

Olive and Fred Robins Junior Short Story Contest

2021



Olive and Fred Robins Junior Short Story Contest is an annual programme held each October. Wellington County students in Grades 4, 5 and 6 are invited to submit original stories for the chance to win great prizes and publication of their work. **Thank you to each person who participated this year! We hope you enjoy these creative pieces as much as we do.**



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The Lonely Little Witch by Logan Corrigan

The little lonely witch was very lonely. She did not have any friends to hang out with. The lonely witch was not the first person you would go to for a friend. She had a long pointy nose, black dirty clothes, bright green eyes, pointy shoes, and gross long pointy fingernails. The witch lived in a cabin in the forest just outside of a little town that loves Halloween. It was one week until Halloween and everyone was getting all their decorations set up. The little witch had never gone trick-or-treating before but she was craving some candy. It was Halloween night and all the kids were out trick-or-treating. The little witch was all set to go so she walked to the town to go to the first house.

"Trick-or-treat," said the witch.

The man opened the door.

"Wooh," said the man. "You are a very scary witch. How did you get your nose to look so realistic?"

"This is my real nose," replied the witch.

"Oh, sorry," said the man.

"That's okay, I get that a lot," answered the witch

The witch was happy as she got some candy and so she ventured off to the next house. As the witch walked to the next house she asked a group of kids if they wanted to trick-or-treating with her?

"Why would we want to go trick-or-treating with you," said the one kid in a mean voice.

So the witch walked to the other house and got some more candy. The witch got to the next house and knocked on the door.

"Trick-or-treat," called the witch.

The door opened and the same thing happened. The person that opened the door asked her how she got her nails to look so realistic.

"These are my real nails," replied the witch again.

The witch built up enough courage to ask another kid if she wanted to go trick-or-treating with her.

"NO!" shouted the girl.

The witch started to feel sad because no one wanted to go trick-or-treating with her and everyone thought that the witch was wearing a costume. The witch went back to her cabin in the woods to eat some of her candy.

"Why does no one want to go trick-or-treating with me?" the witch said in a sad voice.

Then the witch heard something outside her cabin. The witch looked out but she did not see anyone.

"Who's there," called out the witch.

The witch grabbed a flashlight and looked again. Then the witch looked in the trees and she saw a little boy hiding in them.

"What are you doing up there?" asked the witch.

"I am looking for some food," replied the boy.

"I have some candy in my cabin if you would like some," said the witch.

"I love candy, thank you," the boy cheered.

The boy got down from the tree and the witch saw that he was a witch, too.

"Hey, you're a witch too!" said the boy.

"Yeah," replied the witch, "I have not seen another witch in a long time."

"Me, too," said the boy.

Then they went inside to eat some candy.

"This is delicious," said the boy.

After they were done eating their candy they went for a walk in the woods and talked, and talked, and talked. So the little lonely witch was not so lonely any more.

A Tale of the Four Elements by Mia Swart

I ran through the forest, my lungs aching. I was there because of my Grandma June. She'd been fine a few days ago, and then she wasn't. I was only eleven, far too young for this kind of thing. I felt like screaming, and crying, but I knew this was the time to act. So I called 911. When we reached the hospital she fell into a coma. The grave-faced doctors and nurses came. One nurse hurried to the back of the room and dialed a number on the phone. She talked for a while. Then the police came, and they talked to the doctors.

A policewoman walked over to me, and asked, "What is your name?"

"Lily. Lily Heffleworth."

"And where are your parents?" she continued.

"I don't have any." A sob built up in my throat.

"Oh." Her tone grew softer. "Lily, your grandmother is very sick. Did she eat anything strange?"

"No. Why?"

"This may be a bit of a shock," she began, in an unwavering voice. "We suspect she may have been poisoned. Stay with me while we figure this out."

I looked at my grandma and remembered something she said to me when I was little.

"When you need guidance and no one can help, call on the help of the four elements."

But what did that mean? I needed to find a place with the four elements. The forest! I didn't think it was right, but it was worth a shot.

"Excuse me," I said to the policewoman.

"Not now. Just wait a bit."

I couldn't wait! I turned and ran as fast as I could all the way to the edge of the forest. The sun peeked through the trees. It was later than I thought. It was already sunset and panic fell around me like a net. I was caught in its trap. Was my grandma

dying? I broke into a run again, unaware of the eyes watching me. As I ran, I glanced back. A bear was watching me and I panicked. I saw its cubs playing but I ran past. The bear came even closer and I ran even faster. One of the cubs tried to imitate me, succeeding only in tripping over its feet.

I left the bears behind me and stopped running. I gasped for breath and when I looked around I realized that this place had the four elements. But it felt wrong, somehow. I sat down. What should I do now? I could see the city through the trees, but I was far away now. I heard the whirring blades of a helicopter. Searchlights! People were looking for me! I frantically searched for a place to hide. I was so close to saving my grandma. I hid in a tree with thick foliage. I really hoped it would hide me. I knew I shouldn't have worn neon orange!

I tried to calm down and think about what to do next. What if I shouldn't find places with the four elements, but people? What if I was meant to find them inside me? Earth for my body, Air for my breath, Water for my blood and Fire for my spirit. That felt right.

"Help me!" I murmured. Nothing happened. I was so emotional about the day's events that I began to cry. "Help me!" I screamed.

The ground shook and a figure appeared. I thought she might be Earth. She said, "I will give you a test: fail and your grandma dies but succeed and she lives. That is the way of the world."

She faded away and two flowers spiraled out of the ground. They looked identical. I touched them and realized one was cold, and the other warm. Cold for death and warmth for life. I grabbed the warm one and ran back, carefully veering away from the cubs.

At the hospital, my grandma was alone in the room, still asleep. I made tea from the plant. I brought the cup to her lips and a drop fell on her. She opened her eyes. It was already working! She drank the tea and became healthy again.

"You were right about the four elements," I told her. Darn it, I was crying again.

The policewoman ran into the room and grabbed me. "Where were you? We were so worried!"

"She found the cure," my grandma said, smiling.

"That ought to be quite a story!" the policewoman said, glancing at me.

I wonder if she'll believe me.

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