

TD Summer Reading Club 2022: Short Story Contest

Grade 4 - 6 Winning Stories





A Tree of Ajax

Written by Ann

The story starts, well you know how all good stories start, with once upon a time...

...a little grey squirrel, eager to find a place to hide an acorn for the winter, found a spot by the beautiful Lake Ontario. The acorn was never dug out for the squirrel to eat.

20 years later

The warm spring breeze flushed through the green leaves of a Red Oak tree (a green tree called red?).

Waves rushing against the shoreline, and Canadian air blowing within the clouds. And that tree? Oh yeah, that's me! Right now, I'm 20 years old. You see, if someone were to chop me off of my trunk (why would anyone do that?), and they counted the very thin rings on the stump, there would be exactly 20.

Today, a girl came up to me and took a picture of her comparing our heights. She was probably around 5 acorn inches shorter than me. *Pfft. I'm not that short. Am I?*

When I was trying to get a bird off of me so it won't go number 2, a weird looking wagon pulled up on my left. Or my right? I don't know my left and rights, and I don't have fingers to tell which is which. Either way, *one...two...three...four...five!* large men, all carrying axes on their shoulders, stepped out of the weird looking wagon. I hoped they were here for something that wasn't what I was thinking. I begged and pleaded that they weren't here to count my rings.

Tree after tree, stump after stump, it finally came to me. The men raised their axes; my mind went stiff as a board, shaking all my branches with fear, when the girl who was comparing our heights came sprinting towards me.

"Wait! Stop!" she exclaimed.

"You can't cut that tree down!"

"Why not? And what can you do about it?" one of the men asked, annoyed.

"I can certainly do this!" she replied, kicking him hard.

The man stayed still, but his eyes sealed shut, fighting the pain. *Go girl-who-mocked-me-of-my-height!*

“We, and everyone that roams-and is alive on this earth should be able to have the right to live on this earth the way it should be.” she continued.

“And that means, no murdering...” she glared at the men sharply.

“...no violence...” she went on and on.

“...and just peace, freedom, and justice!” she finished.

The five men took a final sharp look at the girl, and without a word, walked away. *YYYES! I’m alive!*

The girl walked directly under the tree and said, “I’m Emma by the way!” She took another picture of us, and I shook my branches with gratitude.

We, and everyone that roams – and is alive on this earth should be able to have the right to live on this earth the way it should be. Right now, I’m over 200 years old (thanks to Emma), and I was planted where today is known as Ajax.

Author's Note

This short story, A Tree of Ajax is inspired by the tree located in Ajax, at Harwood Ave. S. and Lake Driveway W near the Veterans Point Gardens. This tree is older than anyone living on this earth. Though there are many other trees that have more than 200 rings on this earth, this Heritage Red Oak is older than Ajax, and to me, it really shines a light in Ajax history.

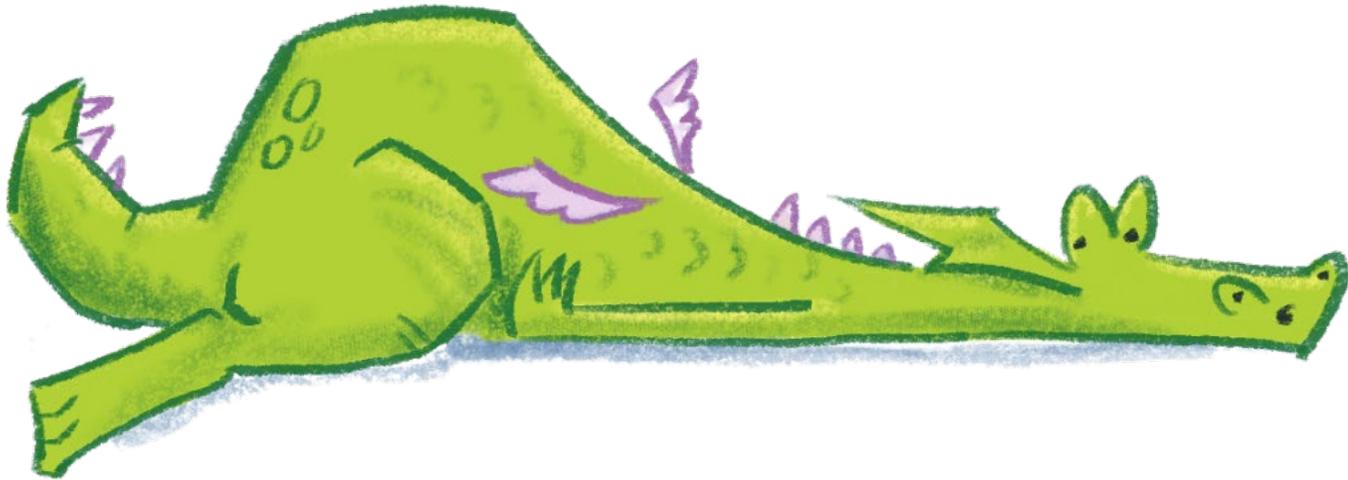
“This Red Oak tree (Quercus rubra) overlooking Lake Ontario is estimated to have been planted between 1790 and 1815. Records confirm that the land on which the tree is located was part of a 5,000-acre land grant provided to Major John Smith in 1792. Major Smith was awarded his land in return for his loyal service in Her Majesty’s Armed Forces during the American Revolution. Having stood in this location for so long the tree has borne witness to centuries of important historical events that have shaped the community to what it is today.”

