

The Children's Fiction Writing Award Anthology 2011

This Year's
Award-winning Stories

A New Beginning
Crystaluna

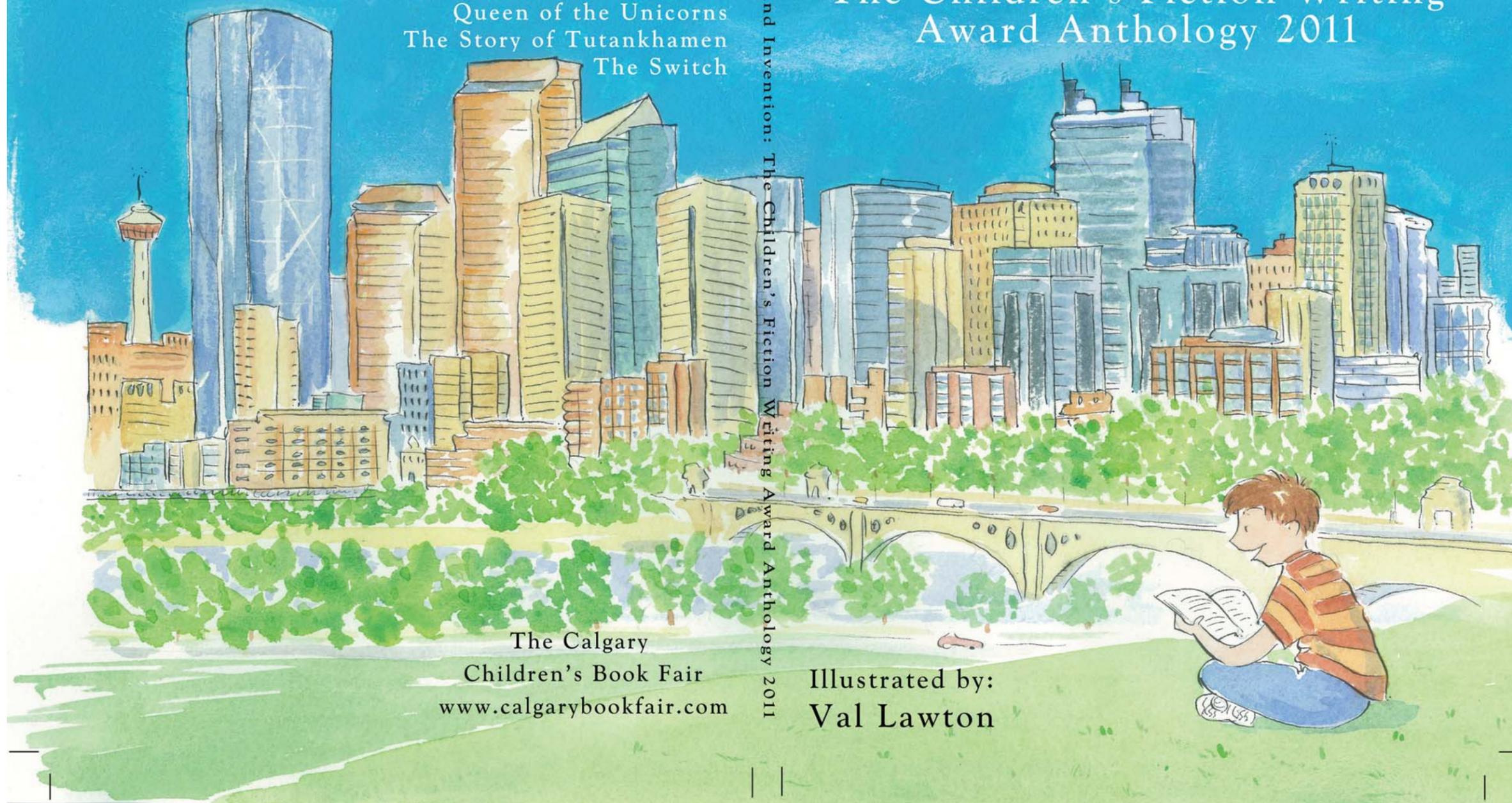
My Big Space Adventure
Queen of the Unicorns

The Story of Tutankhamen
The Switch

Inspiration, Imagination and Invention

The Children's Fiction Writing
Award Anthology 2011

Inspiration, Imagination and Invention: The Children's Fiction Writing Award Anthology 2011



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Illustrated by:
Val Lawton

The Switch

by

Mahala Morris



Mahala Morris lives in beautiful Bragg Creek, Alberta, where moose and other wildlife are abundant and curious. She is in Grade 8 and has been homeschooled for over three years. She lives a very active lifestyle and loves to travel and sing. She also enjoys rock climbing. She has a loving mom, dad, puppy, and younger brother, Jonah. Mahala loves to write stories about things that inspire her: mysteries, travel, and interesting people and places.



The Switch

by Mahala Morris

“The moment they saw you, They were mistaken”

Prologue

My name is Hailey. My biggest regret is that my father did not believe me that night, that terrible night when I lost my sister. I am surprised I can still remember all the details, though I have been known to have an excellent memory.

My younger sister, Harper, and I have never, and

The Switch

I mean never, liked each other. That's all I can say about us, other than the fact that we are not twins. We were born two years apart. We are different in every way. It's black and white, fire and ice. I have never told anyone except my father about that night, for I am afraid of what will happen to Harper. Even if I do tell people, they will not believe me. For, what happened is unbelievable. The truth can sometimes be the most unimaginable thing there is.

Chapter I ..The Theft

The clock had struck midnight when my baby sister finally came into my life. She was beautiful, probably the most beautiful baby I had ever seen. She had the looks of an angel. We had to leave her in the hospital nursery that night so my mother could get some sleep.

As my father was about to take me home, I said, "I want to see baby," in my new, young voice. He chuckled quietly to himself and led me down the hall. He grabbed me a chair to stand upon to see over the large wall. We peered through the long window of the nursery; it was full of bundled-up babies. He pointed out which one was ours. I watched, very closely, as she slept, all snug in her crib. A nurse passed by, and my

father asked her a few questions. While he was talking to her, I saw it; a quick switch, a little change-over, a swap.

A short teenager ran into the small nursery. To this day I still remember her. She had dirty blonde hair, which she wore loose, big brown eyes, and a pale face. In her arms she carried a small bundle. She quickly set it on the ground and grabbed my baby sister, placing her inside another crib that already contained a baby boy. She picked up her own baby and placed it inside my sister's cradle. She was about to leave when her baby started to cry. She looked at the name of my family on the crib and then hurried off.

It has been nearly twelve terrible years since that strange night. I am almost fourteen and still I have kept the dark secret that could possibly change my life. I keep this a secret, because no one believed me. Not even my Father. This is also Harper's secret and if anything should happen, I fear that Harper will be devastated.

Chapter II An Orphan's Life

It is another cold night at the orphanage. This is the only place I've ever known, the cold draft tickling my