

FIRST PRIZE

The Monster

The monster ate the people,
and then he ate the witch.
Then the monster ate the beast boy,
and then he played in a ditch.
The monster ate a ghost,
and he ate a zombie too.
The zombie was still alive,
and he loudly shouted, “Boo!”

by *Christian Moscato* (Kindergarten)
Glenn Arbour Academy
Burlington, Ontario

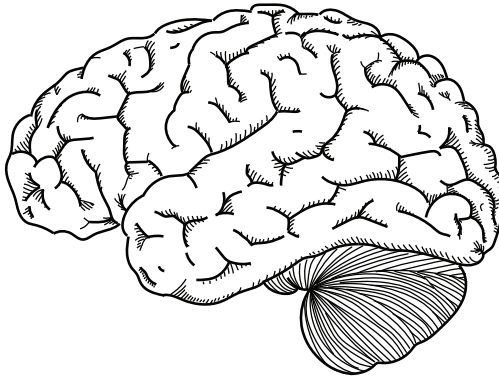


FIRST PRIZE

The Mind

There once was a mind
That had a good time.
He was creepy, but kind,
And was green like a lime.
He lived in a head
That was very cozy.
One day, he said,
“I don’t like this head!”
So he went out of the head
And found another head.
He lived in there forever
And made another person clever.

by Aryo Mehrabian (Grade One)
Central Montessori School
Toronto, Ontario



FIRST PRIZE

My Penguin Friend

Today, I met a penguin.
He was black and white
And really friendly too!
Later, we went for a snack.

He ate fish,
But I did not.
I really do not like them
Or the way they go *squish, squish*.

Near the place
Where our snacks came from,
There was a mountain,
And so we slid down it
On our tummy-tum-tums!

We had so much fun!
But the day had to end.
This made me sad,
But we had each made a new friend!

“We will see each other tomorrow,”
I said.
“Yay!” he agreed,
And we went to bed.

by Jennifer Brown (Grade Two)
James Hillier Public School
Brantford, Ontario

FIRST PRIZE

Rainbow

Thunder and lightning
The sound of rain crashing down
Outside my window

The storm is over
Colours streak across the sky
Pink, orange, and blue

I look out and see
The hues of red and yellow
Sun shining brightly

A cloudless blue sky
Birds of many colours fly
Up above so high

Green, purple join in
All the colours merge as one
Beautiful rainbow

From storm to rainbow
A gloomy day turns serene
Glorious rainbow

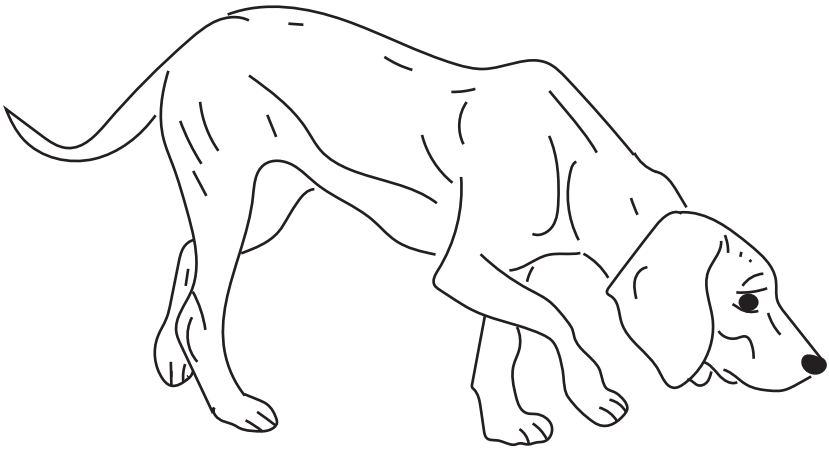
by Sylvia Ip (Grade Three)
Trinity Montessori School
Markham, Ontario

