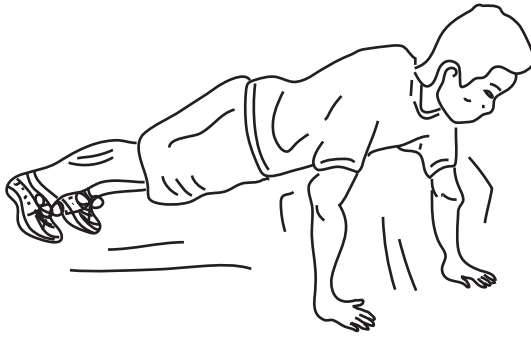


# FIRST PRIZE

## Up! Up! Up!

Up! Up! Up!  
My dad and I like to do push-ups.  
My mom and my sisters like to do push-ups.  
We exercise so hard all the food for dinner is eaten up.  
Then Mom says, “Everyone, please help me to clean up!”

by *Ethyn-Ali Hajee* (Kindergarten)  
Sidney Ledson Institute  
Toronto, Ontario



# FIRST PRIZE

## Love

What is love?  
It's when my mom and dad kiss me good night.  
It's when my brother and I play fight.  
It's when my grandmother picks me up on Monday nights.  
Love.

by *Méshantaé Merchant Cambronne* (Grade One)  
Kingslake Public School  
North York, Ontario

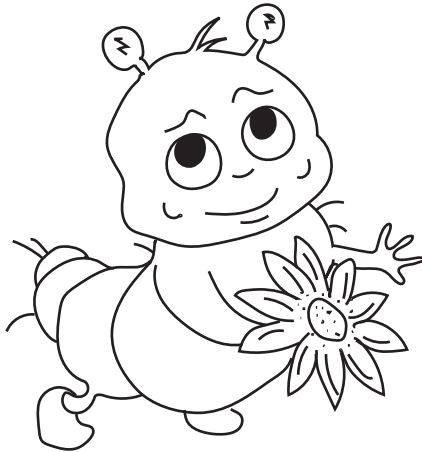


# FIRST PRIZE

## The Blue Flower

I sing to the blue sky.  
I sing to the blue birds.  
And to the blue butterfly.  
And I sing to the blue caterpillar  
That sings to me.  
He shares his poems  
He planted in the tree.

by *Simone Merrick* (Grade Two)  
The Toronto Heschel School  
Toronto, Ontario



# FIRST PRIZE

## Fish

Catching fish is summer fun  
Tying hooks, digging bait

Sun rises  
Fish jump  
Osprey soars above  
Watching me and my rod

Cast carefully  
Avoiding snags and rocks

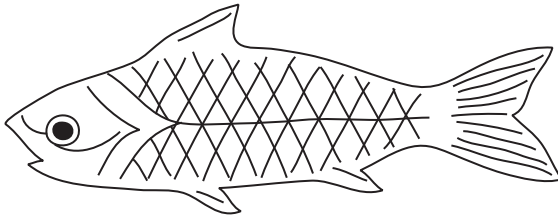
Patient  
Wait, wait, and . . . wait

Finally  
You might get a bite  
Wiggle, jiggle, pull  
Silver flash pulled to shore  
Jumping, trying to reach water again

I touch its smooth sides  
Muscles moving, quivering under my fingers  
Mouth opens and closes, asking me to let it go

Oh no! Too small  
Back to its home I let it go  
Maybe I'll catch it again  
Next year

*by Keenan Warhurst* (Grade Three)  
Cayoosh Elementary School  
Lillooet, British Columbia



# FIRST PRIZE

## The Raven

Deep in the forest where it's always dark  
Birds don't chirp, wild dogs don't bark.  
This is where the raven lives,  
His feathers as dark as coal,  
And when he let's out his piercing cry,  
It sends all other animals to hide.

The raven never wants to be mean,  
All he really wants is a friend.  
Then one day a little bird wandered  
Into his nest, he wanted to play.  
The raven didn't know what to do.  
No one had ever asked him to play before.

So they played all day and played all night,  
Then suddenly there was a miraculous sight.  
The raven's feathers turned yellow and blue,  
His beak was purple, his feet a green hue.  
The little bird was astonished and turned a little blue,  
And they both flew away over the hills and past the lake.  
Now they play all the time and have so much fun.

Now when you see a raven looking sad and blue,  
Go be a friend and play with it too!

