

FIRST PRIZE

Hello, Boo!

Halloween—Hello, Boo!
Trick or treat? I ask you.
Costumes, costumes, everywhere;
scary spiders in the air.

Chocolates and candy—yum, yum, yum;
the month of October is so much fun!
Yellow, red, orange, purple, and brown
leaves falling on the ground.

Halloween party at school was a blast;
everyone dressed in a costume at last.
Waiting all year for the fun holiday.
Finally it's here; it's finally today.

We eat a lot of candy and knock on many doors
in my scary costume: Star Wars.

by Shawn Hrapunsky (Kindergarten)
Century Montessori School
Richmond Hill, Ontario



FIRST PRIZE

My Bike

I ride my bike very fast,
people whizzing by when I fly past.

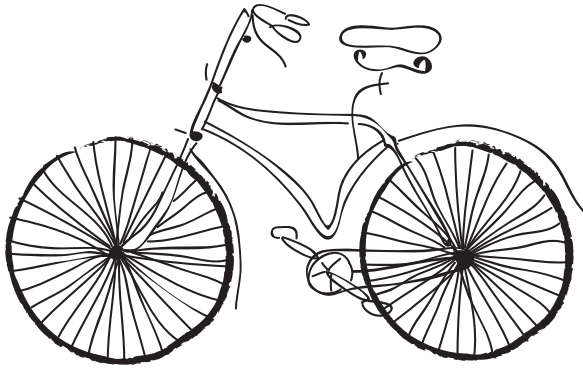
I ride my bike really speedy.
I share my bike with Valerie; I'm not greedy.

I ride my bike in zigzags,
to Valerie I never brag.

I enter my bike in a race,
I jump over a ramp and win first place.

I win a beautiful, shiny gold medal,
back home I happily pedal.

by Anson Lee (Grade One)
Trinity Montessori School
Markham, Ontario



FIRST PRIZE

The Bee

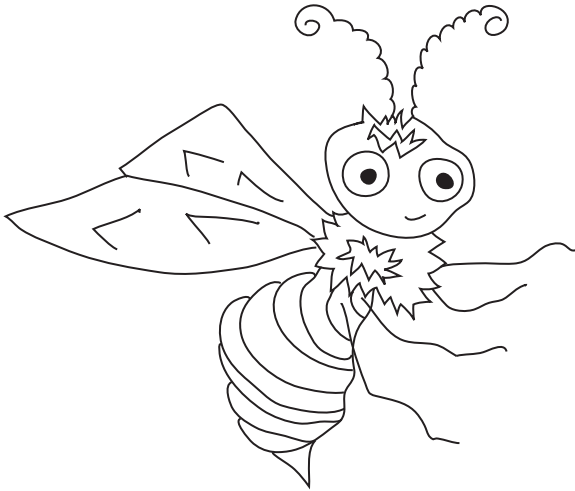
The little bee,
no bigger than a flea,
is playing in the nectar with you and me.

Her stinger stings,
below her flapping wings;
when she hovers in the air, “Buzz, buzz,” she sings.

Someone came a callin’,
when she was collecting pollen:
crunch, crunch in the leaves that were a-fallin’.

Where the other bees lay,
she was busy all day.
She made me honey. Hip, hip hooray!

by Laura Archambault (Grade Two)
Kola School
Kola, Manitoba



FIRST PRIZE

Why Can't a Penguin Fly?

"I am a little penguin
with dreams about the sky.
I can swim and waddle,
but I cannot fly.
I want to soar upon the breeze,
and glide up in the air.
But since I cannot fly,
I'm a penguin in despair."

Why
can't
a
penguin
fly?

One day this little penguin
decided he would fly.
He trudged up on the mountain.
He climbed up really high!
He spread his stubby wings—
a-soaring he would go!
Instead he fell straight down
and landed headfirst in the snow!

Why
did he
think that
he could
fly?

He pulled his head out of the snow
and thought a little while.
And then, would you believe it?
His face turned in a smile!
He said, "I've learned a lesson.
I'm a great, fantastic me!"
And from then on he was the happiest
penguin he could be!

"Why
would I
ever
want to
fly?"

by Chloe Dockendorff (Grade Three)
Dockendorff Home School
Morell, Prince Edward Island

FIRST PRIZE

A Raven Has Swallowed the Sun

A raven has swallowed the sun.

Fish silver
swimming in the water's
dark depths.

For a moment
spirits of stars glisten
on a raven's wing.

And then the spirits dance
across the sky.

A clump of snowdrops
rises from shadows.

Floating on the snowdrops,
shining bright
moon.

A snowball on ink,
cotton ball on black paper,
flying crystal ball.

