

FIRST PRIZE

Polar Bear Friends

Evan is a boy wearing polar bear clothes. He is ten years old and likes to go swimming and to run. He lives in an igloo in the North Pole. It is really, really freezing cold there.

One day, he went running, and he fell onto the ice, and it broke. He fell into the water. His igloo cracked and fell into the water too. Evan cried because he felt sad. Then, he saw a polar bear! He called the polar bear over.

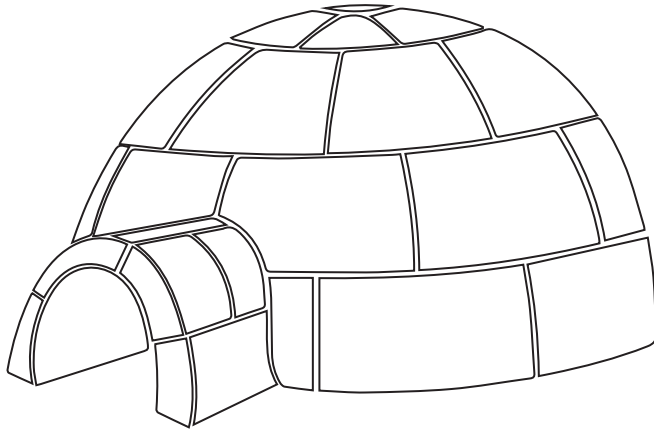
The polar bear helped him get out of the water. The polar bear showed Evan where his igloo home was.

Evan said, "Ooh, I want to live here!"

The polar bear showed him where the pool was, and they went swimming.

Then, the polar bear's igloo broke too. The polar bear swam while Evan hung on to him. They swam to a polar fox and played with him. They were friends.

by Evan Skeates (Kindergarten)
Glenn Arbour Academy
Burlington, Ontario



FIRST PRIZE

Two Narwhal Friends Want to Fly

One day, two narwhals wanted to fly. The narwhals were best friends. The narwhals, at exactly the same time, said, “Fly.”

“You want to fly?”

“Yes. You also want to fly?”

“Yes. Well, I can learn to fly better!”

“Well, I can learn to fly even better!”

They both tried to fly, but they couldn’t fly, and they tried and tried. For both of the narwhals, it took days, it took nights, it took weeks, it took months until one of the narwhals had an idea. Maybe if he swam fast and jumped really high, he would be able to fly!

He tried, but he still did not fly! The narwhal said that it didn’t work, so the other narwhal had the exact same idea to swim very fast and to jump very high, and she tried, but it did not work. She said, “That did not work, but I wonder if the other narwhal has learned to fly. Probably not. I know I can fly. I know that I can learn to fly better and faster. It will be easy. I know it! I wonder if he has learned how to fly. Maybe he has.”

The other narwhal was trying to figure out a way to fly. “Maybe I wasn’t made to fly? No, I think I can fly now.” So, the narwhal jumped out of the water and flapped his fins, but it worked for just a second, and then he landed back in the water. “I just can’t do it, maybe I wasn’t made to fly. Yes, I am not made to fly. I have to tell the other narwhal fast!”

The narwhal told her, “We should stop trying to fly.”

And she said, “Yes.” Then, they became friends and never tried to fly again!

by James Evans (Grade One)

Clear Water Academy

Calgary, Alberta

FIRST PRIZE

Super Kitty and the Vicious Monster

Once upon a time, there was a cat, and his name was Super Kitty. He lived with a nice family. They had a good life until the monster came.

“What’s happening?” said Super Kitty. “Everyone is screaming!”

The monster was roaring. Super Kitty put his red and blue super suit on. He took his spy car to see what was going on.

“Oh no, we must get cover!” Super Kitty said to Sally, his imaginary girlfriend.

The alarm went off.

“Sally, stay here. I’m going to see what’s going on. If I get trapped, I will call my sidekick, Super Kitten, and he will call the whole squad,” said Super Kitty.

Super Kitty went to see where the noise was coming from. He sneaked into the kitchen. There was no monster there, but the sound was getting louder. He thought the monster would be in the next room. He tiptoed to the living room, and he saw a very creepy thing. *Is it the monster?* It was big and scary. It had a long neck and a sucker for a mouth. Super Kitty was very scared. *When will my sidekick be here?* Super Kitty thought.

He jumped onto the couch to get a closer look. He heard a car coming. It was his sidekick, Super Kitten! Super Kitten jumped onto the counter, and they leapt onto the monster’s back. The monster tried to suck their feet into his mouth. Super Kitty jumped and tackled the monster. His sidekick, Super Kitten, jumped and tackled the tail, but the monster stopped fighting.

