

FIRST PRIZE

Stop That Cookie

One day the cookie climbed out of the cookie jar. It wanted to have an adventure. It rolled through the kitchen and out the door. Tita and Opa yelled, “Stop that cookie!”

It just kept rolling.

The cookie rolled down the street. It rolled past a car. Mommy, Daddy, Nicole, and Heidi stopped the car. They yelled, “Stop that cookie!”

It just kept rolling.

The cookie rolled down a hill. It went past the apple tree. Keymia and Keyon were climbing the apple tree. They yelled, “Stop that cookie!”

It just kept rolling.

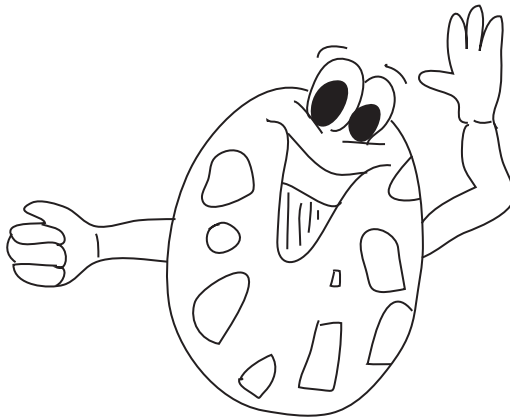
The cookie rolled into the school playground. All the children stopped playing. They yelled, “Stop that cookie!”

It just kept rolling.

The cookie rolled onto the grass. A little Dalmatian puppy saw the cookie and took a big bite. She ate it all up.

There was no more cookie.

by Nicole Edelmann (Kindergarten)
Calgary Arts Academy
Calgary, Alberta



FIRST PRIZE

The Avengers

Once there were four friends who lived in a spaceship. Their names were Santiago, Mackenzie, Felipe, and Adam. Their job was to protect space from dangers. Captain Santiago was the strongest and the bravest, Mackenzie was the smartest, Adam was the silliest, and Felipe was the stretchiest.

One day, they were in their ship when they got attacked by a pink spaceship. Before the friends could move, a group of pink aliens rushed into the room and started shouting and shooting.

“Felipe, you know what to do!” Felipe reached his stretchy arms and grabbed three guns. “Adam, get to work!” ordered Captain Santiago. Adam started to do a silly dance that got the aliens laughing. They laughed so hard they dropped their guns. But one alien fell on a switch that made the ship go really fast in a straight line. “We’re going to crash into that planet! Quick, everyone to the escape pod!” screamed Santiago. They were safe, but the pink aliens went down with the ship. “This planet is the most dangerous planet in the whole galaxy!”

Suddenly, the friends saw some strange creatures pulling the pink aliens out of their ship. “We’d better do something to help,” whispered Felipe. The friends started to follow the black creatures. They came to a big cage in the middle of nowhere. The pink aliens were thrown inside and the door slammed shut behind them.

Behind the cage was a bigger building that looked like a base. The black creatures walked through a door and disappeared. Mackenzie said, “Let’s follow them. They know how to open the cage.”

Santiago reached for his 3P21, a special gadget, and he put it to the key mode and the base slid open. He heard a strange sound. He followed it and it brought him to one of the black creatures. The two started fighting and they fell into a trap. As the door to the trap was closing, Captain screamed, “*Brulllllluuuuuu!*” That meant get out of here!

The black creature ran out as the door slammed down, but he yelled back at Santiago, “*Babahoo.*”

Santiago was stuck. He reached for his 3P21 and pressed a button that made a secret door glow. He was in a dragon room. He jumped on a dragon and said, “Let’s go get the pink team!” Santi rode off on the dragon and as they got to the cage where the pink team was, he said, “*Babahoo.*” The cage opened.

“Jump on!” Santi ordered. They flew through the building and picked up his friends. They all flew back to the ships. Mackenzie radioed to the red ship they needed to be picked up. Santi turned to the pink team and said, “We are going to take you to a shelter where you will be safe, but you won’t be able to leave until you learn how to be nice.”

When the red ship came, everyone got on and they flew off, back into outer space.

by *Santiago Higuera* (Grade One)
Manordale Public School
Nepean, Ontario



FIRST PRIZE

Rainbow

One early morning, Jasmine woke up and told everyone she wanted a pet.

“What pet do you want?” asked Dad.

“I want a baby unicorn,” she answered.

Dad visited every pet shop he knew, but none of them had baby unicorns. When he returned home, Jasmine ran to him and asked if he had found her a unicorn. To her disappointment, Dad shook his head. Surprisingly, Jasmine knew of a place to go. She told him about a store called Unusual Pets. Dad smiled.

The next day, Jasmine’s dad came into the house with a huge box. She hoped it had her new pet inside it. She was so excited, and started to open the box right away. She wondered what it could be. To her surprise, she found a baby unicorn! The unicorn was so beautiful. It had all the colours of the rainbow, so Jasmine decided to name her Rainbow.

At the bottom of Rainbow’s box, she found a booklet called *How to Take Care of a Unicorn*. It had a lot of useful information. Jasmine learned that unicorns like to eat special rainbow cookies, and if a unicorn wanders off and gets lost, it will make a rainbow in the sky for the owner to follow.

