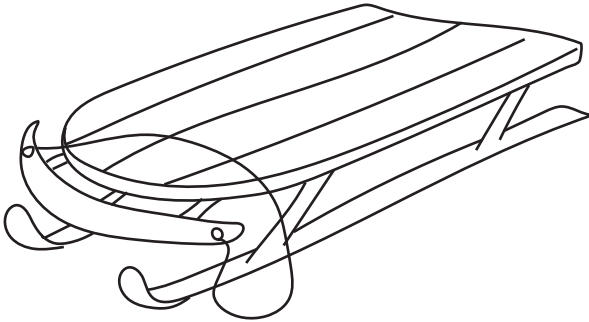


FIRST PRIZE

Sled

Sled
Fun, good
It is exciting
I tip and fall
Zoom!

by *Tanner Takats* (Kindergarten)
Silverdale Elementary School
Mission, British Columbia



FIRST PRIZE

Nana Wants a Christmas Tree

Nana wants a Christmas tree,
a big fake one with lights.
So we go on a shopping spree
to get one that's just right.

We travel to the tree store,
it is such a bore.
People took all the perfect trees,
and so there are no more.

We get into the van
and travel back home.
We make one out of paper,
and very cushy foam.

The tree is really beautiful,
Nana loves it so much.
She'll keep it forever,
It is just the right touch.

by Alessa Benoot (Grade One)
Meadow Cress School
Chatham, Ontario



FIRST PRIZE

Midnight Garden

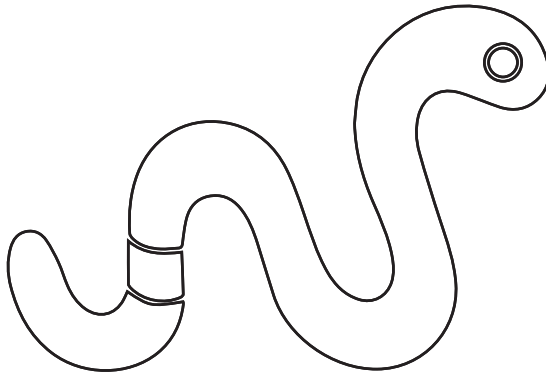
Midnight garden,
Full of trees.
Earthworms crawling
On the leaves.

Bright moon shining
On the ground.
Squirrels climbing
All around.

Flowers growing
From the earth,
Colours blooming
On the turf.

But pale dawn
Must wait a while,
The sun is rising
Many miles
Away.

by Kian O'Brien (Grade Two)
Broadview Public School
Ottawa, Ontario



FIRST PRIZE

Under the Sea

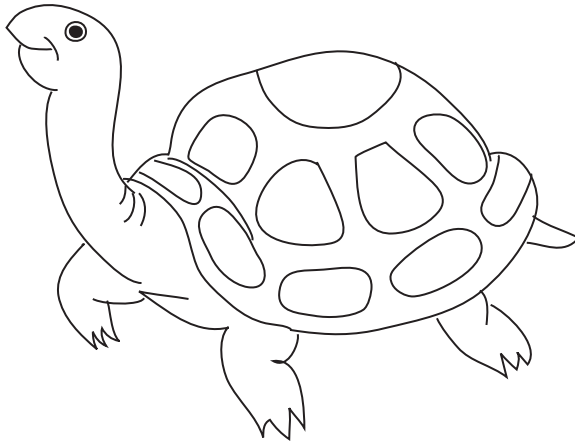
I swim
through a soup of seaweed.
Slimy and green,
it slides off my body
as the surf picks up.
I reach deeper waters,
and I swim
into the blue,

blue,

blue.