At the time that the Town of Ajax was incorporated in 1955, this tree was like 150 years old. Its presence reminds us that our history extends further than any human lifetime and that the parklands we enjoy were previously enjoyed by early settlers and Indigenous peoples. In 2013, the tree was identified as a heritage tree by Trees Ontario. Erected by the Town of Ajax 2016.”



Dragon in Disguise

Written by Griffen



The story starts, well you know how all good stories start, with once upon a time...

...in the little land of Alapsius there was the Kingdom of Dragons. The King dragon was the most powerful of them all but also the nicest. His son was the cutest baby in the kingdom. The King loved his baby son and his kingdom so much that he could easily give his life to protect them. Be he didn't have to! The story of his most fierce fire breathing reached far and wide that no one

dared to lay finger on the people of his kingdom. It is said, the fire from the King's belly can burn as bright as the sun, leaving all that it touches to ashes.

One day the king caught a really bad cold. He couldn't breath fires the way he used to and the news of the cold started to spread far and wide in his kingdom and beyond, leaving his kingdom and his son unprotected.

Next day the King awoke to awful news, an evil Wizard had kidnapped his son in the dark of night. He immediately called his Butler to help him come up with a plan to rescue his beloved son.

They thought of so many ideas, but they all needed the King's fiery breath, which he no longer had. They felt defeated! That's when the Butler jokes that they should just knock on the Wizard's door and ask for the baby back.

They both thought that was silly since the Wizard won't even open the door for them. But maybe...What if they use a disguise? They hatch a plan to trick the wizard into opening the door and then, well they'll figure it out at that time.

So they gathered up all the disguises and headed to the Wizards fortress. However, when the King knocked on the door the wizard rudely shut the door on them. None of the disguises worked. Not even the girl scout cookie sales girl.

It was their best one! The old lady, the police officer, news reporter and even the lottery official didn't fool the Wizard.

The King was so tired, his sickness caught up to him, so did the fake moustache he wore to trick the Wizard. The moustache tickled his face so much that he let out the biggest and loudest sneeze in the kingdom. Everyone heard it and the snoot was so large that it went over the fortress wall and splat right on to the evil wizard trapping him in a big snoot ball.

The baby was freed.

The Wizard caught the King's cold and is said to be busy looking for a cure to the common cold. But the best part is no one ever messed with the King or his kingdom again.

The End.



The Magical Book

Written by Nihisha



The story starts, well you know how all good stories start, with once upon a time...

...there was a girl named Olivia was playing in a sandbox. While playing she dug a hole and found something hard. It is a book she screamed with excitement. She dusted it, cleaned it and opened it.

It said "This isn't an ordinary book, it's a magical book". She continued reading. The next page said "Be warned. What you read or imagine will really happen".

She was shocked while she was reading it. It also said once you start you have to end.

The next page said "Once upon a time there was a girl playing outside and the rain came pouring by." Suddenly it started to rain where Olivia was and she ran for cover. She started to worry, but she knew she cannot stop it now. It continued to be bad and still it was raining. Finally, a good page came and said close your eyes and think of a rainbow. When Olivia open she saw a big shiny rainbow across the sky.

Suddenly a guessing wind came by and flipped all the pages backwards to the first page. Then she remembered that it said imagined. She imagined a good ending and the girl going home to her parents. When she opened her eyes she was at home with her parents. She couldn't believe it. She jumped with Joy and hugged her mom and dad. She saw a page stuck on the window and it said "The End".

