

FIRST PRIZE

Heaven

Heaven is joyful.
I see a pink sky.

I walk with bare feet in the sand.
There are no splinters in Heaven.

I eat apples. They taste delicious.
There are no green beans in Heaven—yuck!

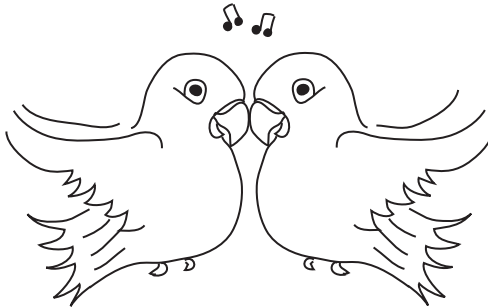
I play tag.
Nobody pushes me in Heaven.

I smell cheesy popcorn.
There are no skunks in Heaven.

I hear tweeting love birds.
Cars don't make honking sounds in Heaven.

Heaven is peaceful!

by Sydney Brozo (Kindergarten)
St. Jude's Academy
Mississauga, Ontario



FIRST PRIZE

Lizzie, the Lizard

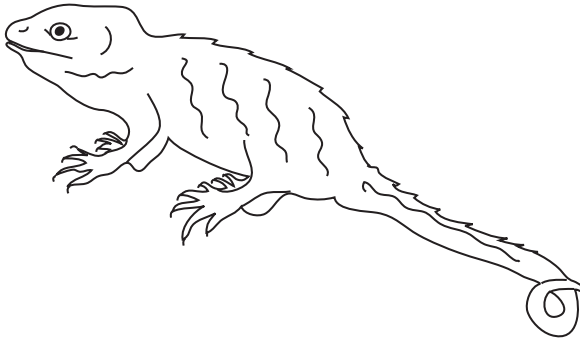
Lizzie, the lizard, lives in a
small tiny home with a lot of grass;
she catches bugs and walks fast.

She has a tree branch in her home
that she sleeps on at night,
and she sleeps tight.

She turns black when she is mad,
she turns blue when she is really sad,
and she is usually all green.

Lizzie sheds her skin a lot,
and she has a long sticky tongue.
She is the best friend I got.

by Taité Lundstad (Grade One)
Calgary Arts Academy
Calgary, Alberta

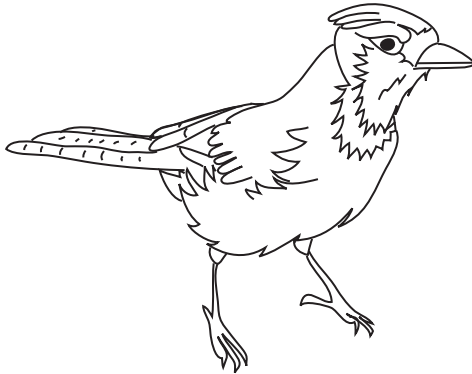


FIRST PRIZE

Fall

Bright green trees
Bending in the breeze,
Like hands reaching down.
A sapphire blue bird sings a song.
As it flies above the tree,
The wind swirls in my hair.
I feel something touch my back.
I jump.
It was only a leaf,
a garnet-coloured leaf.

by *Jade van der Slagt* (Grade Two)
Charles Dickens Annex School
Vancouver, British Columbia



FIRST PRIZE

My Brother

My little brother has special needs,
he uses a tube when he feeds.
He doesn't run, or walk, or skip;
he had surgery on both his hips.
He takes medication through the day,
some make him too tired to be able to play.
He likes most noises and bright lights,
they keep him joyful through the night.
He goes to school in a special bus;
he likes it there, he does not fuss.
In the hospital he sometimes stays,
and when he comes home it's happy days.
I thank Allah for my brother,
he's lucky to have a lovely mother.
He may never eat or talk or run,
but I still think he's number one.