*by Kianna Bovell* (Grade Four)  
St. John's Ravenscourt School  
Winnipeg, Manitoba





# FIRST PRIZE

## **The World above the Clouds**

The world above the clouds, the air is  
fresher, sweeter, cleaner.  
The sun sets with sheer beauty, with  
red, orange, pink everywhere.  
Where birds fly free, feathers of  
gold, silver,  
Filled with shine and shimmer, in  
the land above the clouds.  
The ground is as soft as a  
pillow, blanket, marshmallow.  
For it is a cloud you can walk on.  
You'll want to stay up there forever, until. . . .  
A storm comes! The ground  
shakes, rumbles, grumbles.  
Lightning flashes below your feet.  
Everything looks so calm, but it isn't. It feels like an  
earthquake, hurricane, danger zone, until. . . .  
Suddenly, it stops.  
The roar of thunder is gone.  
It is calm again. The sun finishes setting, and everything is  
dark purple, grey, black.  
It is quiet until fast music starts to play. It gets  
louder, stronger. Then lights flicker everywhere.  
Fireflies are out, so high. You suddenly feel  
happy, excited, energetic.  
You start to dance to the free flowing music.  
When you get tired, you lie down. Then  
light hits your eyes. You  
wake up, get up, for it is dawn.  
The birds come back in  
twos, tens, fifties!  
You know this is where you want to be.

*by Marymay Howse* (Grade Five)  
The Fernie Academy  
Fernie, British Columbia

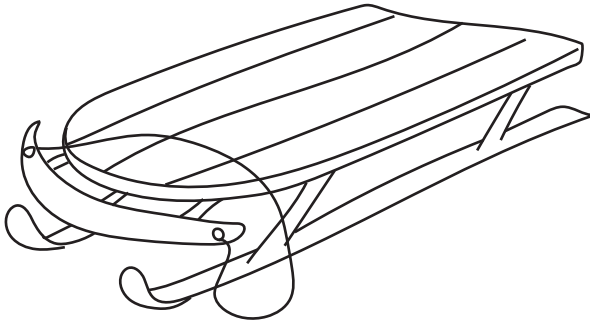


# SECOND PRIZE

## Winter

Winter  
Happy and cold  
Sleighs, ski-doo's, candy canes  
Pulling my brother on the sled  
Winter

by *Porter Atkinson* (Kindergarten)  
Benito School  
Benito, Manitoba



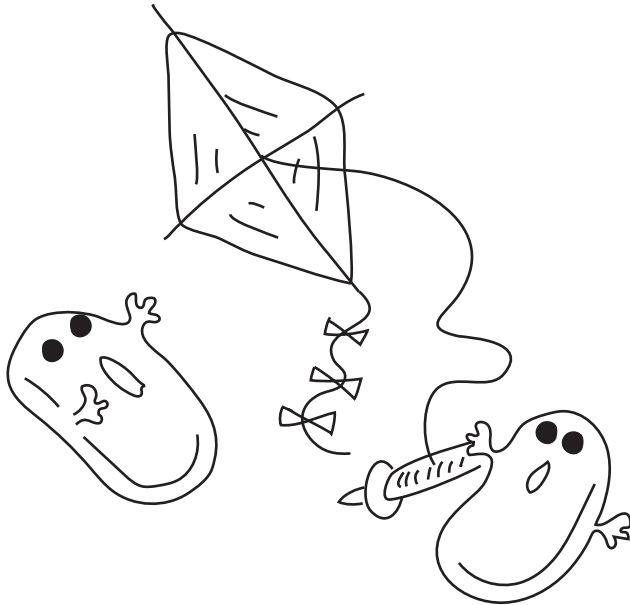


# SECOND PRIZE

## A Crazy Nightmare

Jellybeans fly  
Kites and  
Lions climb  
Mountains during  
Nap time!

by *Emily Ma* (Grade One)  
Trillium School  
Markham, Ontario

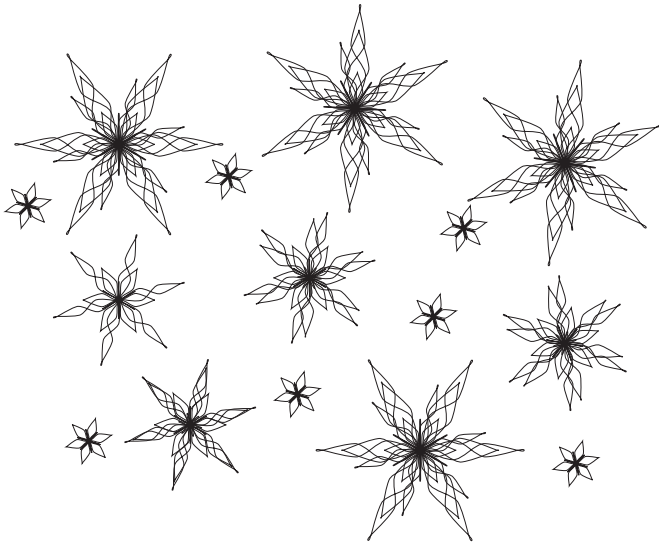


# SECOND PRIZE

## Frost

It's not snow, it's not ice, it's frost.  
I love the way it crunches the dirt below.  
It is so beautiful I hope it comes every winter.  
I want to see the frost come to the roofs  
Because that is where it strikes first.  
Why will the frost go away?  
I always want frost because it almost  
Wants me to think about snow.  
When the frost goes away I want to go too.  
I can't believe it melts so fast!

