

FIRST PRIZE

A Day at Gymnastics

I walk into the gym
Feeling a little nervous,
Wondering if I will do well
And do myself a good service.

I head out onto the floor,
Where my coaches are waiting.
I start my warm up,
Anticipating. . . .

I go to my first event,
It happens to be bars.
It's never been my favourite,
So I have to earn my stars.

I try not worry
As my coach guides me through.
She gives me corrections,
So I know what to do.

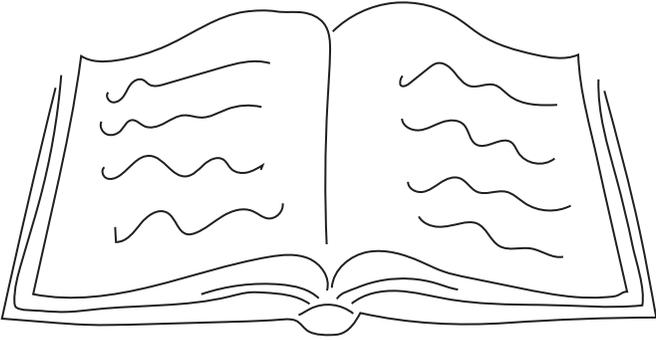
Time to move on,
Vault is its name.
I need to keep focused
And stay in the game.

I'm feeling confident
As I move onto beam.
The moves are hard
But not as hard as they seem.

Finally, it's time
To move on to the floor.
I like to fly high in the sky,
I can't wait to do more.

One more practice is over,
And I feel pretty good
For working towards my goals,
And doing what I could.

by Emma Orr (Grade Five)
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FIRST PRIZE

Lost in Literature

As I open the book this fateful day,
I feel myself being pulled away
From all that I know and all that I care
Into a book with adventures to share.

I don't try to escape.
Letting myself be pulled in,
I feel as if I'm drowning,
But my face forms a grin.

Words make a shadowy form
That soon becomes words in a swarm.
They form the people, places, things
I float above, watching from wings.

The story unfurls before my eyes:
My world at home in different skies,
A passageway to distant lands,
My only connection back gripped in my hands.

My thoughts are silent as I'm pulled in deep.
I can't go back, my body's asleep.
Physical form just a holding place,
As my mind and thoughts flow all across space.

Someone calls me back to home,
My thoughts return from a wild roam.
Time has passed while I was away.
I close it, join the outside world
And promise to read again another day.

by Emily Heimpel (Grade Six)
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SECOND PRIZE

A Day in Blue's Eyes

Blue is my cute little cockatoo,
His plumage is bright yellow and blue.
Whenever I come home from school,
I imagine him, imagining how he flew
From his cage, out the window, down a narrow mew,
With me behind him in hot pursuit.

His first destination would be the high skies,
Where he would give out a loud cry:
"I am free, free at last, but why?"
He would wonder why I did not say goodbye
And probably forget the answer because he'd meet a magpie
Who'd quickly convince Blue to be his ally.

The magpie is a jealous bird full of needs
But mostly of shiny beads.
Blue is smarter than that because he reads:
"Eating shiny beads leads to tummy bleeds,"
But the magpie would insist that beads are seeds.
Blue would soon leave his new friend searching in the weeds.

Feathered peers Blue avoids and he'd opt for a furry one,
A calico cat named Hot Cross Buns,
But the cat would hates buns and would want to have fun
With Blue, except Blue would want to run.
They'd chase each other until the sun
Sets in the east when Hot Cross Buns has none—

No lunch or dinner in her tum-tum. "Time to eat!"
Hot Cross Buns would announce, coming closer to the meat.
Blue would know that look. He has read it in a sheet.
"Time to go home!" Blue would cry on his feet.
He'd take flight in the air once more like an athlete
And land back home in his cage just in time for the feast.

by Jason Chen (Grade Five)
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SECOND PRIZE

Tear to Tear

Mom:

Gone at midnight, had to go;
Don't know where, far from home.
I don't know how, I don't know when,
I don't know if I'll ever see him again.
He's so brave, my little boy.
He was the one who taught me about real joy.
Last year, my husband; now, my son.
Why did this all have to be done?
All I do is cry and pray—
I pray that I'll see him again one day.
My little boy, I hope he hears my cries.
I never even got to say goodbye.
I remember the day when I gave birth.
Is this really what my life is worth?
I lie in bed with tears filling my eyes.
Come back to me soon; I don't know how I'll survive.

Son:

Lost at war, forced to go;
Really scared, miss my home.
They came at midnight and said to me,
"It's time to go, we must cross the sea."
I packed my bags, kissed my mom.
I told her I'd be back but didn't know in how long.
I left the house and joined the war.
I feel so lost; I feel so poor.
Last night, I went out to fight.
A soldier named Michael, with all the might,
Was fighting right next to me.
He was shot and killed; I couldn't understand how this could be.
I pray that when this war comes to an end,
I'll be back together with my mom and all of my friends.

by Mushka Mendelsohn (Grade Six)

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THIRD PRIZE

Poseidon

His green eyes are intelligent and mysterious.
Age never catches his immortal face.
A body of rock-hard muscles,
Between Heaven and Earth, Poseidon stands.

The dark clouds gather, forming a giant monster.
Boom, boom, crash, the thunder thuds.
Poseidon slams his fists against the sea, and a storm rises.
Boats and sea animals hold their breath.
Seeing their bow, the storm calms as he finally lets it go.

The ground quakes and splits open like a mouth.
It gobbles up the trees, animals, and rocks.
Its satisfied burp rumbles through the ground.
With a wave, Poseidon commands its retreat.
It shifts back and waits beside.

When Amphitrite dances and casts her eyes to Poseidon,
He melts like a snowman under the blistering sun.
He searches every inch of the sea
With the help of his dolphin.
He declares Amphitrite his queen.

The waves form a gallant shape.
The seals and the dolphins flip and flop.
A true knight getting apprenticed
As the horse is created.

Poseidon, one of the gods of creation.

by Alice Song (Grade Five)
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THIRD PRIZE

Sea Green

My colour is a mermaid named Sea Green.
She was born in the summer time just off the coast of the Gulf of Mexico.
Her parents are called Sea Fin and Sea Shell.
She moves by swishing her tail back and forth.
Every day, she moves like that to her home in a coral reef.
Her friends are the sea creatures that come out at night.
They come out at night because they are afraid to in the day.
Their outward appearances make them ashamed of who they are.
Sea Green makes them feel as if they belong.
After Sea Green spends time with her friends,
She settles into bed
And dreams about other mermaids just like her.
In the day, she perches on the rocks over her night-time friends' cave homes
And sings the songs of sirens
To protect the waters her friends call home.
My colour is a mermaid called Sea Green,
And she does her best to make a difference in her underwater community of fish and fun.

by Kayla Scott (Grade Six)

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