Cannons were ready and aimed at the enemy ship. Shots were fired back and forth. Before another blink of an eye, the enemy ship sunk.

The pirate family and the orca family won!

They were so tired from the fight so they all went and had a loooooooooooooooooong nap.

The next day, they felt a huge BUMP! They had reached Treasure Island!

The pirate family jumped out of their beds, grabbed their shovels, and went to look for the "X." Then, they found it!

"Shiver me timbers! Now we can start digging!" they cried. The boy's shovel finally hit something. The orca family, who was waiting by a cave nearby, heard it and cried, "Yay!" and their voices echoed through the cave. The pirate family looked into the cave and said, "This is all true!"

They opened the treasure chest and looked inside. There were coins, jewels, necklaces, bracelets, earrings....and a key!"

The pirate mom was holding the key and said, "Another treasure hunt!"

Everyone else said, "Here we go again!"

They all lived happily ever after with the treasure.

THE END

# The Legends of The New Zealand Bunnies

by Dominic, age 12

The fictional events of this story occurred in the country of New Zealand before it was discovered by the Maori and called the land Aotearoa (land of the long white cloud). This took place in the time around A.D. 1200-1300.

The animals of this land were much smarter and had vocal abilities (They could talk.) before the Maori people came by canoe from Polynesia.

\* \* \*

Gruff was a small bunny with tan coloured fur, lopped ears, and a good body of fluff. Gruff lived in the nation of Bunny Burrow. He had his own little dwelling, and inside that dwelling there was a small bunny bed, a hay feeder, and a water bottle connected to the colony's water supply.

There were several jobs that the bunnies of Bunny Burrow had to do each day. If they didn't, it would be bad for the rest of the colony. Gruff was assigned the job of collecting food and medicinal herbs like berries and flowers with his friend Samantha. One day, Gruff was having a hard time getting out of bed (like usual), and then Gruff was suddenly woken up by a loud pounding on the door of his dwelling.

"Are you awake in there, Gruff?" shouted Samantha.

When Gruff was woken up by this, he rolled over on his bed to get a look at the clock. It was 9 o'clock. This was a very late time for bunnies to get up at because most of the bunnies of Bunny Burrow got out of bed and to their assignments at around 7 o'clock.

Gruff got up, had some hay, got a quick drink at his water bottle, and was ready to go in less than ten minutes. He finally met Samantha at the door.

Every time Gruff leaves the burrow, he worries about encountering a wolf. Gruff read a small wilderness guidebook that cautioned to be aware of wolves while you are out getting supplies. A wolf will never hesitate to strike its prey. There were three tips.

Never go farther than 300 feet away from your nearest rabbit hole.

If you think you are being followed by a wolf, try and find shelter if you are too far away from Bunny Burrow.

Try and distract the wolf by throwing a rock or some other small object as far as you can away from you. If you try this, you will have to cover your scent because wolves can smell their prey up to 2.8 kilometers away.

"You don't need to worry about any wolves, Gruff!" Samantha chirped. "As long as we are careful, we should be fine. Plus, the nearest wolf sighting was over 500 feet away from the rabbit hole we are going through."

Just before the two friends went out the rabbit hole, they saw Arthur, the commander of the bunny army, approaching them.

"Hello, how are you two doing?" Arthur said. "Would either of you need the assistance of a few of my top soldiers? I wouldn't want anything to happen to my little bundle of fluff."

"Dad, we should be fine on our own", Samantha exclaimed sternly. "It's just a simple food gathering trip that we've done dozens of times. There's no need to worry."

Samantha quickly hopped by her father and up the rabbit hole with Gruff following close behind. Right outside of the rabbit hole, there were some berry bushes. As they hopped over to collect them, Gruff thought he heard a rustling nearby. Gruff did not pay very much attention to it; he just thought it was a couple of squirrels. Much further away, he heard more rustling in the woods. Even Samantha heard it this time.

"That's probably just some squirrels fighting over a nut. Come on, I see some flowers over there," Samantha said, not noticing Gruff uneasiness.

After they traveled a bit further, Gruff thought he saw a bit of gray fur over to the left of the clearing. This made Gruff's heart race.

"Is it a wolf?" he said to himself.

He motioned for Samantha to come over; then Gruff pointed to the woods.

"What do you think it is?" he asked.

"What?" asked Samantha.

To Gruff's surprise, the bit of fur was nowhere to be seen!

"Th-ther was some dark gray fur of what I thought might be a wolf in the woods over there," Gruff stammered.

"Well, there isn't any wolf over there. You must have been seeing things."

However, that didn't make Gruff any less anxious. Every so often, he thought he heard a twig snap and looked back to see if they were being followed!

"I think we've gotten far enough away from Bunny Burrow now. We should head back," Gruff said in a concerned tone.

"Ok," replied Samantha. "It is starting to get dark now, and it looks like a fog is rolling in, so we should hurry." After 5 minutes of hopping down the trail, Gruff heard a fallen tree branch snap behind him!



"Ah!" Gruff shrieked.

"Calm down Gruff! Look, it was just a harmless little faun," exclaimed Samantha in a very calming voice. "See! There is nothing to worry about."

