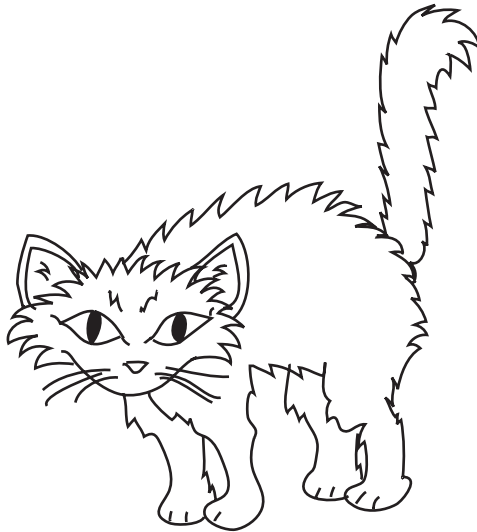


FIRST-PRIZE WINNER

Cat

Cat
Spiky Cat
Running Spiky Cat
Scared Running Spiky Cat
Tommy Scared Running Spiky Cat

by Anika Badowski
Benito School (kindergarten)
Benito, Manitoba



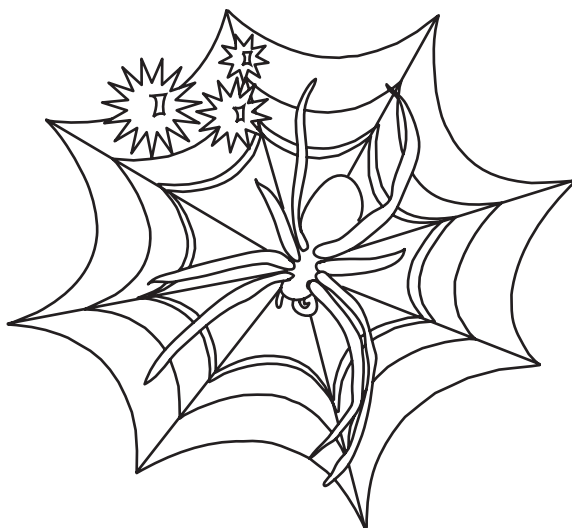
FIRST-PRIZE WINNER

Down by the River

Where the clear water ripples
Early in the morning
A spider web glitters
in the early morning
As it shines in the sun
you feel you are beside
A shining star as the spider
web sparkles
through the day
 into the night.

by Katherine Hutchinson

John Knox Christian School (grade one)
Woodstock, Ontario



FIRST-PRIZE WINNER

Air

Air makes me feel alive.
It makes me feel good on the inside.
Like a sunrise,
or moonlight on the water.
Like raindrops, dancing in a puddle.

Air makes me feel alive.
Like water is to flowers,
or wind under a hawk's wings,
and a song that a bluebird sings.

Air makes me feel alive.
Swinging high and touching tree tops.
Watching butterflies dance,
deer running through the tall grass.

Air makes me feel alive.
The way my sister and I,
go down the big slide.
Saying prayers for everyone,
hoping they feel the air too.

by Calley Casha

School of Hope (grade two)

Vermilion, Alberta



FIRST-PRIZE WINNER

Mother Nature

Yesterday I found some trees,
underneath there were lots of leaves.
I also found some beautiful flowers,
I looked at them for hours and hours.
They were so beautiful and so bright,
shining in the sun's bright light.
Squirrels are furry, quick and small,
they are good climbers and never fall.
I hope you keep the environment clean,
treat Mother Nature like a queen!