by Nadia Helbah (Grade Three)
Al-Taqwa Islamic School
London, Ontario

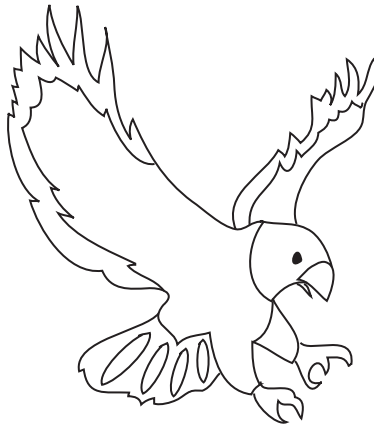


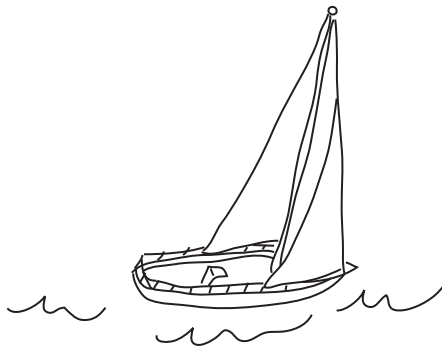
FIRST PRIZE

Valdes

On Valdes it is quiet
Sometimes all you hear is the breath of the wind and the song of the birds
 Music filters through the trees
Eagles swoop and soar over the water calling out to one another
Minnows dart around in shallow pools while crabs scuttle along the beach
 The ravens, midnight black, dive across the bay
 The whistle of the wind cuts through the air
The trees sway and whisper secrets to one another
 The breakers crash onto the shore
 Inside, a fire crackles merrily in the wood stove
 The sunset, a brilliant orange sky
Pink clouds with purple and blue streaks fill the sky with colours
 The moon rises over Mount Baker
 It shines a bright glow on the water
The tide is up, it laps gently on the rocks
Little culls of smoke come out of the chimney
I close my eyes and drift off to sleep

by Maayan Asmoucha (Grade Four)
Charles Dickens Elementary School
Vancouver, British Columbia





FIRST PRIZE

Cinque Terre

I discovered beautiful rugged Cinque Terre this summer
A string of five higgledy-piggledy fishing villages
Suspended between sea and land on high cliffs
Monterosso, Vernazza, Corniglia, Manarola, and Riomaggiore too
Clinging unsteadily to the mountainous Mediterranean coast of northwestern Italy
Cut off by mountains choked with olive groves and dry stone-walled vineyards

The first village: Monterosso
The most western village
Beautiful beaches and steep rugged cliffs,
Crooked lanes and hole-in-the-wall shops
Pastel-coloured homes decorated with flower boxes

The second village: Vernazza
The jewel of Cinque Terre
Waves slapping against the rocks splash, then swish away
Old men puttering with their little boats
Cats strolling over the horseshoe-shaped piazza

The third village: Corniglia
Built on a high cliff close to vineyards
Follow the never-ending footpath that zigzags up 365 steps
Whilst passing lemon trees, lilies, and vines
To reach the hilltop town

The fourth village: Manarola
Located on a sharp cliff of dark rock
Cobblestone pathways that snake around the hillside
Overlooking a tiny bay of colourful, wooden fishing boats
Deep blue harbour with rocks full of mussels and barnacles

The fifth village: Riomaggiore
The most southerly village
A tangle of pastel tower houses leaning on one another
A cliffhanging trail leads from the beach to the hilltop botanical garden
Bell towers chime during the day and the frogs croak at night as boats go night fishing

That is Cinque Terre for you
The smell of pesto accompanied by the melody of Italian laughter

by Maariya Rao (Grade Five)
Joshua Creek Public School
Oakville, Ontario



SECOND PRIZE

Blue

Blue is my puppy.
He likes to play with his toys.
He puts things in his mouth
and Digger, our other dog, tries to take them away.
He barks when he wants inside.
He has a blue eye and a brown eye.
I love Blue!

by Bridget Caird (Kindergarten)
Susanna Moodie Elementary School
Belleville, Ontario



SECOND PRIZE

Winter Is Fun

Snow, snow falls on the ground,
Everybody loves snow all season round.
Winter is fun, just like that,
But don't forget to wear your hat!
You can build a snowman and play snowball fights,
But don't forget to turn on the Christmas tree lights!
Santa is great, he gives you lots of gifts,
Just don't forget to leave him tasty treats.
Winter break is also great,
Let's play outside until it's late!

by Shawn Hrapunsky (Grade One)
Michaelle Jean Public School
Richmond Hill, Ontario



SECOND PRIZE

Spaceman

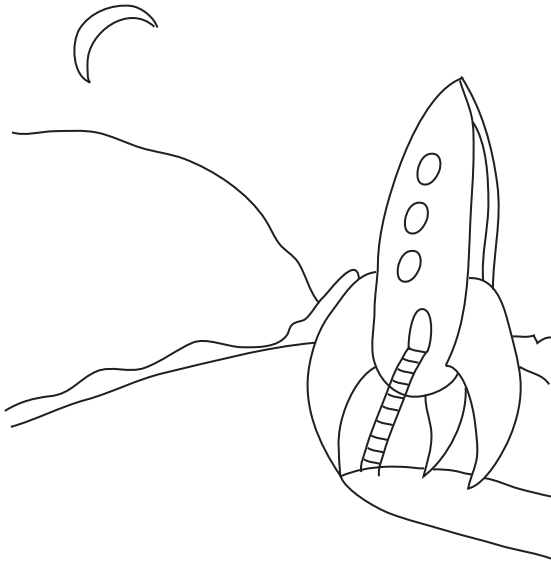
Once upon a time there was a boy named Dan.
Dan wanted to be a spaceman.
He wanted to fly and shoot rocks from his ship.
Dan thought he better get a sidekick.

