

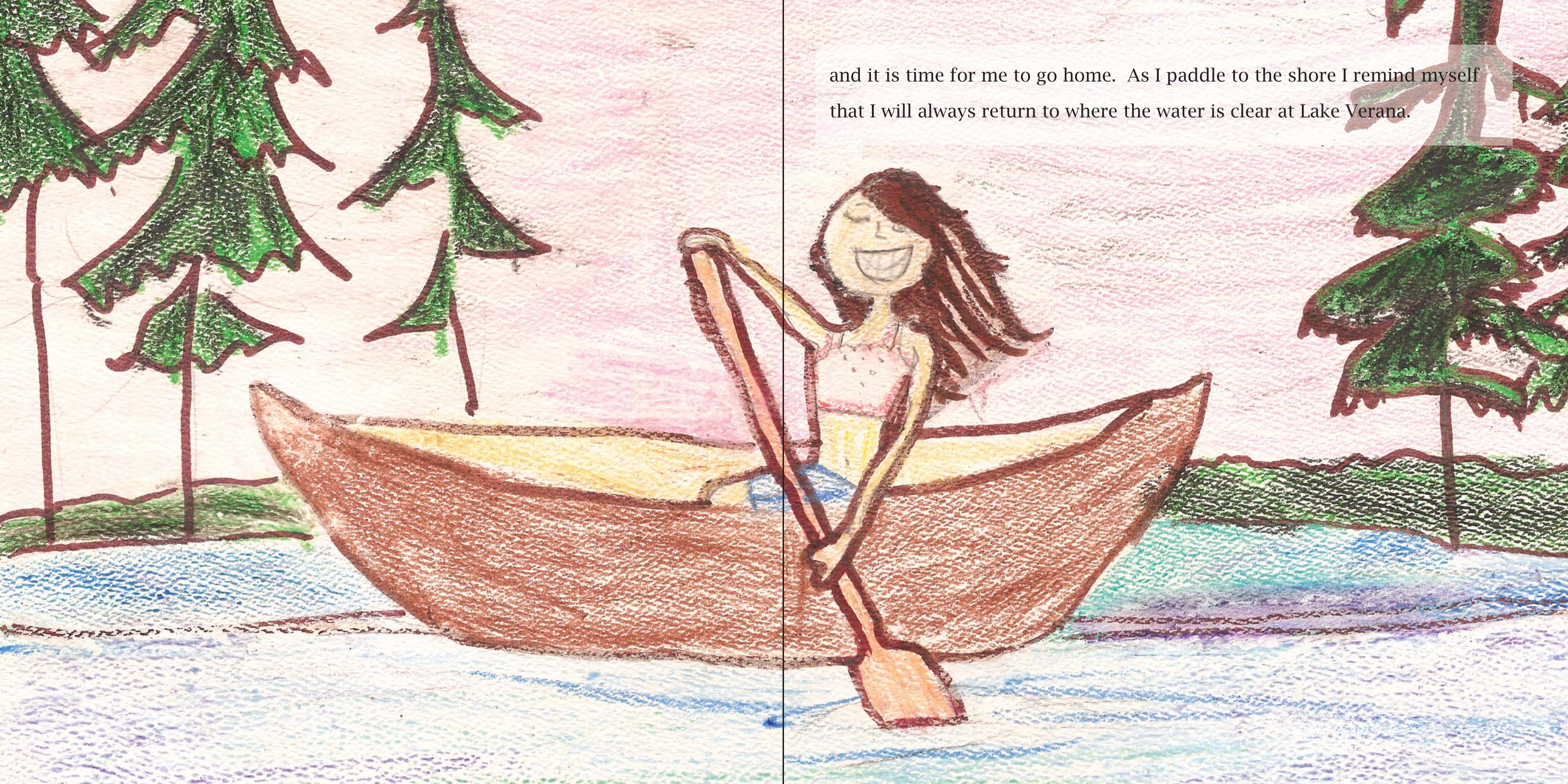
Canoe Days

In Minnesota in a small town called Bamidgi there is a lake. It's my favorite lake. I call it Lake Verana. At that lake I canoe. The sand goes through my toes as I approach. I sit in the canoe and start paddling. I leave as a girl.

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I explore as a sailor. I recognize every fish I see below me. The water at first is foggy. I go farther from shore where the water is clear. In the clear water is a boulder. I get out of my canoe and tie it to the boulder. I ready myself and dive into the water headfirst. I send bubbles up to the surface. I am a pirate hiding treasures and making them. The greatest treasures though will stay mine and mine alone. They are my memories. I am much too soon cold,



and it is time for me to go home. As I paddle to the shore I remind myself that I will always return to where the water is clear at Lake Verana.