I glimpse green
above the seabed.
A sea turtle floats below me.
My shadow covers it,
and for a moment,
it is only the two of us.
We swim together
and then I know a different
kind of quiet.

by Anwyn Tillet (Grade Three)
Jack Hulland Elementary School
Whitehorse, Yukon

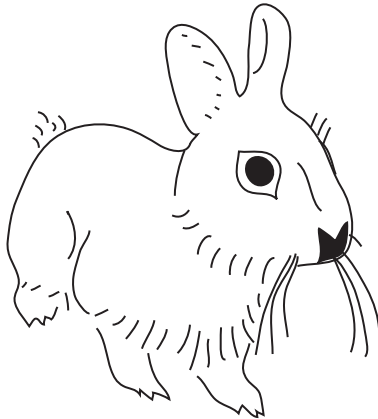


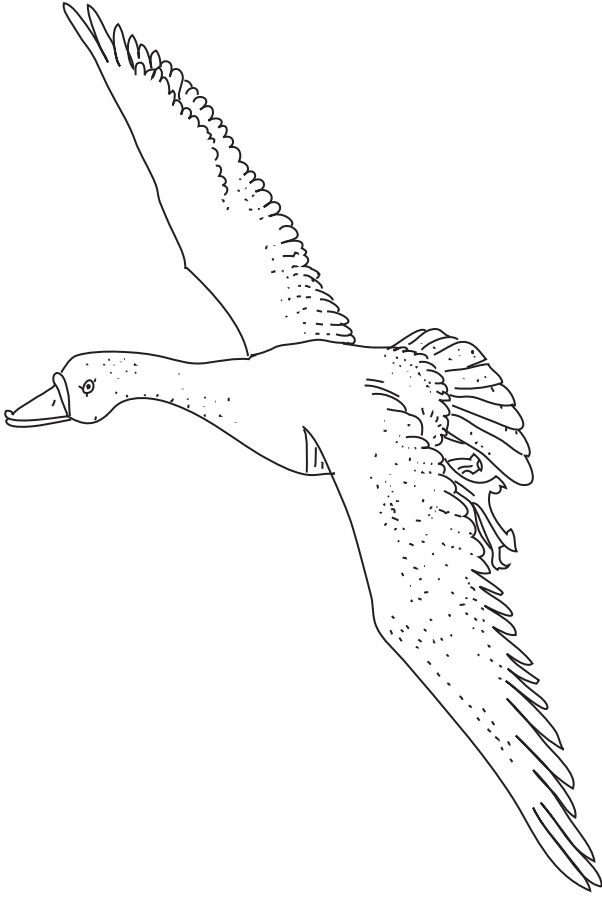
FIRST PRIZE

My Bunny

Our family has grown with a pet bunny,
A gift from a friend, he cost no money.
His furry coat is white and light brown,
He has a black spot on cheek and crown.
His skin is soft, his back is furry,
His whiskers are short, not straight, but curly.
His tail is white and his eyes are black,
His ears are long, reaching down his back.
His legs are strong and sharp are his nails,
We feed him hay that we buy in bales.
When he's sitting down, he's rather small,
But standing up, he's really quite tall.
He likes to eat leaves, apples, and grass,
Thankfully none of it gives him gas.
He likes to be held close to my chest,
Rubbing his ears is what he likes best.
When he plays, he likes to chew some string,
Jumping around like a bouncing spring.
His home is a cage filled with wood chips,
He drinks using the tip of his lips.
He runs around and explores our home,
He's happy when he is free to roam.
We turn off the light and say good night,
He snuggles in corners, safe and tight.
I love my bunny, he's named Clover,
If you want to meet him, come over.

by Stellan Palanacki (Grade Four)
Maranatha Christian Academy
Windsor, Ontario





FIRST PRIZE

My River

The sun is glistening off the river.
The day is dawning on the river.

*Sing ho for a goose, for it's on my river.
Sing ho, for a goose has glided onto my river.*

The water shines on his ruffled feathers.
He honks a joyful cry, as some more fly by.
His beak shines like a sword,
As he glides down my river like its lord.

*Sing ho for a goose, for it's on my river.
Sing ho, for a goose has glided onto my river.*

The river is pink and yellow with sunlight.
The goose looks about with his regal might.
His downy plumage looks so neat and bold,
As he looks at his reflection in the river gold.