He went to his friend Bob
And asked him if he wanted a job.
Bob said, "Count me in,
Being a sidekick is an awesome thing!"

Dan and Bob both started to build a ship
That was very hip.
So they used stainless steel and painted it white
Then they got spaceman suits so they could be safe on the flight.

The suits were white and silver and blue
But how would they make the ship fly? They had no clue!
The sun went down. "Sweet dreams," Bob said to Dan.
He replied, "In my dreams, I am the coolest spaceman."

by Ayyub Hussain (Grade Two)
Century Montessori School
Richmond Hill, Ontario



SECOND PRIZE

My House, My Mouse

I had a house,
which was perfectly clean,
Except for a mouse,
that was very mean.

He then became nice,
like other mice.

I liked the mouse,
so I got him a cage.
He stayed in my house,
and I figured out his age.

It was great,
he became my mate.

We found a dog,
we took him to our house.
He was in a log,
and became friends with the mouse.

We had fun,
we wanted to play.
We would also run,
every single day.

by Luca Damian (Grade Three)
Sidney Ledson Institute
Toronto, Ontario



SECOND PRIZE

The Night of the Fox

In a big green forest,
In a little green nook,
If you stay still and quiet,
If you take a careful look,
You might just see
The most deceptive sight:
A tiny red shimmer
In the eerie moonlight.

A small red fox
Slinks all night long
Through the winding black shadows
In which he belongs.
Although he may look innocent
To the unknowing eye,
He knows the dark secrets
Of the night . . . and he's sly.

He seems too gentle
To catch any prey,
Yet through the thick forest gloom
He finds a way.
You can hear his shrill howl
As he celebrates his feast,
That he caught with his claws
And tore with his teeth.

So if you may be
In the forest at night,
And you catch the red glimmer
Of a fox in your sight,
And you hear the echoing howls
That make you shiver in your socks,
You'd better watch out—
For it's the night of the fox!

by **Chloe Dockendorff** (Grade Four)
Dockendorff Home School
Morell, Prince Edward Island



SECOND PRIZE

Schools at Night

I'll tell you what happens at school in the night,
Just please don't fall down due to the utter fright!
My shoes walk around without me being there,
The bins move and the lights flicker with such flare.
Computers go on and off, and floors quiver,
Am I seeing things? I'm starting to shiver.
My heart beats rapidly, I'm about to faint,
I clasp my hands and start praying for a saint.
There are creepy sounds going up and down halls,
Paint is literally peeling off of the walls!
Now I'm scared about what happens in the night,
Everything is going wrong, nothing is right.
I love school when my friends and teacher are there,
But don't go at night, unless you want a scare!

by Jessica Rowley (Grade Five)
Mountview Elementary School
Williams Lake, British Columbia

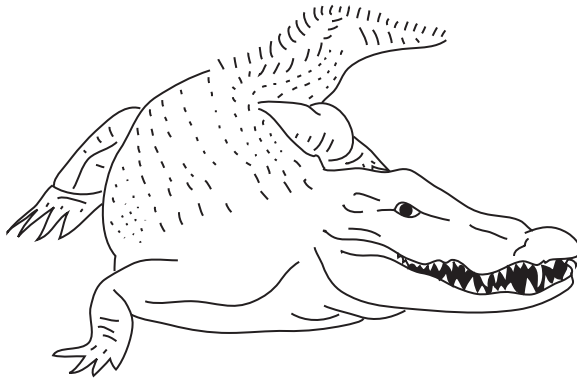


THIRD PRIZE

If I Were an Alligator

If I were an alligator,
I'd snap my jaws,
I'd have bumps on my back and a big tail,
I'd scoot on land.

by *Jackson Badowski* (Kindergarten)
Benito School
Benito, Manitoba

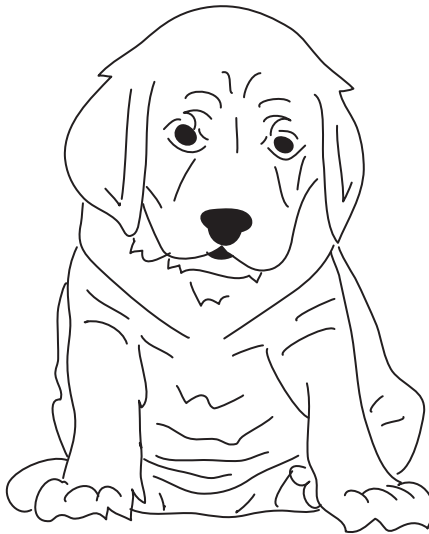


THIRD PRIZE

My Puppy, Jack

I would like a puppy with a cute little face
to live in my back yard with a lot of space.
I will feed him, love him, and let him run.
We will have so much fun!
I can hardly wait to play a game,
but first I need to pick a name.
Sport, Fido, Rover, or Mac?
I decided to name my new puppy Jack!

by Mackenzie Pauley (Grade One)
Joseph Teres School
Winnipeg, Manitoba



THIRD PRIZE

The Puffin's Routine

Puffins are so very cute,
Their voice sounds like a silver flute.