by Julia Sun

Trillium Montessori and Elementary Private School (grade three)
Markham, Ontario



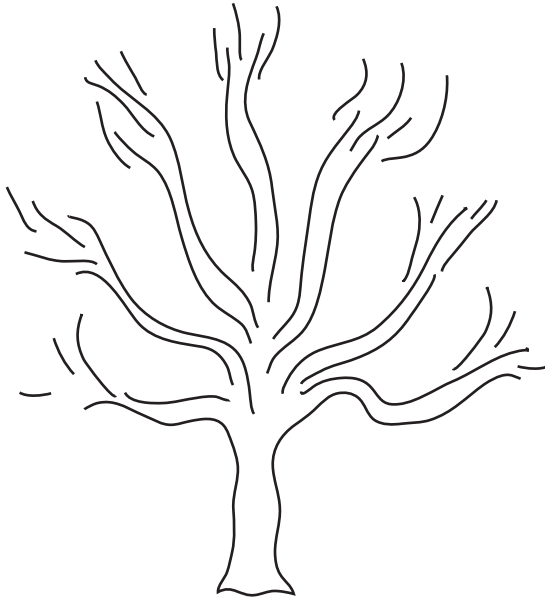
FIRST-PRIZE WINNER

Trees

Naked trees pointing
their bare branches at the sky
longing for summer.

by Acadia Baxter

Thor College (grade four)
Thornton, Ontario



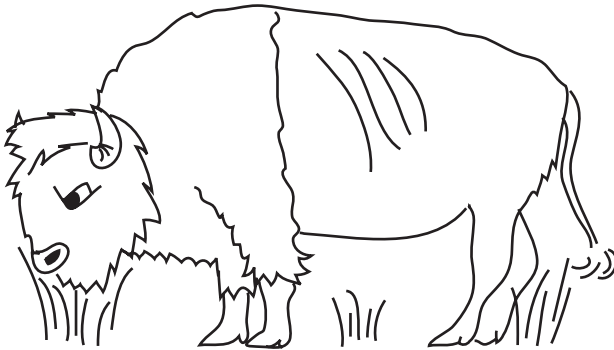
FIRST-PRIZE WINNER

Dad's Farm

Grazing buffalo roll in the prairie dust.
Spring spruce trees stare over the untouched pasture of fascination.
Prairie skies expect precipitation.
Dusty prairie grass whistles with hummingbirds.
Scarlet prairie lilies burst into magnificent bloom.
Hustling hay trembles over the deadly roaring wind.
Grunting elk fight.
Steep rolling ditches wait, wonder.
Freshly worn-out dirt rolls away into the lurking pond.
Early yellow Lady Slippers shine at the chrome yellow sun.
A large grain building calls me to have fun.

by Jana Dyck

Stewart Hawke Community School (grade five)
Hudson Bay, Saskatchewan



FIRST-PRIZE WINNER

Sometimes I Feel like You, Earth

My anger is like your land,
dirty and muddy,
when it pours over my head.

My emotions are like your rivers,
always rushing around,
never knowing which way to go.

The different people trapped in my soul,
are like the different people
walking on your surface.

My loneliness
makes me feel like a small little tree
in one of your big flat fields.

My best friends let me know
I'm like a bright gold star,
dancing in your beautiful night sky.

When I feel love,
I can hear your birds clearly,
and smell your fresh roses.

My boredom,
is like one of your bare trees
in the middle of a cold snowy winter.

When I am learning new things
it is like your seasons,
changing every new year.

When I am relaxed,
I feel like one of your beaches,
with water rushing through my sand.

Sometimes I feel unique,
like one of your evergreens in the winter,
standing in a forest of birch.

When I feel tormented,
I feel like your jagged mountain tops
are jabbing at my soul.

But when I am cheerful,
I can feel your bright sun rays
clearing away my past,
and it feels great!

by Larissa Peck

Brookville Public School (grade six)
Campbellville, Ontario

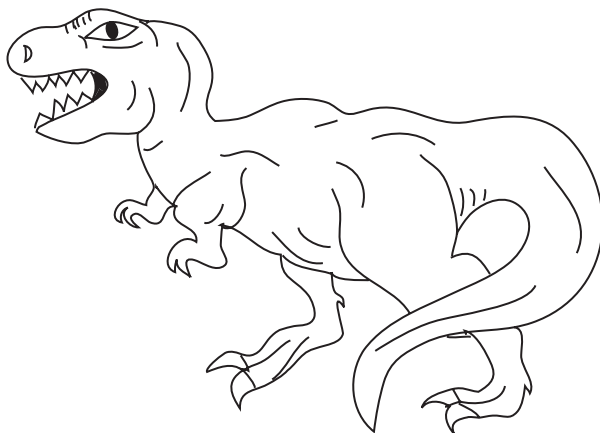
SECOND-PRIZE WINNER

Dinosaur

Dinosaur
Big Dinosaur
Stepping Big Dinosaur
Mad Stepping Big Dinosaur
T-Rex Mad Stepping Big Dinosaur