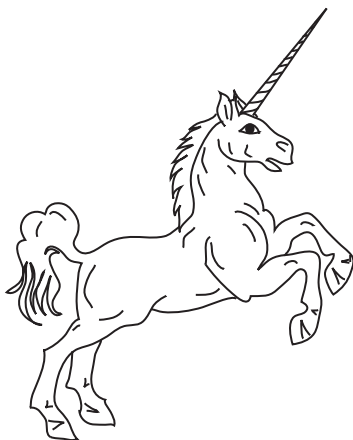
After a few days, on a very dark and stormy night, there was a loud crash of thunder. Rainbow was so scared she wandered out of the house to find Jasmine.

The next morning, it was very sunny. Jasmine woke up and rushed down the stairs to play with Rainbow, but she could not find her anywhere. She rushed out her garden gate, searched in the forest and on the beach, but she couldn’t find Rainbow. Jasmine was so sad and was just about to give up and go home, when she saw unicorn footprints in the sand and said to herself, “Maybe I can follow these.” She followed them and they led her to a pond, but she could not see any sign of Rainbow. Suddenly, she saw a beautiful rainbow in the sky; she knew this was a magical sign from her unicorn. Jasmine followed the rainbow as fast as she could. She spotted Rainbow and gave her a big hug. Jasmine walked home happily with her pet unicorn and decided to keep her in her room during stormy nights.

by *Jasmine Look* (Grade Two)

Trinity Montessori School

Markham, Ontario



FIRST PRIZE

Grandmother's Famous Cookies

One day, in a tiny grotto in a magical land, Addison was sitting in the kitchen watching her grandmother. "What are you doing?" Addison asked.

"Well, honey, I am making my famous gingersnap cookies. Nobody can resist my yummy cookies," said Grandmother.

"Why does everyone love your cookies?" Addison asked.

"Sit down, Addison, and I will tell you a story. . . .

"It all started on a warm summer day. King Joseph was walking in the forest when he tripped over a log on the ground. As always, the king was wearing his jewelled gold crown. When he tripped, all of the jewels from his precious crown scattered all over the forest. The king tried to find his jewels. Suddenly, an evil dragon named Fireball jumped out and shouted, 'You will never find your precious jewels because I am going to take them.' The dragon took a mighty breath and out came an enormous flame of fire. That scared the king so much that he ran off screaming. The king ran back to the castle and told everybody what happened.

"He said, 'Whoever can defeat the mighty Fireball will get an award of five-thousand dollars.' Everyone in the kingdom tried to defeat the dragon, but Fireball always scared them off.

"After hearing what had happened to the king, I got an idea. I thought maybe I could make my mother's recipe of gingersnap cookies. I planned on distracting Fireball by giving him a big bag of cookies. While he was eating them, I could sneak into his cave. So I baked eight dozen gingersnap cookies and then I set off on my journey to Fireball's cave in the forest.

"I set off on my journey and then I saw it: Fireball's cave! I hid behind a tree because I saw the mighty Fireball guarding his cave. I looked in my bag and grabbed the eight dozen cookies. I called to Fireball and said, 'Hey, Fireball, do you want some cookies?' Fireball flew over to where I was standing and started eating my gingersnap cookies. Then, I crept through his big legs and went into his cave.

"Sitting on his shelf, I saw the king's precious jewels. I crawled slowly over and I grabbed them. Then I tiptoed out and ran off back to the village.

"Everyone in the village thought that Fireball had scared me away but then I said, 'I have defeated the mighty Fireball!' I held up the jewels and everyone gasped.

"The king walked out of his castle and said, 'You have found the jewels so you get five thousand dollars.' Everyone cheered and applauded.

"I used the money to buy a brand-new oven so I could bake a lot and a lot of cookies."

"Wow, Grandmother, that was an amazing story," said Addison. The oven timer went off and Addison said, "Time to eat your famous cookies!"

Addison and Grandmother ate the cookies happily.

by Abigail Todd (Grade Three)

Brookville Public School
Campbellville, Ontario



FIRST PRIZE

Chicken Boy

Once there was a boy who loved to eat eggs. He said, “Grandfather, I want to marry an egg when I grow up.”

His grandfather said, “But we eat eggs.”

Before he could explain more, the boy ran away. He snuck into the chicken coop and ate an egg whole. He turned into a chicken!

Two weeks later there was a big rumble. A big, huge, humongous, rival mad scientist in a huge driller thing came over!

Chicken Boy attacked the rival mad scientist with eggs. One of the eggs hit the self-destruct button. In five seconds the thing exploded and Chicken Boy saved the day!

Chicken boy was sleeping on his feathery bed when a big rumble on his ceiling distracted him. The ceiling fell down! The mess was caused by Eater. He ate the bathtub, fridge, and sofa. His eating was out of control. Chicken Boy needed to stop Eater before he ate the whole universe. Chicken Boy shot eggs at him, but his tummy was so fat, the eggs just bumped off.

Chicken Boy had an idea. He jumped on Eater’s back and pulled the air plug; Eater popped like a balloon.

Everybody cheered, “Hooray for Chicken Boy!”

The name of the rival mad scientist was Bonbang. His brother was Banboom.

Bonbang was dead and Banboom wanted to kill Chicken Boy for all the mess. He made many inventions including bomb yarns and satellite dishes to kill Chicken Boy.

One day, Banboom found a chicken running away from him. He thought it was Chicken Boy, so he grabbed it and stuffed a bomb yarn into its mouth. It exploded into pieces. He laughed.

Then Chicken Boy shouted, “Hey, Banboom, have you seen my electric chicken toy?”

Banboom turned around. He grabbed a satellite dish, pointed it at Chicken Boy, and turned it on!

But Chicken Boy was holding a mirror and it shot back. Banboom got zapped. He died.