Suddenly, the faun ran away as if it were frightened. When Gruff and Samantha looked to see what it was, they were frozen in place!

What they saw was a bunny's worst nightmare. A wolf was standing about 15 feet in front of them cloaked in fog. It was covered in dark gray shaggy fur, with sharp stained teeth, and a very skinny body.

It was evident that this wolf was very hungry and aggressive.

"What should we do?" said Gruff in a frightful voice.

"I'm not sure," Samantha said.

"What did the book say to do?" Gruff muttered to himself.

Suddenly the wolf took a step forward. All Gruff and Samantha were thinking about was running. But then they heard a voice that said, "Come over here!"

The wolf had started walking toward them with a growl.

"Come on Gruff! Let's go toward the voice." They started running as fast as they could toward the mysterious voice in the fog.

The wolf had started running as well and was gaining on them fast!

"Over here you two," The voice called out. A short, shadowed figure came into sight, but Gruff and Samantha were running too fast to get a good look.

They saw the figure duck down into a hole in the ground. The two were about 10 feet away now, but the wolf was still pursuing them.

Just after the wolf snapped its jaws and got a puff of fur off of Gruff, they dove straight into the hole.

"Are you okay Gruff?" Samantha asked.

"I think so. It ripped a bit of fluff off but no major damage. How about you?"

"I'm a little tuckered out, but I'm all right."

"Great, you're both unharmed."

"Who was that?" Samantha asked.

"It was me, the mole standing right next to you."

"Oh, sorry I didn't see you there," Samantha said.

"It's alright. My name's Reginald, but you can call me Reggie."

Reggie was a short furry mole with two little, tiny eyes so small you could only see them if you looked really hard. He had very sharp claws for digging and had a short little tail.

“That wolf almost had us for dinner! You saved our lives out there. Thank you!” Gruff said.

“Yes, thank you! How could we ever repay you?” exclaimed Samantha.

“There is nothing I need that you could give me, but you could enjoy a nice herbal tea with me before I show you back to your home,” Reggie replied.

“What? You have tunnels that go all the way to Bunny Burrow?” said Gruff in a surprised voice.

“Of course, I do! Did you think I went up to the surface and walk there with the threat of wolves lurking around?” said Reggie in a jolly voice. “Well, I better get that tea going.”

“Oh no, we can’t stay. We have to go to Bunny Burrow and warn them that a wolf might be heading there,” said Samantha with a determined look on her face.

“That big sucker isn’t leaving when he knows that you disappeared down here! Trust me I should know,” said Reggie in a depressed voice. “I’m almost 10 years old which is quite old for a mole especially in my case.”

“I used to be in the forest’s army, but my age made me more of a risk to the others, so the Commander didn’t let me fight anymore. When I was discharged from the army, I started digging these tunnels all around the forest. It kind of became a hobby of mine, but after every day passes, I feel a bit weaker.”

“All I ask from you is go down that tunnel there and tell that army that the wolves will not stop until they completely rule this entire forest,” Reggie pointed towards a large tunnel with a sign next to it, which said “Tunnel to Bunny Burrow.”

Suddenly, a chunk of dirt fell off the ceiling along with a small rumble and a growling noise. “That wolf is trying to dig down here. We have to go now,” Gruff said in a hurry.

“Wait, aren’t you coming Reggie?” Samantha asked.

“No, I would just slow you down, and it’s time I go see my father,” Reggie responded. Neither Gruff or Samantha knew what he meant when he said this, but they both nodded their heads and started dashing down the tunnel.

After a few moments had passed, they heard the dirt cave in back down the tunnel.

“Come on. I see a faint light a bit more down the tunnel,” Gruff stated.

When they got back to Bunny Burrow, Arthur rushed over to Samantha and said, “Are you okay? It’s been 3 hours since you were supposed to back! What happened?”

“I’m okay, too,” added Gruff.

“There was a wolf. It chased us almost halfway across the west end of the forest,” Samantha explained.

“Then this mole named Reginald saved us, and he showed us a tunnel that led back to here,” Gruff added.

“A wolf attacked you; I know there were some recent sightings but no actual attacks,” Arthur said. “We are going to have to double the armory for stronger defence,” Arthur muttered to himself.

“Double the armory for what dad?” Samantha asked.

“I need to send a message to the birds that fly through the air, the moles that dig through the ground, and mammals that tread across the surface.”

“Why? What are you planning?” Gruff asked.

“War against the wolves of the north!”

**To Be Continued**

# A Journey Back to the Beginning

*by Anna Neriya Abdulla, age 8*

Father of creation,

You created the heavens and earth by Your word.

You created the sun's bright shine.

You created the twinkling of the stars.

Everything You made has worth.

Father of creation,

You created the creatures of the earth.

You created the songs of the birds.

You created colours of the Gouldian Finch.

You created the bees to make sweet honey.

Everything You made has worth.

Father of creation,

You created the flickering lights of the fireflies.

You created the whistles of the dolphins.

You created the glistening wings of the flying fish.

Everything You made has worth.

Father of creation,

Everything You made has worth.

How great and how wonderful You are!