“What happened?” said Super Kitty, “Did we defeat the monster?”

“Wait!” said Super Kitten. “Were we just fighting the vacuum?”

“I think we were,” said Super Kitty.

They felt really silly and embarrassed and decided to go back to their scratching post.

by Matthew Marlatt (Grade Two)
Graminia School
Spruce Grove, Alberta

FIRST PRIZE

The Lost Books

There was a girl named Olivia. She kept on losing her books! Every night when she went to bed, she put her books on her table, but when she woke up, her books were gone. Olivia's mom would sometimes find them in the attic. One day, on the weekend, Olivia went into the attic. It was dark and creepy, so she had brought a flashlight. She saw movement. She could just make the outline of a human with a crooked nose. It had a tall hat with a sharp point. Olivia thought, *Nothing can live here. Mom would have found it.*

The next day at school, Olivia talked to her best friends, Nicole and Anna, about her problem. They offered to help Olivia figure it out. So, Olivia invited them over to her house after school.

The girls went up to the attic. Suddenly, Olivia said, "There it is!"

"We see it!" Nicole and Anna replied.

They were about to reach out for it, but they ended up touching a green ball instead. The figure had changed its shape. "Oh no!" exclaimed Nicole. "The green ball is sucking us in!"

Then, they appeared in a gloomy tower. "Look, the figure is over there," whispered Anna.

"It's a witch!" they shouted.

The girls all tiptoed behind the witch and saw that she was holding some books. They were Olivia's books! "Those are my books!" Olivia yelled.

"We have to make a plan to get your books back," Nicole said.

"But what?" Anna asked.

The girls didn't know what to do. "Let's keep on following the witch," Olivia instructed. So, they followed the witch.

"It looks like the witch is casting a spell over her cauldron!" cried Olivia.

"Hope she doesn't hear us," said Anna.

Just then, the witch turned around. "I can hear you," she said in a raspy voice. "I just pretended not to hear you to trap you. All I need for my stew is three children." So, the witch put the girls in a cage and locked it with a key.

Luckily, Nicole had a pin in her hair. She was able to pick the lock when the witch wasn't looking. Then, they poured water on the witch because they believed that if you pour water on a witch, she will melt—just like in fairy tales.

The witch didn't notice them as they poured the water on her. She began melting to the floor.

They grabbed all of Olivia's books and found one of the witch's books titled, *How to Do a Travelling Spell*. So, the girls went back home, and Olivia made sure that no one took her books again.

by Emma Yumiyama (Grade Three)

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FIRST PRIZE

A Foxy Friendship

“What a beautiful day!” exclaimed Fox. “I wonder if Flopsey Bunny will play with me.” So, Fox put on his handsome boots, grabbed his scarf, and walked out the front door towards the bunny’s cozy burrow to ask her.

In a little bit, he had reached his destination. He took a deep breath and knocked. A dishevelled looking Mrs. Rabbit answered. “What do you want? I’ve got ten children and not a lot of time!”

“I’ve come to see if Flopsey can play,” Fox said politely.

Mrs. Rabbit stood straight up and laughed, “With you?” She seemed amused.

“Yes,” Fox said uncertainly.

“Haven’t you seen the new rule?”

“What new rule?” Fox yelled. Mrs. Rabbit pointed at a sign then slammed the door.

Fox walked towards the sign. “New rule: Any animal in this village must abide. Bunnies may only be friends with bunnies.”

“There must be a mistake!” Fox racked his brains for an idea. “I’ve got it,” he exclaimed. “Mrs. Rabbit is always tricking people, she must have done that to trick me! I’ll just go and ask the owls,” he decided, and he strode towards the owl’s home.

But when Fox got there, Mrs. Owl said the same thing. “There,” she said. “Look at the sign.”

So, Fox walked over to read the sign: “New rule: Anyone in this village must abide. Owls may only be friends with owls.”

His heart dropped to the pit of his stomach. “But I’m the only fox,” he said. A battle seemed to be going on inside his head; it seemed as though nothing good could ever happen again.

Fox was so wrapped up in sorrow, he didn’t notice the little porcupine standing next to him. “Hello!” it said.

Suddenly, Fox snapped back to life. The battle ended, and his sorrow was replaced with curiosity. “Who are you?” he asked.