One day, Chicken Boy was sitting on a bench in the park. A girl sat beside him. Chicken Boy said hello to her and the girl said, “Hi, my name is Chicken Girl. What’s yours?”

“My name is Chicken Boy. Would you marry me?”

Chicken Girl said, “Of course!”

They married and they had a son and a daughter. They lived happily ever after.

Chicken Boy was old. He changed his name to Chicken Dad. Their children were getting old too. The boy’s name was Woo and the girl’s name was Zaa.

When Chicken Dad was about to die, his last words were, “Children, grow up quickly, fight crime, and pass it on.” The kids nodded and Chicken Dad died in peace.

One day, Woo and Zaa found out something very cool. When they connected their names together, it created Woozaa! They could form together to fight crime!

That’s what they did. They fought many crimes. They grew stronger.

One cloudy day, they sat on a hill and thought about Chicken Dad. They all missed him so much.

by Jared Ren (Grade Four)
Bayridge Elementary School
Surrey, British Columbia

FIRST PRIZE

High in the Eagle's Nest

I was walking to the lake near our log cabin. My dad was out fishing, my mom was knitting scarves, and my sister was sleeping on the couch. I had been wearing my new eagle jacket. It was brand new, with specially made latex. It had an eagle's head on the hood and my name stitched on the front. I tossed some stones into the lake, as big ugly clouds passed through the open skies. *Tseer!* An eagle screamed. I should've been confused. This eagle was nearing me! *Tseer!* It cawed again, eyes focused on me and me only. It sunk its talons into my jacket. It lifted me up into the grey sky. I was terrified!

"Ahhh!" I shrieked, eyes shut tightly. I felt the large bird spill the air from its wings in a dive. It almost knocked me out of my jacket! "Yikes!" I gulped. Below us, I saw a narrow river filled with sharp pointed rocks. It was only a matter of time until my flesh was plastered all over them!

At last, the eagle dropped me in its nest, flat on my back. I landed with a thud, waking two baby eaglets.

Squawk! One chirped. The other looked harmless—until it bit my finger.

"Oww! Bad birdie!" I said, cradling my hand and scolding the bird with the other. I had no time to feel the sharp thorny branches poking into my legs and toes—I had lost my shoes during travel. I found a large leaf-covered twig sitting on a branch. I picked its stem and used it as a cushion.

Suddenly, the eagle brought us what she called dinner. A slimy salmon lay before me. The three other eaglets scarfed down minks. I watched one mink's eye twitch. One eaglet came over, looked it in the eye and dug in. I stared at my salmon. If only there was a sweet, succulent, juicy hamburger instead . . . but before I could stop, I ate it—all of it!

I gagged. I spat. My eyes watered.

"Get me out of here!" I shrieked. I stood up. The nest swayed in the wind. Two large sticks stuck out of the unstable nest. That gave me an idea. I took out my two pigtail elastics. I tied them around the two large branches. Then I took off my jacket, tied the contraption together with bendy twigs, and adjusted my jacket. I created a parasail!

I was ready for liftoff. I pushed the furry eaglets out of the way. Finally, I jumped!

"Ahhh!" I screamed. Now, where have I said that before? But then, I was gliding! Smiling with success, I yanked on the right elastic. *Zoom!* I went right. I steadied the wing. I then pulled left. *Zoom!* I went left. After an hour of flying, I sighted my cabin. I landed calmly and arrived home.

"Hi, hon," said Mom. "You're in time for dinner."

"What are we having?" I asked.

"Salmon, of course!" she answered cheerfully.

"Nooo. . .!"

by *Kiyomi Asano* (Grade Five)
Ranch Park Elementary School
Coquitlam, British Columbia



FIRST PRIZE

Jelly Nights

One night I was curled up on the couch in a warm blanket waiting for bedtime. Little did I know it would be the beginning of a strange adventure.

Just before midnight, I had an urge to munch on a snack. While chewing a granola bar, I heard a *thunk* in the living room. Furtively, I tiptoed towards the noise. Soon something very strange happened. Slowly, teeny jelly-looking clouds oozed out of the heating ducts. They looked like living purple, pink, and blue blobs of slime gliding along the floor. I thought I was dreaming.

Amazingly, they followed me back to my bedroom. They stuck to everything: the walls, the doors, and the bed. In bed, they made me feel uncomfortable as they wriggled between my toes and slid down my face. One kind was purple-blue and the other was purple-pink. Most of the ones crawling on me were pinkish and soft; however, the bluer ones were sticky. Sleeping was impossible and I was awake until morning.

At sunrise, the misty globules mysteriously disappeared. Even though I was exhausted, I went to check the heating ducts and the furnace to see where they might be hiding. But there was no sign of the purple creatures. I felt itchy all over and observed I had rashes wherever the bluer blobs had stuck to me. My mom was concerned, but I sheepishly explained it was probably the laundry soap.

Two weeks later, three seconds after the *thunk*, the purple jellied creatures reappeared. They followed me into our kitchen and onto the countertops. As I was pouring cereal into a bowl, one of the purple-blue jellies crawled onto my arm. In disgust, I shook it off. The motion spilled the cereal. While cleaning up, I noticed the sound of the vacuum cleaner shocked the creatures into retreat. While they were escaping back to the safety of the heating ducts, I went after the blue sticky ones.

The noise woke my mom. “What are all those jelly clouds floating around the room?” she shrieked.

I explained they come out at midnight after a loud *thunk*. “Tonight, I discovered they fear the vacuum and I was trying to suck up the nasty ones.” I clarified the pinkish ones were soft and friendly, whereas the bluish ones stick and give you a rash.