Nothing matches this sight
in the raven
midnight.

by Clara von Maltzahn (Grade Four)
Rockcliffe Park Public School
Ottawa, Ontario



FIRST PRIZE

Nightmare

'Twas a pitch-black night
with very little light;
except from the moon so pale and white
shining at times ever so bright.

From deep down came eerie noises
and creepy, frightening voices;
doors creaked and banged spookily,
sounds from an organ played mysteriously.

Floating around were hideous shadows smiling,
beckoning, inviting;
inside the mansion
what awaited was despair and tension. . . .

Midnight struck with a quiver,
echoing through the air;
goosebumps and a shiver,
chills in this lair.

Bloody faces, limbs torn,
hideous expressions worn;
grotesque, horrifying figures:
fright they trigger.

Hairy spiders creeping and crawling,
gigantic bats silently flying;
zombies on the ground sprawling,
repulsive creatures straight ahead lying.

All at once, the horror does disappear.
Light, splendour, and gaiety all appear.
Anxiety and fear forgotten . . .
but again, suddenly, everything turns rotten.

Venture here never,
or else you lose sleep forever!

by Aishwarya Patel (Grade Five)
Castlebridge Public School
Mississauga, Ontario

FIRST PRIZE

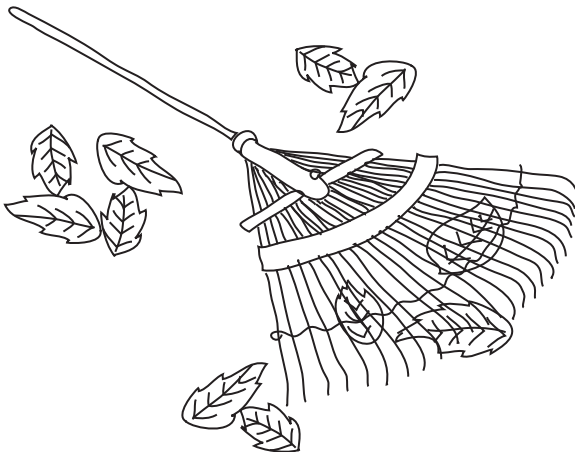
Autumn

Say goodbye to summer when . . .
the cold winds begin to blow,
and the temperature drops very low;
when the garden vegetables don't grow,
and the leaves from trees do flow.

Say goodbye to summer when . . .
you hear the wild geese cry,
and see bare branches wave across the sky;
when you see the pretty flowers wilt and die,
and if somebody says it's fall, you know it's not a lie!

Say goodbye to summer when . . .
walnut trees drop their blackened fruits,
and all the grain is safely stored inside the granary chutes.
When all the carrots are pulled by their roots,
we should all feel very blessed,
'cause we know that fall is here.

by Amanda Kuepfer (Grade Six)
Thaler's Amish Parochial School
Chesley, Ontario



SECOND PRIZE

Kyllie

Kyllie
Curly-haired, princess
Dancing, questioning, laughing
Makes me play prince
Sister

by *Liam Fawcett* (Kindergarten)
Taylor School
Swan River, Manitoba



SECOND PRIZE

Doctors

What do you do when you are sick?
You go to a doctor quick.
They give you a check-up and maybe a shot.
Your temperature comes down and you're not so hot!

by Wanda Gao (Grade One)
Sidney Ledson Institute
Toronto, Ontario



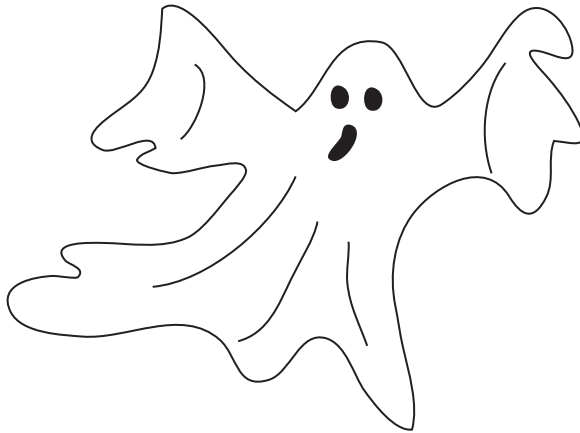
SECOND PRIZE

Halloween

I like Halloween candy 'cause it is so sweet,
chewing all the goodness makes my heart beat.

Some costumes are fuzzy and some are hairy,
I like the ones that are goofy and scary.

by Emily Mayuk (Grade Two)
Benito School
Benito, Manitoba



SECOND PRIZE

Don't Litter

Don't throw your trash around
or you will destroy the ground.

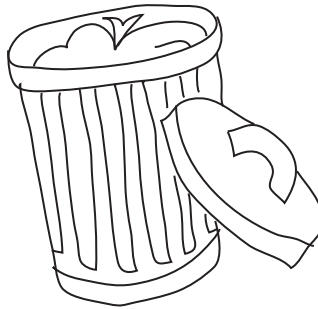
Don't pollute but pick up the trash,
that is a very important new task.