by Austin Homeniuk

Benito School (kindergarten)
Benito, Manitoba



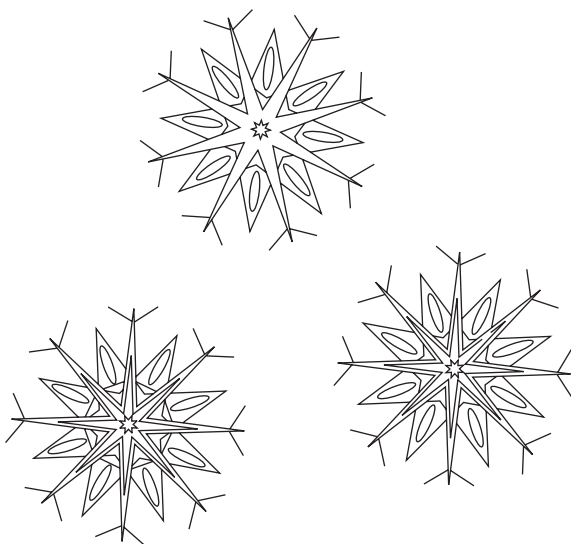
SECOND-PRIZE WINNER

Snowflakes

Snowflakes, snowflakes, everywhere!
Where is the rain? Is it here or there?
Did it go north? Did it go west, east or south?
O bother—me and my big mouth!

by Luke Kazakawich

School of Hope (grade one)
Vermilion, Alberta



SECOND-PRIZE WINNER

I Saw a Scarecrow

I saw a scarecrow standing sad.
“I need to see him,” I told my dad.

So I walked up to be his friend.
I wish that day would never end.

We played and laughed, and then we ran.
He said, “Come back when you can.”

I said, “I will. This is okay.”
And I visited him every day!

by Dryden Chadwick

Thor College (grade two)
Thornton, Ontario



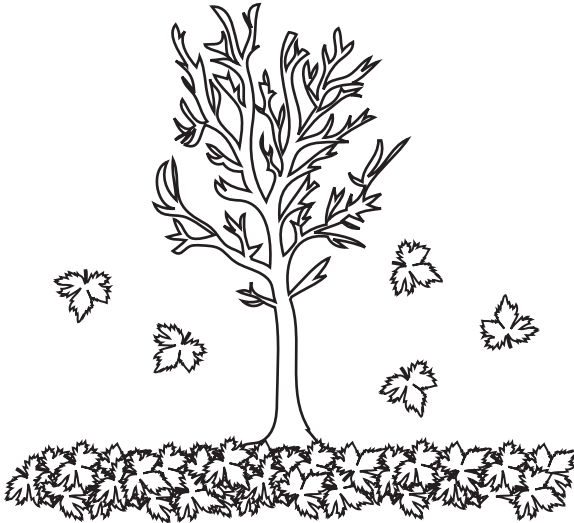
SECOND-PRIZE WINNER

Fall in Innisfil

Fall is a colourful time of year.
Animals hustling, hither and yon.
Leaves changing colours from green to red to yellow,
lying on the ground to be blown around.
Red and green are colours to be seen.
The trees are getting bare.
Snow will soon be flying around.
Fall is a wonderful time of the year.

by Madison Roth

Thor College (grade three)
Thornton, Ontario



SECOND-PRIZE WINNER

Golden Mane

Your golden mane shines so bright,
it glistens under the pale moonlight.

You kill your prey with sharp pointy claws,
then devour the meat when you open your jaws.