“So it wasn’t the laundry soap?” questioned Mom.

The following night we tried to lure them out with noises. We jumped on the floor, we banged pots and pans, and we dropped books. But no creatures appeared. At midnight, the round weights of the cuckoo clock hit the hardwood floor. Again, at a leisurely pace, the jellied masses squirmed out of the ducts.

“It’s the clock,” concluded Mom. She threw the clock into the dumpster across town.

The creatures never returned, but often, as I prepared for bed, I wondered if they might be floating around in someone else’s house.

by Jacky Yu (Grade Six)
Harper Drive Tutoring School
Prince George, British Columbia



SECOND PRIZE

The Best Pie Maker

Once upon a time there was a lady. The lady lived in a house made of straw.

One day, the house broke in the middle of a snowstorm. She did not know what to do.

She baked blueberry pies and traded them for bricks with the builders. Every day she would bake pies until she had enough bricks to finish her house. She finished the house and then her brick house would not break.

There were extra bricks, so she built a shop. It was called The Best Pie Shop. She sold all sorts of pies like blueberry, apple, cherry, and pumpkin. Everyone loved her pies. The builders would come every day for pies.

She and her family lived happily ever after.

by Hari Batra (Kindergarten)

Century Montessori School

Richmond Hill, Ontario



The Zedon

One day, a zebra mother and donkey father gave birth to a baby. They decided to name her Zedon. She had zebra legs and a donkey body. She was very beautiful. The other animals all laughed when they saw her. She had no friends, so she had to learn to play by herself. She was the loneliest animal in the forest.

One day, after getting teased by all of the forest's animals, she decided to tell her mother and father all her troubles. They decided to move to another forest. It took a lot of days to walk to the other forest with suitcases.

Finally, they reached the other forest. When they had found a home, little Zedon went to try to find friends. Soon she found an animal that looked just like her. She had found a friend! The two friends played, racing together.

They found a group of little animals crying. They soon found out the little animals' names were all the same! Little Zedon and her friend, Bill, helped the little animals change their names. Soon they had changed every little animal's name into some other name. After they had different names, the animals all became friends. They could only play for one minute and then they had to go home to eat dinner.

It went on like that every day; Little Zedon would visit her friends.

by Mica Wang (Grade One)

Kingslake Public School

North York, Ontario



SECOND PRIZE

The Cupcake Shop

Once upon a time there was a cake shop in a town. Everyone loved the cakes in the shop, but no one knew the secret ingredients in all the cakes to make them taste good. The secret ingredient was a little bit of lemon and a lot of sweet potato.

One day, something terrible happened. The cake shop was out of everything, even icing. Everything would be growing in the garden by June. Somebody ordered a cake for the next week, but it wasn't even close to June. They spread the news they were out of all the ingredients, but only two people knew the ingredients. When they heard the news, they rushed out to find the two ingredients.

They asked their parents if they could go search a place that had those ingredients all year long. They soon got ready for their trip to go in search of the ingredients. They couldn't wait for the trip the next day. They built an airplane to go on their trip.

They started on the airplane for their trip. Their dad and mom were with them too. They got lost! They flew through all the climactic zones: the frigid zones, the temperate zones, and the tropical zones. They still couldn't find some sweet-potato plants. They worked hard every day.

When it rained on the airplane, they put pots with sweet potato and lemon seeds on top. This way they got water for the seeds and they warmed the pots up after their cool drink. It was almost the day before the cake shop had to make a cake for the customer to give for his mother's birthday. The airplane landed home safely.

When they got off, they ran to the cake shop and gave them the ingredients, which had grown on the plane, to make the cake. They told the bakers they got their special ingredients. They even got to help bake the cake.

When they were finished, they put candles and decorations. The customer was very happy, so he gave them ten dollars.

by Madison Suh (Grade Two)
Century Montessori School
Richmond Hill, Ontario



SECOND PRIZE

Hawaii Nightmare

Harvey was a curious young harp seal that lived in the Arctic. His daily routine was going to school, catching fish, and swimming or lying in the sun. He did this day after day after day. Harvey felt bored of being in the cold Arctic. He wondered how life would be somewhere warm. So he borrowed a travel guide book from the library and read until he fell asleep. . . .

Harvey arrived at a faraway place that was extremely hot. *Am I in Hawaii?* Harvey wondered to himself. *I'd better change my clothes into something cooler and take a swim*, he thought. Then he slipped on his swimsuit and plopped into the sea. The water was warmer than he had expected. Harvey looked around, there were leafy green palm trees growing along the road, beautiful houses standing near the beach, tons of people everywhere, and instead of ice there was gleaming golden sand. Everything was different from the Arctic.

Every day Harvey splashed in the water, collected shiny shells for souvenirs, took pictures, and tasted many kinds of delicious tropical foods he had never eaten before. He also met two new friends, Rebecca and Todd, a clown fish and an angelfish. The three friends often played games with one another such as Water Tag, Hide-and-Seek, and What Am I?

One day, when they were playing tag in the sea, Todd, Rebecca, and Harvey all floated together for a break. "Harvey, did you know Hawaii has a lot of volcanoes? Alive, dormant, and dead," Todd said.

"Really?" Harvey shivered. "Such a beautiful place is so dangerous?"

"Well, unfortunately, that's true," Rebecca told him.

That night, Harvey did not feel very safe. He had a bad feeling a volcano would erupt—and soon.