If you throw your garbage in the drain,
then you should start using your brain!

If you can pick up the trash off the ground,
you can do your part and spread the love around.

The Earth will thank you when it's feeling terrific,
and, any luck, after you the world will mimic.

by Serena Yu (Grade Three)
Trillium School
Markham, Ontario



SECOND PRIZE

The Moonlit Night

When the moon rises high,
the wolves gather in
to share their song
on a moonlit night.

The leader makes a howl,
all the cries echo back
as the wolves cry out on a moonlit night.

But one cry is not heard
through the murmuring of the trees.
The white wolf has risen
like a snow-capped peak.

He sings to Mother Nature,
harmonies of balance in the world.
Together they all live on the
crisp, white snow.

As the moon makes its way 'cross the deep dark sky,
the old lone owl hoots its warning.
It's the wolves time to hunt,
white and grey together now,
silent and still on a moonlit night.

The stars twinkle gently when the wolves cry out
a victory for their hunt.
The sky turns to dawn,
and the cries melt to light;
the white wolf lies to sleep with the moonlit night.

by Meg Warhurst (Grade Four)
George M. Murray Elementary School
Lillooet, British Columbia



SECOND PRIZE

Journey of the Beetle

Crawling over grass, with tiny feet
falling through cracks in the bedding
and lying upside down on the soil,
trying helplessly to flip himself over,
he finally succeeds, after perseverance and determination.

He continues to crawl, over tall grass and short,
until he reaches an obstacle, a hedge cutting through the yard.
But he will never give up, so he hoists himself onto a leaf.

He climbs and climbs until he reaches the top.

He climbs all the way down
to the other side,

where he continues his perilous journey.

A bird swoops down to grab him for lunch,
but he dodges it by climbing under the grass for shelter.

He travels the rest of his journey under the grass,
sheltered from predators, and the soaking rain.

But trouble awaits him even in the shelter of the grass.

A mole pops his nose out of the ground, looking for his lunch.

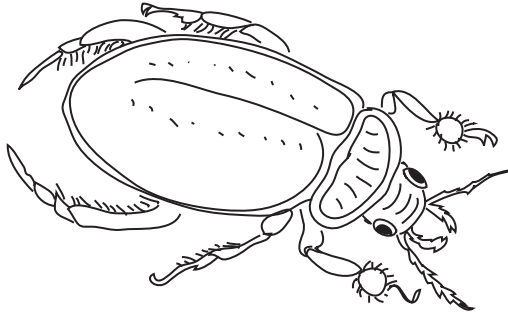
The bug takes a risk, and climbs over the mole to reach the other side.
When he does, the mole gets mad, and returns underground reluctantly.

The bug has reached his destination.

He smiles; his family has been there the whole time,
waiting for the return of the beetle.

by Skyla Valade (Grade Five)

Maranatha Christian Academy
Windsor, Ontario



SECOND PRIZE

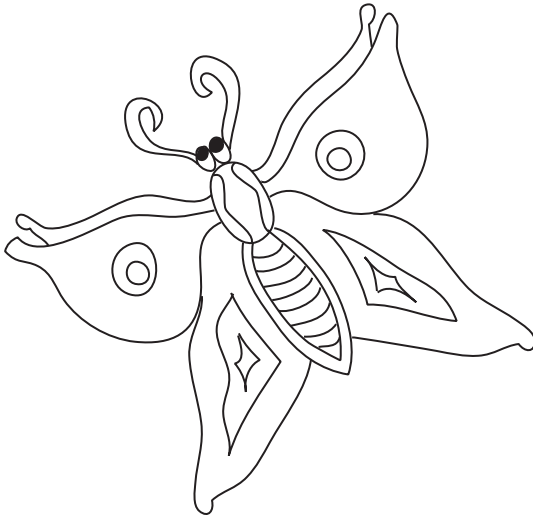
My Mother

My mom is a caterpillar,
always trying to grow into something better.
When she goes to sleep and then wakes up
she is more beautiful than before.

My mom is a bird,
always chirping at me to do my chores.
When I do my job, I get a reward.
I know when she is mad at me, she still loves me.