“Oh me! I’m a porcupine; you probably haven’t seen me before because I’m the only one of my kind.”

“I’m the only one of my kind too,” Fox said, his voice softening.

A long minute of silence filled the forest, then the porcupine shouted, “Hey! I’ve got an idea!”

“What is it?” Fox anticipated.

“Why don’t we be friends? It would show everybody that true friendship comes from within, and that it doesn’t matter who you are.”

A long silence filled the air as Fox thought it over. “That is a good idea . . . let’s do it!”

“Hooray!” the porcupine whooped.

Over the next few days, the two were inseparable, and before you could say pickle, animals came out of the bushes. Three days later, the animals decided to remove their law, so that any animal could be friends with any animal.

by Erin Meredith (Grade Four)

Margaret Wooding School

Redcliff, Alberta

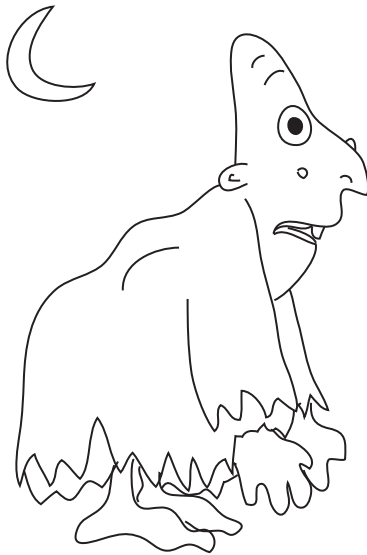
SECOND PRIZE

Monster Run

My brother and I were walking in the forest when we saw monsters! We ran away from the monsters, but they ran after us. We ran and ran until we reached a dead end. Then, we called our mom on the cellphone.

Our mom was riding her big bike over to the forest to help us. Mom put us on her lap, and she rode her bike back home—safe from the monsters!

by *Valerie Mallia* (Kindergarten)
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SECOND PRIZE

The Boy and the Pumpkin

Once upon a time, there was a pumpkin and a little boy. The boy wanted to carve his pumpkin, but he didn't know how to carve it.

So, he went out and he asked a robot. But the robot said, "No." So, he went to ask someone else.

By then, he fell down in a puddle. So, he saw a worm in the puddle. He asked the worm if she could carve the pumpkin. She said, "No, I am too busy."

So, then he asked a witch. The witch said, "No, I am making Halloween pumpkin pie." So, the boy was so sad that no one could carve his pumpkin.

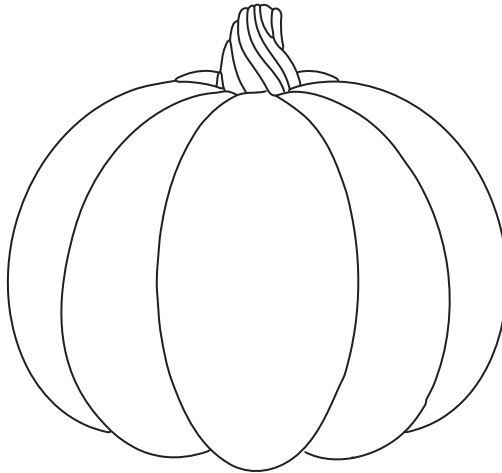
So, he went to ask the knight. He knew how to do everything. He knew how to carve pumpkins, but he said, "No."

So, he tried carving his pumpkin. But it didn't work. So, he tried again and again. It didn't work at all.

So, he asked his dad, "Do you know how?"

His dad said, "Yes." Finally, the boy was so happy.

by Aadi Bahri (Grade One)
Terry Fox Public School
Brampton, Ontario



SECOND PRIZE

The Naked Mole Rats

Once upon a time, there were two boys named Jake and Drake. They were best friends. They played soccer, basketball, squash, tennis, swimming, and a lot of other sports. They loved sports, especially hockey! They played it all winter long.

One day in winter, they were selected to be on the boy's hockey team. They were shy on their first day, but the boys on the team were pretty nice.

Their first game was against The Bulldogs. They called themselves The Naked Mole Rats. Everyone laughed at them, but they stood proudly.

The game started. Jake and Drake played pretty awesome. Jake scored his first goal. All the cheering made The Bulldogs very mad. The Bulldogs played hard, but Drake scored. Soon, The Bulldogs and their fans were super *mad!* The Bulldogs played super hard and scored two goals in the second half.

“Oh no!” said The Naked Mole Rats.

“We’ve got to win,” said Jake.