FIRST PRIZE

I Am an Inukshuk

I am an Inukshuk: strong but kind.
Tonight, I witness a great celebration: a festival of light!
It matters not the bitter, harsh winter wind, biting at cheeks young and old,
But the gathering of good spirits, thrust into the air for all to see.
I hear the soothing beat of Father's drum
Tonging along to Mother's song.
I see snow swirling through the air around camp,
But festivities go on.
I smell caribou on the spit,
And fresh, crisp snow completes the joyful scene.
I wish to join in, to be able to dance and feast
With Po, the young boy who befriended me
When I was new, sitting there like an unwelcome lump of rock.
I am alone now, but far happier.
I am an Inukshuk.
I pretend to be Inuit,
To be settling down with them in the igloo.
I feel calm, as if nothing could ever be wrong in the world; I am balanced, after all.
I touch the very first memory I have:
A snowshoe placed lovingly against my hand by my peoples.
I worry that with the harsh wind it will fall onto the frozen lake on which I stand,
Where I can never reach!
I cry to think of the day my family must leave, when no more caribou wander these lands.
I will be brave.
I understand that when that day comes, which it will, I will dream of new things,
For life must go on.
I try to focus on the "now,"
The sun long gone; those still awake sleepily drifting off to bed.
I hope that I will have some furry company alongside me,
To witness the smooth, fluorescent lighting descend upon the deserted landscape
In the inky blackness of the fierce, cold night,
But I am forever-more a valiant Inukshuk.

by *Emma Hensch* (Grade Four)
Elmwood School
Ottawa, Ontario



FIRST PRIZE

What Is That Shape?

What is that shape, that big black shape?
That shape has a nose that will quiver and quake.
That shape has eyes, big brown eyes,
Big brown eyes that could melt the sky.

That shape has a body, that shape has a tail.
At the end of its tail, it looks like a sail,
But it's no sail, it's a white-tipped tail.

That shape has ears, great big ears,
Ears from which the whole world it hears,
Ears that are soft, ears that are light,
Ears that would melt all of your fright.

That shape has feet, cute little feet,
Feet that are dirty (that's not so neat),
Feet that can run and curl up sweet.

That shape has a head, a cute soft head,
A head that would rest in your lap before bed,
A head that tilts when it's time to play
Or go for a walk each and every day.

That shape has fur, soft, short fur,
Fur that is totally multicolour,
Fur that's smooth and warm for sure.

That shape is a dog, my dog it's true,
Just come over here and I'll show her to you.
Her name is Maggie, and she's a coonhound, you see.
I love my Maggie, and I know she loves me.

by Naomi Gray (Grade Five)
Ottawa Christian School
Ottawa, Ontario

SECOND PRIZE

Mohan Knows Everything

I used to go to Montessori,
Where I met my friend.

Soon, we became friends
And turned to best friends.

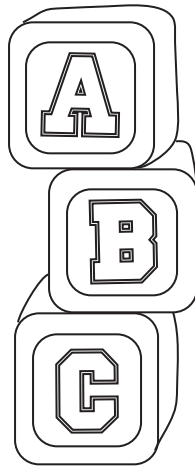
We never split up and sang different songs,
I loved to play with him all day long.

We played with blocks and all the cool toys,
We loved sharing stories and made a happy noise.

He taught me how the world works,
I started saying, "Mohan knows everything."

My sister teased me, "No, Mohan knows nothing,"
But I always insisted, "Mohan knows everything,"
And actually, he did.

by Anshul Pandia (Kindergarten)
Mount Pleasant School
Edmonton, Alberta

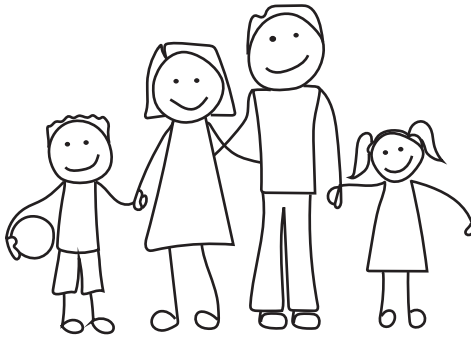


SECOND PRIZE

My Family

My mom is so sweet,
She makes us yummy treats.
Whenever I feel sad,
I will go and find my dad.
My brother takes care of me,
He is as good as can be.
I have a wonderful family,
We live together happily!

by Nicole Chan (Grade One)
Trinity Montessori School
Markham, Ontario



SECOND PRIZE

My Tractor and Truck

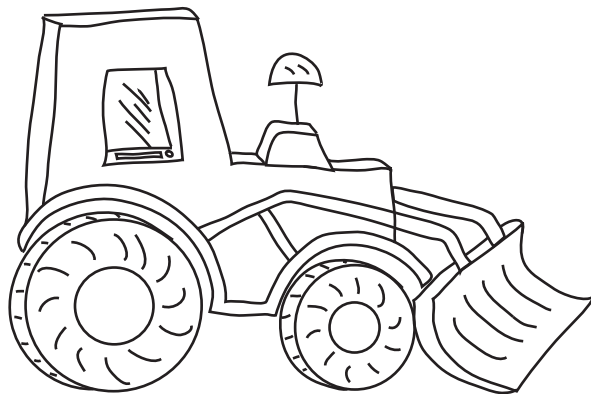
My tractor and my truck
Carry wheat over the speed bump
If the tire goes flat,
Luigi puts a new one on.