The next day, Harvey sat under the cool shade of the palm tree reading a marvellous book called *Melted Treasure*. Suddenly, a slight rumble interrupted his reading. Harvey looked around nervously, everything seemed to be okay. He kept on looking at his book. Then the ground beneath him shook harder, the smell of smoke drifted under his nose—a volcano was erupting! The glowing red lava raced towards Harvey. He jumped up, dove into the water, and swam as quickly as he could. Soon, he was almost out of breath, but he just kept on swimming and swimming. He could sense the burning hot lava coming closer and closer. Harvey was terribly scared until a bright light blinded him.

Harvey woke up with a start. *Where am I?* he wondered. *Am I at home?* He pinched himself with a flipper just to make sure. "Ouch!" he cried. At the same time, he heard yelling and laughing outside. Pulling apart the curtains, Harvey saw his friends playing and shouting. He breathed a sigh of relief. "It was only a dream!" Harvey smiled.

by *Nicole Luo* (Grade Three)

Lester B. Pearson Public School

Waterloo, Ontario



SECOND PRIZE

A Rock's Life

If you are a rock you will probably know about Alberta's problem. Pardon me, the name is Barry. Let's go in my cozy cave. Ahhh . . . home sweet home.

Coffee or tea, anyone? Come sit, we will watch TV.

"We interrupt this program for a news flash. It's not just Alberta anymore, it's BC, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Washington, and the world."

I'm freaking out, worried I'm going to be eroded. I don't want to be turned into a mineral!

Here's the problem. I can feel the gases going into me from the greenhouse effect. I'm feeling hotter by the minute. What am I going to do? My ears are killing me . . . argh, noise pollution.

I don't want to fall into a pot of oil. My friend, Rough Mouth, the pelican, is looking like a raven. What am I going to do? Oooohh . . . too much pollution.

One month later, everyone is hiding in their houses, doors and windows sealed off. They have air filters up their chimneys. No one is going out because the gas is too much. The trees look like sticks. The grass is all white. The shrubs are like barbed wire. The water is black; there is oil in it.

Grandpa Everest is coughing up lava. We are worried he might become a volcano. My three sisters are so sad they are weeping. Worst of all, my pet turtle is turning blue.

The world's people are realizing what is happening and are leaving their houses to clean up. They are starting to plant flowers, trees, and are cleaning up oil that's been spilled. Car designers are making energy-efficient cars and use nitrogen for motorcycles.

Everyone is starting to compost yard clippings. They are recycling cans, bottles, jugs, newspapers . . . anything you can think of. Finally, the world is getting colder and colder by the day. The bees are coming back.

My life has changed a lot—I mean *a lot!*

I'm back to normal and feeling I've got some iron in me now. My pet turtle is green again. Grandpa Everest is strong; people are climbing him again. No more lava. My three sisters went to the Rock House Spaaaahhh and are getting a hot-stone massage. No more sadness for them.

Everyone is back to normal and in a couple of weeks there is a celebration planned. There will be awards for Which Leaf Is Not a Leaf, Pin the Leaf on the Tree, Make the Biggest Compost Pile, and Sort-the-Cans-and-Bottles race.

Five years later, I am a full-grown boulder. I have a diamond of a wife, Shine, and two little pebbles, Marble and Quartz. Now the environment is clean, we've been travelling the world. We whitewater rafted down Kicking Horse River and had a ride on an albatross—very noisy! We climbed Grandpa and found some unexpected visitors: grizzly bears and Coho salmon.

Finally, when we got to the top, Grandpa made us some chocolate rock cookies and we sat and looked at the beautiful world that had been saved.

by Benjamin Senyk (Grade Four)

Calgary Arts Academy

Calgary, Alberta



SECOND PRIZE

Journey of the Snow

“So, Ignarh, the first ice bear, travelled from the spirit realm to our world. . . .”

It was Ithrahn’s favourite story. Every day, he asked his father, Achca, to tell it to him. He loved the legends of Ignarh. When he heard them, he felt detached from the others in the arctic village. Each night before he fell asleep, he thought of the great bear.

Early one morning, Ithrahn and Achca went hunting. They needed more meat if they were going to survive through the winter.

As they trekked through the blowing snow, Ithrahn heard a sound coming towards them on the wind. He ran ahead to see what was making it. Through the snow, Ithrahn saw a blurry shape. It lumbered towards him. It was a polar bear.

Achca called to his son. He had never disappeared like this before. Achca knew if Ithrahn got lost, he could perish. As the snow settled, Achca saw the polar bear. When he saw no sign of his son, he thought Ithrahn was lost.

Every day after Ithrahn’s disappearance, Achca left the village to look for his son. He never gave up hope. To Achca, each new day was the day he would find his son.

Three years later, while Achca was hunting, he saw a bright golden figure. It was the size of a child. Achca shouted out to his son, transfixed and frightened. Ithrahn told his father not to be afraid. He explained where he had been. “I have been to the realm, Father. It is marvellous. Everything you could ever want is there.”

His father asked Ithrahn about the polar bear.

“He was the one that helped me to find the realm, for he was the first to cross between the worlds. He is Ignarh.”

His father was amazed. After Ithrahn finished, the only thing Achca wanted to know was if he could come to the realm with his son.

“Of course, Father. Together we can go anywhere.”