So, they played harder, but The Bulldogs’ goalie was determined. In the final minute, Jake hit a slapshot, and he . . . *scorrrred!*

“*Yayyy!*” screamed the fans. This was the first time anyone had beaten The Bulldogs. The Naked Mole Rats and their fans were super excited.

After their game, Jake and Drake went home and told their moms about the win. Both of their moms were very proud of them. At dinner, they told their dads and sisters about their game.

In the morning, their whole neighbourhood knew about their glorious game. They loved the two boys and gave them a mechanical dinosaur digger. Jake and Drake also helped their neighbours by shovelling, mowing, and raking their yards.

On the first day of spring, they were so excited that they helped their moms make breakfast and, soon after, ran out to play. But then, the rowdy kids came down the street. They were going to spray water on Jake and Drake. But the best friends were ready with their bottles and sprayed them back before they could attack. The rowdy kids never came back after that. They played outdoors the rest of spring without any trouble.

Jake and Drake were stars in their neighbourhood and on their hockey team, The Naked Mole Rats!

by Pranjai Ghosh Bhowmick (Grade Two)

St. Ignatius School
Winnipeg, Manitoba

SECOND PRIZE

Fern and Her Hibernation

Once, there was a dragon named Fern who lived in a den. She didn't have any parents because they got caught by a hunter, so she was on her own.

One day, Fern was bored, so she went out to see the beavers. They always had something to do! As she went, her knees were shaking. It was getting cold out.

When she got there, the beavers were cutting logs, gathering food, and making a comfy layer on the floor. "Hi," said Fern.

A little beaver walked over to her. "Hey! Can't you see we're busy here?"

"Oh," Fern said.

"Can you leave! We're trying to hibernate. *Now!*"

Fern walked away, thinking about what other animals she could play with. "I know! The bears—they would play with her."

So, she went to the bears. But, when she did, they weren't there. All she could see was a cave full of cotton and food to eat. So, she kept going. Who else would go with her?

Then, she saw Sally the squirrel passing by with a nut in her mouth. "Hi!" Fern said. "Can I help?"

"Why, certainly not!" Sally said. "I must do this myself." And she scurried away.

Fern sat down by a tree stump. Who would play with her? Not the beavers, not the bears, not even Sally the squirrel, her friend. . . .

Then, a hedgehog came out from behind a tree and said, "Why aren't you hibernating?"

"Hibernating?" Fern asked, puzzled.

"Yes, hibernating!" said the hedgehog. "It's a thing mammals do. They gather food and make burrows, dens, and other warm places to sleep in for the winter. Come on, I can help you."

Then, the hedgehog led Fern through the forest and into a little den. "We can sleep together in here. I'll go get some berries and meat, and you can get some bedding? Thanks! And, by the way, my name is Cornflake."

"Mine is Fern," Fern said, and they set off to work.

After they were done, they played together, and they hibernated when it was time.

by Brinley Proper (Grade Three)

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Hamilton, Ontario

SECOND PRIZE

Forever

A boy was walking through a dark forest. A bright light hit the centre of his eye. He turned his head while he slipped in mud. He landed on the hard ground. He was unconscious for two minutes.

The boy felt a wet, bumpy tongue streaming down his face. He opened one of his eyes fearlessly. He saw something white and fluffy blocking the sun for him. The boy jumped up and was attempting to run. He saw a polar bear that had big brown eyes and thick white fur. The boy said, "Oh no! A polar bear can't survive in a forest." He slowly walked up to the bear, feeling anxious to touch it. The boy dragged his hand against the polar bear's soft fur. He told the bear, "Don't worry. I will get you home."

The polar bear said, "Thank you. I mean, how can other bears live here? Also, do you have any soda? I'm so thirsty." The boy screamed. The bear said, walking up to the boy, "Don't worry. I'm friendly. Chunk is the name."

"Are you sure you're friendly?" said the boy.

"Yes, buddy. I swear," said the bear.

They started walking, and the boy slipped on a rock. The ground started shaking. Rocks jumped up and down. A dragon had awoken. It had red skin and wings. The wings were so big. He blew blue-hot flames out of his mouth, starting a forest fire. The dragon was a child, and he did not mean to do it. He saw Chunk and the boy yelling for help. The dragon was very sorry. He swooped down to the ground as fast as he could.

The dragon told them to get on his back, so he could fly them to safety. Chunk and the boy hopped on the dragon and went high in the air. They felt the soft, white, delicate clouds. It reminded the boy of sweet, fluffy, bright-coloured cotton candy.