I load up the tractor
With the big pickup truck.
I have my tractor license
To drive out to get the wheat.

I put out the auger
Into the wagon,
Then the next wagon comes,
And I wait.

I like my tractor and my truck
Because they can carry big loads.
They work well.
I keep them for twenty days and then put them away.

by *Devon Spurgeon* (Grade Two)
Meadow Cress School
Chatham, Ontario

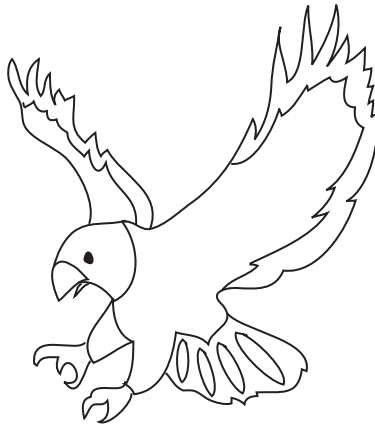


SECOND PRIZE

Nature

Walk and walk past a forest of green.
After you walk past the forest you've seen,
You'll come to an eagle flying overhead,
Then he'll fly to his lovely tree bed.
The farther you go, the more you will walk,
Soon you will come to a forest that talks.
Some will howl and echo in your ears,
Others will cry sounds of tears.
When you make it out, you see a field of grass,
Finally, finally, you've made it at last.
You'll see animals, plants, and even a mouse.
Finally, it'll hit you, you are at Mother Nature's house!

by Brooke England (Grade Three)
Brookhouse Elementary School
Dartmouth, Nova Scotia



SECOND PRIZE

Dancing in Dreams

As I twirl to the melody
Dancing in my dreams,
I'm thinking of delicious
Cones of ice cream.

The beautiful song
Captured my heart.
I move like a gentle breeze.
From this moment, I will not part.

This song, I can play
If I play it on keys.
I can hear this graceful tune
Whenever I please.

I awaken for a moment,
And I lose that sweet song.
I close my eyes and hope
That it won't take too long.

I twirl to the melody
Dancing in my head,
Waiting for the next chance
To get back to bed.

by Angela Guan (Grade Four)
Académie Ste. Cécile International School
Windsor, Ontario

SECOND PRIZE

If You Can't Even Fly

I fly above tigers
And swoop through the trees.
I soar with the airplanes
(They make a strong breeze).
I flow above humans,
Pathetic little guys.
I mean, what's the point of living
If you can't even fly?
I talk with the clouds
When they're feeling okay.
I drop down to Earth
To eat meat every day.
I glide above humans,
Useless little guys.
I mean, what's the point of living
If you can't even fly?
I've seen people walk,
But never to fly.
They all seem so happy,
But I can't see why.
I watch them all leave
To where they should be,
But they serve no purpose
We eagles can see.
So I wonder about it,
I cannot find why
These humans are okay
Without getting to fly.
I glide above humans,
Pathetic little guys.
I mean, what's the point of living
If you can't even fly?

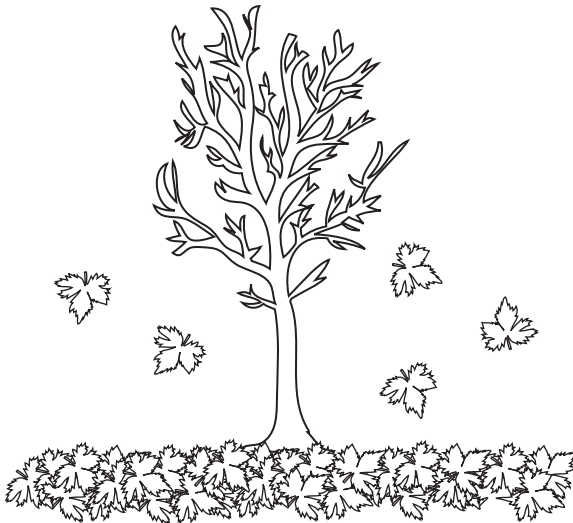
by Benjamin Thompson (Grade Five)
University Heights Public School
London, Ontario

THIRD PRIZE

My Tree

My leaves are falling from my tree.
The tree wiggles and leaves fall on me.
Now I go back in my house.
I start a craft, but I see a mouse.
The mouse gets scared of me,
So we should leave him be.