So, together, father and son departed from this world on a journey through the snow.

by *Emily Reid* (Grade Five)

Rutland Elementary School

Kelowna, British Columbia



SECOND PRIZE

The Fall of Mokwat

Nikmat was devastated. The harvest was usually ready by mid-autumn, yet November was almost upon them and not even a single squash plant was ripe and ready to be picked. The village of Mokwat, though one of the smallest in the area, was well known throughout the region to have one of the earliest and most sustainable crops. But now, while the neighbouring villages were bringing in baskets of delicious, ripened vegetables, they turned up empty-handed. Were they doomed to starve through winter?

He could feel his blood run cold as he gazed in the other direction and a young deer came into view. His muscles grew tense as he stared at the defenceless creature, grazing slowly on the tender shoots; completely oblivious to the danger it was in. He motioned for the others to remain quiet. “Go Nikmat!”

He forced a weak smile, and turned his full attention back on the buck. *It’s an easy target*, he thought to himself. He drew the arrow of his crossbow, and, still holding his breath, let it release. It sliced through the air, and all became a blur until it hit its mark. Though it was below the nerve point where he intended it to land, it still fatally wounded the deer. His comrades burst out of the bushes and enthusiastically congratulated him, but his only interest was of the deer. He knelt down beside it, and looked into the dying deer’s forlorn eyes. Nikmat sighed, full of pity, and got up. Since when did their village need to hunt the peaceful woodland animals for food? They had always respected them and only needed to rely on their bountiful harvest.

At that moment, Nikmat could sense an odd chill in the air, but shook it off. It seemed to him there were more important matters than dealing with changing weather conditions.

That winter was the most perilous anyone had seen in centuries. The cold north winds blew with such ferocity no one dared to venture outside their homes. Blizzards came from nowhere and donned the land with a thick sheet of snow. Though all the other villages were well off after trading their plentiful crops for necessary supplies for the villagers, those of Mokwat fell short of food shortly after the snow had moved in. It was a terrible sight. More than half the villagers died that winter of starvation, and even more by March, because the plant roots hadn’t thawed and couldn’t be consumed, and the rivers and springs were still frozen. By then, the once prosperous community of hundreds had been reduced to only a few fortunate survivors. Due to their lack of exercise and unbalanced diet, soon the people of Mokwat did not survive. Why the crops had failed, and how it had been coincidentally followed by a bone-chilling winter, however, continued to remain a mystery.

by Kimberly Ho (Grade Six)
Trinity Montessori School
Markham, Ontario



THIRD PRIZE

The Rainbow Jewel

Once upon a time, there was a sister, a kid, and a baby. The sister's name was Julie, the kid's name was Monica, and the baby's name was Julia. They lived in a tree house in the woods with their mom, Dalia, and their dad, John. They were going on a vacation and taking their dog, Gel, and their fish, Angela.

They had a car with a beautiful rainbow jewel that shone and had lights, and that's how it worked. They forgot the baby's clothes and needed to buy some. They went to go in their car and the jewel did not shine. It had moved from its special place. They called Gigi, the engineer, to come and fix it. She used a special glue to put it back in its place.

After she fixed it, they went to the beach in Florida, and to Disney World. Oh, yeah, they bought a lot of clothes for the baby. And they lived happily ever after.

by Angela Marie Henein (Kindergarten)

Philopateer Christian College

Mississauga, Ontario



Ali and the Plane Ride

Once upon a time there was a boy named Ali. He was a nice boy and he liked to wear a hat that was blue and green and yellow; it was a rainbow hat.

Ali was in a huge plane with his mom. He was playing his games that he had and after he opened the window his hat flew out of it. He was wondering, *How can I get it?* Then he thought, *I have a parachute with me, so I could jump out of the plane!*

He looked and looked and looked until he found his hat. It was hiding beside the oak tree. Ali got his hat and he thought, *How am I gonna get back to the plane?* So he built a hot-air balloon and he went up in it.

Ali was going, going, going, and he found the plane. Then he went inside the plane.

After he was on the plane, his coat flew out. Ali used his parachute and he had to use a new hot-air balloon. And then he kept the hot-air balloon beside him and he found his coat beside a sugar cane. And he thought, *Where is my hot-air balloon?* Ali untied the knot and it flew away and he had to make a new one.

He went in the hot-air balloon, found the plane, and went in the plane, and his Mom didn't even know he was gone!

by Khalil Alizadeh (Grade One)

Abraar School

Ottawa, Ontario



THIRD PRIZE

The Alien's Trip to Candana

Once, an alien named Sally landed on Earth. She came here with her mom, Sala. Sally and Sala travelled to the country called Candana. Sally really wanted to see the playgrounds around and asked her mom if she could do that, but her mom was afraid Sally would be lost. She said, "No." Sally didn't hear what her mom said and ran right to the playground.

When she turned around, her mom was gone! Sally was very scared. She looked under the slides, on the monkey bars, but wherever she searched she couldn't find any sign of her mom. She began to cry.

Suddenly, a boy came up to her. He asked Sally why she was crying and took her to a doughnut store, which was just in front of the playground. Sally had a quarter in her pocket and she was wondering if she could buy a chocolate doughnut that looked so yummy. She saw the lady who had a name tag on her shirt and it read Aricka.

"Excuse me," said Sally. "C . . . can I b . . . buy t . . . this d . . . doughnut?"

"This doughnut costs fifty cents. Do you have enough?" asked the lady.

Sally got upset as she knew her quarter was not enough to buy the doughnut.

"Here you are," said the boy, giving her another quarter.

Sally smiled at the boy and said, "Thank you." That was the best chocolate doughnut she had ever eaten!