He told the dragon to take them to the North Pole. The dragon said, "I can't. My wings will freeze, and we will fall down. I don't want that to happen. My mom won't allow it. I can take you two close." The boy told the dragon that would be fine.

The dragon put them close to the North Pole. They told the dragon thank you and went off.

Soon, Chunk and the boy were in the North Pole. Chunk told the boy, "Will you always be my friend?"

The boy said, "Forever. How did you get to the forest?"

But that's another story to tell.

by Malaya Ennis (Grade Four)

Hawthorn Public School

Mississauga, Ontario

THIRD PRIZE

Lost Dog

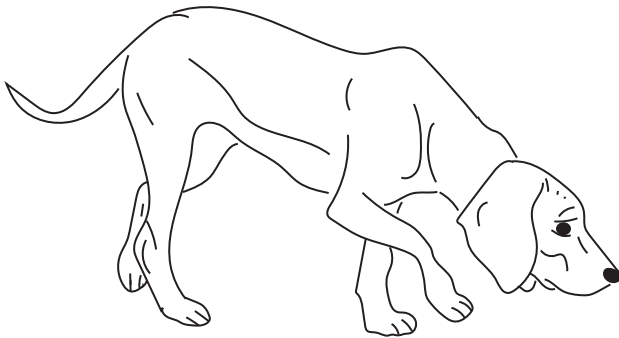
Once upon a time, there was a lonely black dog. His name was Lima. His family went in a green car. The dog went out of the house alone.

Then, when Mom came home, she was surprised because the dog was not there. She went to search for the dog.

She didn't find him yet. The mom found a path. She saw fur on the path.

The dog smelled coffee! It was his mom! She had spilled some coffee drops. He followed the smell and found her. He was happy and jumped on her.

by Nicolas Cortez Tomlin (Kindergarten)
St. Michael Elementary School
Ottawa, Ontario



THIRD PRIZE

How the Lion and the Gazelle Became Friends

Do you want to know how the lion and the gazelle became friends? So, here's the story.

Once upon a time, there was a lion cub named Léon. He was only two years old. He had twin sisters. One was named Leléon and the other was Loléon.

One day, Léon saw a gazelle. He tried to sneak up on him. When he got an inch close, the gazelle saw him! The gazelle ran—faster, faster, faster! Almost as fast as a cheetah. Too bad, the lion got less than an inch close.

Suddenly, they heard a noise. It was a cracking noise. So, they both cuddled together because they were scared. Suddenly, a tree fell down! They were lucky because it did not hit them. So then, they looked at each other and sighed in relief. *Phew!*

Then, the gazelle asked Léon what his name was. Léon asked the gazelle what his name was. The gazelle said it was Cerf. Then, for some reason, they both looked at their moms. The moms were looking at them. Then, they asked their moms if they both could be friends. I'll tell you why they asked their moms if they both could be friends. Because lions eat gazelles. Their moms said yes.

The next day, they had a play date at Léon's house. After that day, they had a play date at Cerf's house. That's how the lion and the gazelle became friends.

by Siddharth Jain (Grade One)
Westmount Public School
Kitchener, Ontario



THIRD PRIZE

The Wolves Go for A Walk

Just outside the forest lived a family of wolves: a mom, a dad, and their child. One day, the whole family decided to take a walk because they loved spending time together.

They started their journey, and before long, the whole family realized they were lost! They were all very sad. This had never happened to them before, but they knew they could get out.

First, they followed the river because they knew the river could take them back home. They walked and walked along the river and realized they were headed in the wrong direction and were even more lost!

As they continued to walk, they saw that the sun was going down, and it was starting to get dark. They stopped and had a drink of water and some berries from a bush. The sun was starting to set, and they knew they had to spend the night in the forest. They made a campfire and spent the night under the stars.

In the morning, they had a new plan. They decided to follow the birds. They walked and walked, keeping their eyes to the sky. They walked past the mountains, the trees, and the river. After almost a whole day of walking, they made it back home!

by Kaleb Alexov (Grade Two)
Northmount School for Boys
Toronto, Ontario



THIRD PRIZE

The Missing Pet

Once upon a time, there were two siblings who liked to play together. The girl's name was Debby, and the boy's name was Henry. They really loved their dog, Snowy. They liked to play catch with her and teach her tricks.

One day, Debby and Henry were teaching Snowy how to jump through three hoops. She was really good at it, but when she jumped through the three hoops, she slid into a brick wall. When Debby and Henry ran over to check that she was okay, a brick fell down and Debby saw a map sticking out.