My mom is a boulder,
nobody can get in her way and stop her,
When she wants something, she gets it.
I like her being my brave mom.

by Eric Lucas (Grade Six)
Sir Mackenzie Bowell Senior Public School
Belleville, Ontario

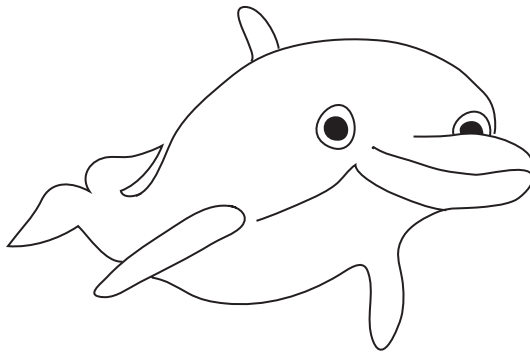


THIRD PRIZE

Dolphins from the Ocean

Waves upon the sea,
the dolphins come to you to say hello.
The dolphins swim upon the waves;
they like to swim while the waves go up and down—
swimming with their family, playing ball.
They wave their tails goodbye
and head off into the ocean for the night.

by Brittney Brown (Kindergarten)
Trillium Waldorf School
Guelph, Ontario



THIRD PRIZE

Pink

Pink brightens up all of the dungeons
in all of the castles.
Pink slips into houses secretly
when nobody even notices.
Pink blazes light onto houses.
Pink jumps over buses.
Pink is special.

by Anderson Kaiser (Grade One)
Lions Oval Public School
Orillia, Ontario

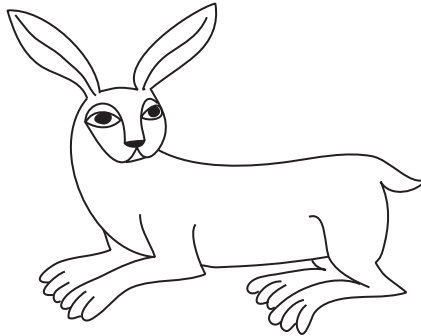


THIRD PRIZE

Thumper

Thumper is a rabbit,
she is very big.
She likes to jump around a lot.
She's more cuddly than a pig.

by Alyssa Feller (Grade Two)
Full Gospel Christian Academy
Dryden, Ontario



THIRD PRIZE

Fall

Leaves falling from the trees like snowflakes
Squirrels collecting nuts
Kids throwing leaves in the air
Fires shooting up flames
Birds migrating
Trees swaying in the wind
Pumpkins as orange as the flaming sun

by Ely Wyman (Grade Three)
The Toronto Heschel School
Toronto, Ontario



THIRD PRIZE

Again

Again . . . we play a special game
for you and I became
a special pair of friends so rare;
how can we compare?

A chance to play,
you stop and say,
“Come, oh, please come.”
And then I hear you hum.

Again . . . I hear your sweet voice,
but, Grandma, it is not my choice.
“Please, please stay,” I say.
“Oh, no, my child, I cannot delay,”
I hear you say.

Again . . . you make me cry
and I remember that July.
Oh, I would give an eye
just to have you stop by.

And then suddenly once . . .

Again . . . you say something
and we start chatting
while my heart continues bleeding,
aching, and aching.

Again . . . I start asking.
You say, “It was my calling.”
And I ask, “But why?”
and you sigh. . . .

And suddenly once . . .

Again . . . you make me smile,
spreading one whole mile
across your sweet face.
And I try to see the place,
but . . . I wake and realize
dreams of you I will always chase!

by Eleni Tatsis-Stewart (Grade Four)
Bond Academy
Toronto, Ontario

THIRD PRIZE

Neline's Sorrow

Light streamed through the morning sky,
pouring in the room of Neline.
She felt as cheerful as a butterfly,
for the day was starting very fine.

Neline was going to the park where she walked,
everything seemed normal to the little girl.
She had never noticed the constant squawks,
she was just enjoying her time to swirl.

The dragonflies were swarming the town,
the dogs were barking all around.
The birds gathered together to form a crown,
the cats were bouncing off the ground.

Just when Neline noticed things weren't right,
there came a terrible shriek from the ground.
Then the ground opened its jaws for a bite,
a building turned into a little mound.

Neline was horrified by the sight,
the sky was purple, everything was wild.
With parents screaming, she had a big fright,
children could be anywhere beneath the pile.

Neline was searching, desperate for her family,
but soon realized they fell into the shaking earth.
When she knew they were gone permanently,
she wanted to jump in the crack, curse her birth.

The crack closed, the fallen left for Heaven;
it was too late, the terrible trembling ending.
Light streamed through the sky once again,
but Neline's heart was dark, forever shaking.

by Deschanel Li (Grade Five)
The Study School
Montréal, Québec



THIRD PRIZE

Snow

A small swirl of snow falls softly by my window,
teasing me, begging me to come outside and play.
But I resist.

They notice I am refusing,
so they just keep falling, creating a new blanket of white
on top of the old one.

Now the wind is taunting me, too;
laughing and sending small flurries of snowflakes
from the branches.

Finally, I can't resist any longer.
I put on my snow things and go play
in that fresh blanket of white.

by Anneke Siemers (Grade Six)
Woodroffe Avenue Public School
Ottawa, Ontario