Then, Sally remembered that her mom was gone and became sad again. Aricka asked her, "How can I help you, dear?"

Sally told her she had lost her mom.

"Tell me her name," said Aricka, "and I'll make an announcement all over Candana." She got out her microphone and loudly announced in alien language, "Mrs. Sala, wherever you are, return to the doughnut store in front of the playground to get your daughter, Sally."

It didn't take long for Sally's mom to come to the doughnut store. "Sally, Sally, here I come. Why did you run away? I was looking for you everywhere."

Sally ran to her mom and gave her a big hug. They both were so happy to see each other, and they were so glad to see how nice people were in Candana.

by Yoonha Chang (Grade Two)

Central Montessori School

Toronto, Ontario



THIRD PRIZE

A Little Girl Lost in the Forest

Once upon a time there was a girl named Julia.

She asked her mother, “Can I take a walk around our house?”

Julia’s mother said, “Yes, but remember not to go in the woods; it’s dangerous. There are a lot of wild animals.”

Julia said, “Okay,” and went out the door.

While Julia was walking, she saw a forest. *Hmmm*, she thought. *Should I go in?* She went into the forest.

When Julia was walking in the forest, she saw all different kinds of animals. As she continued walking, she heard a sound. She stopped right where she was. She was scared. She said, “Is anyone there?” She didn’t hear a sound. Then she said to herself, “This is a good place to camp.” She sat down and started to make a fire.

She made herself warm. She heard a noise. It was a fox and a wolf. The fox made a howling sound, and the wolf made a growling sound. They were circling around her.

Julia froze, then she ran for her life. The wolf and the fox ran after her. She hid behind a tree and the fox and wolf couldn’t see her. They walked away. She looked to see if they were gone. She said, “That was a close one!” When she got to her campfire, she sat down, yawned, and fell asleep.

In the morning, Julia woke up and walked until she was at the end of the forest. She was surprised she had walked all the way to the end. She said, “Wow! The end of the forest is so beautiful.” She didn’t know the end of the forest was the most dangerous place of all!

There was a little house and a very cruel woman dressed up as a very nice woman. Julia opened the door . . . and said, “Is anyone home?”

The cruel woman said, “Hello,” in a very sweet voice.

“Hello,” said Julia back.

And the cruel woman said, “Come in, come in.” So Julia did.

There was a lot and a lot of candy inside the house. Julia ate a lot of candy. After she ate all the candy she got a stomachache and fell asleep. The cruel woman cast a spell on Julia. She said, “You will be my slave.”

When Julia woke up she felt weird. She stood up and went to the kitchen and started working. After a few hours the spell broke. Julia felt much better and stopped working. She ran outside the house for some fresh air. “I feel so much better now. I am so hungry.” So she started picking some berries.

She said to herself, “These berries are delicious!” So she picked some more and then she started walking. Julia was so tired, so she sat down. When she sat down, she saw a bit of sunlight, so she got up and there were her parents! She was so happy to see them. She ran into their arms. They lived happily ever after.

by Ashley Lipworth (Grade Three)

Associated Hebrew School

Thornhill, Ontario



THIRD PRIZE

Golden Heart

The Story of Aphrodite

Why, hello, have you ever wondered why Aphrodite was as beautiful as a dove, but as vain as Narcissus at the same time? Well, *looky* here, it's your lucky day because I am going to tell you some of the tale. . . .

Back at Mount Olympus, Aphrodite was made fun of yet again by Hera and Athena. Hera and Athena were cruel, miserable, and they detested Aphrodite because when Aphrodite was beautiful, people of Greece only went to her temple and not to Hera or Athena's temples. So guess what they did. They tricked Zeus into turning poor, sweet, Aphrodite into a disgusting beast! Hestia on the other hand was as sweet as honey and as gentle as a kitten; she was best friends with Aphrodite despite Aphrodite's now hideous appearance.

The next day, *ding dong* rang the doorbell.

"Coming," Aphrodite chirped. She wondered who would visit at five o'clock in the morning.

"Telegram from Demigod Island. Big goddess contest," Hermes grumbled like a bulldozer.

"What do you mean?" Aphrodite asked with anticipation.

Hermes replied, "The Demigods are hosting a big contest. Whoever wins gets to have power, love, and beauty. The Demigods are dying of old age—poor mortals!"

"Well, sign this girl up!" Aphrodite howled like a wolf.

"Okay, then," Hermes mumbled. "It's in five minutes."

"Five?" Aphrodite screamed, looking as if she had seen a ghost. "How will I ever get there?"

"In my chariot," Hermes gulped, trying to look away from Aphrodite's revolting face.

Before she knew it, she was on Demigod Island. But so were Hera and Athena, who scowled over at Aphrodite. Just then, two Demigods announced, "Let the contest begin."

On Mount Olympus, Hestia watched the contest eagerly and occasionally came down to comfort Aphrodite. This really kind gesture increased Aphrodite's confidence.

A few hours later, poor Aphrodite was losing. Hera won the first round on motherhood and Athena won the second round on war strategy—*of course she did!* That was it. Aphrodite ran into a cave that smelled like mouldy cheese and wept.

Suddenly, Hestia appeared and explained, "Those girls are attractive but have cold, dark hearts while you have a golden heart! You can do it, Aphrodite."

"I can!" Aphrodite echoed.

Just then, she galloped back to the contest and was prepared for the last question: "What would you make of these powers if you win?" roared a Demigod.

"I'll be Zeus's only wife and doom all who get in my way!" Hera boomed.

"I'll make everyone fall in love with me!" Athena boasted.