"What's this?" asked Debby.

"I don't know, but I'm sure Bob can tell us! Let's go find him," said Henry.

Bob owned an ancient spell shop filled with shelves of potions and dusty books. When they got there, Bob was standing behind the counter examining a crystal ball.

"Bob, can you tell us what this map is for?" asked Henry.

Bob looked at it and recognized it because many people had brought it in. But nobody ever came back to tell him about it, so he made a guess. "I'm not sure, but it might lead to treasure or nothing at all," explained Bob.

Debby and Henry decided to see where the map led them. They walked through dark forests and saw many hidden waterfalls until they finally reached a cave. It was dark and scary, but Debby and Henry went in anyway.

They saw a wizard near a fire, and he said, "You've made it, my pretties. I, Darcart, have made another great map! Now, I have another pet to add to my collection!" Before they knew it, Snowy was being lifted into the air and was put into a crystal ball! Darcart was an evil pet stealer! He had used his maps to steal many pets in the past. His entire cave was filled with crystal balls and pets such as snakes, rabbits, hamsters, cats, and dogs. All of the owners were trapped in a big cage.

Debby and Henry were whisked into the cage right after Snowy was taken. Luckily, Henry had a pet dragon that could save him. Henry whistled, and his dragon swooped in and blew fire on Darcart. Darcart began to melt, and Debby quickly took the wand out of his hand. She waved it in front of the cage, and all of the owners were free. She did the same with the crystal balls. Darcart said he would stop stealing pets if the dragon stopped blowing fire. "Deal!" said Henry, and he told the dragon to stop.

Darcart kept his promise, and Henry, Debby, and Snowy went back to playing catch.

by Nicole Chan (Grade Three)
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THIRD PRIZE

Mocha and Caramel: A Guinea Pig Adventure

Once, there were two guinea pigs named Mocha and Caramel. To humans, they were your average, adorable guinea pigs. But to other animals, they were president and vice-president of the Island View Guinea Hero Association.

They were dozing in their pen (their headquarters) one day when a loud siren went off. “It’s the guinea-alarm! There must be an emergency!” shouted Mocha, hitting a secret button. A hidden ramp opened up under their pen. They scrambled down the ramp and into the stinky shed, where their guinea-garage was. Just then, they saw a sneaky-looking rodent speeding away in their guinea-mobile!

“*Wheek-wheek*, Mocha! It’s Mr. Gerbil, and he’s stealing the guinea-mobile!” squeaked Caramel.

“To the guinea-copter!” squeaked Mocha. They jumped into the guinea-copter and followed Mr. Gerbil down Kibble Street. But the guinea-mobile swerved to the left then the right and, soon, out of sight. “*Wheek-wheek*, Caramel! I think we lost him!” cried Mocha.

Suddenly, the guinea-phone rang. “Mocha, can you get that? I’m busy catching up with Mr. Gerbil,” said Caramel.

Mocha answered, “Hello, Mocha here, president of the Island View Guinea Hero Association. How can I help you?”

“Hi! I’m Maggie Mouselet,” squeaked a timid voice in the phone. “Minou, my favourite stuffy, is gone! Can you help? I live in a hole in the front steps of 28 Cheddar Street.”

“Of course, we can help you!” said Mocha. “We’ll get there right away.”

“Thank you!” Maggie squeaked and hung up.

“Mr. Gerbil will have to wait,” said Mocha. “A little mouse needs our help. To Cheddar Street!” Caramel nodded and turned left.

The guinea-copter went lower and lower, landing with a thump on a driveway. They hopped off and scurried to the front steps, searching around until they finally found a tiny door on the side of the stairs. They knocked on the door, and a tiny mouse opened it. “Are you Maggie? We came to help you find your stuffy,” said Mocha.

They went through the little door. It was surprisingly clean inside for a hole like that.

They checked every nook and cranny, but they could not find Minou. They were close to giving up when, suddenly, Caramel saw Mr. Gerbil through the tiny window. Not only did he have their guinea-mobile, he also had Maggie’s stuffy!

“Mocha, look! It’s Mr. Gerbil!” squeaked Caramel.

They scurried outside, grabbed a big leaf, and trapped the thief under it. They held him while Maggie called the Small Pet Police Department.

And that’s how it happened—they got Maggie’s stuffy back, and their guinea-mobile! Mocha and Caramel had an adventure and saved the day!

by Thalia Schlag (Grade Four)
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