When the puffins fly over to me,
They always feel so very free.

But if they see a stampede of bees,
They always fly to a nearby tree.

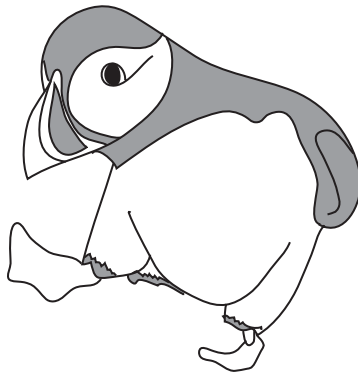
When puffins want to belly slide,
They have to avoid the rock slide.

Oh no! One got stuck on a rope,
They had to save their only hope.

The puffins are getting a little thinner,
So they quickly eat all their dinner.

They like to eat little critters.
They hate when a human litters.

by Nathan Chu (Grade Two)
Trillium School
Markham, Ontario



THIRD PRIZE

Bridges

Bridges are very useful,
They're found over rivers and lakes.
You will always get across
No matter how long it takes.

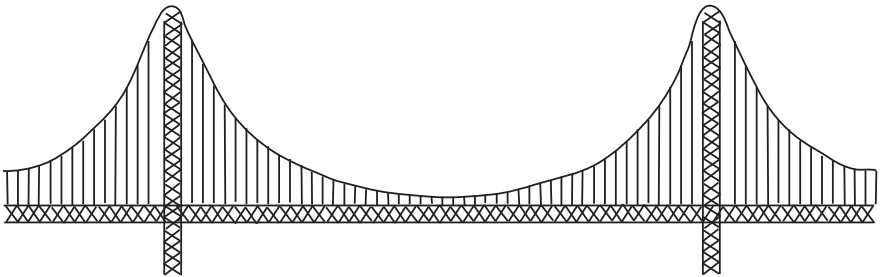
They're also found in oceans, too,
There, they're very busy.
If you are on a very curvy one,
Try not to get dizzy!

Bridges have evolved,
In many shapes like a "U"
I've been on a bridge once,
How about you?

The strongest bridges,
Are ones with steel.
They are electric sometimes,
Like an electric eel.

So if you see a bridge,
And know the bridge's name,
The middle of a bridge,
Will always be the same.

by James Yu (Grade Three)
William Cook Elementary School
Richmond, British Columbia



THIRD PRIZE

My Teacher Is a Witch

I know something truly amazing. . . !

My teacher is a witch, and I don't know what to do.
You may find it hard to believe, but maybe you can help me figure out clues.

In the classroom she is actually sweet and kind, but even
to her own surprise out comes a cackle every now and then.

Her mode of transportation is really quite unique. You will not see her ride
on a bus, train, or car, but she always has a broomstick by her side.

She has a fascination with all kinds of cats,
particularly if they happen to be black.

What she chooses for her lunch would make most people scream:
frog legs, centipedes, bunny ears, and other things I cannot dream.

I am wondering if you agree. . . .
What else could she be?

by Ellyse Wolter (Grade Four)
Salem Public School
Elora, Ontario



THIRD PRIZE

Overtime

'Twas the night before the big game
And I was having scary thoughts
If we lost, it would be me to blame
This was really my last shot

This game meant everything to me
The championship game at last
The coach had given me the “C”
For my leadership in the past

The season had been good so far
But it all came down to this
I was not the biggest star
On breakaways I would miss

The game was on and going fast
The score was tied at one
The championship was in our grasp
Just one goal, and it'd be done

I got the puck deep in our zone
I went behind our goal
I looked, but I was all alone
So I skated to the hole

One minute left on the clock
Our time was almost up
If I could score, that would rock
And we would win the cup

I first deked left, then deked right
Twenty seconds had ticked away
There were two defencemen in my sight
When I saw the perfect play

The defence split, I went straight through
Me and the goalie one on one
This was my final shot I knew
We had almost surely won

My shot was flying through the air
I was going to be the king
I beat the goalie fair and square
And then I heard the *ping!*

by Quinn Mulder (Grade Five)
Veritas Catholic School
Terrace, British Columbia