*Sing ho for a goose, for it's on my river.
Sing ho, for a goose has glided onto my river.*

The sun is sinking down blood red,
And my goose begins to nod his head.
The goose starts to spread its wings,
And as he flies off I start to sing.

*Sing ho for a goose, for it's on my river.
Sing ho, for a goose has glided onto my river.*

The sun is gleaming off the river,
The day is departing on the river.

by Jesse Lillford-Brighton (Grade Five)
Bridgetown Regional Elementary School
Bridgetown, Nova Scotia



SECOND PRIZE

Sara

Sara is sitting in her desk
Sara is paying for something
Sara is wet
Sara is short

by Sara Girdhar (Kindergarten)
Sunrise Montessori School
Markham, Ontario



SECOND PRIZE

Hamsters

Hamsters love to play,
They play in the sun all day.
Watch them play in their cage.
Sometimes they run away,
But not when they're having fun
Playing in their cage.

When the sun goes down, they sleep just like you,
But not the whole night;
Sometimes they eat some food.
When the sun comes up,
Give them a snack or two,
And then they will play with you.

They will run really fast on their spinning wheel,
Before they get hungry for another meal.
Build them a maze with Lego blocks,
If you want them to jump, add some rocks.
We had a long day,
And now it's time to rest away.

by Kaab Shujah (Grade One)
An-Noor Private Islamic School
Windsor, Ontario



SECOND PRIZE

Halloween Night

On Halloween, wee witches hatch
From pumpkins in a pumpkin patch.
We do antics on the boys,
They do not get any awesome toys.

They all do carving of their pumpkins,
But they do not think of their motherkins.
Decorations like tombstones are all over the streets,
And everybody is showing their teeth.

Superstition is on everybody's mind,
But there is no twilight of any kind.
A haunted house is a frightful try,
But no one seems to cry.

by Esther Lakatos (Grade Two)
P.A.C.E.—The Academy for Gifted Children
Richmond Hill, Ontario



SECOND PRIZE

At the Burms

Fluffy birds
Sitting still
On my long branches,
Gently pecking
My hard bark.

Small mushrooms
Growing slowly
On my soft, brown dirt,
Hiding below
The short, green bush.

I fly lightly
Under the cloudy sky,
Hopping gracefully
From branch to branch,
Nibbling tasty bark
With my yellow beak.

by Keren Ophir (Grade Three)
The Toronto Heschel School
Toronto, Ontario

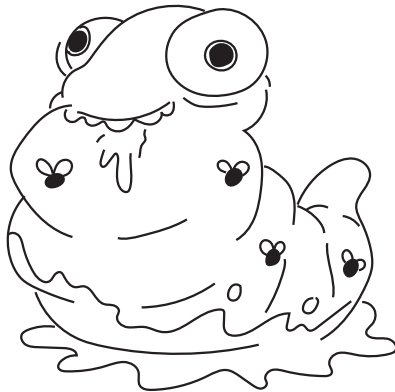


SECOND PRIZE

The Brain Maggot

What is that creature squirming inside?
Very skinny, not too wide.
It's the brain maggot.
What was that feeling in my ear?
It was something I could not really hear.
It's the brain maggot.
Now I have this sudden fear:
The brain maggot's inside me—
Oh my dear! It's the brain maggot.
I go to the hospital, shout, "What do I do?"
The doctors go, "So it is true."
It's the brain maggot.
I stay there for a week or two.
Maybe the brain maggot's chewing my shoe?
It's the brain maggot.
They may kill it with a poisoned thread;
Then the brain maggot would be dead.
It's the brain maggot.
But now I feel like I'm suffering too;
The brain maggot must have ate me through.
It's the brain maggot.

by *Gabriel Lautzenhiser* (Grade Four)
Charles Dickens Elementary School
Vancouver, British Columbia