by *Clara Duffy* (Grade Two)  
Charles Dickens Annex School  
Vancouver, British Columbia

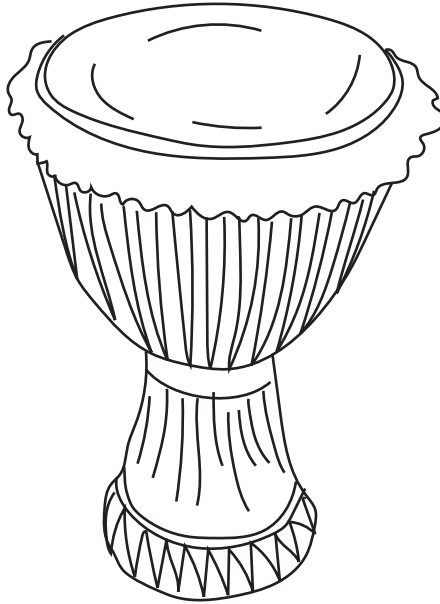


# SECOND PRIZE

## Forest Drums

I walked into the forest,  
I saw a little river.  
I went and sat beside it and I saw it shimmer.  
I felt so quiet.  
I heard the leaves rustling and I heard the wind howling.  
And then it hit me:  
The sound of forest drums.

*by Andrea Stanila* (Grade Three)  
The K-W Montessori School  
Kitchener, Ontario



# SECOND PRIZE

## The Recital

Two more  
One more  
Last one until my turn  
Finally my name was called  
The curtains were drawn  
I sat down and started to play  
I felt scared  
But at the same time excited  
Everyone was silent  
I kept playing  
My hard work had paid off  
When I was done  
I walked offstage  
I left to the sound of applause  
The sound of glory

*by Sabine Lapointe* (Grade Four)  
Ray Watkins Elementary School  
Gold River, British Columbia

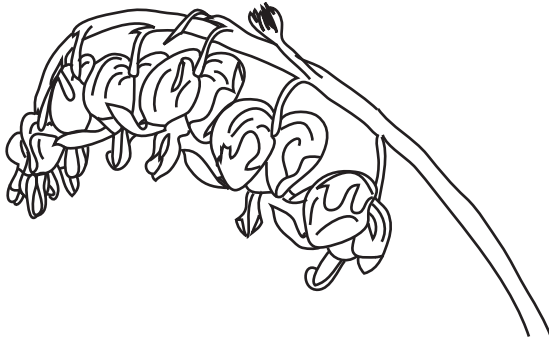


# SECOND PRIZE

## Nature

The quiet air breathed against the animals in the tree.  
The flower blossomed when  
The beautiful sun shone and the quiet wind  
Blew on the blooming flower.  
The hot sun shone on the animals.  
They woke up and the new day began.  
The beautiful sunfish and bass  
Hopped in and out of the stream.  
The bugs felt so free out in the wild.  
The birds floated in the free air.

*by Serenity Shawnoo* (Grade Five)  
Hillside School  
Kettle & Stony Point First Nation, Ontario



# THIRD PRIZE

## Lexie

Wishes for a new alarm clock  
Really loves her family  
Wonders if her cats will come home  
Is afraid of the dark  
Likes elephants at the zoo  
Wants to dance every day  
Dreams of being a ballet teacher

*by Lexie Leadbeater* (Kindergarten)  
Taylor School  
Swan River, Manitoba



# THIRD PRIZE

## Thanks for the Harvest

Thanks for the books I read,  
They make me very smart.  
Thanks for my sister,  
Whom I can play with and do art.

Thanks for the harvest,  
That keeps us strong.  
Thanks for the food,  
That lasts all year long.

Thanks for the trees,  
That give us green leaves,  
Apples, oranges, bananas, and beans.