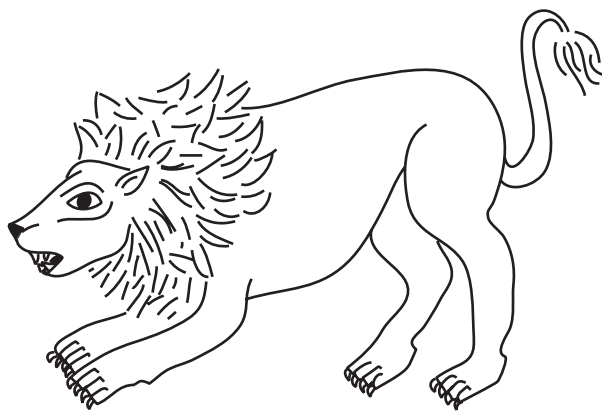
Africa is the continent where you are kept,
running and hunting—always a fierce threat!

Proud lion, king of beasts, all animals' master,
to live in a world without you would be a disaster.

by Alexa Gordon

Linsford Park School (grade four)

Leduc, Alberta



SECOND-PRIZE WINNER

Albro Lake

Albro Lake is where fishies play,
swimming through paradise every day.
They splash and swim in through the rocks,
and stay away from fishing docks.

Albro Lake is where islands rise,
rising from their great demise.
They are covered in flowers of every kind;
it is a wonder to the human mind.

Albro Lake is where lilies grow,
they grow beautifully row on row.
By night they close up in their own certain way,
but then bloom happily during the day.

Albro Lake is where seaweed forests thrive,
you can see them if you take a dive.
They sway around as the fish swim by,
it seems as if the seaweed can fly!

Albro Lake is where tadpoles are found,
swimming gently all around.
As they swim under a fallen log,
they hope that someday they'll become a frog.

My poem is done, but I'm thinking of you,
the Albro Lake that glows so blue.
How lucky the people who live near you are.
Albro Lake, to me you are a shining star!

by Callum Hutchinson

Avon Public School (grade five)
Stratford, Ontario



SECOND-PRIZE WINNER

Cross Country

Written with Haikus

On your mark, get set.
Training hard for weeks at lunch.
Rain or shine, we run.

Race day is now here.
Everyone is nervous.
Parents are watching.

The first race will start.
Eight and under at the line.
Off they run; "Go team!"

I wait for the cheers.
Around the bend they arrive.
Cheers go up, I shout.

The races pass by.
It's time for my two-K race.
I walk to the line.

The starting gun shoots.
The bunny runs, we follow.
Steady, pace yourself.

Final lap, stay strong.
Someone is hurt, what is wrong?
Hope she can still run.

I can see the line.
Someone yells, "Run hard, sprint now!"
I've run, my best time.

by Kyra Lee

Broadview Public School (grade six)
Ottawa, Ontario



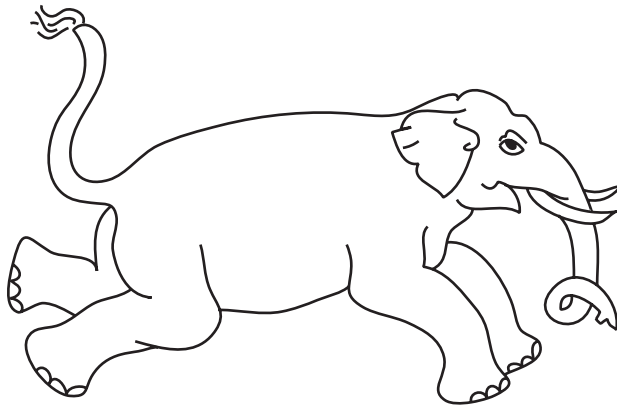
THIRD-PRIZE WINNER

Elephant

Elephant
Grey Elephant
Stomping Grey Elephant
Soft Stomping Grey Elephant
Peanut Soft Stomping Grey Elephant

by Tanner Staples

Benito School (kindergarten)
Benito, Manitoba



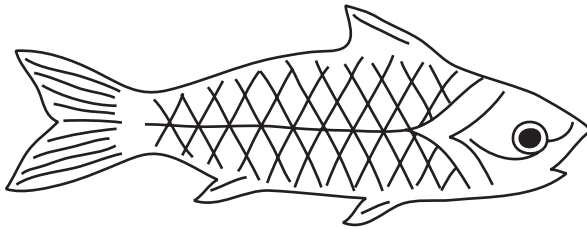
THIRD-PRIZE WINNER

Fishing

My daddy went a-fishing
and caught a great big fish.
We put it on the barbecue
and had a real good dish.

by Vernon Kuepfer

Thaler's School (grade one)
Chesley, Ontario



THIRD-PRIZE WINNER

Lizard

I saw a lizard.
It was in a blizzard.