SECOND PRIZE

Space

When I think of space
I envision
The stars
The planets
And the infinite
Mysteries they hold.
I think of
How massive
Space is,
How many lights
Dance across the
Canvas of darkness,
And the idea of
Black holes
Saddens me.
They try
With endless effort
To fill themselves up,
To eliminate
The emptiness imprisoned
Within them.
Consuming all that
Comes near.
As I look around me,
I realize
Perhaps
Black holes
Do not only exist
In space
But are
Also a fragment of
Each and every one of us.

by Mang Lan Vum (Grade Five)
St. Brother Andre Catholic Elementary School
Gloucester, Ontario

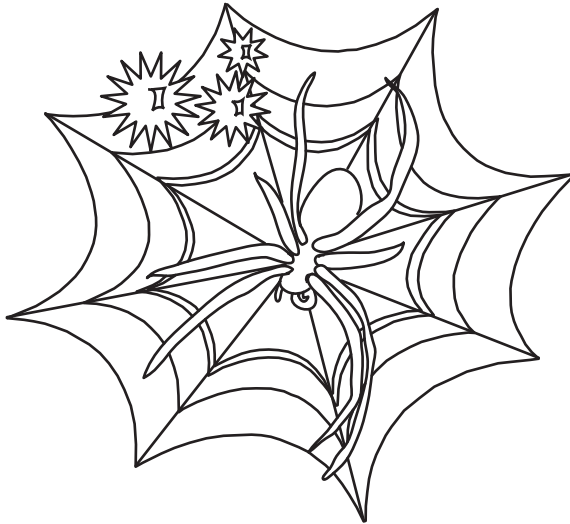


THIRD PRIZE

If I Were a Spider

If I were a spider,
I'd *click clack* my jaws.
I'd be black with a little bit of fuzz.
I'd walk and spin a web,
If I were a spider.

by *Ranon Trumbley* (Kindergarten)
Benito School
Benito, Manitoba



THIRD PRIZE

The Kid and Mom

The kid wants to play,
And Mom says, “Yes, you may,
But not all day.”
The kid wants to run,
And Mom says, “Go and have fun.”
The kid wants to swim,
And Mom says, “Be a mermaid like you dream.”

by Fatima Khan (Grade One)
Central Montessori School
Toronto, Ontario



THIRD PRIZE

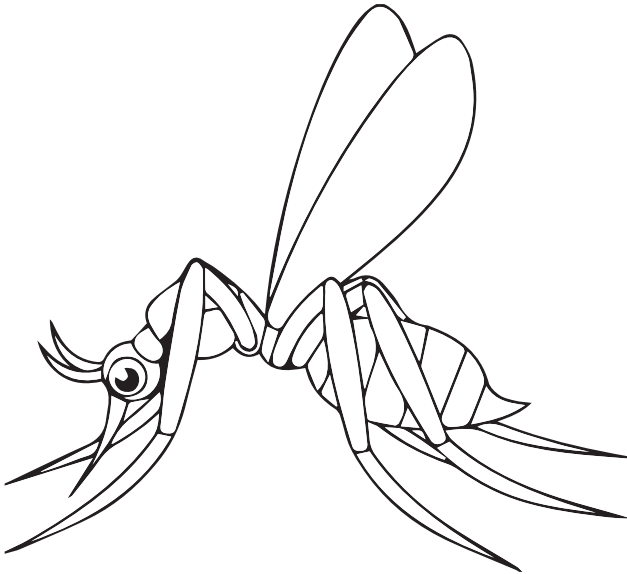
Spring Tales

A rosebud was blooming,
In orange and black colouring,
Like the cute woolly bears
That slowly just appear.

A mosquito got his toys,
After crying with groans,
Because a fly was bugging it,
And it really annoys.