*by Kaitlyn Chen* (Grade One)  
Trinity Montessori School  
Markham, Ontario



# THIRD PRIZE

## If I Were a Princess

If I were a princess  
I would wear a gold dress made out of silk.  
I would swirl around on the marble floor.  
I would not slip,  
I would not trip.  
Because that's not what a princess would do.  
If I were a princess  
I would live in London, England.  
It would be awesome to live the life of a princess!

*by Portia Wainwright* (Grade Two)  
Merritt Central Elementary School  
Merritt, British Columbia



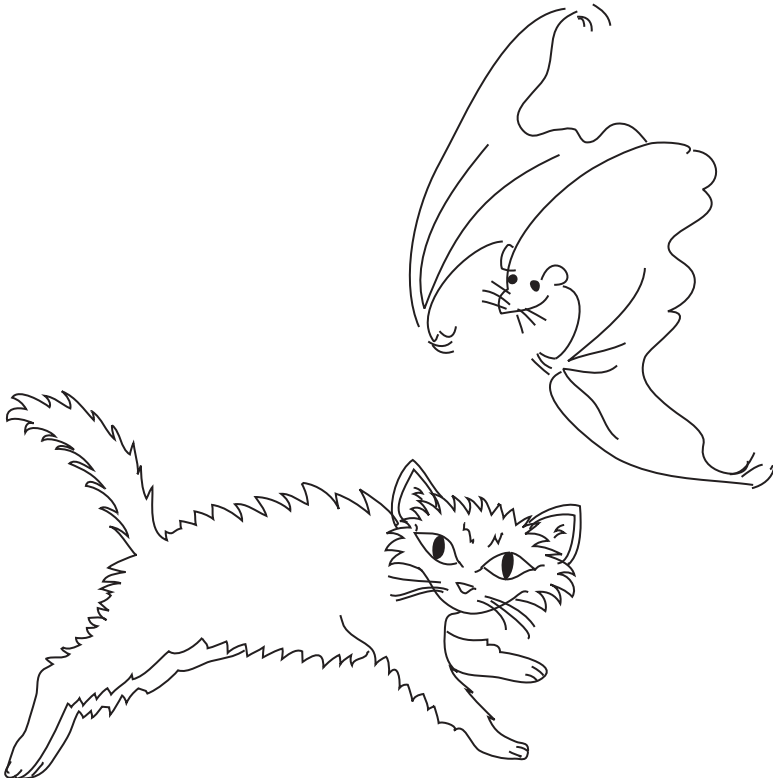


# THIRD PRIZE

## Halloween

At the end of the road was a creepy old shack;  
Those who went in, never came back.  
The housekeeper owned a few black cats,  
That loved to hang around with the bats.  
Inside was a monster that was very hairy,  
He had huge fangs, which made him look scary.  
On Halloween night Rick went out for a treat,  
But sadly he turned down the wrong street.  
Rick got tricked and kicked a brick,  
That made the shack fall down. . . . Poor Rick!

*by Samuel Johnson* (Grade Three)  
St. Anthony of Padua School  
Milton, Ontario

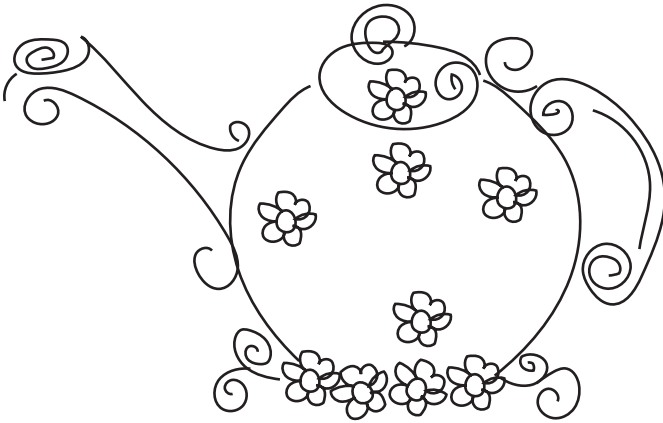


# THIRD PRIZE

## Lucy's Tea

Laughing Lucy  
Spills green tea on her new dress  
In the warm August air  
At afternoon tea  
Because a small petal fairy jiggled her elbow.

by *Nicole Shew* (Grade Four)  
Dr. R.E. McKechnie Elementary School  
Vancouver, British Columbia



# THIRD PRIZE

## The Littlest Mushroom

My feet are planted in the ground  
Nature's cycles all around  
I love the dark, the moist, the warmth  
I hide my head in deep of forest  
The sky above and soil below  
I send my spores to spread and grow  
The fairies dance around my base  
And form a ring with love and grace

by *Quinn Giguere* (Grade Five)  
Trillium Waldorf School  
Guelph, Ontario