He was so cold.
That's what I was told.

So I took him to the desert.

He curled up under a rock
to be safe from a hawk.

He was happy in the heat.
It warmed up his feet.

The desert was his home.

by Jacob Nicholson

Partners in Education Program (grade two)
Powell River, British Columbia



THIRD-PRIZE WINNER

On Tuesday

On Tuesday turtles ran
down the street looking for
a treat to eat.

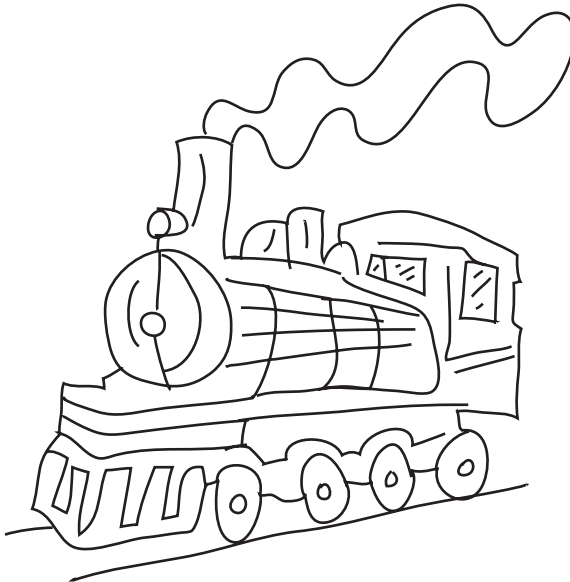
On Tuesday a train chugs to the
station for a very long vacation.

On Tuesday playing with toys is
better than watching TV forever.

I love Tuesdays.

by Seth McDermott

John Knox Christian School (grade three)
Woodstock, Ontario



THIRD-PRIZE WINNER

I Am Grass

I love
the wind.
It makes me
feel so cool.
I would be
dying of heat
if it weren't for
it. Please don't
cut me, please
don't crush me.
For I can't move,
I am just a blade
of grass. Humans
are mean to us.
They cut us and
crush us. They are
mean to us. They
should feel what
it feels like to get
crushed and cut.
The humans leave
me cut or crushed and
in pain.

by Isaac Poirier

James Hamblin School (grade four)
Qu'Appelle, Saskatchewan



THIRD-PRIZE WINNER

I'll Miss You

I'm gasping, I'm gasping—
not for breath, past every race I ran,
not for breath, past every distance I swam,
not for breath, past every great adventure—
I'm gasping, for you're leaving.

I'm crying, I'm crying—
not for one, who has passed away,
not for happiness, happened today,
not for guilt, nor for those little things—
I'm crying, for you're leaving.

Tears streaming down my cheeks ...
As I speak.
Sobs resounding in my ears ...
As I speak.
Heart throbbing, hard, as it never has before ...
As. I. Speak.

I can't keep that well your secrets.
To our mother, what shall I say?
I can't keep that well your secrets.
Do you have to run away?

You're leaving us forever.
You know I won't surrender.
Please, just reconsider.
Wait! Please don't run away!

Through the breeze, I heard the murmurs—
murmurs of goodbye.
I can feel you breathing,
both in sobs and cries.

I know,
deep inside,

I'll miss you.

by Stephanie Fung
Broadview Public School (grade five)
Ottawa, Ontario

THIRD-PRIZE WINNER

Slavery

As four o'clock creeps up,
we fear the rise of the sun,
and as the whip comes down on our backs,
we feel the blood,
and the pain of the sting.
The pain is like 1000 bees,
attacking our backs,
and as we stand in the fields,
we cry.
Cries of sadness,
pain and loss—
loss of family,
sold away from us.
We are the slaves—
the slaves of yesteryear.
As each agonizing day passes,
the pain grows,
like a vine,
stronger and stronger.
As we fall,
so does our legend.
Don't let it be forgotten.

by Brayden Seberras

Lee Academy (grade six)
Lynden, Ontario