I've seen a lot of pretty woolly bears,
That play hide-and-seek in their lairs.
But one is glowing in the mountain,
While drinking water from the fountain.

by Anthony Stejan (Grade Two)
Sidney Ledson Institute
Toronto, Ontario

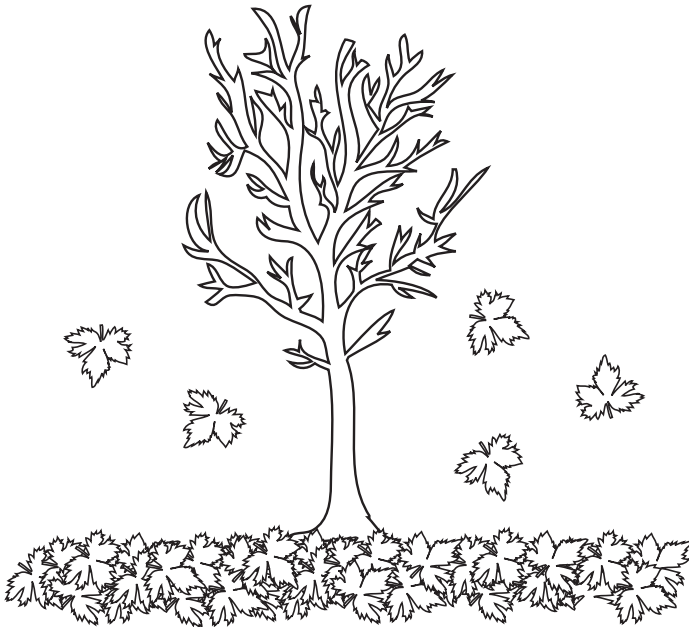


THIRD PRIZE

Redbud Tree

My redbud tree
You make shade with your leaves
In spring you get pretty flowers
As long as you get a lot of rain showers
You're young and just a baby
You keep our garden nice and shady
Your leaves turn green in the summer
But if you dry out it's a bummer
Don't worry I will water you every day
In August, July, June, and May

by Aiden Schinkel (Grade Three)
Calvin Christian School
Hamilton, Ontario

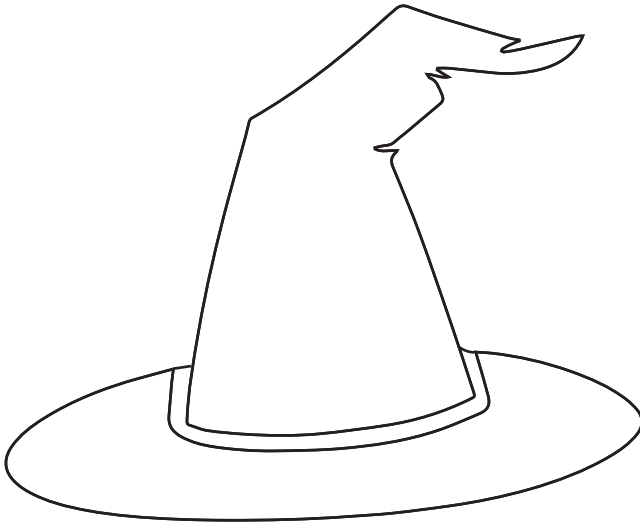


THIRD PRIZE

Enchanting Brew

I shall mix an evil brew,
with troll hairs, frog legs, and unicorn horns too.
It will have a wizard hat, a pixie wing,
and the string of a magical element thing.
As you might think, I don't know much about magic,
for whenever I ask my mother, she says "Magic *shmagic!*"
But it will still have the tip of a mystical talkie-walkie tree,
a sorcerer's robe, and a fairy ring mushroom tip
on which I will engrave "Free."
Then I shall chant, "I mixed an evil brew,
with every enchanting thing anew.
Boil it, burn it,
make it fizz, fizz, fizz.
For you, spirits, I shall add a witch's mat,
then feed the brew to my cat!"

by *Quinn Hearnden* (Grade Four)
Parkway Public School
Cambridge, Ontario



THIRD PRIZE

Running

Run
Run hard
Run strong
Run all day long

Run when you're sad
Run when you're mad
It always makes you glad

Run through the pain
Run through the wind
And even in the rain

Running makes you sweat
Running makes you wet
Running is something you'll never regret

Don't stop when you're tired
Stop when you're done
And don't forget to have fun!

by Hannah Nardone (Grade Five)
Glenn Arbour Academy
Burlington, Ontario