by *Emma Kerst* (Kindergarten)
Glenn Arbour Academy
Burlington, Ontario



THIRD PRIZE

A Mouse's Lucky Day

There once was a mouse
Who lived in a house.
One day he found money,
He thought it was funny.
He took a big ship
And went on a trip.
He went to the shore
Where sand is the floor.

by *Elliot Fan* (Grade One)
Sidney Ledson Institute
North York, Ontario

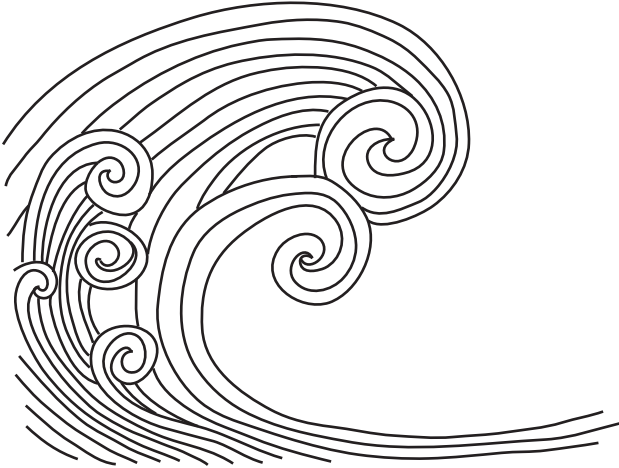


THIRD PRIZE

Trips to Maui

We went to the beach,
A wave went right over us.
We swam with fish
And felt the blue waves swishing.
The sun shining on the water
Made sparkles in the pool!
Whales jumped high in the ocean
And made a big splash!
At the black sand beach,
There were caves to explore.

by Eli Foster (Grade Two)
Dr. Gerald B. Probe Elementary School
Lethbridge, Alberta



THIRD PRIZE

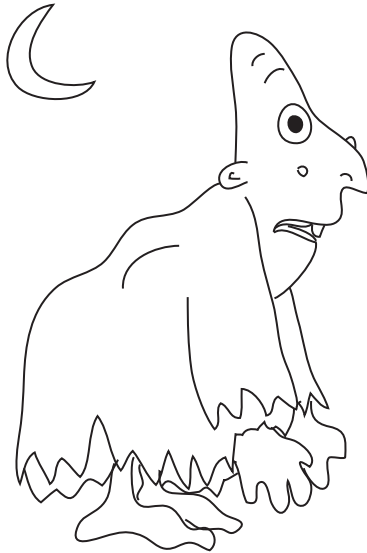
Halloween Night

What do zombies do on Halloween night?
They dance all night,
And the only time you see them
Is on Halloween night!

What do vampires do on Halloween night?
They sharpen their teeth
And give everyone a fright,
And the only time you see them
Is on Halloween night!

What do skeletons do on Halloween night?
They jiggle their bones
And say, "Boo!"
And the only time you see them
Is on Halloween night!

by Theo Eiley (Grade Three)
Elizabeth Buckley School
Victoria, British Columbia



THIRD PRIZE

Winter Is Coming

Another season of colourful fall is going.
The leaves are falling,
The birds are migrating,
And the weather is changing.

Winter is around the corner.
The days are getting shorter and colder.
Playing outside is getting harder.
The homes are kept warmer.

Christmas season is approaching.
There will be so much happening.
Soon, it will be snowing.
We'll be going tubing, skiing, and sledding.

The plants will stop to grow.
It's time for a lot of snow.
The weather will be bad and the winds will blow.
The houses will be lit up and they will glow.

We'll be on the run,
It will be so much fun.
It's time for Christmas presents.
It will be amazing and pleasant.

by Saanyi Munjial (Grade Four)
St. Jude's Academy
Mississauga, Ontario

THIRD PRIZE

We Shall Remember

We shall remember the times of war,
All the memories and feelings we have in our core.
You fought for peace so we can be free,
Now, to this day, we all wear a poppy.

The piercing sound of guns and shouts,
You wanted to be brave, but you also had doubts.
If they left you alone, you wouldn't have had to fight,
But they wouldn't listen, so you battled day and night.

What's the point of this battle? It wasn't a game.
They threatened our country, life wasn't the same.
You had a family and you had friends,
You did not want their lives to end.

We shall remember the times of war,
All the memories and feelings we have in our core.
You fought for peace, you fought for love,
And that's why we remember you in the world above.

by Linden Wilby (Grade Five)
Burnhamthorpe Public School
Mississauga, Ontario