Then it was Aphrodite's turn, "I'll give good love to people who want good love," she announced.

"Well, child, you better get started because you have won," stated the Demigods.

Aphrodite's heart broke open and she became gorgeous. Her whole body glowed as she became the goddess of love and beauty.

So now you know how Aphrodite became beautiful! A few years later, Aphrodite unfortunately became vain. . . . but that is another story.

by Sophia Khan-Robbins (Grade Four)

Elmwood Elementary School

Ottawa, Ontario

THIRD PRIZE

Wolves of the Horizon

It was a cold and dark winter for the wolves of the Horizon. Many pups and wolves were dying from the bitter cold, but the sickest of them was the leader, Rock.

The sound of coughing was all that Shine could hear when she entered Rock's cave. The sound of the coughing filled the empty cave. Shine carried fresh, crisp herbs she had picked as she was hunting.

"Here, I brought some herbs for you to help you heal," said Shine.

"Thank you," replied Rock as his cough echoed in the cave.

As they spoke, Moonlight entered the dark cave. Moonlight is Rock and Shine's only son. Rock and Shine have been together ever since he became leader of the wolf pack.

"Have you been feeling any better?" said Moonlight.

"No, not much," said Rock.

Rock had a better chance of living because as leader of the pack he was given nine lives. Nobody knew how many lives Rock had left, not even Shine, but every move he makes now may be his last.

"Moonlight, I think it is better to leave your father alone to rest," suggested his mother.

"Very well," he replied as he bounded out of the cave with his tail between his legs. He wished there was something he could do to help his father, the leader of the pack.

"Rock, is there anything I can do for you?" Shine questioned him.

"No . . . but maybe there is. Did you know at the top of the mountain there is a rare flower called the larkspur. It can cure any type of sickness. If Moonlight wanted to, he could climb the mountain and get the larkspur. It grows all year long."

"Rock, there is no way I am letting him go up there. If anyone needs to go up there, it will be me," Shine demanded.

"Shine, I need you to stay here and help me and the pack," Rock said with no hint of anger in his voice.

"Very well," Shine finally agreed.

"Good, call a pack meeting. Tell Moonlight his mission, tell him to be back in one week, but no longer," whispered Rock.

"Horizons, come join me under the rock," Shine called. The pack wildly bounded out of the dens. "We all know the year has been brutal. Many wolves have been dying. Too many are sick and Rock is still sick and getting worse each day. But there is one way to help." There was a silence. "Moonlight, I would like you to come forward. Your father has told me to ask you to get the larkspur on the top of the mountain. Will you accept?" asked Shine.

"Yes," Moonlight said. "I will. . . ."

by Kaleigh Noble (Grade Five)
Centreville Academy
Centreville, Newfoundland



THIRD PRIZE

Holly Brook: Saver of the World

Kites were bickering with kings, and lions were fighting flies. The world had turned upside down! I was in bed when I heard a voice from the skies: “Holly Brook, the world has gone wrong. Everybody is under the power of Thornton Huffy and it’s up to you to fix it!”

I pounced out, still in my baby-owl pyjamas, when a message in a bottle fell through a beam of orange light into my trembling hands. I opened it cautiously. “Go to the donut shop on Coral and Fourteenth. You’ll see a glowing portal. Enter it, you’ll be in the magical land of Dookerville.” I ran fast and entered the portal.

I fell into an old-horror-movie-like land. I walked a bit; I saw a powerful-looking unconscious man and an ugly man wearing a crown. I suspected the ugly man was Thornton and had stolen the crown from the powerful man.

“Thornton?” I asked nervously.

“Little girl?” he gasped. His crown fell off and rolled downstairs.

“I’m here to make the world normal again,” I said confidently.

Thornton laughed, “I’ll just tell you how I’m doing all this, and nobody can stop me anyway. I control the universe with this crown. All this time, Lambert Shaw has been keeping the world normal, but now that I have his crown. . . .” Thornton didn’t bother finishing. He picked up Lambert and left, leaving me wondering what to do.

I wandered around Dookerville, and found some matches. I lit a fire by Thornton’s castle using twigs and rags.

Two hours later, nothing was burnt. I suspected that Thornton had put out the fire. “Rats!” I muttered.

Thornton suddenly appeared. “Little girl, you should just give up,” he laughed carelessly.

I went outside, put some ice cubes in a bag, and returned. Thornton had his back to me. I grabbed the ice cubes and started shoving them down his back.

“Surrender!” I shrieked.

“Never,” he muttered, grabbing me.

Thornton took me downstairs and threw me into the dungeon beside Lambert. There he saw his crown, mumbled a few words, and put it back on with a surprised look. He went back upstairs.

I turned to Lambert. “How did Thornton get your crown?”

He surprised me when he answered, “While putting on the crown, one must recite the sacred words. Thornton stole the crown while I was reciting. He doesn’t know how to lock it on his head. That’s our only chance!”

“Got it!” I said. “When Thornton comes to give us food, I’ll distract him while you get the crown back.” Lambert gave me a thumbs-up.

Just then, Thornton entered. “What’s that on your head?” I asked.

“What?” Thornton yelled, yanking off the crown impulsively. Then he gasped. “You!” But by then, Lambert had mumbled the words and locked the crown on. Victory was ours!

Within minutes, I was in bed, clutching the award Lambert had given me. I was feeling very proud. Kites were back in the air, and lions were ruling the jungle again!

by Kritika Baliga (Grade Six)
Crestview Public School
North York, Ontario